

Copyright 1924 by Joseph J. Quinn  
All Rights Reserved

### WOLF MOON

#### A ROMANCE OF THE GREAT SOUTHWEST

BY JOSEPH J. QUINN

#### CHAPTER XV.

NEW BORN TO GREATNESS

Tulane's horse frightened by the thunderclap fell before him through the brush. Circling the camp the drenched man dashed under the dripping trees and reached a sheltering rock. He felt that Pemella had hidden Louise somewhere near the camp and was waiting for nightfall to hit the horses and move on under cover of darkness. The riderless pony, the deserted gulch and no trace of Louise convinced him that she had been captured by Pemella and carried off to a rendezvous. But eventually he must come to camp by the rock guarding the trail. From his position Tulane could observe the trail running red with water and the tents rocking under the gusts of wind.

Not until the storm had passed and twilight fallen did he stir from the rock. He would go back to the ranch. It was possible that Louise already was there and Pemella in town moored by the storm. As he trailed back over the path it carried him upward before it veered off toward the clearing to the south and the ranch.

It occurred to Tulane as he was sealing the incline that Pemella might have carried Louise to the cave. The surmise forced him to a new decision. Instead of turning out on the plain he continued on up the mount. Guided to decisive action he climbed hastily through the gathering dusk. Not once checking his footsteps he arrived at the top breathless, puffing out suspended gasps, expecting to see Pemella and Louise struggling furiously, as if they could have fought on through the storm until night.

At the very summit Tulane crouched low in surprise. There before him lay a man face downward. His trained eye told him he had been lying there a long time for his clothing was soaked by the storm. He swept the rocky shelf with his eyes searching for the man's face. Only the displaced boulder sealing the cave transfixed his attention. Tulane walked slowly forward expecting an attack from ambush. Nervously he turned the man's body.

It was Jack Corcoran. Mystery piled upon mystery in Tulane's wondering brain. An intense show of consternation crept to his eyes. The incomprehensible situation of Jack lying there near the overhanging cliff, alone, seemingly lifeless, stirred his imagination into a phantasmagoria of puzzled pictures. Tulane bent to touch Jack's arm. Before his finger nerves could register the sensation he looked up, startled, to see Louise and Singing-in-the-Rain approaching from the side of the cave.

Tulane stepped back speechless. Louise fell forward and placed her hands on Jack's face. It was wet and warm, and the warmth sent a bound of hope through her body. Behind her the Indian stood immobile.

"Jack are you hurt? Tell me," she pleaded urgently. A large blue mark showed above his forehead. Louise wiped the dirt and grime from his face and raised his head but it fell back against her breast. She rubbed his hands animatedly, pushed back his dripping hair and spoke to him, her voice quivering as that of a mother bending over a sick child.

"Jack! Jack!" she whispered. "Won't you speak?" A long tremor shot through his body. She thought she saw his hand move—just a semblance of motion.

"Jack speak to me. Are you badly hurt?" He opened his eyes slowly for a moment that passed as a year. When he reopened them her face was over his and he caught the gleam of her eye.

"Jack this is Louise." "Louise!" he ejaculated, as if unable to understand. "Yes, Louise. Do you recognize me?" "Yes, yes, but he's gone."

"Who's gone?" "Pemella!" Tulane leaned closer as he heard the name. The scowl of contempt shot from his twitching face.

"Where is she?" inquired Louise. "Gone, the lightning struck, he's gone."

Tulane's black eyes glistened with a new fire. He gazed awkwardly and with an intention that showed some great thought had swung into his brain. Then he leaped toward the brink of the cave. Far below on a small ledge he saw the dark form, twisted, broken, caught among the crags. Tulane's eyes peered down through the gloom as an animal's seeking prey, his quarry in sight. Overcome by a feeling of exultation, a cry of triumph as if it had been stored up for years, sprang from his throat. In a bound he reached the head of the trail and plunging, sliding, hurried down the slope. Near the bottom he dashed under the wet trees, slipped along high boulders and climbed toward the ledge where hung the body of his brother, in the blackness of the small gorge he perceived a red sear across his face

turned blue in agonizing death. Even his eyes seemed to be shot with a ghastly color accentuated by the livid flesh. The sight of Pemella's body in the rocks filled him with fear, the outstretched arms appealed to him for aid. Instead he unleashed his impounded desire in unlimited possession. Tulane cringed for a moment. Flinching and cowering until the gathering shadows hastened him to his purpose, he reached up, pulled the ring with the large blue stone from Pemella's finger, glistened over the prize momentarily and turned quickly toward the camp. Gross, dominant, flushed with triumph in that supreme moment he felt a mastery over space, the stars, the sky. The camp under the trees was his vehicle to move to greatness, the world was his kingdom. What cared he now for a mere woman. Louise slipped up from the surounding darkness and shouted in stentorian voice: "Fetch the horses! Hook the teams! We go now—Arizona, California, Mexico, on to the fiesta."

