

## THE LOVE THAT ENDURES.

The gray, drought-burned sky bent down over the desert like a tarnished pewter bowl turned over a sand heap. Gray sky, gray sun-wan and parched as the gray earth which its heat tortured languidly, impotently, as some captive whose spent strength responds no longer to the firebrands of his captors.

The dust spurted up in thin jets under my horse's hoofs and lay along his neck and flanks in rimed hoarfrost of sweat and alkali. We had left endless sand hills behind us; they stretched endlessly in front, and somewhere among them was water; but the restless whirlwinds running along the dunes had blotted out the trail, and we steered uncertain by a gaunt peak that overtopped his bald and haggard fel-

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

ocatillas, blurred with the dull red of pen dulous, 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, starv-ing cows fought weakly. My horse sniffed the moisture in long breaths, and before we reached the well the woman caught up a gourd dipper with rude patterns of Indian carving and held it out to me, the cool water brimming over in her haste.

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. She spoke, and I forgot the white hair, the face as worn and brown as the hands. That voice, so sweet, so cheerful, so bravely and determinedy happy and hopeful—it was as if the gray old cactus at my feet had all at once blossomed white roses on every thorn.

We talked on, and I took her place at the well-rope. The cattle were not hers; she had only a milk cow down there in the strip of lank alfalfa that edged the sandy bank of a river of sand-a river roaring torrentwise with muddy water once or twice in a year when as cloudburst swept its far-distant source in the mountains. These cattle were strays from the ranges to the north, but she could not let them die for the want of water; food she had not to

As we talked a man lounged around the corner of the adobe shack, looked at me a moment vaguely, and lounged back. He was a big fellow, strong and tall, with a graceful, boyish fling to his broad shoulders, and something indescribably boyish, even childlike, in his handsome face. "Do you want me, Joe?" the woman

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 standing in awed groups outside the house 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. All day I tried to break that uncanny spell; and at the second sunrise I sent a rider for the surgeon at Fort Rowe, a grizzled old veteran of two wars and countless Indian forays. He sent the woman away while we looked our man over; then he laid his hand on my shoulder and walked me out

under the paradise tree in the yard. ""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 cutting and stack-ing 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, hours she sat by Joe's side, talking to him, singing to him, calling him old, tender names that stirred no eoho in the deadened brain. But at last, very slowly, like a new-born child, he came to notice simple things: the sunlight on the floor, a flower in her bair, or the bright ribbon on her dress. He threw out his hands aimlessly; and gently, patiently, as she might have taught their child, she taught him to grasp bits of colored paper or the long orimson and yel-low blossoms of the paradise tree. With greater difficulty she taught him to walk; luring him to the door and beyond with the same bright blossoms, with coax-ing words and smiles, and lavish praise when his shambling steps carried him farth-

er each day. "He had walked for months, following her about like some dumb, stricken animal before she drew the first stumbling, halfformed 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

bare ranch afforded, and sent for me to help her get Joe to the railroad, two hun-dred 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 uncouth gestures, and numbling to him-self when, once started, we plodded along all day through the sand in which the wheel turned silently wheels turned silently.

"She kept her hope, singing him to sleep in our nightcamp among the weird yucca palms with lullables so sweet that the hoary 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 cactus!

"We searched and called till daybreak, our voices coming back in long, wailing echoes answered by skulking coyotes far off "Do you want me, Joe?" the woman called, her voice mellow with tenderness. "Your son?" I asked as he tur ned away shaking his head. "My husband," she answered, and be-gan to point out the trail I was to take, winding up the shoulder of the ganut peak which I had followed all day. "Don't turn off; keep straight over the divide. It's twenty miles to the mine, and no water



THE CENTENNIAL ACADEMY BUILDING.

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 nonrished by the patronage of the Commonwealth. The first acting principal of the Belle-

fonte Academy was the Rev. H. K. Wilson,

the Presby ternau pastor, who was succeed

ed in 1810 by his successor in the pastorate Rev. James Lunn. By 1815 the number

of students had so largely increased that

Thomas Chamberlain was engaged as prin-cipal and Mr. Linn selected as president of the hoard 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 in-

struction 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

a century he thus gave his services un-

sparingly for the benefit of education.

Historical Sketch of the Bellefonte Academy.

