

ing in the slight morning breeze, the roar of the waterfall—the *chute* it was always called—accompanied by the whirr of wheels and ever-recurring buzz of the saws eating their way through the logs which came up the gangway and disappeared into the mill as into the mouth of some hungry monster. From time to time they heard the splash of a log sent rolling down by Tom Grogan's handspike. And from time to time also they pulled in a fish; sometimes merely a perch, which was thrown back, sometimes a rock bass, which went to swell the number on the crotched stick lying on the pier, But so far only small fish had been tempted by their art.

"I've a bite!" suddenly shouted Mac. "He's a big one, sure! I believe he's a pike." And he began scrambling to his feet in his excitement.

"Hold on! I'll help you," cried Jim from the other side, hastily pulling in his rod and jumping to his feet.

But before he could take a step he saw the stone give a turn on which Mac's foot rested, and the latter, to save himself, make a hasty step forward to the log that formed the wall of the pier. But the wet, slippery log offered no foothold to his bare feet, and before Jim had shrieked his warning, "Take care, you'll fall in!" a splash below the pier showed where the water was closing over little Mac's head. The splash which to Jim seemed to fill the whole air was as silence in the noise of mill and chute.

A moment the boy stood, stiff with fear, then waving arms and hat he screamed with all his might, screamed and screamed again, for the little dark head which had risen to the surface was already many yards away.

The swift current was carrying Mac on and would bear him relentlessly nearer and nearer to where the water plunged over the dam and dashed itself to foam on the ragged rocks below. Jim could see the men in the mill at work as usual, but scream as he might no one turned his head to listen. A man appeared at the top of the gangway. He would hear him surely. And with redoubled energy his shrill child's voice, strained and hoarse with fear, rang out, "Help! help! Mac is drowning! Quick! Help!" but the man turned into the mill and disappeared. And the sound of the saw and the rumble of the carriage running back to the gangway was his only answer. And the carriage started again and Mr. Graham stood by and gave some trifling order to his men, and the water beside them roared and foamed on its wild course.

And out on the pier stands a little figure, quiet now, with wide-open, horror-stricken blue eyes staring in fascination at the small, dark head which had again appeared, but now far away from the pier and within a few yards of the dam. His imagination is already busy with what will happen when these few yards become a few feet, a few inches.

One thing only Jim had not seen. He had not seen Tom Grogan raise his eyes toward the pier. A few moments ago two boys; now but one, in violent consternation. It needed no sledge-hammer to get the explanation of that into Tom's head. In the same second the roar of the chute filled his ears, and, wiping out both, came swift as light a vision of his own home without that little bed in the corner and Patsey's head on the pillow.

The handspike clattered on the