

Kent News.

SATURDAY MORNING, FEB. 21, 1885.

THE FATHER AT HOME.

Some fathers fail to gain their children's confidence by an apparent lack of sympathy. On the other hand, few young people ever take the trouble to put themselves in their father's place—no imagine how he must feel about the conduct of his children. A father who looks at his child, or how a voluntary confidence is placed in him. There are many things, no doubt, which boys and girls do not care to speak of before their father; but they do not know how hurt their father feels when a conversation is stopped upon his entering the room when he is made to feel that he is not one of the circle—that he is a power to be respected, and propitiated, but no more. Very often a father himself to blame for this state of things, but not always. Often it is more love of secrecy which make girls especially exclude their father as much as possible from a knowledge of their doings, their friends, their coming and goings, their fears and hopes. With some this reticence must be necessary. Confidences would only meet with suspicion, blame or ridicule. But most men have a tender spot in their hearts, even for the weakness and foolishness of their own flesh, and feel pained when they are silently condemned as unworthy of confidence. Father may be too proud to show that he feels hurt. He may wrap himself up in dignity and affect a contempt for the trifling concerns of the girls; he may even repel the first advances, but his heart may be exclaiming bitterly against the coldness and hardness which excludes him from the knowledge of his daughter's mind and heart which is given to half a dozen school girl friends. A girl owes much to her father, even if he has not been all to her that a parent ought to be. He has been a parent in a very probable, that her bread and butter might be secured. He has born care, anxiety, struggles, temptations at which she can but guess—of which she can form no real conception. If he is hard and unsympathetic some allowance for nervous irritation of an overworked or anxious man may surely be made. And a girl never, we believe, has any conception how precious she is in her father's eyes. Rough words and cold or angry looks may seem to disprove it, but it is true nevertheless. More even in a son than his wife, she appeals to his protective care. He may scold or slight her, but let any real harm threaten her and he will see that to touch her is to touch the apple of his eye. The day comes, no doubt, when her allegiance and sympathy are transferred to another, in right of a still higher claim. There is little wonder if poor father looks askance on him at first and is slow to admit that he is one of those whose claim he must yield. It is the way of nature, and it must be so. But it is hard. A father often does more on his daughter's marriage than her mother does. "My daughter's right changes entirely when the ring is put on the finger. Till the fairy prince comes, let her be considered as a daughter deferred to, and if necessary, humored. Let him not be made to feel that her duty is to be paid to him. Let him not feel himself a stranger in his own house. For many a little sacrifice, many a gentle or patient word, unnoticed, unacknowledged at the time, and forgotten by her who renders it, lives in the memory of him who receives it.—Waverly.

DO LIGHTNING-RODS PROTECT?

A few years since at a farmers' institute in Michigan, facts were reported which seem to throw much doubt on the usefulness of lightning-rods on country farms as usually placed on farm buildings. This is certainly a question of great importance. I know of one small farm-house and barn, the surroundings of which seem to show that the owner was ill prepared to stand such an outlay, where there are several lightning-rods on the buildings. It is interesting fact, that in passing through any of our farming districts the buildings of the most successful, and especially the most studious and intelligent of the farmers, are unadorned with these supposed attractions for electricity. Surely the practical wisdom of our best farmers is against such protection. That science believes in thoroughly constructed conductors seems evident from the fact that the tall Washington monument just now being constructed is provided with a lightning conductor. Yet that tall shaft has stood unharmed for so long a time will tend to strengthen the faith of those who are willing to risk lightning without the rods.

In the current volume of *Nature*, page eighty, Mr. Arthur Penzance, who has thoroughly investigated this subject, gives statistics that surely weaken confidence in the value of these conductors. There are 350 cases given where lightning has paid no heed to these means of protection. Of these sixty-four per cent. resulted in damage to property. "The whole of the results of his researches afford," he says, "evidence that failures and accidents more frequently happen with rods which are thought to be in good order than with those deemed faulty in construction." "Would it not be worth while for farmers to give statistics as to the efficacy of such conductors? If we may judge by the practice in government buildings and that of our most thrifty farmers, rodding does not pay. If all farmers could be convinced that conductors are as usually useless, or, possibly, worse than useless—so strongly convinced that they could stand firm against the smooth, bland, earnest arguments of the vendors—much money might be saved each year.—Prof. A. C. Cook.

An eccentric Cornish preacher was on one occasion met by a member of the Society of Friends. "Mr. Bray," said the kind-hearted Quaker, "I have observed thy unselfish life, and feel much interested in thee, and I believe the Lord will have me help thee, so if thou wilt call at my house, I have suits of clothes to which thou art very welcome if thou wilt fit them." "Thank thee," said Billy, "I will call; thee need not have any doubt that the clothes will fit. If the Lord told thee that they were for me, they would be for me, for he knows my size exactly."

On a certain occasion the eloquent Dr. E. H. Chapin, being sick, was compelled to ask a friend to preach for him. As the stranger rose to announce the opening hymn, a score of persons arose to go out. The clergyman was equal to such an emergency. "All," he said, "who came here to worship Dr. Chapin will please leave now, but those who came to worship God will sing the 484 hymn." That stopped the exodus.

The old lady who asked for a gold ring of the paragon kind, was probably related to the elderly gentleman who said his daughter was attending the conservatory of music.—Boston Times.

HOW IT AFFLICTED THEM.

