Colonel George Gaston—"Yes, there was a good deal of fun in the army during the war. There was naturally much crudeness and clumsiness among the recruits, and much ignorance about military affairs. This was most noticeable in the ranks among foreigners in the cavalry and artillery, who often caused much amusement. A raw recruit, perhaps, recently from Holland, who had never been upon a horse before, would climb into the saddle and before he could get his carbine slung upon his right side and his saber upon his left would let slip one or both bridle reins, causing his horse to start suddenly and bolt. Away would go horse and man in the most laughable style. Usually the trooper would lean forward and grab the horse's mane with both hands, at the same time clasping his legs tightly against the horse's sides, utterly forgetful that in so doing he was pressing his spurs into the horse's flank. So the greater the speed the tighter the pressure, and the more frantic the effort to hold on. Meantime the man's cap would fly off as he swayed and bounded about in the saddle, while his canteen, haversack, saber and carbine kept bouncing and leaping like the hair on his bare head. Then the laughter of the men would grow into a roar and the yelling after the unfortunate cavalryman would be redoubled. Tam O'Shanter's ride was nowhere with a sight like that. The soldiers had another source of amusement. They would get a contraband upon a blanket or piece of canvass and toss him high in the air over and over again until they were wearied."

E. E. Smith, editor—"The solution of a problem, I believe, is to come to property owners who own big office buildings in the part of the city where business has grown away from them, by fixing up their buildings with power so that tenats can run small machinery for light manufacturing, such as sewing machines, light job printing presses, and lathes for small machinists, inventors, etc. There are several big buildings in the city now not paying because they are somewhat one side from the part of professional and business men, but they would be sought out eagerly by the class of tenants I speak of if there was a light power they could rent with the rooms."

Alexander New, attorney at law—"That lie Ne interview the Journal published from me on the woman's suffrage question has gotten me into no end of trouble. I have been receiving anonymous letters ever since—and some that were not anonymous. Some of these communications are very characteristic ones. They nearly all take exceptions to the opinion expressed and implied, that woman should not want the ballot. But I did not think a few lines like that would stir up so much trouble for a fellow."

E. M. Clendening, secretary of the Commercial Club—"Ever do much squirrel shooting? Well, you have missed lots of good sport. Of course, no true sportsman would use anything but a rifle to kill the foxy little fellows, and it takes a good aim and steady hand to land one when he don't want to get shot. This reminds me of a shot I made once down in the woods in the eastern part of Ohio. The red fox is plenty there, in the right season, and there is no end of good sport if one can stand the tramping. I went out one day to bag a few for Sunday and had pretty fair luck until along in the afternoon, when a big dog squirrel gave me the hardest race I ever had. He established himself in a big tree and as I would pull down on him would shift his position just enough to cause me to miss. I determined to get him if it took all day and part of the night. I shot several times and came so close that he became alarmed and never permitted me to get aim again. Finally I lost sight of him altogether. He had quit barking and was lying low. At last, after walking around the tree several times, I saw his tail curled closely over his back. The foliage was so thick that I could see nothing of the body, but the curve of the tail was a good index, and I aimed a little under the curve. It was a very delicate shot, as I feared the limb would deflect the bullet unless I managed to just clip it. I took a long sight and let her go. That tail jumped into the air and sailed down softly. I had cut it off close to the back, but there was no evidence that the animal was hurt. I was pondering how to get another shot, when the squirrel slipped from the limb and fell to the ground stone dead. It seems I had just cut the tops of his spine and paralyzed him. It was a close shave."

Motorman Mason, of the "L" road—"Say, the man who thinks this is a good job ought to attempt to handle a controller when there is a brisk storm on. He would find it anything but pleasant, I can tell you. Why, if the air happens to be well charged with electricity, the handles or levers will get so hot that it is almost impossible to do anything with them. On such occasions one wants a pair of rubber gloves to start and stop his car. The other night, when it rained so hard and there was so much lightning, was a 'corker' for us. I had no gloves, and had to gather up the tail of my rubber coat in order to do business at all. The nails in the floor of the platform became so hot that it was impossible to stand on them. Any danger? Well, I hardly think so. The current we use in speeding the cars is a low pressure current, and there is no shock. It simply burns. If the atmospherical electricity should be stored in sufficient volume there might be danger. I never heard of a case of fatality directly from such a demonstration. It is possible, however."

