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## WOLF MOON

A ROMANCE OF THE GREAT  
SOUTHWEST

BY JOSEPH J. QUINN

## CHAPTER XVI.—CONTINUED

"No, I don't, but Nava swears that I am. Jack, I have wanted to tell you a secret for a long time. I cannot withhold it any longer. I just couldn't get up courage in the past to tell you. In the first place I didn't know just how you would accept it. Again, I really never knew if you cared. It's this: I lived with that gypsy band for years, ever since I can remember. I worked for them, slaved for them, wandered everywhere from California to Tennessee. Sometimes we followed the edge of the desert for months, later we came to the hills and mountains. They called me Bluebonnet after the Texas flower because they said I was born in Texas. Nava claims that Rasbol was my father and Lodhka was my mother. Lodhka died when I was very small. I remember they buried her out between two big mountains and they never went back."

"Who is this Nava?"  
"She is the gypsy queen—the same one you met in camp. She beat me until I grew moody, anemic, despaired of all hope. What was to live for? Filth, abominable filth, everywhere. But the most dreadful thing of all was that I was marked to marry Pemella."

"To marry that brute?" Jack demanded, explosively.  
"Yes; to marry him; that was his command. But on the evening of his return from Arizona when we lay further out in the Panhandle, I ran away. It was the night that I was to marry him. A moment after he arrived he walked into Nava's tent and heard him quarrelling with her. I slipped away and ran, ran, ran. It was dark and raining, but I was just about where the railway tracks were. I thought if I reached the station there might be a chance of someone helping me. I was really, desperate. There was a freight train standing in the distance and I ran toward it. The appearance of a brakeman forced me to pull myself into one of the cars. Just as I did it started and I later fell asleep. When I awoke it was daylight and the train had stopped. I looked out of the car and there was a rider who later proved to be Tulane. I was frightened at first glance for I thought he was Pemella. He brought me here to the Trichells. So that's how I came to be here."

"Well, now this is thrilling. But didn't you ever see the gypsies who were your family history?"  
"Yes, a hundred times, but Nava would get down like a witch and hiss, 'You're a gypsy. Your father was Rasbol, your mother Lodhka.' Then she would strike me or spit in my face but it never stopped me from asking the question because I felt I was not a gypsy for the simple reason that I was different from the other children."

"But they stole you when you were young from some American family," Jack spoke his surmise.  
"They stole other children," Louise answered directly. "At least they stole Nadina at Denver."

"But don't you think they stole you? Haven't you a reason to believe that you were kidnapped?"  
"Sometimes yes, sometimes no. I have a haunting memory of a cotton field and of a mother. She always appeared to me in my day dreams with the same smile, always so sweet and tender. I never dared mention this to Nava although at times I was sorely tempted. These dreams always appeared to me when I was tired and lonely and they comforted me. I would slip into the groves or thickets until Nava called my name again and again. Yet in the end they tortured my soul. I had no one to turn to, nor confide in. Why, for weeks and weeks when crossing Arizona or New Mexico, we rarely saw a soul. Just a cowboy or Indian in the distance and they looked upon us—those Mexicans and Indians—as beggars. They often set fire to the fields in which we were camped just to get rid of us. They suspected us of stealing horses, children, anything we set our hands on. Then we would move on for weeks through the Southwest, nothing in sight but mesquites with big rattlesnakes coiled around the roots. I was always glad to see the mountains for from a distance I fed my soul on their snows. It was cool near the mountains while down in the desert it was hot, hot always. You know how the land bakes and cracks in Oklahoma; well it's worse further west. There was absolutely nothing to brighten my life except the magazines that Pemella brought me. You see he taught me to read and write in English so that we could talk without being understood by Nava. But no matter where we wandered my big obsession thought was that I was different from the gypsies—that I was an American."

"So you never found out who your parents were?" There was a disconsolate tone to his voice.

