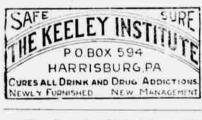
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Writing, and get a position."

The mother made no reply, but thoughtfully, with her thumb, pressed an indentation into the biscuits before resigning them to the oven.

The following morning dawned mild and sunny. Sweet and clear to the Bently family came the distant sound of church bells, and as Mrs. Bently stood upon the kitchen porch, broom in hand, the look of weariness upon her face lightened.

"I hev a notion to go to church my self," said she, addressing her husband "We hed such a late breakfast that I

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JENNY'S POSITION

By Mrs. Charles C. Marble. .

(f TENNY!" The tone was querulous, to be sure, but the fatigue to plainly expressed upon the speaker's face, fully atoned for it. "Jenny, I want that you should git supper to-

The girl readjusted the bit of ribbon she was placing upon a hat of rather ancient shape, and answered only with an impatient frown.

Five, ten, fifteen minutes passed, and Jenny still continued in the same em-

The mother, with a weary sigh, arose from the chintz-covered rocking chair

and moved towards the kitchen. "Your father and the boys'll be com ing in afore long," she said, "and you know how cross they be when the table

ain't set and the victuals ready." "There you go," replied Jenny, an grily, tossing the hat from her; "al ways complaining! Your time must be everybody's time. I didn't say I wasn't going to get supper, ddi 12"

The mother by this time was in the kitchen, turning some flour into a bowl Jenny picked up the hat again, and twisted and retwisted the ribbon.

"I'm determined to have this has trimmed for church to-morrow," she said, aloud. "It's nothing but cook sweep, wash dishes; wash dishes, sweep and cook. Life is becoming almost un bearable."

From the kitchen, presently, came the mother's voice again,

"Jenny, ain't you goin' to set the table? You ain't done a thing about the house to day, and I'm ennymost ready to drop."

"Of course I intend to set the table." impatiently returned the girl, having adjusted the ribbon to her satisfac tion. "Anybody, to hear you talk mother, would think you did all the work of the house."

"Well!" in a weary tone, "it's true Jenny, that you shirk more and more every day you live. I'm the first one up in the mornin', and the breakfast is all done long afore ever you come down, that you know. I'm gittin' old too, and this gittin' up uv winter mornin's in the cold hes brung on the rheu matiz mighty bad. Ef I git laid up with it. I don't see what's to become of all of you, I raily don't."

"Why, father will have to hire a serv ant, that's all," retorted Jenny. "For my part, I'm about tired of poking along in this country place, anyway I'm going up to the city to learn type writing, and get a position."

in hand, the look of weariness upon her will depend upon yourself."

calkerlate we kin do without dinner ficient it seemed now that her eyes till late into the arternoon. It'll be s had feasted upon the costly fabrics as she ascended them repeated the change and a rest for me, too."

but after a whiff or two, said un boarding house.

reckin' the boys air ov the same mind as me." "You bet!" slanged the boys, who were blacking their boots and doing a sweet, untroubled sleep.

other personal chores, "it don't seem like eaten ef you don't sot down to lot as the weeks flew by! How meals at reg'lar hours."

"Then I'll not go," submissively re plied the mother, "and maybe it would n't hev done me no good, nohow. I'll Parson White's sermonts I sometimes he preached about the angel havin' the key ov the bottomless pit, and about the dragon and the beasts, and setting a seal onto Satan. There weren't one word ov comfort for me in the whole sermont. Nothin' of love fer the heart nor rest fer the speret."

Monday found Jenny more determined than ever upon seeking a livelihood in the city.

"Alice Brown and her sister had on lovely new hats in church yesterday," she said, fretfully, to her mother at breakfast, "and I am going to earn money and dress myself like other girls I am indeed! Father will have to give me that \$100 which grandfather willed me, and before that is gone I'll be earning \$10 a week or more."

Through the mother's mind darted a vision of her daughter dressed in a manner ill-befitting her slender means and station in life, a target for sly innuendoes and questioning smiles, but the only said:

"Suppose, Jenny, I git sick and you so fer away? There wouldn't be one livin' soul to take care of me as a darter ought, and your father will find it mighty hard, I'm a thinkin', to raise that \$100 now. He hes been a-usin' ov it. you know, onto the farm. It do in high and angry tones, and her emseem as though I hev about everything ployer looked disquieted and moody. to bear, it do so," and the over-worked, troubled little woman sat down and still there were several men closeted tried silently behind the corner of her gingham apron.

But it ended in the girl having her way. Pouts and frowns and sharp re- to depart, "my darling!" and those torts had their effect, but more than two endearing words shortened the all, to her "close-fisted" father, was the way home, turned winter to summer, And so to the city went Jenny, fully clouds a tinge of brightest gold. confident that her pretty face and quick

the teacher of typewriting and short-**\$66000000000000000000000** band-whose advertisement in their home paper had decided her upon this step-resulted in her securing board in a very genteel and correspondingly high-priced boarding house.

