The Port Tobacco Times

AND CHARLESCOUNTY ADVERTISER.

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Respectfully,

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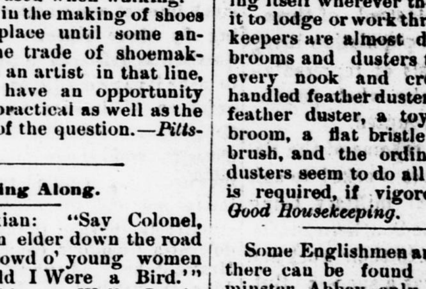

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The Click o' the Latch.

Oh the click o' the latch! how pleasant its sound
When at evening my father returns
From his work on the farm! and he smiles to see
The fire as it brightly burns.
An he sees the table for supper spread,
Prepared by his daughter's hand;
"There is not another such housewife as she,"
He says, "in the whole broad land."

"Click! click!" goes the latch with a right merry sound,
As my brothers return one by one,
Each honest face glowing with smiles at the thought
Of the work of the day well done.
As my mother smiles welcome to each as he comes,
A glad woman is she, I ween;
And as each stoops o'er her to kiss her dear face,
She looks as proud as a queen.

Oh, the click o' the latch! as cheery its sound
As the chirp of the cricket at eve;
Though the folks are all home yet I listen for it
As I muse and sweet fancies weave.
I fancy I see in the twilight a youth
Coming up the blackberry patch.
And I list for the sound of his footsteps and dream
That I hear the click o' the latch.

Oh, the sweetest music that ever I heard
Is the sound of his manly voice,
And the truest heart in the whole wide world
Is the heart of the lad of my choice.—
Ah, that merry whistle! I knew it well,
It comes from the blackberry patch.—
He is here at last! That step—it is he!
I hear the click o' the latch!

—Good Housekeeping.

A BOY WONDER.

All Previous Lightning Calculators Thrown Far in the Shade.

A correspondent of the Kansas City *Times* at Martin's Ferry, O., says there is at present in that place a party of civil engineers running a line for the extension of the Wheeling & Lake Erie railway.

They are quartered at the Hotel Maywood, and among them is a boy employed as a pole carrier. He is a little past 16, and the fellow is the pride of the corps. He furnishes nightly entertainments in the parlors, not only for the hotel guests but for a large number of outsiders who have heard of his wonderful genius.

The boy's name is Williard U. Scott and his home is New York City. He is a natural "lightning calculator" and can answer almost any mathematical question the instant it is propounded. He does not confine himself to addition, multiplication, and division, as most prodigies in his line do, but he goes off into compound proportion, board measure, the contents of spherical and irregular bodies, and the like.

The other evening a gentleman asked: "To get a wedge two inches wide at one end and seven inches wide at the other where must I cut a board twelve inches wide at one end and tangring to a point at a certain [illegible]

The answer came as quick as a flash and to prove it the interrogator solved the problem mathematically and to more perfectly demonstrate the proposition a carpenter who was a member of the party made the actual experiment next day with a saw and board and found the answer correct.

Another problem given was selected from a very antiquated philosophy which might have been used by Ben Harrison's grandfather. It read as follows: "Two gentlemen once went gunning. One weighed 150 pounds and the other 200 pounds. They shot a deer and were at a loss to determine its weight. They placed a pole on a log so that with one on one end and the other on the other end the pole balanced. They then exchanged ends and it was found that the lighter man with the deer on his lap balanced the heavier one on the long end of the pole. How much did the deer weigh?"

One hundred and sixteen pounds, came the answer quick as a flash from Scotty's lips, and after a long course of figuring the answer proved correct.

"What is the diameter of a circle whose circumference is seventeen feet and two inches?" was asked him, and he answered it correctly before the query was hardly out of the questioner's lips. All such problems are answered so quickly that there can be no time for thought. Questions in multiplication he does without the use of partial products or addition, commencing at the left to write the answer. In division it is the same, and no matter how many figures there are in the numbers, the answer comes just as quickly. He can add up a four or six column of figures at once and subtract like magic.

The most wonderful part of it all is the fact that he cannot tell how he does it and he says that the answers come to him by intuition.