In 1795 James Harris and Col. John Dunlop 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 as de two lots, and finally the cause of education. Since the highest grade of primary and in-termediate educational work was found in the academics, which the close of the eighteenth century saw established in large numbers throughout the State, these founders, of Sootch-Presbyterian stock, determined that their institution of learndetermined that their institution of learn-ing 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 counsels 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 scarce-ly half a dozen houses constituted the little ittle village and it was not until ten years there-after that their plans approached ful-fillment. In 1799, when the erection of the new county was assured, it was agreed between the proprietors of Bellsfonte 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 Cen-tre county was crected early in the followng year and Bellefonte designated as the 'Seat of Justice,'' as the old papers put

1904 During the next five years the accomu-lation of funds justified the pre-paration for a building project and or January 8 h, 1805, the Bellefonte Academ. was incorporated by the legislature with the follow-ing trustees constituting its first board of management, viz: H. R. Wilson, John Dunlop, Roland Curtin, William Petrikin, Robert McClanahan and John Hall, all of Bellefonte; with William Stuart, Audrew Gregg and James Potter, of Potter town-ship; James Duncan, John Hall and Jacob Hosterman, of Haines township; Jo'u Kryder, of Miles township; Jacob Taylor. the north and south wings of the old of Halfmoon township; David Whitehill, academy were built, the basement of the Patton township; Richard Miles, Robert Boggs, Joseph Miles and John Duulop, of Spring township; William McEwen and received its water supply, pumped out of Thomas McCamant. of C-ntre township, the beautiful big spring, from which the

ver, Judge Austin O. Furst and John P. | the price and ma goes out with the neighto the southern wing of the main building, kill him. to the southern wing of the main outling, which was completed in 1873. This was made possible through the devoted atten-tion of the kev. Alfred Yeomans, the president of the board, to its management, and with the untiling efforts of Mr. Hughes the needles and yarn afterward. Mother does up the fruit. Well dad bought it all and jars cost like the mischief. Dad buys achieven for Sunday dinner carres it himin building up the teaching department, the success of the institution seemed as sured. However, fifteen years later found the

academy again in financial difficulties and with buildings insufficient to cope with its needs. At this s age, J. Dunlop Shugert, a great-grandson of the original John Dunlop, 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 unsightly brick annex was re-moved 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



unable to secure teachers. For over half

up to to this time had been used as a dwel-Robert Baird, afterwards celebrated aa ling, given up solely to educational purthe founder of the Evangelical Christian

Alliance, succeeded Mr. Chamberlain in In 1895, James R. Hughes, the eldest son 1818, and in 1820 J. B. McCarrell, later prominent in the Keformed Church, filled of the principal, a graduate of Princeton in 1885 and since then an instructor at the academy, was selected as associate prin-the same in both, but the quantities of the position for two years. He was followacademy, was selected as associate prin-cipal and, at his suggestion, the boarding school side of the academy work was re-vived and gradually developed and the upper stories of the main building fitted up as dormitories for boarding pupils. In ed 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 bell, engrav-

ed with the motto "For Spain" and bearing a cross and the date 1802, which hung in the cupola until destroyed by the fire of

Alfred Arnistrong, 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. and in 1838 by the first teacher who was boin in this county, John Livingston; a graduate of Jefferson College, who retained the office for six years. During his term northern wing having for its foundation the old reservoir from which the town first

Harris are the only surviving members. By means of the collection of its small endow-parlor. Dad's clothes are none too good ment fund and a popular sub-cription suf- and grimy and sticky, as he eits in the kitchfloient money was taised to repair the old building, purchase an adjoining strip of land and to elect a brick addition next go down stairs and hunt the burglar and

chicken for Sunday dinner, carves it him-self 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 sol, 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.

Craze 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 deter-mines 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 approach-ing a limit, say the Scientific American. The public has as a consequence, received a 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 infer-



THE ACADEMY IN 1840.

twenty miles to the d no wa till you get there. Water the horse again, and be sure the canteen is full before you

I had turned into the thicket of mea quite, through which the trail played hide-and-seek with the sand wash.

headed while he watered his horse and filled a big Indian waterbottle of woven bear-glass pitched inside and out with mescal gum. "This is Doctor Blodgett; he is going to the mine; he will guide you," the woman called as the old man swung into his saddle and rode toward

He acknowledged her introduction with a nod and a touch of the reign that swerved his horse past me into the trail ahead. word she taught him a simple vocabulary. She told him stories, read him stories, read him the few books she could get, won him

We rode with few words, till far up on the shoulder of the grim peak I turned and looked back. Fenced around by the sand hills the little green garden lay like a pale emerald, and I seemed to see the white sunbonnet and the vague, handsome face side by side watching us ride away.