To her unsophisticated mind that \$100 appeared a small fortune, yet she saw it slip away with but little apprehension as the weeks rolled on. In the space of six weeks, by diligent application, she had acquired the "art" of typewriting, and as she was assured by the "professor" speed only was necessary now to render her eligible for a first-class position, a position commanding \$12, \$15 or \$20 per week. How glibly the sums rolled from the professor's lips!

"But one dollar left," ruefully said Jenny one morning. "My, how money does fly in the city. Why, I could have made that sum do me for years at home," and for the first time the girl thought with a pang of regret of that home, of the loving care and the simple home comforts which had ever been hers without this weekly bargaining.

So that day, with much care and precision, Jenny answered several advertisements, confidently expecting a favorable reply from one at least. How anxiously she watched for the postman. Day after day passed, and there came no reply.

At length, oh, joy, an answer, hidding her call at a downtown office Donning her most becoming hat and jacket, Jenny tripped forth, and before ten o'clock had struck stood in the office designated.

"The gentleman ain't down yet," rethe desk; "he don't most generally of the desk before him, come down till 11 o'clock."

For many miles of the

"What is the business?" she next in

"I dunno, ma'am; I was only engaged this week. I reckon it's stocks, though or a agency, or somethin' or other-Further speculation was cut short by the entrance of the proprietor, to whom Jenny timidly introduced herself.

He nodded affably, and the girl, blushing under his cool stare of adherself to say.

The gentleman first divested himself of his overcoat, opened his desk, fumbled among some papers, then selecting one, directed the boy to go to that address and deliver it.

"Now!" said he, when they were his chair, "tell me something about side, yourself!"

Jenny wondered if that was the way business men interviewed applicants for positions, as she, with no little embarrassment, complied.

"Ah! but a few weeks in the great city," he remarked with a cordial smile, "unsophisticated, etc., etc. an indentation into the biscuits before. That suits me. What salary, may I ask, do you expect?"

"I-I leave that to you, sir," she stammered.

"Hm! Well," reflectively, "suppose we say ten dollars per week. Whether it shall be increased in the future querulous tone. But below stairs all

Jenny's eyes sparkled.

Ten dollars a week! The sum had seemed a large one in that modest "We hed such a late breakfast that I home in the country, but how insufdisplayed in numberless shop win-Farmer Bently, who was filling his dows, the elegant attire of women in the girl the fluttering of the simple

"It will be some time before I can "I don't like to be throwed out ov my spare any money towards hiring help reg'lar meals, Mariar Jane, on a Sun for mother," she soliloquized that day no more'n ov week days, and I night. "I shall need all I can make to keep up appearances here," and with visions of new and stylish additions to her wardrobe, Jenny fell into

How contented she was with her thoughtful of her comfort and pleasures, even, was her handsome employer! How kindly he sought to break the monotony of her lonely form. sot down, howsomever, and read the evenings by escorting to concert Bible a spell. I git a good deal ov con and theater! And then the little solation out'n ov it; more'n I do out ov suppers, and often the delightful luncheons at noon, while the office you." think. The last time I went to church boy idly dangled his legs before the handsome desk.

Letters from home were but few. and as the days wore on, hers to the waiting, weary little mother grew shorter, and more and more infre-

"There's a change come over our Jenny," said Mrs. Bently to her unsympathetic husband, "her letters don't sound as they used to, I'm thinkin'. I wish some of us didn't city. feel so tired when night comes, so's we could write to her oftener. It don't seem right," sadly, "to hev our girl go off 'mong strangers to live. guided by nothin' but her own fancies. It railly don't look right on our part, an' ef anything should happen to her I'd-"

"Ah, there you go a-croakin'," replied her husband with a frown, 'you're either croakin' or complainin'. I never see such a woman." At which the boys laughed good-naturedly, telling the mother "not to mind Pop, who had been cross as two sticks

More business than usual one day appeared to be doing in the inner office. The men who dropped in spoke The day was drawing to a close, and with him.

"We will lunch together to-morrow," he whispered, as she prepared

With a smile on her lip and a song

the stairs she slowly sauntered, thinking only of that voice which would soon speak those tender words again.

A loud peal of the door bell. "A dispatch for Miss Jenny Bently," said the messenger boy, handing her the ominous vellow envelope.

"Had anything happened to him?" was the girl's shuddering thought, as her trembling fingers opened it. "Come! Your mother is dying."

A cry of mingled pain and relief broke from her. Her mother! Not the man she loved.

"Jenny," how plainly she heard the querulous voice of her mother-"Jenny, come!" "Yes," murmured the girl, as she had always done, "after awhile, after

I have seen him," and wiping the tears from her eyes she hastened to the office. How eagerly, when there, she looked for his coming. The usual hour had passed, another, still another, and he

"Jenny, come!" The mother's voice was no longer querulous. Faint and low came the words.

