

The Louisiana Pelican.

PUBLISHED AT THE LOUISIANA SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF.

VOL. XIV.

BATON ROUGE, LA., FEB., 23, 1895.

NO. 12.

The day will come when men have grace
To know themselves, and sometimes take
A humble task, a lowly place,
And use it well for honor's sake.
—Marianne Farningham.

TAMING A BEAR.

BY L. D. PHILLIPS.

"Long years ago," began our old grandmother, one dismal midwinter day, when we asked her for "a true story," "there was in the State of Alabama a number of white settlers who had staked off some claims in that fertile section of country lying at the foot of Sand Mountain, not far away from the historic spot known as Nic-a-jack cave.

There newcomers were refugees from the Northwest, driven away and discouraged by the treacherous hostility of marauding Indian tribes, who bitterly hated the "pale-faces."

Among them was a family of four, husband, wife and two little children, a boy of five years and a girl of three. Thankful to have escaped the red man's scalping knife, they were as happy as possible in the new log hut they now called home.

Henry Beauclerc had chosen a lovely site to build upon, and spared no pains to make the cabin both attractive and strong.

It stood on a bit of levee close to the base of the mountains that towered protectingly above it. The ragged precipice, now clad in all the grace of feathery fens and snowy azalea blossoms, seemed bending over the humble roof in love and benediction, and about the little home itself the riotous wild vines of the mountain were twining in springtide beauty.

It was, indeed, "the Sunny South" to which they had come.

"What do you think I saw this morning, Annie?"

Henry Beauclerc addressed the question to his young wife one day as he came in from his work in the valley.

"I can't imagine. What was it?"

"Why, a great deer, with antlers spreading out like a tree."

"Did you have your rifle?"

"Yes, and fired. Hit the fellow, too, for all he went tearing through the brush and jumped into the river. But, you see, we will have plenty of venison next fall."

"A doe, with her young, was hiding in the ravine yesterday," said his wife. "I hope no one will shoot her."

The father placed his rifle in the rack above the door, and took his boy upon his knee.

"There's plenty of game here," he went on. "A fierce grey wolf went by our claim last night, I heard, and a thieving fox was seen in the cave a mile away."

"Are there any bears, daddy?" asked the boy.

The young mother looked at her children, with a sudden terror in

her eyes. There were dangers in this new life, living in the shadow of a lonely mountain range, even though she need dread no longer the Indian's horrid war-whoop and gleaming tomahawk.

"I have seen no bears yet, Jamie lad. But there's a cave, a big black cave, not far away, that folks about here call the bears' den. An old and fierce grizzly lives there, they say, and this spring two cubs, as black as the mother, were seen roving about in the undergrowth."

"I saw a bear that could dance, once," put in little Rosalind, from her seat on the cabin floor. "I liked him. He let me pet him and feed him, too—don't you 'member 'bout it, mammy?"

"But it was my apple you gave him," said Jamie, his face clouding up at the recollection.

"Well, he liked mine so much, and it was so funny to see him dance," Rosalind added, in excuse for her conduct. "I wish I could see another one. Do you think the old grizzly will come some day, papa?"

"Child! child! you don't know what you are saying!"

The mother spoke sharply and anxiously.

But the young father only glanced at his trusty rifle and laughed, in a careless fashion.

June was abroad in the valley now. The vines that decked the cabin door and festooned with wild-wood grace the little windows were in fullest bloom. The fields were no longer a soft mosaic in colors, but of an intense rich green, and so were the gray crags of the mountain side, which, as if by one of Nature's lovely afterthoughts, were studded by purple violets and draped with golden jessamine.

In the early morning of one of these sunny days Henry Beauclerc said to his wife:

"Look here, Annie; they are powerful busy up at Crayfel's with some carpets in the looms. I told them you was a master-hand at such, and they 'lowed if you—"

"But the children! whatever could I do with them?" she asked, in her hasty fashion.

She was "a master-hand at such," and would like to show these easy-going Crayfels how she turned off work. Her husband, too, had a pride in her skill.

"Why, I'm not so busy in the fields to-day, but that I can look to the young ones a bit. I'll run in and out, you see, and they'll be as safe as the birds in their nests. So run along, Annie, and give our neighbors a lift. Your babies will be safe with me."