"No, Jack, I haven't the slightest idea. I had no source of information. At the gypsy camp it was only Rasbol and Lodhka. I heard those two names ever since I can remember. Rasbol couldn't possibly have been my father. He was darker than the darkest Mexican. And Lodhka could not—"

"Of course she could not have been your mother. Louise, your parents are American and some day you will know all. By the way do you ever pray to find them?"  
Louise shook her head. She had seen churches on her travels, adobe chapels on the plains or along the mountain roads, little ones surmounted by crosses whose meaning she had never surmised. She never remembered having prayed until she met the Trichells. The gypsies of course had their Supreme Being but prayer seldom crept into their lives. But the Trichells taught her to pray and gave her a little catechism to study. They went to church themselves seldom for the simple reason that their mission was attended every few months only by the resident pastor from Guymon.

"Well, you just wait until Dad comes. He's a stickler for prayer. He declares that nothing in the world can beat it and I guess the governor's right there. You've got to promise me this evening that you'll say some prayers that you may receive information about your family. Will you promise me, Louise?"

"Jack, I will promise you anything for I realize you know best. If I could only tell you my name I would be the happiest person in the world. But you must help me find my parents, too. Promise me?"  
Her plea came from the great desire that burned within her, the desire to know from whom she sprang, their name and her name.

"Willingly. Now when Dad comes I'll just say, 'Dad this is Louise,' and he'll place his arm around you like this." Jack caught Louise to him and pressed her close. Louise experienced a feeling of protection, a sense of being possessed, which surrendered only to her will rising to find a way to display her love.

"Two more days and they'll be here. Great guns, if you had kept the letter in the mail pouch much longer they would have come walking up under the trees and surprised us."

From the porch Jack and Louise watched the sun shadows move majestically up the sides of Roundtop. A mass of gossamer clouds hung suspended above the crest and moved in circles and eddies through pools of purple and salmon. Down began their calling from the cottonwoods. The brown stretch of mesa in the east became hazy under the gold-shot distance and then sank into twilight. The horizon filled with color and came closer as night started to settle. Jack and Louise whispered to each other as the trees stirred under the first breath of evening wind. It was trying hour filled with the lonesome voices of nature, sad and funeral. Interpreted by the two loving hearts the sounds were sweetly mellow like chimes from far-off belfries.

## CHAPTER XVII.

## THE TWILIGHT SERENADE

It was an unusual sight to see the Golden State Limited come to a full stop at Terleton. It threw on its brakes far up near the river bridge and coasted toward the little red station slumbering in the sunshine. The iron shoes screeched, the air whistle screamed and with a loud mechanical sigh the coaches came to a stop. Far down the train a porter appeared in white duck coat. Then followed Mr. Corcoran, the Gallaghers and Janet.

Jack broke into a run and reached his father.  
"Hello, Jack, my boy. My but you have broadened out and you're looking splendid. See whom I have with me. Mr. and Mrs. Gallagher and Janet."

Jack greeted them all warmly but as his eye fell upon Janet he shadow of disappointment crossed his brow. Her face was drawn and she seemed to grow older as he looked. Perhaps it was the long trip that made her appear fatigued. Welcoming them to the west with a sweep of his bronzed arm Jack said:

"It surely is wonderful to see you all out here. You'll like this country; it's great."  
"Jack you look worlds bigger and you're as brown as coffee. No wonder! Feel how hot this sun is. Jack do you really like this awful country? There's nothing here but sand and rocks, why there's not a tree in sight," Janet complained with a frown.

"This is the best country in the world," Jack countered cheerfully. "But you have to live here to appreciate it. Let's go up to the station. The Trichells and Louise came with me to meet you."

Down the cinder walk of the station the trio was approaching. John Trichell had insisted that he be there to meet Jack's father. He urged it so strongly that he was carried to the station in his wheel chair.

"Dad, the Trichells are just wild to meet you. They really have been dandy to me ever since I came, treated me like a prince."  
John Corcoran was peering closely at the couple. The Gallaghers said something to each other about frontier life and pioneer country.

Janet waved goodbye to a new friend as the last Pullman car went slowly by.

TO BE CONTINUED

## THE FIFTH SHADOW

By Francis Thornton in The Missionary

The evening had grown very still. Long gray fingers of mist began to steal up from the valley, choking out the last rusty glow of the sunset. Far below the broad porch of the Jesuit College where we were sitting, the Potomac shone dully through the haze like an unheated sword dropped in the smoke of battle.

