

The Louisiana Pelican.

PUBLISHED AT THE LOUISIANA SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF.

VOL. XIV.

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NO. 17.

The Spelling Match.

Ten little children standing in a line.
"F-u-l-l-y fully," then there were nine.
Nine puzzled faces, fearful of their fate,
"C-i-l-l-y, silly," then there were eight.
Eight pairs of blue eyes, bright as stars of heaven
"B-u-s-s-y, busy," then there were seven.
Seven grave heads, shaking in an awful fix,
"L-a-d-y, lady," then there were six.
Six eager darlings, determined each to strive
"D-u-t-y duty," then there was five.
Five hearts so anxious beating more and more,
"S-c-h-o-l-a-r, scholar," then there was four.
Four mouths like rosebuds on a red rose tree,
"M-e-r-r-y, merry," then there was three.
Three pairs of pink ears, listening keen and true,
"O-n-l-y, only," then there were two.
Two sturdy laddies, ready both two ran,
"T-u-r-k-y, turkey," then there was one.
One head of yellow hair, in the sun,
"H-e-r-o, hero," the spelling match was won.

—Kansas Star.

A GIRL'S INFLUENCE.

"Hello there, Grace Ashton! wait for a fellow, and have good company!" shouted Charlie Raymond, as they were going home from school one bright winter's day.

"I suppose I shall be sure of good company if I wait for you."

"Well, I would like to know if you wouldn't," said he, as he caught up with her. "Have you had an invitation to Katie's Christmas evening?"

"Yes. I received it last night. Have you?"

"Yes; and I have walked myself all out of breath to catch up with you to ask you if I can call for you and by your humble escort. I shall be delighted if I may be allowed," he said with a mock bow.

"And I am sure I shall be pleased to be escorted by so gallant a knight," was her laughing reply.

"So that momentous thing is settled," said Charlie; "and I will call for you at eight o'clock."

"Very well; I will be ready."

Charlie Raymond was the son of one of the wealthiest men in town, and his handsome face and merry ways made him a great favorite with all young people; but lately he had shown a decided preference for Grace. Some of the girls had hinted to her that Charlie was a little too wild, and she wondered what her mother would say to her going to the party with him.

Mrs. Ashton was a thoughtful, and careful mother, and Grace was very precious to her heart. She had heard some rumors that Charlie was going with some wild boys, and she had her fears about him, but they were not sufficiently well grounded to allow her to speak of them to Grace. She did not wish to do him harm, so she answered, when Grace asked her consent to go with Charlie: "I think it will be wise for you to go. I hope you will have a good time."

Christmas night found Grace

neatly dressed in a garnet velvet suit, with soft, pink ribbons; and when Charlie came into the parlor he thought he never saw any one look quite so lovely as she did.

"All ready, are you?" as he took the offered chair.

"Very nearly," she replied.

As she came near him his breath came into her face. Giving him a quick, startled look, she asked: "Charlie Raymond, what have you been drinking?"

A deep blush came over his face, as he said, "Why, what makes you ask?"

"Because I think your breath smells of brandy."

"Oh," he said, lightly, "I have been over to Stanton, and some of the boys happened to meet at Gregg's and had a little treat. Do not look as you'd seen a ghost, Grace, for pity's sake!"

"I have seen something worse than a ghost," she said. "It is the beginning of a living death, and Charlie, I am not going to the party with you to-night. I never wanted to go anywhere bad enough to go with one smelling of liquor."

Charlie stood looking at her in amazement.

"You didn't mean to say, Grace Ashton, that you are going to stay away from this party just because I have taken a glass or two of brandy, do you?"

"I do mean to say just that, and I can't tell you how sorry and disappointed I am either," she said; "but I wouldn't go with you, or any one who drinks, for all the world, if I knew it."

"Well, I didn't know you were such a goose of a temperance fanatic as all this comes to," he said, angrily, as he snatched up his hat and went quickly out of the house.

Shame, disappointment, and rage were surging through his mind as he went out.

After walking until he was tired, he went home and went up to his room. The more he thought of it the deeper grew his sense of shame.

