

An Artist of Death.

Hans Kinnow, the portrait painter of Munich, is dead. The doctor who made the autopsy said he died of a broken heart, superinduced by grief and anxiety, but Hans' friends knew all the time it wasn't so. They maintained that his brush and palette had killed him and a discovery made in the deceased artist's rooms seems to bear out their surmise, queer as it is.

Hidden away on the uppermost shelf of a disused closet was found a portrait of Hans Kinnow, which according to the date on the frame, was done some time in December last. It was a self-portrait, Kinnow had painted it from the reflection of his portrait in a mirror.

And thus the curse that attached to all his work had come true once more and for the last time. A customer of his own, he died like all his customers have died, after he finished painting their likenesses.

Here is the weird story. If any budding genius of the Robert Louis Stevenson kind reads it, he had better make a note of it, for properly 'worked up' and elaborated it would furnish novels or the most blood curdling dramas ever written since Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde saw the light.

'I first met Hans Kinnow some ten years ago at the Munich Painters' Academy,' said Herr Friedrich Seeger. 'We were both poor boys then and the bohemianism of penury and enthusiasm cemented a hearty friendship between us that death alone could sever.'

'Kinnow's decided talent for coloring was equal to his diligence. He was one of the hardest workers in his class and his progress was remarkable, but, like other poor artists, he had to take to portraiture as a means for making a living when he got through with his studies.'

But even in this makeshift vocation, adopted solely to pave the way to better things, Kinnow's genius shone forth brightly. From painting his landlady to wipe out a threatening board bill, and from winning money and laurels among parvenu house owners, bakers, butchers and brewers, the young artist rose to the distinction of receiving orders from ladies of fashion and of gentlemen who had achieved high honors in the service of the state, of science and of literature.

'For a time Munich art articles were alive with the gossip of Kinnow's success. The minister of culture had pronounced his color disposition 'remarkable,' several of the older masters had spoken encouragingly of his attention to detail.'

'About two years ago I began to notice in Kinnow's studio sketches and half-finished portraits of persons who, being in moderate or even poor circumstances, could not afford to pay his price for painting their likenesses. They were pictures of bedridden people, beggars, and little delicate babies, all remarkable for an aspect of suffering on the countenances. I asked Kinnow what he meant by throwing away his time on such subjects. He seemed not to like the question but finally he said he painted these people because they interested him and because he was trying on them some new method of color combination.'

'Meeting him a few days later he told me excitedly that one of his models, a mendicant of 50 or 60, had died that morning, and when I refused to see anything extraordinary in this he added: 'But Marie is dead also.'

'Who is Marie?'

'The baby with the waxen face and scornful blue eyes, whose portrait you admired so much the other day.'

'I believe you told me that her mother was a consumptive.'

'Maybe I did, but she died only two months after I finished her likeness. The same thing happened to Father Martin, the poor beggar man with the remarkable head of gray locks that hangs over my writing desk.'

'He conceived that in some way he was responsible for their death and nothing would do but to start in and investigate the records of other persons who had given him sittings. And unfortunately the further he got in his examinations the more convinced did he become that his brush was fatal to all whom it commemorated. The landlady for instance, a young woman in excellent health, with several children, who allowed him to pay of his debt in canvases and colors, had died suddenly from pneumonia after he had moved from the house.'

'Kinnow's head was swimming. The beggar, the landlady, the baby, the boss butcher—all died within a short time after

sitting to him. His brush had been to them like an executioner's axe.'

'As he was going home one afternoon to rest and think he passed the small rococo palace where Fraulein Dina S., the ballet dancer, lived. Kinnow had sent her portrait from his studio to the annual picture show only a few days before. When he came within a hundred paces of the house he tried to look away, but his eyes involuntarily turned upon the gate. On it was an enormous crepe bow and in the house all the curtains were drawn.'

'Kinnow was half crazed with conscientious scruples and remorse when he rushed into my studio to tell the story. His heart was beating like a sledge-hammer, he cursed his 'death bleeding art,' and I myself was so surprised by the array of undeniable facts that I had no words to dispel his melancholy conclusions.'

'Well, we went to work the same night and found everything as reported. Kinnow's assurances that the five persons were in apparently good health when they sat for him were corroborated by the family and friends of the deceased, and all had died rather suddenly some time after their portraits had been finished. There was no gain-saying that, but where the causative connection between the act of painting and death came in was a mystery.'

'Though I still continued to hold up to ridicule the idea of the thing, a feeling of horror crept over me when a few days later I read in the Nachrichten that Lieut. Coust D—hof had broken his neck on the race track for the count was one of Kinnow's latest customers. Being out of town for a couple of days the young artist was spared this piece of distressing news. I was rejoicing over the fact when Munich society received a severe shock by the announcement that Dr. L., a well-known art connoisseur and collector, had been run over and killed by an electric car.'

'I am the painter of death,' he said, 'the death bringing painter. On his wanderings through the world the king of terrors stops at Munich every little while and by mysterious stratagem he compels his victims, marked for early demise, to go to my studio and arrange to have their portrait taken. There must be some cabalistic connection between death myself, but I won't act as his messenger any more. It would be criminal in me to accept further orders for portraits, or to hire models for portraits for my studios. They must all die and I cannot go on playing at murder.'

