

I just told the young man that, on the contrary, it was the very nicest kind of a wedding.

"Ernst and I have only known each other as nomads and gipsies; why shouldn't we have a gipsy wedding if it suits us?"

All he could say in reply was that our foolish romantic notions were making a lot of trouble "for a lot of people."

"And it's a disappointment to the Velascos. Yes, they're taking as much interest in the affair as if you belonged to them. They were going to make it a matter of state, and all the relatives from miles down the road have been summoned as witnesses of the ceremony! Of course they will be too late for the wedding, — but there will be the 'infair' afterwards, and all the post-nuptial festivities.

"Ernst and the Deacon said the wedding would be 'a simple ceremony.' You'll find out how 'simple' it's likely to be! When you are in Santa Fé, you must do as the Santa Féyans do. You'll have to have the services of a dozen dignitaries — the *Padre*, the *Curé*, the *Alcalde*, the notary and his clerk, the consul and his secretary, — and goodness knows how many others! And all of these'll have to be received in style, and suitably entertained! And that's not all! The Señor and Señora de