

The Louisiana Pelican.

PUBLISHED AT THE LOUISIANA SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF.

VOL. XIV.

BATON ROUGE, LA., MAR. 9, 1895.

NO. 14.

A red rose drooping to the ground,
With delicate beauty flushed,
By a careless foot, at eventide,
Was trampled on and crushed.
Christlike, the injured flower returned
No thorn-prick for the blow;
But gave instead a sweet perfume
To him who laid it low.
—Ladies' Home Journal.

A CLIMB THAT COUNTED.

"I am very sorry, Harry, but, as business is now, I can't afford you the trip."

"I understand, father," replied Harry; "and under the circumstances I wouldn't want to go, even if you gave me the money." The young man spoke bravely enough, but a lump rose in his throat, and his lips trembled, though he was a full fledged college sophomore.

Harry Adams had just returned from his first year at college. He had been fortunate enough, in a competitive examination in geology, to secure an appointment as one of a party of ten that was to explore the Grand Canyon of Colorado in search of fossils and other specimens for the college museum. The party was to be in charge of Professor Wilson, and the trip was to last about two months.

The funds provided by the museum, however, were insignificant, and it was understood that, wherever possible, the successful competitors were to pay their own expenses. This made an appointment seem rather an empty honor. But Professor Wilson's reputation as a geologist together with the glowing reports of expeditions by previous classes of the beauty of the scenery, the excellent hunting and the fun and excitement of "roughing it," so roused the enthusiasm of the class that more than fifty students took the examination.

Harry had never been regarded as a scholar, but rather as a leader of athletics in his class. He had set his heart on the Western trip, however, and had devoted all his energies to securing an appointment, even going so far as to give up his exercise in the gymnasium. His success was a great surprise to those who did not know how hard and faithfully he had been working.

Now, however, his efforts seemed to have been all in vain. His father had met with severe business reverses, and Harry had the sense to see that even the comparatively small sum he would require would add to his father's embarrassment. As for the museum fund, even had he been disposed to take advantage of it, that had already been disposed of. With a heavy heart therefore, Harry wrote to Professor Wilson resigning his hard earned prize.

On the Saturday after his return from college, Mr Adams and Harry took advantage of the half holiday for an afternoon's fishing. Three miles from Lawrence, where Mr. Adams lived, was Penn's Mill and

Harry had heard reports of fine catches of pike above the dam.

They secured a boat and rowed a short distance up stream, where, in the course of an hour or two of good sport they landed a fine mess of the big mouthed, gamy fish.

Just as they were preparing to return they heard a loud shout and then a confusion of cries. Looking toward the big mill down below them, they saw flames pouring from one or the windows on the first floor.

With all haste they rowed ashore, and hurried to the mill. By the time they arrived the first floor was all ablaze, and the flames were spreading to the second. There had been an explosion of some kind, and the men had barely escaped with their lives. Saving anything was out of the question, and the mill hands and farmers from near by could only look on helplessly and watch the building burn.

"Is everybody out?" asked Mr. Penn, the owner of the mill. He was congratulating himself on having recently insured his property. "All out," answered the foreman. "Every man accounted for." But there was another answer to the question.

"Papa! Papa! Come and take me down!" cried a child's scared voice.

The mill was a high four-story building. On the fourth floor, which was used as a loft, was a front door through which grain was taken as it was hoisted from the wagons below. The hoisting apparatus which was rather old fashioned, consisted of a rope and an arrangement of pulleys fastened to beams projected from the roof.

In that upper doorway stood the miller's only child, Freddie, a bright little fellow, three or four years old. He had climbed into the loft on an exploring expedition, and after playing awhile fell asleep there. Now, suddenly awakened without knowing exactly what his danger was, he was thoroughly frightened and crying bitterly.

"My little Fritz! Oh, save him!" cried Mr. Penn. The frantic father would have rushed to certain death in the burning mill had he not been restrained by force. There was but one way to save the boy, and that was by means of the hoist rope, which hung from the roof beams to the ground. The flames fortunately had been confined chiefly to the rear of the building, else the rope would have been burned.

