

The Louisiana Pelican.

PUBLISHED AT THE LOUISIANA SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF.

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NO. 19.

Mirage.

Treasure the shadow. Somewhere, firmly based,
Arise those turrets that in cloud-land shine;
Somewhere, to thirsty tollers of the waste,
Yon phantom well-spring is a living sign.

Treasure the shadow. Somewhere, past thy sight,
Past all men's sight, waits the true heaven at last;
Tell them whose fear would put the hope to flight,
There are no shadows save from substance cast.

—Edith M. Thomas.

THE GOLDEN SNAIL.

[From the German of Amiger Barezinski for Romance.]

Continued from last week.

I must pass over three months, during which time my snails bred and multiplied to an inconceivable extent, and I, when not engaged in working at my apparatus, sat at the glass door and watched them.

In these three months two new generations of snails had come to life; in a few more days a third would follow, for the eggs numbered from thirty to fifty, and the period of incubation was but two weeks. The glass house now contained, as near as I could tell, some 130,000 snails: fortunately it was large and would hold many times this number. Still, I dared not let them increase further, or I should be unable to deal with them; as it was, I should rise each morning to find about 150,000 snails newly born, and this number I intended to destroy daily, thereby earning 800 ounces of gold in each twenty-four hours, for the average weight of gold in the shell was no less than three grains.

In a state of extreme mental agitation I commenced my first day's work. With an iron bucket, which I was obliged to fill indiscriminately with old and young, I carried the snails to the furnace which I had already built in the adjoining room, and cast them in. Forty journeys I had to make backward and forward before the day's consumption was completed, and then I had to continue the process and run off the gold into moulds.

This first day's work realized seventeen brilliant ingots of a pound weight each, the second and succeeding ones sixty to seventy. Far into the night I worked, until toil-worn and exhausted, I threw myself down, dressed as I was, to sleep for a few hours. Intense excitement gave me strength to cope with the gigantic task I had set myself. I worked unceasingly; no Sunday respite did I take, for I said to myself I would keep incessantly at work for three months, when, possessing more than 6,000 pound weight of the precious metal, I would stop, destroy all traces of the snails, and realize my ingots.

But the three months passed and I could not cease; a craving for more—the discontent of Van Earp, seized

me. I was still dissatisfied and I continued. Yet, toil as I might, destroying millions of the animals, still they bred on. Their rapid increase at last began to cause me some anxiety. I had allowed their number to become too great, and now could not diminish it. Seized with alarm, I began to carry double my usual daily quantity to the furnace, working with desperation the while, but my effort seemed to make no appreciable difference with the numbers in the glass house. They began to escape from their confinement, passed through the door while I was at work, and penetrated to the upper floors, where in dark and secluded corners they silently bred and multiplied. I killed all I could find, recklessly annihilating thousands in my my passage to and fro, until the floors were strewn with mangled bodies and broken shells, from among which, however, the bright gold shone as from a pavement worked in metal.

A mania for destruction took possession of me; the slaughter in which I indulged became so brutal that at length it shocked even my impaired senses, and I desisted from my horrible task.

Above my reach, the snails coated the walls, clung in clusters to the ceilings, covered every inch of surface, every piece of furniture, every spot within the house; they penetrated into my few cooking utensils, crawled within my bedding, and still bred on! The contaminating encroachment continued always. I could not move for the awful mass of dead and living matter surrounding me. Had I been a reasoning being at this time, disgust unutterable would have put an end to my loathsome occupation, but my whole soul was steeped in an unholy lust for gold. Almost naked and covered with the corruption amid which I lived, I still toiled on performing superhuman tasks. The stream of gold flowed without intermission. I had no time now to range the ingots symmetrically in solid walls of metal; I could but cast them out my way, and where they fell, d sordered heaps grew and grew until their ponderous masses threatened to engulf me. I knew not what quantity there was, I had long lost count of it; each room of the floor contained its glowing heap, swarming with the creatures that gave it birth.

I had long ceased to find food for the molluscs, but this was no hindrance to their growth; they fed on one another, devouring the mangled bodies which at each step I killed in hundreds.

