

## THE HOME CIRCLE

### ALL DEPENDS ON SUCCESS.

"The suckers are running," said father, one morning.  
"I met old Jim Starks with a mighty fine string."  
"I wish," then he sighed, "that we had some for breakfast.  
A prime river sucker's a mighty good thing."  
"O father," cried Johnnie, "mayn't I go a-fishing?"  
"No, no," returned father; "there's too much to do.  
To-morrow quite early I go to the city. And things here at home must be all left to you."

Next morning at daylight when father departed.

He said: "Now, my son, do the chores as you should.  
Keep an eye onto things in the barnyard and stable.  
And use your spare time in the shed splitting wood."

Now Johnnie intended to do as was bid him—

He did up the chores when his breakfast he'd had.

Then thought of the river where suckers were running.

And wanted to fish for them, ever so bad.

He gazed at the river in golden light flashing.

And thought of the place where an eddying hole

Was gouged 'neath some willows, then quickly deciding.

He took from its brackets his hickory pole.

The way of temptation, once entered, was easy.

Of worms the rich garden a quart had to yield.

Then back of the pigpen, the corner and alley.

He sneaked to the river by thicket and field.

Three hours Johnnie sat by the river so rapid.

Fished with might and with main, though he got not a bite.

And trembled, well knowing that home without fishes

Would earn him a thrashing with coming of night.

During mid-afternoon the tide turned in his favor.

That suckers were running became a sure thing;

They hungrily bit, and he pulled them out humming.

Adding dozens of fish to his long, yellow string.

When Johnnie staggered home at the coming of twilight.

He scarcely could walk, he'd of fish such a weight.

Nor was he surprised when he neared the old homestead.

To find there awaiting him at the front gate.

His father, upbearing a pair of birch switches.

His brow stern and haughty, resolve in his eye;

To thrash without mercy was his clear intention.

His duty he'd do like a Christian, or die.

But when he desisted his brave son with his burden.

His anger departed, his gads he flung down.

And hastened to meet his dear son—his young hopeful.

Crying, "You have done well, John, while I was in town."

And thus it is ever; our utmost endeavors

Fail short of applause that the efforts should bless.

We learn if we'd meet with the world's approbation.

To measure applause by the meed of success.

W. T. H.

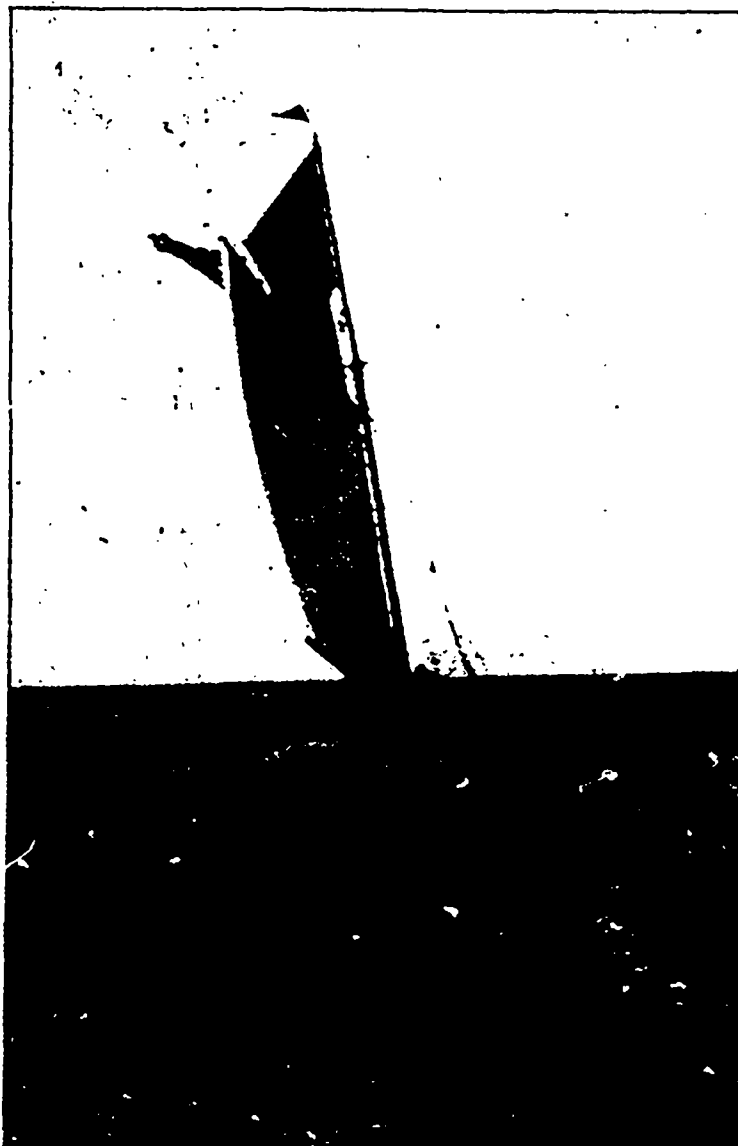
### THE WOMAN AT THE TUB.

