

The Louisiana Pelican.

PUBLISHED AT THE LOUISIANA SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF.

VOL. XIV.

BATON ROUGE, LA., MAR., 16, 1895

NO. 15.

Sure.

My thoughts go out like spider threads
Cast forth upon the air;
Filmy and fine and floating wide,
Caught by whatever may betide,
To seek thee everywhere.

In league with every breeze that blows,
All ways, all holds they dare;
North, east or south or west they fly,
And sure, though winds be low or high,
To find thee everywhere.

Love still is lord of space and fate;
All roads his runners fare;
All heights that bar, they laughing climb,
They find all days the fitting time,
And highways everywhere.

—Anna C. Brackett in Scribner's.

FULFILLMENT OF A DREAM.

On a warm day in midsummer Bernice Keith, a girl of eighteen, was walking restlessly through the woods, bemoaning her fate in this wise:

Why should other girls be beautiful and interesting while she was plain and commonplace? Why should she spend her lifetime in a small town where no one appreciated her? Was life really worth living after all?

These and similar thoughts flitted through her brain.

At last an inner voice said:

"We can make of life a great success or a dismal failure. Which shall it be?"

Bernice Keith had been adopted by her father's on sister the death of her parents. Mr. and Mrs. Burton were a kind-hearted couple who, in their way, were very fond of their niece, but did not know how to show it. They had cared for her body, in a sense—that is, they had clothed her, and given her a comfortable room and the best food that their table afforded, but they had paid little attention to the mental and moral qualities.

She had almost starved for love, and two years before the opening of our story, when Dallas Grayden, a nephew of her uncle's, had become an inmate of the home, and had paid her many little attentions, is it any wonder that she had gone to him with her little trials and vexations and that he had been her loyal champion?

He called her his cousin, and had taken a great interest in her, but he had never thought of her in any other way than as a sister.

She was by no means pretty, being thin almost to gauntness, and very sallow. Her only redeeming features were handsome dark eyes.

She was not a sickly girl, but had never had a great amount of physical endurance.

One evening, while attending an opera with a friend the Spring before, she had noticed her cousin Dallas with a beautiful young lady and, with an overwhelming and confusing power she realized that she had learned to love her handsome cousin.

Oh, how sweet is love, and yet how bitter when it is not returned.

On the morning prior to her

walk in the woods she had learned that Dallas contemplated a trip abroad.

How could she live without him in that dreary place? If only she had a mother! How she had longed to be mothered all her life, but, alas! for thousands of girls like her, who have never known what it was to have and feel a mother's love.

Dallas had said he should be gone a year, possibly longer.

As Bernice walked through the dense forest, inhaling the fresh, woody odor, her heart was full of sorrow.

At last said to herself:

"No. I will not let my life be embittered by a girlish love, and as the giving of happiness to others is the secret of happiness, I will try to think more of others and less of myself."

Sufling the action to her words, she walked over to Margaret Lee's a friend who had been confined to bed for several months with rheumatism. She chatted away for awhile, telling her the latest news about all the girls, and then read an interesting story.

That night she had a very strange dream, which seemed so real that she did not soon forget it, and it had a life-long influence over her future.

In her dream she saw herself a woman of twenty-eight, with vigorous health, a finely developed body, and a beautiful face whose complexion was faultless. Her hair was magnificent and of a reddish tinge. Everything about her was luxurious, and she seemed to be issuing commands to a large number.

Soon after Dallas's departure, she made up her mind, since all things are possible, that she would some day, some time, be worthy of some good man's love, whether it be Dallas Grayden or some other man.

As her one aim had always been to help the poor and erring, if she attained the heights of such womanhood she could much more readily do it than in her present position.

She was almost glad that Dallas was gone, so that she could try an experiment.

She began by taking a warm bath each day and afterward a cold spray. She took a brisk walk every morning long before her uncle and aunt were up. She made a careful study of healthful and hygienic food, and learned to enjoy the new diet she had planned for herself.

She stopped drinking tea and coffee, of which she had been so fond, and substituted good Jersey milk. She avoided rich pastries, gravies and pickles, and lived chiefly on vegetables, fruits and grains.