So Annie Beauclerc fastened a fresh bit of lace ruffle in the neck of a neat home dress, tied on a snowy frilled apron, and hiding her pretty curls under a new pink sunbonnet, was off to help the busy carpet weavers on the next "claim."

The father strolled in and out of the cabin rather often at first, consoling the little ones for their mother's absence by a merry prank or two, or a fairy tale they loved to hear.

At noon he gave them their dinner, with painstaking care, before eating his own—this kind young father—and when the simple meal was over, and he had "tidied up things a bit," he took a paper and sat down in the shade to read.

It was a hot, breezeless sort of a day. He soon tired of the paper and something—it might have been the apple-tarts he had eaten—made him feel dull. With his head comfortably propped to the shady oak tree, his straw hat over his eyes, he fell asleep.

He woke with a start, a sudden, violent start.

Looking about him in a dazed, bewildered fashion, he wondered how long he had slept.

And the children!

He ran into the house with a beating heart.

"Jamie! Rosie!" he called.

Nobody answered.

"Where can the chicks be?"

He opened the door of the other room, but it was empty. The children were gone. He searched the yard, and shouted their names, but all in vain.

He was now pale with anxiety, this young father who had been trusted and had slept at his post. What would their mother say to him?

And then a sudden thought flashed over him, and he laughed.

Why, of course! the children had gone to the Crayfel's—not a mile off—to find their mother. Naughty little things! Well, they had given him a fine scare, and they ought to be taught a lesson—the rogues.

He would go over himself, and explain to Annie how it happened.

And so he did. But the children had not been there at all—no person had seen them!

In the meantime, where were the little toddlers?

At this particular moment the two were climbing—like the fearless and agile creatures they were—the steep mountain side back of their father's cabin.

There were narrow trails up the wooded heights, and as those straying feet wandered further yet they were beckoned on by the great boulders on the summit, moss-covered and dressed as for some fairy festival with richly hued and fragrant blossoms.

A cool grey shadow fell soothingly upon the hot little faces as they at last neared the high-up path winding in and out among the great rocks and which they followed.

"Is we runnin' 'way, Jamie?"

Rosie lisped the question as they stood, panting yet pleased, upon the brink of the spur, where a mass of wild honeysuckles sweetened the

air and the path before them began to be defined by a wealth of blue-bells.

"Will daddy say we runned away?"

"Maybe so, Rosie," Jamie answered solemnly.

This walk "just a little away" had been his proposition, and in spite of his five years and adventurous spirit he began now to regard it with a sense of alarm.

"Yet he was not ready to turn back at this instant.

"When will we go home?" asked Rosie, suddenly taking a seat in the rocky path.

"Oh, I don't know!"

Jamie's tone was impatient.

"You said you wanted to see the bears daddy told us about, an' make the bear dance, but girls is allus 'fraid-cats an' wantin' to go home."

"I aint no more 'fraid-cat than you are, Jamie Beauclerc! Of course I want to see the bear. Where is he?"

"We must find him," Jamie answered, and the two resumed the tiresome walk.

The weary children were now following a narrow thread of a trail down the mountain side.

Although they did not know it, they had really reached the bear's den, or Nic-a-jack Cave, as this grewsome underground place was called.

And sitting quietly in the sun outside was the big black bear herself, looking curiously at them.

Rosie's eyes grew round and tearful, her cheeks pale with fear, at this strange sight.

"Oh, Jamie!" she whispered, "will it eat us all up?"

But the boy had all his life been a stranger to fear. The one bear he had seen was a creature that danced and ate apples, harming nobody.

"Why, no! I'm going to play with it. Let's call him a wild horse, and I'll tame him, like daddy did Sancho, you know."

He turned to the bear then and called out:

"Whoa, here, old fellow!"

"Papa fed Sancho first," suggested Rosie deeply taken with his bold scheme of taming a bear.

And now the two adventurous spirits began to prepare a feast for their new playmate.

While the great beast sat gazing at them with her heavy dull eyes, the girl was filling her small pink apron with clusters of red berries that hung near the cave, and Jamie was gathering up a quantity of leaves that he meant to pass off as "fodder."

Now the two timidly approached the bear with these offerings.

And this was the picture that met the horror-stricken gaze of mother and father, who, with sympathizing neighbors, reached the spot just at this moment, in their search for the lost children.

A flash from a rifle, a report

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The 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.

IT SEEMS like irony to speak of the frozen north since we had that snow-storm.

