## The Riomolie hiencon.

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bila arpas letrem. 1 had a pleasant call to even a veteran cans travel younor if he

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| TYRE IS ALMOST EXTINCT. |  |  |
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| The black mammies of the pictur- |  |  |
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| those who still claim the devotion of tie few remaining types in typical |  |  |
|  | have made such attacks upon them. |  |
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| the wedding of a yourg woman to |  |  |
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| had been maid. <br> The wedding was a quiet one, despite |  |  |
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| marry dat chile off'n enny sich a way. Har budder an old min's, and now dis here chile gwise ter be put off wid a reg'lar po'white folks weddin'. Ain't er gwineter have no eupper, no bakin'o' cakes. I never seed a bride whut didn't have a |  |  |
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|  | $\begin{aligned} & \mathrm{mak} \\ & \mathrm{dam} \end{aligned}$ |  |
| Tueold creature begged the yoang bride-to-be to at lesst arrange for a wed ding supper and offered to bake the cakes. |  |  |
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| will giv out slong as I can work for along, but I'ze dun live ter see all de children get mar'ed, an'now I wants ter |  |  |
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| cook one mo' weddin' 'eupper 'fo' ' die.' And, sure enougb, she did. <br> The mistrese of the house. going |  |  |
| below stairs the morning preceding the wedding, noticed the unusual appear ance of the kitchen at an early hour |  |  |
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| thing looks as if you had been up all night. |  |  |
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| And mammy, in a freehly stershed homespun aprob, a white handkerchiefwound about her head, stood in the door-way. The kitchen was as shining as the pans upon the sheives. The face of the old negress glowed contentedif.Her withered old. hands told the story of years of hard work. |  |  |
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| "Mistiss," she began, "I sho' is ben up all night. I'ze ben er er cookin, some weddin' cake fer de baby. Lawdy |  |  |
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| I couldn't low dat obile ter marry'dout plenty weddin' cake. I don't keer |  |  |
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| whether dar's enny folks to eat it or not. <br> I dua cook 'em for dat chile. <br> And, leading the way to the pantry, |  |  |
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| ght work. There were rows of cakee, elab silent admiration. |  |  |
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| Her mistress, looking at the ebony hued face before her, at its kindly,broad-seamed hives, was in that mood when a smile is dangeroualy akin to tears. |  |  |
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| Aphorisms From Josh Bmimugs. |  |  |
| merit, but it iz a fust rate way to suckceed. |  |  |
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| The hardest dollar for a man to git is too often the oue he needs the most. |  |  |
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| Yung man, alwues pla to win-a (hat aint worth winning ain worth playing. |  |  |
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| The choicest kompliment that kan be pard to virtew is, that the best lies we have are thez; which most resembles the truth |  |  |
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| thare never waz a dog yet who had haff <br> a chance, who didn't luv eumboddy else better than be loved himself. |  |  |
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| Yang man, don't tit down on yure knees before the world-it yu do. it sist upon;yuregitting down a peg lower |  |  |
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| Men ov moderate abilitys make the best companyuns-men ov grate witmay be compared to a grate fire, you mag be compared to a tire, yi |  |  |
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