It was the day after the close of the laymen's annual retreat, and a number of our old students stayed over for a few days to see some of the beauties of Washington. Thus the end of a very busy day found us well content to sit quietly in the cool of the summer evening, talking and smoking. We were discussing the canonization of St. Margaret Mary, when Jim Cleary, young lawyer from Baltimore, said, "Do you know it seems strange to me that Christ and the saints appear so seldom in our own day. We have hardly an authentic case of such apparitions." "But," replied bluff Jack Donahue, "the former great football star, 'can we not account for it by the irreligion and lack of spiritual vision of today?' "What do you think, Lawrence?" he said turning to where I could barely be seen in the thickening dusk by a light of my cigar. "Why pick on me?" I made haste to answer.

"I am neither an authority on the mystical life nor a judge of the spirit of the age. I believe, foolishly perhaps, that all men are good at heart; and strange to say, I have not often been disappointed in this." "Pshaw!" said Jack with fine scorn, "you'll get over those quixotic notions when you have been in business as long as I have. Now, in my mind there is not a doubt that Christ and the saints do not manifest themselves to men because of the irreligion of the times." This last statement Donahue gave out with such dogmatic surety of intonation, that none of us was quite ready to take up the cudgels in defense of pet opinions. Just when it seemed as though Jack would retire with the laurels of victory on his brow, Father Thear, our old Spanish professor, spoke up out of the thick dusk of the corner where he was sitting. "No, Jack," he said to Donahue in his deep mellow voice, "you are quite wrong in making such a statement as you did. Christ and the saints do appear now as of old, but in ordinary ways which men overlook in their expectation of the miraculous and the wonderful. Would you like to hear a story of an experience I had not many years ago? But perhaps it would bore you." Here we all chimed in with the most emphatic denial and after some coaxing the little priest consented to tell us the story. We all settled back in our chairs and silence and dusk wrapped us around, while the crickets sang shrilly and the unknown seemed very near.

"Well," Father Thear said slowly, "I had spent many years in Mexico before the fall of Diaz, and I loved that country very dearly. The people among whom I worked, peons of the poorer classes, were simple men after God's own heart. Our house to was a little paradise. Good Lopez and Morales, the assistant priests, were saintly old Jesuits whose thoughts were already in heaven; and we generally had some capable lay brothers to look after the house and the bit of garden behind it."

"Just before the fall of Diaz, however, our lay brother, Aloysius, had a stroke of paralysis that made work in the future impossible for him, so we wrote to the Provincial to ask for a new chapter. In our Order at that time there was a great shortage of lay brothers, and we were not surprised therefore, when young Brother Raphael was sent to us."

"He was very young, scarcely seventeen, and sometimes I envied him, and again I pitied him with all my heart. He was so delightfully look upon, as straight as an arrow and slimly graceful in all his movements. His features were beautifully regular and he had eyes of deepest brown, and a shock of thick reddish black hair that defied all attempts at brushing."

"As I said before, I sometimes envied him, at others I pitied him. I envied his youth and fervor, but I pitied that same splendor of youth which seemed too lovely to endure in this world. He always came to me for confession, and his soul was as clean and beautiful as his body. "One evening early in summer, as we sat in our bit of garden after the evening meal and watched the stars come out slowly in the calm sky, Raphael spoke up and said, 'My father! I often envy the martyrs and wish that I too might die for the sake of the Lord Christ.' "In the distance guitars began to tinkle, and soft voices were heard in song. We felt some strange and fragrant influence stealing upon us out of the dusk where the little sanctuary light glowed dimly red through the night. "Be careful, my son," I replied to Raphael's eager statement, "yours is indeed a worthy desire, but beware lest you grow boastful like Peter. I fear, dear child, that we know little of pain and death; our lives are so sheltered here. And who knows what may happen in the near

future. There is a rumor about that Diaz has fled out of the country, and if the anti-clericals get the upper hand we too may have to run for our lives." "Run!" Raphael replied with horror. "I should never run! I wish to die for Christ!" He rose to his feet, and strode up and down the gravelled path. "Yes, let them come," he said, "I at least will stay and face them."

