

"Well, M'sieu, I'll pick up my fader's scoop and I'll stand out on de edge of de platform. De water is run so fast, I 'm mos' 'fraid de old man is boun' for pull me in when I'll scoop him. But I'll not mind for dat, I'll throw de scoop an' catch him; an' for sure, he's hold on good.

"So dere 's de old rascal in de scoop, but when I'll get him safe, I hain't able for pull him in one bit. I'll only be able for hold on an' laugh, laugh — he's look *ver'* queer! All I can do is to hold him dere so he can't go down de *culbute*. I'll can't pull him up if I'll want to.

"De old man is scare *ver'* bad. But pretty quick he 's got hold of de cross-bar of de hoop, an' he 's got his ugly old head up good.

"'Pull me in,' he say, *ver'* angry.

"'I'll hain't be able,' I'll say.

"Jus' den Alphonsine she come 'long, an' she 's laugh so she can't hardly hold on wis me to de hannle. I was laugh good some more.