

# The Louisiana Pelican.

PUBLISHED AT THE LOUISIANA SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF.

VOL. XIV.

BATON ROUGE, LA., OCT. 27, 1894

NO. 2.

## The Boy In The Mow.

There glides through the barn's mammoth door  
A sweet scented hilltop of hay;  
An athlete, with strength bubbling o'er,  
Now flings it in forksfuls away.  
Another is stowing it back,  
With white pearls of toil on his brow,  
And, treading the hay in his track,  
Looms faintly the boy in the mow.

Through crevices often can he  
View, past the old barn wall of brown,  
A river that leads to the sea,  
A railway that drives to the town.  
"Oh, when shall my fortune make hay  
In yon fields of splendor, and how?  
'Twill wait for full many a day;  
I'm only a boy in the mow."

A cloud like a flag from the sky  
Is splendidly spread and unrolled;  
The sun reaches down from on high  
To fringe it with silver and gold.  
"Oh, when will heaven's mercy my name  
As bright as those colors allow?  
But earth has no glory or fame  
To waste on a boy in the mow."

A cloud in the west, like a pall,  
Creeps upward and hangs in the light;  
It carries a gloom over all,  
It looks like a part of the night.  
With clamor the thunderbolts swarm,  
And trees bend in agony now;  
"Tis thus, too, that our poverty's storm  
Would conquer the boy in the mow!"

The clouds have flown into a dream,  
The birds are discoursing in glee,  
The smile of the sun is agleam  
On river and hilltop and tree.  
Look up to the heavens, little lad,  
And then to your earth duties bow,  
And some day both worlds may be glad  
To honor the boy from the mow!

—Will Carleton.

## RAGGLES.

Raggles was only a scrubby little Indian pony. His owner had evidently considered him of no use, and had cruelly turned him loose on the bare prairie to shift for himself.

He was a sorry-looking little fellow as he stood one morning at the gate of Mr. Hudson's large cattle ranch in Western Kansas, shivering in the wind, and looking with a wistful gaze at the sleek, fat ponies inside.

Mr. Hudson noticed him, and started to drive him away. But his little daughter Lillian said: "Let him in, papa. He looks so hungry." Mr. Hudson opened the gate, and the pony walked in, as just as if it were his home.

Mr. Hudson made inquiries, but no one knew anything about him; and, as no owner ever came to claim him, Lillian claimed him as her special property, and named him Raggles, on account of his long, tangled mane and tail.

He was a docile little creature, unlike the rest of the ponies on the farm. He soon came to regard Lillian as his mistress. She learned to ride him, and could often be seen cantering over the prairies with her father.

But Raggles seemed to consider that she was not much of a rider; for he would carefully avoid all the dangerous looking places and holes in the ground, made by coyotes and prairie dogs, which are very plentiful in Western Kansas.

When the next spring came, Raggles did not look like the same little scrub. His rusty brown coat had all come off, and a new black one

had taken its place.

By the next fall the neighborhood could boast of a public school; and when Lillian began to go, Raggles found that he had a regular duty every day.

Lillian would saddle him, and ride to the school-house, which was two miles away, then tie up his bridle, and send him home. At about half-past three Mr. Hudson would saddle him up again, and send him for Lillian.

He always arrived on time; and if he was a little early, would wait patiently at the door until school closed.

Some of my readers will remember the blizzard that struck Western Kansas in 1885, when so many people lost their lives, and thousands of cattle were frozen to death. The storm commenced about noon, and the weather grew steadily colder.

The snow blew so thick that Mrs. Hudson was afraid to trust Raggles to go for Lillian; but Mr. Hudson was sick and there was no one else.

She went to the barn, put the saddle on him, and tied plenty of warm wraps on. Then she threw her arms around his shaggy neck, and told him to be sure to bring Lillian home.

He seemed to understand, and started out with shambling trot in the direction of the school-house.

One hour passed slowly to the anxious parents. When two had passed, their anxiety was terrible, as they strained their eyes to see through the blinding snow his shaggy form bringing their darling safely home. At last he came with Lillian on his back, bundled up from head to foot.