In an interview I told him he could make a fortune if he would formulate a theory whereby others might work methodically. He answered that he knew it and that he had often tried to put into words or even conceive in his own mind the manner in which the wonders are performed. But it had always been in vain. He stated that he had no volition in the matter, and that he could not help feeling the correct answer come to his mind whenever he heard any question in mathematics stated.

He will beyond a doubt make an excellent civil engineer, but he says that he always goes over his work in the old, old way of common people to prove his answers, feeling that intuition will hardly do for practical purposes. Said he: "All the laws and powers of nature are sometimes set at naught," and he feels afraid to trust a natural gift in matters of importance, even though it has never deceived him.

He has had a dozen good offers to travel with shows and become a dime museum freak, but he has always declined, preferring to learn an honest and useful occupation first, and if his talent remains with him, amuse the world with it later on. He is a pleasant, good-natured boy and has many qualities aside from his genius which will endear him to his acquaintances. He admitted that he is sometimes sorely tried by people with more curiosity than good judgment, and he gladly tries to humor those who feel an interest in him. He is a little past 16 years of age, was born in New York City, and is the son of a journeyman painter. He has only a common school education, but is brighter than the average boy of his age. His father, mother, nor any of his relatives have ever displayed any uncommon ability in the direction of mathematics, nor have any of them ever engaged in any pursuit the trend of which would be to such an unnatural develop-

AN ECCENTRIC MILLIONAIRE.

Some of the Peculiar Personal Traits of Isaiah V. Williamson of Philadelphia.

Isaiah V. Williamson, who has given one-sixth of this fortune of $15,000,000 to establish a free school of mechanical trades and intends to double his gift if the money shall be needed, has been one of Philadelphia's most energetic capitalists and philanthropists for years, says the *Record* of that city. Old merchants who have known him for half a century do not know where to find him if he is not at his dingy little office at 30 Bank street. He has remained a bachelor all his life, and now in his eighty-fifth year he has founded an institution, which, like Girard college, will always remain an enduring monument to his princely liberality and the high purpose for which it was founded. Mr. Williamson is of Quaker origin and was born in Bucks county in 1803. His father was a hard-working farmer in that section and the son in early life became imbued with those economical principles that in later years enabled him to roll up his immense fortune. It is said of him that the guiding principle in his money-making ventures has been not to do a thing to-day that can just as well be done to-morrow. To this he attributes his success in the commercial world. He used to be fond of rational amusements, and for twenty years spent every summer at Saratoga. Though an old man he was passionately fond of dancing, and was always on the floor at fashionable balls and hops at that famous watering place. He was never at a loss for a partner, for he was known to everybody at Saratogo as the "rich bachelor from Philadelphia." Many were the adroit little schemes concocted by ambitious mammas with marriageable darlings to rescue the old gentleman from bachelorhood, but they all failed, as the object of their attentions slipped through their hands. To this day, in the sunset of his life, the aged philanthropist delights to gossip with his ever-narrowing circle of acquaintances—for he makes but few friends—about the gay times he used to have at Saratoga. Long ago, a quarter of a century, perhaps, he drove a good team, but he dispensed with his carriage and horses because he grew tired of them.

A gentleman who has known him for forty years said yesterday of his peculiarity: "It was easier for Mr. Williamson to give away $10,000 than to purchase a suit of clothes for himself. He has carried the same umbrella for fifteen years or more, and stuck to it because he says he likes it. He moves about frequently and generally stays at the house of a relative. He has no furniture to speak of, and can move about at his pleasure. He does not care to have many people know where he lives, and the city directory only gives the location of his office on Bank street. He is not and never has been, a mean man, and the crowning act of his life—the establishment of the free school—has been undertaken with the view of re-establishing the old apprenticeship system, which flourished so extensively in his youth and manhood.

In personal appearance Mr. Williamson is rather a small man, weighing about 130 pounds. He has a very pleasant face, and some people say his features are somewhat of a feminine cast. He has a bright eye and his whole countenance is suggestive of firmness and decisive character.

A Queen's Household.

