

The Louisiana Pelican.

PUBLISHED AT THE LOUISIANA SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF.

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NO. 16.

Fill Life With Melody.

Don't sit around an' grumble
From mornin' until night;
Don't be too meek an' humble,
'Cause that isn't right.
But with a heart that's cheerin',
With a spirit bold and free,
An' with a happy song, as you go along.

Fill life with melody.
Prayin' loud an' long in meetin'
Isn't the only thing to do,
A kind and hearty greetin'
An' encouragin' word or two.
Sympathy of substantial kind
To those that needy be—
Such deeds as these sore burdens ease—

Fill life with melody.
Don't sit around despisin'
The creeds an' views o' other,
But treatin' an' recognizin'
All men as your brothers,
Jest sound the chord o' human love,
Cause hate an' strife to flee,
An' the world around will then resound
With sweetest melody.

—William West.

Flowers.

There is a beautiful story of a French prisoner who became exceedingly attached to a flower. He was put in prison by Napoleon because he was supposed to be an enemy of the government. One day as Charney (for that was his name) was walking in the yard adjoining his cell, he saw a plant pushing up from between the stones. How it came there he could not tell. Perhaps some one carelessly dropped the seed. Or perhaps the seed was blown over the wall by the wind. He knew not what plant it was, but he felt a great interest in it. Shut in within those walls away from all his friends, not permitted to interest himself with either reading or writing, he was glad to have this little living thing to watch over and love.

Every day when he walked in the court he spent much time in looking at it. He soon saw some buds. He watched them as they grew larger and larger, and longed to see them open.

And when the flowers at length came out he was filled with joy. They were very beautiful. They had three colors in them—white, purple, rose color; and there was a delicate silvery fringe all round the edge. Their fragrance, too, was delicious. Charney examined them more than he ever did flowers before; and never did flowers look so beautiful to him as these.

Charney guarded his plant with great care from all harm. He made a frame-work out of such things as he could get, so that it should not be broken down by some careless foot or by the wind. One day there was a hail storm; and to keep his tender plant from the pelting of the hail, he stood beading over it as long as the storm lasted.

The plant was something more than a pleasure and comfort to the prisoner.

It taught him some things that he had never learned before, though he was a very wise man. When he went into the prison he was an infidel. He did not believe there was a God; and among his scribbles on the prison wall he had written, "All things come by chance." But as he watched his loved flower, its opening beauties told him that there is a God. He felt that none but God could make that flower. And he said that the flower had taught him more than he had ever learned from the wise men of the earth.

The cherished plant proved of great service to the prisoner. It was the means of his being set free. I will tell you how this was. Another prisoner, an Italian, whose daughter came to visit him, was much interested by the tender care which Charney took of his plant.

At one time it seemed as if it was going to die, and Charney felt very sad. He wished that he could take up the stones around it, but he could not without permission. The Italian girl managed to see the Empress Josephine and to tell her about it; and permission was given to Charney to do with his plant as he desired. The stones were taken up, and the earth was loosened, and the flower was soon as bright as ever again.

She, too, had a cherished flower—the sweet jasmine, that she had brought from the home of her youth, a far-off island of the West Indies. This had been reared by her own hand; and though its simple beauty would scarcely have excited the attention of a stranger, it was dearer to her than all the rare and brilliant flowers that filled her hot houses. She thought a good deal, therefore, of the prisoner that took such care of his one flower. She inquired about him, and after a little time persuaded the Emperor to give him his freedom.

And when Charney left the prison he took the plant with him to his home; for he could not bear to part with this sweet companion that had cheered his lonely prison life, taught him such lessons of wisdom, and was at last the means of setting him free.

A man may love to hoard up money so much, that he will not care about any thing beautiful. Some men can not see any use in flowers. They think that potatoes, and turnips, and beets, ought to grow where their daughters have their flower garden. They forget that God has given us beautiful things on purpose to have us enjoy looking at them. God has a use for every thing that he has made, and this is the use of flowers. And he likes to see us love the beautiful things that he has given us, and make a proper use of them.—The Gazette.