South Dakota is so put to retrenchment on account of hard times and a large defalcation that she is considering the expediency of closing some or all of her State educational institutions.

THE above is taken from one of our state exchanges. We hope the School for the Deaf is not going to be troubled.

THE DEATH of William Martin Chamberlain, editor of the Deaf Mutes' Register and instructor of printing in the New York Central Institution, from la grippe will be heard with sorrow by all. He was an accomplished writer and made the Register one of the leading journals of the "little paper family," and among the editorial fraternity his loss will be keenly felt. To the bereaved family, the PELICAN extends its sincerest sympathy.

THE POSITION of superintendent of a school for the deaf is not, to use a slang phrase, a "soft snap" by any means, but the man that can win the confidence and love of all over whom he has charge is fortunate indeed. Such a man has evidently been found in W. A. Kendall, who retired on February 1st. from the superintendency of the Texas School with flying colors. He went to the school a stranger, but possessing a knack for governing, he soon made many needed reforms and when he left, he left a home for the deaf of Texas second to none in the south.

SUPERINTENDENT DOBYNS, of the Mississippi school, has hit upon a good plan for providing his pupils with a library. As the state makes no special appropriation for this purpose, he issued circulars to friends of the School, asking their co-operation in presenting books; in response to his requests, he has obtained about five volumes a week. The library is open from 9 A. M. to 9 P. M., to teachers, officers and pupils. Mr. Dobyns says the library is stimulating the pupils to read, and will cause them to continue doing so after they leave school. We have noticed that those of our pupils, who have books of their own, suited to their understanding, are reading daily with the greatest pleasure and profit.

ANYONE who has ambition for the common welfare of his fellow-men is admired more or less. We

admire the pupil who tries to excel in all his studies. We admire all persons who think less of self and are glad to see others succeed. In a large family, such as is found in a school for the deaf, a united action is necessary for promoting success. Any single person, full of ambition and passing on to the total disregard for others, deserves rebuke or check. The pupil who strives to belittle the endeavors of his school or classmates, deserves a lecture and a clear understanding that the outside world hardly stands belittling. Passing on from pupil to his superiors the same can be said. Belittling another's work—this is too often a case—is contemptible. There are teachers and teachers; there are pupils and pupils. All must strive to do their level best—have an ideal ambition. Where one is not doing his best, he must sooner or later be succeeded by another, but when he is succeeded by another through the bickerings of another who has a too exalted opinion of his or her own self, we say all fair minded people will not stand it. Ambition has "a little power, a little transient fame" for him who seeks to make all others appear to be doing less than he. Byron has truly said:

He who ascends to mountain-tops, shall find
The loftiest peaks most wrapt in clouds and snow;
He who surpasses or subdues mankind,
Must look down on the hate of those below.

As to choice of a career Prof. Draper said: "If we choose the right career it will carry us far towards success. If we choose the wrong we shall have to choose another in a greater or less time, and begin all over again. One should examine himself well as to his fitness for the career he seeks. Better be a good farmer than a poor teacher. At home in the vacation talk the matter over with friends; observe your father's business and see if there is a career in it for you. Look at the various occupations where you live. Consider what you would like best. Perhaps you can get something to do in your vacation in connection with that same business. If so, learn all you can about it. Make yourself so helpful that when you leave they will be sorry, and when you return in future vacations they will want you again."

Rev. Elias V. Lebreton, who over 10 years ago ministered unto the spiritual needs of the Catholic deaf of Philadelphia died in a hospital in St. Louis, a short time ago. He was the same priest who renounced the Catholic faith only to return to it, after having in the time intervening, married a Lowell, Mass., woman. His was a sad ending—the less said of it, the better.—West Virginia Tablet.

Messrs Blattner, Wyckoff, Smith, McClure and Co. would have us be up and doing, with a heart for any fate, still achieving, still pursuing; learn to labor and to—rotate.—Tablet.

Education in China.

In no country is education more highly esteemed than in China. The child of the working man, as a rule, cannot hope to get more than mere smattering. But scattered through the country are numberless families the members of which for generation after generation are always students, and from whom, as a rule, the officials come. They have no knowledge of any business or trade. They correspond very closely to what are, or used to be, called gentlemen in England and preserve their position with great tenacity, even when hard pressed by poverty.

Rich parvenues as a matter of course engage tutors for their children, and in the humblest ranks of life occasionally parents will stint themselves to give an opportunity to some son who has shown marked intelligence at the village school.