Queen Victoria's household has nearly a thousand officers, subordinates and attendants. The Lord Steward is at the head of all with a salary of $10,000 a year. All officers and servants, except those connected with the queen's chamber, stable and chapel, are subject to orders. The active duties of this officer are performed by the Master of the Household, who gets $5,790 a year. The Lord Treasurer ranks next to the Lord Steward and acts for him in case he is absent, while to assist him he has the Comptroller of the Household, who likewise does nothing. The Board of Green Cloth, composed of the four above named officials, adjudicates on offences committed in certain parts of the palace, and has clerks and secretary. The clerk of the kitchen and his clerks keep accounts, check goods, and give orders to tradespeople.

There is a *chef* and many cooks, a head of the confectionery department, of the "ewer" or linen department, a chief butler, table deckers, men in charge of the plate, pantry and of the coal, the lamp lighters and dispensers of alms. The Lord Steward is judge of the Court of Marshalsea, with power to dispense justice among the queen's domestic servants, and the court has a Knight Marshal. The Lord Chamberlain gets $10,000 a year and, with the Vice Chamberlain, superintends all the officers and servants of the queen's chambers, except the bed chambers, these being under the Groom of the State, as well as the officers of the wardrobe. The Keeper of Her Majesty's Privy Purse is her financial secretary at a salary of $10,000. There are the Mistress of the Robes, the Groom of the Robes, Ladies of the Bed Chamber, Maids of Honor, bed chamber women, Lords in Waiting, Grooms in Waiting, Gentlemen Ushers of the Privy Chambers, Daily Waiters, Quarterly Waiters, Grooms of the Privy Chambers, Grooms of the Great Chamber and Gentlemen of the Privy Chamber. The Marshal of the Ceremonies must have an absolute knowledge of Court etiquette.

The official places many of them call for no performance of duty, because with the change of customs, the duties have become absolete. The Master of the Tennis Court does nothing. There are a Master of the House, burgomaster, keeper of the swans, and hundreds of assistants to the officers mentioned. All this looks like keeping house under difficulties, and Queen Victoria ought to be well paid for it.—*Good Housekeeping.*

Probably She Was Right.

Bessie is just the age when every sign and cluster of letters furnishes her a spelling lesson. She insisted upon her grandma hearing her read from her little book on that lady's last visit. One of the words was "f-a-c-e," and she glanced up inquiringly for the name of the word. "What is this?" said grandma, touching her face with her knitting needle. "Cheek," the little girl answered without hesitation. —*Chicago Herald.*

ELSIE LESLIE.

A correspondent thus describes Elsie Leslie, the little miss who is the chief factor in the success of Mrs. Burnett's new play of "Little Lord Fauntleroy." He says she is a very remarkable child, is Elsie Leslie. She made her mark first when she was only 10, playing a dramatization of another one of Mrs. Burnett's stories, "Editha's Burglar." This was brought out about a year ago and she made an instantaneous hit and a hard one. The public crowded to see her, and when Mrs. Burnett rescued her play from the hand of the English pirates and brought it to this country it was at once decided that Elsie Leslie was the only person who could do justice to the part of the gentle little lord. She dresses in a sapphire-blue suit, with silk stockings and pumps, a floating dark-crimson sash about her waist, a wide lace collar over the little jacket, and her own long yellow curls hanging on her shoulders, the very image of the Little Load Fauntleroy as pictured by Birch in the book. Nothing more unlike the shrill and self-conscious falsetto of the ordinary juvenile actor can be conceived than this pretty infant, who, by some method of untaught art, retains her childish naivete and simply transports the real child from the nursery to the boards. Her voice is sweet and full and the natural voice of any girl of her age when she is playing. She never notices her audience, they might not exist, to judge by her unconsciousness of all the eyes fixed upon her. She enters into her part with the entire good faith of "child-playing visitors" in the nursery, and for the time being is not Elsie at all, but the little lord who is petting his mother, cronying with Mr. Hobbs, or taming the fierce old earl with his sweetness and confidence. I saw her in one of the rehearsals last week, and a queerer, prettier sight I never hope to see again. She is a perfectly gentle little creature, but with so much innate dignity that not a soul in the company ever thinks of addressing her otherwise than "Miss Leslie." Her mother was always at the rehearsals with her, and when she was not on in a scene she went and sat in her mother's lap and watched the others carefully, for she knew all their parts as well as her own, in which she was letter perfect. I asked the stage manager how they had ever contrived to teach her so much charming "business," and he exclaimed:

