

BLESSING OF THE CARAVAN 375

"Marienella an' me, we are no goin' to wait till we get to Santa Fé to be marrit, ye ken. Na, na! The weddin' is to be in the camp before we come to the city. I'm no sae sma' that I needs to be a coward, in ordinar' cases, but it's a fearfu' thing to think o' me, wi' the lassie on my arm, a-walkin' up the aisle of they strange kirk, an' to hae a strange meenister or priest, or whatever, wi' his gew-gaw vestments on him, a-spierin' his questions at us, an' the strange folk a-lookin' on. It maks my knees to be a-clackin' togither wi' fear. I'm no denyin' of it. Na, na! We'll be marrit oot o' doors, unner God's blue sky! That is maist like hame to us, an' the men that we hae traveled wi' sae lang, they're maist like hame-folks. They will wish us, 'Joy be wi' ye!' an' mean it true, an' that is a gude beginnin.' We'll hae it done, wi' as little fuleishness of ceremony as may be, an' walk into the city, before the eyes of they stranger folk as man an' wife. That's what I tell't Marienella, an' that's the way as suits us both."

I repeated Rob's words, "Out of doors, under God's blue sky!" It is nearest like home, and those who have traveled with us so long are nearest like home folks. And Ernst said, "To be married without unnecessary formalities, to enter Santa Fé as husband and wife!" And so it was settled then and