

mean old world an' I wish I'd die so they could put on my tombstone, "Here Lies Darling Bessie Who Always Was Good."

AUNT DINAH ON MATRIMONY

Aunt Dinah—La, chile, yes, days a whole lot er states in dat ar United States, but it suttinly peers to me de bigges' one's de state ob matermony. But days one t'ing—w'en you doan like a state, sech as Georgy er No'th Car'liny, all you gotter do is ter pack up yer duds an' move out into Canada, but w'en you gits in de state ob matermony it ain't bin so easy to trabbel outten ob it—you hab to gitten out by de way of de court—an' 'taint no sech court as you got 'fore you's married, nedder.

Affer you done tooken a man fer bettah or worsah you kinder sorter hates to gib 'im up, no mattah how shif'less an' no 'count he bin. La, yes, honey, dat's so. W'y days jes 'heeps an' piles ob wimmins dat's suppo'tin' der no 'count husban's wid hard wo'k radder'n go offen leave 'em fer sum odder woman ter suppo't. Ain't you ebber done heerd 'bout dat ol' man day calls Atlas—er sum sech name? Wal, I heerd 'bout 'im—dey say he had to suppo't de worl' on his shoulders—yes, he suppo'ted de worl' but I say—who suppo'ted Atlas? Dat what I ask—who suppo'ted Atlas while he suppo'tin' de worl'? W'y, his wife suppo'tin' 'im, in cou'se.