Rosalia Reed

Geo. J. Elliot

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DONE AT THIS OFFICE.

Don't Drink To-night.

I left my mother at the door,
My sister by her side;
They clasped their hands, and loving looks
Forbade their doubts to hide.
I left, and went with comrades gay,
When the moon brought out her light,
And my loving mother whispered me,
Don't drink' my boy, to-night.

Long years have rolled away since then,
My jetty curls are gray,
But oh! those words are with me yet,
And will not pass away.
I see my mother's loving face,
With goodness radiant light,
And here her words right in my ears,
Don't drink, my boy, to-night.

My mother is now resting sweet,
In the graveyard on the hill;
But her kind words come back to me
And haunt my memory still;
I've often, often passed the cup,
Oh, then my heart was right;
Because Iv'e heard the warning words,
Don't drink my boy, to night.

I've now passed down the road of life,
And soon my race is run;
A mother's warning listened to,
An immortal crown is won.
Oh, mothers, with your humble smiles,
Look on your boy so bright.
And say, as you alone can say,
Don't drink, my boy, to-night.

These words will prove a warning, when,
In the thorny path of life,
The boy is in the tempter's wiles,
And warring in the strife.
They will stop the morning cup,
And revelry at night,
By whispering back a mother's voice,
Don't drink, my boy, to-night.

Anecdotes About Spelling.

If Dogberry, instead of asserting that "to write and read comes by nature."had said that spelling was a natural gift, he would not have blundered very far from the truth. For the art of spelling is to many a gift of nature. She denied it, however, to those of whom a correspondent of the Chicago *Inter-Ocean* tells these anecdotes:

A local wit tells a story of a senator who once adorned the capitol, and bore with ease the highest honors of a great statesman. He was a poor speller, but realized as well as any the defect in his education, and made viogrous efforts to correct it. He purchased a dictionary, and used to study it faithfully. "But it's no use,"he remarked one day to a friend; "I have spent half an hour trying to find out how to spell physician, but the word isn't there." "Where did you look?" inquired a friend: and taking the dictionary from the puzzled senator's hands, he found that he had been looking for the word among the f's as it would be spelled "fiz"

Quite as funny a thing occured the other day. A prominant member of congress representing one of the largest States in the Union, and one of the largest cities, who is the chairman of one of the most important committees in the House, and has had charge of some of the most important bills, wrote a note of recommenbation for the appointment of a young man to an office. And the note began with the following clause spelled in this way:

"I cogially recommend Mr.—,"etc.

This is no freak of the imagination, but an actual fact.

The messenger of the House Judiciary Committee is a one-armed Confederate soldier. and is a very polite, gentlemanly fellow. The other day, Congressman Frank Hurd, of Toledo, went into the cmmittee-room, and found the messenger poring over the dictionary in apparent great anxiety.

"What word are you looking for?" asked Mr. Hurd,

"I wanted to see how curiosity was spelled," said the messenger.

Hurd looked over his shoulder at the dictionary, and seeing the man

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