Peter Brown left Brooklyn, Mass., about three years ago, and last week he returned, and just as he was strolling down the street of his native town he met a farmer by the name of Smith, who was not prosperous when he left, and lived outside the town. Brown was surprised to see the granger attired in a dress-suit, with a silk hat, and a big diamond pin blazing on his shirt front and inquired: "Been to a funeral today?" "Why, bless you, no?" "No? I see you have got on your best clothes. Are you farming yet?" "Farming? Well, I should say not. I am running a roller skating rink down here."

"Where is your son Jim?" "Oh, he's running a rink in H—."

"And your daughter Liz?" "She's skating under the management of Tim Jones in a Boston rink."

"And your wife?" "She skipped out with Professor Meachin, an instructor that I hired when I first opened the rink."

"Is Elder Longerson preaching here still?" "No, he resigned from the ministry and is now a rink instructor."

"Who's preaching in his place?" "Nobody."

"Nobody? What's the matter?" "Church turned into a skating rink."

"You don't say!" "Yes, true as preaching."

"What's Bill Beck, the grocery man?" "He went out of business a year ago. He's got the ice-cream stand down in my rink."

"Pshaw! What's Aunt Sallie Baken and Deacon Shultz?" "Why, dang it all, they're traveling around visiting rinks; doing the old woman act on skates. I tell you they're immense."

"Say, Dan, what became of your old shepherd dog, Carlo?" "Durned if he didn't get the fever lock, and one day he sneaked in behind the place where I keep skates to hire, put on a pair and rolled out on the floor just as nice as any human being, when all of a sudden his hind pair of skates got mixed up with his tail, which tripped him up and he fell backward and broke his neck."

"Poor dog."

"Gosh, I can't help crying when I think of his sad and tragic end."

"Is there anybody left in the town who does not skate?" "Yes."

"Where are they?" "Up in the cemetery on the hill."

SUNLIT ROOMS.

One of our medical journals speaking on this subject, says: "No article of furniture should be put in a room that will not stand sunlight, for every room in a dwelling should have the windows so arranged that some time during the day a flood of sunlight will force itself into the apartment. The importance of admitting the light of the sun freely to all parts of our dwellings cannot be too highly estimated. Indeed, perfect health is nearly as much dependent on pure sunlight as it is on pure air. Sunlight should never be excluded except when so bright as to be uncomfortable to the eyes, and daily walks should be taken in bright sunlight. A sun-bath is more important in preserving a healthy condition of the body than is generally understood. A sun-bath costs nothing, and that is a misfortune, for people are deluded with the idea that those things only can be good or useful which cost money. But remember that pure air, fresh air, and sunlight, which are free from dampness, will secure you from many heavy bills of doctors and give you health and vigor which no money can procure. It is a well established fact that the people who live much in the sun are usually stronger and more healthy than those whose occupations deprive them of sunlight; and certainly there is nothing strange in the result, since the same law applies with equal force to every animate thing in nature. It is quite easy to arrange an isolated dwelling so that every room in the house may be illuminated with sunlight some time in the day, and it is possible that many town houses could be so built as to admit more light than they now receive."

MARYLAND IN THE CABINET.

Since the formation of the federal government of the United States fifteen Marylanders have received cabinet appointments. Maryland has furnished five Attorneys-General, four Secretaries of the Navy, two of the Treasury, one of War, one of State and two Postmaster-Generals. The record is as follows:

James McHenry, Secretary of War, January 27, 1790; Washington's first administration, and Secretary of the Navy under Washington's second administration. Benjamin Stoddard, Secretary of the Navy, May 21, 1798; Jefferson's administration, and continued in office until January 20, 1802, when Robert Smith was appointed Secretary of the Navy. Robert Smith, Secretary of State, March 6, 1809; Madison's administration. William Pinkney, December 11, 1811; Attorney-General, Madison's administration. William Wirt, Attorney-General, December 15, 1817; Monroe's administration. Roger B. Taney, Attorney-General, 1831 and Secretary of the Treasury, 1833; Jackson's administration. John Nelson, Attorney-General, January 2, 1844; Harrison's administration. Reverdy Johnson, Attorney-General, 1849; Taylor's administration. John P. Kennedy, Secretary of the Navy, 1852; Fillmore's administration. Philip P. Thomas, Secretary of the Treasury, 1860; Buchanan's administration. Montgomery Blair, Postmaster-General, 1861; Lincoln's administration. John A. J. Creswell, Postmaster-General, 60; Grant's administration.

TAR AND TURPENTINE.

A gentleman in West Chester informs us that his child was on the verge of the grave the other night with membranous croup. His physician had done everything his power could do, and the child, at last, after a desperate struggle, died. Turpentine remedy was tried, a teaspoonful of each was burned in and three minutes the child was recovering. Another case has come to our notice wherein three simple ingredients worked wonderful cures when all other applications had failed. A farmer down about Chadds Ford had a horse to die of diphtheria and three others were in a fair way to follow it. The veterinary surgeon got the equines in a close room and burned tar and turpentine. In a few minutes the animals were rapidly recovering.—West Chester (Pa.) Jeffersonian.

Scene: San Francisco.—He (solemnly): "You had a very narrow escape last night, Miss Julie." She: "Merely, what do you mean?" He: "Well, you see, I had a dream about you. I thought I was about to kiss you, when the Chinese man rapped at the door and I woke up. She after a pause: "The Chinese must go."

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