Birmingham Eccentric.
SUPPLEMENT.
BIRMINGHAM, DEC. 14, 1882.

CHRISTMAS!

Our Holiday Greeting.

Merry Christmas, Happy New Year and a Glorious Fourth of July to One and All.

We desire to greet our readers this week with a sincere and hearty hand-shake all around. As the grand old holiday rolls around and the merry voices ring out on the frosty air with glad and joyous good wishes, the little petty, selfish feelings which have assailed us all during the past year of toil and strife in this busy, crowding world are forgotten and put behind us. We grasp the hand of one and all with the good old feeling of one who has gone before, but whose gentle, forgiving example will remain with us as long as the world stands, and heartily exclaim "Merry Christmas, with malice towards none and charity for all."

A little more than eighteen months ago we embarked in business for ourselves, not without many dubious thoughts as to our success, but having a firm reliance upon our friends and the energy and perseverance which we were possessed of in consequence of a firm determination to do an honest business, work hard, deal squarely, pay cash for everything and fear no evil.

Our stock was comparatively small at first, but as fast as we were able to do so, we added thereto and bought in larger quantities, and thanks to our patrons we now feel ourselves on a solid basis, with no fear of hungry creditors to torment us for "that bill so long overdue," and where we formerly bought by the dozen we are not afraid to buy by the gross now, and not wishing to appear boastful we can truthfully say that our trade has grown far beyond our most ardent hopes.

We say all this not in a spirit of vanity but as a plain statement of facts—facts which we have our patrons to thank for and for which we can select no more fitting time than at this glad season when every one is thankful for gifts bestowed, from the gray-haired grandfather who settles back in his new and cozy easy chair with an appreciative heart for the loved ones who have made him so appropriate a present in his old age, down to the wee bonny lads and lassies who praise the patron saint with young hearts brim full of thankfulness for the stockings crammed full of goodies direct from the beneficent hands of Santa Claus.

In connection with the glad spirit of this joyous season we would modestly ask our readers to look over our stock of goods suitable for Holiday Presents. In the line of

DRUGS AND GROCERIES

we can offer all that any first class store handles at this season of the year and some articles which are specially adapted as gifts. As a supplementary branch to our drug and medicine line we have put in nearly three times as large a stock of miscellaneous goods as we did last year. We felt warranted in doing this, because we closed out almost every article of holiday stock last year, and consequently offer you nothing but fresh goods and new styles. In toilet articles we have an immense assortment. Tooth, nail, hair and clothes brushes in great variety. Over fifty styles of combs ranging in price from 10 to 75 cents. Toilet sets from $1 25 up. Distite, Celluloid, Florence and all the new styles. Come and see them. Bath towels, mirrors, toilet soaps and everything pertaining to this branch in endless variety. We would specially call attention to our new and fresh stock of Christmas cards, fringed and plain—beauties, everyone of them, from 3 cents to $1.

In Groceries we offer a full and fresh stock of everything at prices which will meet competition always. We call special attention to our new Japan Tea. We have given away many pounds of this article in sample packages and have a largely increased trade in consequence. Our line of fresh roasted coffees is always full and warranted to give perfect satisfaction. All roasted coffees ground free of charge. But we must go on to the next item of our line which is

FURNITURE.

About two months ago we took a small stock of furniture to sell on commission for our friend Joe Voorheis of Pontiac. In less than two weeks our trade in this line had grown to such proportions that we bought the stock of Mr. Voorheis, added more than three times as much and can now offer our patrons the largest stock of furniture ever brought to this village. No matter what the prices of competitors, no matter where they are situated, we can and will give you as low prices in this line as you can get anywhere in this vale of tears, for the following cogent reasons: 1. We don't depend solely upon our furniture trade for our subsistence. 2. We pay no more clerk hire, rent or other expenses than we did before we handled this line. 3. We buy for spot cash and get rock bottom rates, and can consequently sell for a much lower figure than those who buy on long time and pay higher prices and get no discount for cash. These are plain facts which no one can deny.

