

She sank back — with one joyful exclamation the breath left her body.

Who could mourn for a death like that? Who would dare to grieve over the little worn-out body?

Margaretta reverently stooped over, kissed the face so soon to grow cold, then, lightly draping a white wrap about it, she sat down and held out one hand to Berty, the other to her brother.

Tom and Roger turned the boat's head toward the city. Their hearts were full of grief, and yet, looking at the calm sky, the peaceful river, they knew that time would pass, their grief would grow chastened, in all probability there stretched before each occupant of that boat a useful and happy life.

Grandma had not lived in vain. She had kept her family together, and while her children's children lived, and their children, her memory would not be suffered to grow cold, neither would her good deeds be forgotten.

THE END.