

Cramps, Cholera Morbus, Dysentery, Diarrhoea, and all complaints prevalent in the Summer, are quickly cured with

PAIN-KILLER

This good old remedy, if kept in the house, will save many sleepless nights, many dollars in doctor's bills, and no end of suffering. Price 25 and 50 cents a bottle.

MINNEAPOLIS.

OFFICE 29 SOUTH FOURTH STREET.

Blaze in a Lodging House.

In the attempt to fumigate the room of a lodging house at 109 Nicollet avenue yesterday noon the burning sulphur crew sufficiently strong to ignite the walls, and a stubborn blaze resulted, causing damages amounting to \$100. The building is a three-story stone structure, occupied on the ground floor by F. R. Warner, hardware, and the Bohemian Hoteling House. The second floor is used for storage purposes by John T. Lucas and the remainder is occupied as a lodging house which is kept by W. G. Gardner.

Prof. Trandberg Dead.

Professor P. C. Trandberg, instructor in Theology at the Danish Theological Seminary, Chicago, died Thursday evening at his home in this city, 2455 Ninth street, South. Mr. Trandberg was born in Denmark 64 years ago and has particularly distinguished himself among his countrymen here by his work in the theological field.

Miss Anderson Sings.

Valborg Anderson, of the Royal Opera of Copenhagen, Denmark, made her initial appearance last evening before what was principally a Danish audience at Pania hall. Miss Anderson occupied half of the programme, appearing four times and singing two songs at each appearance, together with occasional recitations. Miss Anderson appeared to good advantage.

Election Districts Too Large.

In accordance with the law which provides that whenever a voting district of the city shall contain over 400 male voters, it shall be the duty of the council to divide it, the aldermen will soon have the monumental task of re-arranging the election districts on their hands. The rapid increase in the city's population shows that there are now twenty-five voting districts or precincts in which 400 or more male voters are cast. One of the districts of the First ward, two in the Third, and two in the Tenth have a great excess of voters over the limit prescribed by law.

Water Run Her Back.

A peculiar accident, of which Lillie Hanson, a waitress, was the victim, occurred yesterday morning in the restaurant at 246 Hennepin avenue. A waiter accidentally spilled a cupful of hot water down Miss Hanson's back, who immediately went into a convulsion of pain, screaming loudly for help. Dr. Dutton was summoned and dressed the burns, which, though not serious, are very painful.

Ella—Why did you get a divorce from your husband?
Stella—Incompatibility. He didn't ride a wheel.—Puck.



Gladness Comes

With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills, which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge, that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness, without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only and sold by all reputable druggists.

If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, laxative or other remedies are then not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most skillful physicians, but if in need of a laxative, one should have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and most generally used and gives most general satisfaction.

DR. BRINLEY

251, 253 and 255 Nicollet Ave., MINNEAPOLIS - MINNESOTA.

The oldest and only reliable medical office of the kind in the city, as will be proved by consulting old files of the daily press. Regularly graduated and legally qualified, treatment of all diseases, Nervous and Skin Diseases. A thoroughly equipped office, with all the latest and most successful medicines, and a complete dispensary. Hours—10 a. m. to 10 p. m. Sundays, 11 a. m. to 1 p. m. Falling Memory, Lack of Nervous Debility, Energy, Physical Decay, and all the ailments of old age, are treated successfully. Safely, Privately, Speedily, Unnatural Discharges Cured Permanently. Blood, Skin and Venereal Diseases, all forms, treated by means of Safe, Time-Tested Remedies. KIDNEY and URINARY Complaints, Painful, Difficult to Urinate, Bloody Urine, Gonorrhoea and Stricture promptly cured. Rupture, no matter how long standing, or how bad, is cured by a new method. No pain! No cutting! No detention from business. Hemorrhoids or Diseases of the Rectum, Piles, Ulcers, Fistulae and Strictures of the Rectum. Catarrh, Throat, Nose, Lung Diseases, Croup, Whooping Cough, and all the ailments of childhood, are treated successfully by the use of our special medicine. A complete dispensary. Hours—10 a. m. to 10 p. m. Sundays, 11 a. m. to 1 p. m. Falling Memory, Lack of Nervous Debility, Energy, Physical Decay, and all the ailments of old age, are treated successfully. Safely, Privately, Speedily, Unnatural Discharges Cured Permanently. Blood, Skin and Venereal Diseases, all forms, treated by means of Safe, Time-Tested Remedies. KIDNEY and URINARY Complaints, Painful, Difficult to Urinate, Bloody Urine, Gonorrhoea and Stricture promptly cured. Rupture, no matter how long standing, or how bad, is cured by a new method. No pain! No cutting! No detention from business. Hemorrhoids or Diseases of the Rectum, Piles, Ulcers, Fistulae and Strictures of the Rectum. Catarrh, Throat, Nose, Lung Diseases, Croup, Whooping Cough, and all the ailments of childhood, are treated successfully by the use of our special medicine.

