all the fury of which he was capable, and made a great amount of noise, with the joint idea of terrifying the children and arousing his mistress. It was in the middle of the afternoon when Mag fell asleep, and being awakened suddenly by the commotion, the approaching twilight, the barking of the dog, the children in the boat, and the roar of the falls, which seemed so near in the still evening air, all came upon her at once, and her faculties, like everybody’s else, were not the sharpest after a nap. She thought the children were in danger, and without even realizing the treatment she had received at their hands, she ran to where another boat was moored, and hastily casting it off pushed out after them, leaving the purp still barking on the shore. “Holt on, childers; I’m a’comin’!” she cried, using a seat of the boat for lack of oars, and starting to paddle toward them; but the children, even if they heard her, thought only of their deserved punishment, and pulled with all their strength out of the central current of the narrow pond and away from her.

With Mag, however, things did not fare so well, for she no sooner reached the edge of the swift water than the boat swung toward the falls and carried her down the river. She had nothing but a narrow board to work with, the boat was heavy, the current strong, and Mag was not used to boats.

She looked toward the children, who began to scream in fear for her, and saw that they seemed quite safe in the quiet water; and starting to paddle toward them; but the children, even if they heard her, thought only of their deserved punishment, and pulled with all their strength out of the central current of the narrow pond and away from her.

Then, for the first time fully realizing her own danger, she attempted to regain the shore she had left; but despite her efforts the boat sped on, whirling about in the eddies and carrying her toward the falls. A ledge of rocks projected into the river below, and looking ahead she saw the purp standing there awaiting her coming. He barked loudly as the boat drew near, and a side current sweeping it in shore, Mag dropped her paddle and instinctively picked up an end of the painter and threw it toward him. It caught on the corner of a rock, held for an instant, and before it was drawn away the dog seized it.

“Holt it, me darlin’, holt it!” cried Mag; and as if to show that he had understood her language all along, the purp clinched the rope more firmly in his poor old teeth and waited for the boat’s power to be measured against his own. Had he been of better breed, or had he associated with more reasonable company during his life, he would have seen the futility of the attempt; but he was only a cur, and “Crazy’s purp” at that, so he maintained his grip, and was dragged over the rocks into the water.

It was all very sudden, from the time Mag started in her attempt to help the children until she drew the dog into the boat with her, and stood folding his bleeding body in her arms, his teeth still closed upon the rope’s end. The falls and death were before her, and she was insane.

“God grant us life everlastin’,—the dog and me,” she said, raising her face toward heaven with a light shining from her sunken eyes more eloquent in faith than could be judged the mad glare of a lunatic: and then, still holding the dog, she was swept over the dark, sharp line of swiftly-moving water that marked her passage from life to eternity.

The children ran to their fathers and told the story of her death, and their fathers talked with other men who had found her poor, bruised body on the rocks below. It became the general subject of conversation throughout the village, and New Epsom, from the depths of its infinite charity and its fit sense of strict justice, came to the conclusion that she had attempted to murder the children, and therefore fully merited her fate. As to the purp, one could not waste one’s time in thoughts of such an animal.

But Mag and her dog during their lives had