



# Shoes for the Family!

Summer is ended and the cool weather is here. It's now time to change one's shoes. Our store is the place where the best, the newest and the latest boots and shoes are to be found, and at the least prices.

The freshest designs, the up-to-the-day-and-the-hour creations.

Heavy and light walking shoes for Men and Women, shoes for the Boys and Girls, shoes for the entire family. Rainy-day boots, storm shoes and all other desirable kinds. Beauty, comfort, service and small cost all combined. For whatever purpose you may require boots or shoes we have them and at the very lowest prices.

## FRANK E. DAVENPORT NORFOLK SHOEMAN.



### THE JAILER'S DAUGHTER

The moon looked down on the little jail at L... in the state of Georgia. There were but two persons on the premises, one a prisoner, the other the jailer's daughter, aged eighteen. Her father had been obliged to leave her in charge to go and attend to business that would not wait. Susie Leadbetter had seen the prisoner brought in, a devil may care looking young fellow whose appearance had taken her fancy. Now she was wondering what he had been brought there for and what he was thinking about and whom he was thinking about. She went to the door of his cell and stood listening. Presently she called softly. "You uns want anything?" "Want anything? Why, yes, it's lonesome in here. I want you to talk to."

to see if they were in condition when the advancing men came up to the open door. "What you want?" called a soft voice. "We want that murderer, Roger De Ford." "You can't have him!" "We'll see about that." The man took a step forward. "Stop that! If you come a step further I'll shoot you!" "Come out of that, Bill," called a voice from behind. "She's goin' to shoot; I kin tell by her voice. Women's wose 'n men when they git the devil in 'em. There's been one of us killed today. We don't want no mo' killin'." The man in advance drew back and there was a consultation. The jail was not easily entered except at this one opening and the problem was a puzzle. To go in by the door they must shoot at random, and if they hit any one it would be a girl. But the most effective argument was that the enemy, being in shadow, could pick off one or more of those out in the moonlight. The situation was not inviting. After a prolonged discussion several who favored avoiding any shedding of blood except that of the prisoner prevailed and it was decided to give the matter up. They turned and went away. Susie watched them till they passed into the wood from which she had seen them come; then her old self resumed control. She did not faint, but she dropped to the floor and leaned for support against the bureau. She was revived by the prisoner's "Hello!" Rising she went to the cell door. Roger De Ford had heard the demand made for him and the refusal. He was a brave man, but it takes more than a brave man to bear without quailing a mob calling for his life. The prisoner had only recovered from his terror when he called for Susie, and was still trembling when she came, and the sight of her brought back his youthful sang froid. "Come, let me out of this. You're the girl for me. We'll run away from here and not come back till this has blown over."

MEXICAN HOUSES. Little Wood Used in Them, and They Are Practically Fireproof. There is a minimum of wood used for house construction in the cities of Mexico, and there is absolutely nothing to burn except what furnishes the houses may contain. The walls are solidly built of stone and brick or in the less costly structures of adobe, which are thickly plastered inside and out with mortar or stucco. The floors are of brick, stone or tiles, while the roofs are of brick laid in mortar or in some cities of semicylindrical clay tiles. Many roofs are arched with brick laid flat, not on edge, and it is marvelous how slight a curve some of these arches have. Yet they support heavy weights and have lasted through centuries. Flat roofs are supported by 6 by 6 inch heavy pine joists placed eight inches apart. These joists are often twenty feet in length. The doors are heavy, hanging upon ornamented wrought strap hinges and secured by strong, handmade locks, which have remarkably large complicated keys. Practically the only wood used in construction is for the doors and joists which support the roof. The church roofs are invariably of brick arches, usually several arches in each. There are no such fire traps in Mexico as those mansard roofs of French and American cities or the frail dwellings of China or the universal wooden structures which have made fire insurance so great a burden in the United States and which cause so great and continuous expenditures for fire protection.—Arboretum.

enough." In general, work is not a curse, but a blessing, a positive means of grace. One can hardly begin too early to impress upon children lessons of self help by tasks appropriate to their age and forces and to begot in them scorn of idleness and of dependence on others. To do this is to make them happy through the self respect that comes with the realization of power and thus to approximate Tennyson's goal of man, "Self reverence, self knowledge, self control."—Century.

LETTER WRITING. Its Decline as an Art Caused by the Modern Newspaper. The wonderful development of the newspaper may be looked upon as a very potent factor in the decline of letter writing as an art. The letter no longer can be regarded as primarily the carrier of news. The expression of one's opinion about great contemporary events is indeed still left to the letter, but how much of an incentive to friendly correspondence is lost by the fact that every part of the world knows of important happenings almost simultaneously is not to be lightly estimated, says Munton's Magazine. The stimulus to writing that comes from having "news" to report is done away with, and it is not always that even the gifted letter writer can afford to lose that incentive. It is only the correspondent par excellence who knows how to attain the perfection of his art by writing delightfully of nothing, if indeed that may be called nothing which affords him a means for the employment of his delicate perceptions. For the saving quality of the genuine letter is in the ability of its author to put himself into it. If he writes about trivial things he does it with a grace of interest that disguises the triviality. He must not make his little fishes talk like whales, but he should, as Goldsmith himself knew how to do, make his letters of perpetual interest because of the aptness of their style to the simplicity of their thought.

as one entered the place there came from a corner in the rear a liquid pool of music so sweet and high and clear that it sounded like a piccolo without the metallic shelliness of that instrument. In a small wheeler cage a black and yellow canary waltzed round and round, never quiet, and as it danced it sang the air of "Lauterbach" from beginning to end without a false quantity, without missing or changing a note. When the solo was finished the bird whisked up to its perch, trilled an improvisation and then began the melody again, breaking off in the middle, warbling a little in self willed fashion and then finishing the air. It was a beautiful and unique performance.—Philadelphia Ledger.

WINSLOW T. JENKINS.

Discontent With Work. That there is much discontent with work among the so called middle classes in America is due in large part to the pampering of children, to the supplying of their natural and artificial wants and to the sentimental idea that their day of toll will come soon

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Two Views of the Bells. A clergyman on his way to church one Sunday morning pulled up to re-buke an angler. "Don't you hear the bells summoning you to church?" he asked. The fisherman put an inquiring hand to his ear. Encouraged, the clergyman repeated the question. But once again the fisherman asked for a repetition, and then again, and even yet again. Flushing from overmuch bawling, the parson was about to proceed on his way when the fisherman spoke: "Very sorry, gov'nor," he said, "but them blomin' bells makes such an infernal clatter that I can't hear a word you says."—London Globe.

Durable Whitewash. A very durable whitewash that will stand nearly as well as paint is made as follows: Slake a bushel of lime with boiling water and thin sufficiently with cold water to make a good whitewash; dissolve a pint of white vitriol sulphate of zinc in boiling water, also enough to thoroughly dissolve it; also a quart of lime salt. The bushel of lime will weigh about seventy pounds, and by keeping the above proportions a greater or less amount can be made.

Not Complaining of That. "Some people say you have more money than brains," said the blunt person. "I hope so," answered Senator Sarghram. "Most everybody I run across is trying to trade off brains for money."—Washington Star.