FREE

An extract of 70 pages of Dr. Nelson's celebrated work, "Facts for the Sick," giving important information to those afflicted with any special or private disease, or in need of medicines and so-called kidney cures, but never got the slightest relief until my wife persuaded me to buy a box of Dr. Hobbs' Scurvy Kidney Pills. Now have no pains whatever, and really would not know that I had any kidney ailment at all. I will gladly recommend them to my friends. F. J. Kitcock, Detroit, Mich.

FIRED UPON TWICE

PATROLMAN TRIES TO SHOOT A FELLOW SUSPECTED OF PICKING POCKETS.

HE IS CAUGHT AND LET GO.

STEPHEN THOMAS WANTED AT EAU CLAIRE FOR EMBEZZLEMENT.

IS CAPTURED ON A TRAIN.

Concession of the Brain Results From a Collision of Bicyclists.

WANTED AT EAU CLAIRE.

An Alleged Embezzler Is Taken In Tow.

Inspectors Hoy and Lawrence arrested one Steven W. Thomas yesterday afternoon and placed him in the central police station, charged with being a fugitive from justice. He will be held to await the arrival of details from Eau Claire, where he is wanted to answer to the charge of embezzlement.

The arrest was made yesterday aboard the Great Northern train that reaches this city from the west at 5:30 o'clock. The detectives were aboard and they boarded it at the depot in this city and rode to St. Paul, to which Thomas was going to visit his daughter. He was then returned to this city.

The crime charged was said to have been committed in Eau Claire and was identified with certain insurance companies as agent. While sojourning in Eau Claire, he was and seemingly possessed of shrewdness and intelligence. The detectives state the prisoner feigns mental aberration of a mild type.

CONCUSSION OF THE BRAIN.

Bicyclist Seriously Injured in a Collision.

E. A. Tapin, residing at 2017 Grand avenue, received serious injuries through colliding with a fellow bicyclist on the Kenwood boulevard, near Lake of the Isles, last evening. He was speeding toward the city, and in rounding an abrupt turn in the road he collided with a rider named Jones, scorching in the opposite direction. Both were thrown from their wheels, Tapin being injured about the head. He was taken up unconscious and removed to his home, where he was attended by Dr. J. G. Anderson. The physician stated, this morning that concussion of the brain had taken place, but that the injured man was retaining consciousness, and would probably recover.

FOR CASH ADVANCED.

A Correction Regarding the Anna R. Minter Case.

To the Editor of the Globe: In your report (on page 8 of the Globe, Wednesday morning) of the recent decision of the Supreme court in the case of Anna R. Minter, you stated that the late Anna R. Minter, etc., appellant, vs. Anna R. Minter, respondent. It claims \$20,000 for its work in connection with the estate.

The administrator against the estate, is for its services at the rate of \$500 per annum, which compensation has been approved by the probate court and by the heirs interested, at successive accountings. The balance of the account is \$20,000, which was advanced during the past ten years by the administrator to pay expenses, taxes, assessments, and other charges against the real estate (which is assessed for taxation at about \$30,000), which advances were made under the direction and approval of the probate court, and for protection and preservation of the estate for the beneficiaries under the will. The same was by Mr. Minter's will, to be held in trust undivided for ten years after his death, which term expired about one year ago.

AMERICA'S COMMON ROADS.

Statistics Which Show That Cheap Highways Are the Most Costly Kind.

The total length of the common roads in this country, good, bad and indifferent, is estimated by Gen. Stone, of the road bureau of the department of agriculture, at something over 1,300,000 miles, comprising part of the enormous network. The majority of these roads have been opened by common laborers, hired by local supervisors, and no engineering principles have been observed in their construction. As a result, it costs more to keep them in repair than if they were as many finely macadamized roads.

Keeping these poor roads in repair and opening new thoroughfares cost Massachusetts in 1893, outside of cities, \$1,136,944, or \$66.30 a mile; in New York, \$2,500,000, or \$29.90 a mile; and in New Jersey, \$778,073.82, or \$43.25 a mile. The total expenditure for roads in that year amounted to about \$20,000,000. As a greater part of the enormous sum was spent in repairing poor, constructed roads that would need exacting the same attention next year, it is not surprising to find that the cost of the money was wasted.

