

THE LOVE THAT ENDURES.

The gray, drought-burned sky bent down over the desert like a tarnished pewter bowl turned over a sand heap.

In the desert glamour it seemed now dim in the distance, now only a stone's toss away; but the long hours went uncounted when we dropped over a steeper sand ridge almost into a little green garden.

Just outside the fence of slim, thorny ocotillas, blurred with the dull red of pendulous, withered blossoms like clots of dried blood, a woman was drawing water from a well and pouring it into an old washtub around which a dozen lean, starved-looking dogs were huddled.

I watched her curiously while I drank; her hands were hard and brown, knotted and calloused with years of rough work; but her dress, faded and worn, was of deep pink print covered with trailing rosebuds, and it and her white sunbonnet were fashioned with taste and clean to spotlessness.

As I thanked her for the water she pushed back the bonnet and I looked down into the saddest eyes I have ever seen, with all the weariness of the eternal desert in their depths and yet a courage that forbore my quick pity.

"Joe was gone! Gone out in the desert night, wandering without water over that parched waste of sand and caotus!"

"We searched and called till daybreak, our voices coming back in long, wailing echoes answered by skulking coyotes far off in the ghostly yucca forest. Then she found the blurred trail leading backward.

"They never left the ranch again. 'It's no use,' she said quietly; 'if he ever returns, it must be here, where all his thoughts were centered. If I could have the doctor here! But I must do my best alone.'"

"Think of it! Twenty years of that hopeless hope! He will come back, he will remember, she keeps saying; and yet he forgets their simple speech from day to day if she does not remind him."

"And year by year the desert comes nearer; long ago the drought left the hills bare, and dried up the thread of water in the wash. The very caotus is dying—and yet she hopes. They live on the milk from the cows and what she grows in the garden."

"Time has stood still for him; he is the same handsome boy; but she said 'I'm getting old.' And she laughed to hide the passionate terror in her voice. 'No, no, what would Joe do without me? Oh, doctor, if he should come back and not know me! Not remember!'"

"What we call tact is the ability to find before it is too late what it is that our friends do not desire to learn from us. It is the art of withholding on proper occasions information which we are quite sure would be good for them."

"I was new from the East, trying my luck in the string of mining camps along

the river forty miles away. At midnight a cowboy rode into Planet on a lathered, reeling pony, firing his six-shooter and calling for the doctor and fresh horses. We were back at the ranch at sunrise, the men striding in awed groups outside the honed while I examined the limp form, trying to measure the trouble. Beyond a few broken bones it seemed slight; but he had not moved or spoken since that last wild call to the horse as they plunged over the ledge.

"This is beyond us," he said shortly; "something wrong in his head, but we can't reach it. He will live—for years probably. And he may come back to himself in a week, or a month—or never. More likely never. You've got to tell that woman; I'd face all the renegade Apaches in the Territory before I'd do it."

"I would have faced them myself rather than watch her eyes that one moment when the light went out of them forever, but the next her lips were smiling."

"A week, a month," she repeated; "he will come back; he must come back. Tell the men to go; I'd rather wait alone."

"She took up the work of the ranch, watering the cattle, and outsting and stacking the alfalfa with the help of some friendly Indians camped in the wash below. For hours she sat by Joe's side, talking to him, singing to him, calling him old, tender names that stirred no echo in his brain."

"He had walked for months, following her about like some dumb, stricken animal, before she drew the first stumbling, half-formed word across his lips. Then her hope flamed up in a great determination. She gathered and sold all the cattle, fitted up the old wagon with such comforts as the bare ranch afforded, and sent for me to help her get Joe to the railroad, two hundred miles away. She would take him to a specialist in the East."

"Joe hung back, reckless, uneasy, at sight of the wagon; moving his hands in smooth gestures, and mumbling to himself when, once started, we plodded along all day through the sand in which the wheels turned silently."

"She kept her hope, singing him to sleep in our nightcamp among the weird yucca palms with lullabies so sweet that the noisy old trees seemed to listen and thrill through all their misshapen branches. But at midnight she roused me with a wild cry—Joe was gone! Gone out in the desert night, wandering without water over that parched waste of sand and caotus!"

