

seek not nor scorn, sir; Loafing on the corner

Some fun enhance in whirling dance Some seek it in a "horn," sir; Yet each joy will annoy or cloy But loafing on the corner.

We envy not another's lot,
We dread no man's scorn, sir;
We'll pass our day in bliss away
Loaing on the corner.
NORTH KAUKAUNA, Wis.

MR. BAXTER'S DILEMMA.



HE Rev. Thomas Baxter was a curate of the muscular, energetic type, which, fortunately for the church, is turned out not unfrequently by our universities and public schools. He was a big, broad-shouldered young man, who, besides distinguishing himself greatly both on the river and in the cricket field, had taken a very respectable degree, for he was by no means afraid of hard work of any description. Such men often make capital parsons, and Tom was hardly less energetic in his parish work than he had been in very different spheres of action at Eton and Oxford. But there were limits to Mr. Baxter's endurance; he liked an occasional holiday, and this was the only point upon which he and his vicar, the Rev. Septimus Straightway, were not entirely agreed.

The Rev. Septimus was an honest man,

sonal holiday, and this was the only point upon which he and his viear, the Rev. Septimus Straightway, were not entirely agreed.

The Rev. Septimus was an honest man, and took a severe and gloomy view of the pleasures of life. He worked terribly hard in an East-end parish, knew nothing and cased less about outdoor sports, or, in full worked the second of the control of the contr

that he thought a day's holiday would do him good,
"When I was your age. Mr. Baxter, I never wanted a holiday," replied the austere vicar, "but you are certainly not looking well. Let me see—to-day is June 25. In about a fortnight I think I can arrange a date for you. Say July 12." "Can't it be managed a week sooner?" queried Tom, desperately, for the University match was fixed for the 4th.
"Quite impossible," I fear, said the vicar decisively, for he was a terrible martinet



with nis curates. So, with a wave of his hand, he dismissed the subject, and Tom knew that further appeal was useless.

'It's rather too bad,' grumbled Mr. Batter, as he walked home to his humble lodgings. 'But it's no use talking to him about cricket, and he doesn't know a bat from a ball.' And with a heavy heart he tried to resign himself to the inevitable. But two days later a circumstance occurred which entirely routed Tom's virtuous resolutions. A letter arrived at the reverend gentleman's lodgings which was couched in the following terms:

DEARIST TOM. WHO THE HALL, LORDINGS COUNTY OF TOWN 1 ONLY 100 TOWN 1 TOWN 1 ONLY 100 TOWN 1 TO

of meeting. Do come; in terrible hasts. Yours bevingly, Evong the foregoing it may be gathered that Miss Alice Heathcote and Tom Baxter were on to'erably intimate terms. As ter were on to'erably intimate terms. As a matter of fact, they had been engaged for six months, during which time they very rarely met. Baxter's people were well off, and he had a very rich uncle, among whose possessions was an excellent family living, destined in the future for Tom and his bride. But the uncle was a stern and conscientious gentleman, and he was determined, before he definitely agreed to give Tom the vacancy—when it occurred—to see what the young gentleman was made of. And this was why

Baxter had been sent to help Mr. Straightway in the East End, why he worked so hard in the parish, and why he was so desperately anxious to stand high in his vicar's opinion.

When Tom read the letter his first impulse, unclerical though it may appear, was to use strong language. But he restrained himself and fell to thinking over the various means of escaping his duties. A fresh appeal to Mr. Straightway he knew to be hopeless. That worthy ascetic did not only look upon cricket as a frivolous waste of time, but he was a strong advocate of the celibacy of the clergy. Moreover, by merely asking the question Tom might offend him, and this he certainly could not afford to do under the circumstances.

There was nothing for it then but a

Tom might one on min, and the circumstances.

There was nothing for it then but a pious fraud, and although Tom's conscience rebelled against the idea of deceiving his vicar, who trusted him implicitly, he could not make up his mind to disappoint Alice or to deny himself the pleasure of seeing her. He might, under more favorable circumstances, have dined at her uncle's house in Portman Square, but as luck would have it he had undertaken to conduct an evening class on both nights of her stay in town. So he wrote a very affectionate answer, promising that nothing short of an earthquake should prevent him from appearing at Lord's, and he at once set to work to arrange a plot for the deception of Mr. Straightway.

arrange a plot for the deception of Mr. Straightway.

