

silently in the moonlight. Without candle, or taper, might have been plainly seen the short, strongly-built woman, whose black face and gay turban formed a striking contrast to the fair children in their loose, white night-dresses.

Who was that dark intruder, and what was her secret errand in that quiet room?

It was Daph, black Daph; and when you have heard more about her, you can better judge whether she came as a friend or an enemy to the sleeping children of her master.

The large mirror, bright in the moonlight, seemed to have an irresistible attraction for the negro, and the sight of her black face fully reflected there made her show her white teeth in a grin of decided approval. The pleased expression, however, disappeared almost instantly, as she said impatiently, "Foolish cretur, spendin'