November must have come and gone, for outside it was very cold; within, the heat was stifling. I had eaten nothing for many hours and was faint for want of food. Having nothing in the house, I sallied out to purchase something, and returned, devouring on my

way what I had procured, like a starving man. I reached the door, entered, feeling sick and faint, tottered toward a heap of ingots, and fell. I remember no more.

When consciousness returned to me, all was dark and very cold. I was weak and bewildered.

I tried to move; as I did so, sharp pains shot through me, causing me to cry out suddenly. What could this mean? Had I injured myself? I had no recollection of doing so. Once more I strove to rise, exerting all my strength, and then, O Heaven! I knew that I was bound hand and foot with sharp cords which held me like a vice! Who could have done this, and why?

In a moment the answer to this question flashed through my brain. The gold! My gold was in danger! Robbers had discovered it!—were perhaps at the present moment stealing it! "My gold, my gold!" I gasped, struggling with my bonds, "They shall not take it; it is mine, honestly come by!"

I writhed and twisted, the cords cutting into my flesh like knives, yet I set my teeth and endured the pain in silence, while I strove with all my strength to free myself, for my agony of mind was greater than my bodily suffering.

Weakness at length forced me to desist from my struggles. I lay still, listening for the faintest sound, but the beating of my own heart was all I heard. My eyes closed with excessive fatigue, and I was on the point of sleep, when a slight noise as of a distant closing door attracted my notice and brought back hope once more. I listened eagerly as I recognized the sound of footsteps.

"Kind friend, release me," I murmured, "my bonds are very painful. I have been long in this predicament, and I would thank you, reward you for your timely help."

He did not answer, but I felt his arms tenderly encircle me. I was lifted from the ground and borne from the room. He was taking me to the outer air where he would liberate me! Slowly he moved along, feeling his way, for it was still dark. He turned a corner, pushed open a door, and my eyes were suddenly blinded by the light of a lamp which burned within the room.

Quickly laying me down, he moved aside, then as my eyes became accustomed to the light, I looked up, and saw him—saw a face upon which there was no sign of help, no trace of pity, a face on which there was instead an expression of exultation, a look of cruelty, the face of Van Earp, the gold-seeker!

In that look I read my fate, knew I had nothing to hope for from him. Mercy? he knew it not! I shuddered and fell to wondering what fresh tortures he had in store for me. Presently he spoke:

"So you thought to steal my secret of the Golden Snail and use it only for yourself?"

He hissed rather than spoke. The pent up passion of his words, his covetous glances at the gold around him, transformed him into a very fiend.

I answered nothing.

"But you reckoned without me, my friend," he continued, his tone changing to one of irony, "you forgot me, who put you in the way of acquiring all this wealth. You were only selfish—well, I forgive you, you seem to have worked hard for me."

He laughed a devilish laugh.

"You will not take all the gold?" I asked beseechingly.

"Why not, Mynheer Stol," he replied; "you have made it out of my secret; besides, you will not need it now," he added with a mocking smile. "It is mine! Mine by right of discovery! Mine by every just claim! You are not entitled to any of it; you stole my secret, used my talisman, and would reward yourself with my treasure? I might have starved the while; what did you care? I was young, and longed for gold; you were old, and did not need it, yet you robbed me. Thief! Spy! You thought to escape me, but I have found you out at last, and will take my own. Thank me for sparing you till now!"

He lifted his foot and dashed his heel down on my upturned face once—twice.

I heard him walk to the door; see him I could not, for the blood which flowed from the wounds he had inflicted. Presently he returned with two others. Without a word they began to gather together the gold and carry it away.

They worked so for hours. Soon the room in which I lay was cleared, and then I heard them toiling, as they removed the treasure from other parts of the building.

Death stared me in the face. I heeded not their depredations, and waited for the knife which should dispatch me and end my misery.

The noise which they made in their work at last ceased. I heard the door close once more, and all again became silent as the grave.

"The wretches have left me to starve!" I cried. "Oh, miserable creature that I am, I shall slowly waste to death, and the snails will feed on my flesh! Oh, horrible! horrible!"

Minutes passed; the lamp began to burn low; deeper grew the gloom; the air was heavy and stagnant; I breathed with difficulty; a mist settled over my eyes; I began to choke. Some change, I knew not what, had taken place; it rendered me drowsy, while it irritated my throat and lungs. Then I felt the hot breath of fire! A suffocating odor pervaded the room; each moment it became more unbearable! I panted! I gasped for breath! There could be no doubt of Van Earp's design. O, most unrelent-

Con 1.ued on page 4.