The teacher fastened her on the pony, and given him the rein; and so he had brought her safely home, none the worse for her ride, except being thoroughly chilled.—Our Dumb Animals.

## TIME AT THE NORTH POLE.

If ever the north pole is reached the adventurous spirits who get there will find that they have actually outstripped Father Time altogether; in fact, he will have given up the rate entirely, for at the northern and southern extremities of the earth's axis there is no fixed time at all, says the London Globe. At any moment it can be noon or supper time, work time or play time whichever one likes.

Clocks will be a fraud and delusion, for at the pole all degrees of longitude converge into one, therefore all times. The possibilities of such a position are endless. Not only, too, will the clocks be out, but the calendar as well. It can be at will either yester day or to-day, or to-morrow. We have heard a lot of foolish people ask what the use and pleasure can be of getting to the north pole, but a little reflection will show us advantages can be

gained there which cannot be found in any other part of the globe. There, at any rate, instead of being like the poor inhabitants of lower latitudes, the slaves of time, we can turn the tables and be its masters.

## WHO IS A SPORT?

There was a knot of men standing on a street corner. One of them had just finished relating some experiences of a hunting excursion which he had taken the day previous down the river.

"So you're a sporting man, are you, Jack? I never knew that before, really," said one of his companions.

"No, sir," said the first sport speaker. "I am not a sporting man: I am a sportsman, but I am neither a sporting man nor a sport.

"Indeed! And where, pray, is the difference?"

"The difference? Why, great Scott, man, there is as much distinction between a sportsman, a sporting man and a sport as there is between a doctor, a cannibal and a thief!" The speaker glared at the others, but the first man still looked blank.

"Pray define it, then," he said after a pause.

"To be sure. It's something that everybody ought to know, but unfortunately lots of folks never take the trouble to learn those things. A sportsman is a man who loves sports in its truest sense. At least I so consider it. He is a man who enjoys hunting, fishing, camping-out, and is commonly fond of other athletic amusements in the way of boating, swimming, riding and the like. He is, pardon my opinion, apt to be a man of gentlemanly instincts and brains. A sporting man is an entirely different sort of a fellow. He is one who takes an interest in sports of different sorts, although he may not engage in any of them at all. He probably plays the races, drinks hard, takes in all the prize-fights, and spends most of his evenings, when there is nothing else on hand, playing cards and whooping things up. But a sport is on a still lower scale. He is a fellow who thinks he's big potatoes, when he's really nothing but a runt.

"He need not know anything about sports or engage in them, either. His reputation will be chiefly by his loud dress, his flirtations with girls, his hanging round saloons and his general worthlessness. No, sir; there are a good many persons who are proud to be called sporting men, or sports, but to call a true sportsman by such a term is little short of an insult. To, ta!"—Washington Post.

## AN ENGLISH OPINION.

American girls, in an article in the London Fortnightly Review, are described as becoming infatuated with outdoor sports and praised

for the great improvement they show in bodily condition. From this English viewpoint "the name of the American was once a popular synonym for 'nerves,' ill health and all the ailments engendered by want of exercises, foolish diet, irregular habits of life."

When contrasted with the English girl, whose outdoor life made her picture of abounding health and rosy-cheeked energy, she suffered in the comparison.

But a favorable comparison is now heard from the critical Britisher. The article continues:

"A generation has sufficed to effect a complete change, and our English cousins no longer hold a monopoly of outdoor sports. Where thirty years ago the girl who went boating and fishing, climbing trees and jumping fences with her brothers, was looked upon as a tom-boy and regarded with severe disapproval, the reverse is now the case. Outdoor life, delight in action, the spirit of sport, have taken hold of American womanhood. Girls of strong, active physique, erect carriage and energetic spirit, delighting in tennis, riding, boating, walking, are now the rule; the feeble, indoor do-nothing is the exception, and the result is a tall, vigorous race, with free step and the cheeks aglow with the ruddy color of physical health and energy."