Her evenings were spent in reading the best literature of the day. It was sometimes a new

Harper, or a Century, or perhaps one of Edna Lyall's stories, which are wholesome and interesting.

She derived no little pleasure and satisfaction from this new plan of life, too.

She never thought now of bemoaning her fate.

Her uncle and aunt wondered what had come over her to make such a change in the girl. She was really growing handsome, and she always sang at her work now.

But a small amount of her leisure hours were spent on herself.

She had several invalids whose sick-rooms were brightened up by her presence. Not a little of her pocket money was spent for flowers, which did much toward cheering the weary invalids.

During the next summer she was invited to spend a month with an old friend of her mother's in the country.

The place was situated near a pretty little lake, where was spent considerable time.

Tennis, horseback riding, boating and drives with her young friends helped to pass the long summer days. There were picnic parties without number, and moonlight excursions on the silvery lake, and her one month lengthened into two.

When she returned home she was as brown as a berry, but it was not unbecoming.

Had she changed and improved in the year? Yes; greatly.

She had gained in weight, and her once sallow face had become clear and creamy, her flesh was hard and solid instead of flabby as before. She was graceful instead of awkward, and her entire system had undergone a complete change.

Her cousin's business trip, which had taken him all over Europe, had lengthened into two years.

They had corresponded regularly during the time, but she had never hinted at her new plan of life, and had exacted a promise from her uncle and aunt that they would not mention anything about the change in her in their letters, as she wished to surprise Dallas on his return.

He noticed a change in her letters, though. They had grown brighter and more interesting, and he felt greatly disappointed if one happened to be delayed.

Bernice continued to grow physically, mentally and morally, developing into a noble, self-reliant woman.

From her earliest recollections she had longed to be independent. To be sure, the father had left her a few hundred dollars, but the principal had never been touched, and she had many lofty ideals, noble purposes, aims and aspirations that she hoped to realize in the future.

Drawings had been very easy for her as a child, and as she grew older she made numerous drawings of the new churches, residences, and

other buildings in their town.

One day a friend of her uncle's was there to dinner, and happened to see some of her work.

"Miss Keith, why don't you study architecture? You have a decided talent for it. Come into my office and I will do for you what I can."

Bernice was greatly pleased with his offer, and, after talking it over with her uncle and aunt, accepted it.

It meant hard and faithful work if she would succeed in it, but when she once made up her mind to a thing she never turned back.

For several months she received no pay, but no father or brother could have been kinder or more helpful than was Mr. Hamilton.

After she had served an apprenticeship, as he called it, he offered her \$8.00 per week for the first six months, and after that \$10.00. Slowly, but surely, she climbed the road to success and independence.

When her cousin returned, he was amazed at the change that he found in her. He felt that he almost needed an introduction.

He, too, had changed and grown.

His two years of travel had done much for him. He was broader and more charitable than in his earlier days.

He was glad to see Bernice living for a purpose, and not frittering her life away, as did so many of his acquaintances.

In all his travels he had not met a single woman whose face was so strong, bright and, as he called it, wholesome as was Bernice's. Her's was a beauty not of face merely, but of soul and character.

He was proud to escort her to the various places of entertainment she visited with him.

She continued her study of architecture with Mr. Hamilton and won many compliments for her creditable work.

She found her labor not only congenial, but remunerative, and she was enabled to help the needy, sick and suffering in many little ways.

Dallas Grayden never knew exactly when he commenced to fall in love with his aunt's niece.

When she was a young girl he had always pitied her loneliness and in every possible way brightened her sad life. When he returned from his European trip he had greatly admired the new Bernice, and before he knew or even admitted it to himself, she was the dearest object in life to him.

Very guarded in his actions was he, for he did not think it possible she could care for him other than as a cousin.

They had maintained the same cordial, cousinly way as before he had gone abroad. They talked over their various air castles, discussed the latest books, and the leading topics of the day, but several months slipped away before love was mentioned.

Continued 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.