Freddie's voice had no sooner been heard than half a dozen of the mill hands and farmers sprang toward the rope. The first to reach it was a young workman who enjoyed the reputation of being the strongest and most athletic hand in the Mill. Seizing the rope he began to draw himself up hand over hand.

But the man had not got twenty feet above the ground before he

found that lifting heavy weight and climbing a rope were entirely different feats. Each time he raised his hand it covered a shorter distance, and about five or six feet more, to the dismay of the crowd below, he came to a stop exhausted. He gave the rope a twist around his leg and tried in that manner to get a rest for his tired biceps. Then he started bravely up again, but the little fellow was still eight or ten feet above him when his muscles again gave out. He had barely the strength to hold fast to the rope as he slipped back to the ground, which he reached with the palms of his hands badly torn.

Where "Big Tom" Rider had failed it seemed useless for anyone else to try. Nevertheless several others of the most active attempted the rope, but in each case without success.

The fire meanwhile was making rapid headway, and puffs of smoke began to come from the door where Freddie still stood, screaming at the top of his lungs.

Now Harry Adams, both at his preparatory school and at college, had devoted a great deal of time to athletics. He had always taken part in the winter meetings in the gymnasium, and had competed successfully in the rope climbing contests, a game which, though it seems to depend entirely on strength of muscle, depends quite as much on skill and knack.

Harry was among those who had rushed to the rope when Freddie's cry was first heard. While Tom Ripper was making his attempt he threw off his coat and shoes, satisfied from the clumsy manner in which the mill hand went about it that, no matter what his strength, he would never reach the fourth floor. When Rider came down Harry tried to get hold of the rope, but was shoved aside. It was not until all the others had failed that he got a chance.

Harry's heart misgave him somewhat as he estimated the distance he had to climb. He was not in condition, and besides, the length of the rope on which he had practiced in the college gymnasium was but twenty-five feet, while the hoist rope was more than forty feet long.

He started up, however, at an even pace, and the crowd saw at once from the smooth way in which he progressed and from the upward kick of both legs each time he raised himself, which relieved the arms for a moment of their weight that he understood how to climb a rope. Harry also avoided the mistake which the other would-be-rescuers had made, of trying to do nearly the uplifting with the upper hand. At each raise he distributed the weight as equally as possible on each arm.

The crowd, which had become almost breathless when it saw the scientific manner in which Harry

began the ascent of the rope, gave a great cheer when he reached the point where Rider had been forced to give up.

Harry, however, was tiring fast. His lack of condition told against him. His arms felt heavy as lead, and an iron band seemed tightening around his chest. But the sight of the frightened little face, now but a few feet above him, nerve d him to a desperate effort. In a few seconds more he had reached the door and swung himself in.

Then another great shout went up from the crowd.

The rest was easy. First taking an empty flour bag in his hands, he lifted Freddie in his arms and told him to hold fast around his neck, an order which the child obeyed and with an energy that almost choked his rescuer. Using the bag to protect his hands, Harry caught the rope, and, taking a twist in it with his foot, slipped swiftly and safely down upon the shoulders of as many of the crowd as could gather under him.

The heat by this time had become intense even in the front of the mill, and Harry and his burden had hardly reached the ground when the flames burst from the fourth story door and set the rope afire.

Mr. Penn's joy and gratitude knew no bounds. He kissed and hugged Fritz and Harry alternately, and then both together, and even Mr. Adams came in for a share of his demonstration.

Harry, as soon as he could, escaped from his rather embarrassing position, and, with his father, returned to the boat, where they gathered up their fish and then drove home.

"Are you all right, Harry?" asked Mr. Adams, anxiously, as soon as they were alone.

"Didn't even raise a blister," answered Harry, exhibiting the palms of his hands.

"Well, I'm proud of you," said Mr. Adams, and that was the only praise Harry ever got from him. But from a man of so few words as his father Harry felt it was quite enough.

Mr. Penn, who was an old acquaintance of the Adams family, drove into Lawrence a day or two later to see Harry. He wanted to show his gratitude to the young man in some more practical manner than by words alone, but was at a loss to know how to go about it. He was relieved of his uncertainty in an unexpected manner. While he was waiting Mr. Adams's office, Harry's oldest brother entered.