This is a pretty good indorsement of our "Queer Boy's" demand for the healthy and wholesome outdoor girl. How long it has taken us to learn to feel that because one happens to be a girl, one is not therefore doomed to be a doll, to become a weak, simpering little adjunct to the life of some active and creative man.—The Pathfinder.

## A LITTLE TOO LATE.

Miss Fadd—The meanness of some people is past comprehension.

Mrs. Fadd—What has gone wrong, my love?

Miss Fadd—Last week I was elected an active member of the Young Ladies' Philanthropy club, and to-day I began my ministrations by taking a basket of cold victuals to a poor woman whose name was down on the books. Well, when I got there I found that some meddlesome busybody had been there two weeks ago and given her work, and I had to carry all that stuff back.—N. Y. Weekly.

## PLAUSIBLE.

Little Johnny—Aunt Julia, what makes those funny spots on your face?

Aunt Julia (who is very freckled) I believe it's because I have so much iron in my blood; is only when I have been out in wet weather, though, that they are noticeable. Little Johnny—Oh, yes; I know! You go out in the weather and the iron in your blood gets rusted.—Puck.

# 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.

DURING the summer the Empire State Association held a convention at Syracuse, New York. A resolution was passed calling for the establishment of a collegiate department in connection with the Fanwood (N. Y.) School. We do not know what action the Fanwood authorities propose to do, but if they decide to act favorably by that resolution nothing appears to be able to squash the undertaking. The Gallaudet College authorities need not worry for but few New Yorkers availed themselves of the opportunity to attend a place where they could be greatly benefited, the great expense of travelling so far (?) being "the great drawback."

What we were aiming at, was our great pleasure in seeing Editor Axling so solicitous for the college's well-being. We are no pessimist. There are many in the South and the "wild and woolly" West, who will continue to keep the number up to the average and make it hot for the proposed "college", by continuing to increase the standard Gallaudet College has reached through years of the hardest kind of labor and patience. We hardly think the Normal Department (odious to the deaf though it be) is the cause of that resolution. Judging from the remarks made by Mr. Seliney, Mr. Axling must be "off the track".

WHEREVER one goes, he finds trials and tribulations. Just now the instructor in the printing office is experiencing something which makes him feel like throwing "up the sponge". He is so unfortunate as to lose his best type-setters—Joe Mashaw, Henry Kanel and Daniel Picard—all recently graduated. This year he has little boys, not yet five feet in height, all just learning the rudiments of the trade. Only two boys, John Davidson and Elmer Berry are capable of being helpful.

The first use of brand new things proves perplexing to all. Some of the boys never saw an office equipped with modern things, hence their greenness.

The above are the humble excuses of the instructor for not bringing out the paper regularly hitherto, but he will try to make amends and do better in the future, meanwhile he begs all to deal charitably with him.

It is our desire to have the PELICAN reach all parts of the

state, thereby finding some one who will indirectly help us get all deaf children of school age here. We send copies to all papers published in the state with the belief that our brother editors may be able to help us. Editors know the value of education so they know the noble work we are doing for children who cannot be benefitted in public schools. We hope all papers will put the PELICAN on their exchange list.

IN A large place where one is likely to see others daily, he frequently gets overcome by a subdued mood which in common parlance is called "the blues." In the daily routine adverse causes are at work. A south-east wind, or a balky liver, or an enlarged spleen are often the causes. When a teacher gets "the blues" and carries such into the class-room, he can feel sure enough that his whole day's work will amount next to nothing. Ere he enters such a room, let him first of all get up and go out of doors, inhale fresh air and watch the faces of cheerful men, pleasant woman, and frolicsome children and in fifteen minutes moping will be killed.

THE Louisiana State University opened on the eighth of the month with booming cannons. One hundred and seventy-five cadets were enrolled on the opening day, but by this time the number is near to two hundred which speaks well for the fame of the University. The reassembling of the cadets is an event of vast importance to the society bodies.

RECENTLY the School for the Deaf at Winnipeg, Manitoba, enjoyed a visit from the Governor General of Canada, the Earl of Aberdeen, who took the greatest interest in the programme, prepared for his entertainment. No doubt our old teacher polished his "spees" and made his handsome face handsomer when His Excellency came.