'He was downcast, sombre, despairing of himself and the world, tortured by fears of hearing of another victim. His morbid apprehension was so overbearing as to actually keep him from opening a newspaper.'

'When next I saw Kinnow he was head over heels in love with a young seamstress who lived in the rear of the apartment house where his studio was located. This girl was always sitting at a window that looked upon his own. Thus their acquaintance commenced. Soon they became more intimate. One day when I went to his room she was sitting for her portrait.'

'Last November she died and Kinnow was convinced that he, not any disease or complication of diseases, was responsible for her death.'

'Here is the letter he left about the sad affair.'

'Gretchen was lying upon the battlefield of life when I pounced upon her—I, the raven, who had already tasted so much blood. I sat on the breast of the dying girl, beak pointed toward her beautiful eyes—those eyes that were her joy, her pride.'

'Give me one more hour, only one hour, begged Gretchen.'

'I will not,' croaked I, raising my beak.

'Then a nameless pain shot through Gretchen's poor head—a pain much more intense than that which her wasting lungs had caused her. Blood ran from the hollows of her eye, darkness enveloped her—the obscurity of death.'

'Kinnow was little more than the death of his intended. Connoisseurs and art dealers who had given him orders for work waited in vain for their pictures. The last months of his life he seems to have spent in painting his own portrait.'

'After it was done he daubed it and then laid down and died.'

Herr Seeger will restore Hans Kinnow's portrait. He says it's a masterpiece—the best he ever painted.'

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Tells the story. When your head aches, and you feel bilious, constipated, and out of tune, with your stomach sour and no appetite, just buy a package of
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And take a dose, from 1 to 4 pills. You will be surprised at how easily they will do their work, cure your headache and biliousness, rouse the liver and make you feel happy again. 25 cents. Sold by all medicine dealers.

ALABAMA'S FOUR LEGGED BABY.

The Extra Legs Near the Arms and Well Formed.

Physicians in Alabama are taking much interest in the case of the four legged child to whom Mary Maddox, a negress, gave birth at Opelika on May 24. The baby is a well developed male child.

One pair of legs are in the ordinary position, and, like the arms, are well formed. The extra pair of legs are near the arms, and while quite well formed, are small. The feet on the extra legs are regularly formed with toes and toenails, but have the appearance of belonging to a sickly child. The child is robust and healthy, with all the faculties of an ordinary child.

The child has been examined by leading physicians of the State and pronounced healthy in everything except the extra pair of limbs. He has good use of his regular limbs, but seems unable to control the others. The physicians after a careful examination, said that if the child lives, which seems altogether probable at this time, he will eventually get control of them, as there are about the same muscles and ligaments in them that are found in a cub bear of the same age.

Thousands of people have gone to Opelika to view the freak, of whom the parents seem to be very fond.

Several theories are advanced to account for this monstrosity. One of them is that the mother was frightened by a great black bear during the street fair in Opelika last fall. Dr. Williamson, a strong believer in the Darwinian theory, declares that the case is simply a retrogression of mankind—a step backward—and that the child demonstrates that the human race came from the monkey family.

The features of the child are regular. They are those of the typical African, with the large mouth, flat nose and kinky hair.

Already the father of the child, John Maddox, is arranging to place him on exhibition, believing that he has the greatest human curiosity ever produced. He is awaiting the highest bidder, and as soon as the child and mother are strong enough they will take to the road.

Hard to Beat.

Small Son—'Vy you lets dot customer beat you down fifty cents on dose pants? Father—'Dot's all right, mine son. I left dose price-marks on behind, and he will do us ten tollars vorth of advertising bevore he gets to Broadway.'

Look at Your Coat Collar.

Covered with dandruff, as usual. That means a diseased scalp. Dr. White's Electric Comb will soon cure that. The only patent comb in the world. Every one who has used it is wild with delight. Only 40c and 60c each. D. N. Rose, Gen. Mgr., Decatur, Ill.

'Marian, you have a hole as big as a quarter in the heel of your stocking, said an Indianapolis mother to her 5 year-old daughter one evening recently.
'Mamma, you exaggerate so,' replied the little one. 'That hole isn't bigger than 15 cents.'

Don't Waste.

Your money on fake hair tonics. Dr. White's Electric Comb—Patented Feb. 2, '99, is the only safe, certain protection against baldness, dandruff and all diseases of the scalp. Worth its weight in gold. Send 60c in stamps for one NOW Guaranteed. D. N. Rose, Gen. Mgr., Decatur, Ill.

'Sandy Hook is to have a coast defense gun that will shoot with alleged accuracy a distance of 21 miles.
'Say, it might be a good thing some time if Cleveland had one of those guns.'
'What for?'
'Why, it would only take about four of the shots to hit Canada.'

