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City Council meets on the first and third Tuesday evenings of each month.

"The editor is sick, the 'devil' is cross, the type has been 'pied,' the composing rules have been misplaced, the scissors lost, the tramp printer gave us the 'G. R.' our paper came late and was marred C. O. D.," says a Texas editor. "Consequently we are all out of 'whack' and behind time, darn it all, and if you feel like cussin' us, just wait till the fightin' editor gets in better shape."

TO A MEDICAL STUDENT AT A CLINIC.

Oshtu'th thou, fair student, with a heart of stone,
Flag quivering flesh and amputate a bone?
With cool composure whip a cancer out,
And think no more on't than to land a trout?
Art once thy cultivated taste enjoyed,
And oft thy brush was genially employed,
Wouldst't thou lose the crowning charm of thy young life,
Or sack unmoved its fairness all destroyed
By blood red stains of surgeon's saw and knife?
Tears'lector far to be an M. D.'s wife.
Australia's daughter, with the steel blue eyes,
Receded time from such a sacrifice!
To painting or to sculpture give thy powers,
And in aesthetic studies pass thy virgin hours.
—New York Sun.

A FAIRY STORY.

Hans lived among the mountains in Norway. One day he lay on a sunny bank watching the fleecy clouds, swift messengers of thought, as they sped across the blue ether, and he saw them take on many strange shapes. Now a monstrous troll, as the mountain giants are called in Norseland, would stand out in bold relief, and again curious beasts and birds would present themselves to his eager eye.

All at once he was afloat in folklore land, where he was to meet face to face beings of whom he had heard so much. He was bound to visit the castle of the Mountain King, the mightiest of trolls. The air was full of music, and he heard the birds singing about this king and his treasures.

Hans now heard a whizzing in the air, and there appeared before him the biggest bird he had ever seen in his life. As it plunged down beside him, it almost seemed as though a huge load of hay had been dumped on the ground.

If Hans would get on his back, the bird told him he would bear him to the Mountain King's castle, but the boy must hold fast to the feather at the nape of Bird Dan's neck lest he fall. This feather, you must know, was as big and as tall as a half grown spruce tree.

Hans did as he was bid, and away they went sailing through the air so fast that the wind whistled after them. Presently they reached some noble grainfields, and here Bird Dan paused to fill his crop. It frightened Hans to see how much he could devour. The boy himself sat down to partake of the modest lunch he carried with him, when he saw a man lying with his ear close to the ground.

"What are you doing?" asked Hans.
"I am listening to the grass," was the reply, "My ears are so fine I can hear every blade as it grows. I need less sleep than a bird, and I can see a hundred miles by night as well as by day."

"You'd be a useful man to have on my journey," said Hans. "Will you go along?"

"Yes, if Bird Dan will take me, and if you'll give me some of your lunch."

"My lunch isn't much, but such as it is I'll gladly share it with you," said Hans. Bird Dan consented, and away they went with the new comrade.

When next they paused, Hans saw a man walking about with his hand over his mouth.

"What is the matter with you?" cried Hans.

"I'm the man that has swallowed seven summers and 15 winters, and I keep my hand over my mouth lest they all escape at once and make utter confusion in the world."

"You'd be a useful comrade," said Hans. "Will you join my party?"

The man was willing if he might have some lunch and if Bird Dan would consent. So it was quickly arranged for him to go.

After Bird Dan had pursued his swift flight for a time with these three comrades on his back, Hans asked:

"How far shall we have to go?"
"As far as the east lies from the west," was the reply.

"How long will it take us?"
"As long as it takes the sun to make the same journey."

At this moment the man whose eyes and ears were so sharp cried out:

"I can see into the Mountain King's castle. There is one who has told him you are coming, Hans, and the king is ready for you."

"I think I'm afraid," said Hans.
"Don't fear," said the man with the seven summers and the 15 winters. "I'll help you."

"We're most there now," said Bird Dan. Bare enough, the trollers and

beyond it a castle glowed like the noon-day sun.

"Now," cried Bird Dan, "our good friend with the many seasons may let out a piece of a winter."

