

# The Louisiana Pelican.

PUBLISHED AT THE LOUISIANA SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF.

VOL. XIV.

BATON ROUGE, LA., MAR., 2, 1895.

NO. 13.

## THE OLD RAIL FENCE.

The old rail fence with aimless angles  
Curved round the scented fields of old;  
And wild, blown vines in quaintest tan-  
gles

Bloomed there in purple and in gold.  
And winds went over, cool and sweet,  
With rivery ripples in the wheat.

The white road to the river knew it—  
The river running wild and fleet;  
A cabin-path went winding to it,  
With light prints of a boy's bare feet,  
And cattle in the woods at morn  
Roamed by and nipped the bending  
corn.

In corners cool the plowman rested  
When rang the welcome bells of noon;  
And there the thrush and partridge  
nested  
And sang the mockingbirds of June.  
And winds were sweet with muscadines  
And blooms were on the meion-vines.

There twilight paused in rosy dreaming,  
And o'er the riot of the rills  
When starlight on the world was stream-  
ing  
Rose the love-song of whippoorwills.  
And with the music and the stars  
Love met his sweetheart at the bars.

There, with the evening shadows falling  
In cabin-door a woman stands;  
And far and sweet her voice is calling,  
And children heed her beckoning  
hands.

There, for the weary ones that roam,  
Twinkle the dreamy lights of home.

The corn still waves and vines are cling-  
ing.

The lakes are hid in bending grain,  
The birds sing, as my heart is singing,  
Where, lonely in the woodland rain,  
The old rail fence—its service o'er—  
Curves round the blossoming field no  
more.

Yet, there I halt my horse and, sighing  
Above the old rail fence I lean.  
The snow upon life's pathway lying  
Have left one living glimpse of green!  
And still, through change of time and  
art,

The old rail fence runs round my heart!  
—Frank L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitu-  
tion.

## HONOR BRIGHT.

Honor Bright signed her name at the end of a school report which she had just finished, and then, heaving a little sigh, remarked to a companion who sat at the desk near by and was engaged in a similar occupation.

"I almost regret sometimes that my parents did not give me a different name."

"Why?" was asked in surprise.

"Because the one they gave me brought with it such a weight of responsibility. I feel that I must be Honor Bright in nature as well as in name."

"Then I suppose I ought to have a sticky, tobacco nature," the friend rejoined.

Honor laughed merrily. "What can you mean, Virgie?" she inquired, looking at her companion with eyes from which the seriousness had all departed.

"Why, don't you see?" she returned, as she signed her name to the report.

"Virginia savors of tobacco. I have seen it hundreds of times on the papers of bacco that my father's workmen have around them. And then of course you have always heard of Spaulding's glue. Isn't that name sticky and tobacco enough to disgust anybody? I'd leave out the mibble one—it's of

no use—only Mr. Harding insists on having it signed that way."

They were not fully fledged teachers, these two young girls, but were merrily undergoing a six months' probation at the training-school. The rules there were very strict, and they were anxious to comply with every one; for they knew that their prospect of getting a position depended to a great extent on the principal's recommendation. At the end of the six months there would be a vacancy in one of the nearest schools and that would be filled by the graduate having the best record in the training department. Honor was exceedingly anxious for the position. Her mother made many sacrifices to keep her at school, and she wanted to relieve her of expense as soon as possible.

"Why should you worry about living up to your name?"

Virgie went on. "After all, there is very little honor in the world, and those who are loosest in regard to this matter get along best, I think."

Both are serious now.

"Then you do not believe that honesty is the best policy?" Honor asked anxiously. She was beginning to love this bright companion, although she had known her only a few weeks, and she was shocked to hear her express such an opinion. She had been taught to have the very strictest regard for truth, and it pained her to find it lacking in others. Besides, Virgie was such excellent company that she had a decided influence over her friends, and Honor feared what that influence might be if the girls really felt the sentiment that she expressed.

"Not a bit of it. Do you?" Virgie inquired.

"Yes, I believe I do," Honor returned. "It seems to me that though dishonesty many triumph for awhile like murder, it will out in the end."