"I would rather any one else in the world would know it than Grace," he said to himself. "Confound it all! Why didn't I think to eat something to take away the scent from my breath! It never once occurred to me that she would know it, or that she would care if she did. My! how she looked at me! But of course she will never even look at me again. O, dear! how lovely she looked tonight, and how proud I thought I was going to be of her!"

"Well," said he, at last, "it was a pretty dear glass of brandy, and I wish I had not taken it." With which sensible conclusion he undressed and went to bed.

After Charlie had left the house, Grace sat for a long time, her face as white as the snowy lace at her neck, and her hands clasped tighter together.

"How angry he was," she said. "I

did not think he would be so very angry, and yet I must have hurt his pride sorely; but I was so startled and surprised to think he would really drink brandy, that I hardly thought what I said. But I am not sorry. I could not think of going with him, and I know mamma will think I did right."

Just then her mother came into the parlor, and was surprised to see Grace still there.

"I thought that you had gone," she said. "Did I not hear Charlie here?"

"Yes, he was here, mother, but he has gone. I am not going to the party."

"Why, my child, what has happened?"

Grace's face grew crimson and her voice trembled with emotion, as she answered: "Mamma, Charlie has been drinking brandy; I smelt his breath and I could not go with him and he has gone away very angry."

"Then he really does drink. I had heard so, but hoped it was a false report. What a pity! But, my dear child, you did quite right. Never have anything to do with any man who takes even an occasional drink. If I had done so at your age my whole life and that of your poor father might have been spared this bitter curse. Yes, Grace; you did quite right."

For a few days Charlie Raymond studiously avoided Grace, but one night he hurried to catch up with her, and after walking by her side in silence a little while, he said: "Grace, I am so glad you gave me such an awful snub that night. It has shown me what danger I was in, and I promise you now, as I have promised God, that another drop of anything that makes me drunk shall never pass my lips. I respect and honor you now, and I thank you for it, though I was powerful, mad at the time I told you!"

Grace's cheeks were burning, and her heart filled with joy as she listened to his words.

"I am very, very glad, Charlie. I had no idea you ever drank till that night; but," she added, in a choking voice, "you know what we suffered with papa. He began in just that way."

This happened twenty-four years ago. To-day Charles is an honored minister of the gospel, and an earnest advocate of prohibition. He has often been heard to say, "I have to thank my wife for opening my eyes to the subject," and repeats, "If every girl would always be as firm in the principles of temperance and right as she was, many a young man might be stopped before it is too late." —Mrs. Spencer in Our Young People.

Mose Will Read His Title Clear.

There is a promising candidate for future greatness down in Broome street. Little Mose Meyer had felt

for some time that the duty of providing for the family rested upon himself. A few days ago he chanced to see a man put the sign "Boy Wanted" in front of his store. Mose immediately walked in and applied for the position. The groceryman looked critically at the widened-faced little chap in seedy clothes and growled out: "Humph! You won't do; you're too small." Mose reflected that Kosher diet was getting "mighty scarce" at their house and remembered that he had an older brother, who would just about suit. But there were dozens of boys who would swarm in, and the place would be filled before he could go home and bring back his brother. This catastrophe must be averted at all hazards. As he left the store he quickly hid the sign behind some barrels and "spud" home. In a few minutes he came back, breathless, but triumphant, dragging his brother Solomon. No objection was made to the size of the latter, and he was engaged at \$3 a week. The first task given him was to "take down the sign," which made little Mose smile. He also smiles broadly, time and again, as he feasts on goose and onion, and thinks how he won the victory for the Meyer family. —New York Herald.

Don't Sleep on the Left Side.

There is little doubt that an immense number of persons habitually sleep on the left side, and those who do so can never, it is said, be strictly healthy. In is the most prolific cause of nightmare, and also of the unpleasant taste in the mouth on arising in the morning. All food enters and leaves the stomach on the right side, and hence sleeping on the left side soon after eating involves a sort of pumping operation, which is anything but conducive to sound repose. The action of the heart is also seriously interfered with and the lungs unduly compressed. Hence it is best to cultivate the habit of always sleeping on the right side, although Sandow and other strong men are said to invariably sleep on their backs. —Ex.

