LOVE STORY OF "UNCLE WILLIE":

Hicksite Meeting in Mooretown. Ev- of 60. as William Dunn Rogers.

firm of W. D. Rogers & Co., owner of of her pleasant mouth. a big farm, choice corner lots and a "can't skip dividend" concerns.

to carry off into matrimony the spin- the family and preferred her home. ster who thrice rejected his offers 50 something besides taking to himself a town, partner in the mill. second wife."

and rambling, with big pillars support- house. ing the overhanging roof which meets the second story. You could drive a

Miss Lydia received the reporter, while her elder sisters giggled in the dining Foom adjoining.

Miss Lydia is 70, a pleasant-faced little lady of rather less than medium height and spare figure. Her dark Uncle Willie Dunn remarked to a brown hair is streaked with gray, but friend: "God's will is best, no doubt; it be attributed to Ribera or Murillo. is greater than that to which he may she is alert, bright, active and decisive but had I married Lydia R. long ago as a "schoolma'am." She says every- I wouldn't have to do it now, would thing with a snap. Her sisters, Miss I?"

A PLAGUE OF JACK RABBITS.

Lincoln, Neb .- (Special.) - Farmers of | main rural pest in Nebraska," said

Nebraska will soon be called upon to Prof. Lawrence Bruner of the entomo-

declare a war of extermination upon logical department of Nebraska uni-

ble, have turned to the scientific de- nificant when compared to the rapid

Young fruit trees, vines, winter wheat of two species-the lepus campestris,

and cabbage are the favorite articles and the lepus macrotologus. Colloqui-

of diet with the rabbits. A young or- ally they are known as the white and

chard is a toothsome dainty, however, black tailed rabbits. The former va-

and two rabbits have been known to riety becomes white during the winter

girdle the trees in a ten-acre orchard season and dusky gray during the sum-

speedily strip the bark from the ten- Now and then there is an epidemic

der trees in a circle about six or eight among the rabbits which thins their

inches from the ground. This stops the ranks. The disease resembles chicken

There is no country on the face of have tried to disseminate the disease

the earth so barren that a jack rabbit by means of inoculation, but have been

cannot find suitable forage, declares only partially successful. In Nebras-

the scientist. It is said that two or ka experiments will be made in this

three cactus leaves will maintain a full line, but farmers who have tried sim-

Last summer was extremely dry, and Busch Brewing company of St. Louis

this is the most favorable condition for have presented to Adolphus Busch, the

small hillock. This den is lined with Pullman shops. Its furnishings are

fur from the body of the mother. As most elaborate. The finishings are in

soon as the litter, usually numbering English oak, mahogany and golden

from three to eight little rabbits, is oak. Gold trimming is used through-

ensconced in the nest the parents seek out. It has all the most approved ap-

tender shoots and leaves and bring pliances, including an electric plant,

them to the offspring. A wandering and electric fans are distributed all

coyote or a heavy rain are the only throughout the compartments. The

two enemies of the jack rabbits. The car measures eighty feet over all and is

former is almost extinct in Nebraska | the largest car ever built by the com-

and there were no showers during the pany. It contains a dining room 12x9

summer season, so from three to eight | feet, six sleeping compartments, an

litters were bred by each female rabbit office and an observation room, in ad-

in the period from April to September. dition to a bathroom and kitchen.

From seven to eight years is the av- There are sleeping accommodations for

months. A litter usually stays with The private office for Mr. Busch, in

amounted to fully \$30,000. As an in- little vinegar. If it has soured in the

dex to the damage they are capable least, put in a little soda and cook un-

of doing, it is said that in Tulare coun- til it thickens. Use as a relish with

Bounties are paid for scalps in seven of them in his hands)-They say it is

states and territories. In nearly every unlucky to open an umbrella in a

this and that, never failing to sample of keeping down the pest.

partment of the state university for increase each year."

in a single night. Their sharp teeth mer.

flow of sap and often the tree dies.

grown rabbit if there is nothing else

to be had. But should the menu be

extensive, the jack rabbit nibbles at

the choicest fruit trees and the most

prolific breeding of rabbits. The ani-

mals hollow out a shallow nest, shel-

tered by a bush, tuft of grass or a

erage life of the jack rabbit. They

give birth to young at the age of six

At present California is the banner

next, with Colorado, Nebraska and

Wyoming neck and neck for third

place. In one county of Idaho the

Bounties paid for rabbit scalps have

the value of \$600,000 were destroyed in-

place the sums paid are constantly in-

creasing, while the same fact is true

"The jack rabbit has become the house,

side of three months.

of the number of rabbits.

state for jack rabbits. Idaho ranks of the car.

tv. California, fruit trees and vines to | cold meat.

the mother about three weeks.

expensive vines.

