

"I won't be any more. Have a cigar, Jack? Take a handful."

Mr. Creation shoved over a box, and Mr. Shipley took the handful.

"We all have our cranky spells," he observed, meekly. "And, sir, I would thank you if, after I have put these cigars in my pocket, you would allow me to once more shake your hand and wish you godspeed, as it were—or—no—that isn't right—wish you joy and all happiness, sir, in this, the event of a happy re-union between a loving father and a repentant child, who, I know, has never ceased to love you, even though far away from you." Again they shook hands and Mr. Shipley coughed spasmodically. "This asthma is a nasty thing," he said. "Sometimes it affects one organ, sometimes another. Sometimes it's the hearing it affects; to-day it seems to be the optics, aggravated, no doubt, by the cold wind. As I was saying, sir, I am heartily glad for you."

"Come upstairs and see his room, Jack."

Mr. Shipley did as he was asked.

"There you see it, just as he left it, Jack. There's his bed and his belongings, and here, in the closet, are his clothes. He didn't take a dud away with him. Says he in his letter, 'Dad,' says he, 'you might as well give all those clothes of mine away, because I'm too fat for them now,' says he."

"Well, well," said Mr. Shipley. "And he was such a slim chap when he went away."

"Just about your size, John. I should guess, and what I was going to say is this. Here is a brand-new suit he had ordered before he went away. The tailor brought it to me, and I paid for it without a word, and