The Louisiana Pelican

BATON ROUGE, LA.

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

H. L. Tracy, Editor.

THE reading-room has been open for about three weeks now, and we can see the good it is doing for those who have the privilege of reading in it, for not a day passes without the children telling us what they have read. Their compositions cover a wider field of subjects. Their warped minds have suddenly broadened and they already know more than they have ever thought of for longer periods of time. We for one believe the deaf love to read if they are given an opportunity to do so and taught what and how to read. Our reading-room is presided over by Mr. Brown who is constantly showing them how to read. There are all kinds of magazines, nearly all suitable to the understanding of the children. The Illinois Idea, Harper's Young People, and St. Nicholas find special attention. Besides magazines, there are newspapers from all over the state and other parts of the country, so the pupils keep up with the news of the day. Verily, the reading-room is a valuable adjunct to the classroom. Not only the pupils, but the teachers and officers find it a pleasant place to while away the dull evening hours. Dr. Jastremski to whose energy this undertaking was made possible, will do all in his power to make it still more attractive.

JUMPING from school into any place of responsibility is too often entertained by pupils, who think that because they know the "three R's" they are competent enough to step upon the top round of the ladder at one bound. It is, of course, needless for us to say that their ideas are erroneous, but it is necessary to grind it into their minds that they have to commence life at the bottom and that they, in school, learn two things—"how to study, and what they do not know." They get a general idea of many things, but they have yet to put those ideas into practice and here is the sure test of a person's worth. If he has common sense—practical good sense—he will succeed in the end, if not at first. He will quickly see that he is just beginning to STUDY as he leaves school, and that little things make up the sum total of a successful career. He, who shows he is particular in minor details will be able to do things that demand particular attention. Let us not forget to inculcate the idea to our pupils

while they are in the classrooms, for they can be more easily reached than would be the case in a chapel service.

The Advocate is in receipt of a letter from Mr. Archie H. Enos, now in Crowley, La., but formerly a pupil here. He sends an article for the paper, which will be published next week. From the tone of the letter we can see that he is not so well satisfied with Louisiana as he thought he would be. South Dakota seems to be good enough for him—and others as well. For the papers report the return of many a benighted pilgrim to the South, lured there last year by stories of big crops, no drought, and the like.—The Dakota Advocate.

MR. ENOS is in the southwestern part of the state which is said to contain a large number of northerners who are writing their friends to come and live in their midst. From state papers we notice that the wilds of that part of Louisiana have been changed by the thrifty northerners, who express themselves satisfied and far from wishing to return to the lands of blizzards. Mr. Enos may change his mind after a while.

G. G.—You are about three points off in your reckoning. The PELICAN is printed on a new Fair-Heaven press, from the latest type of beauty from Boston. The trouble is that the PELICAN is a tough bird.—Said Pshaw.

WE have not had the pleasure of reading what "G. G." said. Please enlighten us.

EVIDENTLY by an oversight, THE PELICAN failed to secure Vol. II, No. 1, of the Exponent, nevertheless, the editor borrowed a copy and had the pleasure of perusing the interesting special college number.

THE South Dakota School recently obtained 1,282 acres of good land in the Yankton Indian reservation.

Easter Eggs.

The question is often asked: "Why do people make presents of eggs at Easter?" And the answer is generally "Because at this season eggs are chosen as symbolical of our Lord's resurrection." This, however, is but a vague and unsatisfactory explanation, since it gives no information as to when, or how, or by whom the custom was originated. Moreover we know that people of other countries and other religions than ours, observed the same custom of offering eggs at their spring festivals; as the Persians, Jews, Egyptians, Hindoos, and the Japanese; while more barbarous nations in Africa and South America presented offerings of eggs to their idols at certain spring-time festivals. Hence it appears that the giving of Easter eggs is not exclusively a Christian observance and that it probably came to us from some custom of the past ages whose origin is lost in obscurity but which we can at least trace back as far as the days of our Saxon ancestors.

