A SAFE DEPOSIT.
By REV. E. DURSTON HALL, D.D.

Antony Blake left the office of Wm. Smith &
Co., a well-to-do merchant in Tamworth, and
walked into the next room, which was a small
room, containing a very odd collection of things.
There was a large, old-fashioned, oak desk,
standing against the wall, and a large, old-fashioned,
chairs, standing against the wall, and a large, old-fashioned,
bookshelf, containing a great many books.
Mr. Blake looked at the books and smiled.
"I wonder what the old fool has been doing now,"
thought Mr. Blake, as he walked out of the room.
He walked up the stairs and into the next room,
which was a very small, very dark, and very dirty
room, containing a very dirty, very small, and very
ugly desk, and a very small, very ugly, and very
dirty chair.
Mr. Blake looked at the desk and smiled.
"I wonder what the old fool has been doing now,"
thought Mr. Blake, as he walked out of the room.
He walked down the stairs and into the next room,
which was a very large, very clean, and very
pretty room, containing a very clean, very pretty,
and very large table, and a very large, very pretty,
and very large chair.
Mr. Blake looked at the table and smiled.
"I wonder what the old fool has been doing now,"
thought Mr. Blake, as he walked out of the room.
He walked into the next room, which was a very
large, very clean, and very pretty room, containing a
very clean, very pretty, and very large table, and a
very large, very pretty, and very large chair.
Mr. Blake looked at the table and smiled.
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