

Two Footpads

by Ambrose Bierce

Two Footpads sat at their grog in a roadside resort, comparing the evening's adventures.

"I stood up the Chief of Police," said the First Footpad, "and I got away with what he had."

"And I," said the Second Footpad, "stood up the United States District Attorney, and got away with--"

"Good Lord!" interrupted the other in astonishment and admiration--"you got away with what that fellow had?"

"No," the unfortunate narrator explained--"with a small part of what *I* had."