"We broke camp and turned toward the ranch, arguing the horses into a trot in spite of the sand. Standing upright on the high seat, one hand braced on my shoulder, she watched hour by hour till far ahead something moved, half turned, and crept into cover among the greasewood."

"It was Joe, haggard, weary, covered with caotus thorns, but sullen and determined. He would not get in the wagon; he would not take food or water, nor let us come near enough to put our hands on him. She talked and sang and coaxed, edging all the while nearer the road, till unconsciously he was following her, and all day the two plodded along through the sand while I drove slowly behind."

"She redoubled her efforts. Word by word she taught him a simple vocabulary. She told him stories, read him stories, read him the few books she could get, won him to join a fateful accomplice to her songs. Clouds, shadows, dark colors, deep reds; for his sake she rejoiced in the desert sunshine; for his sake she wore gaudy prints and gay ribbons, and covered the cabin walls with the brightest pictures she could get. She learned to laugh, to make pretense of playing games while she worked, and to keep her voice light and happy; for he was like a child, drooping at a sad tone, and sitting still and listless for hours if left to himself."

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THE CENTENNIAL ACADEMY BUILDING.

Historical Sketch of the Bellefonte Academy.

In 1795 James Harris and Col. John Danlop laid out the town of Bellefonte. In doing so they had in mind three public necessities, first a public square dedicated to the official buildings of the new county they proposed to have erected, next a place of worship for which they set aside two lots, and finally the cause of education.

Since the highest grade of primary and intermediate educational work was found in the academies, which the close of the eighteenth century saw established in large numbers throughout the State, these founders, of Scotch-Presbyterian stock, determined that their institution of learning should follow closely the lines of the kirk, hence the lots adjoining the church were marked on the original plan of the town, "For the Academy."

However, later somewhat changed this location and the summit of a high limestone ridge with the land sweeping away on every side was chosen as the site of the proposed building. All this planning took place when scarcely half a dozen houses constituted the little village and it was not until ten years thereafter that their plans approached fulfillment. In 1799, when the erection of the new county was assured, it was agreed between the proprietors of Bellefonte and the legislative powers of the State that one-half of all the money received from sales of the lots of their town should be paid over to the trustees of the county, one portion to be used for the construction of suitable county buildings in the public square and the other to be applied toward the proposed academy.

In pursuance of this plan Centre county was created early in the following year and Bellefonte designated as the "Seat of Justice," as the old papers put it. During the next five years the accumulation of funds justified the preparation for a building project and on January 8th, 1805, the Bellefonte Academy was incorporated by the legislature with the following trustees constituting its first board of management, viz: H. R. Wilson, John Danlop, Roland Curtin, William Pettrick, Robert McClanahan and John Hall, all of Bellefonte; with William Stuart, Andrew Gregg and James Potter, of Potter township; James Duncan, John Hall and Jacob Hosterman, of Haines township; John Kryder, of Miles township; Jacob Taylor, of Halfmoon township; David Winchell, Patton township; Richard Miles, Robert Boggs, Joseph Miles and John Danlop, of Spring township; William McEwen and Thomas McCamant, of Centre township.



REV. JAMES P. HUGHES, A. M., PRINCIPAL EMERITUS, 37 YEARS PRINCIPAL.

and John Fearon, Matthew Allison and James Boyd, of Bald Eagle township. An additional act of assembly, passed in the following year, appropriated two thousand dollars to the building fund, on condition, however, that at least six poor children should receive two years education at the new school free of expense. During the year 1805 steps were taken toward the construction of a building which was soon under way. A rectangular, two-story limestone structure, occupying the ground between the north and south wings of the present building, was the first academy. Shortly after its completion the magnificent locust trees, which it was found necessary to remove, some fifteen years ago, were planted and their steady growth matched the progress of the school.