WHAT teachers have accomplished in the school-rooms is only of value as it becomes useful in developing the minds of the pupils. "As the benefit of travel lies not in the cities passed through, or the sights seen, but in the mental stimulus awakened, in the knowledge given, and the widening of the intellectual territory"; so, too, the real value of all the boasted progress in various methods of instruction lies not in the victories over obstacles, but in the broadening, deepening and heightening of the mental realm, in the culture of the individual and the sense of life's responsibility. A pupil, who makes no morally triumphal march through school, will make no advance when he leaves, when the mainspring of rewards is removed. The material achievements of pupils in the outside world are the measure of our work under whatever method followed. "The true test of civilization is not in the census, nor in the size of cities, nor in the crops—no, but in the kind of men the country turns out," so, too, is the true test of the best method—that method, which turns out into the world deaf men and women, who can hold their own.

Editor Caldwell of the California News denies that he is Said Pshaw. This is another step towards finding out who the man in the mask is, and Editor Smith says he is sure he is a speaking and hearing person. If the search goes on Said may as well own up for he will sometime be cornered.—Missouri Record.

Now, turn your focus upon Foreman Owens and we will wager one of our chicks that he is Said.

No. 4, Vol. III, of the Buff and Blue has come and is filled with literature that comes up to the average, and, more interesting still, we notice the undergraduates contribute nearly everything. Keep this enthusiasm up, and the Buff and Blue will be watched for every time it is due.

We are indebted to Mr. J. Dunlop Baker for the particulars concerning the death of Eugene Mezerais. The letter can be found elsewhere. In spite of warnings, it appears that many a deaf person will insist in running the risk of meeting death on the railway track.

There are teachers who are always ready to find fault with and criticise everything of an educational nature in which they have not had a leading part. Such a disposition may be most comfort-

ing to its possessor, but it is neither attractive nor agreeable to others.—Educator.

GALLAUDET COLLEGE is to have a technical department, in fact, for Congress has appropriated \$30,000 for the erection of a building.

HON. W. L. WILSON, the new Postmaster General, is a member of the Board of Directors of Gallaudet College.

C. Emmett Thompson, a former pupil of the Mississippi School has been foreman of the Troy (Ala.) Democrat for 16 months.

THE LAST issue of the Voice, was edited by the girls, and it is good considering their inexperience.

A Deaf Mute Artist.

A brief art career, and one of brilliant promise, was that of Miss Sarah Adams, who died a short time ago. She was just 23 years old, and during the last five years which she spent in the study of art in this city she achieved marked success in crayon drawing, in modeling and in portrait painting. In the last named branch she was making a name for herself among artists, and for months before her death she was overrun with orders, on which she was working when she was taken ill.

Since childhood Miss Adams had never heard a sound. A severe illness, spotted fever, left her entirely deaf when she was four years old, and what little speech she had before her illness she quickly forgot. The loss of one faculty, however, seemed to quicken the others, and the child showed remarkable aptitude in all her studies and developed very early a fondness for drawing. When she was still very young her father, the Rev. E. P. Adams, of Dunkirk, sent her to the Asylum for Deaf Mute at Rochester where she applied herself eagerly to her studies.

It was there that she first took up drawing systematically, and she evinced so much proficiency in it that her teachers advised Mr. Adams to send her to New York to study art. Accordingly she came to New York and began her studies under an artist of some prominence. At this time she was able to speak a little in the mechanical manner characteristic of deaf mutes who are taught to speak by sight. At lip reading she was wonderfully proficient; and could follow speech reading by watching the mouth of the speaker.

After a thorough course in preliminary drawing and work in charcoal from casts she passed to crayon drawing from life. In this she developed so much talent that her instructor brought some of her work to the notice of Augustus St. Gaudens, the sculptor. He praised the work and on learning that the artist was a young deaf and dumb girl, became much interested in her. It was proposed that Miss Adams should try her hand at modeling in clay under St. Gaudens' personal direction. Delighted at this opportunity the girl worked with redoubled vigor. She had already done some things in crayon which

attracted attention, but she dropped crayon work, devoting all her energies to modeling. St. Gaudens predicted great things for her. Her work was bold and strong, and her sense of proportion wonderfully accurate. No pupil of the great sculptor commanded more careful attention and criticism from than this young girl.

After a time the steady work began to tell upon her, and it was thought best that she should leave the city for a time. About this time the principal of a finishing school for girls in a small town near New York, being in need of an instructor in art, asked Mr. St. Gaudens to recommend some one. The sculptor pointed to a large clay figure in the studio and said:

"The artist who did that piece of work I can recommend above any one that I know."