Attar of Roses.

Since the emancipation of the Balkan provinces the manufacture of attar of roses has become a great industry in Bulgaria, and has been taken up on a large scale in Germany. We have all been accustomed to connect the fabrication of attar of roses with Persia and Syria, and even now India and Constantinople furnish probably the largest markets for it; but, although the art of making it was discovered in Persia, the manufacture has nearly or quite died out and the center of the business is now the country about Kazanlik, on the south slope of the Balkans, close to the Shipka, or Wild Rose pass, famous in the history of the Russo-Turkish war. The rose-growing belt is situated at an average breadth altitude of 1,000 feet above the sea, and extends to a length of about seventy miles, with an average breadth of ten miles. On this ground are produced annually from 5,000,000,000 to 6,000,000,000 rose blossoms. The number of varieties cultivated is very small.

Ninety per cent. of all the blossoms are taken from a bushy variety of the Rosa Damascens, or damask rose, known to our gardeners mainly as the ancestor from which the infinite variety of hybrid perpetual roses derive a large part of their blood. Of the remaining 10 per cent, a part are gathered from the white musk rose, which is frequently planted as a hedge around the fields of pink Damascens, while the rest are furnished by a dark red variety of Damascens. Other sorts of roses have been tried, but some yield no attar at all, and others give an essence having the per-

fume of violets, or pineapples, hyacinth, rather than of roses.—Public Opinion.

Cold Winters.

In the year 401, the Black Sea was frozen over for twenty days, and men crossed from Asia Minor to the Crimea.

In 764 the Black sea was frozen to a distance of fifty miles from shore. The Hellespont and Dardanelles were frozen, and the Sea of Marmora was passable for cavalry.

In 1063 the River Thames was frozen over for fourteen weeks. All the rivers of the continent were frozen, and even south of the Alps the Po and many other streams were blocked with ice.

In 1294 the Cattegat was covered with ice seven feet thick. Batteries of artillery were moved to and fro on the strait.

In 1323 the Baltic sea was frozen over, and during three months travelers passed from the Continent to Sweden on the ice. Heavy wagon trains were substituted for the trading vessels.

In 1433 the Thames and all other rivers of England and Scotland froze over. The Seine, Rhine, and Danube were all covered with ice. The Baltic were closed to navigation early in December. The Dardanelles and Hellespont froze, as did many bays and inlets of the Mediterranean. Ice formed in Algiers, and the Strait of Gibraltar was almost impassable from drift ice. In 1469 the Baltic again froze over so as to permit travel on the ice. In Germany deer sought the towns for refuge from wolves. Packs of wolves came into the cities and attacked the people in the streets.

In 1544 the cold was so severe in Holland that wine was cut in blocks and sold by weight.

In 1594 all the rivers of North Europe were frozen before Christmas. The Cattegat froze, together with a large part of the Baltic. The sea at Venice froze so that during three weeks no boats could be used. The Tiber frozen at Rome and men crossed it on the ice, thing never known before nor since.

In 1658 the bays and inlets of North Europe froze over early in December. Charles X. of Sweden, crossed the strait to Deamark with his whole army, including the artillery, baggage and provision trains.

In 1648 Thames was covered with ice over a foot thick. Boats were erected for a fair, which was held on the river. Coaches plied to and fro on the ice as on dry land.

All the French ports were closed for three or four weeks, the harbors being frozen over. The winter of 1812-13 was one of the hardest ever known in Europe. The Thames froze from the source to the sea, the Seine, the Rhine, the Danube, the Po and the Gaudalquivere were all covered with ice. The Baltic froze for many miles from land, the Ikagerack and the Cattegat were both frozen over. The Adriatic at Venice was frozen, so was the Sea of Marmora, while the Hellespont and the Dardanelles were blocked with ice and the archipelago was impassable. The Tiber was lightly coated and the Straits of Mesina were covered with ice.

Snow fell all over North Africa, and drift ice appeared in the Nile. This was the winter of Napoleon's retreat from Moscow, when 400,000 men perished, mostly of cold and hunger. The men froze to death in battalions, and no horses were left either for the artillery or cavalry. Quicksilver froze

this winter.