The day before that on which he had promised to meet his intended, Tom told his vicar that he was passing the night



with a very old friend who had just come home from India, in his rooms near Jermynstreet. This, it must be said, was perfectly true, and, of course, Mr. Straightway could offer no valid objection, as Baxter had done all his work for the day. The next day, however, Tom slunk off to a telegraph office, and in guilty haste dispatched a wire to the effect that he was suffering from a severe attack of lumbago, but would, if possible, return in the evening.

By 11 o'clock he was at Lord's. The mere sight of the ground was so welcome to him that he was determined to spend as much time there as he possibly could. He knew, of course, that he would be certain to meet any number of his old friends, and that the whole proceeding was extremely risky, but he consoled historian to meet any number of his old friends, and that the whole proceeding was extremely risky, but he consoled historian to meet any number of his old friends and that the whole proceeding was extremely risky, but he consoled himself in the paylion and awaited the beginning of the play with pleasurable impatience. The Heathcotes were all enthusiastic cricketers, and he counted on their appearance by 12 o'clock at the latest.

The match commenced in due course, but upon its varying fortunes it is not necessary to dwell. The Heathcotes also arrived, and Tom at once took up a position on the drag by the side of Miss Alice, the warmth of whose greeting at once speedily banished all fears and qualms of conscience from his breast, Nothing, in fact, could have been more perfect than Mr. Baxter's happiness up to the luncheon interval. His stentorian "well hit' or "well bowled" could be heard one hundred yards away. He clapped his hands, stamped, and waved his hat like the veriest schoolboy, and meanwhile he was unremitting in his attention to the girl of his heart. Two o'clock struck. For lunch, and the occurates of Mr. Heathcote's drag prepared for the substantial meal which forms so prominat. Lords. Ten the draw was very acceptable to him. He had supplied Alice's

tracted his attention as noiselessly as possible.

"Binns!" he whispered, in great agitation, "please say to Miss Alice that I am not well, and that I have gone to take a walk, to bathe my head—say anything Binns—but for mercy's sake don't let her know that I'm in here. Don't let anybody know. You won't tell, will you?" he continued, piteously.

Mr. Binns thought that Tom was off his head, but his impassive face betrayed no surprise.

head, but his impassive race becased a surprise.
"Certainly, sir. Anyother message?"
"No! that will do—and, Binns, come back here at once; I want you to do some-thing else."
"Yessir."
The message caused some little sur-prise and much sympathy.
"Poor fellow!" said Miss Alice; "it all comes from working so hard in those terrible slums, and nover taking a holi-day."

day,"
When Binns returned, Tom asked him
in the same agitated whisper: the same agitated whisper:
"Did you notice a tall, thin gentleman
a clergyman—standing beside the drag
it now?"

"Yessir,"
"Do you see him now?"
"Yessir," said Binns, almost whispering,
"he's a-standing close here."
"Good gracious!" murmured Tom,
"Look here! come and tell when he's
gone."

Look here: come and tell when the gone."
And Tom pulled up the other wooden blind half-way and cowered on the floor among the cushions and dust-cloaks. It was terribly hot and stuff, but he dared was the convenient of the stuff of the convenient of the stuff of the convenient of the stuff of the convenient of the con

"Mr. Baxter, sir," whispered Binns, the clerical gent, sir; he's on the roof

of the clerical gent, sir; he's on the roof of our drag."

"You don't say so!" groaned Tom.
"He is indeed, sir. He and master seem very thick; they're talking over old Cambridge times. I never waited on him bet of sire, said the curate in despair." I see it now. Old Septimus was at Cambridge, so was Heathcote. They are old friends. How in the name of providence am I to get out of this? I say, Binns, do you know I must stop here until he goes. You will keep it dark—now won't you?"

"Most certainly, sir," said the sympathetic butter. "Won't you have some lunch, sir? Nobody will know."

Tom smiled in his misery at the idea. After all, why shouldn't he?

"Well, Binns, I really think I will."

And the trusty servitor disappeared to return with a huge plateful of cold pie, a bottle of champagne, and some straw-liftchark ye. Binns, "said Tom, gratefully," now go away and don't come back till the clergyman has gone. Whew! Now hot it is!"