Moorestown, N. J .- (Special.)-Shall Loriana and Miss Emma, are respect-"Uncle Willie" Dunn be permitted to ively 73 and 76. They keep an ancient, marry his ancient sweetheart, is the wrinkled retainer, who superintends question that bids fair to split the the farm, assisted by his son, a youth

ery man, woman and child knows the | Miss Lydia declined to discuss her good, gray old Quaker, who runs the impending marriage, saying: "Whatgrist mill, as "Uncle Willie" Dunn, but ever Friend Willie Dunn may tell to the real estate records have him down thee, I tell to thee. I have no control over his actions. Go thou to him." Friend Rogers is a man of sub- And her eyes snapped merrily, and stance, senior partner of the milling the trace of a smile curled the corners

William Dunn Rogers worked on his neat bundle of gilt-edged securities in father's farm near Fellowship and "payed out his time" with honest serv-Seventy-two years old, he looks 65, ice to his parent. A mile to the north and is broad shouldered, sturdy and lived Lydia Lippincott; a mile to the square jawed, and, if there is anything south lived yet another Lydia Lippinin physiognomy, stubborn to a degree. cott, engaging Quaken maidens, but in His keen gray eyes are clear and no wise related. Young "Willie Dunn" shrewd, and his thick shock of hair is admired both, and spent evenings visitjust streaked with white. He looks ing at the two farmhouses. For the like a man who generally accomplishes hand of Lydia R. he proposed again what he starts in for-and his looks and again. But the girl was in no do not belie him, for, lo! he is about hurry. She was the petted member of

Willie Dunn's square jaw permitted years ago, and who has capitulated to no thought of a surrender. If he the pleadings of "Uncle Willie" to "stop couldn't marry Lydia R. he would his foolishness." And the old Quaker marry plain Lydia. The latter acceptvows that he will marry her despite ed and the wedding took place. That the opposition of his son-in-law, and was 50 years ago. Three years ago was reposing in a casket which was the wigwagging heads of some of the Mrs. Rogers died, leaving a daughter, shrouded in heavy black tapestries, and elders, who opine that "Friend William now married to Ellwood Hollinshead, a had better, at his age, be thinking of prominent young Quaker of Moores-

The old man was lonely. He went The object of Rogers' affection is to live at the "Old Falks Home," a Miss Lydia R. Lippincott, youngest of stately Quaker boarding house on the the maiden sisters who jointly own a main street. Sometimes, to kill time, fine old colonial mansion and a farm the old man hitched up his horse and of broad acres in the center of Fel- drove out to Fellowship. Miss Lydia lowship, a quaint Quaker settlement R. had never married. Neither had ductions from the mysterious drama three miles from Moorestown. The her sisters. They lived happy, contenthouse stands at the crossroads, great ed, thrifty lives in the old manor

Famous dinners were served to old highest order. Friend William on these First Day coach through the front door, but it is reunions. He grew more and more never opened, for the great parlor is lonely, and finally he renewed his seige | had been admiring the picture. used only for funerals and grave and of the heart of Miss Lydia, and she infrequent gatherings. relented. The bans were published; written," replied the master, "but it Mr. Rubens. Take the picture if you You must rap at the side door, at that is, the brethren and sisters were appears to have been erased, within wish it, but leave its author in peace. the top of a broad porch, and you informed that William and Lydia had a few months, perhaps. In regard to I tell you in the name of God that I will be ushered into a great reception agreed to marry. At the end of the the painting, I should say it is not have known this great man, as you room set with furniture a century old, month's probation, the meeting will over thirty years old, nor less than call him. I call him an unfortunate a room as big as a city house. Here determine whether or not it be meet and proper that William Dunn Rogers, widower, and Lydia R. Lippincott, spinster, shall become husband and

In the fullness of his joy recently,

Nebraska jack rabbits are members

cholera. In Australia scientific men

ilar experiments on chinch bugs have

little hope of ultimate success. The

"drive" so far seems the best method

The stockholders of the Anheuser-

president of that company, a magnifi-

cent private car costing \$50,000. It is

the finest car ever turned out by the

eleven persons, exclusive of the crew

of three, each with a separate berth.

which there is a handsome desk, is

Canned fruit which shows signs of

fermentation can be saved by adding a

little more sugar, some spices and a

Chicago Tribune: Ardup (taking one

house. Salesman (who knows him)-

You'll be in great luck if you can

open an umbrella account in this

conected by telephone with other parts

STORY OF A LOST PAINTING.

pupils, he entered the church of an prior and friar with me now. Come, humble convent, the name of which will you sell me the picture?" tradition does not give us.