"I'm not so sure about that. Now, for instance, we are supposed to be in our classrooms at eighty-fifty, and we are expected to keep a true account of the time that we enter. Yet I know that many of the training school girls always put down eight-fifty whether they are in their room at that time or not. Isn't it policy for them to do it? Who will be the wiser? If they were counted late it would go against their record."

"I would rather be counted late than dishonest," Honor answered, emphatically. "If no one else knew it I should know it myself, and I prefer to have a clear conscience. And then I think we can avoid either disgrace by making an effort to be always early."

"But if you had to be late some mornings, what?"

"I hope I should be honorable enough to mark it so, even though I suffered in conscience. You

would too, wouldn't you, Virgie?"

"I don't know. The temptation is strong. But if you really feel this was, why need you worry about your name? You won't disgrace that with your principles."

"Because it seems to me that sometimes it is so difficult to be strictly true. Do you never, when off your guard, find yourself saying something that isn't exactly so, or exaggerating a little, even without meaning to do it?"

"Well, now that you speak of it, I remember that I have done so, but I hardly think I should stop to worry about it. Come, let us go; it is four o'clock, and time we were at home, instead of in these halls of learning. Know you not at this hour the dignified mice do congregate and discuss the mighty question of scattered crumbs?" and Virgie Merrick sailed out of the room with an air that completely upset Honor's gravity.

As the weeks passed and the girls became better acquainted Honor discovered that her new friend had a better regard for truth than would appear by her remarks. Once when Virgie expressed a sentiment similar to the one mentioned in the beginning of this story Honor remonstrated.

"You give people an idea that you are not truthful," she said, "and you are as much so as anybody I know."

"Yes, I have been taught to be," Virgie responded, lightly; "but, mind you, I can't admit yet that it is the best policy, an if I were severely tempted I don't know what would be the consequence."

The end of the term had arrived. Honor was starting out from home for her last day at the training-school. By the door she met her eight-year-old brother.

"See, sister," he said, pointing to a much worn shoe, "my toe is well enough to be out now."

"Never mind," she answered, laughingly, as she bent to give him a good-by kiss. "They'll be sick enough to be in if I get that position."

"And will yet get me shoes like Ned Harper's sister?"

"Of course, if you like that kind best."

"And mamma a new dress? You said so, you know, and I never told that secret to anybody."

"Yes, mamma a new dress, if—but there comes my car, pet, and I must catch that, or be late," and in a few moments Honor was seated by Virgie in the car that had taken them for the past six months to the door of the training-school.

"For the last time," they said gravely to each other; but their faces brightened with the thought that their record had been perfect.

"The position is yours, without a doubt," Virgie remarked, gayly.

"Why so? There may have been others, and, besides, you stand the

same chance that I do."

"All the others have been either late or absent, some both, I heard Mr. Harding remark to the commissioner, and he also said that you were the best teacher in the training-school. My! what has happened? I thought I was in the middle of next week."

The exclamation was caused by a sudden jerk of the car, which made nearly all of the standing passengers lose their equilibrium. Then there was another which gave everybody a hard shake, and the car stood still with one end considerably higher than the other.

"We're off the track, and no mistake," remarked Honor. "I hope we are not kept, late; that would be a catastrophe. How the car is packed this morning. Are any of the other girls here? Yes, there is Annie Hunter."

"If it weren't so far we might get out and walk," said Virgie.

"That would hardly do any good, for the car would overtake us. See, the men are getting out to help, and it will soon be on the track now."

But it was an ugly hole that the wheel had gone into; and it required much tugging, pulling lifting and shoving to get it in place again. The girls waited anxiously, and every minute seemed an hour.

"Do you think we would be excused if we were late?" asked Honor. "This isn't our fault."

"I don't know. Once when Mary Ridley was late and she blamed the car for it, Mr. Harding said she ought to have taken an earlier one and made allowance for delays."

But finally the car was in place and rushing along as if trying to make up for lost time. It reached the school just as the nine o'clock bell stopped ringing, and by the time the girls reached the principal's room where the record book was kept, it was five minutes past nine by the clock.

"Mr. Harding isn't here," said Virgie, hurriedly, and in a low tone. "Don't spoil your record, Honor. Think how much depends on it. Put down eight-fifty. I'm going to. He'll never know, we can hurry to our rooms before he gets upstairs. We couldn't help the delay of the cars."