So an appointment was made for the principal to meet Miss Adams, the sculptor having said nothing about the artist's deafness. On the appointed day the principal came to the studio and was introduced to the young artist. She was amazed on discovering the artist's infirmity.

"How can a person who can neither speak nor hear teach an art class?" she said to St. Gaudens. "It seems quite impossible that she could fill the place."

"Very well," returned the sculptor. "I don't wish to urge it, but I have brought you to the most competent person I know. If you can get her and don't you will make the greatest of mistakes."

It was finally arranged that the girl should fill the place for a few weeks on trial. From the first day of her incompetency. The pupils became greatly attached to her immediately, and her success as a teacher was pronounced as it was speedy. Besides her teaching she found plenty of time for outside work. A portrait of the founder of the school was wanted, Miss Adams was asked to paint it.

At the conclusion of the work \$350 was offered for it, but it had already been promised to the school.

From that time her success as a portrait painter was assured. Orders poured in upon her and the ambition that spurred her to work as hard as she was perhaps in part responsible for her death. She was tired and overworked when she went to Farmington to paint a portrait. A cold which she contracted developed into pneumonia, and she died after a few days' illness at the house of a friend.

Personally the young artist was very attractive. She was frank and bright and sunny-natured, showing none of that suspicious and explosive temper which is characteristic of so many afflicted as she was. She was a girl of great personal beauty and distinction of manner and carriage. Her art extended even to her attire, and she dressed in faultless taste in gowns designed by herself. Her girl friends used to beg her to design gowns for them, and she used to say laughingly that she could have made more money as a dressmaker than as an artist.

Her most intimate friend, when she lived here, was a girl of about her own age, a deaf mute like herself, and despite this, a prominent society girl in one of the western cities of this state. This girl was

a strikingly handsome brunette, while Miss Adams was fair-haired and blue-eyed. The western girl spent much time in this city, and the two girls, such perfect examples of opposite types of beauty, always attracted much attention when they were out together an attention of which both were supremely unconscious.—Picayune.

D. has a sensible article in the current Educator concerning the use of paper instead of slates for written work in the schoolrooms. In the Rome school slates have been discontinued for many years in many of the classes, for about the same reasons that D. gives.

D. in his reasons that have led him to discontinue slates in his own classroom says his pupils "are thus accustomed to the rapid use of paper and lead pencil, upon which many of them will have to depend in their intercourse with hearing people."

D. is the deaf oral teacher of the Mt. Airy school. He daily conducts four oral classes in language and literature. Of these pupils we wonder how many are D's "many of them," who will have to use pencil and paper when they get out among hearing people.—Register.

When Mr. Ray took charge of this school last fall he found on file the names of a large number of uneducated deaf children that should have been in school but that for one reason or another we had been unable to secure. He decided to begin a canvass with a view to bringing in as many as possible of the children entitled to the benefits of the school but kept at home to grow up in ignorance. He has been indefatigable in his efforts to build up the attendance, visiting every part of the State and urging upon parents the importance and duty of educating their deaf children, and his success in this line has been great. Last week the actual attendance passed the two hundred mark in the white department, and there are now present 203.—Kentucky Deaf-Mute.

Cleanliness is a virtue, no doubt, but like other virtues it may be carried to a vicious excess. So it happened with an old fisherman in Nartle, Devon, who made it one of the chief ends of his life to keep his boat immaculate. On one occasion a gentleman had hired him to take himself and a young lady out for an afternoon's fishing. The boat could not be brought near enough to the shore for them to step in; so the old sailor removed his shoes and stockings, and taking the young lady in his arms, was about to deposit her on board when he caught sight of some mud on her pretty pair of boots. Instantly he stopped and dipped both her feet up to the ankles in the sea, paddling them back and forward to remove the mud, in spite of the protests of the owner. His only remark as he finally put her on board was: "Bless yer, miss, salt water won't give yer the snuffles."—Youth's Companion.

Gilding and veneer may look very pretty at school exhibitions, but we must remember that most of our pupils are going into a sphere of life where such ornamentations will quickly be rubbed off, exposing what is beneath to the rude gaze of the world.—Minnesota Companion.

