

your city; you seem to me to be an old friend of mine. Do you remember a fellow at the close of your lecture in Woodstock, Canada, coming up to you and saying that he was considerable of a Yankee himself, that he owned a farm in Michigan and had lived there for a time and became so enamoured with Rural Mail Delivery there that upon his return to Canada he started a campaign that resulted in the system being adopted there? I saw immediately that he remembered, for he began to squeeze my hand and put up a real Bryan smile, and said he did remember. He was then U. S. Secretary of War, and, of course, a very busy man, but I could not resist the temptation to take up a few minutes of his time. The man who was talking to Bryan tarried at a little distance off, and as I passed by him he slapped me on the shoulder, and going down the massive steps together he said, "What a memory that man must have; there has been a presidential election since that lecture and he remembered you."

As I look back upon the trail I travelled, not always on the beaten path, there is a satisfaction in the contemplation that during the journey I tarried by the way and done some things that has already made the going easier for thousands and thousands of my fellows, and will, I ween, as the years go by for millions yet unborn.

The End.

