

# The Louisiana Pelican.

PUBLISHED AT THE LOUISIANA SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF.

VOL. XIV.

BATON ROUGE, LA., APR., 20, 1895.

NO. 20.

## Lines from "The Song of Genius."

By Helen D'Arcy Cranstoun.

The tears I shed must ever fall!  
I weep not for an absent swain,  
For time may happier hours recall,  
And parted lovers meet again.  
  
I weep not for the silent dead,  
Their pains are past, their sorrows o'er,  
And those that loved their step must tread,  
When death shall join to part no more.  
  
But worse than absence, worse than death,  
I wept my lover's sullied fame,  
And, fired with all the pride of birth,  
I wept a soldier's injured name.

## A SUNBEAM.

BY DOROTHY DEAN.

It was raining, but Miss Spencer did not mind it a bit, she had on her gossamer and rubbers, and she skipped down the street as briskly as a bird. As she reached the crossing, she nodded brightly at a window across the way, where a little face was looking out—a most doleful face.

She picked her way daintily over the muddy crossing, and ran up the steps, just as Frankie opened the door for her. Frankie was not a bit doleful now. She scampered about, getting Miss Spencer out of her wet cloak, into a big rocker in front of the grate where the timest bit of a fire was chatting away to itself.

"Where is the little mother?"

"She had to go to Aunt Alice's," said Frankie. "I was awfully lonesome. I'm so glad you've come. It is raining, and everything was horrid."

"It's a real jolly little rain," said Miss Spencer. "It coaxed and coaxed at me, and rapped on the window 'till I just had to put on my things and go out."

Frankie laughed. "Why I thought it was cross because it couldn't get through the glass and wet me."

It told me all sorts of pretty stories of how it had been busy watering the grass and the flower beds and the garden. And right down by the gate it made a bit of a pool, and a little brown bird came and took a bath."

"Did it?" said Frankie. "I wish I had seen it."

And as I came down the walk past the poppies and the pansy bed, I saw a poppy that had been bent over by the rain, till it hung just over a gay little pansy blossom. It looked exactly like a little red silk umbrella put there to keep the rain out of the blossom's eyes. I almost thought the pansy nodded at me, too, but I wasn't quite sure."

"O!" breathed Frankie, with a long sigh of wonderment, "such lovely things are always happening to you."

Miss Spencer laughed a queer little laugh. "They happen to everybody just the same, only some people don't pick out the nice ones. I might have walked in the muddiest places when I crossed the street, but I didn't."

"You're such a funny girl," said

Frankie, after a minute's grave study of the bright face and merry eyes. "Oh, don't go yet! Mamma won't be home for a whole hour. I shouldn't care if the sun would shine and it wouldn't rain."

"Why don't you make it shine?" she asked gravely, looking down at the impatient face.

"I can't," said Frankie, laughing. "Nobody can do that but God."

"You can be a little sunbeam yourself."

"How?"

"Try to make somebody forget that the weather is dark and gloomy. Do something to make somebody happy or glad. Whenever you do that you are just like a little sunbeam, that makes things bright."

For a moment or two the little girl's face looked hopelessly puzzled. Then she looked up with quick, bright eyes.

"I believe," she said, half under her breath, "that you are a sunbeam yourself." And at this Miss Spencer kissed her and went away.

When she was alone, Frankie trotted about the sitting room, singing a little tune to herself.

"I'll have mamma's slippers all warm and ready for her down by the fire," she said to herself, "and I'll get the table all ready for tea." Just then the door opened, and there stood the little mamma, damp and smiling.

"Why, little sunbeam, how bright you are!"

"How did you know?" cried Frankie, in amazement, stopping in the midst of an ecstatic hug. "How did you know I was a sunbeam?"

But mamma just laughed and kissed her again.—Herald and Presbyter.

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,  
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,  
To the last syllable of recorded Time;  
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools  
The way to dusty Death. Out! out brief candle!

Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player,  
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,  
And then is heard no more. It is a tale  
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,  
Signifying nothing.

—Shakespeare.

## No Forestalling.

While he stood in a doorway on Woodward avenue glancing over the headings in his newspaper as he waited for the car, a man who had been braced against the lamp post for the last half hour softly slid up to him and queried: "Anything in the paper about the times growing better?"

"Yes, a few lines."

"Money easier?"

"Yes."

"Industrial enterprise staring up?"

"Yes."

Healthier tone to the real estate market, and good stocks have an upward tendency!"