Colonel John Danlop, of Revolutionary fame, was the first president of the board of trustees, Thomas Burnsides, afterwards Supreme Court Justice, was the board's first secretary, H. R. Wilson, the first regularly ordained minister of the gospel in this section of the State, was a member of the board, as were Roland Curtin, the great charcoal master; William Stuart and John Danlop, prominent iron men and large land owners, General James Potter, and Andrew Gregg, afterwards a Senator of the United States, and Richard and Joseph Miles, the founders of Milesburg, who were sons of Samuel Miles one time Mayor of Philadelphia. The members of the board of trustees of the Bellefonte Academy have always been among

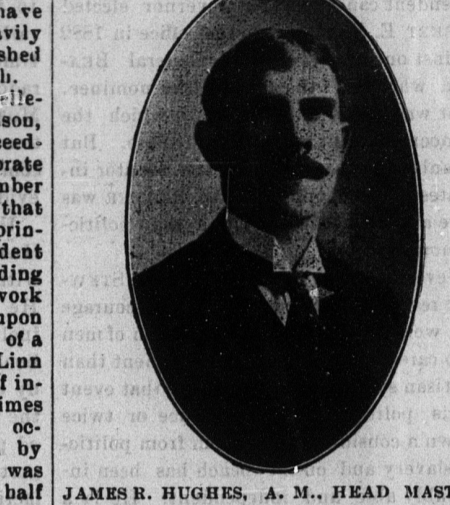
the foremost citizens of the community and to the abilities of such men as these is due the credit of the survival of this school; for, of forty-one academies chartered by the State during the first five years of the nineteenth century, only five others have survived in the struggle with the heavily endowed public school system nourished by the patronage of the Commonwealth. The first acting principal of the Bellefonte Academy was the Rev. H. K. Wilson, the Presbyterian pastor, who was succeeded in 1810 by his successor in the pastorate, Rev. James Linn. By 1815 the number of students had so largely increased that Thomas Chamberlain was engaged as principal and Mr. Linn selected as president of the board of trustees. Notwithstanding the many obligations of his church work and the burdens which naturally fell upon him as one of the prominent citizens of a rapidly growing community, James Linn, time and again took up the work of instruction at the academy and many times acted as principal when the regular occupants of the office were disqualified by illness, or when the institution was unable to secure teachers. For over half a century he thus gave his services unsparringly for the benefit of education.

Robert Baird, afterwards celebrated as the founder of the Evangelical Christian Alliance, succeeded Mr. Chamberlain in 1818, and in 1820 J. B. McCarrell, later prominent in the Reformed Church, filled the position for two years. He was followed by J. D. Hickok, whose successor within a few months was H. D. Cross. About this time one of the former students, whose name has not been preserved, presented the Academy with a Spanish flag, engraved with the motto "For Spain" and bearing a cross and the date 1802, which hung in the cupola until destroyed by the fire of 1904.

Alfred Armstrong, of Carlisle, was the first of the early principals to remain for a long term of years and from 1824 to 1831 he made great progress with the institution. S. G. Callahan succeeded Mr. Armstrong in the fall of 1831, finishing out the year, when W. M. Patterson was elected to the position. In 1835 W. H. Miller became principal, followed in 1837 by J. B. Payne and in 1838 by the first teacher who was born in this county, John Livingston; a graduate of Jefferson College, who retained the office for six years. During his term the north and south wings of the old academy were built, the basement of the northern wing having for its foundation the old reservoir from which the town first received its water supply, pumped out of the beautiful big spring, from which the

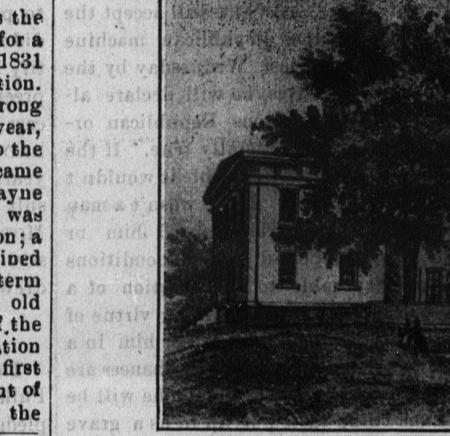
ver, Judge Austin O. Furst and John P. Harris are the only surviving members. By means of the collection of its small endowment fund and a popular subscription sufficient money was raised to repair the old building, purchase an adjoining strip of land and to erect a brick addition next to the southern wing of the main building, which was completed in 1873. This was made possible through the devoted attention of the Rev. Alfred Yeomans, the president of the board, to its management, and with the untiring efforts of Mr. Hughes in building up the teaching department, the success of the institution seemed assured.