In 1691 the cold was so severe in Eastern Europe that packs of starving wolves entered Vienna and attacked men and women in the streets. All the canals of Venice were frozen, and the principal mouth of the Nile was blocked with floating ice for a week.

In 1740 the Thames was frozen for eleven weeks. Forest birds almost all perished, and trees were split by the frost. The harbor of Barcelona froze over, and navigation was suspended of the Greek Archipelago on account in the danger from floating ice.

In 1849 the cold in Sweden, Norway and Russia was so severe that great numbers of persons were frozen to death in all those countries.

In 1863-4 a severe cold wave swept over the whole North America. The thermometer went to 60 below zero in the Northwest. The Mississippi River was blocked with ice in a single night, and in twelve hours froze from St. Paul to Cairo.—Louisiana Sunday Review.

Requisites for Civilized Man.

The primary class in a school had the question: What are the three requisites for civilized man?

Answer—Food, clothing and shelter.

The next day there was a review. The teacher put the question. All could remember food and clothing, but the third had escaped their recollection.

The teacher then repeated: "When a man has food and clothing what else does he need to make him happy?"

One little fellow frantically waved his hand and stood up.

"I know, Miss Carrie."

"What?"

"A sweetheart."—N. O. Picayune.

A little girl of Bellefield, who has been promoted recently from the kindergarten of a private school to the primary department, went home the other day and told her mamma about a very bad little girl who was so utterly naughty that she had to be punished by being stood up in front of the school for half an hour.

"I hope my little daughter is never so naughty as that," replied the mamma. "It would mortify me excessively if the teacher should find it necessary to punish my girlie in that way. Did you ever have to stand up before the school, dear?"

"Yes, mamma. Twice, mamma."

But it was for only very little things, mamma. But mamma!

"Well!"

I don't really think I shall ever understand this tariff question. I do wish it was settled. This tariff will drive me distracted. Mamma, do you think papa understands the tariff?—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

The Best Time.

There is no time like now. A duty neglected to-day may result in disaster to-morrow. We know of a man whose insurance policy expired at noon and at four o'clock his house was in ashes. Some folks call these things bad luck; they are pure carelessness.—American Farmer and Farm News.

We have not a debt of \$6,000,000,000 like France, nor yet of £587,000,000, like England.

The fishermen along our coasts and in our waters catch \$45,000,000 worth of fish every year.

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.

MANY a slip occurs in social circles, in business, in the class-room, on streets and on the playground. In the school are we all—teachers, officers and pupils—most concerned. Often is our attention called to the fact that "like teacher like pupil" is a slip too often the case. Easily can a teacher get into ruts, and easily can the pupil get into like habits. The manners of the pupils are like those of the teacher. Where the instructor is a model of cleanliness, and precision, his pupils their work, and his classroom are the "pink of neatness"; on the other hand where one is lax in discipline and attractiveness, there is constant restlessness, looking out of the window and reciting lessons in a listless manner on the part of the pupils. Such a state of things no teacher would be glad for visitors to see. Perhaps many have noticed that there are times when pupils put on their best behavior when others than their teacher is watching them recite. It is a poor teacher, who cannot have a most refining influence over his pupils, and if he has such a control, his pupils would take pride in making the fewest errors and advancing rapidly in whatever he would want them to do. The writer has not forgotten how one of his teachers used to sit with his chair standing on two legs, his hands on top of his head, perhaps dreaming dreams of pleasantness. Luckily his pupils were not under his care long, so his demoralizing influence was not imitated. Our memory wanders backward again. When that same teacher awoke from lethargy, he would be wrathful to see his pupils doing so poorly. Here we refrain. While teachers of today must be up and doing with energy, they should guard well the following: "Severe expressions, arising from lack of self-control on the part of the teacher, are productive of demoralization in the school, and have a most unrefining effect on the pupils." The teacher can be noble, can be productive of much good, and can be the source of all that ought not to be.