"Yes, that's about the way of it."

"In fact," continued the interrogator, "next year will witness a complete revival in all lines and put us at the head again."

"I hope so."

"So do I. Wouldn't it be a good

business move on your part to forestall affairs?"

"How do you mean?"

"Why, gimme ten cents now, instead of a quarter next year."

"N-o-o. I don't like the plan," said the man with the paper, after a moment's thought. "I've got something better than that."

"What is it?"

"Ten off!" was the blunt reply, as he stepped out and swung a board the car.

"I don't like his business methods," said the forestaller, as he gazed after the car. "He's off, my ten is off and the deal is off. That throws me off."

That's what a feller gets for talkin' up straight bussiness instead of sticking to the regular programme."—Detroit Free Press.

## A Hard Time.

The ways of the schoolmaster in Montillana, Province of Granada, Spain, are hard. The schoolhouse in this particular place is used as a granary during the summer vacation. A few days ago the schoolmaster wished to begin his instruction again and wrote letters to the villagers who owned the grain in the building asking politely that they remove it. The answer was unexpected. The peasants, angry at the "assumption" of the fellow, stormed his house, pulled him out into the street and beat him badly. The excitement soon extended to all the people in the hamlet, and large mobs of howling men, women and children gathered about the house of the mayor. This doughty ruler brought order out of chaos by—ordering two of his servants to chase the schoolmaster out of town! He will not teach the young idea how to shoot in Montillana this winter.

Pygmies are pygmies still, though perched on Alps;  
And pyramids are pyramids in vales;  
Each man makes his own stature, builds himself;  
Virtue alone outbuilds the pyramids.  
Her monuments shall last when Egypt falls.  
—Young.

## A Happy Nation.

We ought to be happy because:  
We have 17,241 miles of railroad track.

Less than one-half of our farms are mortgaged.

We produced in 1893, 1,619,130 bushels of corn.

In 1894, 7,527,211 bales of cotton were raised and packed.

In the year 1893 our mint coined of gold and silver \$43,685,179.

The parents of this country are blessed with 22,447,392 children.

We raised in the Carolinas and Georgia 128,590,434 pounds of rice.

We export \$972,861,371.371 worth of goods and import only \$746,736,293.

American sheep last year grew wool to the extent of 307,100,000 pounds.

The farmlands of this country are estimated to be worth \$13,279,252,649.

The real and personal property in this country is assessed at \$17,139,903,595.

Only about one-fifth of our country is straight up and down like Switzerland.

There are only 71,995 divorced women in this country; there might have been more.

The farmers and stock raisers of this country have live stock valued at \$2,208,767,573.

There are only 107,475 Chinamen in this country, instead of 400,000,000 as they have in China.

We have not had 31 administrations in twenty-four years, like the people of France.

Our 451 colleges have an income of \$14,601,034, and funds vested or available of \$94,500,758.

Our coal mines produce 113,237,845 tons of bituminous coal and 46,850,450 tons of anthracite.

No nation, save Great Britain, coins a greater amount of gold every year than the United States.

Our savings banks have \$1,739,006,705 deposited with them as the surplus earnings of our people.

Between the years 1849 and 1894 the silver mines of this country have yielded \$1,151,817,575, of silver.

There were according to the eleventh census, only 40,741 men and 32,304 women in our almshouses.

Instead of one Italy as Europe has, we have two, the Gulf Coast and the Coast of Southern California.

The total valuation of all the farm products of every description was by the last census \$2,460,107,454.

From the blessings they bestow

Our times are dated, and our eras move;

They govern and enlighten all below

As thou dost all above. —Prior.

## Dodging a Law.

In the city of London, in olden times, the streets being unlighted by public lamps and thieves being plentiful, a law was made for everyone to put a candle out over his door. As the story comes to me, the law was obeyed; a candle was exhibited,—but it was not lighted. The letter of the law was darkness; the spirit of the law was absent. The wise corporation had to meet and ordain a regulation that everybody should light the candle which by law was to be over the door.

So they did; but after it had been lighted according to law, the wind blew it out, and again the citizens saved their tallow. The city fathers made another alteration in their edict, and decreed that every citizen should hang a lantern over his door. This was soon accomplished; but the house-holders put no candles in the lanterns. The corporation had been exceedingly wise—and is so still. (You may laugh, but my reverence for all public bodies is so great that you cannot suppose that I intended anything sarcastic.) The council went over the old ground, and settled that the lantern no should have a candle in it. Again the good folks did as they were bidden, but they did not light the candle. This called forth the decree that in the lantern there should be a lighted candle. Canny citizens put in only a very short length of candle and though it was soon burnt out, they could not be charged with a breach of the law in that case made and provided. The corporation specified the length of the candle to be lighted; but I dare say clever people still dodged the law. —Selected.