"Harry ain't going out West after all," began the youngster, after exchanging greetings with the visitor.

Mr. Penn was surprised, for he knew Harry had secured an appointment.

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The 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, 5 cents per annum. All letters or communications should be addressed to "THE EDITOR OF THE PELICAN."

H. L. Tracy, Editor.

THE EDUCATOR.

for February has come, replete with things all teachers should delight in perusing.

Language: Its "primary purpose" in primary teaching, is the leading editorial, ably written by Mr. Booth. We make this excerpt: "Language, to be language, must tell something; it must communicate thought. Too much of the language used in our school rooms does not communicate thought; it merely errs thought. xxx Language to be useful must tell something that he does not know, or give him a thought not at the moment in his mind. xxx Let us secure to our pupils the proper impulse, the proper mind-action, by using language, at the primary stage at least, for its greatest, grossest, most immediate utility: learning will follow as the acceptance by the pupils of a means at every stage fitted and adequate to the accomplishment of that utility."

Mr. J. S. Smith's able paper on Primary Language Work, read before the Teachers Association of the Minnesota School, is reproduced in full.

Child Study Applied is the subject exhaustively discussed by Mr. George Putnam of the Texas School.

A portrait of Dr. Job Williams, Principal of the American School at Hartford, accompanied by a short account by Mr. G. O. Fay, appears in this number. Dr. Williams became permanently connected with the School at Hartford in 1866, first as a teacher, and then as Principal, the latter, dating from 1879. "As a teacher of pupils and of teachers, he wins respect by clearness of statement, by forcible illustration, by timely precept and by the steady pressure of educative earnestness and contrivance."

An account of Prof. Weston Jenkins, whose portrait appeared in the June issue, is written by R. B. Lloyd. Mr. Jenkins was a teacher in the New York Institution. He now holds the position of Superintendent of the New Jersey School for the Deaf. He is a frequent contributor to educational papers.

379 miscellaneous questions for use in intermediate grades is presented by Anna G. Hurd, of the Rhode Island School.

The other subjects under methods and devices, as Home Geography; the sequence method of teaching language; Arithmetic for beginners; and formation and development of elementary English Sounds; and the miscellaneous articles are all timely.

SCARCELY a month passes by without some one of the school papers bringing the news of the death of one of their pupils. The latest is the death, at the Mississippi School, of Wade H. Hill, one of the brightest pupils. Death resulted from an attack of pneumonia.

Professor Dudley was re-elected superintendent of the Colorado Institution at a recent meeting of the board of trustees. A few years ago the impression got out that Prof. Dudley had about given up work on account of ill health. We are glad to know that the climate of Colorado has dealt so well with him and hope that he has many years of active service before him. The institution is fortunate in being able to retain him at its head.—Missouri Record.

The superintendent of the Michigan school, F. D. Clarke, who has had many years' experience in educating the deaf and has had every opportunity for observing the work of the school room, declares in his report: "We should certainly be able so to classify, that no more than twelve pupils should be in any one class, and if this number could be reduced to ten or even eight, it would be in most cases a great gain to the pupils." Superintendent Wilkinson of the California Institution, likewise an educator of varied experience, says in his report: "A teacher can not do his best work with more than fourteen pupils and then the class should be well graded." This is the consensus of opinion on all. The tendency is towards smaller classes.

The need for a reliable census of the deaf of this state has long been felt. The national census of 1890 returned a large number of deaf people in this state, but so imperfect was the information furnished that this Institution has never received much benefit from it. The state law requires the school district enumerators to list all deaf persons of school age and report the same to the county clerks who in turn are required to forward the date to the superintendent of this school. But only a small number of the county clerks in the 114 counties have ever complied with the law so far as this Institution is concerned. But the school census is soon to be taken again, and the superintendent has every reason to hope for something better than he has ever been able to get before. By arrangements made with the State Superintendent of Public Schools J. R. Kirk, space has been set aside in the blanks to be sent out, to list the deaf children in every school district in the state where such children may reside. There are 10,000 of these districts in Missouri, and it looks like we have enough to get the name and address of every deaf child in the state. Superintendent Kirk kindly invited suggestions from the superintendent of this school as to what was wanted and allowed a space of one-half page for the deaf in the blank forms to be used in listing all the school children of the state. At the suggestion of the superintendent of this Institution space was also set

apart for the blind.