DEAFNESS is no barrier to the success of any one who has pluck and perseverance. There are lines of industry, besides the departments in the School, in which the deaf can succeed,—dairying for instance. And those who have had practical experience will always be called upon to express what they know. Mr. Charles H. Loucky, agent

of the South Dakota School, has been, we are pleased to note called to take charge of the dairy, department of the Dakota Farmer.

IF THERE is anyone who wants to know about the unlimited resources of the South, it would pay him to read the March 7th issue of The Independent, 130 Fulton St., New York.

The teacher should guide the thought of his class, but, if he attempt to do ALL THE TALKING, he will find, when he concludes, that he has been left to do ALL THE THINKING.—Read—Kellogg.

Rt. Rev. Elisha S. Thomas, D. D., Episcopal Bishop of Kansas died at Selina, Kan., on the 9th inst. When a young man he taught in the Louisiana school for the deaf with Dr. J. L. Noyes superintendent of the Minnesota school. Dr. Noyes acted as best man at Bishop (then Mr.) Thomas' wedding.—Exponent.

How to Get Rich.

To make money you must begin by saving. This is not very pleasant advice to take, but if you can't endure it, you may as well give up, now and forever, all hope of having money.

You may make heavy strikes, and have large sums at a time for a little while, but most of the time you will be as miserable as the man who doesn't know where the next day's meal or the next month's rent is coming from.

Be as careful as you may, in planning for your future, for there will come times when you will be completely upset unless you have some savings to fall back upon to help you through a pinch.

A young man, whose income was, for a year or two, a thousand dollars a day, is still living, a broken-down, poverty-stricken old man, pointed at by every-body as a failure. He never gambled, he never drank, he had no vices; on the contrary, he was a man of high character, and of national reputation for ability and wisdom. But always, whether poor or rich, he spent his income as fast as he received it, generally faster—and finally the sheriff cleared out his house on a judgment for a small debt, not leaving even his children's toys or school books. Again this man "got on his feet," as the saying is, and made a great deal of money but experience had not seemed to teach him anything, for again he is in the depths of poverty.

If such a brilliant intellect, with unusual opportunities, cannot succeed without saving, what chance is there for the ordinary man or woman.

The usual reply to injunctions to save money is: "What am I to save on? I'm getting only enough money now to keep soul and body together."

I know dozens of young men in New York getting ten dollars or more per week, who not only never save any money, but are always borrowing from their friends or the pawnbroker. Yet I know several who get ten dollars or less per week who save a quarter or a third of their pay. How?

Well, there are many ways, but

one of them is not to act as if to like a thing makes it a necessity. If your income won't support you in the style you like, you must try to live cheaper. One really nice fellow, whom I urged to begin saving, said, pathetically:

"Oh you don't know anything about it, I only get twelve dollars a week; my board comes to eight dollars, my lunches down town, at a quarter a day, come to one dollar and a half, my laundry bill one dollar a week, and I only smoke two ten-cent cigars a day—that comes to one dollar and forty cents; total, eleven dollars and ninety cents. You see I don't get enough even to pay car-fare, so I walk both ways.

"Can't you find a cheaper boarding house?" I ventured.

"Cheap boarding is nasty."

"Or board yourself, by making a good mid-day meal at a restaurant?"

"Boarding one's self is mussy."

"Nearly ten per cent. of your income for cigars seems a great deal."

"Yes, but a man must have some comfort."

"How do you buy clothes?"

"Oh, my parents gave me a good outfit and before it is worn out I hope for a raise of salary."

"Do you owe any money?"

"Only a few dollars that I've borrowed."

This is a fair sample of the young man who says he can't save any money. In the office with him is another young man, equally nice in appearance or to talk to, getting the same rate of pay, but putting a five-dollars bill in the savings bank every Saturday night. He pays one dollar and a half for a small room, prepares his own breakfast and supper, and has a hearty dinner at a restaurant, all for three dollars a week, yet looks as if he had plenty to eat; he washes of his own clothing, and says he doesn't see why it's any more disgraceful for him to do it than it would be if he were a girl. He always dresses well, and even should he get no raise of salary, he will have nearly a thousand dollars in the bank by the time he is of age.—The Riverside.