Go to bed early—wake up with joy;

Go to bed late—cross girl or boy.

Go to bed early—ready for play;

Go to bed late—moping all day.

Go to bed early—no pains or ills;

Go to bed late—doctors and pills.

—Canadian Mute.

Twinkle, twinkle little star,

We ne'er wonder what you are;

Just one misstep on the ice,

We see millions in a trice.

—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Since the organization of our mint in 1793, it has coined, of gold, \$1,612,405,275.50, and of silver \$69,929,323.

The Louisiana Pelican

BATON ROUGE, LA.

THE PELICAN is published for the benefit of the deaf of this School and of the state. It will be issued weekly during the school year. Subscription price 50 cents per annum. All letters or communications should be addressed to "THE EDITOR OF THE PELICAN."

H. L. Tracy, Editor.

THE PELICAN is under obligation to the Pennsylvania Institution for its annual report for the year 1893-94, which was printed in the Institution printing office.

WONDER if Col. McClure has blood in his eyes,—witness the crimson blanket sheet of the last issue of the Kentucky Deaf-Mute. "Forwarned is forarmed."

THE PELICAN is in receipt of The Silent Messenger, a paper, published every two months at Belfast, Ireland, devoted to the missionary interests of the deaf and dumb of Erin. W. Eccles Harris is the Editor and F. Maginn, manager. We gladly put it on our x list.

After a prolonged absence, the LOUISIANA PELICAN has flown into our office again. Don't stay away so long next time, birdie.—G., in the Exponent.

We had been wondering why the Exponent refused to take notice of the little "booming" we have been giving it. It finally dawned upon us that our revised subscription list was not straight, and on looking through it, we found the National Exponent missing.

Not like those who conduct public schools, are the officers of a state institution for they are in the place of parents, and it becomes very forcibly clear that responsibility is greater. That parents may know that we are alive to the responsibility we quote the following:

The day, fortunately, for this noble work, has gone by, never to return, in which teachers of the deaf may pose as apostles of occult and peculiar systems of instruction confined to the four walls of "asylum"; and the sooner the public can be convinced of this the better for us, and for those we teach. Let us claim for the deaf, not the maudlin sympathy that condoles, but the broader and more active consideration that spurs endeavor and wins confidence. * * * Consider, for a moment, the situation, which appeals to every parental sensibility. The crisis of acute disease is happily past, and the little patient is on the high road to recovery. Yet the joy of the family group is shadowed by a fear that speedily becomes a certainty, as the dulled nerve of hearing fails to perform its wonted office. The dreaded accident of deafness has befallen the loved one. The malady is past human skill to cure, yet not beyond human patience and devotion to alleviate. Fortunate indeed for the child if the mother, at this critical period be fitted to discharge the double function of care-taker and of teacher;—to gather up the frag-

ments of speech fast lapsing into forgetfulness;—to encourage the faltering tongue to voice, unaided by the listening ear, the childish thought;—to draw out the imprisoned intelligence, through the avenue of educated sight, to seize for itself language "on the wing," as it were, from the lips of companions. Yet how seldom, alas! is this the case. Just here then let the trained teacher put herself, for this woman's work, in the parent's place, under the fostering supervision of the state. Let our good friend the Doctor, and all philanthropists like him, insist that parental fondness shall make this further sacrifice for the good of the child, and place it, without a day's delay, however tender its age, under such intelligent and affectionate training. Let parents be brought to a realizing sense of the truth that every day lost by them in adopting this course means two days lost to their child in speech-development; that if such parting costs them a pang, it brings to the child the best assurance of future happiness and intellectual growth; that, in short in denying these advantages to their child, they are doing it direct and irreparable injury. Yet how often an opposite and disastrous course is pursued by parents, we all, as teachers of the deaf, know to our sorrow. * * * All honor to such instructors, who, so far from being well-meaning but misguided souls who know better than they teach, number in their ranks some of the most successful, not only, but the most philosophical of American educators. Let the advocates of new and improved instruction magnify their office; their efforts make for the common good. But let us not discount the benefits to the deaf wrought by the pioneer teachers of the deaf and dumb in our land, for they builded better than they knew.—C. S. Perry, in The Educator.