SEWING MACHINES

In this particular branch of trade we point with pride to our four years' record of sales in White and Domestic machines with more than a year in the Crown. In that time we have sold over 100 of the White, nearly as many Domestics and thirty odd Crowns, and having warranted every one for five years we defy anyone to show us a customer of ours who is dissatisfied with his or her bargain. No better or more fitting Christmas present can be made than an elegant sewing machine. It is an elaborate ornament to any household and is something which will pay for itself time and again, and will last an ordinary lifetime. Any of our machines will be put in your house for trial, and if not satisfactory it will be removed without charge or grumbling.

A home without music is a deplorable state of affairs, and if you want a musical instrument of value and actual worth, with which to make glad the heart of wife, sister or some other fellow's sister, come and purchase one of our celebrated

CROWN ORGANS.

They are unsurpassed for sweetness of tone and ornamental as well as substantial cabinet work. Each instrument is warranted for five years and guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction. They range in price from $50 to $250, and you cannot get a better organ. All the modern improvements are put on these instruments and the new pipe organ stop, which makes a tone which can scarcely be distinguished from the regular pipe organ, can be found on no other instrument.

Our Christmas scheme has found almost universal favor and consists of a ticket for every dollar's worth of goods of whatever kind purchased of us, including subscriptions to THE ECCENTRIC. Each and every one of these tickets entitles the holder to one chance in a drawing for a beautiful new $65 Crown Sewing Machine. The drawing takes place at our store at 2 o'clock Saturday afternoon, December 23. The drawing will take place under the management of a committee selected by the ticket holders present, and will be conducted in a fair and honest manner. Bring along your tickets so we can tell who draws the machine, as we intend to keep a record of tickets sold further than to retain the number of each ticket to draw from. Some one of our customers will get an elegant sewing machine without money and without price.

In conclusion we would say we warrant everything we sell to be just exactly as represented. If you are dissatisfied with anything you buy of us, whether it is a bar of 5 cent soap or a Crown Organ, all you have to do is to return it and we will gladly refund the money, provided the goods are not what they were represented to be. Look over our picture gallery on this page, indulge in a smile over the merry spirit of our special artist, eat your Christmas turkey with a better relish and try to entertain the kindest thoughts of our humble selves, who wish you one and all the merriest of Christmases and a Happy New Year which will long be remembered as a season of peace and plenty.

Respectfully,
WHITEHEAD & MITCHELL.

Boarding House Portraits.

Texas Siftings.

This vision of female loveliness is the landlady's daughter. The picture represents her in the act of telling an eligible boarder to step this way into the parlor, sir," where she will play a tune for him on the upright piano, and sing a song which begins and ends with the line, "Meet me where the flowerets droop." After an eligible gentleman boarder has listened to the mocking bird sing once or twice, so to speak, the landlady asks for a private consultation. She tells him that under ordinary circumstances, owing to her aristocratic birth and associations, she would have to refuse him the hand of her daughter, but that she is a mother, and what mother will not sacrifice her feelings, her pride, her everything, rather than blast her daughter's happiness for life? The eligible young man is surprised, and endeavors to explain, but, with a winning smile, she says she, too, has once been young, and she will not keep him from the side of his inamorata (she invariably drops into foreign languages when she is confidential). There is a tableau, of course, but next day, and forever afterward, the place that knew that eligible young man knows him no more. He has skipped.

This is the picture of a widow who lives at our boarding house. She, according to her own account, has seen better days. She tells how different things were with her before the war, how many negroes her husband owned, and what a dreadful thing she would have considered it in those days to have had to live in a boarding house, and how painful to her it would have been to have been compelled as she is now, to dine at the very unfashionable hour of one o'clock. She and our landlady exchange reminiscences of the past, and of the pedigrees of their ancestors, at the table, when strangers are present, and the very forward young man who sits at the foot of the table says that they often go off together into a closet and weep over the landlady's family plate.

This is the boarder, but he is timid, poor, and although ineligible, is deeply in love with the landlady's daughter, notwithstanding his affection is not reciprocated by either. He is never asked into the parlor to listen to the vocal music. If he sends up his cup for more coffee the landlady scowls, and rattles the silver spoons in the tray. He is never asked if he will not please take another piece of the breast of the chicken or another piece of pie. He is as willing a little creature as ever lived, but he is never asked to fix a day for the nuptials, although he occasionally screws his courage nearly up to the sticking point. He believes all the landlady says about her aristocratic antecedents, and respects her accordingly. He has not a particle of doubt but that the silverware is really solid. He also believes that the curls and teeth of the landlady are genuine. He is the most profitable boarder she has, for the reason that being in love he does not eat much, while he pays up promptly, and even makes advances, not only to the daughter, but also in the mother, the advances to the latter being of a pecuniary character, and yet he is treated like a dog.