W. E. Wilson, Topeka—"It seem to me that for all round sense, a dog takes the bun. I remember a case out in Clay Center, a little village on the Republican river. A friend of mine was the owner of a big pointer which he called 'Colonel.' The pointer liked nothing better than a fight with some one of his kind. He was the biggest pointer I ever saw, and, unlike his breed, would fight on slight provocation. He usually hung around a general store belonging to the family, back of which was an open lot, and across the way, a big elevator. Saturdays there were numbers of teams about the elevator, that being the favorite day for the bringing of grain to town. It was Colonel's habit to find a nice bone and place it out in this lot and wait developments from a safe distance. He would simulate sleep until some hungry canine was about to pick up his bone. Then he would turn loose a most appalling roar and swoop down on the country dog. He nearly always whipped because of his bluff and superior weight. Well, one hot afternoon he established his ambush as usual. He was looking for a fight, and, as was generally the case, he got it. After a long wait, he saw a hungry mongrel approach the bone. He crouched for a spring, and as the dog seized the bone, sailed in. Now it happened that this mongrel had a partner, and as Colonel engaged one, the other climbed on his back and commenced to eat one of his ears. The pointer saw he was 'up against it,' so he fought as well as he could, and at the first opening, scuttled for the back door of the store. He reached it safely, with the partners in full cry behind him. He dressed his wounded and quietly walked to the front door and sat down. This was apparently the end of the incident, but it was not. As the pointer was resting himself from a hot chase across the street after a dog he thought he could whip, a wagon passed. A yellow dog was under the wagon. Colonel's master invited him to 'Sick him.' Colonel was too smart. He looked keenly at the dog, saw the running mate a little distance in the rear, and at once rose up and strolled indifferently into the store, where he took up a safe position, with a line of retreat, and looked dignified. He had met those dogs once, and did not care to renew the acquaintance."

J. J. Flahiff, editor Daily Graphic, Hot Springs, Ark.—"I am going out to Colorado now to visit one of my old-time friends, who has made a big strike of gold in the camp he was working. He was for many years a carpenter down at Hot Springs, and made an easy living, but nothing more. Several years since he went West, and, after living at other places, he drifted down to Cripple Creek, and prospected with some others on several claims near that city, with varying luck, until finally the whole crowd was just about broke. My friend got hold of a small sum of cash and the following day was out with the other members of the gang tramping around over the claims looking for some indication that was worth following. During the day the entire crowd became discouraged with the prospect, and in a spirit of jest my friend took off his derby hat and said he was going to throw it up in the air and let it roll down the hillside, and where it stopped he was to prospect, and possibly he would have better luck. It was to be his last attempt, and if he failed he was coming back to the country and let the mines alone. He tossed up the hat and it went bumping and tumbling down the hillside, and finally lodged in a crevice several hundred feet from where he stood. His remark about prospecting had been made in fun, but when he went to work digging there he found plenty of traces and had not worked long until he uncovered one of the biggest gold finds in the Cripple Creek district, and he is to-day worth over a million dollars and living just as happy as a king. I am going out to see him and enjoy his hospitality, and I feel certain that I shall have a fine visit."

Henry Baker, Chicago—"When I was a young man, living in St. Louis, the great ambition of the young men there was to secure positions as clerks on the river steamers that were plying the river there between the many interesting points. There was something interesting and fascinating about the business, and it was the supreme attraction then to the young men. The craze struck me as it did many others, and I went into the service and made a few trips on the Mississippi before I was cured of the fever. To get a position it was necessary to start as mud clerk, as it was generally known among the men who had done the work. That particular name was given for the reason that it appeared to be particularly appropriate for the work. The position was that of third clerk, and for the service there was no compensation other than food and shelter and the experience and prospect of promotion, which was the most attractive feature of the whole matter. It was the duty of the mud clerk to take care of the work that was done during the late hours of the night, and during the rain storms that so often prevailed in that part of the country. If you could have seen the third clerk as he came to look after matters of loading and unloading at the stops made during the night at the landings along the river, where the mud was from one inch to two feet deep, it would not have taken you long to have discovered why he was dubbed the mud clerk. The trips required a considerable length of time, and the mud clerk gathered experience during that time out, so that at the end of the trip he was always ready either for promotion or else to quit. It was a great educator, and many a young man who wanted to climb the ladder rapidly went out on the trip and came back more willing to again take up the ordinary affairs of life and remain content and let others have the experience of the steamers. I stood it for one trip, and when the vessel was ready for the second trip, and there were no vacancies, I promptly resigned, and another young man took my place. I never regretted taking the trip, as I saw the country along the river, had plenty of fun, anyway, and enjoyed an experience that has been of value to me many times since."