The Saxons when they took

possession of Britian, worshipped various pagan deities, among whom was "Easter," whose festival was kept at the full of the moon in the month of April—called by them the Oster month. She represented the revival of spring, the resurrection of nature from her long winter sleep; and her festival was attended with great ceremony and rejoicing.

In her honor the people cast off their old winter garments and arrayed themselves in new; and so went in gay procession, with music and dancing to offer at her shrine the products of the early spring, consisting chiefly of flowers, water-cresses and eggs.

These eggs were usually goose eggs; geese being kept by the Saxons and the Britons in flocks of hundreds and thousands, and forming an important article of home-stead property; though the Britons never ate the flesh of the bird, considering it impious to kill the creature which supplied them with so nutritious an article of food. As the goddess could not make use of the eggs offered her, they fell to the share of the priest, who, retaining a portion for their own, distributed the rest among the poor. The people also, in the general rejoicing at the return of spring, would on meeting each other present or exchange an egg, "Eoster the divine hath awakened!" Merry games in honor of the goddess Eoster were played, in which eggs bore a prominent part; they being regarded as emblematic of the life of nature which had so long slept and was now about to burst forth.

When the Saxons, through the preaching of the early missionaries, embraced the Christian religion, they continued to celebrate their festivals, only converting them from pagan rites, to the worship of Christ. Thus the spring festival in honor of Eoster occurring in the same month with the Christian observance of the Lord's resurrection, became merged in the latter, under the name of Easter, from Oster-monat, or month of the easterly wind, which was the Saxon name for April. Some of their religious customs and amusements they were allowed to retain; and thus has come down to us, their descendants, the custom putting on new garments on Easter Sunday, of decorating our churches with flowers, as they did the shrine of their goddess, and of presenting Easter eggs. In place of the pagan salutation of "Eoster hath awakened!" was now heard the religious expression: "The Lord hath arisen!" And this phrase is still made use of in Russia and some other northern countries, when on Easter morning friends and acquaintances meet for the first time.

Also, games continued to be played with eggs; such as throwing and catching, running and jumping over without breaking them. One favorite amusement, as we learn from an old Saxon chronicle, appears to have been a sort of till or tournament, in which boys and youths engaged. Twelve short poles, on each of which was placed an egg, were set at intervals in a circle, around which youths armed with blunt lances ran at full speed, taking aim at each egg as they passed, and doubtless he who broke the greatest number was declared victor.

This was in the pagan times; but six centuries later we find accounts of London Easter games, one of which must have been a relic of this tournament. In the bed of the river Thames, near the shore a number of short poles would be fixed, each bearing upon its top a ball; and the "Knight" standing in the stern of a small boat, would take aim at the balls with a blunt spear, while four boatmen rowed him past as swiftly as possible. The chances were that, if he missed the ball, he would strike the past instead and so be knocked overboard, amid shouts of laughter from the spectators. As late as the time of Elizabeth similar "jousts" were held by the London apprentices on

It was the custom of the pagan priests to bless the offerings of eggs brought to Eoster, before distributing them to the people; and, probably this was one of the rites continued to be observed on the Christian Easter festival—for we find the following in the church "Ritual" under Pope Paul V:

"Bless, Lord, we beseech thee, this thy creation of eggs, that it may become a wholesome sustenance to faithful servants, eating in thankfulness to thee, on account of the resurrection of our Lord."—Wide Wake.

Push.

In travelling over the country we often notice little thing. At a hotel where we stopped we noticed a pair of double doors. On one of these there was a tablet on which was the word push. I said to myself I know what that word means so I pushed. The door opened and I went in, and found myself in a commodious dining room, where the innerman could be refreshed with the best of the lamb. On finishing my dinner and returning to the same double doors, the same word push met my gaze, but this time it was on the other doors. I pushed, the door opened and again I passed through. This is the talisman which wins in this world. I wish this word could be placed over every door, where every boy in school could see it and he governed by it. Boys, when a hard lesson is before you push. When you have some work to do push. When you start out in life for yourself you must push. Grant said to his officer in command Push things. It was a short order but it meant much.

If you want to enter the door of knowledge push. If you want to see the door of success open and swing back on its hinges to let you pass in push.