ON the first of this month the Institute for the Blind opened with an enrollment of fourteen scholars. The number must have been increased considerably by this time.

THE mill of school is grinding regularly now.

Every child, every human being, wants the full use of his senses and other natural faculties. Eyes were made to see with, ears to hear with, vocal organs to speak and sing with, and hands to feel with. Any system of Education, therefore, that is inspired by true benevolence towards the child will start by taking stock in his natural endowments, so as to correct, as far as possible, any defects that may attach to them and provide for their fullest development. Children are often far from perceiving the benevolent intent in the systems of education to which they are subjected, and it is little wonder, in general, that it should be so.

But, however, if an earnest effort were being vigorously made to carry every natural faculty they possessed to its perfection to make the eyes quick and true, the voice

sweet and full, the hearing sensitive and discriminating, the bodily movements vigorous and graceful, and so on—the beneficence of process would impress itself even on the juvenile mind, and thus half the battle would be gained, for we want the children's confidence before we can do them much good.—Christian Herald.

ANOTHER southern Institution is coming to the front in the matter of issuing a paper. It is Georgia that comes next.

Dr. P. G. Gillett has our sincere sympathy in the loss of his brother Mr. O. T. Gillett, who died of consumption at Colorado Springs, Colorado.

AS SOON as the necessary funds are on hand, the North Carolina School will establish a printing office and another paper will be added to "the little family."

IN ACCORDANCE with a decision of the Supreme Court, the Colorado State Board of Equalization have reapportioned the state funds. The School for the Deaf loses between \$3500 and \$3800.

THE "co-eds" at Gallaudet College appear to be "getting there", and it looks like the "boys" will have to exchange buildings. The latest news is that one of them is the Journal's regular college correspondent. Say boys, hustle.

SEVERAL of the School papers come this year improved in appearance. Among those we note the better make up of the Minnesota Companion, the Dakota Advocate and the Colorado Index. The latter also has a buff covering, which reminds us of the Deaf-Mute. There must be some mysterious tie which binds Kentucky and Colorado together.

### Spare Us Our Blushes.

We congratulate Bro. Tracy, and the boys in the PELICAN office, on their good fortune in having secured an entire new and modern outfit for the office, including a cylinder press. Mr. Tracy has been at a disadvantage, but has gotten out a good paper in spite of it, and now we expect great things of the PELICAN and the instruction of the printer boys at our neighboring institution.—The Voice.

The Board of Trustees adopted a resolution, suggested by the Superintendent, to the effect that all persons hereafter appointed to the position of teacher in this Institution shall, in addition to the general educational qualification, hold a certificate showing special training in one or more of the methods of teaching the deaf.—Lone Star Weekly.

All pupils that are capable of it cannot afford a college education, and our ideal institution would be one with an academical department, or a post graduate course. This department should be divided so as to give more time to those desiring it for manual training, while those wishing to take a college course could devote the greater part of their time to extra study. Let the time for ordinary school be less than in the other classes and what there was of it devoted more

particularly to the study of English—colloquial and technical language to be given special attention. Book keeping could be taught to a few so desiring it. In this way the standard of the school would be raised, and candidates for the college could enter the freshman class and the college would thus be enabled to dispense with the introductory class, thereby reducing the expense of a course there. Such a plan would be more likely of successful accomplishment in the land of the Stewarts than the college annex proposed.—J. S. Long, in The Exponent.

The readers of Demorest's Family Magazine were regaled by the story of "Golden Silence" in the August number. As the story runs, a young deaf lady fell into a pond, a gentleman fished her out, and the next day began a two-weeks' courtship, after which he proposed. She declined, whereupon he was taken sick with a fever. Out of which she considerably nursed him. The story is illustrated with a cut of the manual alphabet and several sentences spelled by the hand. The cuts are too horrible to describe. The hands are ugly, knobby and angular, and the letters were all made with the hand and fore-arm either straight up or straight down. All through the story the author confuses the sign-language and finger-spelling, which in his mind, are the same thing. The characteristics which he ascribes to the heroine, and which he says are "common among those similarly afflicted," show that he knew nothing whatever about the deaf. To one intimately associated with the deaf, the story is amusing from the ignorance it displays. Hoosier.