It was hot and no mistake. On a scorching day the interior of a drag, with the windows shut, is about as agreeable a resting-place as the Black Hole. Tom could not let the blinds down, so he drank a tumbler of iced champagne, which made him much warmer than before, though it inspired him to smile at his position. His stiff collar was growing limp, and his heavy black garments began to grow in supportable.

"Wonder if I dare to take my coat off?" he asked himself. The mental answer was "Yes," and he proceeded to do so. Then he felt better, finished the plate of pie, and had another tumbler of champagne. "I feel halt inclined to go out and face him, reflected Tom, but his heart failed him. He piled the dust-loaks, coats, and umbrellas in one corner and tried to make himself comfortable. Presently, however, the match was resumed, and then his real suffering begon the growing himp, and his heart failed him. He piled the dust-loaks, coats, and unbrellas in one corner and tried to make himself comfortable. Presently, however, the match was particular to the summary of the particular that th



thing about him is that about twenty people have mistaken him for your man—Mr. Straightway, you know. Are they at all alike?"

"Yes, they are—rather," gasped Tom, scarcely knowing whether he stood on his head or heels. "Come and introduce him to me, darling. I'll make it all right with your father."

And he did; but it will be some time before he hears the last of that cricket match.

The Funnel-Shaped Cloud.

The Funnel-Shaped Cloud.
When the colonel reached home the hour was late, or early, rather. The colonel's wife, who excuses none of the foibles which men inculcate, met the colonel with a freezing look. The colonel, who is usually skillfully inventive, "lost his head" when he saw his wife's face.

Wife—"What made you so late?"
Colonel (after embarrassing hesitation)—"I was detained."
"What detained you?"
"Tell you what's a fact. Yesterday

"What detained you?"
"Tell you what's a fact. Yesterday
evening a funnel-shaped cloud came
along and blew me against a wall—
gainst a wall—and the doctor worked
five hours in trying to bring me around
all right."

A funnel-shaped cloud?" "Are you sure it was a cloud?"
"Course I am."

"Course I am."
"I didn't know. I thought that prob-

ably it was clearer than a cloud. Oh yes, now I see! A man took the thing that looked like a funnel, put the small end of it into a bottle and poured something into it. Those funnel-shaped clouds are very dangerous. They throw men against walls and not infrequently throw them on the ground."

"There you go! Most suspicious woman I ever saw. Got no sympathy; man works himself to death and woman suspects him. Never saw the like in my life. Haven't taken a drink in three weeks, Never saw the like in my life. Nobody to sympathize with me. Used to think you cared something for me. Now I know you don't. Never saw the like in my life. Haven't taken a drink in three weeks."

"I didn't say that you had been drinking."

"No, but you might as well. Keep

"I didn't say that you had been drinking."
"No, but you might as well. Keep hinting around. Never saw the like in my life. Nobody to sympahize with me. Used to think you cared something for me, but now I know you don't."

"If you haven't been drinking any thing why is it you are so drunk?"

"Who's so drunk?"

"Who's so drunk?"

"You are."
"You are."
"There you go! Never saw the like strip, it was the like strip.

"You are."
"There you go! Never saw the like in my life. No use for a man to try to do anything when his wife is against him. Well, I must go to bed now. Never saw the like in my life."—Arkan-ram Templer.

STONEHENGE.



prostrate slab, bearing the marks of tools.

This is called the "slaughtering stone," as here it is supposed the victims were offered to the gods.

Beyond these are two great circles of upright stones from eighteen to twenty feet high, some weighing thirty tone each. The outer circle is 300 feet in circumference.



On the tops of these huge pillars are laid other stones which formerly touched, making a continuous circle. Not half of the ancient one hundred and fifty stones are now standing. Inside these circles are two ovals, and innermost of all an "altar stone," built open to heaven like the pantheon.

Surrounding these stone circles are acres of small burial grounds, where the early chiefs of Britain were intered. Some skeletons have been found with the knees gathered up to the head, some extended at full length, others burned to ashes and collected in urns. Half a mile away, between two banks, is a race-course 330 feet broad and over a mile long.

The question is, Who built this mysterious temple and others of its like in Great Britain?—Chicago Ledger.

