
CHILD OF DESTINY

ing a pleasant waltz, full of dash and vigor. But the music did not appeal to her. In her present state of mind it only bored her. The windstorm had abated. Only a cool breeze lingered, sighing through the trees.

In half an hour Muriel reached Shelbourne avenue. The quaint little cottage of Grandma Rawlins stood but a few blocks away. In the distance she could see a pale light flickering in one of the windows. The name of Grandma Rawlins was well known in the city. She came to Kempton in her girlhood and grew old with the place. She was blind, and God also took away from her the gift of hearing. Blessed with three sons, Mazie, the youngest child, was all that remained now. The others were sleeping the last, long, eternal sleep in different parts of the world. Fate had separated them in early years, and God willed they should never meet in this life again.

Grandma Rawlins, however, was well taken care of. Mazie tended and watched her carefully. Poor, frail little woman, nestling sweetly in her neat, white bed—it was well that God had given her so good, so noble a daughter. Angels could not have made her last years pleasanter. The touch of Mazie's warm hand and the press of her red cheek were the gifts of life the old mother prized deeply.

Mazie Rawlins was a good-hearted woman.