But neither of these classes compete on an equality with those to whom learning is a hereditary profession. The cultivation and intellectual discipline prevailing in such families give their members a marked advantage over those who get no help of the kind at home, and who must therefore, depend entirely on what they learn from their paid teachers. The orthodox scheme of education is entirely con- with the ancient literature of China.

The original works which occupy the student's attention were for the most part written before the literature of either Greece or Rome had reached its prime. But there are commentators belonging to later periods who must also be perused with diligence. China has not seen an influx of new races such as have overrun Europe since the days of our classical authors, but still from mere lapse of time the language of the country has greatly changed, and the child beginning his studies cannot without explanation understand a single sentence, even if he has learned to read the words of the lesson which he has before him. The student makes himself acquainted as thoroughly as possible with these classical works. The more he can quote of them the better, but he must master the matter contained in them as well. He must get to know the different readings and different interpretations of disputed passages, and finally he practices himself and verse composition. In prose he carefully preserves the ancient phraseology, never admitting modern words, though there are certain technicalities of style which will prevent his productions from being an exact imitation of the ancient literature. His verses must be in close imitation of the old time poets. They must follow elaborate rules as to rhythm, and the words must rhyme according to the classical sounds, which are very different from those of today.—Nineteenth Century.

From The Best Authors.

I am a part of all that I have met.—Tennyson.

Men of cold passions have quick eyes.—Hawthorne.

A pale cobbler is better than a sick king.—Bickerstaff.

Honest error is to be pitied, not ridiculed.—Chesterfield.

The golden age is before us, not

behind us.—St. Simon.

Noble woman oft do great deeds in humbleness.—German motto.

An ounce of mother is worth a pound of clergy.—Spanish proverb.

The presence of those we love is as a double life.—Mrs. Jameson.

To accept good advice is but to increase one's own ability.—Goethe.

Eloquence is in the assembly, not merely in the speaker.—William Pitt.

Make life a ministry of love, and it will always be worth living.—Browning.

The devil never tempted a man whom he found judiciously employed.—Spurgeon.

Prosperity is no just scale; adversity is the only balance to weigh friends.—Plutarch.

Waste of time is the most extravagant and costly of all expenses.—Theophrastus.

The man that dares traduce because he can with safety to himself is not a man.—Cowper.

If a man takes no thought about what is distant, he will find sorrow near at hand.—Confucius.

Childhood itself is scarcely more lively than a cheerful, kindly, sunshiny old age.—L. M. Child.

What's property, dear Swift? I see it alter from you to me, from me to Peter Walter.—Pope.

If the power to do hard work is not talent, it is the best possible substitute for it.—Garfield.

He wears his faith but as the fashion of his hat; it ever changes with the next block.—Shakspeare.

There was a noble way, in former times, of saying things simply, and yet saying them proudly.—Irving.

An able man shows his spirit by gentle words and resolute actions. He is neither hot nor timid.—Chesterfield.

As soon as we have discovered the need for our joy or sorrow we are no longer its serfs, but its lords.—Lowell.

Hypocrisy is the necessary burden of villainy; affectation, a part of the chosen trappings of folly.—Johnson.

It is only a poor sort of happiness that could ever come by caring much about our own narrow pleasures.—George Eliot.

The very afflictions of our earthly pilgrimage are presages of our future glory, as shadows indicate the sun.—Richter.

Give a boy address and accomplishments and you give him the mastery of palaces and fortunes where he goes.—Emerson.

Better a human cold that aches with the load of life than a calm Olympian god who hath never suffered strife.—Henry Austin.

It is not until we have passed through the furnace that we are made to know how much dross there is in our composition.—Colton.

A certain Georgia judge took occasion recently to warn his people from coming into his court room drunk in these words: "I wish to put everybody on notice that if they come into this court room while I am sitting on this bench drunk they had better look out."

"Mr. Yates says that the girls and teachers must not use the gas, any more to curl their hair. How ugly they will look without crimps?" O Mr Yates, how could you be so unkind?—Tablet.

PENCILINGS.

CONTRIBUTED BY MR. BROWN.

Snow!

Freezing.

Over a foot deep!

Hurrah for the snow!

Sunny South on the 14th?

Our first white Valentine Day!

"Snow" is the topic of the hour.