Education is not a matter of brief, youthful training, which can be graduated from and left off forever, our true education never ends. A people to be educated must have methods in operation for information and intellectual and moral culture to the end of life. The whole people should be educating themselves for the safety of the state, and they should be constantly preparing themselves for the problems of society as they arise. * * * To understand the capabilities of mind and matter is the prerogative of all noble ambition, yet this work is so vast and difficult that the results are given to no one man or to no one age fully to discover. No subject, not even the minutest object, can be so exhausted that further thought and the insight of genius may not discover still deeper meanings and more subtle relations. So it is that discovery becomes progressive. Each generation receives its inheritance of knowledge, makes its own additions, and bequeathes the whole to its successor; and we of the present stand as "the heirs of all the ages in the foremost files of time."—Delphic.

Her Revenge.

A man with a prospectus under his arm and indignation under his waistcoat rang the door bell

violently. "I'll get in there if they open the door wide enough to admit a knife blade," he said to himself, as he recalled his experience at the last place, where a door had been slammed in his face.

Not receiving a response quickly enough, he seized the bell crank and gave it six revolutions without a pause. A middle-aged woman, with sharp features, threw open the door with a swing that laid it flat against the wall.

"Come in," she exclaimed to the man, who has already got his foot on the doorsill. "Come right in. I'm always glad to see book agents. Here, this way," and she ushered him into the parlor with a sweeping courtesy.

"Take a seat. Have this rocker. Let me take your hat. There, are you comfortable?"

"A soft snap," thought the merry ringer of door bells, when he had time to recover from the bewilderment of his cordial reception. "I must resemble a long-lost son."

"Got a book?" asked the woman.

"Yes, ma'am," he replied, in his blandest tones. "This work, sold only by subscription—"

"Couldn't go down town and buy it?" she asked, shortly.

"No; that would be utterly impossible. This work, sold only by subscription, is a vivid and exhaustive—"

"Let me see it," she demanded, lifting the opened prospectus from his hand as he was preparing to go on with his practiced recital.

"The People in Darkness," is it? Bound in morocco, calf or sealskin, just as you prefer. Paid in installments so that you won't feel the expense? Only—"

"As I was going to say, madam—"

"Don't 'madam' me. 'Miss' if you please—"

"Beg pardon. Madam,—er—or Miss—as I was saying. This—that work—"

"Who wrote it?" she interrogated, pausing before the preface with the attitude of an examiner.

"Why—this—"

"I'm asking you who wrote it," and there was menace in her tone.

"This—er—this is—by Rev. D—, of V—."

"Right. Where is the Ganges?" she asked, turning over the leaves.

"Pardon me, but you—"

"Do I? Do you mean to say that you can't tell where the Ganges is? And you expect me to buy your 'vivid and exhaustive' work. Do the people throw their children to the crocodiles or alligators? What's the difference between a crocodile and an alligator, anyway? What—"

"If you would only listen—"

"If I'm going to buy your stuff, I'm going to know something about it!" she snapped. "How many heathens are there? How many—"

"Excuse me, but—"

"Such ignorance does not admit of excuse. How do the heathen live? what do they do when it rains? Where is Japan? Bound China on the west. Where—"

But the book agent had risen. He backed into the hall and seized his hat, but she followed him, turning the leaves of the book and firing a volley of questions about every chapter.

"Expect me to buy your book without explanations, do you?"

I don't want it, or you, either. It's a vivid and exhaustive work, you say, sold only by—"

The discomfited man limped out the door, and as it was closed behind him he heard, in a vague way, this parting shot: "I reckon you'll know the next time how to ring people's door-bells decently."—Indianapolis News.

The Earth Is Running Slow.

Lord Kelvin estimates that the "running slow" of the earth in its daily rotation round its axis amounts to twenty-two seconds per century.

The main cause of this retardation is the friction caused by the tides, which act as a brake, the action of which has been calculated by this eminent physicist to be equal to a weight of 4,000,000 tons applied on the equator.