"Leave him to me, papa. I must see him alone." Tom pulled himself together with a jerk, opened his heavy syes, and found himself conformed by Miss Alice Heathcote, who stood with flushed cheeks and indignant expression at the door of the drag.

"Aron awake, sir," she inquired, "Arake! yes, why not, dear?" stammered Mr. Baxter.

"Then what is the meaning of this?" You leave me hours ago and say you don't feel well, and here I find you sound asleep when the play is over for the day, and we have been sending all over the sleeves, too." You. Aron his bains gearlet, the current "Good gracious! I beg your pardon. I forgot." And, blushing searlet, the current "Tom, it is shameful." "I should like to meet anylody who say that I'm drunk! Let me explain, darling! "Ill come out now."

"And then he caught sight of his viexal gain and sbrank back, saving: "It what man never going?"

"Is that man never going?"

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"Is that man never going?"

"Is the meet anylody who say that I'm drunk! Let me explain, darling I'll come out now."

"What man?" saked Miss Alice, with what well again and sbrank back, saving: "It what man never going?"

"Is that man never going?"

"Of course I do. It's Mr. Grayson, a vicar somewhere in Yorkshire, an old college friend of papa's; they havon't mediaming better the iman show there is?"

"Of course I do. It's Mr. Grayson, a vicar somewhere in Yorkshire, an old college friend of papa's; they havon't mediaming about him is that about twenty people have mistaken him for your man. Mr. Straightway, you know. Are they at all allies." Are the present side of Oklahoma College friend of papa's; they havon't mediaming about him is that about twenty people have mistaken him for your man. Mr. Straightway, you know. Are the all allies." And the has brought up by hand. As a arile the label states the has brought up by hand. As a larlies of the light of the present side of Oklahoma College friend of papa's; they havon't mediaming heave the present side of Oklahoma College friend of papa's;

s which he has brought up by hand. As learned the a rule they live with the staff of the menagerie on terms of perfect familiarity, but this frequently leads to tragio accidents. Lions, even lions in a fair, will devour a man in fine style. Can I will devour a man in fine style. Can I will devour a man in fine style. Can I will devour a wond in say that the fear of such an accident is ever sufficiently strong to make me pause on the threshold of a menagerie?

No. I cherish, and, like me, you also cherish the hope that some day, perhaps, you will see a lion tamer eaten. This contingency sometimes occurs, in fact more often than is usually supposed. For instance, without leaving the Pezon menagerie, it is not a year since the proprietor narrowly escaped being devoured by his bear, Groom, at Chalons-sur-Marne. He would have perished if his son, Adrian Pezon, had the che did this the bear on the spot.

The Navre Wauld Re attended To

The Nerve Would Be Attended To.

Enter clerk with his face all swollen up with an angry tooth.

"Ah," says a sympathetic friend, "you should go to the dentist immediately and have that tooth pulled out."

"I know I ought," said the sufferer, "but the fact is, I haven't got the nerve."

nerve."

"Oh, don't bother about that. The dentist will find the nerve."—Louis-

LED INTO OKLAHOMA.

Capt. D. L. Payne, Oklahoma Harry Hill, and W. L. Couch-Their Characters and Their Adventures-A Curlous and Ex-citing Chapter of Recent Western Amer-ican History.



INCE the opening of Oklahoma the attention of the homesceking public has been directed toward that noble body of land, the Cherokee strip. Efforts have been and are still be a still been and are still been and are still be a still be



FORCING A CONFESSION.

soon, and they were advised to hold the fort. Long, weary months passed away, and the raiders failing to appear, Hill's three Texas companions deserted him and went back home, leaving the plucky leader alone in his glory, surrounded by Indians and horse thieves.

About this time Captain David L. Payne was just beginning his Oklahoma talk and gaining a reputation, while Carpenter had dropped out of sight forever.

home talk and gaining a reputation, while Carpenter had dropped out of sight forever.

It was at this time that Harry Hill returned from Pratt County financially ruined and desperate. He said that he was not in circumstances to make a boomer, but that if paid for it he would agree to pilot Payne and his party through the soldiers' lines and land the colony safe in Oklahoma. He did this he was to receive a certain stated sum and if he failed he was to get nothing. Judge Locke of Wichita was to be paymaster.

