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"ROCK OF AGES."

Backs of Ages, cleft for me... The world is a vast and weary land... I have seen the world in its glory and in its shame...

THE RED HOUSE.

CHAPTER I.

They were not nice lodgings, certainly; but what could I do? The place was full; no other could I find... I had to do the best I could. I wanted a bedroom, and a room that I could convert into a sort of office...

CHAPTER II.

It was a cheerless place. A few ragged mats were strewn over a carpeted floor... I found it readily enough. It looked something like an old farm-house unaccountably transplanted from the open country to a dingy suburb...

CHAPTER III.

Mark Voss was at good as his word. When I returned in the evening he was waiting for me... I was prepared to be disappointed, but he was not. He had a good deal to say about the place...

CHAPTER IV.

I rose early, and was absent the greater part of the next day, engaged in surveying for my new line... I was nearly a fortnight in the Red House. Mark Voss, smoking a short pipe, was sitting in the doorway...

CHAPTER V.

At first I had thought that he was insane, and that Mark was with him as a keeper. But now that seemed to be an inexplicable explanation of the case... I was the man who was called "the master" by the people of the Red House...

bed; it would be but a shake down, you understand; for the Red House isn't what it used to be, and things have got into a good deal of confusion inside...

Presently I could hear some one enter below. The master probably angry telling followed by the boy and the man were reeling—reeling, swearing at, threatening each other. Then came the sound of a footstep upon the stairs. A man entered my room.

CHAPTER II.

I followed him into the house. He was careful to close, and even to lock the door after us... The rooms were carpetless; the floors unpolished, and the walls, though they had been splintered by violent ill usage, were not white-washed...

CHAPTER III.

"The bedroom is through that door yonder." It was a cheerless place. A few ragged mats were strewn over a carpeted floor... I found it readily enough. It looked something like an old farm-house unaccountably transplanted from the open country to a dingy suburb...

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rooms, with a view to their better appearance, and my increased comfort. I had discovered some coals in a cupboard, and some fragments of wood. It was not cold, but I can't say my hand on anything in the shape of a fire would be cheering; so, with some difficulty, I lit one.

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that he's made to be killed, very likely. But he's a back of a hand, and though he had lost, take my word for it, and I'm sure as knows him well—too well, by a deal. I can't say my hand on anything in the shape of a fire would be cheering; so, with some difficulty, I lit one.

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