Other causes have also to be taken into account, as, for example, the increase in the size of the earth, due to the falling on it of meteoric dust, which, if deposited at the rate of one foot in 4,000 years, would produce the observed retardation by itself.

Such a phenomenon as the annual growth and melting of snow and ice at the poles is capable of introducing irregularities into the problem, the growth at the poles, by abstracting water from the other parts of the ocean, accelerating the earth's motion, and the melting, by restoring the water, retarding it.

Against the retarding forces there has to be taken into account a probable acceleration, due to the gradual shrinking of the earth by cooling; but this, Lord Kelvin believes to be very small—perhaps not more than 1-6000th part of the retardation due to tidal friction.

Prof. Newcomb has declared, from astronomical considerations, that the earth went slow and lost seven seconds between 1850 and 1862, and then went fast and gained eight seconds between 1862 and 1872, changes of rate explicable by possible changes in the earth's shape, so slight as to be quite undiscernable in astronomical observations.—N. Y. Advertiser.

The Meanest Man.

Nebraska papers are seeking the leather medal of supereminent ungenerosity for the unknown mean man who stole Bill Schormek's haystack, a load at a time while Bill was ill with typhoid fever in Scribner.

A man whose claims must really be taken into account posed as a philanthropist and took around a paper to raise money to help a poor woman pay her rent. And people looked upon his streaming tears, and listened to the pathos of his broken tones, and thought how very, very good he was—until it was discovered that he was himself the landlord.

"Mean" is a word sometimes used to describe a stingy fellow sometimes a nasty tempered fellow who's hard to live with. That man in Maine is both, who, when his wife asked him for some money, got so angry that he threw \$50 into the stove. The wretch!—Ex.

The valuation of the labor of our hens in eggs and spring chickens is every year estimated at \$2000,000,000.

PENCILINGS.

CONTRIBUTED BY MR. BROWN.

Good bye, ye fickle and windy March till next year.

Welcome, ye warm and balmy April, the sweet messenger of Spring.

Lena Geraci's father was one of the Callahan mistrial jury. According to Picayune, he voted "not guilty."

There was nothing to do in the shoe-shop on the 23rd, so Mr. Dobson took his boys out in the yards to clean every thing up.

Dennis Laiche is in receipt of the sad news, from home, that announced the death of his grandfather on the 25th.

Messrs McArtor and Goodwin attended the organ recital at the Presbyterian church on the evening of the 26th. They enjoyed the music (?).

Recently the students of Gallaudet College gave a gymnastic exhibition. Mr. Ross Nicholson was one of the committee on arrangements.

Miss Edith Rambo spent the 23rd at a social party in the city. A little bird informed us that she had a very pleasant time. No doubt she did.

Beware of the mischievous little-boy, April Fool by name, who will ever be ready, with a crooked pin and a long tail, to pin on some innocent person's back!

Mrs. Harney Skolfield, wife of one of our trustees and Mrs. Willis, a sister of Col. Nicholson, president of the Louisiana State University, visited the school on the 27th.

On the 22nd, just after supper, Miss Rambo took all the girls to the Mississippi river. They observed that the water had somewhat risen and that a good deal of debris was drifting along at quite a rapid rate.

Hymen sends out the announcement that Mr. Robert Hereford, brother of Miss Hereford, the girl's supervisor, is to be united in marriage to Miss Loucks of Baton Rouge after the lenten season is over.

There was a surprise social gathering at Mr. and Mrs. Tracy's home on the evening of the 23rd where a most enjoyable time was had. Among those present was Miss Ernestine Jastremski, the charming daughter of our Superintendent.

A new mortise machine, manufactured by W. F. and J. Barnes of Rockford, Ill., was added to the carpenter shop on the 21st. This will tend greatly to facilitate the task of mortising which has hitherto been done by hand, and also a good deal of time will, no doubt, be saved.

On the 24th there was a special excursion from New Orleans to Baton Rouge and among those, who took the opportunity to come here were Antone Zimmerman's grandmother, May Reardon's mother, and Loretta and Cora Dee's father. These children were glad to see them.