WANTED—Next people to talk to neat people about a neat article. Every one who dislikes dandruff and headaches buys one. Bath troubles are impossible to those who use Dr. White's Electric Comb. Patented Feb. 2, '99. Agents are wild with success. Cures all scalp ailments and lasts a life time as a practical comb. Sample 60c. D. N. Rose, Gen. Mgr., Decatur, Ill.

Jack—I just saw your wife and man; she was simply stunning. By the way, you're looking a little better.
What's up?
I don't get enough encouragement. My wife and man, I arranged with my wife the first of the year to give her a certain amount each week, out of which she was to pay household expenses and buy her clothes.

THE WEALTH OF THE OSAGES.

Latest Facts About the Resources of the Richest People in the World.
The popular conception of the Indian, even in this city, so near to the 'Nation,' is that he is an ignorant chap, with a blanket and squaw, and that all he has in the world is a Government ration and a pipe. This is true, too, of some of the noble red men, but, in the language of the day, 'there are others,' and they are not squalid, poor or unthrifty, either.

The Osages are not only the richest Indians in the world, but there is no other people on the globe that compare with them, in this respect, white, black, red or yellow. They live in Oklahoma, and they have more money than they know what to do with. So a man from their country, Major A. E. Whiting says, and he ought to know, for he has been trading with them for years.

'I was recently in Washington,' said Major Whiting the other day, 'and I learned while there that the Osages have made new contracts for the rental of their pasture lands. They have 800,000 acres of land altogether, and of these 600,000 acres are leased for grazing, at an annual rental of \$120,000. The Osages now have on deposit in Washington with the United States something like \$8,000,000, for which they sold their lands in Kansas, and this brings them annually \$400,000 income. Besides they own more than one and one half million acres yet, which are easily worth \$5 an acre. Their land holdings are worth nearly \$8,000,000 all told. There are 1,972 Indians in the tribe, and they have their holdings in common, men, women, and children. When a child is born it becomes a joint owner with all the rest. Thus there is a continual increase for the individual family to increase.'

'The profits from the money in the United States Treasury, the recent leasing of lands and other sources of revenue, give the tribe about \$600,000 annually as an income. This figures out a little more than \$300 for every man, woman and child. When a family consists of a half dozen or eight or ten, as it often does, you can figure for yourself that it is a pretty good thing. The realty holdings of the tribe have a per capita value of about \$4,000 and that means, for a small family of five—and that is a small one—about \$20,000.'

'As might be expected, this wealth has attracted to the reservation many white men, who seek alliances with the Indian maidens. The foxy old governors, however, have foreseen this, and they collect a poll tax of \$1 per month from every white man there. This keeps the white population down, and makes it really desirable. The adventurer is given a cold greeting, let me tell you.'

'These Osages have not failed to profit mentally from their prosperity. They have fine homes and schools, and the sons and daughters are sent east to college, and their homes are richly and tastefully furnished with carpets, pianos and good furniture. Of course a few families still live in the old fashion, but they are becoming fewer and fewer all the time. In the main, the Osages are well worthy of their inheritance, and when, in a few years, they become citizens in full, they will not be the worst we have by any means.'

FATHER AND SON.

Separated By Failure To Find Gold: United By Success In Finding It.

After a parting of forty-five years, a father and son were united in Sausalito, California, last Monday under peculiar circumstances.

In 1856, J. S. Bellrude the local justice of peace, left his home in the State of Wisconsin to visit California in search of gold. Behind him he left a young wife and an infant child, and he worked his way in the California wilderness with the thought ever before him of making a rich strike and returning to his little family with the wealth that would forever make him comfortable. But luck conspired against him and while success after success crowned the efforts of the men delving in the hills about him, his own little claim only procured a heritage of debts. The years passed, and Bellrude learned that his wife was dead. The son was living in comfort with his mother's people and the discouraged man, feeling that all was well with the boy, allowed him to drop from sight and his very existence became uncertain to the father. Thirty years ago the father mailed his picture to the son, and since that time the latter has always tried to keep trace of the former's whereabouts.

A year ago the son, who had become 46 years of age, left his home and emulating his father's example of years before, struck out into the frozen regions of Nome to search for gold. Luck which had never come to the father, showered its favors on the son and the latter located a number of good claims, which, he says will make him a wealthy man. A short time ago he re-

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turned to Seattle, from which place he located his aged father in Sausalito. He at once came to this town and almost the first man he met was Bellrude, Sr. The latter was sitting on the front seat of the back which he drives when the calls of justice are not pressing and he was at once accosted by the son. The latter held the picture sent him by his father thirty years ago in his hand, and carefully sized up the old man.

'Are you J. S. Bellrude?' the young man asked.

'Yep,' answered the Justice.

'Well do you know me?' asked the stranger.

'No, I don't know you, young man, and you can't sell me anything, either,' responded the Judge, who has not spent ten years on the Sausalito waterfront for nothing.

'Well, my name is C. M. Bellrude, and I guess you are my father,' said the stranger. 'Here is the picture you sent me thirty years ago in Wyoming.'

The father recognized the likeness and then recognized his son. The pair walked home arm in arm, and the fatted calf was eaten in the Judge's furnished rooms that night. The son intends to put his father on an independent footing.

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