Honor went up to the principal's desk followed by her friends. She opened the time book, picked up a pen and hesitated. As Virgie had said, so much depended on this record. The girl thought she had never been so sorely tempted. Would it be very wrong to yield just once? She had counted so much on getting the position. For little Ned's sake, for mother's sake—and yet it was that mother who had taught her to love the truth.

"I can't do it, dear," she said, with tears in her eyes, "it must go against me," and she wrote down "9:05."

Continued on page 4.

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

H. L. Tracy, Editor.

WONDER if the Voice was afraid of being "frozen" on its way here. Its last number came with two "blankets."

WE WISH to call attention to our advertisement on next page concerning the National Exponent, which with the PELICAN can be obtained at the low rate of \$1.10.

AS THIS is an age of clubs, the Exponent now has a "club gallery." All those who are fortunate enough to be officers of clubs will be enabled now to increase their vanity by seeing their counterparts in this enterprising journal.

WE DESIRE to compliment the young "quill drivers" of the Mississippi School upon their success in getting out a good issue of the Voice without help from any one; and still more, we congratulate Bro. Deem upon his easy time once a month, and—this is not "ironical" either.

AN ITEM is going the rounds of the press that Mr. A. F. Adams is to graduate from a Medical Institute this coming summer. From private sources, we are enabled to say Mr. Adams will not become a M. D. until 1897, as he matriculated for a four years' course in 1893. However, it is a pleasure to see that the press takes up the subject with nothing but praise.

THE Silent Hoosier brings to light a dictionary of signs, written by Mr. Brown, first superintendent of this school. In view of much being written about this subject the above proves interesting to us. Mr. Brown aimed to secure an uniformity of signs and spent a good part of his time writing a dictionary of fifty printed pages. In Mr. Brown's book is a list of nearly 2,500 words. In view of this age of rush and push, and the suppression of signs in many schools, such a book would not prove of much benefit now.

NEW STUDENTS go to Gallaudet College and old ones drop out, but E. M. Gallaudet, Ph. D., LL. D., remains the honored president, and continues to win the esteem of all, for, on the anniversary of his birth, February 5th, he was remembered by receiving from the student-body "a plate of solid silver with an ornamental raised border" and an inscription appropriately engraved

in the centre. Dr. Gallaudet has many souvenirs but those he has received from the young people over whom he has had the honor to preside will, no doubt, call forth the most pleasant memories of his life.

THE PELICAN is not the only fowl in the poultry-yard of the Louisiana school. Some of the teachers there are said to be chicken fanciers, and they and the hens have gone into the business of supplying the home market for yellow-legged spring birds. Brother Tracy, invite me down to stay with you for an indefinite period next vacation.—Blattner in Lone Star Weekly.

CERTAINLY, we extend a most cordial welcome to Bro. Blattner. Bro. McClure is thinking of coming also, so we will be in good company.

A professional hypnotic operator tried his arts on the pupils of the Kentucky School and failed.—Louisiana Pelican.

Don't say that, Bro. Tracy, if you wish to retain us on your visiting list. Last year a hypnotist was in Danville and in an interview with one of our officers expressed the opinion that it would be a difficult matter to place a deaf person under hypnotic influences. This is all the ground you have for your accusation. We are on a back seat in this hypnotic business and propose to stay there for some time yet.—Kentucky Deaf-Mute.

BRO. McCLURE, we humbly beg pardon for the error which was made through mere carelessness. The Deaf-Mute is too valuable a visitor for us to miss, hence our excuses.

In a recent issue of the Louisiana PELICAN, we notice that it makes a few remarks concerning the pupils of this school having to fold their arms in going and returning from school. So far, it works to a perfection with us and we think that if the pupils of that school would do the same, they would soon find out the good result therefrom, besides we will assure them, "that their gait will be more graceful."—Mississippi Voice.

WE ARE thankful for the knowledge of something that has reached "perfection" and we are much obliged for the advice but you have not overcome our objection to the folding of arms, which inevitably leads to round shoulders and contracted lungs, which, we think, do not make a wonderfully nice gait.

