when I get yez there I'll show y' to 'em all as
I knownt what's gon' befor.'

After these harangues she would creep
down by the purp and sit immovable and si-
lent for a time, brooding over a past of which
New Epsom had not known; and again she
would grow stormy, and hold her debate for a
longer time, and sometimes beat or bruise her-
self upon the furniture until the barking of the
dog would recall her to herself, and she would
grow more quiet.

Sundays they walked together up the river's
bank, beyond the great half-natural dam over
which the water fell, thundering its way down
toward the mills, and Mag would explain in
her disjointed way the story of the world's
beginning, adding to it inventions of her own
diseased imagination. The purp enjoyed
these walks, especially in summer, and would
try to take on some semblance of youth by
running from side to side, or wandering a
little away from her instead of plodding along
in her footsteps, as was his usual custom.

One afternoon in August they came to the
upper shores of the pond formed by the dam,
and stopped to rest in the shadows of an oak
that grew upon the bank. The day was warm,
and the purp essayed to show the water instinct
of a portion of his breed by paddling around
near the shore, and drinking of the water as
he swam. Mag sat under the tree looking
out across the pond, and regarding the dog's
attempts at aquatic gymnastics, till the drowsi-
ness of the day and the scene induced her to
lie full length upon the grass, and give herself
up to sleepy musings of her accustomed solil-
quoyle. Seeing that his maneuvers were no
longer appreciated by the only audience he
could ever hope to interest in the subject, the
dog gave up the exhibition, and dragging his
wet carcass up the shore proceeded to sprinkle
most of the immediate vicinity, including Mag,
in his efforts to imitate a water-dog shaking
his coat, and meeting with fairly good success
considering his lack of joints. He established
himself near his mistress, and indulged in the
occupation of snapping at the flies and other
insects that pestered him.

Mag took the shower-bath with the same
silent indifference that she did all bad treat-
ment, and realizing that water would not have
particularly harmful effect on any of her a
garments, continued in her train of unreason-
able reasoning.

Her head rested on her outstretched arm,
and the thin snarls of her hair made a scanty
background for her homely face as she
remained stretched out on the grass, gazing
with half-closed eyes at the opposite shore.
Except the muffled roar of the falls and an
occasional louder snap from the animated fly-
trap beside her, there was no noise to disturb
her rest, and she soon gave up to the surround-
ing influences and fell into a quiet sleep. The
animation produced in the purp by the unac-
customed bath having been exhausted in his
game pursuit, he curled himself up to dry in
a spot where the sun shone through the tree,
and alternated between being apparently
sound asleep and looking up with wide-open
eyes to see if Mag were still near him and the
rest of the world going on correctly. The
sun sank down behind the tree, but Mag slept
on. Its sinking forced the dog to several
changes of position in order to keep in his sun-
spot, until at last, being hopelessly distanced
in the race, he ignored its motion altogether,
and gave himself up to silent meditation,
broken by an occasional sneeze.

Some of the village children passed by them
to a boat on the river, and wishing to show
their appreciation of the general esteem in
which Mag and her dog were held, they gath-
ered some stones from the beach as they
started and threw them back at the pair by
way of farewell. In general, when receiving
this kind of an ovation, the purp had found it
expedient to use his utmost speed in the oppo-
site direction; but on this occasion he realized
that not only his own welfare but that of the
person to whom he owed the past ten years of
his existence was at stake. Hence he assumed