him the few books she could get, won him to join a faltering accompaniment to her songs. Clouds, shadows, dark colors, de-pressed him; for his sake she rejoleed in the desert subshine; 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

me, the unspoken question in my face com-pelling him to speech. He half lifted his hat. "I always feel as if I wanted my soul". "Think of it! Twenty years of that hopepering nim to speech. He hair fifted his for nodrs if let to nimself. hat. "I always feel as if I wanted my soul to stand uncovered before that woman," he said abruptly, urging his horse on up the trail to the divide. "How old do yon think she is?" he asked wreather the trail to the divide. "How old do yon think she is?" he asked

The doctor turned and drew rein beside

A quiet, serious girl, starting at every strange sound and turning white to the lips when Joe rode his half-broken horses "Time has stood still for him; he is the lips when Joe rode his half-broken horses rearing past the door. He was a big, hand-some fellow, full of boyish daring. He would throw back his head with that care-less, happy toss and laugh at her fears till she grew fearless in spite of herself. Joe was beginning a new ranch; in those days all these barren hills were covered with grass, and that wash ran water half the vear. They worked together, building the They worked together, building the vear. corrals and planting the strip of alfalfa, till the fall rodeo, when the men came down from the big ranches to the north to ride

from the big ranches to the north to ride the range for straying cattle. Joe went with them. flinging her back a gay prom-ise to take care of himself as she waved him a half-anxious, half-proud goodby from the doorway. In all the band there was not another rider so fearless and hand-some as her husbadd: the hueband she was never to see again—for that lump of breath. never to see again—for that lump of breath-ing clay which they brought back to her at dusk was not her husband. Only a bit of bravado; a dare given half in fun and taken in boyish recklessness; but the big black renegade who had thrown so many riders went mad with the weight he could not threat and named further to the could will have better and earlier bearies than if they are left to themselves. not throw and planged furiously over a rock ribbed dune, breaking his own evil neck and throwing his rider headlong into a merquite thicket in the wash below.

is the art of withholding on proper occa-"I was new from the East, trying my sions information which usk in the string of mining camps along would be good for them. sions information which we are quite sure

"It was Joe, haggard, weary, covered with cactus thorns, but sullen and deter-mined. He would not get in the wagon; he would not take food or water from us, nor let us come near enough to put our

unte, through which the trail played hide-and-seek with the sand wash. "Wait!" she called, as from over the high ridge a thin, wiry old man rode down, lifting his hat as he saw her. He hung it hands on him. She talked and sang and coaxed, edging all the while nearer the road, till unconsciously he was following ther, and all day the two plodded along through the sand while I drove slowly behind.

"They never left the ranch again. 'It's no use,' she said quietly; 'if he ever re-members it must be here, where all his thoughts were centred. If I could have the doctor here! But I must do my aid ass OLTR OARS best alone.' "She redoubled her efforts. Word by

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·AT & MALIN

"How old do you think she is." Ho she is " presently. "Fitsy? Sixty?" I ventured, remember-ing the white bair and worn face and eyes that seemed to hold the wearness of ages. "Less than forty," he answered. "She was just a girl when Joe Knowles brought her to that adobe shack twenty years ago the open. They live on the milk from that cow and what she grows in that liftle

Thorns that Scratch

What Tact Is.

town derives its name, at the western foot of the academy ridge. David Moore and John Philips became principals in the years 1845 and 1846 respectively and in 1847 Alfred Armstrong resumed his con-nection with the academy, and during this term the building was overhauled and to a

certain extent remodeled.

. Shirer

When Mr. Armstrong gave up his work for the second time in the year 1852, it seemed impossible to contend with the new public school system, as fostered by the State government and municipal taxathe State government and municipal taxa-tion, and the support of the country dis-tricts was turned toward the Farmers' High school, then being established at what is now State College. This feeling was so strong that in 1853 it was proposed to use the building as a high school in con-nection with the public schools, though no immediate action was taken, and for some years the academy only existed on a hand to month policy. In 1854 the Rev. F. A, to month policy. In 1854 the Kev. F. A, Pratt took oharge as principal, to be succeed-ed by George Yeomans who remained until the outbreak of the civil war, when J. D. Wingate opened a grammar school in the building. After this temporary experi-ment, in 1862 the property was leased to the Bellefonte School district which lease con-tinued until 1868, when the academy board cancelled their accement with the district cancelled their agreement with the district, resumed postession and selected the Rev. James Potter Hughes as principal of the

institution. The new administration began its work with a thorough reorganizatian of the board up blocks and farms and happy homes of trustees, of whom General James A. Bea-When show time arrives dad comes up with