"Bless your heart! Teach her- why, I wouldn't think of trying to teach her anything. All that business is her own. She developed it all herself at the rehearsals. Now, just watch her and you'll see how painstakingly that [illegible]

Directly there came the scene in which the mother is banished from the son and has retired to live at the lodge in the park. The old earl is holding the boy in his arms at the window, and he, looking out and seeing the light from his mother's casement through the trees, tells the old earl that 'Dearest is praying for us. She says: 'God bless you every hour.'" At first she said it with her arm around the grandfather's neck and her head on his shoulder. But as they were about to proceed she cried:

"Stop! I've thought of two other ways I might have done that, and if you don't mind I should like to go over the scene." So she did, trying them both, and finally settled on business that was a compromise between the three and a great improvement on the way in which she had first rendered it. There were some little disputes between Miss Kydder and herself as to the correct pronunciation of the name Beris, which the child accented on the first syllable, and Miss Kydder called Ber-is.

"I think," said the older actress, "it would be better if we both pronounced it similarly, and if you wish to say 'Beeris' I will say it, too."

"No," said the little girl with great dignity, "what I wish is to be *correct*, and if it is correct to say 'Ber-is' I will say it. Mamma"—turning to her mother—"is 'Ber-is' the proper way to say it? Oh, well, then, I will do it, and please be careful when I am rehearsing at home not to let me fall into this mistake again. Miss Kydder, will you please go on?"

The Age of Big Feet.

Small feet are now considered beautiful; but it was not always so, as you can notice if you will study the statues of Grecian goddesses, which show a foot much longer than is considered desirable in this age.

The great toe in your shoe should be exactly in line with the axis of the foot. This must be in order to have a graceful walk. In walking, the head is raised while the toes are cramped downward. When they are encased in leather and a firm sole there must be some extra room in order to give freedom of motion. When the shoe is tight in some places, it presses on muscles, and consequently they are not able to perform their proper functions. As a result, the great toe is drawn out of line of the axis of the foot; some of the muscles are strengthened and others are weakened. As another result, the toe will be drawn permanently out of this axis and prove to be the cause of much trouble with your feet. The inner side of the surface of the sole of a shoe should be almost a straight line, and the outer side curved. The shoes now made curve almost equally on both sides, and curvature of the toe is greatly aided by the structure of the shoe. A shoe is not necessarily advantageous because it is loose, as some portions of the foot are able to stand great pressure, and thus relieve other portions which are weaker. The shoe should be loose about the ball of the foot and about the toes. Different styles of shoes may be adapted for different exercises of the foot. Shoes used for dancing may have higher heels then those used when walking.

A reformation in the making of shoes will never take place until some anatomist learns the trade of shoemaking and becomes an artist in that line, so that he may have an opportunity of studying the practical as well as the theoretical side of the question.—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

Helping Along.

First Kentuckian: "Say Colonel, there's a Mormon elder down the road preachin' to a crowd o' young women an' singin' 'Would I Were a Bird.'" Second Kentuckian: "Well, I kin furnish feathers. You git some tar to stick 'em on."—*Philadelphia Record.*

Girls Are Unsatisfactory.

English girls, are as of yore, frank, charming, simple, and endowed with beauty beyond other nations, and with a beauty that endures. But I do meet with very many lady-like and pretty girls who, if we pass from externals, are neither one thing nor the other. They are neither accomplished nor really well-read, nor good housewives. I can imagine a woman who would charm me by her proficiency in music, painting, taste in dress, artistic feeling. I can imagine, with great difficulty, a woman who should be a thorough linguist, and to that extent an intellectual companion. Logic and philosophy I cannot clothe in petticoats. I can imagine—sweetest picture of all—a domestic genius with a kitchen cleverness, who should be cunning in cookery, and should not disdain to whip up an omelette, or to superintend a savory. After all, a cook is an artist. By the way, why should not ladies starch shirts? It is nice work, it is abomably performed at present, it would yield a much better income than fancy work or Christmas cards.

