

“ 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.