

THE  
MAN OF THE HOUSE.

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CHAPTER I.

*HIS HOME.*

It was a little bit of a room, dingy and dreary. I can't remember that there was a single bright thing in it. The sun only got a chance to look in for about five minutes, just before it went to bed at night; the rest of the time it was around on the other side of the house, where there wasn't a window, nor a chink that it could peep through. You want to know who lived in this house and stayed in this sunless room? Why Reuben Stone's mother and sister Beth. The sister's name was Elizabeth, but she was a little creature, and nobody ever spoke her full name. As for Reuben, being the man of the house, he was apt to be on the street from morning till night, trying to pick up odd jobs. School? Bless you! no, he didn't go to school; his jackets were out at the elbows, and his pants were out at the knees, and his shoes were