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WOLF MOON

A ROMANCE OF THE GREAT
SOUTHWEST

BY JOSEPH J. QUINN

CHAPTER IX.—CONTINUED

"Yes, do, but you won't see much. John says that there's nothing to this country but the sun, the stars, the sand and Roundtop. I guess he's about right. I really never cared much for the country even though I've lived here a long time."

Mrs. Trichell appeared perceptibly nervous. Suddenly she faced about and looked squarely into Jack's eyes as she asked:

"Do you like this country, Mr. Corcoran?"

"I like it better each day," looking with a mischievous twinkle at Louise who dropped her eyes.

"But I don't care for the Eastern part of the State. The oil fields are not to my liking. The thousand spires of oil rigs sprouting from the ground remind me of a cemetery."

"Do you like this country as well as the East?" she followed.

"At times, yes." "Oh, but Philadelphia must be wonderful. One can go to theatres, concerts, symphonies—"

Jack looked at her in surprise. "Symphonies? Do you like symphonies? There are none out here are there?"

"Oh, bless your heart, no. By the way Mr. Corcoran, how long have you been in Philadelphia?"

"How long? Just as long as I can remember. I've played in the sands of Cape May ever since I could drag a bucket. Cape May is only a short run from Philadelphia."

Mrs. Trichell relaxed. She started for the window, and gazed out at Roundtop, at the lilac shadows rising around its head. She was looking intently at something. Without removing her gaze from the mountain she spoke:

"Louise get me the glasses, please."

A moment later with the binoculars to her eyes she exclaimed slowly, "Just as I thought. Someone with a big sombrero is climbing the trail up Roundtop. Well, one thing we can be thankful for, it can't be the Dorados. It's almost too dark to distinguish who it is."

Mrs. Trichell turned back toward the couple.

"Well, Louise, let's leave Jack to himself now. He'll never rest as long as we stay here and chat with him." Jack protested but to no avail. Louise smiled sweetly at him, a lingering smile through the half opened door, one that remained long after she had departed.

A current of impression rushed upon him when he left to himself. "Now isn't she a little wonder?" Jack spoke to his own listening ears.

"The very sight of her makes a fellow sit up and warble her charms. She's the most natural girl I ever met. It's a downright shame for Tulane to start the report that he found her in a freight car. But what makes me mad is for that cur to tell the boys that she belongs to him. And the way she dislikes him! That girl's got a good family and when I get a chance I am going to ask her everything. I guess Janet has forgotten all about me. Haven't had a letter from her in ages. She probably thinks that I am out West for good. And the way she promised to write to me that last night at Cape May." Jack wandered through the past in thought until the cool night air fanning his brow induced sleep.

Each morning, noon and evening brought visits from Louise and the Trichells. Jack entertained them with stories of the East, Louise being especially fascinated with his accounts of college life, of the football field and of towering skyscrapers. He seemed to grow in fascination each day and she yearned more and more to see the places and the people of whom he spoke. The mad torrents of humanity in narrow streets, the steamers warping out of the piers, the soldiers and sailors in uniform, all became envisioned before her. Jack lighted his pictures of the East with an exuberance that transfixed her. She started to ply him with questions about the people, his parents, about his—

The question that he was expecting came. Twilight had stolen with its shadows into the room and Louise had drawn her chair closer to his bedside. The cottonwoods rustled as before an approaching storm but it was only the nightly visit of the South wind singing the feathered world to sleep. And with the first stir of the trees out came the stars one by one, like angels waking from the moonlight glare to the softness of the night. Jack smiled at her question. It rose to her lips at each meeting but died away, as a child timid in asking some wanted favor.

"Friends?" repeated Jack. "Oh, lots of them. There are so many people in the East that naturally one has lots of friends. They are down there at Cape May now watching the big liners pass with their lonesome lights. Oh, I just wish you could see Cape May some time. It is so quiet and calm there and the beach is finer and more buoyant than any other place on the old Atlantic."

Louise was not to be turned.

"But I mean a close friend, haven't you a dear friend in the East?"