The little band left Arkansas City, Kan., in April, 1880, and, guided by Harry Hill and H. H. Stafford, slowly entered the forbidden country. After many adventures with soldiers and Indian soouts they landed near the present site of Oklahoma City and began to build a town in **e jack oak forest, calling the place Ewing City, after General Tom Ewing. It rained incessantly, and. Payne being taken sick,

was piloted by Hill to the old cabins which he had himself used the year before. Here the rations gave out and the raiders were in distress.

Captain Huffbar had a heavy insurance on his life, and made up a scheme to throw out the impression that he was dead. For this reason he stranded his wagon in the quistands of the South Canadian River, and leaving his shoes and some other distinguishing marks he field to Texas, while the man with him came on back to Wichita and reported him dead. This man gave such a sensational account of the affair that many of the people began to look on Hill as his murderer. Not believing that the man was dead, and not liking to live under a cloud of suspicion, Hill took Marshal James Cairns into his confidence, and together they hung Huffbar's friend up by the thumbs in a lonely spot on the Arkan-



THE DEATH OF CAPTAIN PAYNE.

THE DEATH OF CAPTAIN PANNE.

sas River until he divulged the whole plot. Captain Huffbar afterward returned, and now lives in Sedgwick County, Kansas, on a ranch.

When Oklahoma Hill and his supply train reached Ewing City they found that the soldiers had been before them and captured the boomers. Captain Payne had left a note in a secret hollow, as agreed on between himself and the scout.

The boomers returned again, however, and they were not disturbed for months.

Captain Francis Moore, at the head

The boomers returned again, however, and they were not disturbed for months.

Captain Francis Moore, at the head of four companies of cavalry, rode into camp the morning of Angust 7, 1884, and arrested Captain Payne, his then chief of scouts, "Doc" Worrel, and several other leading men.

Captain Fayne was only held a short time after his capture and made to take forced marches behind a prairie schooner. At last he was once more turned loose on the Kansas line with a warning not to return, and he never did, but it was death, and not the soldiers, that prevented the old "Cimarron scout" from another raid.

He consulted with the Wichita Town Site Company, of which he was the champion, and then took up headquarters at the Hotel Barnard, Wellington, Kan. He had raised another large colony and was once more ready to invade the promised land at the head of a larger colony than ever. The morning of Nov. 28, 1884, Payne came down to breakfast and sat down to his meal. His first act was to drink a glass of milk. As he did so he seemed to be seized with a spasm, and hastily grasping a cream-pitcher he emptied it and fell back dead. No inquest was ever held, but the leading friends of the dead patriot are sure in their own minds that he was poisoned.

Then Captain W. L. Couch assumed command of the forces of the boomers. Late in the fall of 1884 Captain Couch, at the head of four hundred and fifty men, entered the Territory from Aransas City. They called their new city Stillwater.

The 12th day of January, 1885, a detachment of soldiers from General Hatch's command surprised the settlers and ordered their surrender, but Couch refused to accede to their demand.

Then Stillwater was surrounded with the military and the settlers were lit-

mand.

Then Stillwater was surrounded with
the military and the settlers were literally starved and frozen out.

The boomers reluctantly abandoned
their position, repairing to Arkansas
City. Five of the leaders were releas-



ed by the courts. Couch next went to Washington, secured the services of the Hon. Sidney Clarke, and the two drafted the original bill for the formation of the Hon Bonna Territory, which was passed by the Fiftieth Congress, in 1889. Capt. Couch was elected Mayor of the town of Guthrie. His claim was contested by another "sooner," J. C. Adams, who secured the filing from the Guthrie land-office. Couch again went to Washington in the interest of the "sooners." He met with no success and returned. Having resigned the Mayoralty, Capt. Couch settled upon his claim upon his return. In fighting for the possession of this newas short by J. C. Adams, and due from the effects of the wound on the 23d of last April. Capt. Couch was born in Wilkes County, N. C., Nov. 2, 1850, and was consequently less than 40 years old. He was a brave, honorable man, greatly respected by all who came in contact with him.

Spring Planning.

Petted Daughter—Mamma, 1 saw such a beautiful set of diamonds down town at Stoneking & Co.'s this morning! And they are marked only \$2,500. Pm sure papa will buy them for me if you say so.