Another thing I noticed about those doors was that the push was on the right door, both when I went in and when I came out. That said to me "let the push always be on the right." Push your way up by right methods. Do not try to pull somebody else down. The world is big enough for all. If you have a good idea push it. You may get somebody else to think as you do someday. Push your business or it will push you. When a man is pushing his business he is succeeding. When it is pushing him, he is on the road to failure. Push.—Nebraska Journal.

"I was surprised to hear Brown's book sold so well; it was a miserably poor story."

"Yes, but it was beautifully bound, you know."—Truth.

PENCILINGS.

CONTRIBUTED BY MR. BROWN.

Good Friday is a holiday here. We had no school.

Easter Sunday and colored eggs go hand in hand.

Easter Sunday comes tomorrow. What does it signify?

A number of the pupils went to church on Palm Sunday.

Mr. McArtor is making corner shelves of cypress wood for Mr. Tracy.

Superintendent Jastremski was called away to Houma, La., to see his son, Leon, on the 6th.

Mr. Goodwin is the proud possessor of a fine flock of about 20 brown leghorn chickens which were lately hatched.

The young men of Baton Rouge are planning to organize a wheel club this spring. Mr. Dobson intends to join it.

On his recent trip to Houma, our Superintendent observed that all the orange trees had been killed by the cold spell last February. This great loss is more than the growers can stand.

The girls sewing room presents the appearance of a bee-hive. Miss Hereford is exerting her energy in a busy way making calisthenic uniforms for both of those girls and boys who will take part in the coming exhibition.

The usefulness of our new library, in which we take great pride, has recently been augmented by the addition of twenty eight volumes of the ninth edition of the Britannica Encyclopaedias. They were published by the Werner Company of Chicago, Ill.

Recently we saw an announcement in the Weekly Truth that Mr. Tracy had purchased a lot, 64 by 128 ft., from Prof. Magruder of the Blind Institute. It is located about five minutes walk, on Asia St., from the Institution. In the near future he intends to build a house on it. He has our best congratulations.

The school is under much obligation to Prof. Gentry for his kindness in having invited all the pupils and officers to see the performances of his educated dogs and ponies on the 6th. As it rained hard with a strong northwest wind all the morning we feared that our disappointment to see Wombwell's show the week before, would be repeated, but after dinner it began to clear off. When it was decided to go at two o'clock every one was filled with great joy. We were accommodated with reserved seats from which we had a fine view of the performances. They are a marvel, something worth going to see. Their object is amusement as well as educational.

From the gallery of our school, one is sure to see a large brick building with its high chimney from which black smoke is constantly shooting up in great columns and shifts off in the direction of the wind. A visit to it will reveal to us that it is the Cotton Oil Factory of Baton Rouge. Has any of our northern readers of the PELICAN ever seen or visited one? If not, I will give a brief description of it, in this column, for their perusal. The inside of the building is a mass of machinery, but in order to trace the travel of the cotton seed through

them one has first to go to the store house in which are great heaps of cotton seed which were brought thither from all the neighboring cotton gins. To begin, the seeds are thrown into receivers, and from there conveyers, which are continuous screws constantly turning, take them to perforated steel cylinder which allows the seeds to fall through but, retains larger objects which are thrown out. The seeds are then carried over another lot of perforations, smaller than the seeds, which extract any sand or gravel that may be among them. Then a large fan, at the same time, frees them from dust, and throws them in a thin stream over a large magnet which attracts and holds any pieces of metal, nails for instance that have passed the other separators. The conveyers carry the lint or scrapings left upon them by the planters is cut off very close. From thence they pass to a machine which removes the hulls. The kernels are crushed like cracked wheat and then cooked in large round vessels surrounded by them. The cooked kernels are then placed between sheets of coarse camel's hair cloth and arranged in large iron presses. When a press is full, a pressure of about 3500 pounds to the square inch is turned on and out flows the warm oil which drops into settling tanks that were set to receive it. The fresh oil is of a reddish color resembling molasses, and its taste is very pleasant. It is said that the negro work men eat it on their bread, and grow fat on it. When the oil has been extracted the presses are opened, the remaining substance called "cake" is removed from the cloths that held it. It is now thin, dry and hard. It is of a yellow color. The cake is then broken up into pieces and ground in a big mill as coffee and spices are. When ground it is called cotton seed meal which is sold for cattle food. Both the hulls and meal are also used for fertilizing as they contain ammonia, phosphoric acid and potash. The oil is lastly stored in barrel shaped tanks on cars exactly resembling those oil trains of the north and then sent off to serve their different purposes in commerce.