From the best information in our hands the state contains a large number of deaf children who have never been in school. Numerous applications received for admission of pupils whose names had never been sent us go to show that there must be many others who would be here could we be put in communication with them and give them the information they have never had.—Missouri Record.

HON. T. B. CLEMENT has just been re-appointed, by Gov. Clough as a member of our Board of Directors. This is his fifth consecutive re-appointment, and its expiration will bring his term of service up to twenty-five years. Judge Mott has already served on the Board for thirty years; Hon. Hudson Wilson, twenty-nine years; Hon. George E. Skinner, nineteen years, and Hon. Anthony Kelly, seven years. Add to these Dr. Noyes's term of service of twenty-nine years, and we think that the administration of the Minnesota School for the Deaf ranks well up toward the head in experience.—Minnesota Companion.

She Was in a Well.

Deacon Cole came into the town of New Hampton, N. H., one evening, and driving up to the store at which he always traded, in front of which there were half a dozen loungers, he inquired if anyone had seen his wife Polly that day. No one had, and he went on to say that she had suddenly disappeared about nine o'clock in the forenoon, and he had not seen her since. "Do you figure that she has skipped out?" asked one of the crowd. "Hardly. Polly's fifty-seven, you know, and as homely as a toad-stool."

"But wimin is curus critters," observed another citizen. "She might have gone off to the naysburs in a huff."

"I've bin to all the naysburs," replied the deacon.

"Searched the house?"

"Yes."

"Ain't in the garret?"

"No."

"Ain't down cellar?"

"No."

"Ain't in the barn?"

"No."

"Nor in the smokehouse?"

"No."

"Well, that beats me. Bat you ten to one she's gone crazy and wandered off, or else she's got tired of you and skipped."

"What's the fuss here?" asked a tin peddler, as he drove up.

The facts were given him, and he turned on the deacon with:

"Why, dang your buttons, you don't know even a little bit! She fell into the well, in course, and you'd better hurry home and get her out!"

The deacon drove away at a rattling pace, while the crowd laughed at his expense; but next day when he appeared in town I asked him if he had any news of his wife, and he replied:

"Oh, yes, Polly was in the well all right enough, and had been standing in water up to her chin all day. Rather blamed me for not hearing her holler, but she got all over it after being dried out."

THE THREE GOLDEN APPLES. Once there was a garden named

the Garden of the Hesperides. Three golden apples grew on a tree in it. Every body wanted to get them and many had tried to find them, but they could not.

At last a man, named Hercules, decided to try to get them. He was very, very strong. He could kill lions and tigers and large snakes by choking them with his hands. He could run faster than a deer and could lift horses and other large animals easily.

Well, he started out to find the three golden apples. He wore a lion's skin and carried a large club. He walked a long way; then he came to the sea.

An old man was lying asleep on the shore. He was very strange looking. He had scales on his arms and legs and he had hands and feet somewhat like a duck's feet. He was the Old Man of the Sea.

Hercules walked up to him very quietly and caught him by the leg and arm.

The Old Man awoke. He was frightened. Hercules asked him where the Garden of the Hesperides was. The Old Man would not tell him. He tried to get free. Hercules held him tight. In a second, the Old Man changed into a deer. Hercules was surprised but he did not let the deer go. He squeezed it tighter. Then the deer changed into a dog with three heads. The dog tried to bite Hercules with its three mouths, but Hercules did not let him go. In another minute, the dog changed into a man with six legs. He kicked at Hercules, but Hercules held him. By and by, this man changed into a very large snake. It twisted itself around Hercules, body, and tried to bite him. Hercules squeezed it so tightly that it began to hiss with pain.

You see it was the Old Man who changed himself to frighten Hercules. He thought Hercules would let him go. But Hercules was not afraid, so the Old Man changed to himself again. Then he told Hercules where the Garden was.

Hercules thanked the Old Man and walked on by the sea.

Sunday Hercules saw something on the water a long way off. It slowly floated to the shore near him. Then he saw that it was a large golden bowl. He stepped into it and it floated away.