J. H. Wakefield, Garden City, Kas.—"It makes but little difference what it is, if you search far enough there is an end to the affair that reaches to Kansas or connects in some manner with a man from that state. When a steamer sinks in the North sea, there is a Kansas man on board, and when there is a massacre in Madagascar the cause is ascertained to be the act of a man from Kansas. Even the libel suits in the District of Columbia are started by a man from Kansas, and now it appears that even a Scandinavian explorer wasn't allowed to take a run up to the North pole and discover it without there being a Kansas end to the story. And the Kansas end of the story is vouched for by that worthy man, Marsh Murdock, of Wichita, and the question is debated no further. Last week, when the papers were telling of how Dr. Nansen had found the North pole and was now returning to the country to tell of it, and how it was done, Marsh Murdock told at length in the Eagle, at Wichita, a story of how he had seen a letter and had it in his office, telling the same story in detail two hours prior to the announcement of the news by the Associated Press. According to the story as printed by Murdock, the letter was written to Christina Peterson by her brother, Hans Peterson, and told of the trip with Dr. Nansen and the find. It had traveled from Sweden and was in Wichita and the news in possession of the Eagle two hours before it was known in New York. According to the Wichita description, the North pole is located on a piece of desert land ten by sixteen miles, and it surrounded by an icy sea that is neither frozen or liquid, being kept in a mushy condition by the action of the conflicting currents that wash the land. At the point, no matter in what direction you may turn, the Wichita report says you find yourself looking south. Some of the men became silly in turning about hunting for some other direction, and there was a quarrel as to who was to have the honor of raising the flag of Sweden on the point. Blows were struck and the men scattered, and the survivor rowed the boat back to the mainland and finally reached home again. Murdock explains it by saying that the man reached home ahead of Nansen, and gave the news to the world first through the letter, and its appearance in the columns in the Eagle. But all of this simply goes to prove my proposition that Kansas has a string to everything that takes place."

John N. Payne, president Live Stock exchange, city—"Yes, sir, I faced a mob once, and I tell you now I never want another similar experience. If any one thinks there is any fun, or pleasure, or coveted glory in acting as an officer and protecting men from a mob of a hundred determined men, they are welcome to it, but my guess is that one trial will cure any one who has the experience. My experience was while I was acting as sheriff of Clinton county and took place at Cameron. I had two men on the third floor of the Cameron house and the only stairway was guarded by a half dozen men with Winchesters, while the building was besieged by a thousand citizens determined to lynch the men, and not the least bit afraid to do the job. Every man in the crowd was my friend, many of them had worked and voted for me and met me where fraternal ties bound us stronger than the outside world knows of. For ten hours I 'roosted' on the stairway and studied just how to get away without a collision. I had made up my mind to do my duty and protect the third, but I well knew that might mean an awful collision and slaughter unless I succeeded in outwitting the men who were besieging us. The two prisoners had shot and killed City Marshal Henry Culver, and there were the most violent manifestations I ever witnessed, and the crowd was determined to hang the men. I was on the top floor of the house and for the time being was safe, as I knew the men would not assault us and try to come up the stairway. But I could not stay there indefinitely, and as the long hours of the night dragged away I studied and puzzled as to the best means of getting out of the place. About 4 o'clock in the morning I went to the room where Uncle Sam Mathis slept and found him awake and asked him for help in the matter. At that time most of the crowd had gone to the Rock Island depot, thinking I would try to get the prisoners on the train for Plattsburg that morning. We arranged that when the Hannibal train stopped at the depot for breakfast I was to slip the prisoners down the back stairway, down the alley to the train and get away before the word reached the crowd. Well, we took that plan and it worked well. We failed to wait for the conductor of the train and ran away from him and had to send the engine back from Lathrop for him. I got the prisoners to Lathrop and found the hack there that was to carry the prisoners across the country to Plattsburg. When the driver found out who he was to haul he wanted to back out, but I was in a bad box and I just forced him to drive and drive lively to the place and finally got the men safely in the county jail. It was my only experience with a mob and I am satisfied with it and want no more of that kind. I did a great deal of thinking during the hours of the night as I sat on the stairsteps and looked out in the street below and saw the hundreds of brave men there waiting for only the slightest opportunity to overpower me and get the men. Early in the evening a friend in the city smuggled to me three Winchesters and some revolvers, or I would have been there with only one small pocket pistol, and entirely unable to have made a resistance had an attack been made. It is not known to the public yet who the man was who brought me the weapons, and I won't tell now."