PENCILINGS.

CONTRIBUTED BY MR. BROWN.

Mr. Goodwin planted his sweet corn in his garden on the 9th.

The carpenter boys are making an elegant Victoria bed of ash for Mr. Vay, our night watch man.

The beautiful pink peach blossoms have already made their appearance on all the neighboring trees.

Dr. Magruder, the superintendent of the Blind Institute came to the printing office to see Mr. Tracy, on business on the 7th.

This week the lawns are putting on their new emerald cover. It is a delight to every one as it conveys the thought of spring to us.

This year our spring season has been rather backwards on account of the recent unprecedented cold weather. It usually commences in February.

Superintendent Jastremski went to New Orleans on the 10th to meet his oldest son, Dr. Leon Jastremski, who has a successful practice in Houma, La.

Charles Villeret saw his brother in the city on the 10th. He recently left Bayou Sara and was on his way to Plaquemine parish where it is reported he has secured a better position as a druggist.

We all were very sorry to hear the announcement in the Baton Rouge papers that Mrs. Nicholson, wife of Col. J. W. Nicholson, president of the Louisiana State University, had died suddenly on the 6th.

On the 7th Leon Marx received a good picture of Mr. Ross Nicholson, 97, of Gallaudet College, taken in football uniform. He looked every inch a bold and fearless athlete. We all think he has changed considerably for the better.

We were much disappointed in not being able to see the total eclipse of the moon on the night of the 10th, because the clouds obstructed our view. It was pitch dark and objects a foot away could not be visible.

On the 6th it rained nearly all day, spontaneously and hard in large torrents so that the field east of the Institution was quickly flooded and the water reached about within one foot of the top of the fence. It appeared like a miniature deluge. Mr. McArthur launched his boat and had some fun rowing about the field.

On the 9th, Messrs Goodwin and Brown visited Mr. Garig's poultry yard in which they saw some fine breeds of hens and ducks. Besides these Mr. Garig has a happy family of birds and animals among which is a captive raccoon, wholly of a white color, a freak of nature. It is rare and very seldom that the like happens or is seen.

A number of the Odd Fellows, who were attending their 62nd annual grand convocation in Baton Rouge, visited us on the 7th. Among them we got the names of C. N. Brownlee, Grand Representative, R. T. Leland, Past Grand Master, W. J. McClune, George Jacobs, and J. B. Lyman, deputy sheriff of Jefferson Parish. All were enthusiastic in what they saw, and it was a pleasure for us to have a call from those gentlemen.

On the night of the 7th, Mrs. Galey's house, our neighbor just across St. Ferdinand street, was invaded by a sneak robber who chloroformed her and attempted to rob the bank in which she had her money for safe keeping. So far he was not all clever as he did not administer the chloroform successfully and the cries of "Murder" from the frightened woman put him to hasty flight. However, he carried no booty off with him. The police is investigating the case and will no doubt ferret out the culprit.

Recently as one of the carpenter boys was repairing the fence, he had in some absent minded way left the measuring tape dangling on it. The next day when he resumed his work, he found, to his great astonishment, that nearly four feet of the tape was missing. Close investigation brought this mystery to light. It had fluttered in the breeze and evidently attracted the curious attention of one of the calves. It probably mistook the tape for a corn-stalk or some new species of grass blade and wishing to see what it tasted like, had chewed it off.

What are kilkeny cats? Are they a different species from our common domestic cats? No, they are the same except in name which was derived from the place where their story originated and long after became the well known proverb,—"as quarrelsome as the kilkeny cats." It is asserted that two cats of that place had fought so long and furiously that nothing was left of them except two tails. This is not quite right. Here I will quote the correct version of this: "During the rebellion which occurred in Ireland in 1798, Kilkeny was garrisoned by a regiment of Hessian soldiers, whose custom it was to tie together in one of their barrack-rooms two cats by their respective tails, and then to throw them face to face a cross a line generally used for drying clothes. The cats naturally became infuriated, and scratched each other in the abdomen until death ensued to one or both of them. The officers were made acquainted with these barbarous acts of cruelty, and resolved to put an end to them. For this purpose an officer was ordered to inspect each barrack-room daily, and report its state. The soldiers, determined not to lose the daily torture of the cats, generally employed one of their comrades to watch the approach of the officer. On one occasion he neglected his duty, and the officer was heard ascending the stairs where the cats were undergoing their customary torture. One of the troops seized a sword from the arm-rack, and with a single blow divided the tails of the cats. The cats escaped through the open windows of the room, which was entered instantly afterwards by the officer, who inquired what was the cause of the two bleeding cats' tails being suspended on the line, and was told in reply that 'two cats had been fighting in the room; that it was found impossible to separate them; and they fought so desperately that they had devoured each other up, with the exception of their two tails.'"