Now, don't you of the north smile.

The earth's white mantel is gone.

It delighted the hearts of the pupils.

The "oldest inhabitant" was out with his tales of "never the like before."

Mary Falterman, recently, received a box containing a nice blue dress from home.

For the past week Louisiana ceased to be called the "Sunny South."

We went to bed in the summer at night and awoke to behold winter in the morning.

We were firmly convinced that we were not dressed and that our houses were not ulti for the occasion.

Mr. and Mrs. Tracy and Miss Hereford took dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Goodwin on the 12th. We are all sure they had a very good time.

Superintendent Jastremski went to Bay St. Louis, Miss., on the 16th to see his son, Vincent who is attending school at the St. Stanislaus College.

The PELICAN is coming out regularly now. It shows that Mr. Tracy can manage the "Fairhaven" and that he has a good force of printer boys to help him.

Mr. Mark Cognevich, the assessor of Plaquemine parish, stopped to visit the Institution for a short time on the 8th. Angeline Bendich, who left school last year, and now lives in Nairn, La., is his niece.

Mr. McArtor made an impromptu sled with which the gentlemen treated the ladies to a ride around the yard. One of the ladies saw a sled for the first time so it was of course her first ride which she, no doubt, enjoyed immensely.

A few days ago an emaciated dog sneaked in Mr. Goodwin's hen house. After having scared all the setting hens from their nests, it feasted with great relish on about two dozen eggs. The culprit did not escape with impunity for Mr. Goodwin gave it a staggering blow on the head with his heavy cane that put it to quick flight.

While mercury was playing around zero, our Daniel at Gallaudet College found it almost impossible to keep warm, he being a Southerner. According to one of the college correspondents he, one night, emptied his trunk, and piled the contents from his overcoat down to his scarf upon the bed. A curious person, investigating the cause of this make-up, was informed he did not propose to shake his bed to pieces.

The robins have seen quite a hard time of it this season. They have been slaughtered by the hundreds and those that are left are being eagerly sought for by the pot hunters. The robin is looked upon by the people of the North as the South

look upon the mockingbird, and consequently the few Northerners in our midst look upon the wholesale killing of the birds with amazement and horror. On his winter sojourn in the South poor Cock Robin generally gets in the soup.

On the evening of the 11th there was a social gathering at Mr. and Mrs. Goodwin's hospitable home. Those, who enjoyed this occasion were Misses Hereford and Rambo, Mr. and Mrs. Tracy, and Messrs McArtor, Dobson and Brown. For games, "smut" came first on the program which all joined with great interest. The one, who was fortunate to play out first, had possession of the burnt cork with which to test his or her artistic genius on the face of the one who was last. Thus, two of the ladies and gentlemen were captured. They appeared the pictures of beauty. Then refreshments in the shape of sugared pop-corn was served. The pleasures of the evening culminated in an exciting "hide and seek" which ended the fun.

The unprecedented and phenomenal cold spell of the 7th, rushing down from the snowy regions of the north, of which mention was made in the last issue of the PELICAN, and which took this locality rather unawares, was of longer duration than was at first supposed. It continued, with its fury, unabated for three days, chilling the atmosphere to the minimum of 12 degrees above zero as to affect some people of this vicinity, and it became so unbearable on the first night that they were compelled to get up and sit around cheerful blazing fires in order to get warm until the dawn of day. During all this time, however, it did not snow as the sky was clear here and a hard cold north wind was blowing constantly. Here at the Institution the pipes were frozen as well as broken, from one of which the water flowed freely and covered the ground with a thick sheet of ice to such an extent as to afford good sliding for the boys. It was, indeed, very ludicrous to see those who never trod on ice, now and then slip and fall down suddenly with their feet and arms in the air and consequently see a thousand stars. Furthermore, heat was so insufficiently produced from the open fire-places to warm up the school rooms, on account of the cold wind blowing hard against the windows that class work was somewhat interrupted. There were a good many cold feet, chapped hands and cold red noses too; the first of these being simply removed by calisthenic exercises, walking around the rooms or occasional warming at the fire; the second were considerably alleviated by free use of glycerine and vaseline, and the last were left for nature to remedy with her own prescription. As the result of this cold spell, one mortality from freezing was reported in the Baton Rouge papers. The fountain on the capitol grounds was frozen solid in fantastic shapes as a souvenir which the cold spell left in its wake. On the 10th it began to rain spontaneously and hard, after which the temperature became variable. On the night of the 13th the cold spell made us another visit. This time however, it did not come accompanied with high cold winds, but with an old fashioned northern snow storm which covered the ground to