W. V. West, traveling man, New Albany hotel—"I was in Plattsburg, Mo., during the fire that burned a portion of that town, a few days ago, and it was not without thrilling incident. As you know, the court house was burned. The county jail was in the basement of the court house building. Several prisoners were in it and the sheriff of the county was out in the country, some distance from town, with the key to the main door of the jail in his pocket. They sent for him post haste when it was seen what a critical condition the prisoners were in. The court house burned slowly, but fast enough to endanger the lives of all in the jail, and a force of men was preparing to attempt to batter down the heavy iron doors when the messenger who had been sent after the sheriff came galloping into town and the doors were soon thrown open and the prisoners emerged, too frightened to attempt to escape. Shortly after the dome fell in."

A. F. Gibson, railroad contractor—"A trip to Europe does not involve as great expense as it formerly did. Only a few years has made a great difference so far as reducing the cost of European travel is concerned. I have made several trips to Europe and have just returned from a seven months' sojourn in England, France and Germany. I believe a young man could make a trip to London, Paris and Berlin on $200, if he knew just how to expend it. Americans are great people when abroad to try make an impression, and Europeans encourage them by making them spend money like water wherever they go. It is surprising how far a little money can be made to go in traveling about the Continent. As far as traveling accommodations are concerned there is no country in Europe as far advanced in any respect as the United States. The newspapers in there are way behind the times, also, to my notion."

W. H. Paret, broker—"Real estate is certainly picking up. The other night I had a man and his wife call on me at my home to talk over a lot they wanted to buy. Now such a thing would not have been commented on during the boom, but in these days I look upon it as something unusual, and, as I hope, a sign of better times. I haven't had such a thing happen since 1887. The man was busy during the daytime, and he was quite anxious to buy that particular piece of property, so he came around after supper to see about it. He and his wife talked it all over with me, and he made the purchase eventually. I wish more were as anxious."

C. L. McDonald, traveling man—"I have just come back from a trip over the entire territory of the lime company for which I travel. That is, I have been in Kansas, Nebraska, Iowa, Oklahoma, Northern Texas, the Indian Territory and Missouri. I found that the destitution in many of the places where it was reported to be very great, was exaggerated. Not that some localities have not suffered terribly, but that the reports have been too highly colored on the whole. The prime trouble in Nebraska—and I was in every portion of that state—was the lack of rain. The same is true of Western Kansas. Everything depends now upon a good crop and if that is a certainty you will see an activity in all that country such as has not been seen in many a day. Kansans are used to drouths, and for that reason the pleas for aid from them have not been very many. The Nebraskans are the people who have been helped most. The Eastern people have certainly been very kind, and have poured money and seed and the like upon the sufferers. The distribution of these gifts was very fair in every case so far as I could find. But some mighty lazy people were benefitted I can tell you. These people may have a yellow shoe on one foot and a black shoe on the other and they may be wearing straw hats and summer pants, but they have succeeded in obtaining clothes that will wear."

OUR TRIUMPHAL MARCH

Along the avenues of trade meets with ovations at every turn. Our multitude of patrons are pleased and surprised at our Grand Spring Exhibition of Furniture, Carpets and Household Goods and the extremely Low Prices we are quoting on first-class goods. Come and see. Don't fail.

BABY BUGGIES

Baby Buggies, silk plush lined, exactly like cut, worth $10.00.... **$5.99**

Specials This Week —IN— Bedroom Sets.

BEDROOM SETS, worth $16.00	$10.50
BEDROON SETS, worth $25.00	$15.00
BEDROOM SETS, worth $35.00	$25.00
BEDROOM SETS, worth $45.00	$30.00
BEDROOM SETS, worth $60.00	$40.00
BEDROOM SETS, worth $75.00	$50.00

Specials This Week —IN— Sideboards.