Almost every school throughout the country reports an increased attendance. The editor of the Maryland Bulletin in trying to allay our fears, says that the deaf are not increasing so rapidly, but that the parents of deaf children are fast beginning to realize the value of an education, and when they do realize it, to school goes the child. I believe the Bulletin is about right.—Tablet.

WE wish our officers and teachers would make it a rule not to use signs for the pupils' names. It is a useless habit, and, what is more, it is injurious to the pupils. Very few of the pupils know the names of more than the most intimate of their schoolmates. There is no reason why pupils should not learn to spell names from the very first, and continue the habit throughout their school life. If the teachers and officers will set the example, much good may be done.—Minnesota Companion.

Teacher—"Who was it that supported the world on his shoulders?"

Bright Pupil—"It was Atlas, ma'am."

Teacher—"And who supported Atlas?"

Bright Pupil—"The book don't say, but I guess his wife supported him."—Truth.

The miser is as much in want of what he has, as of what he has not.—Syrus.

## PENCILINGS.

Dust!!

We need rain.

Cool but dry weather.

October is drawing to a close.

Pecans and sugar-cane are ripe.

Every body is complaining of the dust.

Foggy mornings. What does it indicate?

One month of school already passed away.

The boys are planning expeditions to gather pecans.

Talking of making tramps to a sugar house is the order of the day.

Mr. and Mrs. Tracy took dinner with Mr. Mrs. Goodwin last Thursday week.

Another new pupil, John B. Barbier Jr., of Ascension Parish, has been added to our list.

James Dawson of Jackson, La, was a visitor here for a few hours and then left for New River.

Lew. Hennigan, one of the carpenter shop boys, is building a coal and wood shed for Mr. Tracy.

Mr. Dobson has sold his bicycle. He expects to buy another much lighter one, weighing 18 pounds.

Grey Barham received a letter from Daniel Picard who is reported to be doing well at Gallaudet College.

Mrs. M. H. Hereford, step-mother of our girls' supervisor, returned sometime ago from an extended stay in New York.

Mr. Brown introduced a new game among the boys. It is called "cricket," and is very popular at the Fanwood school.

Prisoner's base is at present the most popular sport among the boys. They enjoy it and obtain all the needed physical exercises.

Mr. Goodwin conducted chapel services Sunday morning and took for his text: Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world! John I: 29.

Miss Hereford's brother, Stirling, was one of a party who went on a most successful squirrel hunting in Ascension parish and bagged 241 squirrels on last Thursday week.

On account of insufficient pay, Joe Mashaw has given up his place as compositor in the Farmerville Gazette office, and can now be found as a house-painter in Ruston.

Men are at work tearing up the old brick side walks in front of the Main building and paving them with new ones which generally improves the appearance of our lawn.

Mrs. Tracy was one of the excursionists to New Orleans last Sunday. She returned Tuesday morning at two. She said she spent the day and night on the excursion train.

One of the new pupils has the habit of playing on an imaginary violin and pretends to be able to whistle. His mimicry cause a great deal of laughter among those who encourage him to keep on. This boy is improving rapidly in his studies.

Mr. Brown, it is our pleasure to state, has consented to help contribute the local news, thus relieving the editor of much work which this department requires.—ED.

Should mercury take a notion to go down into its cellar, there will be no danger of freezing for several tons of coal were recently stowed away ready for immediate use.

Miss Ada Saunder, a teacher at the Louisiana Institution, is a graduate of the Mississippi Industrial Institute and College, has been raised among the deaf, has used the sign language nearly all her life, and is well fitted for the calling.—Mississippi Voice.

Leopold Isaacs renews his subscription by sending us two half dollars. That is right, and we are glad an old pupil like him can be so generous. Leopold is engaged in the poultry and egg business in Abbeville and it appears he is getting along splendidly.