"There was no evasion. 'Well, you might call her a friend.' 'And don't you?' 'Sometimes yes, sometimes no.' 'Why not all the time.' 'For this reason,' and he answered her with a query. 'Do true friends ever forget?'"

"Well, if you hadn't heard from a friend for more than a month would you call that friend true?"

"No, but there might be a reason. Tell me all about her. What's her name?"

"Janet Hathway. Oh, we've been friends for a long time. Went to school and sat close together when we were kids. But Janet had started to change before I left. She seemed to be absorbing a different spirit, unsatisfied, craving excitement. Nevertheless Janet is a wonderful girl. Perhaps she thinks I'll never go back East. That may be the reason for her not writing."

"But you will return East, won't you?"

"Maybe not. Sometimes one becomes anchored to a spot by sentiment, sometimes by circumstances and then again by—"

Jack hesitated.

"What?" Louise pressed.

"Love."

"Love for the place?"

"Yes and sometimes the people."

"But you do like Christians and the Trichells," Louise insisted.

"Yes, they are simply wonderful. But there is someone else who has been just a dream to me. Maybe I wouldn't be here but for that person."

"Buster Christian made you come."

"Yes, but you made me stay." Jack clasped her hands between his and pressed them hard. In the embrace Louise experienced new intimations of life and contentment. She had sealed from the rocky pit of desolation and hopelessness to the summit of a new-born existence. Here she could thrill under the tempest of sentiment and affection, here outgrow her callous insulation toward the sweetest things of life. She could lift her head to the beauties of the night and trample the memories of years, those bitter days when she lay blanched with fear, dreading from day to day that she would die without one single hour of happiness. But now it was over. She was radiant with joy. Her veins tingled, her whole body trembled under the excitement of it all.

Then she realized Jack was pressing her hand tightly and she turned her face toward his. They smiled and together looked out upon the range. Roundtop seemed cloaked with a wadding of purple shadows, a night covering that would remain around its rocky body until the sun's rays came and burnt it off. Far off somewhere a coyote yipped lonesomely, a mourning wail for companionship and a defiance to the risen moon. The weather vane creaked and was silent, then whirled. The wind was rising, trailing its length through the room with odors of sand and alkali dust, strong yet sweetly pungent.

"Now let me ask you a question," Jack's voice broke through the silence. It was his turn to become inquisitive.

"Louise, what is your family name?" The question was full of solicitude.

Louise fought between two fires. She had promised Mrs. Trichell that she would not mention a word of the gypsy camp to a soul. In turn Mrs. Trichell vowed she would not breathe the fact to anyone. To those who asked she would answer that she was visiting from the far West. Tulane would talk, of course, and aver he found her in a freight car, but no one believed Tulane anyhow, no one took stock in his asinine vapors.

Louise shook her head in the darkness. At last the question had come. For weeks she had been expecting it, yet hoping that in the crisis an answer would arise from somewhere. A small tear beaded near the corner of her eye and her throat suddenly dried and felt hot.

"Jack," she choked out "I would rather that you had not asked me that question. Some day you'll go back East and forget Oklahoma and it's people and to you I'm only one of it's people."

"Yes, perhaps I'll go back but if I do you'll go with me. But I would like to know your name. I want to write and tell Father all about you. Isn't that fair?"

Louise turned to the gloom of the room expecting an answer from the darkness. "Isn't Louise enough? That's what you call me now. If my name were Jones you wouldn't call me Miss Jones, would you?"

"No, but supposing I went away and wanted to write to you I couldn't put just Louise on the envelope."

"Jack, why do you always talk of going away?" Louise saw a loophole to escape.

"I said suppose I should go away."

"But you won't, will you?"

"Not if you tell me your name." Again the pendulum swung back.

A surging tide of confidence in Jack arose within her. She wanted to unburden her soul, tell him all the gypsy camp, the wild night ride on the freight car, her discovery by Tulane and above all that she had never known her family. She felt that it would come to this sooner or later. Yet if all the world lay at her feet she could not pronounce her name.

Then like a vulture circled a thought and dropped into her mind. It swooped down from the eyrie of glooming sorrow suspended overhead. Perhaps she had no name.