"The next day while we were at dinner in the refectory, the door burst open and Jose Herando, one of our parishioners, rushed in with a white face and staring frightened eyes. 'My Fathers!' he cried shrilly, 'hide yourselves quickly. Diaz has really fallen! The revolutionists are coming into the town, and Manuel, their hated leader, has sworn by our Lady that he will kill the priests and burn the church. Hurry my fathers!'"

"We all sprang to our feet in consternation and looked at one another. What was to be done? At once I thought of protecting the Blessed Sacrament from outrage, and starting off I beckoned the others to follow me. "Raphael was at my side in a moment, his young face white and tense. 'Father,' he whispered hoarsely, 'it has come! Surely you will not run away! We cannot be cowards now!' But I signed him to be silent, and ran as fast as I could through the garden to our little church."

"We were too late. The soldiers were before us, and entrance into the building was denied us by a body of rough men with levelled rifles. They were led by a sneering evil faced man who spat out a volley of oaths, and commanded the soldiers harshly to take us into custody."

"We three priests gave up without a struggle, but Raphael struck out boldly with his fists and was promptly clubbed with a rifle. Then the soldiers, carrying the moaning boy, led us through the streets of the town to the jail, a low vermin infested stone building seldom used. When we had arrived there, they pushed us rudely inside with coarse jests, and tumbling the unconscious Raphael in after us they slammed and locked the heavy iron door."

"As luck would have it there was a big jar of cold water in the room where we were, and after I had bathed the face and hands of Raphael he opened his eyes and looked about him. Seeing me he smiled feebly but proudly. 'I did not run,' he said softly. 'Indeed not, my son,' I replied. 'You are very brave, but be careful I beg of you! At any rate be more prudent in the future or the soldiers will surely kill you. This is only the beginning.'"

"I was more of a prophet than I had thought, for this was truly only the start of things. At about four o'clock in the afternoon the door of our prison was thrown open, and in marched Manuel with several other officers and soldiers. Chairs were placed for them at one side of the room, and they proceeded to hold a court martial over us. Many renegade Catholics from the town were called in as witnesses, and knowing their hatred of our Order I feared the consequences."

"The testimony was brief and to the point. The witnesses all testified, as had been previously arranged, that we, the hated Jesuits, had urged the townspeople to fire on the rebels. Without even allowing us a word in our defense, we were found guilty of the 'murder' of several soldiers who had been killed in the looting of the village."

"Fathers Lopez and Morales were called first for their sentence. They were calm and untroubled and faced Manuel without a tremor. He smiled evilly. 'Well, fools,' he said with an oath, 'you have long been a burden and a pest to the country, but you will be so no longer. Tomorrow at dawn you will be shot. At this I started forward and said, 'I am a citizen of the United States and you dare not touch me. All these others are under my protection. Be careful of what you do.'"

"Manuel laughed hoarsely at this, and spat in my face. 'Yes, old pig,' he replied, 'I know you are a gringo, and we shall not bother you this time. But as for these other men, they are Mexicans and I shall do with them as I please. The two old ones will be shot at dawn tomorrow.' (Father Lopez smiled, and Morales went on saying his rosary unmoved. As I said before they were real saints and death meant nothing but joy to them.)"

"Next Raphael was brought forward to receive his sentence. He was led up between two soldiers. Evidently Manuel was taking no chances. Raphael was pale but calm, and held himself proudly erect. 'Young fool,' said Manuel eyeing his graceful young figure with approbation, 'I do not hold you guilty with these old wolves. You were bred in their faith but it is not yet too late to change. You are young. I shall give you your chance, and if you will deny your religion before the people I shall set you free and make you an officer in my army. You will have money, and pleasure and women. What more do you want?'"

"At these words Raphael grew tense, and his eyes fairly blazed with anger. 'Thou coward cur!' he said scornfully to Manuel, 'slayer of women and children, robber of churches and cursed of God! I shall never deny my faith!



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