During August, Henry Kanel lost his place as a compositor in a New Orleans job office. Hard times was the cause. We are glad to hear he has been recalled from Hammond, whither he went to help his father on the farm, and is now to be found at his case again. Such is the reward for faithfulness for doing one's duty.

William Berry, Antone Zimmerman and Frank Drake are the recent additions to the printing office force. They are doing well for beginners. Visitors, who come to inspect the school will be struck with the number of little boys now learning the "art preservative of arts."

Mr. Brown and Mr. McArtor, in order to kill time, shouldered their guns last Saturday and went on a tramp south east of this place. They found nothing for their guns to do, but they got sunburnt and learned a lesson to take a jug of Adam's ale to satisfy their thirst the next time they go.

Superintendent Jastremski, of the Louisiana Institution arrived among us Monday evening, and remained until Tuesday morning, greeting old friends and making new ones. It was regretted that he could not remain with us longer, but duties called him home. When Dr. Jastremski comes again it is hoped that he will be able to time his visit so he can see more of his friends and of the school.—Voice.

In the back yard of the pleasant home of Mr. and Mrs. H. Lorraine Tracy are two fine large pecan trees heavily laden with the delicious pecans. One afternoon Mr. Brown, for more than an hour, put aside his dignity as teacher and climbed up one of them like a little school boy and enjoyed himself shaking off the nuts which came down in torrents like rain. They filled a basket full which Mr. Tracy stored away for the winter.

The first number of this volume of the PELICAN came out several days behind schedule time. Regulating a new press is not a joke. All those who took part in it will not forget the "fun" they had, very soon. There being no heavyweights in the office, Walter Middleton and Dennis Laiche were called in from the shoe shop. It was amusing to see how they tried to get their breathe after running the press for a few minutes. John Davidson and John Limer tried it and they were no more successful.

The Institute of the Deaf and Dumb is always kept in first-class order, the fences whitewashed, the shrubbery trimmed, the grass mowed even, and all of the surroundings in keeping with a first-class educational institution. The board of control ever watchful over everything that is wanted for the comfort of the inmates, are now having laid in the front yard a brick walk that was found to be necessary some time ago, and when finished will add much to the already beautiful garden.—Baton Rouge Advocate.

A day after his arrival here, little Lafayette Trousdale fell out of bed and injured his left arm. Doctors Duchein and Buffington were at once called and they dressed the arm. The boy's father, at once notified, came and helped take care of him. Latter on his mother came. The arm improved rapidly, but it was deemed advisable to let the boy go home where he could have the injury completely cured which will be cured in about a month or two. On their arrival at home, the boy's father wrote the following:

Monroe, La, Oct 18, 1894.

The Louisiana Pelican.

Allow me, through your paper, to thank you all for the many kindness shown us during our stay at the Institution. We arrived at home safe, though much fatigued this 9 A.M Little Lafayette stood the trip very well and is still resting easy.

Yours Truly,

D. G. Trousdale.

FROM JOE A. MASHAW.

Dear Editor:—May I have a little space in the PELICAN to put a valuable piece of advice on "How to Succeed" to my schoolmates, who have not yet gone out into the world, like Messrs. Kanel and Picard and myself. The following is the piece.

"A well-known banker says that he owes his success to observing the good advice of an older friend, who told him to keep good company or none. Never be idler. Cultivate your mind. Make few promises. Live up to your engagements. Keep your own secrets. When you speak to a person, look him in the face. If any one speaks ill of you, let your life be so that no one will believe him. Live within your income. Small and steady gains bring the kind of riches that do not take wings and fly away. Earn money before you spend it. Never run into debt unless you see a sure way to get out of it. Never borrow if you can possibly avoid it. Do not marry until you are able to support a wife. Never speak evil of any one. Be just before you are generous. Save when you are young and enjoy the savings when you are old."

Words can not tell how much surprised I was to hear of your marriage which took place last summer, and as you and your bride had both been my good teachers, please accept my sincere congratulations. May nothing mar your happiness and prosperity.

I wish the 1894-95 session of my Alma Mater a brilliant success.

All persons as they become less prosperous, are the more suspicious.

