

GRAVE AND GAY.

ODDITIES OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

We'll begin with box, and the plural is boxes,
But the plural of ox should be oxen, not oxes.
The one fowl is a goose, but two are called geese,
Yet the plural of moose should never be meese.
You may find a lone mouse, or a whole nest of mice,
But the plural of house is houses, not hicc.
If the plural of man is always called men,
Why shouldn't the plural of pan be called pen?
The cow in the plural may be cows or kine,
But a bow if repeated is never called bine,
And the plural of vow is vows, never vine.
If I speak of a foot, and you show me your feet,
And I give you a boot, would a pair be called beet?
If one is a tooth, and a whole set are teeth,
Why shouldn't the plural of booth be called beeth?
If the singlar's this and the plural is these,
Should the plural of kiss ever be nick-named keese?
Then one would be that, and three would be those,
Yet hat in the plural would never be hose,
And the plural of cat is cats, not cose.
We speak of a brother and also of brethren,
But though we say mother, we never say methren,
Then the masculine pronouns are he, his, and him,
But imagine the feminine she, shis and shim.
So the English, I think, you all will agree,
Is the greatest language you ever did see.

—Commonwealth.

ONE DAY OF FREEDOM.

"Say," said the man with the correct clothes and the bowed back and horny hands of a farmer, to the restaurant waiter, "have you got pig jowl and greens here? An' buttermilk? An' corn bread? An' kin I shovel the truck in with a knife and take my coat off?"

The waiter said he could be accommodated in all particulars.

The ex-farmer removed his coat and sat down opposite a man who looked as if he might be willing to listen, and explained:

"It's bin two year now sence we struck gas on the farm, an' I ain't had a square meal sence. Bin fillin' up on Charley horse rusies, sooflay de allakazam, an' all them French dishes. That's what comes o' marryin' a woman who b'lieves in keepin' up with the percession when you got the price, as she says."

"I should think you'd have kicked long ago," said the listener.

"Would, but, you see, about three year ago I was so deep in debt that I had to put the farm in her name. I sneaked away to-night an' left her at one of them fine hotels. I'm goin' to have anorgie of old-fashioned vittels, sasprilly pop, an' mebbe a beer or two, an' go back an' tell her what I've did, an' ef she wants to git a divorce she kin git it. Old Eli will hev hed his day of freedom for a few glorious hours, anyway!"

When Sam Jones was holding his meetings in Dallas, on one occasion, he said: "There is no such thing as a perfect man. Anybody present who has ever known a perfect man, stand up." Nobody stood up. "Those who have ever known a perfect woman stand up." "Did you know an absolutely perfect woman?" asked Sam, somewhat amazed. "I didn't know her personally," replied the little woman, "but I have heard a great deal of her. She was my husband's first wife."