

CHAPTER XL

THE SECOND-SIGHT

ROB and Ernst and Deacon Gentry left the caravan at four o'clock this morning. They expect to spend the day in Santa Fé, and will meet us in camp this evening — the camp at "Rock Corral," eight miles out from the city.

After breakfast Marienella went over to the big wagon, Hiram's wagon, for her usual morning romp with baby Louis; and John and I followed. We were a very quiet little party. Anna was counting stitches in a fancy sock she was knitting for the baby. He was cuddled up like a little dormouse, in Marienella's arms, pretending to be asleep, and she did not dare to stir. I do not remember that any one said anything, except as John and I talked in lowered tones, in broken phrases, with long pauses in between, of the time when we were little tads back in York-State, and of the way we used to play. We used to have such good times together, and now those happy, careless days are