When the sun is shining brightly,  
And the wind is blowing clear,  
There's a sound that comes like music  
To the housewife's listening ear:  
'Tis the sousing, and the splashing,  
And the loud, persistent rub,  
Voicing hardy brawn and muscle  
Of the woman at the tub.

And when you are paying tribute  
To the shovel and the hoe,  
And the men whose iron muscles  
Make their wooden handles go,  
Let not all the glory linger  
Round the tillers of the soil,  
While the soap foam waves its signal  
Where the washboard rubbers toil.

If the shovel cries: "My mission  
Is to beautify the land,"  
"Mine, to cleanse, refresh and comfort,"  
Sings the washboard, close at hand,  
And while man's laborious digging  
Has its use, supplying grub,  
Let the shovel share its honors  
With the washboard and the tub.

HELEN M. RICHARDSON.



A Yankee Fisherman, Homeward Bound.

Don't you wish you were in that spanking breeze?

## Saved, but —!

A True Incident, Written for Farm and Home by A. H. Hartman.

ONE one night in December, 1861, a soldier came to my father's house in Washington. He bore a letter from a cousin in Libby prison (the soldier had just been exchanged a few days before) which said, "Be sure to treat this man well, as he and I have been comrades in this hell together. He has been lucky enough to be exchanged while I am still here, and the Lord only knows when my chance will come. Get him to tell you some of his experience while here." We knew the soldier must have an unusual history, but as he was an utter stranger, only bound to us by Union sympathy, we hesitated about questioning him.

During the night he aroused my brother, telling him he was very ill and asking him to send for a doctor as quickly as possible. In a very short time the doctor came and found the soldier was suffering from a serious attack of croup. After the doctor had relieved him and he was out of danger, he told us that he had been subject to such attacks since childhood—he, a six-footer.

Our consideration for his welfare moved his tongue, and of his own accord he related this strange experience. While standing one day at one of the windows of the prison, he noticed a lady on the opposite side of the street talking to a little darky boy and pointing to the prisoner's window. Soon the boy was at the door asking that he might go in to see the "soler." He was admitted and went directly to Martin, for that was the name of our soldier, asking him what he most needed, for his mistress had told him to do so. Martin expressed a desire for a change of underclothing, but never expected to hear from it again. However, the following morning the boy returned with a big bundle of underwear, and

said, "My missy say what can she do nex'?" His rations had been so meager and unappetizing that Martin was nearly famished, and he could only weakly say that he was hungry. The response came that evening, the darky bringing him a good square meal, the first Martin had enjoyed for several weeks. He was almost completely overcome by such kindness, but thanked the boy and told him that his mistress was an angel.