Could Break Off.

When a certain family on the Brush farm took a new cook last month it was specifically stated and fully understood that she was not to have any men hanging around the kitchen. She held to the agreement for three or four nights, and then the family discovered that she had a beau. He came regularly every night after that, and three or four nights ago the Colonel was at the back gate waiting for him. When the young man appeared the Colonel threw a whole iceberg into his tones as he enquired:

"Well, sir, did you come here to spark?"

"I do."

"In love, are you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Who with?"

"Sarah, the cook."

"Oh, I didn't know but that you loved one of my daughters," sneered the Colonel.

"No, I don't at present," said the man, as he seemed to catch a sudden idea, "but the thing hasn't gone so far with Sarah but what I might break off in case you had something better upstairs for me!"

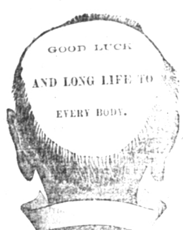
Sarah doesn't work there any more, but the Colonel won't get over being mad for several weeks yet.

A Sunday-school boy, upon being asked what made the Tower of Pisa lean, replied: "Because of the famine in the land."

HERE WE ARE AGAIN!

Look Over Our Picture Gallery

We heartily wish



and sincerely hope that in this happy holiday season the patron saint of all the children in Christendom,

OLD SANTA CLAUS

will visit you all. But in the merriest times we must ever bear in mind that there are many in our midst who are not as well supplied with this world's goods as many of us, and consequently we must not forget

THE POOR.

Alas, poor man! he would not have been reduced to this pitable plight if he had purchased his holiday goods of Whitehead & Mitchell. No use talking, you can save money by purchasing your drugs, groceries, furniture, sewing machines or organs of us, so hurry up, no matter whether you ride

A THREE-MINUTE HORSE OR

A REGULAR OLD CROW-BAIT,

so long as you get here before those elegant Easy Chairs are all gone, and purchase one of those Solid Comfort Rockers, take it home with you, grab

THE BABY

in your arms, lean back, put your feet up on the stove and as the spirit of the hour pervades the cozy home atmosphere, it's funny if

A HEAVENLY SMILE

don't overspread your lovely countenance. We doubt greatly if we have a single

LADY FRIEND

but will say that our stock of Christmas Cards is the lovliest in town, or that our Toilet Sets in seven different styles with brush, comb and glass complete are

"TOO SWEET FOR ANYTHING."

These Toilet Sets are one of the nicest gifts in our stock, and no more acceptable present for a young lady can be found. They range in price from $1 25 to $5. Or you may decide to purchase one of our new styles of Odor Cases in plush or morocco, and when you take it home to your better half on Christmas eve, and she is

WATCHING AND WAITING

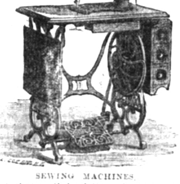
for you, her somewhat severe countenance will brighten up and she will give you a warm welcome. Here is the spot of

A WARM WELCOME

which you are liable to receive if you neglect to select a gift for her from our complete stock of framed chromos. We have them in large 24x36 walnut and gilt frames for $1, and some beautiful panels in ebony and gilt for 75 cents. Here is

A HAPPY MAN.

He has been making selections from our stock of Groceries. He has also bought one of our new and improved



SEWING MACHINES,

but that will be delivered at his residence by the partner with the elongated proboscis, on our latest style of one-wheeled bicycle.

This gentleman has evidently heard of our fine stock of Imported and Domestic Cigars. Tobacco, Pipes and Smokers' Articles, but being

A STRANGER IN TOWN

is inquiring of the lovely youth where Whitehead & Mitchell's really is. We imagine the lad telling him which line of street cars to take after he passes the soldier's monument.