Man's rich with little were his judgment true;

Nature is frugal, and her wants are few;  
These few wants answered bring sincere delights;

But fools create themselves new appetites  
—Young.

Little Dot—The preacher said, "in the midst of life we are in death." What does that mean?

Little Dick—I guess he was just o' joking about trolley cars and folding beds.

**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.

BRO. HECKER has our sincerest sympathy in the loss of his little son.

The catalogue of Gallaudet College has been received. An extended notice will be given in the next issue.

HORTICULTURE and Floriculture are new branches of industrial training given at the New York School. In order to put this branch into operation \$10,000 will be expended.

THE Industrial Department building of the New York (Farwood) School was recently entirely destroyed by fire. The Deaf-Mutes' Journal office was in the building. The loss foots up to \$30,000.

THE editor acknowledges, with thanks, an invitation to the Presentation Hopto the graduating class of Gallaudet College, May 3rd next. Distance is the only barrier, otherwise he would take the greatest pleasure in being present.

OUT at the Texas School, they believe it is good for teachers and officers to join the boys and help win a name for the School. Superintendent Rose and Professors Walker and Putnam and Bro. Richardson are on the School baseball nine, and appear to be the ones the boys like best.

While memory is a convenient objective-point in education for both teacher and scholar and should by no means be neglected, there is a more imperative demand to-day for insight—the ability to think. Modern life is one long discrimination between the true and the false and requires not so much the accumulation of facts as the wit and eye to scrutinize them. How shall children be armed against delusive sophisms and specious rhetoric if they do not early learn to think? What may well heed the words of President Eliot, when he says that practice in thinking—adapted to the varying aptitudes and tastes of the student—should be the persistent aim of every teacher, from primary school to university. It is not necessary to determine the relative importance of memory and reason, to be convinced of the necessity of giving full play and encouragement to the latter. Instruction which is merely a task of the memory is its own refutation, benumbing drudgery to the pupil and a harrowing ordeal to the teacher. It does not arouse intelligence; and so far from implanting a love of knowledge, creates a repugnance for it and a

self-complacency fatal to its acquisition.

It is little wonder that so much energy has been misdirected in the cultivation of the memory—it is so difficult to inspire thought. It is well nigh impossible to set some minds a-thinking; many teachers, indeed, find they require for home consumption all the motive-power they can accumulate. It is easier to have pupils commit to memory dry facts, lists of dates and out-of-the-way information. "One of the greatest pains to human nature," says Mr. Bagehot, "is the pain of a new idea." Teachers as well as other men make haste to have done with this racking torture. There is a "dead line" in the profession of teaching, it is to be feared, as truly as in the ministry. We stop thinking before we are half through. We arrive at a mental stopping place before we begin. We "work ourselves out of a job," as the printer would say, and sit with folded hands, in shirt-sleeved (or gauze aproned) ease, waiting for thought to come to us and be externally applied. No wonder that in our instruction proper emphasis is not placed on the development of the logical faculty reasoning powers. Nor should a teacher blush to confess his own failings, for "he proves by his avowal," says Rousseau, "that he is wiser today than yesterday."

Without discussing now the means of relieving the mental insolvency (en passant we would suggest Reading's Relief), the object of this article is merely to say, that, whatever is our own attitude towards knowledge—whether of humble striving or dawdling supineness—the "young idea" will "shoot."—Review.

**An Indignant Little Boy.**

A little boy had just been put into a suit of which he was very proud. One day his sister was trying to amuse him by playing at keeping a photographic shop. The little boy came in and said he wanted his picture taken. "What sort would you like?" She asked. "I think I should like carte de visistes," he replied. "What will you pay now?" "I will pay it all," he answered. "Would you like them posted, sir?" she asked, giving him the receipt for the money. "Yes," he replied. "What is your address sir?" she asked. "It is not a dress, it's trousers," he indignantly replied.—Ex.

**Matter of Habit.**

When an American meets an acquaintance after dark, no matter what the hour, he says: "Good evening," and when they separate he says "good night." But in Canada one often hears the latter phrase in salutation as well as in good by. To an American it seems odd when, on seeing a friend, the latter advances with: "Good night, sir. How are you?"

