

### ACT III.

SCENE 1.—*The fatigue loading scow. Telegraph office. Stores piled right.*

*Sergt. Fatigue.*—Just throw in a few more of those bags, boys.

*Beauty.*—Of course we will. (*Sings, "For we are government mules."*)

*Sergt. Fatigue.*—This trip will finish the loading of that outfit of 250 teams.

*Mickey.*—Yes, the whole outfit will be ready to start at daylight, and the question now is will we be allowed to go with it.

*Charley.*—By George! I hope so; we didn't come all this distance to do the government mule business.

*Sergt. Fatigue.*—The major is as mad as anybody at being kept here while the boys at Batoche and Battleford are having all the fun.

(*Enter left O. R. C.*)

*Dick.*—Hello, Rookey, send this despatch at once, will you?

*Rookey.*—All right, Nitchie. (*Takes despatch and reads aside.*)

SASKATCHEWAN LANDING, May 17th, 1885.

TO LT.-COL. MACDONALD, *Commanding Swift Current*:

Men impatiently awaiting orders for Battleford. Loading scows now and teams across river. Teamsters openly express intention to cut loose and run on first alarm, unless accompanied by escort. Wire general's instructions.

T. J. WALSH,  
*Major Commanding Detachment.*

(*Aloud.*) All right, my hearty. You chaps are mighty anxious to test the marksmanship of the Breeds and Indians.

*Dick.*—It was something like that we left home for.

(*Rookey enters office.*)

*Sergt. Fatigue.*—What time is it, Dick?

*Dick.*—Almost time for "Come for the love of grub, boys."  
(*Exit left.*)

*Sergt. Fatigue.*—That's all she will hold this time boys. We'll haul her round the point and by that time the bugle will blow.

(*Fatigue party starts hauling scow off right. Rookey enters from office.*)