

he, with de señorita's brother, ees called again to Santa Fé, — yes, right at once dey go. A messenger come sayin' dere are yet more papers to be signed — dat foolish notaree will have it so. Rob, he tell me. Yes, dat ees de message dat come from de Señor de Velasco. De Señor Breunner, an' de brother, dey not return till time for de wedding. Yes, late dis afternoon! An' de guests, an' de *Padre*, an' all, — dey will all come together. The Señor Breunner, he ask me if you awake, an' tell me not deesturb you — only, if you wake, he say he be waitin' at de turn of de road, down dat a way."

She was helping me on with my slippers and my fresh morning gown. I tied the ribbons as I jumped down from the carriage, and never waited for my hat! My feet were shod with wings! I did not go around by the road. I took the shortest way, down over the rocks, almost straight from the skies — right into Ernst's arms!

We stood there at the edge of the high cliff, high above the valley. The sky was dappled over with flecks of cloud, gray and mauve and violet and rosy pink. There was no sun, as yet. Near at hand, between us and the east, towered two great hills, clothed thick with verdure. The cleft between them was a-dazzle with a glittering, golden veil of thin mist — and then the veil was swept aside to