1900 the elder Mr. Hughes found the com- state, become oxidized and partly cenvertbination of teaching and management was ed into white sebacic acid, which could be too great a task for him, owing to the dissolved in alcohol. The glutinous subgrowth 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 has developed the scope of the academy to its pres-ent 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 disastrons fire, the first in its history, destroyed the upper story of the main building. Trusting to the ability of the new regime to continue the ability of the new regime to continue its remarkable success, the board of trustees decided to rebuild the academy in a man-ner 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 intervity and ability of James B. Hundred the reaching officers 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 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 Belle-fonte Academy is comprised almost entire-ly within the span of the lives of two men, James Linn and James P. Hingbes. 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 man. eight, is still teaching in his old time man-ner, of which nothing better has been said than "He can make a problem in arithmetic 

Mitchell mas developed that State Sent it elagi God Bless Onr Dad. W ....

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 in another brief de-sign : "God Bless Our Home." Now what's the matter with "God Bless Our Dad !" He gets up early, lights the fire, boils the egge, grabs a dinner pail and wipes off the dew of the lawn with his boots while many a mother is sleeping. He makes the week-ly hand out for the benefit of the grocer, milkman, butcher and baker, and his little milkman, butcher and baker, and his little pile is badly worn before he has been home an hour. He stands of the bailiff 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 tibbon for her back hair, mother yearns for a new wrapper, and the haby howis for a lattle, down goes dad again and comes up with 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

les np with

stances 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 it.

ga Save One Plant a Year, edi tall

Luther Burbank, the California plant breeder whose phenomenal fruits and flow-ers are now creating such a stir, advises mateurs in the Country Calender.

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 but one plant each year, and that the best of all. The pert year the second all. The next year the same method must be followed, and so on-at last will come And this leads to the others department

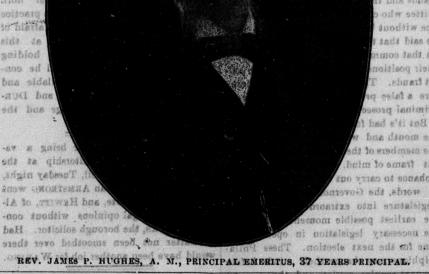
of the work-selection. Mr. Burbank thinks that selection, as well as breeding, is likely to prove very satisfactory to ama-

ie likely to prove very satisfactory to ama-teurs. He says on this point : "Pick out a plant which you like, but which you wish different in some particu-lar. 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, coinc over them all with the automat ware going over them all with the utmost care (even if there are bundreds 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 barvests, each time selecting the plants which are coming nearest your ideal. If you have done your work faithfully the new genera-tions should show decided leanings toward this ideal, 100 zo tadi BRODI to shoes .....

LIFE .- The poet's exclamation : "O Life! I feel thee bounding in my veins," is a joy-ous 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 ordi-nary dates 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, be-stowing 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 outse, should not tall to take it. It donnes up the whole system, changes existence in-to life, and maker life more abounding. We are glad to say these words in its favor, to the readers of our columns.

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

-Subscribe for the WATCHMN.



and John Fearon, Matthew Allison and James Boyd; of Bald Eagle township. An additional act of assembly, passed in the following year, appropriated two thous-and dollars to the building fund, ou con-dition, however, that at least six poor ohildren should receive two years educa-tion at the new school free of expense.

During the year 1805 steps were taken soward the construction of a building which was soon under way. A rectange

lar, two-story limestone structure, occupy ing the ground between the north and-south wings of the present building, was the first academy. Shortly after its com-pletion 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

Colonel John Danlop, of Revolutionary fame, was the first president of the board of trustees, Thomas Burnside, afterboard of trustees, Thomas Burnside, after-wards Supreme Court Justice, was the board's first secretary, H. R. Wilson, the first regularly ordained minister of the gos-pel in this section of the State, was a member of the board, as were Roland Cur-tin, the great charocal master; William Staart and John Dunlop, promisent iron men and large land owners, General James Potter, and Andrew Gregg, afterwards a Senator of the United States, and Riohard and Joseph Miles, the founders of Miles-burg, who were sons of Samuel Miles one time Mayor of Philadelphia. The mem-bers of the board of trustees of the Bellebers of the board of trustees of the Belle-fonte Academy have always been among

What we call tact is the ability to find efore it is too late what it is that our friends do not desire to learn from us. It