

Dick made an opening in the venetian blinds.

"They've crossed over," he said, "and they're going straight for your house. There's to be another meeting there, depend upon it."

Jim made no answer, and Dick stared out of the window for a minute or two. Then he turned and faced his brother.

"Talk of miracles!" he exclaimed. "I can't believe it, now. It's incredible——"

"But true," Jim finished the sentence, "that voice of his isn't pretty, but there's no humbug about it."

"I believe you're right," said Dick. "Well, then, think what it means. An invention that can do things like that—why, a God must have invented it."

Jim made no answer. His puckered forehead showed that he was puzzling over something.

"Did you notice that big girl in the bonnet and things?" he asked.

"No—yes—I think I did just see her. Why?"

"Well, it's very queer; she reminded me tremendously of some one or something, but of whom or what, I can't for the life of me think. It gave me quite an uncanny feeling."

"I couldn't take my eyes off the old man. An invention! And it's swept him through the gates. Is it going to sweep us, too?"

A peculiar smile lit up Jim's pale, tired-looking face—a smile reserved for very special people and very special occasions.

"I don't think I should be very sorry if it did," he said. "Life hasn't been such a big show after all, and Aunt Sue would die happy."