The Ideal Wife.

Oh, "the ideal wife"—that is, the man's ideal—is, as a rule, the creation of his own intense masculine selfishness. The best picture of the "ideal wife" I have you will find in the book of Proverbs, chapter XXXI, and it is a man's ideal all the way through, "the words of King Lemuel," but it is "the prophecy that his mother taught him." So it comes from a woman after all. "The heart of her husband trusteth in her, and he shall have no lack of gain. She will do him good—she seeketh wool and flax and worketh willingly with her hands—she bringeth her food"—and this, too, quite likely—"from afar."

"She riseth also while it is yet night and giveth meat to her household"—while he rolls over for another snooze—"she considereth a field and buyeth it"—and he owns two thirds of it—"her lamp goeth not out by night"—but he is first to bed and last to get up—"her husband is known in the gates"—because he has such excellent wife—she maketh fine linen and selleth it—but it does not appear that he does anything except to sit in the gate—among the elders of the land. She openeth her mouth with wisdom—while he wisely keeps his

shut, save when he has the good taste and appreciation to "call her blessed" and "praise her." "She looketh well to the ways of her household and he has an easy time of it, and has no need to bother his about anything."

There is "the ideal wife" for you; her husband is mentioned only three times in the description of her household, once he is safely "trusting in her," once he is praising her, having nothing else to do himself, and the other time he is sitting in the gates, wearing out the dome of his pants, which is, perhaps, one reason why her candle burns all night. "The ideal wife"—why—"There is only one good wife in this congregation said a grim old minister, standing in his pulpit one Sunday morning every man and woman in the house looked at each other—"and every man thinks he has got her" the pastor concluded. That is the "ideal wife," the woman who takes care of your children, your home, your clothes and yourself.—Robert J. Burdette, in Philadelphia Press.

True Politeness.

True politeness comes from the heart and begins at home: surely those who love us will appreciate our little courtesies more than strangers. The boy who allows his mother or sister to lift a heavy bucket of coal, is not a true gentleman. The girl who is rude to her little brothers and sisters, though she may have very beautiful manners when in company, is not a true lady. People may be highly educated, and even have polished manners and yet be ruffians at heart. A true lady can be recognized the moment she is seen: she is a lady under all circumstances: in a cabin or in a palace; in the kitchen or in the parlor; in rags or in silk; there is no mistaking her. The Empress Josephine was brought up on a plantation; but when she became Empress of France, she had no need to study etiquette. One who is truly polite, is polite to every one, and is accordingly respected by every one. True politeness is an unselfish consideration of the feelings of others. It is said upon one occasion, a country woman was dining with the Queen of England. Some of the servants, seeing the woman eating with her knife, began to giggle. The Queen immediately took up her knife and began to eat with it. That was true politeness.—Lucille Ferguson.

Inventions and Discoveries.

The telephone was invented in 1861.
The Chinese invented paper 170 B.C.
Gold was discovered in California in 1848.
The phonograph was invented in 1877.
Pe-ru-na was discovered in 1854.
Spectacles were invented by an Italian in the 13th century.
The first steel pen, was made in 1830.
Man-a-lin was discovered in 1856.
Modern needles first came into use in 1545.
La-cu-pl-a was discovered in 1862.
The pianoforte was invented in Italy about 1710.

When falling, as out of a tree, or down a steep declivity, bears will roll themselves into a cross resemblance to a huge furry ball and thus escape without injury.

PENCILINGS.

CONTRIBUTED BY MR. BROWN.

Fickle March.

Sunny and cloudy weather succeed each other alternatively.

Leon Marx's cousin, Mr. Leon Block was married on the 6th.

Mr. Lytle photographed our fine stock of holstein cows and calves on the 18th.

On the 16th, Arrenah Pettit was made happy by the receipt of a box from home.

Mrs. Johnson and Miss Pujol called on Mrs. Goodwin for a short time on the 17th.

Mary Falterman was very happy to receive a package and some money from home on the 19th.