Louise's head fell at the thought and sank deeply in her palms. Her arms weakened, the black pitch of the plains came into the room and she seemed to grope, touching nothing with her moving, grasping fingers. Another tear, hotter than the first, ran down her cheek. It seemed to seek her bosom, heaving and pulsating as if frightened by titanic ogres and Hydra-headed monsters. Her frame shook until Jack clasped her closer. Spasmodically she buried her face in the covers by his side. Her shaking body, racked by mental torture, perceived that they were warm. She could have kissed him in a moment, laid her wet face on his and unlocked the secrets of her heart, trusted to his love and kindness that he would understand.

Sobbing, shaking, she murmured something that was lost.

Jack wanted to shelter this forlorn little creature as a hunter who picks up a wounded bird in a storm. Doubtless, Jack thought, she was undergoing a mental tempest that had tossed her from her feet, driven her from her saner self. What was it all about? Why did she act so? A whiff of wild linen with range fragrance cooled his brow and Jack knew he was perspiring under a strain. A strange cry of a bird in the cottonwoods outside came startlingly clear between her sobs. Jack felt that he should help, lend her all his assistance. But what to do? Maudlin-like he found himself running his fingers through her silken hair. It was so full of life, so soft that it could have been an angel's. Jack felt that her spirit was just as soft and pliant and easily broken. Perhaps he had done something to offend her.

Without forethought or direction he instinctively turned his face close to hers and whispered:

"Sweetheart, to me you'll always be just Louise."

TO BE CONTINUED

THE FOUR-LEAVED SHAMROCK

"And a cold St. Patrick's Day as I ever have seen," shivered old Mrs. Kiernan, as she took a discreet peep at the exterior side of it from the momentarily-opened door of her little cottage, at the top of Glenmuir Road.

She was about to withdraw into the pleasant warmth of her small kitchen, when her attention was very vividly arrested by the actions of a little girl in the field bordering the opposite side of the road. On the grass of that field the snow lay in thin, Arctic drifts that might have well discouraged the boldest shamrock-gatherer. But discouragement was evidently an unknown word in the shining lexicon of little Eily Kiernan.

In fact not only had she already pushed back the snow-wreaths so effectively that she now held in her little red hands a whole treasure-trove of the blessed little leaflets, but she seemed to be celebrating her triumph over the lingering winter in a sort of frenzied waddling wholly unexplainable to her bewildered grandmother.

"Eily, child, in the name of wonder, what's the matter," she queried, with as much of complaint as she ever allowed her voice to reveal in her dealings with her little granddaughter. "Isn't it bad enough for you to steal out of your warm little bed, and go off by yourself gathering shamrocks at this time of morning, and the snow on the ground, without doing a jig over it?"

For all answer, the girl chanted, scarcely checking her war-dance: "I have found it! I have found it! I have found it!"

Then breaking off chant and dance in the same breath, she ran impetuously into her grandmother's arms.

"See what I have got, grannie," she panted. "A real four-leaved shamrock! And I wasn't even thinking of it. And there it was, raising up its wee head to me, just as if it was waiting for me to come out."

"Well, well, child, it does seem strange. Though, of course, it's all old superstition." She whispered the last words to herself, not intending to dash the little girl's delight.

"But come in now," she added, herself leaving the way. "Lay your shamrocks aside, sit down by the fire and warm your hands, and I'll make some nice wee currant pancakes for you and me—because it's St. Patrick's Day."

Now here was another delight for that enthusiastic grandchild to clap hands over—for of all things in the world dear to her eight-year old heart, currant pancakes—after her grandmother—were the dearest.

For a moment or two she sat docilely on her little wooden bench in the hearth-corner, following her grandmother's movements with deep content; then with a sudden Oh! expressive of the most intense consternation, jumped to her feet.

"Eily, child, what is it now?"