Woman Suffrage Lecturer—"They say that women if allowed the ballot would still take no interest in elections but I defy anybody to tell me why." A Masculine Voice—"I'll bet you ten dollars I can tell you why!" Woman Suffrage Lecturer (indignantly)—"Sir, I never bet." The Masculine Voice—"Well, that's why."—Harper's Bazar.

**SPECIMEN OF WORK**

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ADDRESS:

**NATIONAL EXPONENT,**

241 E. Randolph St., Chicago, Illinois.

## PENCILINGS.

CONTRIBUTED BY MR. BROWN.

April is over half gone.

The Institution fences are being white-washed.

Playing marbles is the latest fad among the boys.

All the pupils, teachers and officers were photographed on the 17th.

Anthony Zimmerman received an Easter box from home on the 12th.

The pupils are beginning to count the days from now until the 1st of June.

Superintendent Jastremski distributed some strawhats among the boys on the 17th.

The roses in our front yard are in full bloom. They fill the air with their fragrant scent.

Miss Edith Rambo spent the Easter holidays with her friend, Miss Beale, in New Orleans.

The Institution purchased three cords of wood on the 16th as the supply was almost exhausted.

Evelyn Knight donned her new uniform on Easter. It looked very becoming on her. All the other girls will be similarly dressed next fall.

Mr. Tracy presented the reading room with two large bundles of copies of the Scientific American and the Christian Herald, on the 13th.

A thick swarm of bees took possession of the boys yard on the 18th. They swarmed in great numbers and no one knows from whence they came.

On Good Friday several of the boys went fishing. They however, returned with poor luck, but not in the least disheartened with the sport which they no doubt, enjoyed.

The rain, which came with a high wind on the afternoon of the 16th, was a very welcome visitor. It overcame the thick dust on the streets which had hitherto been rather a nuisance.

Mr. Brown was the recipient of an invitation to attend the class of '95 hop which will be held May 3rd at Gallaudet College. While he regrets his inability to be present, he however hopes that the hop will be a perfect success every way.

Mr. McArtor spent the 16th at the Capitol Planning Factory turning off a lot of balusters and posts for Mr. A. Doherty, the Vice-President of our Board of Trustees. Mr. McArtor is said to be the only skilled wood turner in the town.

Mrs. Goodwin started for Moreland, La., on the 16th, where she will spend a couple of weeks with her son, Henry, who is the telegraph operator of the Texas and Pacific railroad there. We hope she will have a very pleasant time.

The abundance of the fragrant flowers and the full green foliage of the trees around here lent their charms in making Easter Sunday appear in all its glory; such a sight is rarely seen in the north. Sunny and bright was the weather and of such a temperature as to permit the ladies to display their pretty Easter hats and dresses which were significant at all the churches. In the morning the pupils assembled in the chapel and listened to an interesting talk on the Resurrection of

Christ by Mr. Goodwin. In the afternoon quite a crowd of excursionists from New Orleans visited the Institution among whom was Thomas Haydel's brother.

## PUPILS' PARAGRAPHS.

John Liner and Charles Villeret expect to get uniforms soon.

Several of the little boys and girls were happy to get Easter eggs.

Elmer and William Berry are the proud possessors of new suits of clothes.

Mrs. Goodwin went to Moreland, because her son, Henry, wanted to see her.

Mr. Robert Hereford will be married to Miss Ethel Loucks on the 23rd of this month.

Last Thursday afternoon, Miss Rambo went to New Orleans to spend several days with Miss Beale.

Thomas Haydel's two brothers and a friend came to see him. Thomas was glad to see them again.

Several of the boys went fishing last Friday. They did not catch many. They gave them to a negro.

We did not study last Thursday night. We had no school from Thursday to Sunday. We had a good time.

Grey Barham received a letter from Joe Mashaw last week. He told him that he had not decided about coming here.

Ethel Trichel, Charles Villeret, Lena Geraci, Antone Zimmerman, Rufus Crassons, and Thomas Haydel received Easter boxes.

Mr. Fred Goldenburg paid Mr. Goodwin a visit last Sunday. We were sorry to hear that Miss Goldenburg accidentally burned her hands. She lives in Slidell, La.