## LARGEST TREE IN THE WORLD.

The largest tree in the world lies broken and petrified at the end of a defile in Northwestern Nevada. Its dimensions are so great that those who know of its existence hesitate to tell the story because they hardly expect to be believed; but there is sufficient evidence to give the tale credit, improbable though it may seem. This tree makes the monarchs of the Mariposa grove seem like imposters, and compared to it "the tallest pine grown on Norwegian hills to be the mast of some great admiral" is but a wand." As for story of its discovery, it is told by "Dad" Lynn, of Fresno, and supported by other equally well-known people: "Back in 1860 a company of about forty-five left Red Bluff to prospect the then unknown country beyond Honey Lake.

"The Indians—we called them Bannacks—were at that time raising hair, and very many sudden moves were at times necessary in order to get rid of their unwelcome attentions. Finding but little gold in this section, we travelled toward Baker Country, Ore., through a country entirely denuded of timber, except a few dwarf cottonwoods along the waterways. Close to the Baker Country line we came to an opening in the rocks, about wide enough for our wagons to go through and on either side loomed precipices 500 and 600 feet high. The crevasse was about fifteen miles long, and at its end, just to the right of the trail, we found a number of petrified treestumps of different heights and sizes.

"In their midst on the ground lay a monster tree, somewhat imbedded in the soil. It was completely petrified, and from the clean-cut fractures of the trunk seemed to have fallen after its petrification. At its butt this tree was quite sixty feet in diameter. We measured its length with a tape line. It was just 666 feet long. No limbs remained, but in the trunk were clefts where apparently limbs had broken off. Amber-like beads of petrified pitch or gum adhered to the sides of the trunk for a distance of 100 feet or more. Where the huge trunk was broken squarely off the centre seemed transparent, and the growth marks showed in beautiful concentric rings. Its natural appearance was handsomer than any dressed marble or mosaic I have ever seen, and we all expressed the opinion that it would make a wonderfully beautiful floor and interior finish for some grand building. I don't often tell this story because people do not believe it, but I could go to the place now within the least trouble and point out this wonder."—San Francisco Examiner.

Centenarian and a Half.

A Mexican named Medoricos died at Ingram, near here, yesterday. His relatives and intimate friends assert most positively that he was 150 years old. He has been married five times, marrying his first wife 109 years ago. He had three grown sons in the war of 1812.

They take everything as an affront; and from their conscious weakness, presume that they are neglected.—Terume.

**Pupils' Paragraphs.**

The Sugar refinery is ready to run now.

Last Friday night Miss Saunders went to a party.

Last Friday night the girls played hide and seek.

Last Saturday Mrs. Tracy made a pleasant trip to New Orleans on excursion train.

The pupils want to go to a sugar house next November.

Miss Hereford's cousin and a friend came to see her last Monday.

Miss Pettit gave some candy to the girls. They ate it last Sunday.

Mr. P. H. Brown lectured about "Samson" last Sunday. We liked his lecture.

It has not rained in Baton Rouge for three weeks. It is very dusty and hot.

Walter Middleton climbed up a tree near Mr. Tracy's house. He gathered some nuts.

A. Jackson is going to be a carpenter. He does not want to work in the shoe-shop.

Last Saturday evening Master Haydel found a little snake on the floor near the stair way. Joe killed it. He threw it over the fence.

Messrs McArtor and Brown and Misses Rambo and Hereford played lawn tennis last Saturday. Mr. Brown and Miss Rambo won the sets.

We girls walked to the capitol yesterday evening. We saw some red fishes in the fountain. Some girls gathered some acorns. They ate them. Miss Hereford scolded them. She was afraid they would be sick.

Some girls patted a deer on the back. The deer was lying down on the grass in the shade of a tree in the State House yard. They gave it some acorns. It ate them up.

Last Friday evening some boys went up town. They bought some sugar-cane. They carried them on their shoulders. They sat on the grass. They cut the cane with their knives. They ate cane.

Our exhibits in the cabinet and shoe shops are being packed up and will be shipped to the State Fair at Shreveport by this week.

