

past. We like to see the shadow of them in memory's mirror, but we would not like to really live them again. The present has sweeter joys, — the future holds for us richer promises.

While we talked we saw two horsemen coming from the northwest, and it proved to be Danny and Stoneman, returning to us from Santa Fé.

Good-natured Danny did not seem good-natured at all! He came and helped me down from the wagon as soon as the caravan stopped, — and he was cross! He snappily told the boys that they needn't try to tell him anything — he already "knew a-plenty!"

"I met Ernst Breunner and the Deacon, down in the city, and they told me everything — all about this impromptu wedding, and all!"

He turned to me, and tried to make me believe that the black frown on his brow was real. I knew it was put on, and that he was smiling inwardly to himself all the time.

"You might have told me that you and Breunner were engaged, that's what you might! Of course it isn't any great surprise. I knew how 'twas going to turn out; 'twas plain enough. There's one thing, however, I wouldn't have guessed in a thousand years, and that is that you'd go and have a gipsy-wedding like this. It's absurd!"