

And not seek to depend upon others."
 She went by with a chuck, and the Goose to
 the Duck
 Exclaimed with surprise, "Well, I never!"
 Said the Duck, "I declare those who have
 the least care,
 You will find are complaining forever!
 And when all things appear to look threaten-
 ing and drear,
 And when troubles your pathway are thick
 in,
 For some aid in your woe, Oh, beware how
 you go
 To a Hen with one chicken."

THE SCULPTOR BOY.

Chisel in hand stood a sculptor boy,
 With his marble block before him :—
 And his face lit up with a smile of joy
 As an angel dream passed o'er him.
 He carved that dream on the yielding stone
 With many a sharp incision;
 In Heaven's own light the sculptor shone,
 He had caught that angel vision.

Sculptors of life are we, as we stand,
 With our lives uncarved before us,
 Waiting the hour when, at God's command,
 Our life dream passes o'er us.
 Let us carve it then on the yielding stone,
 With many a sharp incision :—
 Its heavenly beauty shall be our own—
 Our lives, that angel vision.

HONOR OLD AGE.

Bow low the head, boy; do reverence
 to the old man as he passes slowly along.
 Once like you, the vicissitudes of life
 have silvered the hair and changed the
 round face to the worn visage before
 you. Once that heart beat with asper-
 ations co-equal to any you have felt;
 aspirations were crushed by disappoint-
 ment, as yours are destined to be. Once
 that form stalked proudly through the
 gay scenes of pleasure, the beau-ideal of
 grace; now the hand of Time, that
 withers the flowers of yesterday, has
 warped the figure and destroyed that
 noble carriage. Once, at your age, he had
 the thousand thoughts that pass through
 your brain—now wishing to accomplish
 something worthy in fame; anon, imagin-
 ing life a dream that the sooner woke
 from the better. But he has lived the
 dream nearly through. The time to
 awake is very near at hand; yet his
 eye ever kindles at old deeds of daring,
 and his hand takes a firm grip of his
 staff. Bow low your head boy, as you
 would in your old age be revered.

MR. BOSTWICK'S EXPERIMENT.

It occurred to Mr. Bostwick, of West
 Hill, who is much given to pondering
 over and investigating matters of this
 kind, that of all the "heaters" he had
 yet seen, not one had caught, in a practi-
 cal manner, at the solution of the pro-
 blem how to keep more heat in the room
 than escapes up the chimney. Mr.
 Bostwick said that a series of hot and
 cold air pipes was all well enough, and
 so was a series of drums and air cham-
 bers, but after all, simplicity was the
 thing to be aimed at, and the principle
 was this: By the time the heat got to
 the top of the chimney there wasn't
 much of it left. It got away somehow
 and somewhere on the way up. Now, if
 you could only keep it in the room, and
 make it travel a great enough distance
 before it got to the flue, it would all stay
 in the room instead of a wretched little
 per cent. All that you wanted was a
 sufficient length of pipe, supplied with
 dampers at regular intervals to retard
 the progress of the heat, and by the
 time the smoke got to the chimney, it
 would be cold as a spare-bed room, and
 every degree of heat generated in the
 stove would be disseminated in the room,
 and a man could winter his family on
 three cords of wood, keep every window
 in the house open day and night, and
 raise celery and early vegetables right
 along in February.

Mr. Bostwick put his theory into im-
 mediate operation. He bought two
 hundred and eighty-five feet of stovepipe,
 and everybody thought that he had gone
 mad. Men who had put up eight feet
 of stovepipe every year since they had
 been married came to him with tears in
 their eyes and begged him to hire a
 man to put it up, assuring him that it
 would be money saved. Women came
 to Mrs. Bostwick and urged her to stay
 with them, or board at a hotel, while
 the work was being done, assuring her
 that it would be all her life was worth
 to stay in a house where a man was put-
 ting up that much stovepipe. Between
 the two a compromise was effected. Mr.
 Bostwick hired an orthodox stove-man,
 in good standing and full fellowship, to
 come up and help him. Then he had
 a carpenter cut the necessary holes
 through the partitions and floors, and