

Side 9 Foiegras and Boniface

Foiegras: (outrageous French accent) Landlord, is ze coast clear?

Boniface: Oui, Monsieur Foiegras, what's the news?

Foiegras: No matter, ask no questions—Here—[Hands over a purse] Two hundred bucks, as good as any that ever hanged or saved a rogue; lay 'em by with the rest; and here -- three wedding or mourning rings, no difference, really—

Boniface: But who had you the money from?

Foiegras: Ah! poor woman! I pitied her;-from a poor lady just escaped from her husband. She was bound for Montana, as hard as she could drive; she told me of her husband's barbarous usage, and so I left her fifty cents.

Boniface: But where's Hounslow and Bagshot?

Foiegras: They'll be here to-night.

Boniface: D' ye know of any other robbers on this road?

Foiegras: Nope.

Boniface: I fancy that I have two that lodge in the house just now.

Foiegras: Ze devil! how do you read zem?

Boniface: Why, the one is gone to church.

Foiegras: Zat is suspicious, I must confess.

Boniface: And the other is now in his master's chamber; I believe he pretends to be servant to the other; we 'll call him out and pump him for information.

Foiegras: Oh, good, I love pumping.