

LADY BUTTON-EYES.

When the busy day is done
And my weary little one
Booth gently to and fro;

TWO PIECES OF SILVER.

BY LEWIS H. EDZT.

UBERTIE a los gringos!

Black Rosa's small, angular form shook with rage.

Group of miners who, with jest and jeers, had met her supplications for charity.

"Get out of this!" one shouted.

"We have had enough of you."

"Shut your greedy mouths," cried another.

"Wears diamonds in the city," sneered a third.

"Get out! No beggars allowed!" they all shouted.

"Muerto a los gringos!" repeated the woman, with a shrill wail.

Manager France, of the Bull Domingo, heard the disturbance between the miners and the miserable old woman as she came up the gulch.

"Here, my good woman," said he, "here are two silver dollars. You had better not stay around here, but go home, and take care of your children."

"The men are not used to giving alms, and they will only treat you unkindly."

"He'd a better be savin' them two dollars to help out the pay-roll of the Bull Domingo," remarked a saloon-keeper, who had been keeping a slate for nearly three months for the accommodation of workmen on that property.

"It's a woman as always breaks a man's heart," used to cry the man, and then the crowd fell to discussing the material affairs of a camp, and for a time forgot the Mexican woman who occasionally came up from Durango on a begging expedition.

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