I know only one way to command language. It is practice. We can only learn to kick by kicking, to skate by skating and to English by Englishing. When you think, think in words; when you say anything put it in a complete sentence. Reading will help you to understand the language of others, and, indirectly, to improve your own. Read conversations. They are full of idiom. If you do not understand the idioms there are plenty of people about you who will be glad to explain them.—A. G. Draper.

SOMEWHERE we have read that in America every one gets a mouthful of education, but scarcely anyone a full meal. If this be even conditionally true, what is the rea-

son for it? There seems to be an abundance of "intellectual food" offered to all who seek it. Why then should we—why should any student go hungry?

Among suggestions in answer to the question this one stands out distinctly: perhaps the trouble is not so much that we do not get enough, as that we do not assimilate what we do get. To rush through one "ology" after another, retaining only a smattering of each, is to throw away the kernel for the husk: yet we do this year after year and still wonder that our brains are not satisfied. Education is not action alone; it is growth, and growth demands nourishment.

Forgetting the difference between doing and growing, we think we are becoming educated if everyday we faithfully cram our minds with facts, to such good effect that we remain free from "conditions." This process, however, really plays but a small part in the making of a genuine scholar, while it gives absolutely no promise of after helpfulness to manhood,—the one object that influences us in all our study. So, since the busiest people often expend their lives in ways that add nothing to the sum of human knowledge and happiness, it is well for us to realize that we are not always working best when we are working hardest.—Wellesley Magazine.

#### Build a Home.

Young man build a home. What are you living for any way? Have you any purpose in life, or are you drifting aimlessly down the living stream? Do you realize what a tremendous thing it is to live? To live rather than merely exist, is as great as it is grand. Was there an object in your creation? Or was the Creator only fooling when you were given being?

A homeless man or woman is a pitiable being. "The foxes have holes and the birds of the air have nests;" but there are millions of human beings without any resting place. Are you willing to add yourself to that number?

There can be no real home in the full, broad, sweet meaning of the term to the mature man without a family. In young manhood is the time to provide all this.

Then, young man, settle down and build a home. The way to begin has been suggested, and the restless desire for dear, loving companionship urges you to this step.

Another very necessary step is to own your own shelter. Better a hut of your own than a rented mansion.

The man who has a cottage that no landlord can invade is a king. He is not in danger of being driven into the street. The trees he plants, the shrubs he tends will afford tenfold pleasure because he cannot be robbed of their companionship. He can improve and beautify to his taste as far as his means will afford. His self-respect and the regard of his neighbours and friends are enhanced by his ownership of a home.

One of the chief ambitions every young man should be to have a real home, a permanent home. Yes, we repeat, settle down and build a home, a home you can really call your own, a home where real love, sweet peace, contentment and joy reigns, where you can find rest.

Decide young as possible as to what you are best fitted for in this life, then go at it with determination. Decide also as soon as possible where you had best live; then strive to secure a home of your own. Remember a rolling stone gathers no moss. Having secured a home, surround it with as much beauty and loveliness as possible. Cultivate your taste by exercising it. This will bring happiness to yourself and others.

See yonder home, does it not afford a glimpse of paradise? It is an unpretentious cottage; but it is surrounded by trees, flowers and a well-kept lawn, and vines are clinging in loving embrace to the walls and porches; and within are such books and pictures as can be secured. The visitor and even the passer by say "intelligence and love dwell there;" and they are cheered by such thought.

To possess such a home in city or country is really a prouder achievement than to enter the halls of congress, and it affords far more of substantial happiness.—Shelbina Democrat.

#### Poor Boys.

An exchange culls the following historical facts, which should encourage every young man struggling under the discouragements of poverty:

John Adams, second president, was the son of a farmer of very moderate means. The only start he had was a good education.

Andrew Jackson was born in a log hut in North Carolina, and was raised in the pine wood, for which the state is famous.

James K. Polk spent the earlier years of his life helping to dig a living out of a farm in North Carolina. He was afterward clerk in a country store.

Millard Fillmore was the son of a New York farmer, and his house was a very humble one. He learned the business of a clothier.