The next morning, from the same source, enough food was brought to last during the day, also knife and fork, cup and saucer, goblet and plate, and for several weeks this little black boy ministered to the soldier's material wants every day. One day the little fellow came in armed with a loaf of bread and whispered in the soldier's ear, "Massa, be careful how you're cut it." Martin followed his advice and found a note from his benefactress. He was puzzled how to conceal it, as he was sharply watched. He took a big bite of bread, big enough to include the slip of paper, slyly took it out and put it in his vest pocket.

When the prisoners gathered around him, as they often did, he had an opportunity to read the missive, which contained the following words, "I am a true friend of yours and my father is working for your exchange. Answer and slip it in the little boy's hand; he can be trusted." After that, notes passed every day between them, the soldiers gathering around him when he read them, to express their interest in his little rom.

One day he was very much surprised to read in his note that he was to be exchanged the following day. It was too good to be true, and now he was sure she was deceiving him, but could see no motive, especially as she had been so kind. He could only patiently wait for the morning, his comrades as anxious as himself, each one hoping for his own release. When morning came, one of the guards called out several names, among them Martin's. The prisoners were in an agony of suspense as to their fate, death or exchange, but found

when they reached the bottom of the steps, that it was life, exchange. Martin's friend, the young lady, was waiting for him in a carriage to convey him to the boat that was to take him to freedom. For the first time the lady revealed her name to him,—Rebecca Black. She told him they were a Union family, and that her father was a merchant. She had some very important news for the officials at Washington, and said that Martin might do as he thought best about taking it, for if it was discovered on him, he would surely be treated as a spy. She had already won his heart; he could not refuse her plea, and perhaps he might aid the cause he so dearly loved.

The message was on tissue paper, concealed in the back of an ambrotype revealing her own beautiful features. It seemed to be a case of mutual love and esteem and knowing scarcely anything of one another, they were then and there betrothed, to be wed in February following, at Baltimore, provided all went well. Before embarking he was searched, but the Confederates found no evidence of the spy about him and he proceeded on his journey with no further trouble, safely delivering the message at Washington.

Martin was a New Yorker and had enlisted for the war as a three-months' man. He was taken prisoner at Bull Run the day after his time expired and was kept at Libby prison until the following December. After his release he returned home, and in February went to Baltimore to claim his bride, but no trace of her or her father could be found. He finally gave up the search, fully realizing that he and his love had been sacrificed to a woman's intrigue. Sad and discouraged he went to Washington and re-enlisted. As far as we could learn, he never heard of the fair Unionist again.

### DID HE UNDERSTAND.

There has been much discussion over the question, Can a dog think? Now I would like to ask, How much of the human language does a dog understand? When I was a very small girl my father brought a rat-terrier home from Colours. Frank, that was the terrier's name, was about as insignificant looking a little brute as one can well imagine, with small black eyes that peered out through bristling, grizzly hair.

He seemed affectionate and attached himself to father, whom he followed everywhere. I've known him to find an open window in the second story through which he would jump to burrow his way out of the woodshed, and overtake father who had been hours on his journey, and he would generally be first at any house where they presented themselves.

One day father left him behind in Albany, 30 miles distant, but the dog found his way home. He was given to a man in Lansingburg, but as soon as he regained his liberty he came back to us. At last father gave him to the hired girl to take away and being particularly incensed, he declared in emphatic words: "If that dog comes back again I'll shoot him."

Though we passed Frank's new home every week it was only two miles from us, though the girl went to and from it often, Frank never came back. When we left the farm Frank's new master came to live on it, bringing the dog back with him. The man came often to our house on business and we often stopped at the farm. The dog, who was always at his master's heels, showed no remembrance of the past. To our friendly overtures he either showed his sharp teeth or tilted his ugly little phiz disdainfully. Did he understand what father said? Where does instinct end and reason begin?—[Evangeline.]

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Don't kill your dog trying to make him run with your bicycle. Dogs were intended for no such purpose.

Teacher. Take your seat at once, you naughty child. What do you want? Ethel: But please, Miss Smith, mamma told me to ask you to come to tea this evening. Teacher: Why, certainly, my dear. You are a very obedient child.