A gentleman that loves to hear himself talk, will speak more in a minute than he will stand to in a month.—Shakspeare.

Eugene Mezerais Killed.

Mr. Eugene Mezerais, a deafmute was run over and killed by an electric car of the Dauphine line in this city on the 24th of February. The manner in which he met death is particularly horrible. He was crossing the street and endeavored to get across the track just when a car was approaching at high speed. He had barely set foot upon the track when he was struck, knocked down and caught beneath the cowcatcher which shoved his body along for fully a block twisting and mangling it terribly. When the motorman succeeded in stopping his car and the body was taken from under the cowcatcher there was little life left in it. The skull was crushed in, the face mashed until it was unrecognizable and nearly every bone was broken. The unfortunate man lived only 20 minutes after being struck, but unconsciousness made his death easy. Both the motorman and conductor are now in jail awaiting investigation of the killing.

Mr. Mezerais was 25 years of age and was well-known here. His home was on the corner of Conti and Dauphine streets. An aunt his sole surviving relative mourns his loss. He was buried in the new St. Louis cemetery, 8 deafmutes acting as pallbearers. It was a sad accident and one that is deeply deplored by his wide circle of friends.

J. D. BAKER.

PUPILS' PARAGRAPHS.

Miss Saunders goes to town every evening.

Katie Farrell made two aprons for Annie Nunnery.

Edna Tate was glad to get two dollars from her father.

Arrenah Pettit's brother, Willie will attend college, in Sewanee, Tenn.

Mrs. Goodwin and Mrs. Johnson came to see the girls last Wednesday evening.

Amanda Daniel's uncle, John Irving was married to Miss Bell about a month ago.

Eugene Mezerais, a deaf mute, was killed by an electric car in New Orleans not long ago.

Amanda Daniel's father and brother went to New Orleans. They did not stop to see her.

Miss Katie Percy, Mrs. Denys and Mrs. Cornish came here to visit Miss Hereford recently.

Katie Farrell, Henrietta Larrieu, Amanda Daniel, and Arrenah Pettit visited Mrs. Goodwin.

Arrenah Pettit and Annie Nunnery knew Wade Byrd, who died sometime ago at the Mississippi School.

Last Sunday evening Governor Foster and another gentleman came to this Institution. They went into Mr. Jastremski's office and talked with him.

Why do not Ross Nicholson and Daniel Picard write to the PELICAN? Are they too proud to do it? We like to read letters from Gallaudet College.

Leon Marx received a letter from Ross Nicholson. He also received his picture. It shows Ross standing with a football uniform on. He looks handsome.

Leon Marx got a letter from Joe Mashaw, a few days ago. He told him that he is thinking of coming down to Baton Rouge in May to witness the closing exercises of his Alma Mater.

Last Sunday Miss Hereford took all the girls out for a walk. They entered Mrs. Tracy's house. Mr. Tracy showed his broods of chickens to them. He has thirty-one. He gave some pecans to the girls.

Some nice gentlemen from New Orleans who were attending the grand convocation of Odd Fellows, in the city, came to see the Institution one day. Governor Foster spoke so highly of this place, that they determined to come and see. They said everything was nice and that the pupils looked clean and orderly. One man said this place is simply "Great."

A Beautiful Extract.