However, fifteen years later found the academy again in financial difficulties and with buildings insufficient to cope with its needs. At this stage, J. Dunlop Singert, a great-grandson of the original John Danlop, manifested such an interest in the cause that the board, urged on by his enthusiasm, were able not only to meet their obligations but to undertake new and extensive improvements during the year 1890. The unightly brick annex was removed and a neat but commodious house built on the southern portion of the grounds, adjoining the old Friends' Meeting property, and the main building, which



JAMES R. HUGHES, A. M., HEAD MASTER.

up to this time had been used as a dwelling, given up solely to educational purposes. In 1895, James R. Hughes, the eldest son of the principal, a graduate of Princeton in 1885 and since then an instructor at the academy, was selected as associate principal and, at his suggestion, the boarding school side of the academy work was revived and gradually developed and the upper stories of the main building fitted up as dormitories for boarding pupils. In



THE ACADEMY IN 1840.

1900 the elder Mr. Hughes found the combination of teaching and management was too great a task for him, owing to the growth of the school and his advancing age. Acting on his advice therefore, the trustees selected his son as headmaster, retaining the father in the position of principal-emeritus. Beginning with the new century, Mr. James R. Hughes had developed the scope of the academy to its present high standing and has succeeded in making the boarding school department a principal feature in the success of the institution.

In the summer of 1904 a disastrous fire, the first in its history, destroyed the upper story of the main building. Trusting to the ability of the new regime to continue its remarkable success, the board of trustees decided to rebuild the academy in a manner befitting its past history and its coming centennial, and the present edifice with its beautiful Grecian columns is the result. The academy of today is a glorified image of the little old two-story building of a hundred years ago. Its future lies in the hands of the twenty-two trustees, some of the leading citizens of the town, and in the integrity and ability of James R. Hughes, the present head, who has been twenty years in the service of the institution and who holds the confidence of all who know him. The place of the Bellefonte Academy in the educational system of the country has been made and those who hold it in charge should be competent to make its future more than equal to its past.

The hundred years history of the Bellefonte Academy is comprised almost entirely within the span of the lives of two men, James Linn and James P. Hughes. The former's connection with the school was not severed until the day of his death in 1868, and the latter, at the age of seventy-eight, is still teaching in his old time manner, of which nothing better has been said than "He can make a problem in arithmetic sound like a fairy tale."—By J. Thomas Mitchell.

God Bless Our Dad.

In most every home you will see over the door the legend worked in letters of red: "What is Home Without a Mother?" Across the room another brief design: "God Bless Our Home." Now what's the matter with "God Bless Our Dad?" He gets up early, lights the fire, boils the eggs, grabs a dinner pail and wipes off the dew of the lawn with his boots while many a mother is sleeping. He makes the weekly handout for the benefit of the grocer, milkman, butcher and baker, and his little pile is badly worn before he has been home an hour. He stands of the baillif and keeps the rent paid up. If Johnnie needs a new pair of boots 'cause he's just walking on the ground, dad goes down in his hip pocket and comes up with a hard day's sweat. If Mary needs a new ribbon for her 'back hair, mother years for a new wrapper, and the baby howls for a rattle, down goes dad again and comes up with the coin.

But if he buys a new pipe for a quarter because the old one is getting "kinda" strong, he is warned that smoking is an expensive habit and that men have smoked up blocks and farms and happy homes. When show time arrives dad comes up with

the price and ma goes out with the neighbors and Flora sparks her bean in the parlor. Dad's clothes are none too good and grimy and sticky, as he sits in the kitchen with the kids. If there's a noise in the night he is kicked in the back and made to go down stairs and hunt the burglar and kill him.

Mother darns the socks, yes she does but dad bought the socks in the first place and the needles and yarn afterward. Mother does up the fruit. Well dad bought it all and jars cost like the mischief. Dad buys chicken for Sunday dinner, carves it himself and draws the neck from the ruins after everyone else is served.

