
THE LATEST CHINESE OUTRAGE.—*Bret Harte.*

It was noon by the sun; we had finished our game,
And were passin' remarks goin' back to our claim;
Jones was countin' his chips; Smith relievin' his mind
Of ideas that a "straight" should beat "three of a kind,"
When Johnson, of Elko, came gallopin' down,
With look on his face 'twixt a grin and a frown,
And he calls, "Drop your shovels and face right about,
For them Chinese from Murphy's are cleanin' us out—

With their ching-a ring-chow
And their chic-colorow,
They're bent upon making
The jolliest row."

Then Jones—my own pardner—looks up with a sigh;
"It's your wash-bill," sez he; and I answers, "You lie."