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## Select Poetry.



FORGET ME NOT.

When in the hall of splendor,  
The heart is filled with mirth;  
Or when thine eyes are gazing  
On the pageantry of the earth;  
Or when gay plumes are waving  
In the dancer's may wind,  
Where young hearts beat with joyousness  
And festal wreaths are twined;  
Or when bright spring-time putteth on  
Her perfumed robes of flowers,  
And wading zephyrs kiss the leaves  
In green and sunny bower;  
Or when proud forms are bending down  
With honeyed tongue to thee,  
And earnest hopes are stirring—  
Nay, think not then of me.

But when the bright and beautiful  
From earth shall pass away,  
And the withered leaves of Autumn  
Are whispering of decay;  
They are dry, George, and I only  
Swept the parlor yesterday. And then,  
That filthy pipe!"

"Why Margaret," replied Dunkly good-naturedly, "you didn't used to object to my smoking now; and then; you didn't say 'filthy pipe' before we were married."

"Well, I do now, then. I declare it makes everything smell of tobacco. The parlor isn't fit to go into after you have been smoking there!"

George was good-natured and forbearing; but it was hard work for him to swallow the rising anger; nevertheless he did it.

"Well, Margaret," said he, "I won't go into the parlor then, if you will just make the kitchen comfortable and come and sit with me. I am sure you must have finished cleaning for to-day at least. Come, I'll put my pipe down and read to you. I have not had a quiet hour with you for many a long day."

"Ah, Margaret, Margaret, what evil spirit was it that prompted you to say 'There,

He who boasts of being perfect is perfect in his folly. I have been a good deal up and down in the world, and I never did see either a perfect horse or a perfect man, and I never shall until two Sundays come together. You cannot get white flour out of a coal-sack, nor perfection out of a husband."

Years ten passed away, and still the great object of Margaret's life was to "busie about" and to clean. Her house was indeed, a picture of good housewifery—when it was to rights, which was one day in seven; and her children (she had three) were orderly, clean, and well-behaved, and timid. Good reason they had to be timid. Dunkly himself was not greatly changed externally; but his dreams of domestic happiness had passed away like dreams. He never, after that one slip, again degraded himself by excess; for his principles were sound. But his home—alas!

Well, ten years passed away, and Margaret, careworn and weakened by her constant exertions, fell ill. She was very ill. Her recovery was despaired of. With returning, or rather with awakened affection, George nursed her, and watched by her bed. At length the crisis was over; danger had passed; and very slowly Margaret recovered strength.

So George and Margaret were married, and the honeymoon passed away blissfully. George was happier than ever.

But time wore on, and George began to wonder; according to his notions, he had ample cause for wondering.

For one thing he wondered that he had not found out before he was married that his house, instead of being, as in his simplicity he had always considered to be, respectable for its external neatness and internal cleanliness, was, in fact, a very pigsty (or something near it) for dirt and dust. That it was so, he had Margaret's word for it; and he had, besides, the evidence of more senses than one, in the entire purification of every "stick and straw" that this house contained. He had before known his pretty young wife to be a famous cleaner, and he had pleased himself with the thought of her superior abilities in this way; but now, he found that he had not known half the reality.

At first, George was pleased to find that Margaret's good qualities were not diminished by marriage; and, week after week, he wore with exemplary fortitude the infliction of mops, rags, brooms and brushes, the strong odor of soap and soap-suds daily renewed, and the inconvenience of curtains windows and damp floors. By and by, however, he began to wonder how it was his wife never got tired of scrubbing and scouring, and how soon or how long it would be before his house would be to rights.

Vain were the expectations he formed. The house was never to rights. Every day had its appointed duties; and of these, the first and foremost was to scrub and clean. If the dinner was ill-cooked, or not cooked at all, or kept back half an hour, what of that? Was there not the washhouse to whitewash? and could anybody do two things at once? If the house was "turned out at the window," and the once comfortable sitting room had no chair for George to sit upon when he came in from work, what of that? Had not Margaret been hard at work all day too? Hadn't she been vanishing all the chairs

and tables, and making them shine like looking-glasses? Hadn't she been window-cleaning? Hadn't she been clearing out the corner cupboards and the closets? And hadn't she got two hours' work yet to get through before her task would be done? How could George be so selfish and unfeeling as to talk about discomfiture? But there it was just like all the men, who had nothing to do,

and nothing to say, but to do,