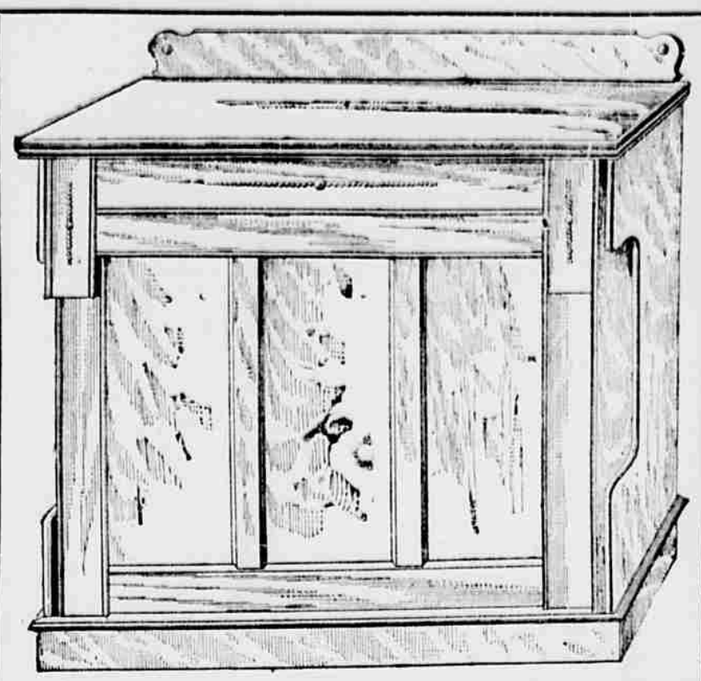
SIDEBOARDS, worth $15.00	$10.50
SIDEBOARDS, worth $20.00	$14.00
SIDEBOARDS, worth $25.00	$18.00
SIDEBOARDS, worth $30.00	$22.00
SIDEBOARDS, worth $40.00	$28.00
SIDEBOARDS, worth $50.00	$35.00

Specials This Week —IN— Parlor Furniture.

PARLOR SUITS, worth $30.00	$18.50
PARLOR SUITS, worth $35.00	$25.00
PARLOR SUITS, worth $50.00	$38.00
PARLOR SUITS, worth $60.00	$45.00
PARLOR SUITS, worth $75.00	$55.00
PARLOR SUITS, worth $80.00	$60.00

Specials This Week —IN— Carpets and Mattings.

BRUSSELS CARPETS, worth $1.00	65c
BRUSSELS CARPETS, worth 75c	55c
INGRAIN CARPETS, worth 30c	21c
INGRAIN CARPETS, worth 40c	30c
STRAW MATTING, worth 15c	10c
STRAW MATTING, worth 20c	15c



MANTEL FOLDING BED, Solid Oak (like cut), worth $18.00..... **$11.50**

Solid Oak Center Tables, 16x16 (like cut) top, worth $1.25..... **59c**

MAYSTERN & CO.

1104 and 1106 MAIN STREET.

Solid Oak Center Tables (25x24), top, worth $3.00..... **99c**

NEW PASSENGER SERVICE.

From Kansas City Via the Burlington Route.

"DENVER SPECIAL," leaves Kansas City daily 10:50 a. m., solid train; arrives Denver, 7:30 a. m.

"BURLINGTON NEW LINE VIA BILLINGS," for Puget Sound and Pacific Coast from Kansas City, leaves at 10:50 a. m. daily.

This line gives patrons an opportunity to visit Hot Springs, South Dakota, Black Hills and Yellowstone Park, and it is the short line between Kansas City and Helena by 385 miles, Butte 315 miles, Spokane 474 miles, Seattle 140 miles and Tacoma 145 miles.

This is the most marvelous scenic route and perhaps the most interesting across the continent.

Round trip tickets to all Pacific coast points via this line.

For full information address H. C. Orr, Burlington Route, Kansas City, Mo.

Homeseekers' Excursion Via Santa Fe Route.

On Tuesday, April 23, the Santa Fe Route will run a homeseekers' excursion from Kansas City to all points in Kansas, Oklahoma, Indian Territory, Texas, Colorado, Utah, New Mexico, and Arizona. The rate will be one fare for the round trip, plus $2, but no ticket will be sold for less than $7. The tickets will be good twenty days, and stop-overs will be allowed en route both going and returning, except south of La Junta, Col.

For tickets and additional information, call at ticket offices, northeast corner of Tenth and Main streets and 1050 Union avenue.

GEORGE W. HAGENBUCH,
Passenger and Ticket Agent.

