

CHAPTER XLVII.

THE HAPPINESS OF MR. CREATION.

THE first of November dawned gray and cold. With the light, as though anxious to intercept it, came heavy clouds that swooped low and threw white snowflakes earthward. The wind sighed and moaned and quaked until the village maples bent their bare heads before its strength. It tore down alley and cast the straw and leaves upward to meet the snowflakes descending. It was not an angry wind. It was merely a happy, playful one out on its morning romp.

So that, when it tore the strip of bunting Mr. Creation was adjusting above his store door from his grasp, and sent it waving and hoisting high in air, Mr. Creation actually caught its contagion and laughed happily. Then he glanced up and down to see if anybody was watching. Nobody was. Nobody seemed to be out yet. It was too early. Then the wind came back again and twined his long, dyed beard about his neck and took his hat, tossing it merrily down street. Then Mr. Creation laughed again, and wondered what it was made him so happy.

He turned to re-enter the store when he discerned a familiar figure coming toward him through the early light.

"Good-morning! Good-morning! You are like the lark, sir, you are up early," called Mr. Shipley, advancing.