Woman.—Oh! the priceless value of the love of a true woman! God cannot purchase a gem so precious! Title and honor confer upon the heart no such serene happiness. In our darkest moment, when disappointment and ingratitude with corroding care gather thick around, and even gaunt poverty menaces with his skeleton finger, it gleams on the soul with an angel's smile. Time can not mar its brilliancy, distance but strengthens its influence, bolts and bars can not limit its progress; it follows the prisoner into his dark cell and sweetens the home morsel that appeases his hunger, and, in the silence of midnight, it plays around his dreams he folds to his bosom the form of her who loves on still, though the world has turned coldly from him. The couch made by the hands of a loved one is soft to the weary limbs of the sick sufferer, and the potion administered by the same hand loses half its bitterness. The pillow carefully adjusted by her brings repose to the fevered brain, and her words of kind encouragement revive the sinking spirit. It would almost seem that God, compassioning woman's first great frailty, had planted this jewel in her breast, heaven like interest should cast into forgetfulness man's remembrance of the fall, by building up in his heart another Eden, where perennial flowers forever bloom and crystal waters gush from exhaustless fountains.—Stratton.

How They Excused Themselves.

"A clergyman," writes a correspondent, "set out the other afternoon on a begging expedition. Three rich men were on this occasion selected as victims. Said Number one, after listening to an earnest appeal for funds to build a new church: 'I'm sorry I cannot help you, but the fact is, I don't like your views. You are too evangelical.' Number Two would have been glad to contribute to the funds, but unfortunately the poor vicar was not sufficiently evangelical to suit him. Arrived at Number Three, all seemed to promise well, and after a very sympathetic chat, the rich man exclaimed with a warm hand-shake: 'It is most cheering to meet with one whose views accord so perfectly with my own, but as I am firmly persuaded that the second coming of the Lord will take place before your church is built, it would be useless for me to give anything.'"

Pa—Tommy, you eat so must at the table that I am ashamed of you. Do you know what a pig is? Tommy—Yes, pa—a pig is a hog's little boy.—Texas Siftings.

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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-

pentry, 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	-	-	8:00.
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 security.

Fulfillment of a Dream.

Concluded from page 1.

One day in early autumn, when they had been for a long stroll in the woods, Dallas slipped and sprained his ankle, and it was with the greatest difficulty Bernice helped him home.

He was confined to the house for several weeks, and during that time the fair girl waited on him and nursed him to his heart's content, and it was then he told her of his love.

She lifted her lovely eyes to him and with a sweet smile said:

"Dallas, dear, I have loved you since long before you went abroad, and in my brightest air castles you have been the hero."

The engagement was a long but very happy one, for Bernice wanted to spend a year in New York and Boston before completing her studies, so it was not until she was twenty five and Dallas twenty eight that they were married.

No happier couple can be found than the young architect and her husband. Theirs is a busy, active life, but they are happy and content.

The name of Bernice Grayden is known all over the United States as a famous architect. She has realized her fondest hopes, and her dream has been fulfilled.

Carrie May Ashton.

From The Best Authors.

Fidelity is seven-tenths of business success.—Parton.

Haste trips its own heels, and letters and stops itself.—Seneca.

There is an oblique way in reproof which takes off the sharpness of it.—Pope.

The mind is its own place, and in itself can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven.—Milton.

Two persons can not long be friends if they cannot forgive each other's failings.—Bruyere.

His daily prayer, for better under stood in acts than words, was simply doing good.—Whittier.

If there be any truer measure of a man than by what he does, it must be by what he gives.—South.

The old scriptural sobriety was effectual doing; ascetic sobriety is effectual dullness.—H. W. Beecher.

If any man seeks for greatness, let him forget greatness and ask for truth, and he will find both.—Horace Mann.

Envy is a passion so full of cowardice and shame that nobody ever had the cowardice to own it.—Rochester.

It is much safer to reconcile an enemy than to conquer him; victory may deprive him of his poison, but reconciliation of his will.—Eltham.

Whatsoever that be within us that feels, thinks, desires, and animates, is something celestial, divine and consequently, imperishable.—Aristotle.

Wisest schemes by statesmen spun, time has seen them one by one like the leaves of autumn fall—a little song outlives them.—W. E. H. Lecky.

Tell me then, in earth's great laws, have you found any saving clause? Exemption special granted you from doing what the real must do?—A. H. Clough.

Under the veil of those curious apothegms are hid those germs of morals which the doctors of philosophy have afterwards developed into so many volumes.—Plutarch.