

Santa Fé. Naught would do but that you must wear even the same gown that had been hers when she was a bride — and her mother wore it also, I think she said. Well, you will find it all in the letter, — in the trunk. Yes, it is right for you to accept the gift; she was so happy in bestowing it upon you!”

I hardly waited for the dear Deacon to tell me this much, and I forgot to thank him for the kindness he had shown, and for the trouble he had taken for me. I ran to the carriage, and tried to fit the key in the lock; it would not turn for me, but when Anna touched it, the hasp flew open at once.

When the lid of the trunk was raised, all we saw was a roll of old blue linen, with a note pinned to it, a note addressed to me. I read it while Anna was untying the strings of the neat little bundle.

In flowery Spanish phrases, overfull of compliment, the Señora begged me to accept the gift which “the Señor Gentry” was to bring.

“This was my wedding gown, — and my mother’s also. When my mother wore it, — it was in the Royal Chapel at Madrid that she was married, — the young Prince Ferdinand complimented her on the beauty of her attire! And afterward, in the evening, he danced with her, and it was this gown that she