PUPILS' PARAGRAPHS.

Father Laval came here last Wednesday evening.

Miss Bynum visited Miss Saunders last Thursday evening.

On the 14th of this month Easter Sunday will come. We will be glad.

Miss Hereford took all the girls out for a good walk last Friday evening.

On Wednesday morning, at two o'clock, a small fire occurred on Government street.

The Times-Democrat said there will be a large excursion to this city on Easter Sunday.

Teary Miller, Amanda Falterman and Lillian Mathews received their pictures. They looked nice.

Our Superintendent went to see his son, Dr. Leon Jastremski, in Houma, on Friday evening.

Miss Hereford bought some new spring dresses for several of the girls. They will make them.

Lena Geraci was glad to get a package containing a white dress from her home last Saturday.

An excursion train of six coaches came from New Orleans last Sun-

day. Not many people came here. Leon Marx received a box from home. He got a new pair of russet shoes. He is proud of them. He will show the pupils how to become a dude.

Willie Mount's father came here last Wednesday morning. He was glad to see his little daughter. He looked around the Institution. He returned home Wednesday morning.

Prof. Gentry invited the Institution people to come to see his trained ponies and dogs last Saturday afternoon. They liked to see the performances of the animals. Prof. Gentry was very kind.

Lewellyn Hennigan has not been in school for two months. The pupils are sorry for him, because he cannot go to school every day. He will go to New Orleans with Mr. Jastremski next summer. The doctor will attend to his eye.

Easter Sunday.

Next Sunday will be Easter, and all sorts of festivities will begin again. The word "Easter" is from the German "ostern," old Saxony "oster" (rising). Easter is therefore the Christian passover or festival of the resurrection of Christ. The time of celebrating the festival was a subject which gave rise to heated discussions in the primitive Christian churches. The question was fully considered and finally settled at the Council of Nice in 325 A. D. for the whole church by adopting the rule which makes Easter day the first Sunday after the first full moon after March 21. Commonly speaking, it is the "first Sunday after the first full moon after the sun crosses the line."—Times-Democrat.

Profits in Pecans.

A Texas man who has a pecan orchard in bearing has the following to say about it:

"I am more than satisfied with my investment in pecans in this section, along the valley of the Pecan bayou, in Brown county, and were it possible for me to put in double the amount of land I now have (which is 400 acres, with 11,000 trees on same), I would certainly embark in a similar enterprise. As to the amount of the trade in Texas I am not prepared to give you any definite information, but I can say there was one year here at Brownwood alone that there was shipped out \$55,000 worth of pecans in a season. I will present some figures to show the profits that can be obtained from an acre of trees when they come into full bearing.

"Twenty-seven trees can be grown in one acre. When they come into full bearing these trees will each yield annually about 8 bushels (some bear as much as 12 bushels). This makes 216 bushels to the acre. Extra large nuts bring from \$4 to \$6 per bushel, while small nuts bring from \$1.50 to \$3. Suppose we estimate the value at \$4, this would give you for one year's crop \$864. The cost of gathering would be nominal, say \$64, as a patent sweep could be constructed to sweep them off the ground after the first frost, which opens the burrs. This leaves a net amount of \$800 per acre. Suppose we take off \$400 for contingencies, and we have \$400 income from one acre. I would rather have a pecan farm than stock in any bank."

The Scheme That Failed.

"I thought I had a good scheme," remarked the museum manager, "but I might have known it would be a fizzle."

"Tell us about it," said the actor out of a job.

"It was just this: I got a fast-talking woman, see? and then offered prizes for any woman who could out-talk her. She wasn't so extra rapid in her gab, and I expected that any amount of local talent would down her, but it wasn't ago."

"Why not?"

"I found out later—an old married man told me—that no woman thinks she talks any faster or more than any other woman."—Indianapolis Journal.

Webster's Boy Daniel.