James Buchanan was born in a small town among the Alleghany mountains. His father cut the logs and built his own house in what was then a wilderness.

Abraham Lincoln was the son of a very poor Kentucky farmer, and lived in a log cabin until he was 21 years of age.

Andrew Johnson was apprenticed to a tailor at the age of ten years by his widowed mother. He was never able to attend school, and picked up all the education he ever got.

General Grant lived the life of a common boy, in a common house on the banks of the Ohio river until he was seventeen years of age.

James A. Garfield was born in a log cabin. He worked on a farm until the time he was strong enough to use carpenter tools, when he learned the trade. He afterward worked on the canal.

The teacher with tact can find times at which these incidents may be used to good effect. It is well for boys to know that the world appreciates and rewards industry and character.

Some of our pupils are getting to be rather original. Virginia hae forgotten her lesson, where upon Stacie, remarked: "Virginia's head leak." In trying to convey in English, the idea that Dosha was her friend, a little girl said that she was her "hook."—W. Va. Tablet.

## PENCILINGS.

CONTRIBUTED BY MR. BROWN.

March.

Doesn't time fly fast?

The Sunny South again.

Only three months more.

Mardi Gras has come and gone.

The recent snow seemed only like a transitory dream.

Mardi Gras was celebrated on the 26th in New Orleans.

We saw in the Times-Democrat, a notice of the death of Eugene Mezerais, a former pupil of this school.

We are all glad to see Lewellyn Hennigan, who was confined to the hospital with an injured eye for nearly a month, among the boys again. He looked happy.

Carter Smith, John Barbier, Otie Morgan and Edmund Broussard were recently added to the carpenter shop. The printing office also has one addition in Butler Braud.

Mr. Brown went to see the Mardi Gras festivities on the 25th. During his stay in New Orleans he was the guest of Mr. Dunlop Baker who entertained him. In Mr. Brown's absence Mrs. Tracy took charge of his class. All the little children were glad to see her.

Now, let us advise you, pupils, not to waste the precious opportunities now remaining for you to improve yourselves in every way. You may not now see the reason why, but you will never fail to be sorry for your carelessness, in the future if you do not be wide awake and alive to your chances now. Time lost is lost forever. Be wise, and try to be up and doing your best. Applying yourselves diligently will make vacation appear nearer more rapidly.

George Washington's day passed by in a blaze of glory. The man, who was "First in war, first in peace and first in the hearts of the countrymen" was appropriately honored with a firemen's parade in Baton Rouge. People, from near and far, came in their Sunday attire to witness it. The streets were crowded. School was dismissed at ten o'clock so that all the pupils could get ready to assemble at some convenient place to see the procession pass by. Our Superintendent occupied an honorable place in the carriage with Gov. Foster. Of all, the Hook and Ladder and company No. 3, made the finest showing. Each of the mand Companies No. 6 and 4 received prizes. Mr. Alex. Bryan won the prize for being the best mounted fireman.

The masquerade party, of Tuesday evening, is a thing of the past, but it has left pleasant memories. Nearly all the children were in mask and many mystified those whose business it was "it find out." As to who took "the cake," it undoubtedly belongs to Mr. McArtor, whose weird mask of a skull and coffin in hand, called forth a cold shudder to run down many a back. Many original disguises were seen, and the absence of white sheets were remarked upon. After all had unmasked themselves, various games were played and all had a very good time. Mrs. Pope gladdened the hearts of all with candy, which tasted deliciously. All had an Oliver Twist desire, when she would give no more. At ten o'clock the happy ones retired.

At last this Institution is to have a new library. A pleasant and comfortable room, with large light windows, a cheerful fireplace, the floor covered with matting, and furnished with two tables and book cases, made by the carpenter boys, has been put in readiness for this purpose. Besides these the walls are to be decorated with some fine engravings. As a nucleus the library will commence its infant growth with a few magazines, papers and books until state appropriation can be obtained in the near future for the purchase of a standard collection of books. The library will be open to the pupils every day for twenty minutes except Saturdays on which they can remain there over one or two hours. The above will be the impetus by which to stimulate and interest the pupils in forming reading habits and in general improve their command of English language.

### PUPILS' PARAGRAPHS.

March is here.

