

400 PILGRIMS OF THE PLAINS

leads out from the city. A cloud of white dust
A gay cavalcade in the midst of it! A dozen coaches
— the foremost one like a royal equipage, all scarlet
and gold, blazing bright in the sun's rays. They
drew out to one side to let two eager horsemen by.
We did not need to try to guess who those riders
were, — we knew! Their eyes caught the flutter
of Anna's blue veil against the dark background of
the cliff. They tossed their caps in joyous saluta-
tion, and put their horses to the utmost speed. It
was my brother, — and Ernst — *my Ernst*.