

red letter day with these clandestine correspondents, many of whom are school-girls whose parents never dream that their children are following in the footsteps of so many girls who have been taught the art of deception and disloyalty by means of clandestine correspondence.

Two young and well-dressed girls followed the first applicant. Unlike her, they had not called at the delivery window many times, and the post official handed one of them two letters. She hurriedly burst one open, blushed scarlet as she devoured its contents, and then tearing it up, went away. The very look on her face indicated that it contained something which no girl of her age ought to read.

A *Messenger* reporter stood and watched those girls as they came and went. It was very easy to distinguish those that came to the office for a legitimate purpose.

One young lady approached the delivery window and inquired for a letter in a manner which seemed to indicate that she didn't care whether she got one or not. She was good-looking, but there was a restless and uneasy look about her face, and scarcely heeding the delivery clerk's reply to her question, she glanced furtively about the post office. Suddenly a young man entered the office, and with her soul in her eyes she met him, and held a hurried conversation, the last words of which were:

"To-morrow evening in the usual place."

"Lots of women call regularly at this office who have never received a letter in their lives," said the post-office official, "and many of them don't expect any letters. We have done all we could to get rid of them, and of these young girls who come to get letters from clandestine correspondents, but we cannot. We do not deliver letters at the general delivery addressed to initials, but scores of them are received."

Then the official showed a long list of these letters which had been sent to the dead letter office.—*Jamestown Messenger*.

To the Girls.

Don't think it necessary for your happiness that every afternoon be spent in making calls or on the street shopping. Home is not a mere hotel wherein to eat and sleep—too dreary to be endured without company from abroad; home work is not mere drudgery, but useful ministration to those we love.

Don't mistake giggling for cheerfulness, slang phrases for wit, boisterous rudeness for frank gayety, impertinent speeches for repartees. On the other hand, don't be prim, formal, stiff, nor assume a "country face" eloquent of "prunes, potatoes, prisms," nor sit bolt upright in a corner, hands, feet, eyes and lips carefully posed for effect by which an effect will be produced, but not the one you wish. Nor yet sit scornfully reserved, criticising the dress, manners, looks, etc., of those around you. Make up your mind that your companions are, on the whole, a pretty nice set of people—if they are not, you had no business to come among them—that there is something to respect and like in each of them. Determine to have a nice time anyhow; then do your part to make it so. Be genial, cordial and frank. If you can play and sing ordinarily well, do not refuse to take your share in entertaining your companions in that way. You cannot be expected to sing like a Nilsson or Kellogg. If you cannot play or sing, say so frankly, and do not feel humiliated. You probably excel in some accomplishment. Even if no other, you can possess that one grand accomplishment to which all others are accessories, that of being "a lady"—a true woman, gentle and gracious, modest and lovable.

A Skeleton in a Tree.

Two men in the northern part of Gilmer county chased a fox to his covert, which proved to be an immense hollow trunk, charred and blackened by forest fires. It was comparatively but a huge stump, being not more than twenty feet high. The wily robber of the henry had entered an aperture near the base of the tree, and all efforts at smoking him out had proved futile. As a last resort one of them suggested barring the fox's mode of entrance and then felling the tree. This plan was adopted, and a few vigorous strokes

of their axes sent the old shell crashing to the earth, and Reynard, in endeavoring to make his escape, was summarily dispatched with an axe. As they were preparing to take their departure one of the men discerned something white gleaming in the old, hollow stump, and, upon examination, was horrified to behold the bleached bones of a dismembered human skeleton. On closer inspection a powderhorn and bullet-pouch were brought to light, together with a few moldering articles of raiment, but nothing else was found that would testify as to who the person had been.—*North Georgia Citizen*.

How a Log Jam is Broken.

The first thing to be done is to find out where the jam occurred, and then to discover what is called the "key log" that is to say, the log which holds the base of the "jam." An old experience "steam driver" is soon on the spot; for the news is soon carried up stream that there is a "jam" below. Every minute is of consequence, as logs are coming down and the "jam" increases in strength. The "key log" being found, there is a cry for volunteers to cut it. Now, when you consider that there are some hundred big logs of timber forming a dam, and the instant the key log is cut the whole fabric comes rushing down with a crush, you will see that unless the axeman gets instantly away he is crushed to death. There are usually in a camp plenty of men ready to volunteer; for a man who cuts a key log is looked upon by the rest of the loggers just as a soldier is by his regiment when he has done any act of bravery. The man I saw cut away a log which brought down the whole jam of logs was a quiet young fellow, some twenty years of age. He stripped everything save his drawers; a strong rope was placed under his arms, and a gang of smart young fellows held the end. The man shook hands with the his comrades, and quietly walked out upon the logs, axe in hand. I do not know how the loggy-road one felt, but I shall never forget my feelings. The man was quietly walking to what very likely might be his death. At any moment the jam might break of its own accord, and also, if he cut the key log, unless he instantly got out of the way, he would be crushed by the falling timber. There was a dead silence while the keen axe was dropped with force and skill on the pine log. Now the notch was near half through the log: one or two more blows, and a crack was heard. The men got in all the slack of the line that held the axe-man; one more blow and there was a crash like thunder, and down came the wall of timber, to all appearances on the axe-man. Like many others, I rushed to help haul away the poor fellow, but to my great joy I saw him safe on the bank, certainly sadly bruised and bleeding from sundry wounds.—*The Field*.

School Education.

We cannot afford to leave this school business entirely to the teachers and the school committee. Perhaps they would "educate" our children to death. What is the proper object of education? To develop the human faculties, and to put a person into possession of those powers with which nature has endowed him, so that he can have them for use and enjoyment all through life. Not long ago it was generally believed that the object of education was the acquisition of knowledge and I once heard a school superintendent tell the children that their minds were like baskets, which they were to fill as full as possible with facts while they were young. Ideas of this kind are passing away, and we no longer hear the memory lauded as the most important faculty of the human mind. We are more inclined to heed and assert the oft-repeated advice of King Solomon: "Get understanding," and "Get wisdom." How trifling, comparatively, is any amount of mere knowledge or information about things, if in gaining it the faculty for study and investigation, and right thinking, is used up or broken down? This not unfrequently occurs. The bright scholar, who is the pride of his teacher and the hope of his parents breaks down in the race, used up before the real battle is begun. I have known this to befall children of naturally strong constitution. The custom seems so widespread and the calamity so great, that parents need to be thoroughly warned.—*Faith Rochester*.