Theer was little or nothing in this poor, dismantled church to interest the illustrious artist, and he was about to us? Can't you remember his name. leave in search of something better, when he discovered, half hidden in the shadow of a chapel room, a picture, before which he stood transfixed, with amazement depicted on his face. "What is it, master?" asked his pu-

pils, as they all gathered about him. "What have you found?"

"Look," said Rubens, pointing to the

picture for answer. The picture was representing the death of a young man of fine form and to do with it-nothing?" handsome features, and who evidently had been suffering penance. He lay upon the bricked floor of his cell, his eyes uplifted, and pressing close to his heart a crucifix made of wood and copper. To all appearances he had left his couch that he might die with more humility upon the hard floor.

Near the couch, and suspended from the wall of the cell, was the picture of a young and beautiful woman. She at the head and foot of the casket were lighted wax tapers.

No one could have looked on these two scenes without comprehending at | ter than I." once that the one explained the other, each was complete in the other. An unfortunate love, a dead woman, a disappointed life, an eternal forgetfulness of the world, these were the deso vividly portrayed upon the canvas. As for the color, the drawing, the composition, all revealed a genius of the

"Master, whose is this magnificent work?" asked Rubens' pupils, who also

"In this corner a name has been twenty."

"But the author-"

of the picture, might be a Velasquez, have saved him from the waves of so-Zurbaran, Ribera or Murillo; but Ve- ciety; forgotten yesterday of God, tolasquez does not feel in this mood, day nearer to supreme happiness. Oh. neither does Zurbaran. Still less, can the glory! Do you know anything that It is not of the school of either one. aspire? By what right would you re-In fact, I do not know the author of new in his soul the fires for the vanthis picture, and I could swear that ities of this world when now his heart I have never seen another by this glows with love and peace and charsame artist. I go still farther. I be- ity? Don't you believe that this man lieve that the unknown painter who before leaving the world, before rehas bequeathed to the world this sub- nouncing fortune, fame, power, youth lime work does not belong to any and love, all that makes life so allurschool, neither has he painted, perhaps, ing, that fills with pride the human any other picture than this. This is a heart-don't you believe, my friend, work of pure inspiration, of one's own that there was a rude and mighty conpersonal affair, a reflex of the soul, a portrait of the life. What immense genius there is in it! Do you want to when he has already triumphed? And dead on the floor has painted it."

"No, I know what I'm saying." "But how can you conceive a dead person being able to paint his life?" "By conceiving that a living person

s able to paint his death." "You believe this?"

the casket was the soul and the life brother, a master, a father. I am all of this dead young friar. I believe that this to him. I do it in the name of when she died he believed himself dead God. Respect it, for the good of your also, and died effectively to the world. soul." After saying this, he covered I believe, in short, that this work rep- his head with his cap and removed to resents the profession of its hero, or the farther part of the temple. "Let author, which undoubtedly is the same us go," said Rubens, addressing the person; the profession of a young young men. "I know what I'm going of flax, good corn and abundant man no longer deceived by the allure- to do." ments of life. We must find out about "Master," exclaimed one of the puthis artist, and ascertain if he has ex- pils, who during the conversation had bushel. Think of your getting free ecuted other works," and on saying been looking alternately at the canvas government land and realizing \$25 per this Rubens directed his steps toward and then at the father, "don't you a friar who was praying at the altar, think, as I do, that that old friar reand said to him with his customary sembles very strongly the young man freedom:

"Will you say to the father prior that I wish to speak to him on the claimed, and while the truth was

The friar, who was somewhat advanced in years, rose slowly from his knees, and said in an humble, trembling voice, "What do you wish of me, I am the prior."

you in your devotions," replied Ru- same time the likeness and the work of bens. "Can you tell me who is the a living friar. Well, now, may God

"Of that picture?" replied the man not the father prior!"

completely."

The friar was about to kneel again.

"I come in the name of the king," continued Rubens, raising his voice. "What more do you wish, my broth-

"To buy this picture."

"Well, then, I want to know where I can find its author." "That is impossible. Its author is prior.

him, and his name his forgotten. His name, that would have eclipsed mine!

At this name the pallid countenance of the prior suddenly flushed, his eyes other remains of prehistoric men have brightened, and he looked into the face at various times been found. Lately of the artist with as much veneration three entire skeletons have been disas surprise.

