

“ ‘He hain't hurt me none.’

“ ‘But he 's say he will lick you.’

“ ‘Dat's only because he's vex,’ Frawce say.

“ ‘*Baptême ! Non !*’ my fader say. ‘I'll be goin' for lick you good, Frawce.’

“ ‘For sure?’ Frawce say.

“ ‘*Saprie !* Yes ; for sure.’

“ ‘Well, dat's all right den, Narcisse. When you goin' for lick me?’

“ ‘First time I'll get drunk. I'll be goin' for get drunk dis same day.’

“ ‘All right, Narcisse. If you goin' get drunk for lick me, I'll be goin' get drunk for lick you' — *Canadien* hain't nev' fool 'nuff for fight, M'sieu, only if dey is got drunk.

“ ‘Well, my fader he's go on old Marceau's hotel, an' he's drink all day. Frawce Seguin he's go cross de road on Joe Maufraud's hotel, an' *he's* drink all day. When de night come, dey's bose stand out in front of de two hotel for fight.