

## **Two in Trouble**

by Ambrose Bierce

Meeting a fat and patriotic Statesman on his way to Washington to beseech the President for an office, an idle Tramp accosted him and begged twenty- five cents with which to buy a suit of clothes.

"Melancholy wreck," said the Statesman, "what brought you to this state of degradation? Liquor, I suppose."

"I am temperate to the verge of absurdity," replied the Tramp. "My foible was patriotism; I was ruined by the baneful habit of trying to serve my country. What ruined you?"

"Indolence."