Lena Geraci's aunt and two cousins came to see her on the 17th. They took her to town in the afternoon.

Fickle as March is we cannot be fooled for we look upon the pecan tree as the true prophet of spring weather.

Recently Mrs. Tracy was remembered with a liberal assortment of flower seeds from Congressman Robertson.

St. Patrick's day, now a thing of the past, was celebrated with reverence and patriotism by the descendants of Erin here.

The calisthenic class, with Miss Rambo in charge, was opened for the coming two months on the 14th. The pupils go there to undergo their daily training exercises from 12 to 12.15 o'clock.

Mr. A. Villaret is now filling the position of drug clerk at Mr. S. Hiliart's drug store. He is a pleasant gentleman, and will doubtless make many friends in our city.—Plaquemine Budget. Mr. A. Villaret is a brother of Charles.

Baseball is at present the topic of talk among the boys. They have put the diamond in good condition so that they will begin to play very soon. It is hoped they will enjoy some genuine sport from now until the close of the season.

The walls of the new library has, recently, been decorated with six fine pictures, of which four are engravings and two are water colors. The subjects are "Good Morning, Papa" by I. Nunes Vais; "The Three Sisters" by F. Lafou; "The Evening Hymn" by W. Friedrich; "1814" by Meissonier; "Music" and "Song" by C. Kiesel.

Superintendent Jastremski vaccinated several of the boys and girls last week which was done to insure them against any sudden prevalence of the smallpox. We are glad to say that Baton Rouge is entirely free from this epidemic. It is now only confined to Monroe, La., over a hundred miles north of here, which is closely quarantined.

Rev. and Mrs. Patterson of Baton Rouge, and Mr. and Mrs. Frost, formerly of Grundyville, Iowa from whence they migrated sometime ago to the sunny clime of Louisiana where they expect to make their home, visited the Institution on the 12th. They were favorably impressed by both of our educational and industrial departments.

Rev. Job Turner arrived in Baton Rouge Sunday morning from Knox-

ville, Tenn., and was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Goodwin. At 9 o'clock, he conducted the Sabbath service in the chapel, taking Heb. 2:1 as his text: "Therefore we ought to give the more earnest heed to the things which we have heard, lest at any time we should let them slip." His talk was interesting as evidenced by the close attention which the pupils gave him. Rev. Turner is always a welcome visitor to our school and we were glad to see him again. After staying here till Thursday, visiting the class rooms and industrial shops, he started for New Orleans where he will conduct services at St. Paul's church to the deaf people of that city. From thence he expects to go to Temple, Texas, where he will dedicate a new chapel which the deaf people of that place have erected.

It is generally noticed that whenever a new thing comes into commerce and ordinary use, we always have to invent a new word for it or borrow an old one. Usually most of the modern languages have resources equal to the demand, but we find that those languages, which are very conservative and jealous of innovations, have a hard time of meeting it. For instance the Flemings or Belgian people of Teutonic speech, being very guarded against the invasions of foreign terms into their language, found a hard task to perform when they wished to make a new word for "wheel" as applied to the bicycle. After a considerable struggle, the best scholars among those people decided upon a word of pure Flemish origin, which really described it, but it seemed rather such a great jaw breaker. The word is "Gewielsnelrijroettrapendneusbrekergestel." What a pity it must be for the oral schools of Belgium, if there be any, to toil so patiently in teaching the pupils to speak it. We wonder if a tooth or two might get loosened or probably drop out before they succeed in pronouncing it right.

PUPILS' PARAGRAPHS.

The peach trees are blooming fast.

Grey Barham was the first to be vaccinated.

Mr. Tracy received a nice picture of his cousin.

Mary Luke's birthday occurred on Thursday.

Katie Farrell got a package from her father last Monday.

Miss Hereford took several girls to church last Saturday evening.

Last Saturday, Arrenah Pettit was glad to receive a box from her mother.

Some visitors from the North came to see the school last Wednesday evening.

Miss Hereford's sister and cousin, Miss Katie Percy, came here last Thursday evening.

