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there that the two weddings should take place at the same time. And Marienella will be bridesmaid to me, and I will be bridesmaid to her.

Anna and Marienella and Deya are deep in the discussion of "something to wear." Anna says the dresses must be white. Marienella suggests, "Pink is pretty." But we have finally all agreed that white will be nicest for our wedding gowns.

Deacon Gentry and I have been in consultation, and he is to be my envoy into Santa Fé, to buy what we need from the Santa Fé shops — a white dress and veil, and gloves and slippers, for me, and for the little girl who is to be Rob MacLeod's wife—it will be my wedding gift to her.

The Deacon is sure he can do the errand satisfactorily.

"I remember, as if it were yesterday, the gown that Susan wore the day we were married; and I think I can find something near enough like to that; and if I am puzzled I can go to the wife of the Señor de Velasco, and ask her to help me decide."

The Deacon is so much milder and kinder than he used to be — with me and with every one. I have noticed it ever since Anna's baby came to live with us.

The Indian women of the North have a pretty