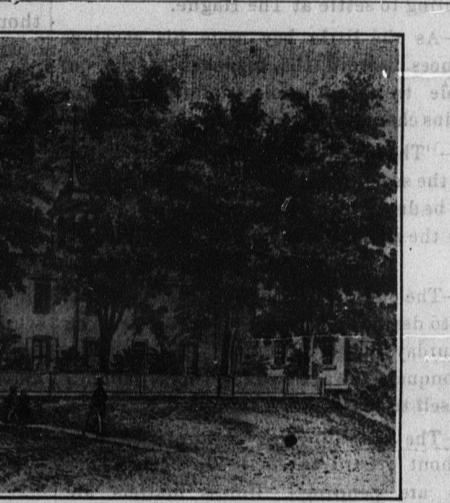
"What is Home Without a Mother?" Yes, that is all right. But what is home without a father? Ten to one it is a boarding house, father is under the sod, the landlady is the widow. Dad, here's to you! You've got your good points and they will miss you when you are gone.

J. THOMAS MITCHELL.
Crave for White Bread.

The power of the electric current to decompose certain substances in a singular way has led to an important development of electro-chemistry. In this connection experiments have recently been made in Paris seeking an improvement in bread making.

Laboring under the mistaken impression that the whiteness of wheat bread determines its quality—the whiter the bread the better—the Parisian public has for years been growing more and more exacting on this score, and therefore the fineness of grain flour has been gradually approaching a limit, say the Scientific American. The public has as a consequence, received a less nutritive food, it being a known fact that the core of the wheat grain, which is the chief constituent of bread, while producing the whitest flour, at the same time contains the smallest amount of albumen and is thus least nutritious.

There has recently been raised the hope of obtaining a whiter bread by aid of electricity, for which purpose the flour was brought in contact with electrified air, whose ozone possesses efficacious bleaching properties. A report to the Academy of Sciences at Paris on the result of an experiment with flour treated in both the ordinary way and by electricity under similar conditions, explains that flour subjected to electric influence was much whiter in color, but that its taste and odor were far inferior to those of flour treated by the ordinary method. The amount of phosphorus was the same in both, but the quantities of fatty and acid substances varied largely. Thus, in flour treated by electricity the fatty substances proved rancid, glaucous, and of a less yellowish color, and instead of retaining their usual aromatic, yellow



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state, become oxidized and partly converted into white sebatic acid, which could be dissolved in alcohol. The glutinous substances were discolored and changed.

The bread made from the flour was whiter than usual, but of inferior taste, and the experiment serves to demonstrate that electric treatment, while successfully turning flour whiter, injures

Save One Plant a Year.

Luther Burbank, the California plant breeder whose phenomenal fruits and flowers are now creating such a stir, advises amateurs in the Country Calendar. From the new plants that grow only the best should be kept alive—all the weakly ones must be put out of the way. The next harvest of seeds should be gathered with the same care, and out of all the plants that come, no matter how many there may be, Mr. Burbank says: "Save only one." He emphasizes this: "Save one plant each year, and that the best of all. The next year the same method must be followed, and so on—the last will come the perfect one."

And this leads to the other department of the work—selection. Mr. Burbank thinks that selection, as well as breeding, is likely to prove very satisfactory to amateurs. He says on this point: "Pick out a plant which you like, but which you wish different in some particular. Perhaps it does not altogether suit you in color; perhaps it is not so deep or intense as you would like to have it. Select out of the entire lot of flowers before you, going over them all with the utmost care (even if there are hundreds of them), the one which approaches nearest to your ideal. Then isolate this one plant and select its seeds. Plant them and select from all the plants that result, only the best. Plant again and again from successive seed harvests, each time selecting the plants which are coming nearest your ideal. If you have done your work faithfully the new generations should show decided leanings toward this ideal."

LIFE.—The poet's exclamation: "O Life! I feel thee bounding in my veins," is a joyous one. Persons that can rarely or never make it, in honesty to themselves, are among the most unfortunate. They do not live, but exist; for to live implies more than to be. To live is to be well and strong—to arise feeling equal to the ordinary duties of the day, and to retire not overcome by them—to feel life bounding in the veins. A medicine that has made thousands of people, men and women, well and strong, has accomplished a great work; bestowing the richest blessings, and that medicine is Hood's Sarsaparilla. The weak, run-down, or debilitated, from any cause, should not fail to take it. It builds up the whole system, changes existence from life to life, and makes life more abundant. We're glad to say these words in its favor to the readers of our columns.

If our gardens produced as many during the summer as we plant when we pick up the hoe for the first time, the produce market would be glutted.

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