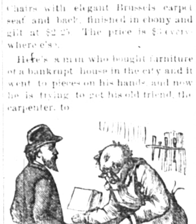
NOT SO BLIND AFTER ALL,

but anyone must be blind to their own interest who neglects to look over our stock of Furniture before purchasing elsewhere. We have 25 different styles of chairs from the Baby Rocker at $1 to the elegant Raw Silk Patent Rocker at $12. Here's

A HAPPY TRIO

who have just closed a bargain with us for three of these Eastlake Rocking Chairs with elegant Brussels carpet seat and back, finished in ebony and gilt at $2 25. The price is $3 everywhere else.

Here's a man who bought furniture of a bankrupt house in the city and it went to pieces on his hands, and now he is trying to get his old friend, the carpenter, to



"TACK IT TOGETHER SOMEHOW,"

but the old man is telling him that it serves him just right—ought to have bought of the boys right here at home, and not get fooled."

This little girl is as

HAPPY AS A QUEEN,

for her folks bought her one of our pound boxes of Christmas Cream Candies, and in the sweet companionship of her doll there is nothing left to fill her cup of happiness. In direct contrast with the above is

MR. MULDOON.

Listen to him: "May the divil fly away wid me, but I've made a great mistake sure; there's Tim Hooley next dure, who has been tradin' wid Whitehead & Mitchell the past thray months and got a bit of a ticket in the sewing machine drawin' for ivery dollar's worth of goods, an' I'm blest if they didn't bring his ould woman the prize machine last evenin' an' wished Tim a Merry Christmas besides. Och, dear me, but I've been a poor fool. Well, faith I'll no better next time."

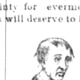
Our friend with the cane seems to hesitate, and the boys are advising him to

"GO INSIDE AND LOOK OUT,

you can see farther." Yes, come in, all of you, and we will show you the finest assortment of Box Paper and Stationery of all kinds in town. Plush boxes of paper and envelopes elegantly gotten up for $1 75 down to the pretty boxes for 15 cents. See our elegant Brush Broom Holders with broom to match in colored velvet for

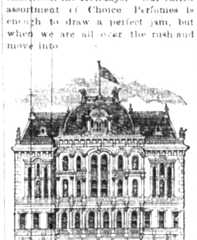
or buy one of those Hair Brush Holders for the lovely Araminta. She won't say

but will know it is from the dearest fellow on earth, and you will be solid with Minty for evermore. If you don't you will deserve to be



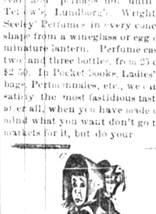
ALL BROKE UP.

Of course we expect a crowd of purchasers for the Holidays. Our varied assortment of Choice Perfumes is enough to draw a perfect jam, but when we are all over the rush and move into



OUR NEW QUARTERS

we will have room for everyone. (N. B. We won't erect this building this year and perhaps not until next.) Tetlow's, Lundborg's, Wright's and Seeley's Perfumes in every conceivable shape from a wineglass or egg cup to a miniature lantern. Perfume cases, one two and three bottles, from 25 cents to $2 50. In Pocket-books, Ladies' Handbags, Portmonnaies, etc., we can surely satisfy the most fastidious taste. But after all, when you have made up your mind what you want don't go to other markets for it, but do your



TRADING AT HOME,

for we give you as good prices as anywhere, and not only that, but for every single

DOLLAR'S WORTH

of goods you buy, we give you a ticket in the drawing for the Prize Sewing Machine. Don't let the grass grow under your feet until you come and see what we have in stock.

LONGEVITY OF THE OYSTER. It is proposed to give an account of an interesting determination of the extreme age of a pair of venerable oysters which have just come into my possession. They were given me by a professional oyster-grower, Captain T. S. R. Brown, of Keyport, New Jersey, and belong to a planting in which he was concerned thirty years ago. The young oysters were obtained from Virginia, and planted in Raritan Bay, Keyport. At the proper time the crop was taken up and sent to market. In all such cases there are leavings or escapes from the dredging. The bottom being too hard, the bed was abandoned and never planted again, and these oysters were found there a few days ago. They are not "naturals" or natives, but simply naturalized "Virginies," a distinction which a practical oyster-raiser will make unerringly. Any one examining the shells would infer the nature of the bed whence they were taken, for the outer edges of the "shoots" or layers are smooth, as if worn by a gentle motion on a compact sandy bottom.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

Willing to bet on him: An Irishman who had hitched a mule in the neighborhood of a spot where some men were engaged in blasting, was cautioned by one of them to take the animal away. "Niver moind me," replied Pat; "I'm content if yez are." "Yes, but don't you know that the can by the post there contains dynamite?" "Dynamite, is it? Well, then, if it's got faylins, yez had better remove it where it won't be harrumed, for if that mewel gets the foorst kick I wouldn't give much for it."

