

# **JANE'S SERVICE**

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Jane's Service by Anonymous

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THE ADVERTISEMENT. *Page 20*

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## JANE'S SERVICE.

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**I** WISH we could, wife. I wish to my heart we could. Robert is nearly fourteen years old now. But what I want to know is, where is the money to come from?" So spake poor Richard Whiteley, the bookseller, to his wife one winter night as they sat together over the embers of a fire in their little back-parlour behind the shop.

All their children, and there were many of them, had gone to bed; and in this quiet hour, after supper and the business of the day were over, the bus-



band and wife were consulting together about their ways and means, and chiefly about sending Robert, their only son, to school.

"Ay, Richard," she answered sadly, "money, money! that is always the cry. I do believe, if I were to say I wanted a shoe-string, you would ask, Where is the money to come from?"

Mrs. Whiteley had no sooner given vent to her vexation in these words, than a glance at her husband's worn face made her regret it. She laughed, as though to make a joke of it.

But there was no resentment in Richard Whiteley's nature. "At least, wife," he said, returning her smile, "you shall never want a shoe-string while I can earn one for you."

Business had not prospered with the Whiteleys of late. Their small book-shop at the corner of the High Street was unable to keep pace with the grand establishment, containing a circulating library, which stood on the opposite side of the street. New-comers to the town always went to Bennett's, instead of Whiteley's, for their books; and once in Bennett's, they did not so easily get out again, without making a purchase. Bennett's had plate-glass windows, and a good deal of red paint and gilt letters about the doorway. Bennett's, moreover, had the supreme *attraction* of a circulating library. Stories of all



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