

[Enter CHAWLIE, a nigger cook 3 L. E., with a barrel on his shoulder, containing pots, kettles, pans, kindling wood, &c., followed by BLONDIE the fat boy. BLONDIE tumbles into the cook, upsetting him. Great uproar and scattering of cooking utensils.]

Chawlie (picking himself up out of pots and pans indignantly)—“What fo’ you do dat sah, ’tacking me in de rare dat way.”

Blondie (whimpering)—“Chawlie, I could’nt help it hold boy, besides it shows your hagility in comin’ to the recover.”

Chawlie.—“Don’t you go fo’ to try dat on again. It taint in de Red Book, ’Sides cooks are exempt anyway.”

Blondie.—“Well say Chawlie, hold boy, ’ow is supper?”

Chawlie (still indignant)—“Now you go right out o’ dis and quit you foolin’.”

Blondie.—“Well you bet hold boy, I don’t get left.” (Chawlie picks him up and runs him off stage.)

[Exeunt both 2 L. E.]

Telegraph operator (who has his wire fixed, tapping his instrument).—“There is that confounded field wire out of order again—Joe (addressing him) go back over the line and see what is the matter. (Exit JOE, 2 L. E.) You cant expect anything better with those bean poles the Government have erected half way across the Continent. Yesterday a cow tangled her horns in the wire, and the night before last, George Ham ran up against a pole and dislocated his jaw. (OPERATOR sits down at his desk, and continues his work.)

Omnes.—“A song, a song, Brooks for a song,” (men continue pitching the tents and getting the stage into shape. CHAWLIE cooking at fire R.)

CHINEE SONG.

Sung by Pte. Brooks.

Me commee from Hong Kong Chinee
To workee for Melican man;
Me no canee talk much English,
Me speakee you best I can;
Me workee allee day in ee laundry
For Ching Chong, that’s his name;
Me catchee allee lats in ee market,
Makee pot pie allee same.

Allee same, allee same, allee same.

(Chorus)—Ching Chong, opium, taffy on a stick,
No likee blass band, makee belee sick.
Melican man, listen long to my little song
With a Chinee fiddle and a Shanghai gong.