The man sent forth a chilling blast that quickly parted the flames and made Hans shiver.

"Go boldly into the castle," now said Bird Dan to Hans, "and perhaps the Mountain King will not be so dangerous as you think. His body is bigger and stronger than yours, but you have more sense than he. Keep your wits about you, and if you need help call on your ready helpers."

Hans made his way to the castle. He passed through room after room, but saw no one. At length he came to the great hall where the king sat at a table counting his money.

"Ho-se-tu!" cried the king. "How dare you enter my castle? Don't you know I could grind you to powder with one blow of my hand?"

"That I do," cried Hans in a flattering tone. "But I know you won't harm me for all that."

"And why, pray?" thundered the Mountain King.

"Because I'll make myself so useful to you," said Hans.

"You useful to me!" sneered the mountain king.

"Try me," cried Hans.
"Very well," said the mountain king. "If you're man enough to sit in my smokehouse and tend to the furnace while 800 cords of wood are burned in it, I shan't harm you."

"I'll do it," said Hans, "if I may take a friend of mine along."

"Take all your friends," was the reply, gisss with an air of assurance.

"I have a peep at your treasures if I come out alive?"

"Aye, truly, if you come out alive!" So Hans took the man who had swallowed so many winters and summers, and they entered the smokehouse about dusk. There was already a scorching fire in the furnace, and there was no escape, for the king had locked the door.

"You will have to let loose six or seven winters," said Hans to his friend.

The man did as he was asked, and as the night wore on the temperature became actually chilly. Now a few summers were let out, and the friends slept comfortably until dawn.

When the king opened the door in the morning, the man of many seasons blew a cold blast right in his face, so that the royal nose was pinched with frost.

"May I see your treasures now?" asked Hans.

"First you must find my son, the child prince. He is lost, and I mourn for him night and day," declared the Mountain King.

"I'll find him," said Hans. He now sought the man who could see and hear so far.

"Help me find the Mountain King's son," cried Hans.

The man listened and looked, and last he said:

"He is on the mountain, 100 miles from here. I can both see him and hear him cry. Bird Dan must carry us to the spot."

So they called on Bird Dan and soon restored the young troll prince to his father. Now Hans was told he might ask for his pay.

"Give me," said he, "the rusty sword that hangs on the wall."

"That you cannot wield," replied the Mountain King.

"Yes, I can," said Hans, "for I will drink of the water of life in the bottle on yonder shelf."

So he got the sword and the refreshing draft that gave him strength to wield it.

"Now," cried he, "for a lamp to light my path, and then I'm off to see the treasures in the cavern beneath the castle."

"The lamp you will find in the chamber of light," said the Mountain King, "but you will be powerless against the dragon that guards my treasures."

"We shall see," said Hans, and finding the lamp he went down into the bowels of the earth, lighted by its bright glow.

The dragon reared its hideous head at his approach, but with one blow of his sword he severed this from its body. Just as the Mountain King came to the door to find out what was going on, the sun burst in full glory from behind a cloud.

Then troll and castle disappeared, and Hans was left alone with the treasures he had so faithfully earned. Bird Dan was quickly summoned, and he bore Hans, with the treasures and the ready helpers, to the place where they could be most useful.—Exchange.

THE MAN YOU CAN HELP.

There are plenty of men who will grasp your hand
With a pleasant, cordial smile;
There are plenty of men who will pass you by
In the most indifferent style.
You may be "cut" sometimes by those
Whom in boyhood days you knew,
But a man will always treat you well
When he wants a favor from you.

How glad is he that you look so well,
And how do your children do?
Your wife is in good health, he trusts,
And your business prospering too.
He struck a new brand of cigars today—
By the way, just try a few!
Oh, yes, a man will treat you well
When he wants a favor from you.

When the favor's done—ah! what a relief!
How suddenly he forgets
How he loved you when he needed, perhaps,
Your help to pay his debts.
But the fact remains, and every one knows
That this assertion's true—
A man will always treat you well
When he wants a favor from you.

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