All over Louisiana the trees are blooming forth with their fragrant blossoms of many colors, at the same time putting on their cloaks of verdant foliage. From day to

day it is really interesting to observe the gradual change they develop. The works of nature are indeed wonderful, which impress us with a sense of awe.

On the 26th the Institution received eighteen handsome new oak arm chairs from St. Louis, Mo., for our new library which about completes its equipment. It was opened on 27th amid great rejoicing by the pupils. It is our sincere hope that they will seize the golden opportunity which now lies within their reach, i. e., read all they can and improve daily their command of the English language.

Out in the swampy part of the field, if one will watch closely, he will observe some strange mud hills of a conical shape about six inches high, the inside of which are hollow and circular in form, measuring from two to three inches in diameter. Destroying one of these, it will be noticed that the passage runs below the ground and is filled with water. These are the mud houses of the cray fish which abound around here in great quantities, and on which the indigent colored people make their living.

PUPILS' PARAGRAPHS.

On the 21st, spring commenced.

Many excursionists will come to Baton Rouge next Sunday.

Amanda Daniel was glad to get five dollars from her mother.

Amanda Daniel was on the sick list. She did not come to school for about four days.

Evelyn Knight made Miss Nellie Cornay a bonnet, which is nice. Eva is earning some money.

Last Friday evening, Miss Rambo, instead of Miss Hereford, took the girls to the Mississippi River.

Thursday morning, one of the little girls got a box from her home. She found some fruits in it and was happy.

Last Sunday, Lena Geraci's cousin John Terrenova, came here. She went home with him. She had a nice time.

The little boys are talking about going to fish at Bayou Fountain, which is about four miles away.

Last Sunday, the father of Loretta and Cora Dee and their little brother; friends of Mary Luke; May Reardon's mother and little sister, and Antone Zimmerman's grandmother, and little brother came here to see them.

Blue-Beard.

Adapted for the Children's Hour.

Once upon a time, there lived a very ugly man, in a far country. He was so ugly that when he walked the street all the little children ran and hid. I do not know what his real name was. His beard, which was very long, was blue. From this he was called Blue-beard. He was very rich. His home was a beautiful castle, on a high hill. He had many acres of fertile land, parks, towns, gold, silver, statues, pictures, jewels, and horses. He had also hundred of servants.

Near Blue-beard's castle lived a lady, who had two daughters. Both of them were very beautiful. Blue-beard asked their mother to give him one of her daughters for a wife. He said he did not care which one. He left the choice to the mother.

Neither of the young ladies wanted to marry such an ugly man. But Blue-beard was cunning. He knew how to please silly girls. He asked them to visit his castle for a week. He asked all the other nice young people, who lived near, to come too. He let them ride his fine horses, wander through his splendid rooms, and see all his wealth. He gave a party every night. At the end of the week, he told the youngest daughter that he wished to marry her. He swore he loved her dearly. He told her she could go on riding and playing every day, and giving parties every night. She said she would marry him.

They were married. They had a magnificent wedding. For a few weeks everything seemed very nice. One day Blue-beard came to his wife. He said he had some business that would keep him away from home for a month. He said he was very sorry to leave his dear, sweet, little wife, but he must go. He told her to have as many of her friends as she liked to come and stay with her. He gave her a great bunch of keys. He said, "These will open all the doors and the great iron boxes that are full of my money. Go where you like, do what you please, except one thing. This little bright key belongs to the door at the end of the hall. You must not go there. There is something in that room, I do not wish you to see. You must not even look in."

She promised to obey him, and he went on his journey. As soon as he was gone, she invited her friends to come and see her. They had a fine time. But Blue-beard's wife was not happy. She wanted to know what was in that room. She wondered why her husband had forbidden her to go there.

One day she decided to go and see. She stole to the door. She put the bright little key into it. She turned it. She pushed the door open. She went in. She saw an awful sight. She floor was covered with blood. All around the wall, murdered women were hanging. Their throats all had been cut, and they had been hung up, by their hair, on hooks.