New Sleepers on the Alton.

Beginning with April 1st, the Chicago & Alton Railroad will run two sleepers daily in their "St. Louis Limited" between Kansas City and St. Louis. The two new sleeping cars assigned to this service are named the "Majestic" and "Teutonic," after the two new White Star line Atlantic ocean steamers. Each year brings something new in the carbuilder's art and with each improvement we exclaim that surely nothing more can be added. Viewing the new Alton sleepers, with their large, roomy compartments, drawing rooms, and perfectly appointed toilet rooms, one would imagine the builder possessed the lamp of Alladin.

Homeseekers' Excursions.

On April 23, 1895, the Union Pacific system will sell tickets from Kansas City, Leavenworth, and stations in Kansas and Nebraska, to points south and west in Kansas and Nebraska, also to Colorado, Wyoming, Utah and Idaho, east of Weiser and south of Beaver Canon, at rate of one first-class fare for the round trip plus $2. Minimum rate, $7. Tickets good twenty days. See your nearest Union Pacific ticket agent. Best time and train service to Denver. Ticket offices Kansas City, 1000 Main street, 1038 Union avenue, and Union station. Telephone 1169.

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Always on time.
The proper thing now if you
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Railroad "In Mizzoura."

H. N. GARLAND,
Western Passenger Agent.

Homeseekers' Excursion.

On April 23 the "Katy Route" (the Missouri, Kansas & Texas railway), will sell round trip tickets to Texas, Lake Charles, La., and to Eddy and Roswell, N. M., at one fare, plus $2. Tickets will be good 20 days, with stop-over privileges both going and coming. For all information call at ticket offices, No. 823 Main st., or No. 1044 Union avenue.

GOING TO CHICAGO TO-NIGHT?

The Burlington fast train "Ell" leaves at 5:50. The only line serving meals on the cafe plan between Kansas City and Chicago, in addition to regular meal service. This entire train is equipped with all modern improvements. Service unexcelled.

The Journal.
Ten cents a week.

Change of Time.

Commencing April 21, Train No. 4 on the Chicago Great Western Railway (Maple Leaf) for St. Joseph, Des Moines, St. Paul, Dubuque and Chicago will depart from the Grand Central depot at 3 p. m. This shortens the time one hour to above points. Ticket office, 1038½ Union avenue.

G. W. LINCOLN,
Trav. Pass. Agt., Kansas City, Mo.
F. H. LORD,
G. P. and T. A., Chicago.

Reduced Rates to Topeka.

For the Kansas Republican League meeting at Topeka, the Santa Fe route will sell tickets to Topeka at the rate of one fare for the round trip on April 24 and 25, limited to return April 26. Santa Fe route ticket office, northeast corner Tenth and Main streets, 1050 Union avenue and Union depot.

GEO. W. HAGENBUCH, P. & T. A.

Liquors for Kansas.

Shipped daily in secure packages by GEORGE EYSSELL, Druggist. Opposite waiting room, Union depot.

A $10 BILL

Wouldn't pass the upper or lower house no matter of what benefit it might be to the city. It would strike the "undertaking committee" and be "buried." So will half the cases of rupture that do not come under the DR. JENKINS RUPTURE CURE method. We guarantee cures without detention from business. Call to-morrow; don't suffer any longer. Charges very reasonable. Rooms, 523, 524 and 533, New Ridge b'ldg.

Drs. Cartlich & Nichols.

W. R. CLARKE, Pres. J. W. BARNEY, Sec.
A. A. TOMLINSON, V. Pres. C. R. ROCKWELL, Treas.

CAPITAL $250,000.

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DR. DE LAP'S, of PARIS, FRANCE, "NEW LIFE PILLS" for both old and young men. Give new life, vigor and energy. A positive and guaranteed remedy for Failing Memory, Sleeplessness, Nightly Emissions, Nervous Debility caused from over-exertion, Youthful Error in early life, and inveterate use of tobacco or other stimulants. Gives vigor and size to shrunken organs. This wonderful and most powerful remedy is sold on a written guarantee to absolutely cure or money refunded. Price, $1 box; 6 boxes, $5. Prepared by the world renowned and famous French physician and surgeon, Dr. De Lap, of Paris. For sale only by JOHNSON BROS., Druggists and Chemists, 1107 Main st., Kansas City, Mo. Sole agents for United States. Mail orders promptly attended to.

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