## Better Than a Bank.

"A Mexican grandee, whose name is Don Alcarzar de Chilicolorow, owns a famous mine of inexhaustible riches in the states of Chihuahua. It contains a high grade silver ore, and is so rich that whenever the don or his senora run short of money they simply direct the head peon to gather together his delegation of twelve or thirteen sets and their equally patient and uncomplaining fellow serfs, the burros. Then the don mounts the head burro and the procession takes the trail for the family mine, as it is called. The mine has been in the possession of the don and his ancestors for the past four centuries. It is nothing but a rude tunnel in the mountain side. The entrance to the tunnel is securely barricaded with heavy timber doors which are securely locked with three old Spanish locks, the keys to which are always in the possession of the don. When the mine is reached the don unlocks the doors. He then directs his body servant to swing his hammock beneath the branches of a massive tree standing at the entrance to the mine, which was a well grown sapling when the first don of the family discovered the mine four hundred years ago.

"The peons are then set to work getting out the rich silver ore which they put into baskets slung upon the backs of the burros. It is but the work of five or six hours to get out ore that will be worth several thousands of dollars. The ore is free milling ore and it is no trouble to work it. While the ore is being

taken out of the mine and put into the baskets the don is lying in his hammock leisurely smoking cigarettes. When the baskets are full the don manages to pull himself together long enough to lock up the mine and seal the entrances and the cavalcade then starts back and goes straight to Chihuahua, twelve miles away. As soon as they arrive there, the don sells the contents of the baskets for which he receives from twelve thousand to eighteen thousand dollars in cash in Mexican money. He gives his peons a liberal tip beside their meager wages which they divide, like the conscientious peons they are, between the church and the pulque merchants and reserve a small modicum to keep themselves and their families partly clothed and fed until the don holds his next grand rally, which occurs four or five times a year. The don owns a magnificent hacienda, has a lovely wife and two beautiful daughters, who have all the pride of the true Castilians. The hacienda contains over six thousand acres and is one of the principal highways leading out of Chihuahua, upon which, like most of the land owners of the country, he pays little taxes."

## A Midnight Job.

It was midnight the other night when some one rang the bell of a residence on First street, and after a couple of minutes a chamber window was raised, and a man's voice called out:

"Well, who is it?"

"It's me, Daniel Webster Smith," replied the ringer.

"What do you want?"

"I called to see if you had any work I could do."

"Work? Work? What on earth do you mean by ringing me up at midnight to ask for work?"

"Didn't know but what I might strike suthin. Sorry if I've disturbed you."

"I'd strike something if I was down there!" exclaimed the indignant citizen as he shook his fist at the figure below. "The idea of you ringing me up at this hour!"

"Got any chickens in the back yard?" asked the bell ringer as the window was about to go down.

"Yes."

"How many?"

"About 30, but what is that to you?"

"Well, the two fellers I met in the alley had at least five apiece and said they were coming back for the rest. Didn't know but you might give me a job of watchin the balance of the chickens. Sorrys very sorry, to have disturbed you, but you have no job for me, and mebbe you don't care about the chickens, and good night, old fellow, good night!"—Detroit Free Press.

## Cut Off His Big Toe.

Yesterday a reporter sat on the wharf of Gretna in search of news. The little place had afforded no news on the day, and it looked as if his trip would not amount to much. Just then an old negro man came limping down the wharf. The reporter thought that perhaps the old man had been a "scrap" and had been worsted, and in he thought that he would get something that the police had failed to get. The old man came limping along and sat down, at the same time

pulling out a big bandana handkerchief and wiping the perspiration off his wrinkled face.

"Good morning uncle," said the reporter. "You look as though you had been in a fight."

"Morning, boss. No, sir, I ain't been in no fight in over twenty years."

"What's the matter with your leg? I noticed a limp in your walk."

