

## **Wasted Sweets**

by Ambrose Bierce

A Candidate canvassing his district met a Nurse wheeling a Baby in a carriage, and, stooping, imprinted a kiss upon the Baby's clammy muzzle. Rising, he saw a Man, who laughed.

"Why do you laugh?" asked the Candidate.

"Because," replied the Man, "the Baby belongs to the Orphan Asylum."

"But the Nurse," said the Candidate--"the Nurse will surely relate the touching incident wherever she goes, and perhaps write to her former master."

"The Nurse," said the Man who had laughed, "is an inmate of the Institution for the Illiterate-Deaf-and-Dumb."