

It was the middle of the night when Marienella wakened me, and whispered, "What you t'ink it ees dat de men are doing? Hear you not? De sound of choppin', 'p dere on de hill? Why dey be workin' at night? I not know why I cannot shut my eyes. I t'inking 'bout de t'ings in de leetle trunk. Not dat anyt'ing happen to dem — no! But I like once more to see dem — if perhaps we did not put dem away neat like we should. If only the Señorita give me de key I will look, and be satisfy."

I took the key from the ribbon around my neck and gave it to her, and watched her drowsily as she knelt by the trunk, and counted over all the articles it contained. As she closed the lid I 'thought she repeated a prayer — but it was no prayer, it was a "charm-spell," "to say for de luck."

"My grandmother, she tell me dat charm-word. I almost never say it, for it wear out if you use heem every day! Only I t'ink dis de best time of all to say it! Whether it be good, I know not, only I say, how can it do harm? And I will say de beads over again two times. Dat ees always good!"

She told her beads over again, as she had said, — and in the very next moment was asleep. But I lay there awake, wondering why the men should be working at night. Then I heard Danny's voice,