Last Saturday a new deaf boy came here. He is a stranger to all the pupils and teachers. He felt sorry to part with his parents.

Misses Pilat and Farrell are making pretty scarfs. They will send them to the fair at Shreveport. It will open on November 1st.

Sunday evening, Miss Hereford took all the girls to visit the Institute for the

Blind. Some blind girls were glad to meet us. Two of the blind girls will come here soon and visit us.

Mrs. Pope, Misses Pettit, Pilat, Blanche and Rosa Gra-vois went to church Sunday morning at six o'clock.

Two strangers entered the office of our Superintendent without taking off their hats and asked him if he could give them something to eat.

About the middle of September, or a short time before school opened, a cold wind blew from the north. By that time the pecans on two trees in the back of Mr. Tracy's yard were ripe. Lew. Hennigan and Walter Middleton decided to gather them before the bad boys from the neighborhood could come and steal them. They filled a barrel half full of nuts and gave them to Mr. Tracy and his wife, who seemed happy to get so many.

The Deaf-Mute Advocate, published at Malone, New York, said that Mr. Henry D. Mandeville, formerly a pupil here about four years ago, was married a short time ago to a deaf-mute named Miss Davis. We wish them a long and happy wedded life.

Mr. James Dawson made his appearance here and staid to see his old friends for a few hours last Friday evening. On Saturday morning he was on his way to New River where Daniel Picard lives. We do not know what he is doing there.

On Saturday, at about two o'clock Messrs Villeret and Middleton took a long walk to the sugar firenery, which is built near the Mississippi Valley Railroad. It is about a mile from the State University. They want some pupils to go and see it.

It is reported that two new mills—one for making paper and another for making clothes will be placed at a distance of a mile east of this city.

In the shoe-shop, Mr. Dobson was hurt by the falling of plaster from the ceiling, on Saturday morning. [Perhaps he was more scared than hurt.—Ed.]

Six boxes of old type, that were in a closet for some weeks, were sold to the lumber yard.

**Pleasing Their Vanity.**

He had been the leading dealer in ladies shoes for years and had retired with a fortune.

"How were you so successful?" asked a less fortunate rival.

"Easiest thing in the world," he replied. "The first thing I did when I be-

**OFFICERS OF THE INSTITUTION:**

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Mr. Alvan E. Read Baton Rouge.

**SUPERINTENDENT:**

John Jastremski.

**TEACHERS:**

P. H. Brown. H. L. Tracy.  
James Goodwin. Miss N. Cernay.  
Miss E. S. Rambo, }  
Miss A. Saunders, } ARTICULATION.

**MATRONS:**

Mrs. Mary Pope.

**PHYSICIAN:**

B. Duchain, M. D.

**SUPERVISORS:**

Miss Sarah Hereford.  
Frank A. Dobson.  
Usiler McArtor.

**INSTRUCTORS IN INDUSTRIES:**

Miss Sarah Hereford, Sewing.  
H. L. Tracy, Printing Office.  
F. A. Dobson, Shoe Shop.  
U. McArtor, Cabinet Shop.

**RULES FOR ADMISSION OF PUPILS.**

The deaf of the state between the ages of EIGHT and TWENTY-ONE years, and of sound MIND and BODY, are admitted to all the privileges of the School, free of charge, being provided with board, washing, fuel, lights, tuition, books and everything necessary, except clothing and traveling expenses.

Each pupil should come provided with sufficient clothing.  
The Annual Session commences on the 1st day of October and continues till the 1st day of June.

The government is that of a well regulated family and careful attention is paid to the health, comfort and morals of the pupils.

The location of this school is one of unsurpassed healthfulness.

All applications and letters should be addressed to the Superintendent. All letters and packages should be sent to his care.

**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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gan was to mark down every pair of shoes in the place and keep the stock that way."

"Mark down?"

"Yes."

"In price, do you mean?"

The wise dealer laughed softly.

"Oh, no," he said; "in size."—Detroit Free Press.

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Bank open from 9 a. m., to 3 p. m.; on Saturdays, until 7 p. m.  
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