The sure pape will only them for the inyou say so.

Doting Mamma—Ethel, your pape does not expect to fail in business till the lst of May. You'll have to wait till after he has compromised with his creditors. If he gets them for you when we start for the seaside in June that will be soon enough, won't it, darling?

darling?
The word cyclone was first proposed by Piddington in 1848, to describe the violent hurricanes of the tropics, in which the wind rotates, in the northern hemisphere, opposite to the hands of a watch. The term anticyclone was first used by Mr. F. Galton in 1863 to represent wind motion in the opposite direction.

CYCLING FOR FAIR LADIES.

Learned and Practiced.

He bicycle season will soon be here, and just a word to all of the ladies: After riding a wheel for a year I am ready in cases of inactivity and be decompled. The season will soon be here, and just a word to all of the ladies: After riding a wheel for a year I am ready in cases of inactivity and be decompled. The season will be decompled in cases of inactivity and the frame of the season would have less to do. It will tire you at first, but about two weeks' practice will do away with all that. After the first distance I rode upon alighting my knees were powerless and I absolutely had no control over my limbs, but now, well, I never tire. You will be as thin and black but as strong and well as though rearned on a farm, and, when winter comes, you will reap the benefit of the riding. Your muscles will strengthen, your skin will clear, and you will gain



in flesh. Learn to mount the wheel; yes, its hard work for some, but a pretty trick after you master it. If you are sensitive, take a moonlight night and a broad side street; be sure the street is broad; riding-schools are rather cramped for exercise of this sort. Don't be discouraged if you fail ninetynine times, for the next time it may come to you, and then you will wonder how you ever could have been so stupid as not to understand at once. Some ladies readily conquer all the requirements of good riding, while I know of one young woman who has been riding three years, yet her husband holds the wheel until she is safely seated. Have the saddle as high as you can reach; don't let your knees bump your chin, as many do. By the way, there is a fortune for the man who will invent a comfortable saddle for a lady's wheel. Some will advise no corsets; I think that a great mistake, for a corset loosely worn is a great support to the back, and gives neatness to the figure, which latter is so essential to a woman in so conspicuous a position. -Chicago Times.

ERE is a good word in behalf of that muchof that much-maligned person, the typewriter girl, which we find floating about without credit. We fully indorse every sentence, line and word in it: "Now that ladies are so gen-it: "Now that ladies are so gen-erally employed as stenographers and type writer operators the col-umns of news-papers are hurpapers are bur-dened with coarse

papers a re burdened with coarse attempts at humor, in which the protect of an important and the protect of a manual proper light the honor of a worky occupation of a woman. All honor to the girl who has the energy pluck and determination to qualify herself to be full himself and the protect againing and make herself useful in the great world of business, and highly himself and he world of the protect against any attempt to place in a ridiculous or improper light the honest and worthy occupation of a woman. All honor to the girl who has the energy, pluck and determination to qualify herself to be self-sustaining and make herself useful in the great world of business, and blighting, withering shame be his portion who would place the lightest straw in her way. There are enough actual follies, weaknesses and folibes of men to laugh about without making innocent women the subject of ridicule by making them figure in incidents entirely the product of an impure imagination. The shafts of ridicule should be aimed only at those who deserve punishment, and there are enough of this class, God knows; and wit and humor lose their charm when indulged in at the expense of auything that is good and useful. A woman's wit and humor lose their charm when indulged in at the expense of anything that is good and useful. A woman's reputation is too delicate to be roughly handled, and any light treatment of her occupation injures her who is identified with it."



Miss Fancer-What a lovely puppy! Are you sure he's gentle?
Tonir—Yes, lady. His mother, be hind me here, comes from a nunnery in Sibery, where he was ejjicated by th' sisters.—Juage.

What She Told Jack.

What She Told Jack.

She was a little bit of a blue-eyed woman with the innocent face of a child. The horse-car in which she sat with a female companion stopped suddenly, but the mild-faced little woman went right on talking in her natural key, so that everybody heard her say:

"The man never walked the earth who could boss me, and I just told Jack so, and he hasn't peeped once since. I didn't marry to have any man lead me around by the nose—I guess not!"