February has gone.

We will be glad when spring comes.

Mrs. H. L. Tracy took charge of Mr. Brown's class.

Teary Miller and Lillian Matthews had their pictures taken.

The pupils think that fire company No. 4, made the best showing.

Last Wednesday, Henrietta Lariou got a package from her mother.

Two ladies were the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Goodwin Sunday afternoon.

The pupils went to see the firemen's parade on the 22nd of this month.

Loretta Dee, Edna Tate and Amanda Daniel did not see the firemen's parade.

Sunday evening, the girls took a good walk to see Miss Hereford's sister and niece.

Last Friday morning Maria Pilat was glad to receive a small package from her home.

Some girls have not been to church for nearly a month, because it was damp and muddy.

We had a holiday on February 22nd, because it was George Washington's birthday.

On the 24th of February, Mr. Tracy lectured to us about "Judge not, that ye be not judged."

Lewellyn Hennigan, having been confined in the hospital for a month, is now glad to be out again.

Eva Knight, Lena Geraci and Amanda Daniel visited Mrs. Goodwin last Thursday evening.

Some visitors, from Lakeland, came to see the Institution. One of them knew Miss Hereford.

Grey Barham received a letter from his father, who said he would be here after seeing the carnival in New Orleans.

The reading-room is being put up so the boys and girls can read the newspapers every Sunday morning. Are you glad?

Sunday morning, Mr. Brown went to New Orleans to see the carnival for the first time. He stayed there for three days.

Dr. Jastremski's daughter, Ernestine, has been staying for some time in New Orleans. After the carnival, she will come back.

Sidney Aycock's father came here Sunday night. He took him home Monday morning. The pupils did not know that Sidney would go home.

Mrs. Lacrampe has been sick for some days, and she could not cook, but she has two daughters and they took her place in the kitchen. We went to see the firemen's parade. The cadets captivated the girls. The invited guests were in carriages. The firemen were nicely uniformed. Those of No. 4 had on the nicest uniforms. The horses were beautiful. All the hose-carriages were nicely decorated.

Tuesday evening we girls and boys had an enjoyable masquerade party in our dining-room. It did our hearts good to play that evening. Mr. McArtor had a mask of a skull. He represented a dead person. He wore a sheet. He held a small coffin in his hand. We did not like to look at him. Mr. Goodwin was an Indian chief. The girls were afraid of him. After taking off our masks, we danced and played various games. Mrs. Pope gave us candy.

### Famous Nicknames.

Socrates was the Bearded Master because of his long, ragged beard.

Sir Joshua Reynolds was the Bachelor Painter and the Raphael of England.

Charles II was the Mutton Eating King from his fondness for spring lamb.

Lord Brougham was called Blundering Brougham from a political mistake.

James Fenimore Cooper has been called the Scott of the Seas from his stories of marine life.

Eschylus was called the Father of Tragedy from the fact that he was the first great Greek tragic poet.

John Knox to his friends was the Apostle of Scottish Reformers; to his enemies her was the religious Machiavel.

Albert III, duke of Austria, was Albert With the Taess from the fact that he always wore twined about his head a lock of his wife's hair.

Abraham Lincoln was the Rail Splitter from his farm work. He was also called Honest Old Abe, the Martyr President and Father Abraham.

Alexander the Great was denominated Madman because of his rashness. He was ever ready to attack, and disparity of numbers make no difference with him.

Louis XV of France was by his subjects nicknamed the Well Beloved in derision. His death was welcomed with genuine enthusiasm by his people, who were tired of his long reign and vices.

Homer was called the Blind Bard from his supposed infirmity. He has also been dubbed the Father of Poetry the Swan of the Meande, the Prince of Poets and many other complimentary names.

Ben Jonson was the Bricklayer from his occupation. He was also designated Fatler Ben, Honest Ben, Old Ben, Rare Ben, Young Horace, the English Juvenal, the Father of Poets, the Soul of Numbers and the English Coryphaeus.—St. Louis Republic.

### From the Best Authors.

Human knowledge is the parent of doubt.—Greville.

Self-trust is the essence of heroism.—Emerson.

To believe a business impossible is to make it so.—Dollier.