"Oh, grannie, I forgot my prayers!"—she was whirling through the door leading into the adjoining bedroom as she spoke. There at the feet of a snow-white image of Mary burned the little red light emblematic of the holy, unchanging Faith

that had irradiated that humble homestead from the day old Mrs. Kiernan, then a happy young bride, had entered it. With the lovely, instinctive reverence that was her heritage and birthright, little Eily offered her childish orisons. Then, as she arose from her knees, a sudden impulse of generosity stirred her with a glad new prompting. Hastening back into the kitchen, she returned with her treasure-trove of shamrocks, and laid them at the foot of the little shrine. But the shamrock she laid in lone distinction, at Our Lady's very feet. Then, for a moment she stood there, with clasped hands, smiling up into the divinely benign face, tasting with sweet unconsciousness the full delights of renunciation.

"Come, child, the pancakes are ready. Sure it's the first time since you were the height of a chair that I have had to call you to breakfast!"

Eily lost no time in responding to that welcome signal, and soon, a picture of perfect content, was doing meticulous and absolute justice to the three tiny currant-studded pancakes that her grannie had piled on her little flowered plate. But while her eyes followed the design of bright roses and ferns that decorated the rim of this wonderful dish (that had been bought in Dublin, if you please!), her mind was yet busy with her achievement of the four-leaved shamrock, and her imagination was tiring itself in its efforts to picture the certain change of fortunes it must bring to her grandmother and herself.

"Grannie," she blurted out suddenly, swallowing the last morsel of pancake and the last sip of very weak tea simultaneously. "I wonder what great, grand good luck is coming to us this day?"

What could old Mrs. Kiernan say? Old Mrs. Kiernan, who knew that for them there was but one luck; herself, an old woman, to live here if kind Providence would permit such good fortune—to the end of her days, while Eily grew to struggling and straitened young womanhood. And it might all have been so different—if her son John had only lived, to take care of the good farm that she and his father had struggled so hard to attain. For a moment the old woman, brave as she was, shut her eyes before the vision of the pitiless years that had robbed her, first, of the tall son who had fallen a victim to rheumatic fever, then of the kind young daughter-in-law who had followed him in little over a year's time, uncomplainingly submitting to the fate that called her away from her small, beloved daughter Eily.

"Here, ma'am, the newspaper from America!"

The newspaper, deftly propelled through the momentarily-opened door by the hand of the passing neighbor who had brought it from the pleasant Post Office, fell prominently into old Mrs. Kiernan's lap, instantly her thoughts swung out of the weary "no thoroughfare" where they had been straying, while she tore off the travel-stained wrapper.

But conscience interposed here between her and her entirely natural desire to get acquainted with the latest news from the great land overseas. With stern self-denial, she refolded the paper and set it on the end of the mantelpiece. She called Eily to her, and taking down the curtained place where it hung the little gingham frock she was fashioning for her, "throw it," as she would have said herself, "over the child's head," so as to get the effect of its first and final fitting. Eily submitted to the ceremony with good grace, thinking of the fine figure she would cut the next morning in the Second Class. To wear a gingham dress like that and to be able to boast that one had found a four-leaved shamrock, were prospective distinctions not to be sneezed at!

But in the afternoon, when the new frock was finished, and the few dresses of the midday meal were away, there was no good reason in the world why the reading of the American newspaper should be any longer deferred. So, polishing her "specs," to a nice, old Mrs. Kiernan, seated at the window, so as to get the full effect of the still wintry sunshine, began to scan eagerly the columns of the American newspaper. In fact, to speak correctly, it was an American-Irish paper, and was therefore of double interest to the devoted old Irishwoman who was reading it.

"Isn't it wonderful," she addressed Eily as she often did, in a quiet grown-up fashion, for want of a mere mature audience, "the way our people in other countries keep up their love for Ireland? Why, here's a nice poem as any one 'ud want to read, about St. Patrick and that brings up clear as a picture, the grandeur of Ireland in the old days. The old days, when our country was the Light of the World, and an Irish King reigned at Tara."

"Why, grannie," ejaculated the child, in quiet sympathy, "you're crying! Anything hurt you?"

"Oh, no, no, child," assured the grandmother, removing, wiping and readjusting her spectacles. "If I cry, it's with pride for the King and the country that received the Faith of Christ without shedding so much as a drop of martyr's blood, and handed down that Faith to us to be our own comfort and blessing in all our sorrows."

"But listen, now," she added,



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