

CHAPTER II.

THE WEEKS' HOMESTEAD.

HALF a mile from the village, at the end of a lane, stood the house of farmer Weeks. It was a very ordinary house that had once been painted. The front door opened directly into the parlor. Some young ladies who have been so unfortunate as to have received a liberal education, including music, art, and literature, in a three months' term at a ladies' college, have emphasized the affectation of an otherwise glorious generation by designating this apartment of venerable age and honored by Cupid, the reception room.

Opening off the parlor was the spare room. In this particular case spare, sure enough—spare in comfort, spare in furniture, spare in guests. Above were the half-story family chambers. In summer these rooms were intensely hot. It is yet a disputed point whether man or necessity arranged that they should be needed so little in