Hercules was tired and soon went to sleep. When he awoke, he was near some land. The bowl floated up to it and Hercules stepped on.

What do you think he saw on the land? It was a giant. He was very, very tall and was holding up the sky on his head and hands. His name was Atlas.

He asked Hercules what he wanted. Hercules told him he wanted the golden apples in the garden of the Hesperides.

The giant said, "Let me get them for you. I can go faster than you. You can hold the sky for me while I go."

Hercules said he would. There was a mountain near the giant. Hercules went to the top of it. Then he was as high as the giant. The giant then let Hercules take the sky and he went off for the golden apples.

The sky was very heavy for Hercules. His head and his arms ached. After a while Atlas came back with the three golden apples. They were very beautiful and large.

Hercules said, "I am glad to see you. Please take the sky. It is too heavy for me. It makes me very tired."

But Atlas would not take it. He said Hercules could hold it for a hundred years.

Hercules was angry. He almost dropped the sky. In a few minutes he said to Atlas, "Please hold it until I put a cushion on my head. Then my head will not ache so much."

The giant did not know Hercules was sly. He took the sky. Then Hercules picked up the golden apples and started for home. The giant called him again and again, but Hercules did not stop. He went on home and left Atlas holding the sky.—The Michigan Mirror.

PENCILINGS.

CONTRIBUTED BY MR. BROWN.

All are well.

The Lenten season has just commenced.

The wheels of class work are running smoothly and regularly.

Gov. M. J. Foster and Major Bird were visitors at the Institution on the 3rd.

The carpenter boys are making a large hat rack of oak for Mrs. Hart of Baton Rouge.

While in New Orleans Mr. Brown made a pleasant call on Leon Marx's parents. He saw Leon's new store.

It appears much like spring, but we are constantly on the alert for the sudden descent of the March lion.

Sometime ago, Miss Cornay received several fine geography maps for her class room. They came from St. Louis, Mo.

A few days ago Mr. Dobson shot a large cat which was seen prowling around Mr. Goodwin's hen house and eating his chickens.

The new South Boulevard, which runs on the southern side of this Institution, has been finished and was opened for public use recently.

After an absence of about three months, visiting among friends, and relatives, Miss Ernestine Jastremski returned to the Institution on the evening of the 6th.

The progress of the work on the new postoffice building in the city was abruptly checked, a few days ago, by the inspector of public buildings who found some defects in it.

The recent successful passage of the sugar bounty in both Houses of Congress was received here with great rejoicing. We are glad and firmly believe that the sugar planters were rightly entitled to it.

Having laid aside the nigger-shooters, the boys now find genuine sport in killing the bats, which swarm, in quite a number, in the garret above the kitchen, with long cane poles. About a dozen were killed lately.

Mr. Dobson, while out on his last nimrod trip, saw seven birds perched on the fence at the same time. He immediately took aim lengthwise with the fence and brought all down at one shot. A wonderful crack shot was he.

Miss Hereford took all the girls to Mr. and Mrs. Tracy's house on the afternoon of the 3d, after they had their outdoor walk. Mr. Tracy invited them to come around to the yard and see the wee chicks which were recently hatched. They were very much interested in them. Before they went back to the Institution, he filled each one's hands with some delicious pecans.

The 5th was Lewellyn Hennigan's birthday. He was pleasantly remembered with a nice necktie from one of Leon Marx's sisters. Now, Lewellyn, as you have already passed another mile stone of your life and are now commencing to travel on the new road to the other shore, let us wish you success and god-speed. Make new resolutions and seize earnestly the golden opportunities that will occasionally come within your reach.

On the evening of Feb. 28th,

while Mr. and Mrs. Tracy were quietly engaged in reading, talking over the occurrences of the day and preparing their routine plans for the morrow, they were abruptly interrupted by some strange successive sounds of foot treads on the porch. We can imagine that, in a startled look in the direction of the door, they asked each other: "What can this mean?" Invading tramps! Oh, no; they were no other than Mr. and Mrs. Goodwin, Misses Hereford and Rambo and Messrs Dobson and Brown, who merrily trooped over from the Institution and tendered them a surprise social call which they received in their good hearted way. The party put the last evening of dying February to rest with an enjoyable game of "smut." Mrs. Tracy served refreshments to her friends with nice home made cookies.