Fine roads can be constructed all the way from \$400 to \$500 a mile, according to the nature of the country through which they pass, the cost of crushed stone and other engineering problems. The cost of keeping these roads in repair is infinitely smaller than that required to repair the ordinary dirt roads each winter and spring, when great gullies and ruts are washed into them by the rains and floods. The secret of the success of the fine roads in France is attributed to the prompt and systematic repairs made at all seasons of the year.

Didn't Know the Ropes.

He had been in deep thought for several minutes. "The man who said it was cheaper to move than to pay rent," he began at last. "Well," said the patient listener, as he paused.

The man who said it was cheaper to move than to pay rent," he said, "evidently always did it moving on some other day than the first day of May."—Chicago Post.

HOW ARE YOUR KIDNEYS?

I am an old commercial traveler, and was obliged to give up my position in the road through my sufferings from kidney diseases. For two years I have tried many advertised medicines and so-called kidney cures, but never got the slightest relief until my wife persuaded me to buy a box of Dr. Hobbs' Scurvy Kidney Pills. Now have no pains whatever, and really would not know that I had any kidney ailment at all. I will gladly recommend them to my friends. F. J. Kitcock, Detroit, Mich.

EMBARRASSING

Was the Position This Modest Newspaper Man Was Placed In.

Washington Star.

One day last week as a Star reporter came out of Fourteenth street into Pennsylvania avenue he met coming across the avenue from the cable cars, from which he had just alighted, the most diffident newspaper man on the row. He had a nervous, unaccountable glad-to-escape look, and he met the reporter in much the same spirit a shipwrecked sailor would meet a life preserver.

"Hello!" exclaimed the reporter. "What's the matter?"

"Whew," and the diffident man puffed out a long breath of relief. "I hope to goodness I'll never have another such an experience."

"What was it? An accident?"

"Partially," smiled the escaped. "At least I think it was. It was this way," and he turned to give a last look at the car as it whirled out of sight around the corner of Fifteenth street.

"It was coming up from the capitol and the car was pretty well loaded when three or four men got in at Peace Monument. I thought there was room next to me for them, and shoved over to accommodate them, but only two could get in. Then I offered my place to the third one, but she declined, and insisted on declining so vigorously that I remained in my seat. However, she thanked me, and said she would sit on the lap of one of her companions, and down she sat."

"Now, as I have said, there wasn't any room to spare in that car, and when she sat down she sat on one-half of my lap, and I didn't dare to move a peg. I thought she would notice it, but she was busy talking, and didn't, and I stood the pressure the best I knew how. I twisted around three or four times, but it didn't seem to do any good, and only made me more uncomfortable, and I finally submitted quietly, hoping the party would leave the car before I had to. That hope, however, was dashed as we drew nearer to Fourteenth street, and then I began to wonder how I was going to get out of it. I didn't have time to think of anything else, however, when I was left; neither did I want to pay car fare back from Georgetown or some other suburban point. As the car passed the street I made a herculean effort.

"Excuse me, madam," said I, 'but I want to leave the car here.' "Well," and I surprised a woman looked at me questioningly. 'I have no objections.' "I presume not," I stammered, 'but you are sitting on my lap, and I can't move.' "What?" she exclaimed, bouncing up like a rubber ball, 'all that distance?' "Yes, madam," I responded, very much embarrassed, and feeling like a small boy caught in a jam jar. "Then the lady next to me laughed right out, and I thought you were very light."

"I suppose they are talking about it yet," he concluded, with another sigh of relief, "but I think he'll get 'em out of it," and the Star reporter went and bought a half dollar's worth of tickets, and asked for a half day off to use them up in.

THE WHITE GRAPE MARKET.

A Large Importation This Year, 165,000 Barrels in All, and All Sold at Auction.

This has been a capital white grape season. The crop is a large one, and as practically all of the white grapes imported get here by the last of December, it is now possible to give the figures pretty exactly, says the New York World.

In 1894, 115,000 barrels of Almeria grapes came into New York. This year 165,000 barrels arrived here, and Almeria is the trade name given to this delicious fruit, and it means just the same as Malaga, both referring to the fine white grapes that come from the hills of the province of Almeria, in Spain, and as table delicacies grow in a single district. The grapes are not sold at "private sale," but in the auction-room. One firm of auctioneers comes to the bulk of this business. The buyers gather in the grape salesroom, and there are two small elevators or platforms, one for the buyers, and one for the fruit. On each of these a barrel full of grapes poured out, representing a lot of an especial mark. While one of the buyers platforms is up in the little pit and bidding is going on upon the fruit displayed there, workmen on the floor below are busy clearing off the other platform and dumping the rest of the grapes into it. Then, on a signal from the auctioneer, the platform that is downstairs gradually comes up and the other descends. By this arrangement the buyers are especially those on the lower tier who can reach forward and feel the grapes, have an opportunity to know what they are bidding on. California white grapes have this last year come very largely into the market, and are now an important factor.