FOR THE CHILDREN.

Youngsters.

Golden hair and eyes of blue,—
What wont they do!—what wont they do!
Eyes of blue and locks of gold—
My boy, you'll learn before you're old.
The gaitered foot, the taiper waist—
Be not in haste, be not in haste;
Before your chin sprout twenty spear,
My word for 't, youngster, they'll appear.

Raven hair and eyes of night
Undo the boys; and 't serves 'em right.
Eyes of night and raven hair,
They'll drive you, lad, to sheer despair.
The drooping curl, the downward glance,
They're only waiting for the chance;
At nick of time they'll sure appear,
Depend upon it, laddie dear.

Shapely hands and arms of snow,
They know their charm, my boy, they know;
Flexile wrists and fleckless hands,
The lass that has them understands.
The cheeks that blush, the lips that smile—
A little while, a little while—
Before you know it they'll be here,
And catch you napping, laddie dear.

Hands, and hair, and lips, and eyes,
'Tis there the tyro's danger lies.
You'll meet them leagued, or one by one—
In either case the mischief's done.
A touch, a tress, a glance, a sigh,
And then, my boy, good-bye—good-bye!
God help you, youngster! keep good cheer;
Coax on your chin to twenty spear.

John Vance Cheney, in The Century "Bric-a Brac."

RAUF'S RESCUE.

[The following incident is taken from "The Story of the Field of the Cloth of Gold," by E. S. Brooks," begun in the Christmas St. Nicholas.]

Four days passed, and then, the Emperor's visit over, on the 31st of May, 1520, the King of England, with his Queen and court,—about five thousand persons and nearly three thousand horses,—crossed from Dover to Calais. Standing in the bow of the stanch little "Maglory," one of Miles Gerard's stoutest hoys, a small sloop-rigged vessel used for coasting work, Rauf Bulney was watching the embarkation. The white chalk cliffs of Dover shone in the morning sun, the foam-capped waters of the Straits glistened and sparkled, while a host of small craft, bright with pennons and colors, scudded before the wind out from the shadow of Dover Castle, dipping and bobbing over the choppy waves toward the opposite port of Calais. In the midst of the fleet, gay with the fluttering decorations of St. George's cross, the Tudor dragon, and the Tudor rose, sailed the royal transport, the "Katherine Pleasance."

Just as the "Maglory" rounded in behind the "Katherine," a sudden puff of wind and a choppy sea drove her hard against the stern of the royal vessel. There was a bump and a loud crash, and Rauf saw a young girl, whom he had already noticed as one of a merry group of ladies, topple over with the shock, and fall from the deck of the "Katherine" into the waters beneath. A shriek from the ladies on the King's vessel, a sudden wearing off on the part of the "Maglory," and then, impetuous as ever, as heedless of the consequences as of his satin doublet and his crimson cloak, his gold-embroidered hose, and his boots of Spanish leather, off from the bow of the "Maglory" jumped Master Rauf in aid of the drowning girl. A strong stroke and a ready eye, which much practice in his home streams had given him, stood him well in need; stout ropes and sturdy arms trailed over the lee of the "Katherine," and the girl and her rescuer were soon on deck, the one limp and faint from her peril, the other well enough in body but sorely damaged as to his gala dress.

"A trim young gallant and a brave! Whom have we here as the savior of our fair but unsteady maiden?" asked a deep, rich voice, and looking up, Rauf found himself in the midst of a gayly dressed group of lords and ladies, the foremost of whom was a man of tall and commanding appearance, well built, and stout almost to heaviness, with pleasant face, a fresh and ruddy countenance, and a short, golden beard and kindly smile, the very picture of health, imperiousness, and royal grace—Henry the Eighth, King of England.

The courtier blood of the Verneys lent grace and homage to the obeisance with which Rauf accompanied his answer to the King's question.

"I am Rauf Bulney, may it please your Grace; nephew and squire of the body to Sir Rauf Verney, Knight, in my Lord of Dorset's train."