PUPILS' PARAGRAPHS.

The grass in the yard is green. Many people came from the north to see the carnival.

Thirty cases of measles are reported in town now.

It rained Friday morning and the day was gloomy.

Lena Geraci and Leon Marx got carnival papers.

The boys will spin tops now. They like to do it every day.

We are glad to see that the weather is becoming warmer.

Miss Pujol spent a short while with Mrs. Pope, last Thursday.

The river is very low so we expect it will not rise very high next summer.

John Davidson got a package from his mother. It contained a pair of pants and a scarf.

Thursday afternoon, some visitors came to see the Institution. Miss Hereford led the in around.

Grey Barham was disappointed because his father did not stop here to see him after taking in carnival.

Loretta Dee went to town with Miss Rambo, who bought a pair of shoes for her, last Thursday afternoon.

Messrs McArtor and Dobson rode in little boat on the water near South Boulevard. They enjoyed themselves a good deal.

Last Wednesday afternoon a large cat came into the yard. It caught a little chicken. Mr. Dobson got his gun and shot the cat.

Dr. Jastremski will soon have the reading room ready. Some pupils must read the papers and magazines. They are glad, because they want to read more.

Dr. Jastremski's daughter will come here in a few days. We suppose that she enjoyed herself very much. She staid with her cousin for nearly two months.

Thursday evening, Misses Hereford, Rambo and Mr. and Mrs. Goodwin and Messrs Brown and Dobson went to see Mr. and Mrs. Tracy. They enjoyed themselves.

Mr. Brown came back last Wednesday night. He was glad to see the pupils and teachers again. He told us that he enjoyed himself very much. He said that the parades were pretty.

Great men never make bad use of their superiority; they see it and feel it, and are less modest. The more they have the more they know their own deficiencies.—Rousseau.

Here and There.

The Korean is ranked as a man by his hat.

A rare copy of "Oliver Twist" recently sold for \$90 in London.

The word parliament first appears in the laws of England in 1272.

The golden rod blooms earlier in the season the further north it is.

The greatest altitude in Maine is Katahdin Mountain, which is 5,200 feet high.

Horseback riding with a blanket substituted for a saddle, will cure the most stubborn indigestion.

The highest spot in the world inhabited by human beings is the Buddha's cloister of Hante, Tibet.

During the last 2,000 years Britain has been invaded by foes from over the sea no less than forty-eight times.

The "Moliagel" gold nugget, found at Mount Moliagel, in Australia, in 1869, weighed 190 pounds and assayed \$45,000 in pure gold.

The cravat was originally a large shawl worn round the neck, but for comfort, by a nation of Eastern Europe called the Cravates or Croats.

L. N. Garrett of Prosperity, Mo., mixed an ounce of laudanum with the material of a flaxseed poultice, applied the same to a sore hand and died of opium poisoning.

In McLean County, North Dakota, there are said to be a number of farmers devoted to raising beaver for their skins. They are quite valuable, and wild beaver are now about done for.

The oldest pensioner in the country is Andrew Franklin of Burlington, Kan., who was born in 1791, fought in the War of 1812, in two Indian wars, and served as teamster in the Civil War.

A plant grows on the shores of Lake Winnipeg that bears a cup-shaped flower. If this is plucked while green and dried in the sun it makes a serviceable drinking cup and lasts for years.

A man near Goshen, Ind., set a valuable mirror out doors the other day. A pugnacious rooster saw his own reflection, thought it was a rival, and stripped for battle. The mirror was demolished.

W. L. Jones, a farmer living near Sioux Falls, S. D., who has been deaf for many years, was recently stung on the ears by bees. After the fight with the creatures he discovered that his hearing was wholly restored.

The Omaha World-Herald tells this fish story: J. H. McConnell, Superintendent of Motive Power; Z. T. Sprigg, Master Mechanic at Salt Lake, and William Lawrence, general contractor of the Union Pacific, caught 8,000 trout in Idaho, the total weight being 15,000 pounds.

