

Ansom quickly put himself in the background.

"But in your own experience as sales manager," he asked, "don't you see the change taking place that I have mentioned?"

"I don't know as I see it, exactly," Ward answered: "but sometimes I sort of *feel* it."

The missionary smiled, as if satisfied.

"Probably it is a case of feeling, after all," he said.

"I believe it is. Different men sense it differently. The world as a whole senses it vaguely. A few fanatics like myself hobbyize it to such an extent that they believe they can actually see it. Yes, I guess that's it."

Ansom sat in thought a while, but his ruminations were scattered by the noisy arrival of his namesake.

"Hello, Uncle Jim," cried Jimmy; "give me a ride on your foot."

"Here," said Ward, "jump on mine; Uncle Jim's tired."

"No," objected the coming Clark; "it's hard to hang on to that one arm of yours."

The Barnsvillian was silent. By and by he went off by himself for a walk.

Bertha came round to where Ansom and Jimmy were, and Ansom told her of the remark the young son had made. The steady, thoughtful light that loved ones knew came into her eyes.

"For a long time," she said, pensively, "he didn't seem to mind reference to it. But for a while back he has been peculiarly sensitive. One day I caught him with a heavy grip in his hand standing before a mirror."

"Does he ever mention the road?"