"Fame!" echoed Mr. Watterson. "I never hear the word that I do not think of Daniel Webster's story of the time he met an old gentleman in a railway car, and learning that he was from New Hampshire, thought he would draw him out a little about the old home state. A little more conversation showed that the stranger came from Mr. Webster's native town. Here was an opportunity not to be lost.

"Did you ever hear of the Webster family these?" asked the statesman.

"Oh, yes; I know them very well. The old man and I were great friends."

"Ah! then you can probably tell me what became of the boys?"

"Well, Ezekiel became a big lawyer—the biggest lawyer, I guess, in all New Hampshire. The girls, too, turned out well."

"You don't say so; and wasn't there a boy named Daniel?"

"The old man pondered a minute before he answered.

"Now I come to think, there was a boy named Dan'l, but he went down to Boston years ago, and no one an't heard of him since."

—Kate Field's Washington.

Sir Henry Thompson calls the raw tomato the "prince of salads," not so much for nutritive properties as for the salts it contains. Doubtless, if ripe and fresh, it is best of all when eaten raw; but, if served hot, only plain boiling, baking or broiling will cook this delicious half-fruit, half-vegetable so as least to alter or diminish its natural flavor.

Not on the Menu.

A western man in New York having dined is about to leave without tipping, when the menial with the towel says:

"Well, how about the waiter?"

"The waiter," replied the stranger in astonishment; "why, I don't remember to have eaten any waiter."—Alex Sweet, in Texas Siftings.

Prof. Terrorfield (new principal at Pine Corner's School)—John Henry Keyser, you were talking with one of the other scholars. Now, tell me what the conversation was about, and don't you dare to lie to me.

J. H. Keyser—Bill Slumper bet me five cents that I couldn't lick you, and I bet him ten cents that I could.

Prof. Terrorfield—Well, ah—you may be seated.

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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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We pay interests to our depositors.
Money loaned on good securities.

THE GOLDEN SNAIL.

Continued from page 1.

ing! O, most demoniac of men! I was to burn alive! The awful thought drove me desperate. With one long convulsion of my muscles I strained—pressed at the cords. As I struggled, the dull roar of the flames grew louder, nearer. But one hand was nearly free. I could feel my flesh blistering with the terrible heat. One more effort and I was tearing at the cords. Oh, what an age it seemed before I could extricate each limb from their many folds. With one superhuman effort I tore the last strands asunder, struggled to my feet, and dashed head long through the flames. I was saved!

There is little more to relate. The fiercest passion of my life ended with the destruction of the object I had so frantically worshipped—in the ashes of a fallen idol!

I was told by the nurses at the hospital to which I was carried that I lingered between life and death for many weeks. Not until the return of summer was I able to leave my bed; then, my face, mutilated by Van Earp's cruel heel, I wandered forth a cripple and a beggar!

Merciful people have sent me back to my native village, where, thanks to their charity, I now pass my few remaining days waiting for release from the memory of terrible months of mad joy and horrible despair which have robbed me of all happiness on earth.

Need I speak of Nelo! But a few words. The accursed spot, as if adhorred of God as it would have been of man—had man known it as well as I—has disappeared, swallowed up in the great convulsion which destroyed whole islands far larger than itself. Unhappy spot! where once life teemed in all its magnificent variety, now only the ocean rolls and the sea birds soar. These are the only signs of life. It is better so. I hear of Van Earp sometimes. He also has returned to Holland. People call him great and good, a leader among men, rich, talented, charitable!—but I do not hear that he b a s at his watch-chain the symbol of his success and my degradation—THE GOLDEN SNAIL!

A Singular Experience.

A Penobscot county doctor, some time ago, had a strange experience or something of the kind. He had been visiting a patient in Piscataquis county and was returning in the darkness, when his horse stumbled and fell. Fortunately, the doctor was not thrown out, and the only thing broken was one thill. This he was able to mend so as to continue his journey. As he drove up to his door he was surprised to see his wife, who met him with the question: "You did meet with an accident, didn't you?" The doctor looked at his wife in astonishment, which was not wholly dispelled as she explained that she had gone to bed and to sleep, but had suddenly found herself in a sitting posture with a nameless dread that something terrible had happened to her husband. Being unable to shake it off, she had arisen and waited for his return. On comparison, it was found that the time of the accident and that of her strange awakening were identical.—Lewiston Journal.