

CHAPTER XXXIX

LIKE A RIPE PLUM

WE have been told that we will not reach Santa Fé till Monday. The Sabbath will be spent on the hills outside of the city, and it is there that we will be married, Ernst and I, and Marienella and Rob. It is beautiful that it happens just so. It is all just as we would wish it to be.

The caravan is camped for the night here near the ancient village of Pecos close under the eastern tower of the ruined old temple. The Captain's two wagons were placed against the wall, with a double row of the Deacon's wagons outside to hide them from the view of the men of the camp. Secretly, working like moles in the dark, Auguste and Franchy and big Rob are now working, transferring guns and pistols and powder and ball to a vault or cistern that lies beneath the fallen stones of the tower.

The Spanish Lieutenant, with whom Señor de Velasco and Captain Harrod and Ernst were in conference at San Miguel, is superintending this