"Ha! of our old friend Verney's stock," said the king. "And do you thus incontinently dive with equal speed to rescue the perishing, even be they not so fair to see as is our sweet maiden, Mistress Margery—eh, young sir?"

Again bending low, Rauf replied to the royal banter:

"My sponsors have taught me, my liege, that the true knight showeth due courtesy to all alike."

"A right knightly answer, is it not, my lords?" said Henry, highly pleased. "And who, pray, after your good uncle and the Lady Anne, may your guiders be, my boy?"

"Master Bolton, an Oxford scholar, is our chaplain, your Grace."

"Ha? himself a pupil of our worthy Dean Colet—rest his soul! One of the new learning, too. We have high hopes of the youth of this present England, whose sponsors and preceptors are such as yours. But, body of me!" said the king, hastily, as his eye caught the little rills that coursed down Rauf's shivering but respectful legs, in crimson and violet tides; "here stand we chattering, and there stand you a-chattering, as well. Good Master Cary, take this young springald to our yeoman of the robes and see him suitably apparalled. Thereafter will we request the Lord Cardinal, with due regard to my Lord of Dorset, and Sir Rauf, his uncle, to add him to the file of our special pages. He is a right-mannered and well-favored lad."

Rauf was shrewd courtier enough to make no reply to this promise of advancement beyond the customary low bow, and he therefore kept quiet as to his extra suits of gay clothing. "He who would rise must know when to hold his tongue," his uncle had taught him; and here seemed the opportunity to put this precept to the test.

On the deck once more, dressed in a rich suit of crimson and violet blazened with the Tudor rose, Rauf received with boyish sheepishness, not unmixed with his native courtesy, the well-spoken thanks of Mistress Margery Carew—a trim and sprightly little lass of near his own age, whose blue velvet gown, with its lining of crimson tinsel, well set off her fair Saxon face. She was the little daughter of Sir Richard Carew, a knight of Surrey, placed by her father among Queen Katharine's gentle-women under the protection of Lady Gray.

"And let me tell you, Master Page," said Lady Gray, as she warmly thanked Rauf for his aid, "a sorry loss of a sprightly lass would have fallen upon us had you not so quickly taken to the water."

So, in exchange of pleasant words and compliments, of questions and explanations, the crossing to the French shore was quickly made, and all too soon, as it seemed to Rauf, the ramparts and towers of Calais lay abeam.

Boy Inventors.

The Christian Advocate justly considers that a boy's elders are guilty of a foolish act when they snub him because he says or does something they don't understand. A boy's personality is entitled to as much respect as a man's so long as he behaves himself. In the following anecdotes wise and foolish elders are exhibited—one class respecting and the other despising a boy.

Some of the most important inventions have been the work of boys. The invention of the valve motion to the steam engine was made by a mere boy. Newcomen's engine was in a very incomplete condition, from the fact that there was no way to open or close the valves, except by means of levers operated by hand.

He sets up a large engine at one of the mines, and a boy, Humphrey Potter, was hired to work these valve levers; although this is not hard work, yet it required his constant attention.

As he was working the levers, he saw that parts of the engine moved in the right direction, and at the same time he had to open or close the valves.

He procured a strong cord, and made one end fast to the proper part of the engine, and the other end to the valve-lever; and the boy then had the satisfaction of seeing the engine move with perfect regularity of motion.

A short time after the foreman came around and saw the boy playing marbles at the door. Looking at the engine he saw the ingenuity of the boy, and also the advantage of so great an invention. The idea suggested by the boy's inventive genius was put in a practical form, and made the steam engine an automatic working machine.

The power loom is the invention of a farmer's boy who had never seen or heard of such a thing.

He whittled one out with his jack-knife, and after he had got it all done, he, with great enthusiasm, showed it to his father, who at once kicked it to pieces, saying he would have no boy about him that would spend his time on such foolish things.

The boy was sent to a blacksmith to learn a trade, and his master took a lively interest in him. He made a loom of what was left of the one his father had broken up, and showed it to his master.

The blacksmith saw he had no common boy as an apprentice, and that the invention was a valuable one. He had a loom constructed under the supervision of the boy. It worked to their perfect satisfaction, and the blacksmith furnished the means to manufacture the looms, and the boy received half the profits.