Professor Vaughan, of Rio del Rey University, Abilene, New Mexico, has a tame raven which has been taught to flush and retrieve. It flies slowly over the fields, and when it discovers a bevy of quail or partridge it poises on the wing and remains perfectly motionless, spreading its tail out, fan shape. After the game is flushed the raven drops to the earth like a plummet, and rolls itself up into a little round ball, remaining in that position until called.

The first watch was made in Nuremberg in 1476.

REPORT

FOR THE MONTH OF FEB.

P. stands for Punctuality; L., Lessons;

C., Conduct; H., Health.

1st Class—Mr. H. L. Tracy.

NAME.	P.	C.	L.	H.
Daniel, Amanda	10	10	6 1/2	10
Farrell, Katie	10	10	8 1/2	10
Goss, Willie	10	10	8 1/2	10
Hennigan, L.	—	—	—	0
Knight, Evelyn	10	10	6 1/2	10
Larrieu, Henrietta	10	10	7 1/2	10
Marx, Leon	10	10	6 1/2	10
Middleton, Walter	10	10	7 1/2	10
Miller, Teary	10	10	8	10
Pettit, Arrenah	10	10	8 1/2	10
Pilat, Maria	10	9 1/2	7 1/2	10

2nd Class—Mr. James Goodwin.

NAME.	P.	C.	L.	H.
Berry, Elmer	10	10	8 1/2	10
Desormeaux, Evela	10	10	8	10
Daron, Louis	10	10	8 1/2	10
Geraci, Lena	10	9	8	10
Jones, Florence	10	10	8 1/2	10
Knight, Mabel	10	10	8 1/2	10
LeBlanc, John E.	10	10	7 1/2	10
Liner, John S.	10	9	8 1/2	10
Luke, Mary	10	10	8	10
Marchal, Mary	10	10	8 1/2	10
Wise, George N.	10	9	6 1/2	10
Wise, Adam J.	10	9	7	10

3rd Class—Miss Nellis Cornay.

NAME.	P.	C.	L.	H.
Aucolin, Aurelian	9 1/2	8	7	9 1/2
Berry, William	10	7 1/2	6 1/2	10
Crassons, Rufus	10	7 1/2	7	10
Drake, Frank	10	9	7	10
Elender, Adam	10	6 1/2	6 1/2	10
Farrell, John	10	8	7 1/2	10
Falteman, Amanda	10	8	7	10
Haydel, Thomas	10	8 1/2	7 1/2	10
Landry, Marie	10	9 1/2	7 1/2	10
Lalche, Marie	10	8	7	10
Tate, Edna	10	9	8 1/2	10
Wise, Lela	10	8 1/2	6 1/2	10
Zimmerman, Anthony	10	6 1/2	6	10

4th Class—Mr. P. H. Brown.

NAME.	P.	C.	L.	H.
Aucolin, Pierre	10	9	9 1/2	10
Aycock, Sidney	7	9	7	10
Barbier, John B.	10	10	9	10
Braud, Ewile	10	9	7 1/2	10
Broussard, Edmund	10	10	9	10
Buras, Genevieve	9 1/2	8 1/2	9 1/2	10
Buras, John	10	9	7 1/2	8 1/2
Cabaniss, Estella	7	9 1/2	8	10
Covington, Daniel	10	10	8	10
Conger, Floy	10	10	9	10
Elender, Julian	10	10	9	10
Englestein, Mami	10	8	9	10
Falteman, Mary	10	10	9	10
Friday, Lucinda	10	9	8	10
Farrell, Lena	10	10	9 1/2	10
Morgan, Otie	10	10	8 1/2	8 1/2
Morgan, Fuiton	10	10	8	8 1/2
Reardon, Mary	10	9	9	10
Smith, Carter	10	8 1/2	9	10
Sharpless, Clifford	10	10	8 1/2	10
Toupe, Renie	10	10	7	10

Oral Class—Miss E. S. Rambo.
Miss A. Saunders.