Dr. Jastremski went to New Orleans last week, and he met Master Trousdale and his parents.

It was raining hard at 4 o'clock last Thursday morning. The thunder and lightning were terrible.

Charles Villaret was surprised to see his brother up town at the Mayor Hotel. He is working in Plaquemine.

Mr. Magrader came here last Friday evening to see Mr. Tracy. He is the superintendent of the Blind Institute.

Rev. Job Turner came here Sun-

day morning. We were interested in his lecture. He stayed until Thursday.

Evelyn Knight got a letter from her sister, Claudia, last Saturday. She found a fine silk handkerchief for herself and a silver pin for Mabel in it.

The Mouse Escaped.

A lady, while engaged in the pursuit of her domestic duties encountered a mouse in the flour barrel. Now, most ladies, under similar circumstances, would have uttered a few genuine shrieks, and then sought safety in the garret, but this one possessed more than the ordinary degree of genuine courage.

She summoned the man servant and told him to get the gun, call the dog and station himself at a convenient distance. Then she clambered half way up stairs and commenced to punch the flour barrel with a pole.

Presently the mouse made its appearance and started across the floor. The dog at once went in pursuit. The man fired and the dog dropped dead; the lady fainted and fell down stairs; and the man, thinking she was killed, and fearing that he would be arrested for murder, disappeared, and has not been seen since. The mouse escaped.—Amusing Journal.

Nicotine.

The name nicotine is a reminder of Jean Nicot, a French nobleman and ambassador to Portugal. In 1560 he sent a quantity of tobacco seeds from Lisbon to Paris, stating that they were the seeds of a valuable medicinal plant that was just then highly appreciated in Portugal, into which country it had been introduced from America, forty years before.

For some time after its discovery by the Europeans, tobacco was called petum, the name given it by the Indians of the West Indies, Central and South America. The name tobacco comes from that of the pipe used by the West India islanders. It was originally Tobago.

Hill Was a Trainboy.

It is not generally known that Senator Hill has risen from a humble origin and that he was the original "train boy" on the New York Central railroad—the first urchin that ever sold newspapers, cigars and chewing-gum on the railroad cars in that state. He secured the privilege from Dean Richmond, then manager of the section of what is now the New York Central system between Syracuse and Rochester, and finally operated the whole line between Buffalo and Albany, having a number of other boys to assist him. He might have been a millionaire also had he not gone back to school when he was 17 years old, with an ambition to study law and allowed himself to drift into politics as soon as he was admitted to the bar.

He made political speeches before he was old enough to vote, and was elected a delegate to a congressional nominating convention the same month that he became of age. His father was a carpenter in the little New York village of Havana. Mr. Hill has been so busy with politics all his life that he has never had time to make money, and is not

worth more than \$50,000 all told, most of which is invested in his home in the suburbs of Albany, which was built and embellished by poor "Fritz" Emmet, at a cost of more than \$150,000, and was sold to Mr. Hill after his death for one-fifth of that sum.—Issue.

From The Best Authors.

The most censorious are generally the least judicious.—Anon.

When you introduce a moral lesson let it be brief.—Horace.

Oh! how much more doth beauty beauteous seem by that sweet ornament which truth doth give.—Shakspeare.

Hearts are like flowers; they remain open to the softly falling dew, but shut up in the violent down-pour of rain.—

Who dares to think that these few thousand years have exhausted this majestic and mysterious being that we call man?—Philips Brooks.

The lights of a picture are created by the shades; the highest pleasure which nature has indulged to sensitive perception is that of rest after fatigue.—Johnson.

One who is too wise an observer of the business of others, like one who is too curious in observing the labor of bees, will often be stung for his curiosity.—Pope.

When we live habitually with the wicked, we become necessarily their victims or their disciples; on the contrary, when we associate with the virtuous, we form ourselves in imitation of their virtues, or at least lose, every day, something of our faults.—Agapet.

Critics must excuse me if I compare them to certain animals called asses, who, by gnawing vines, originally taught the great advantage of pruning them.—Shenstone.