In about a year the blacksmith wrote to the boy's father that he should bring with him a wealthy gentleman who was the inventor of the celebrated power loom.

You may be able to judge of the astonishment at the old home when his son was presented to him as the inventor, who told him that the loom was the same as the model that he had kicked to pieces but a year ago.

Our patent office shows many ingenious and useful inventions made by minors and women, and the above list of important inventions made by boys might be largely increased did space permit.

Printer's Boys.

Home Companion.

The term "devil" applied to an apprentice or errand-boy in a printer's office, is thought by some to have its origin in the ill-nature of authors who considered themselves persecuted by continual calls for "copy," and anathematized the poor little messenger by way of revenge. Modern refinement is wearing out the term, and now it is probably oftener heard outside the printing office than in it.

An exchange speaks an appreciative word for the boys who carry such an uncanny title.

There is no class of boys for whom we have a more profound respect than well-behaved printer's devils. They know something and are more practical which is more than you can say of all classes of boys. In that respect, we place the boys who work in a printing office head and shoulders above most boys.

Did you ever hear of Benjamin Franklin? Ben was once a printer's devil. He was also one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. Hannibal Hamlin, vice-president under Lincoln, was once a printer's poor devil. Schuyler Colfax, who has been speaker of the house of representative for years, was "nothing but a devil in a printing office, at one time. Horace Greeley, who was one of the first journalists on this continent, and an ex-congressman, was a printer's devil. Ex-Senator Simon Cameron, of Penn., was a 'devil.' Thurlow Weed, one of the wealthiest and most influential men in New York, the editor of the Commercial Advertiser was a penniless devil in a printing-office. Ex-Senator Ross, of Kansas, commenced his successful career as a printer's devil. Two-thirds of the editors of the United States were once printer's devils.

Permit us to tell you that the men who once did duty as printer's devils have done more to advance the interests and sustain the good name of America than any other class.

A Big Dinner.

New York Herald.

"Do you see that thin man sitting at the far table?"

"Yes," said the reporter.

It was lunch time at a down-town restaurant not far from the Herald office, and the reporter was in the act of settling for his check, when the cashier accosted him.

"Do you see anything remarkable about him?" asked the money changer.

"No, except that he has a very lean and hungry look. There is a glare in his eye as of a famishing man who has been kept waiting eighteen minutes by a tardy waiter. What is the matter with him?"

"Well, he may be famishing, as you say, but he has just manifested the biggest appetite of any man who has ever come into this place. I've been a good many years in the business, and I can't say as I ever saw his equal for eating."

The man with the hungry eyes was at this moment drinking coffee from a large cup with the ravenous expression of an able-bodied eater who had not yet had the edge taken off his appetite. Apparently he was just beginning a meal. Before him on the table was one-half of a large pie, twice the usual order for one person. A waiter had just placed it there and was in the act of removing a pile of empty plates and dishes which nearly filled the table. The waiter had an awe-struck look and made a wide semi-circle around the hungry man as if he was afraid he might bite him if he ventured too near.

"What has he had?" inquired the reporter.

"One large oyster stew, a large steak, a dish of fried potatoes, two ears of corn, three fried eggs, three lamb chops, a dish of chicken stew, two cups of coffee and two pieces of pie. About a loaf of bread and half a pound of crackers come in somewhere, but it is hardly worth mentioning. Oh, he's a stunner, he is!"

A MARVELOUS TREE.—In the village of Pedur, in India, grows a marvelous palm. Some children plucked its fruit at 5 o'clock one afternoon, and flocked early the next morning to gather more, but they found the branches now far above their heads. They ran to their parents with the story that a date tree which they saw on the previous day lying upon the ground was now standing. Observation disclosed that the tree had been changing its position every morning and evening. The tree is eleven feet high, not including the leaves and stems. One who has seen it writes: "At 5½ the tree was almost lying toward the west. The foot of the tree was at an angle of five to seven degrees with the ground, and we were given to understand that it had already commenced to rise from 4 o'clock. A handkerchief which had been tied by the District Munsiff to one of the leaves, so that its other end might just touch the ground, had risen six inches. At 8 p. m. the kerchief was eighteen inches from the ground, and at 3 a. m. nine feet.

Little things console us because little things afflict us.