I submit, with regard to our modern maidens, that we have parted with the old types—gone with the old briefs, I suppose—and that we have not got a thorough new one. The accomplished young lady is gone. There are too many real artists among us to put up with her. The domestic damsel has gone. Newnham and Girton have offered us a substitute. I do not like it; physique keeps it from thoroughness. I would like a girl to be really good at some thing; for choice, I would prefer something quite indifferent from my own strong points. But let us have something definite.—*Temple Bar.*

Salt Dust of the Sea.

While voyaging from Australia to New Zealand one of the passengers, a lady, complained that the dust of the sea caused her eyes to smart, and had also soiled her clothing. She was laughed at by the other passengers, who insisted that there could be no dust at sea.

"They are mistaken," says Mr. Ballou, who tells the incident in a book of travels. "There is a salt dust which rises from the spray and impregnates everything even filling one's mouth with a saline taste. While the sun shines this deposit, like the dew on land, is less active and perceptible; but to walk the deck at night is to become covered with a thin coating of salt dust so fine as to be hardly noticeable, but which in time becomes sufficiently crystalized to be obvious to the eye. The dust of the sea is no fable. The officer who stands his night watch on the bridge will testify to this fact; and the cabin steward will tell you that he has often to resort to something more potent than a whisk-broom to cleanse clothing which has been exposed to sea-dust."

The Return of the Countess.

Impetuous Fashionable (meeting an old friend in the street)—O, Countess, how do you do? I'm glad you're back. I haven't seen you since your brilliant wedding. Of course the Count is with you. Countess—No! I left him in Italy. Friend—I hope you had a good time there. His grand old castle! Countess—Well you see, it took all my money to pay his debts on it, but a friend lent the money to come back with. By the way, you can do me a great service. Friend (weakly)—Certainly! What is it? Countess—Give me some sewing to do.—*The Cartoon.*

Drove Him Away.

Mark Twain, during his early days, did not stand well among boarding-house keepers. The drawling youth was too lazy to pay his board. Once, while working on the St. Louis *Republican*, Twain, after many boarding-house hardships, cast his hungry lot with a widow named Perkins. The printers had told him that she was a woman of gentle nature. They gleefully awaited the end of the first week. Monday morning when Mark came to the office his face wore an anxious expression.

"How are you, Clemens?" said the foreman.

"Slow."

"That's a fact. Glad to see that you have entered upon the week in so truthful a way. How is your landlady?"

"Bad."

"Did you pay her Saturday night?"

"No."

"What did she say?"

"Nothing, but she looked as though she were chiseled out of stone."

"I should think," a tramp printer rejoined, "that she looked as though she were chiseled out of board."

Twain cast a quick glance at the speaker, and, lazily reaching for his coat, said: "My immortal soul is too tender to stand the cruel shafts of sarcasm. Good-by."

He dragged himself out of the office. His career as a printer was at an end. —*Arkansaw Traveler.*

Household Suggestions.

Dark carpets do not have to be swept oftener than light ones if you give them a good dusting say twice a week with a flannel cloth tied around an ordinary broom.

When one has been so unfortunate as to get machine oil stains on white sewing, saturate a piece of work in cold water immediately, soak for two hours, dry in the sun, then wash in the usual way.

If you are building put the hooks in childrens' bed room closets low enough to be easily reached by them. It is also a good idea to have a closet so arranged that sleds, rocking-horses and all large playthings can have a place.

Dust has such a sad way of insinuating itself wherever there is a place for it to lodge or work through, that housekeepers are almost distracted to find brooms and dusters that will fit in every nook and crevice. A long-handled feather duster, a short-handled feather duster, a toy broom, a whisk broom, a flat bristle brush, a paint brush, and the ordinary cheese cloth dusters seem to do all the dusting that is required, if vigorously wielded.—*Good Housekeeping.*

Some Englishmen are distressed that there can be found room in Westminster Abbey only for three more statues and two more busts. There are even propositions for a new Walhalla.