EAT TOO MUCH.

Twelve Ounces of Food Is a Meal for a Brain Worker.

The present mode of eating now practiced by the unscientific public at divers table d'hotes, banquets and boarding house boards thrice a day, 365 days in the year, is evidently all wrong, says the Food Reform Magazine. The unscientific public eats too much. Dr. Nicholas declares that the average quantity of water-free aliment required, say of business and literary men, is twelve ounces, and that men of great muscular activity are well fed on sixteen to twenty ounces. Dr. Nicholas' advice is to find the minimum quantity which enables a man to do his daily work without loss of weight, by experiment, and then habitually keep to it.

In the midst of the dietary counsels of the vegetarians on the one side, and the raw-beef and hot-water theorists on the other, it is interesting to contemplate the possibilities of the eating of the future. It is probable that eating in the twentieth century will be reduced to the minimum, and a century or so thereafter be abolished altogether, if the present trend of scientific dietetic discovery continues. The good old feasts of Thanksgiving and Christmas are derided as barbarous indulgence of the animal appetite, and it is only necessary to extend a high tea of a social new woman or a debutante luncheon of a cooking school graduate to find evidence of the etherization of latter-day eating. Up to date no table d'hote has advertised its dinners by the metric system, and no restaurant has served meals by the solid ounce. But Americans are a nation of dyspeptics, and the end is not yet.

HE HAS AN EVIL EYE

AN ITALIAN WHO SEEMS TO BRING MISFORTUNE TO EVERY ONE!

HAS KILLED THIRTY-THREE.

IN EVERY CASE THE DISASTER HAS BEEN CAUSED BY ACCIDENT.

TWENTY-ONE MEN, AT ONE TIME, DROWN IN A TUNNEL AS A RESULT OF A MOMENT'S FORGETFULNESS ON HIS PART.

Perhaps the most miserable man in New York is Casoli Paracrotti, an Italian push-cart peddler of bananas. His course through life has been a train of misfortune to all those with whom he came in contact. He is today but thirty-eight years of age, yet he looks like an old man. There is a strange analogy in his life to that of the fabled Claudio, who, under the curse of the gods, was doomed to cause the death of any one to whom he was kind, and was unable to escape the terrible fate that attended him because his immortality was decreed by the angered deities.

It is a strange curse that hangs over Paracrotti. He lives the lonely life of his class, dreading the advent of the next tragedy in the chain which he believes must go on until his own death shall come.

He was born in a small town at the extreme southern end of Italy. At sixteen he was employed by a foreign nobleman as a sort of gamekeeper on a splendid estate overlooking the Mediterranean. The section was overrun with poachers, a desperate class.

Paracrotti was an inventive genius, and, failing to make much headway against the encroachments of the poachers, he invented a sort of infernal machine for their undoing. It was a trap to be set upon the ground, and the young inventor claimed that it would do no harm more than to maim any one who tampered with it, or some three machine connected with a wire trap to be baited with live birds. An explosive bomb was so arranged that when this cage was raised the bomb was exploded. One day he was explaining the workings of his device to a party of interested persons in a barn on the estate, when it was accidentally exploded, and three men, one of whom was his employer's eldest son and heir, were killed. Paracrotti suffered the loss of two fingers.

In fear he fled from the estate, and, traveling into the interior, sought shelter with his brother and brother-in-law near Terra del Mauro, where they ran a stage line.

One day Paracrotti became angry at a vicious horse and threw a stone at it. The missile flew wide, but struck his brother on the head and killed him. Paracrotti was arrested, but was headed by men and women everywhere.

He now returned to the employ of his brother-in-law. In the barn there were two bottles, one containing a horse liniment of a poisonous character, the other brandy. One day Paracrotti was given to Mrs. Stanton the liniment, which was the largest of the two, drank the brandy and poured the liniment into the smaller bottle, which he returned to its usual shelf. Three weeks later the brother-in-law picked up the bottle of supposed brandy, took a drink and died that night in great agony. Paracrotti was arrested on suspicion of having murdered his relative, but was discharged on trial.

There was now a prejudice against Paracrotti in the vicinity, and he went away.

Paracrotti now went to work in a tunnel. The work was rendered difficult by subterranean water courses. During the day temporary gates were used to dam up the water. At night the gates were opened, the flood released and the water would run off during the night. The gates were worked by hand levers, and to this work Paracrotti was detailed.