"Jenny, come!" "I must go," at last cried Jenny, with a rush of tears, and hastily scribbling a few words to her employer the girl hastened to the train.

The office boy chuckled, "She's a ninny, that she ain't smelt a mouse afore this," he muttered, pocketing the letter. "I knowed the game was up yesterday. It comed a little suddint on to him, I'm a thinkin', or he wouldn't hev left his papers about," and straightway the precoplied an idle boy who serenely revolved clous youth betook himself to ranin a handsome office chair in front of sacking every drawer and pigeon hole

> For many miles of the journey the girl's thoughts alternated between the man she was then suddenly forced to leave and the tireless, devoted mother to whom she was hastening. Never before had her ear caught the rhythm of a moving train. Today there was a voice in the wheels which seemed to say:

"Jenny come, Jenny come, Jenny come!"-and then across the strings miration, forgot all she had prepared of her memory swept a note or two

of a poem long since forgotten: "Life and Thought have gone away side by side,"

and before her vision flashed the picture of a stark form outlined beneath a winding sheet, and through an open window, upon spreading wing, the dealone, settling himself comfortably in parture of the two spirits side by

"Life and thought," "life and thought," now began the wheels, "have gone away," and the girl, with fast falling tears, forgetting all else in listening to that refrain, silently implored the figures to stay for awhile their departure.

"But one word, one look," cried the girl, as she stood once again upon the threshold of her humble home.

"Jenny!" Oh, to see that dear form in the familiar old rocking chair, to hear her name spoken, even in that old-time,

was silent. "Life and Thought have gone away side by side."

stairs seemed in unison with the car lines, and to the strained senses of pipe, hummed unconsciously a bar of the churches, upon the street, and muslin curtains at the window the hymn "There is rest for the weary." even in the parlor of her genteel marked the departure of those winged spirits, side by side.

"Jenny!" It was the father's voice which spoke. That form under the white sheet upon the bed stirred not. The closed eyes never opened; the rigid lips remained dumb.

"She called you to the last," said a neighbor. "It was 'Jenny, come; Jenny, come.' the whole day long."

The girl, remembering how often that call had been unheeded, unheeded even at the last moment, knelt in silent anguish beside the stiffened

"She breathed her last but one short hour ago," continued the neighbor, "a-watchin' and a-waitin' for

"Watching and waiting," sobbed Jenny, bitterly conscious for whom she had wasted those precious hours. dle," said the proud owner. "I live "Alas! watching and waiting for me." over, and the toiling mother lay at ises. In 1893 the idea occurred to me rest in her narrow home, forevermore and I had a jeweler make me these

indifferent to dust and decay. The remorseful Jenny, listening to small branch and tied at the proper the voice of inclination, was already distance with cords. I had to select in thought planning her return to the

"I must go back to my duties," she aid to her father, but her heart instead said: "to him! I must go back

And with that resolve in her heart she one day scanned their weekly pa-

The story of an absconded swindler, a noted forger, a ruined gambler; the disappearance the same day of his pretty typewriter; a handsome office in which a mere pretense of business had been ever done; an idle, noncommital office boy; a weeping woman who claimed the handsome absconder as her husband-that was all. But the name, the street, the number, was enough to blanch Jenny's cheek and wring from her lips the cry: "From what a fate have I been rescued!"

And so she went not back from the city, but instead took up the threads of life which her mother had dropped -a sadder and a wiser woman-and when in after years a daughter of her own, named Jenny, looked with long ing eyes toward the city and a "position," she shrank not from opening tempting bait of her future earnings. lent to the lowering, snow-laden that long closed wound to relate in the manner and for the same purpose ap chension would serve her in lieu of in her heart she stood equipped the thus simply tell here.—Yankee Blade. Statesman.



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says the New Orleans Times-Democrat.

"It took me four years to get the material ready for this umbrella hanin the suburbs of St. Louis and have And now the last sad rites were several fine maple trees on the premthree rings, which I slipped over a a very diminutive branch, because otherwise the twigs would have prevented the rings from going on, and I picked out one pretty high up so it would be out of the way of pilferers. Then I waited patiently for nature to clinch the bands by process of growth. I said nothing about the experiment and the family often wondered why in the world I climbed that tree so often. I am a traveling man and whenever I returned from the road I would lose no time in taking a look at my prospective umbrella handle. It was slow work, however, and the fall of 1897 had rolled around before I finally cut the branch. Then I turned it over to an expert, who kept it ten months longer, casoning and polishing it and bending the upper end into the crook, which was done by a process of steaming. The result is what you see. I am convinced it is the only thing of its kind in the world, and I take good care to keep it away from umbrella thieves."

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