NAME.	P.	C.	L.	H.
Barham, Grey	10	10	8 1/2	10
Braud, Butler	10	10	7	10
Davidson, John	10	9 1/2	7 1/2	10
Dee, Cora	10	9	7 1/2	10
Dee, Loretta	10	7 1/2	6 1/2	10
Heard, Alma	10	7 1/2	7 1/2	10
Lalche, Dennis	10	9 1/2	8 1/2	10
Lindsey, Floyd	10	10	9 1/2	10
Mathews, Lillian	9 1/2	9 1/2	9	9 1/2
Morrow, Dionese	10	9	7 1/2	10
Mount, Willie	10	9	9	10
Murphy, Dora	10	9	8 1/2	10
Nannery, Annie	10	8 1/2	6 1/2	10
Scarborough, Ethel	10	9 1/2	7 1/2	10
Trichel, Ethel	10	8	6 1/2	10
Villaret, Charles	10	10	8 1/2	10
Lip Reading and Articulation class.				
Farrell, Katie	10	10	9 1/2	
Jones, Florence	10	10	7	
Larrieu, Henrietta	10	10	8 1/2	
Marx, Leon	10	10	7 1/2	

OFFICERS OF THE INSTITUTION:

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MISS SARAH HEREFORD, Supervisor of girls.
USLER E. MCARTOR, Supervisor of boys.
FRANK A. DOBSON, Supervisor of boys.

MISS SARAH HEREFORD, Instructor in plain and fancy sewing.
H. L. TRACY, Instructor in Printing.
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-

penry, 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	-	-	6:30-7:45.
BED TIME	-	-	8:00.

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We pay interests to our depositors.
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A CLIMB THAT COUNTED.

Concluded from page 1.

"Why not?" he asked.

"Oh, papa hasn't got enough money just now," was the frank but rather startling answer. Mr. Penn changed the subject, but he had an idea.

"Harry, my boy," he said, placing his hands on the young man's shoulders as he entered the office, "I've come to thank you again for saving all I have held dear in the world since little Fritz's mother died. I would like to thank you, too, in a more practical manner. Isn't there anything I can do for you?"

"Why, of course not, Mr. Penn," answered Harry. "It really wasn't anything, after all, except climbing a rope, and I'm used to doing that for fun. Poor Tom Rider is the fellow," he answered.

"I've looked after him," said Mr. Penn. "Now, see here. I understand you are going out West with the University expedition. I want you to let me give you that trip."

It required a great deal of argument on Mr. Penn's part to persuade Harry to accept the offer. He "gave in" though, finally, after a talk with his father. That night he wrote to Professor Wilson withdrawing his resignation.

Harry received a check from Mr. Penn next day for \$500, more than twice the amount he required. He at once drove out to the mill and tried to argue the matter with the miller, but the latter was obdurate, and refused to take the check back. In fact, he seemed so much hurt at the idea of Harry's considering the amount too large that the young man was forced to keep it in spite of himself.—N. Y. Press.

Chauncey Depew's Experience.

"The best thing I remember connected with myself," Chauncey M. Depew is quoted as saying, "is that when I graduated from Yale, I thought I would lead a life of social ease, I thought to read and write a little take it easy and have a good time. I had a hard-headed old father of sturdy Holland Dutch ancestry. He had money enough to take care of me, and I knew it; and when he discovered that I knew it and intended to act accordingly, it was a cold day for me. 'You will never get a dollar from me except through my will. From this time forth you have got to make your own way.' Well, I found I had a hard lot of it—nobody had a harder one—and the old gentleman stood by and let me fight it out. I bless him to night with all the heart and gratitude I have for that. If I had taken the other course, what would I have done? I would have been up in Peekskill to-night nursing a stove, cursing the men who had succeeded in the world, and wondering by what exceptional luck they got on. But having to dig my way along, I got beyond everything my father ever dreamed of, but it was done by 14 to 16 or 18 hours' work a day, if necessary. It was done by temperance, by economy. When you make a dollar, spend 75 cents and put the other 25 by."

Read This Out Loud to Your Girls.

Girls who give hand-made presents to their steadies should send with the gifts written directions telling what the prestens rea and how to be taken. A mass of embroidered stuff tied with ribbons may be intelligible to the women, but men won't know whether it is to keep socks in, or wear on their heads to smoke in, or to take for billiousness.—Atchison Globe.