"Dat was not did by a fight. Come over here and I'll tell you how I came to have dis limp and why all de people in Gretna call me Turkle. About six or seven year ago I was one of de bes' ditchers in dis part of de country. I had'er reputation dat was hard to best. I used to go over all de parishes ditching for de planters, and in every mail I used to git letters axin' me to come do some ditchin. Well, dat ain't de story. One day a man livin' in dis town, 'bout tree hundred yards from here, come to my house 'bout tree o'clock in de mornin' and axed me if I could ditch for him dat day. He said dat he had a good deal to do and wanted to get done wid it as soon as possible. I told him I'd be dere on time, an' I was. Well I went to work early dat mornin', an' 'bout ten o'clock I was purty cold an' tired. I sat down a while on de bank of de ditch an' was restin'. My feet hung in de water, because it was colder on de bank dan de water was. I set dare 'bout fifteen minutes when I looks in de water an' see something stickin' his head out like a turkle. Jes' as soon as I see dat turkle's head I wanted him bad. You know dare ain't many meats dat can beat a turkle. De head dodged back under de water an' I got my spade and waited till he stuck up his head ergin. I didn't have to wait long, an' I looked an' up jumped de head. I raised my spade sorter careful like, so I wouldn't scare him away. I kept raisin' my spade an den all of a sudden I brung it down right on de head of dat turkle. I felt a kind of pain when it struck, but I didn't pay much 'tention to dat. I run my hand in de water to get my turkle, an what you reckon I brought up? Well you would never guess, but it was my big toe. I had cut it clean off at the joint. I guess you tink I am lyin', don't you? Well, if you don't believe me you can ax anybody in Gretna, an' dey will tell you de same thing. Dat's how I came to get dis limp. Well, dare comes de ferry. Good mornin', boss." "Good-by, uncle," and the old man went limping away.—Times-Democrat.

Tenant—Why, I haven't been able to make a fire in this fireplace all the winter. It doesn't draw.

Landlord—So! Then it must have saved about five pounds for you in fuel. In such a case I'm afraid I'll have to raise your rent.—Comic Cuts.

Little Girl—Won't you please have an ambulance sent to that empty barn?

Policeman—Certainly, miss; who's hurt?

Little Girl—"Nobody yet. But the boys is going to play circus."—Good News.

Mr. Much—Who gave you the nickel, Dickie?

Dickie—Sister.

Mr. Much—For what?

Dickie—Not telling you how old she is.—N. Y. World.

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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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## An Arab Horse.

It is a horse's nature to make friends among his kind, and not, like the dogs to attach himself to persons. There are exceptions to this rule, however, where horses have shown devotion to their masters quite as great as that of any dog. Among others is this one, which is often told in the tents in the desert, for the Arabs tell their stories and so hand them down to their children, instead of reading them out of books and newspapers.

There was war a between two tribes, and, after a bloody battle, the chief of one of them was taken captive. His men had been killed. His horse, the thing he valued above everything else in the world, had been taken away from him, and he lay bound hand and foot on the bare ground. He suffered dreadfully from thirst and loss of blood, and the pain from his wounds was very great; but what hurt him more than all was the thought of his dear horse.

Suddenly he heard a familiar neigh. Turning his head, with great difficulty, he looked around and saw his horse tethered quite near. How glad he was to see him! And he said: "Poor friend, what will you do among the Turks? You will be shut up within four walls, under a roof—you who have been used to the air of the desert. No child will feed you from its hand any more. They will not care for you or understand you. I am afraid they will even beat you sometimes. If I am to be a slave you at least may be free. Go back to our tent and tell my wife that your master will die. Put your head again under the folds of our tent and lick the hands of my dear children."

The chief dragged himself with pain and difficulty to where his horse was tied: He could only wriggle himself over the ground like a worm, and he was so weak that it took him a long time to go a little way, but he managed it finally, and when he reached the place he contrived to untie the rope with his teeth, for his hands were bound so tight that he could not use them at all.

The rope dropped to the ground and the horse was free, but he did not think so. He never thought of leaving his master and going off by himself. He stood perfectly still for a little while, his head bent over the wounded, helpless man before him, considering what he should do. It was plain that his master could not get on his back, and equally plain that he could not leave him. He must contrive some way to get him home. So he just picked him up by taking his clothes between his teeth and started off at full gallop.

What a load that was! A heavy man to carry in such a nolve way.

And the road was long, and the good horse's heart sometimes failed him, but he kept on, and somehow he got there.

The laid his master down at his wife's feet, and then he dropped dead with fatigue. The whole tribe mourned for him, and Arab poets still sing his praise.—N. Y. World.

Take good care of your insides and your outsides will take care of themselves.

Don't cry over spilt milk; drive up another cow.

A fragrant mind is the choicest perfume.

Forgiving grows easy with practice. By the time a man learns he is a fool Begins not to be one.

A cynic always tries to pick a rose up by its thorn.

Fashionable society is a dehumanized association of individuals.

The egoist has a certain kind of envy in that he admires that most which most people do not admire at all.

A woman in love is so charitable that she sometimes gives herself away.

Love trusts; it never sells for cash.—Detroit Free Press.

A Case of Kind Too Often Seen.

He that will not be counselled cannot be helped.