One day as the celebrated painter, | "Ah, you know me," exclaimed Ru-Rubens, was visiting the temples of bens with childish satisfaction. "That Madrid, accompanied by his famous makes me happy. You will be less

"That is impossible."

"Very well; do you know of any other picture of this unfortunate geni-Will you tell me when he died?"

"You have not understood me correctly," replied the father. "I have said that the author is no longer in the world, but that is not saying that he may have died."

"Oh, he is living then! he's living!" exclaimed all the painters. "Let us know him." "For what? The unhappy man has

renounced the world. He has nothing

"Oh," said Rubens, greatly excited. "that must not be. When God gives to a soul the sacred fire of genius, it is not for that soul to bury itself in obscurity, but it should fulfill its sublime mission in illuminating the souls of other men. Tell me the monastery where this great artist has concealed

awaits him!" "But if he refuses," asked the prior, timidly."

himself, and I will seek him out and

return him to society. Oh, what glory

"If he refuses, I will apply to the pope, who honors me with his friendship. The pope will convince him bet-

"The pope!" exclaimed the father. "Yes, father, the pope," repeated Ru-

"Not for the pope would I tell you the name of the painter were I to remember it. Not for the pope would I tell you in what convent he has taken refuge."

"Well, then, father, the king and the pope will make you teli," replied Rubens, now exasperated.

"Oh, you will not do that!" exclaimed the friar.

"You would do a very wrong thing, and blind mortal. Yes, I have known him, I have loved him, I have con-"The author, according to the merit | soled him, I have redeemed him, I flict going on in his soul, and would you now return him to the struggle

> to it, my brother." "And by what right do you interpose between this man and the world. Let him speak and decide for him-

"I believe that that woman lying in | "I do it by the right of an elder

that dies in this picture?"

"Hush! then it is true," they all exdawning upon them, they looked at each other in silence.

"Efface the wrinkles, remove the beard, add the thirty years that the picture represents, and it will prove that our master was right when he "Pardon me, father, for interrupting said that the dead friar was at the confound me, if that living friar is

Rubens, ashamed and deeply affected, made haste to follow in the direction of the old man, who saluted him, "Yes, my son, I have forgotten it crossing his arms upon his breast. and then disappeared. "Yes, it is true," "Then, father," said Rubens, sneer- muttered the artist, returning to his ingly, "you must have a very poor pupils, "let us go, that man was righthis glory is worth more than mine. Let him die in peace!" And taking a last look at the wonderful painting he left the convent. Three days after he returned in search of the picture, with the object of securing a copy, but it had disappeared. Instead, a requiem mass was being celebrated, and drawing near to where the body lay, that he might look on the face of the departed, he saw that it was the father

Reverently he stood by the bier, gazing tenderly on the features, so calm spairingly, "and nobody has known and beautiful in death. "A great painter, he was," said Rubens, on turning name, that ought to be immortal! His away, "a great and glorious painter."

> Under the auspices of the Institute of France further researches are being made in the famous grottoes of Mentone on the Riviera, where bones and covered.

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South Australian apples are now sold in European markets at from five to Mrs. Isabella Toothaker of Argenten cents each; choice ones even hightine, Kan., writes poetry, Rainey Day is running a livery stable in an Iowa er. The apples are packed and shiptown and Brand New is one of the oldped in small, oblong boxes, containing one hundred each. They are wrapped La Grippe conquers life-Wizard Oil separately in tissue paper, and are conquers La Grippe. Your druggist packed in wood wool (excelsior) and the leaves of corn husks.

the jack rabits, which, during the past | versity. "Unlike most wild animals, know who has painted this picture? would you have him suffer again the summer, have multiplied with startling the rabbits thrive and increase in num-The young man you see in it lying disappointments, the pains and the rapidity. Throughout the central and ber faster in civilized sections of the bitterness of all these human beings?" western portions of the state the rab- community. Herbage, vegetables and "But that is not to renounce immor-"Now, master, you are joking." bits are now classed with the pests of young forest afford them shelter and tality," said Rubens. "It is to aspire the agriculturists who, in their trou- food, while the number killed is insig-

part of the king."

author of this picture?"

of God. "I do not remember it." "What! You have known it and for-

er," murmured the friar, slowly turning his head.

"That picture is not for sale."

no longer in the world/" "Is dead!" exclaimed Rubens, de-Yes, mine! Father," added the artist with noble pride, "I am Pedro Pablo

Rubens."