She started back and dropped the key. She snatched it up and locked the door, and ran to her room. She looked at the key. There was a bloodstain on it. She tried to wipe it off with her handkerchief. It would not come off. She washed it with water. It still stayed as bright as ever. She scoured it with sand, and then with rotten-stone, and brick-dust, and everything she could think of, but the more she rubbed it, the brighter it shone. The key was bewitched. The ugly blood-stain would not come off of it.

Next morning, early, old Blue-beard came home. He had said he would be gone a month, and he came back in less than a week. He kissed his wife. He asked for the key. She gave him a great bunch of keys. She did not give him the bright little key with the bloodstain on it. He looked at the keys. Then he asked her for the key. She gave it to him. He saw the blood-stain. He asked her how it came there. She was frightened. She could not speak. He said, "You have been to the room I forbade you to go to. You shall go there now to stay. Prepare to die."

I am going to kill you. After I have killed you, I will hang you up by the hair with my other wives."

She fell on her knees. She begged him to let her have a little time to pray. He told her she could go to her room and pray.

She ran to her room. She called her sister Anne. She told her to go to the tower and watch. Her brothers were coming to see her that day. As soon as they came in sight Anne must wave her handkerchief, to them to hurry.

Anne ran up the tower stairs. She watched. Blue-beard's wife called to her: "Oh Anne, sister Anne, do you see anybody coming?"

"I only see the sun, and the grass," answered Anne.

Blue-beard was sharpening his sword. He was very happy. He loved to kill pretty women. He was very cruel.

"Oh, Ann, sister Anne, do you see anybody coming?" called the poor lady.

"Yes sister I see a cloud of dust. It moves this way.

"Is it our brothers, sister Anne?"

"No, it is only a flock of sheep."

Blue-beard yelled out,—"Your Time Is Up! Come down and be killed. I am in hurry."

She answered, "I am not quite through. Give me a little more time to pray.

"Oh, Anne, sister Ann, do you see anybody coming?"

"Yes I see two horsemen, but they are very far." She waved her handkerchief to them.

Blue-beard stamped his foot, "How slow you are. Come down, or I'll come after you."

"I'm coming in a minute," she said.

Just as Blue-beard was starting up stairs after her, the front door flew open. Her two brothers, with drawn swords in their hands, rushed in. They flew at Blue-beard. They were just in time. He had his wife by the hair. Before he could cut her throat, they cut off his head. His beard turned from blue to red.

After he was dead all his wealth belonged to his wife.

She gave her two brothers enough to make them rich. When her sister Anne married she gave her enough to make her rich. Pretty soon she married a nice man, and lived happy. But whenever she ate too much supper, she always dreamed that old Blue-beard had her by the hair, and was going to cut her throat, and hang her up with his other wives.—Michigan Mirror.

A Boy's Philosophy.

One of the favorite winter games of the small boy who lives along the Hudson is "jumping laddle cakes." This sport reaches its height just as the ice in the river is breaking up, and when the great cakes go floating up and down with the tide a dozen or more youngsters may be seen running from one cake to another, and sometimes making really dangerous leaps. One day a boy, apparently about nine years old, was to be seen standing on a cake which was rocking in a somewhat alarming manner, and the little fellow was crying in a frightened sort of way. "What's the matter?" called a passer-by from the shore. And then came the sobbing answer: "I'm afraid this cake'll turn over, an' if I get drowned me mother'll lick me."—Harper's Magazine.

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U. E. MCARTOR, Instructor in Cabinet-Making.

F. A. DOBSON, Instructor in Shoe-Making.

This is an Institution supported by the State for educating gratuitously all deaf children, or those whose degree of deafness is great enough to preclude their receiving instruction in the public schools of the State.

Pupils are provided for by the State in all respects, except in the matter of clothing and traveling expenses.

Any person desiring to enter a pupil at the Institute should write to the Superintendent, stating:

1st. Name, age and sex.

2d. Name and postoffice of the person in charge.

3d. Whether the parents are able to clothe the pupil and pay traveling expenses.

Pupils are received at any time except during vacation, but the proper time for the child's good is the beginning of the school term on the first day of October.

Pupils should not be under eight nor over twenty-one years of age. Parents should get the pupils in school as soon after they are eight years of age as possible.

