

as she wandered over the field it seemed as though nature had prepared a royal surprise for her. Her enraptured gaze fell upon a narrow but continuous streak of lovely blue.

"Forget-me-nots—oh! by what magic have they come here?" she cried.

The seed tape had given forth its best to that ready soil. She did not pause to gather the nodding beauties. Fascinated, Gladys followed the cerulean path to halt almost at the door of the lonely cabin where Hector Morrison lived.

He came forth as though the floral path had been his message to her. She shrank back timorously. Then gratitude and its expression caused her self-consciousness to diminish.

Hector Morrison accompanied Gladys back the floral path to her home. What friends they had become on that brief stroll!

And after she had gone into the house out of his sight, but not out of his thoughts, he reverently lifted a spray of the blue beauties to his lips.

"Forget me not, indeed!" he murmured softly.

COULD YOU DELIVER SUCH A LETTER?—POST-OFFICE BOYS TURNED THE TRICK



St. Paul, Minn., May 1.—This letter addressed to Ignatius Donnelly, author of "Caesar's Column," London, Eng., has just reached St. Paul after making a four months' trip almost around the world.

It started from Atami Hot Springs, Japan, early in January, crossed the Pacific, then crossed the U. S. from San Francisco to New York, thence to London, where it was marked "Not known" and "Kindly forwarded" back to New York to the late author's American publishers.

From there it traveled half way across the continent to Minnesota, there to be finally delivered to his son, S. J. Donnelly of St. Paul.

The letter was written by Count Matsu of Japan, who had recently read Donnelly's prophetic book, "Caesar's Column," written 30 years ago, and predicting the use of naval submarines, military flying machines and other "war horrors" used in European warfare.

Count Matsu sought the American author's permission to translate the book and publish it in Japan.