the depth of one foot. This is the first snow fall since 1881 and in degree it is the worst that Louisiana has ever experienced for thirty five years. A good many of the pupils never saw any snow in their lives. They looked in astonishment at the white snow covered ground on the morning of the 14th as though they awoke in a beautiful fairy-land. Every one in the Institution came out in force and enjoyed some jolly snow balling. As not one sled or sleigh could be found in Baton Rouge, some were hastily made so that the people had the rare opportunity of enjoying sleigh rides for two days.

PUPILS' PARAGRAPHS.

The coldest weather came Thursday.

Miss Nellie Cornay's niece was very sick.

Mardi Gras will take place on February 26th.

For two weeks the river has been falling very fast.

Cricket Larrieu made Mamie Englestein a nice blue dress.

The pupils may have a masquerade party next Friday evening.

Abraham Lincoln's birthday occurred last Tuesday.

Lewellyn Hennigan has not been in school for several days.

Mr. McArtor killed thirty-four robins last Saturday afternoon.

Dr. Jastremski's wife came here after paying a pleasant visit to her son.

Last Saturday Mr. Brown made a snow man, which looked like himself.

Mrs. Mary Pope's friend died suddenly Sunday morning. He was not sick.

It is reported that Henry Kanel may make his appearance this week.

Last Saturday morning Katie Farrell got a small package from her home.

Mr. Brown lectured last Sunday morning. His text was: "Show thyself a man."

Grey Barham received a letter from Daniel Picard who said it snowed at Washington.

The Times Democrat said snow fell on the streets of New Orleans. The people were surprised.

Last Wednesday night the snow began to fall until Thursday morning. We were surprised to see it.

Mr. Goodwin could not teach the pupils of the second class for nearly a week on account of sickness.

During his absence, Walter Middleton took charge of his class.

Last Saturday, Lena Geraci got a letter from her home. She said that her new address is 42 Brooklyn Ave., Algiers, La.

Last Friday morning water was frozen on which half of the boys slid and enjoyed themselves.

When that cold wave came a colored woman, living near the bayou in this city, was frozen to death.

On the 10th of February Mr. Goodwin did not lecture to the pupils, because it was very cold in the chapel.

The girls wanted to play in the yard, but Mr. Jastremski would not let them, because the ground was covered with snow.

Miss Saunders and some of the girls played the game of blind man's buff last Friday night. They

liked to play with her.

Charles Villeret, last Saturday evening, was surprised to meet his brother in the city. He was stopping at the Mayer hotel.

Last Friday noon Angeline Bendich's uncle came here. He wanted to visit this Institution. He was glad to meet Mr. Goodwin.

Last Saturday, Messrs McArtor, Brown and Dobson and Misses Hereford, and Rambo were on a sled drawn by a horse. They had a good time.

Last Friday Miss Hereford took the girls to the top of the Institution and they had a fine view of the city while the snow covered the ground and houses.

Last Wednesday afternoon, Maria Pilat got a letter from her sister, Josephine. She told her that her cousin, Stephen Kurucar, died sometime ago. Maria was very sorry.

Willie and Dan.

Willie was asleep and Dan was lonely. Willie is the minister's son; Dan is his dog. It was Sunday morning and every one was at church but these two friends. It was warm and sunny, and they could hear the preaching, for their house was next door to the church.

"Dan," said Willie, "It is better here than in church, for you can hear every word."

In some way, while Willie was listening, he fell asleep. Dan kissed him on the nose; but when Willie went to sleep, he went to sleep to stay and did not mind trifles. So Dan sat down with the funniest look of care on his wise black face, and with one ear ready for outside noises.

Now the minister had for his subject, "Daniel." This was the name he always gave Dan when he was teaching him to sit up and beg, and other tricks. While the dog sat thinking the name "Daniel" fell on his ear. Dan at once ran into the church through the vestry door. He stood on his hind legs, with his fore paws close beside the minister, who did not see him, but the congregation did. When the minister shouted "Daniel" again, the sharp barks said "Yes, sir," as plainly as Dan could answer.

