

### Utterly Crushed.

The following report of a conversation heard near a tenement appeared in a recent number of *Lippincott's Magazine*: "Did that there woman from the mission give ye a call yistidy?" "Deed and she did. Them kind makes me tired. Didn't she set for a good hour talking to me about sanytation an' hygeeny an' how I ought to give civilized milk to my baby, an' all that sort o' rubbish, until I got tired an' I sez to her sez I, 'Did she have any babies of her own?' An' when she looked foolish an' said as how she was 'Miss Brown,' I sez, sez I, 'Well seein' that Iv'e buried ten, I don't see as no one has any call to tell me how to rare up babies, 'specially some one as never rared up none of her own.' I guess that dashed her so she won't be apt to come 'round givin' me no more of her gab about civilized milk an' sannytation an' sich nonsense."

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### Gangrenous Patriotism.

At Marty Maloney's wake a tinge of patriotism is manifest:

"Phat did he die of, Mrs. Maloney?"

"Gangrene, Mr. Finnegan!"

"Well, thank Hivin for the color, Mrs. Maloney!"—

*Exch.*