The silent man is often worth listening to.—Japanese proverb.

I dare no more fret than I dare curse and swear.—John Wesley.

Men, like bullets, go farthest when they are smoothest.—Richtero

Truth has rough flavors if we bite it through.—George Eliot.

Civility is a charm that attracts the love of all men.—Bishop Horne.

Company, villainous company, hath been the ruin of me.—Shakespeare.

The intellect is perfected not by knowledge, but by activity.—Aristotle.

The difficulties with which we are met are the maids of honor which set off virtue.—Moliere.

What gift has Providence bestowed on man that is so dear to him as his children?—Cicero.

The wealth of a man is the number of things which he loves and blesses, which he is loved and blessed by.—Carlyle.

Under my tent in the fiercest struggle of war I have always found time to think of many other things.—Caesar.

A disciplined conscience is a man's best friend. It may not be his most amiable, but it is his most faithful monitor.—A. Phelps.

The one serviceable, safe, certain, remunerative, attainable quality in every study and pursuit is the quality of attention.—Dickens.

There are no better cosmetics than a severe temperance and purity, modesty and humility, a gracious temper and calmness of spirit.—Ray.

Every person is responsible for all the good within the scope of his abilities, and for no more, and none can tell whose sphere is the largest.—Gail Hamilton.

The slave has but one master, the ambitious man has as many as there are person whose aid may contribute to the advancement of his fortunes.—Bruyere.

The most original authors are not so because they advance what is new, but because they put what they have to say as if it had never been said before.—Goethe.

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USILER 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.
SCHOOL-WORK	-	-	2:30-4:00.
SUPPER	-	-	5:30.
STUDY	-	-	6:30-7:15.
BED TIME	-	-	8:00.

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**HONOR BRIGHT.**

Continued from page 1.

Then Virgie took a pen. She meant to save her own record anyhow. She started from the house at the usual time, and would have been in school early but for the car. She dipped her pen in the ink, and then her real sense of right and her friend's influence won the victory, and she, too, wrote down: "9:05."

Honor gave a sigh of relief.

"After all more depends on our being true," she said, with a sweet smile, and they slipped away to their rooms.

At 10:30, the time of the morning recess, Mr. Harding called a meeting of the teachers.

"Young ladies," he said, "I have been looking over the records this morning, and I found that two of you have been perfect with the exception of to-day's time. That lateness will be excused. It was caused by the car getting off the track, and it was off long enough to make the excuse a legitimate one. I know, for I was on the back platform of that car and had to help lift it on the track. In cases where a little delay has been said to cause lateness, and I have inquired into the matter, I have discovered that the tardy teachers had taken a late car, and I could not excuse her. Miss Merrick, Miss Hunter—" He stopped a moment here, and examined the record more closely, "Miss Hunter, I thought you were on that car?" he continued, in an inquiring tone.

"I—I—was," she stammered.

"Then will you please explain how it is your time is marked eighty?"

The girl addressed looked embarrassed and said nothing.

"You are all excused with the exception of Miss Hunter," Mr. Harding added, gravely; and as the other girls turned away Virgie took Honor's hand and whispered:

"You darling girl! see what you have saved me. I can thank you best, I suppose, by admitting that 'honesty is the best policy,' but I know you would be honest always simply because it is right to be, and without stopping to consider the policy, of it."

"But tell me, Virgie didn't you feel a satisfaction in having done right, even before Mr. Harding told us this? I did."

"Well, I think—yes, I did," was the earnest reply.—Demorest's Magazine.

Sometimes School Board officers are very officious and arrogant in manner. An elderly, but fresh looking woman opened her door to one lately, and answered the question: "Have you any children?"

"Yes."

"How many?"

"Three."

"Are they all at school?"

"No."

"Are any of them?"

"No."

"We must see to that," said the man, pompously, taking out a notebook. "Now your name and address?"

Given.

"Your children's names?" Also given.

"Now their ages?"

"Well let me think," answered the woman, with a gleam of fun in her eyes "Willie the youngest, is thirty, and was married last week." "Thunder and lightning!" roared the man, "Why didn't you tell me that at first?"

"Because you didn't ask me," she answered quietly.