The minister started back, looked around, and saw the funny picture. Then he wondered what he should do next; but just then through the vestry came Willie. His face was rosy from sleep, and he looked a little frightened. He walked straight toward his father, and took Dan in his arms and said:

"Please excuse Dan, papa. I went asleep, and he runned away."

Then he walked out, with Dan looking back on the smiling congregation. The preacher ended his sermon on Daniel as best he could, but he made a resolve if he ever preached again on the Prophet Daniel he would tie up the dog,—Our Little Ones.

Dukane—Wealth in America is more likely to take wings and fly away than is wealth in any other country.

Gaswell—How do you make that out?

Dukane—Because every ten dollars is an eagle.—Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph.

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F. A. DOBSON, Instructor in Shoe-Making.

This is an Institution supported by the State for educating gratuitously all deaf children, or those whose degree of deafness is great enough to preclude their receiving instruction in the public schools of the State.

Pupils are provided for by the State in all respects, except in the matter of clothing and traveling expenses.

Any person desiring to enter a pupil at the Institute should write to the Superintendent, stating:

1st. Name, age and sex.

2d. Name and postoffice of the person in charge.

3d. Whether the parents are able to clothe the pupil and pay traveling expenses.

Pupils are received at any time except during vacation, but the proper time for the child's good is the beginning of the school term on the first day of October.

Pupils should not be under eight nor over twenty-one years of age. Parents should get the pupils in school as soon after they are eight years of age as possible.

Pupils must be sound in mind and body.

This Institution is NOT an asylum, but a SCHOOL for the sole purpose of education.

The course of study embraces the branches usually taught in the public schools subject to such changes as the wants and conditions of deaf children require.

Speech and lip-reading are taught when children show the requisite ability for permanent improvement.

The older pupils are instructed in such trades as are taught in the Institution, such as Printing, Car-

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	-	-	-	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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Concluded from page 1.

caught up and repeated by the mild echoes of the mountain, and the bear lay dead, almost without a struggle. Henry Beauchere had sent a bullet through its brain.

The rescued boy and girl were taken home with deep thanksgiving and loud rejoicings."

There are many legends that cling to this cave, old as time itself, and known through one of them as Nic-a-jack. You can see it any day at the foot of Sand Mountain, close to the village of Shell Mound.

To me it ever recalls the story told by the white-haired grandmother, and strengthens my faith in the watchful and tender care of our Heavenly father. I turn away with a firmer belief in the special providence of the Divine Power whose wisdom is only equalled by His mercy.

Propagating Roses From Cuttings.

The time to prepare small rose cuttings for a start is from Jan 15 to March 15. The bench or box in which they are to be raised should be painted with a coating of lime and cement to prevent fungi getting a start. At this time of year, root the roses in the most sunny places obtainable, as the sun readily dries up any surplus water. Roses propagated Feb 15 should be started in a less sunny place, as it is then too strong for the best growth of the plants.

After the bench is properly cleaned, get the cleanest sand possible and of a gritty character. Put the sand 2½ in deep over the bench, box or bed, pound it lightly, water thoroughly and firm with a brick or wooden pounder. For inserting the cuttings, use an old knife for marking out the lines. After the cuttings are stuck, firm the sand around each one. Such treatment should be enough to start such common varieties as Mermet, Bride, Perle and Niphotos, but for some of the newer sorts, such as American Beauty and Mrs John Laing, firm the sand with the fingers carefully.

In bright days the foliage should be sprinkled twice and not later than 2.30 p. m. An air temperature of 55 degrees and of 75 to 80 degrees in the beds best suits the development of the cuttings. —(A. D. Rose, Summit Co, N. J.)

Street-Life in Canton.

A very noticeable feature of the street-life was the absence of all such animals as other nations use for draft and burden. Cats, pigs and dogs were the only lower animals to be seen, the two former being chiefly in baskets for sale. The Cantonese dog is a most remarkable and picturesque creature of the fox type, and about his size, but shorter in the body. He is little yet low, pricked ears best with a bushy tail curled over his back. He lolls about lazily, his open mouth with purple-black lips and tongue giving him the appearance of having just finished a feast of ripe mulberries—and of having eaten too much. The horse, the donkey, the mule, or the ox were nowhere to be seen, save for an occasional sad looking, emaciated specimen tethered close to the brickwork within the archways of one of the gates of the outer walls, where a countryman had left him while he visited the town.—Florence O'Driscoll, M. P., in Century.