

We've dragged all day, and now we're tired quite.
Get what we want, a stunning appetite.

2nd MAN (*finishing the tent*).

There, that's all right—just pass the rum and can,
I'll light the stove, and cook the pemmican.

I wonder how my Peg would like these "wittles."
Scissors! I've burnt my finger with the "Kittles."

3rd MAN (*drinking*).

I'm very thirsty, when the rum I sip
The pannikin sticks fast unto my lip.

OFFICER *enters tent with* 3rd MAN. 2nd MAN
seen at entrance taking off his boots without
his mits. 1st MAN *near the sledge arranging*
its contents. Enter FOX *stealthily at side.*

ZERO. Now, Frostbite, quickly! do your work right
well,

And fix his hand fast in your icy spell.

FROSTBITE *touches man's hand, which becomes fixed.*

2nd MAN. Confound it all, I'm bitten in the thumb.
How soon your flesh becomes cold, white, and numb.

DAYLIGHT *waves her wand over the man's hand,*
and it returns to its former state.

2nd MAN. Well, that's all right; and now to have
a smoke.

FOX *enters, and steals a piece of pork.* 1st
MAN *runs after him, exclaiming,*

Bring me the gun! Oh! here's a precious joke:
A fox has stolen a piece of this day's pork.

3rd MAN (*from tent*).

That's what I call uncommon stupid work.