Pupils must be sound in mind and body.

This Institution is not an asylum, but a school for the sole purpose of education.

The course of study embraces the branches usually taught in the public schools subject to such changes as the wants and conditions of deaf children require.

Speech and lip-reading are taught when children show the requisite ability for permanent improvement.

The older pupils are instructed in such trades as are taught in the Institution, such as Printing, Car-

pentry, Shoe-making, and Sewing.

The government is that of a well-regulated family and careful attention is paid to the health and comfort of the pupils.

Each pupil entering should be provided with sufficient clothing.

The buildings are located on a high, commanding picturesque and healthful site, in full view of the Mississippi River.

Of this site and the buildings, it was said: "The building never fails to attract the attention of every traveler that passes the Capital, and in its unadorned beauty towers with simple grandeur over the laborious details that deck the Gothic structure of the State House."

Visitors are welcome every day, except Saturday.

All applications and letters, and all packages should be sent to the care of

JOHN JASTREMSKI,
Superintendent.

DAILY PROGRAM.

RISE	-	-	-	6:00.
INSPECTION	-	-	-	7:00.
BREAKFAST	-	-	-	7:20.
SCHOOL	-	-	-	8:15-10:15.
SATURDAY SHOP-WORK	-	-	-	8:00-11:00.
SUNDAY CHAPEL	-	-	-	9:00.
RECESS	-	-	-	10:15-10:30.
SCHOOL	-	-	-	10:30-12:15.
DINNER	-	-	-	12:40.
SCHOOL	-	-	-	1:30-2:30.
SHOP-WORK	-	-	-	2:30-4:00.
SUPPER	-	-	-	5:30.
STUDY	-	-	-	6:30-7:15.
BED TIME	-	-	-	8:00.

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Gallant Boy Hero.

In the summer of the year 1346 Edward III. crossed the English channel with 30,000 men to invade France. At Crecy, not far from the Seine, he was met on the 26th of August by King Phillip with 130,000 men. The English army was formed in three lines and occupied a small eminence. After the soldiers had been confessed, Edward rode up and down the ranks, bidding each man to fight for St. George and the dragon, and "so sweetly and with so good countenance and merry cheer did he speak, that all took courage on hearing him."

While the French were coming on in great disorder, there was a total eclipse of the sun, accompanied by a terrible storm, after which the sun came out brightly, shining directly in the faces of the French, but on the backs of the English. The first charge was made by 15,000 Genoese bowmen, who came forward with a shout as though to scare the English. The latter, who had been ordered to lie flat on the ground, now arose, stepped forward a pace, and let go their arrows so fast that they seemed like blinding snow. The Genoese fled and the French king ordered them to be cut down so that they would not hinder the rest of the army. In the meantime Edward, the prince of Wales, who was in command of one division, was surrounded by French knights, who recognizing his rank, determined to capture or kill him. A message was sent to the king telling him that the prince was hard pressed. "Is my son dead or hurt of on the earth felled?" he asked. "No, sire," was the reply. "Well, then," said the king, "return to them that sent you and tell them to send no more to me as long as my son is alive. I command them to suffer the child to win his spurs, for this day should be his." The young prince was indeed in great danger. At one time he was unhorsed and struck to the ground, but one of his loving Welsh knights, who carried the great dragon standard, threw it over him as he and stood upon it till the enemy was forced back. Soon as the tide of battle had turned for the English, Edward came down from a high hill overlooking the field and took his son in his arms and kissed him. "You are my true son. Right loyally have you acquitted yourself and shown yourself to be a sovereign." Young Edward on this occasion wore a suit of black armor, which so contrasted with his crimson and gold surcoat and the brilliantly fair complexion of his round, boyish face that he was called from that time the Black Prince.—St. Louis Republic.

The palm tree grows best beneath a ponderous weight, and even so the character of man. The petty pangs of small daily cares have often bent the character of men, but great misfortunes seldom.—Kossuth.

Cumse—There is a good deal of perseverance about Looney.
Cawker (incredulous)—What's that?

Cumse—It's true. He persists in making a fool of himself.—Town Topics.