I am very sure that any man of common understanding may, by culture, bare, attention and labor, make himself whatever he pleases, except a great poet.—Chesterfield.

Men of great parts are often unfortunate in the management of public business, because they are apt to go out of the common road by the quickness of their imagination.—Swift.

Ballads and popular songs are both the cause and effect of general morals; they are first formed and then react. In both points of view they are an index of public morals.—H. Martineau.

Bashfulness is a great hindrance to man, both in uttering his sentiments and in understanding what is perposed to him; it is therefore good to press forward with discretion, both discourse and company, of the better sort.—Bacon.

It is a secret known to but few, yet of no small use in the conduct of life, that when you fall into a man's conversation, the first thing you should consider, is, whether he has a greater inclination to hear you, or that you should hear him.—Steele.

Attention makes the genius, all learning, fancy science, and skill depend upon it. It builds bridges, opens new worlds, heals diseases, carries on the business of the world. Without it, taste is useless, and the beauties of literature unobserved.—Willmott.

The dry rustle of the withered oak leaves is the voice of the wood in winter. It rises and falls, swells and dies away with agreeable alternation, as the sea surf does.—Thoreau.

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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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The misfortunes of others are filled with irresistible humor in many cases, particularly in the more trifling acts of every day. To see a man sit on his own stiff hat is relished with keen enjoyment by every other man in sight. If another man finds that the crush has come in reality to his own headgear after laughing wildly at the supposed hard luck of his friend, then the situation is a thousand times funnier.

A young man with this human trait strongly developed swung down Washington street at a sharp pace the other afternoon. He carried his mackintosh flung over his arm. At the crossing of Fifth avenue there was a rattle of coin and a shower of nickels and dimes rained on the pavement from some unknown region. No one was more astonished than the young man, and he stopped with great interest and watched passers eye the scattered curaskance and them shyly, as in fear of a trick. Finally all of the pieces had been picked up by small boys and other sensible pedestrians, and still there was no trace of the source. The curious young man enjoyed the incident and the study of human nature that it afforded, and had got about two blocks further on his way when his face lengthened instantly as he exclaimed: "By Jove! that change fell out of my mackintosh pocket!"—Chicago Times.

Sympathetic Painter.

The language of hints is great to children, as a rule, and they interpret it after a simple fashion of their own.

"Where have you been all the morning, Dick?" inquired Mrs. Sampson of her ten year-old son.

"I've been down by the old sawmill, watching a man paint a picture," replied Dick, whose chubby countenance was decorated with paint of various colors.

"I am afraid you must have bothered him," said Mrs. Sampson, as she began to scrub her son's besmirched features.

"No'm. I didn't bother him a bit," said Dick, in a moment's intermission between the applications of soap and water. "He was real intereted in me I could tell by the way he talked."

"What did he say?" inquired Mrs. Sampson.

"He looked at his watch," replied Dick, "and told me he knew it was most my dinner-time. He knew a boy of my age must be hungry, he said, for he'd been a boy himself!"—Youth's Companion.

A Point in the Litany.

Mrs. Richard Clarke, wife of the congressman from Mobile, Ala., is one of the few women brave enough to scatter witty things in the waste of five minute official calls. At the house of Mrs. Hale of Maine, the church service was mentioned.

"There's one portion of the litany," said Mrs. Clarke, "that always used to bother me. It's where we pray especially for the 'widowed and fatherless.'"

I never could see why they needed praying for so much, as I thought motherless children deserved pity much more; but I've just found out why the motherless aren't mentioned. It's because there are so few of them, as the first thing a man does when he is bereft of his wife is to look around for a new mother for his children."

In the laugh that followed Mrs. Clarke clinched her argument on the litany with: "I think I ought to know, for didn't I marry a widower myself?"—Kate Field's Washington.

The nine longest words in the English language are;

Subconstitucionalist.

Incomprehensibility.

Philoprogenitiveness.

Honorificabilitudinit.

Anthropophaginitian.

Disproportionableness.

Velocipedestrianist.

Transubstantiationableness.

Proantitransubstantiationist.