One evening, supposing that the men were all out of the tunnel, poor Paracrotti gave the signal to open the gates. Twenty-one belated laborers were caught in the flood, and every one was drowned. Fearing the vengeance of his fellow laborers, Paracrotti fled that night, haunted by water with the spirit of twenty-six human souls gone to their last account at his hands.

He found his way to Puzzoni, on the seacoast, where he secured employment on a freight boat. On the third voyage along the coast he was stricken with fever. He was at once isolated from the others, and the day water was denied a fever patient, except in small doses. The stricken man, tossing with parched throat, said that his guard had fallen asleep, so he crept from his hammock, made his way to the water tank, plunged his burning head into its cooling depth and drank the water. The fever germs once in the system, the disease spread among the crew, and six of them died. This brought the gruesome record of deaths up to thirty-two.

The survivors were taken to a shore hospital. One day, while the convalescents were sitting in the hospital park, one of the crew accused Paracrotti of having infected the ship and attempted to assault him. He was too weak to defend himself, but a messmate took up the quarrel, and in the desperate fight with knives which followed Paracrotti's defender was slain.

It was then that Paracrotti determined to leave Italy. He arrived in New York last March. On his first day on the streets as a peddler he ran into an elderly man, pushing him under a cable car. The man sustained injuries that will cripple him for life.

Poor Paracrotti has a premonition that he is yet to work more woe in the world. He has never married, and lives the life of a recluse, mainly because his countrymen fear and shun him, and believe him to be possessed of the evil eye.

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON.

The Foremost Champion in the World for the Advancement of Women.



This Great American Recommends Paine's Celery Compound to Those Who Suffer From Nervous Ills.

Half a century of pioneer work for the advancement of women has made the life of Elizabeth Cady Stanton an inspiration to thousands, and an appropriate object of homage and congratulation. It is a year now since the immense ovation was given to Mrs. Stanton at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York on the anniversary of her 80th year, under the auspices of the National Council of Women of the United States. A recommendation from such a brilliant philosopher, so good a mother, such a great and true woman, will be heeded by men and women everywhere. As Mrs. Stanton herself said in reply to the many addresses of affection and devotion from women representing homes all over the land: "In this struggling world men often lean on the judgment of mothers and wives, hence women need a clear understanding of the vital questions of the hour.

The guardian angel in every home is certainly a woman. Upon her shoulders rests the responsibility for the health of the family. No wife, mother or sister who has the heart or happiness of her family at heart, will see day after day go by with nothing done for some tired, sick or ailing member of the household. If she is a wide-awake, thoughtful woman she will make it her first duty to see that Paine's celery compound is used to bring back the vigor to the neglected nerves and the poor blood. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, writing to the Wells & Richardson Co., of Burlington, on Jan. 6, said: "Some members of my family have been using your Paine's celery compound, and I heartily recommend it to any one who is run down or suffering from nervous ills. Hereafter I shall always keep a bottle on hand." It is the plain duty of every wife and mother to watch the health of those

whom the worry and weariness of the office, the store or the factory makes heedless of their falling health. Paine's celery compound drives out impurities, restores strength, renews vitality, regulates the kidneys, liver and bowels, and makes people well. That is why it is the wonderful remedy that it is to-day, and more in demand than all the ordinary sarsaparillas, nervines and tonics that promise so much and accomplish so little. Every year confirms the faith of the people in Paine's celery compound.

Have You A Rapture?

DO YOU WEAR A TRUSS? WOULD YOU LIKE TO THROW IT AWAY? THEN, WHY DON'T YOU DO IT?

It Can Be Done! It Is A New Discovery!

Come and see us! We will cure you! A new method for the complete cure of Rupture! No cutting! No detention from business! No wearing of an uncomfortable harness! No application of caustic pastes or plasters.

Rupture is Cured at Dr. Brinley's Office.

251, 253 and 255 Nicollet Ave., MINNEAPOLIS, - MINN.

We will forfeit \$100 for every Case our New Method fails to cure. Come and find out about it. It will cost you nothing.

Globe Base Ball Schedule Coupon.

Base Ball Schedules For Globe Readers! Cut out this Coupon and present it at Globe Counting Room if you want a copy free. By Mail, 2c for Postage.

WHAT CHAS. H. CIRKLER DRUGGIST AND CHEMIST, Writes: "The genuine JOHANN HOFF'S MALT EXTRACT is preferred and prescribed by the most eminent physicians in Minneapolis with the best results. I can therefore conscientiously endorse it." 602 Nicollet Avenue C. H. Cirkler ASK FOR THE GENUINE JOHANN HOFF'S MALT EXTRACT. AVOID SUBSTITUTES