Nava was near the evening fire. A long line of shadows rocked back and forth before her, on her, like phantoms in ribald action. Tulane slipped up from the surounding darkness and shouted in stentorian voice: "Fetch the horses! Hook the teams! We go now—Arizona, California, Mexico, on to the fiesta."

"The lone word flung telly in his face chilled and then heated his soul." "Get ready I say you daughter of Pojar. We go now, now!" On Pemella is dead, I lead the band. I go to Orizaba and speak for the tribe this winter."

"My course will—" His answer was to glide snake-like toward her and dangle the ring in front of her startled eyes. The light from the campfire glinted on it until it assumed huge proportions.

Nava gasped in dismay and painful surprise. Inwardly she blazed with indignation, but she must obey. With sluggish step she turned and shouted commands to the men.

Tulane slipped through pools of water to Pemella's tent. It was dark and the objects smelled damp. Queerly, he thought, the ring felt heavy upon his finger. He looked at the stone and rubbed it slowly. He vigorously rubbed it down in the night's silence closing in about her from the throbbing heart of her lover pulsating against her side. Strong and full and free the answer came in her transport from agony and shame and filth to flowers and stars and peace. What was the answer to be divined from this heart roll thudding against her bosom, this fullness of life, this music within her ears? It had come now and she knew. She was in love.

#### TO BE CONTINUED

#### DESIREE

Under the flowery canopy of a pink may tree in a secluded corner of the gardens of Ashwood Manor, Reine, the twelve-year-old daughter of the great house, and her playmate, Desiree Ford, were reading together with intense interest a well-worn life of Saint Teresa.

When they reached the end of their favorite chapter Reine lifted her head dreamily; her blue eyes, grave and tender, rested pensively on the vague outline of distant hills, and her slender white fingers caressed the coral rosary hanging loosely from her wrist.

Desiree watched her without speaking. She knew very well what was in her companion's mind, for she and Reine Ashwood had loved and understood each other from babyhood, dissimilar though they were in many ways, Reine being of patrician birth, exquisite to look upon in her frail, delicate beauty, talented, accomplished, and possessed of quite remarkable piety, while Desiree was just a sturdy, ordinary child, the daughter of the Manor head gardener.

They had been drawn together chiefly by reason of their being both Catholics, and of Anglo-French parentage, and by their mutual clinging to French, the language of their cradle-songs, as the language of love and prayer. Reine's mother, Lady Ashwood, who had early learnt to regret her impetuous marriage with a Protestant and dreaded the influence of the Protestant atmosphere on her child, had been only too glad to encourage the intimacy between Reine and the little girl born in the same year to Celeste Martin, the faithful maid who had come into exile with her when she had left France as a bride, and who had gone afterwards married Ford, the gardener.

So it was that Desiree became a constant visitor to the Manor, the companion of Reine's daily walks, and the occupant of a seat in the luxurious motor which took Reine and her mother to daily Mass and frequent Benediction in the little Church of Saint Cecilia in the sleepy old county town three miles away.

Under the shadow of the pink may, Reine, after a little while, spoke her thoughts aloud. "And when I am grown-up, Desiree," she said softly, "I, too will be a nun."

Desiree nodded eager assent, feasting her eyes adoringly on the speaker's lovely face, angelically fair and sweet in its frame of flowing golden hair. "She had heard Reine say that very often before, but the repetition never wearied her, so entirely

delightful and appropriate did she find it that God should call this saintliest, loveliest and altogether most wonderful creature in the world to belong to Him alone, and that Reine should look forward longingly to the time when she would be able to respond.

"Desiree thought she could have imagined no other future for Reine Ashwood. So choice a flower could never have been meant to bloom for the world's delight, or for a mortal's plucking.

Silently she interpreted the changing expressions on Reine's face, and sharing the joy and the fervor and the awed gratitude of her friend's innocent heart, she pictured to herself the holy, calm, exalted life of the cloister, and thought how her beloved little playmate would shine out in it, a star even amongst chosen souls.

"Oh, how happy you will be, Mademoiselle Reine!" she exclaimed warmly. You will become a great saint, oh, a very great saint indeed!"

Reine kissed her. "I pray that I may," she begged. "Begin now, Desiree. Where are your beads? We will recite a Rosary together."

Desiree produced with great care the pretty amber beads which had been her first Communion gift from her friend.

"Mettions-nous en la presence de Dieu, et adorons-le," said Reine softly, raising her hand to make the holy sign.

Their Rosary recited, they were about to take up their book anew, when a voice was heard calling authoritatively, "Desiree! Desiree!" and a woman in a neat gown of red and white linen appeared at the bottom of the tulip-bordered path which led up to the spot where they sat.

"It is Maman!" said Desiree, springing up from the rustic bench in surprise.

"Run and see what she wants," advised Reine. "I won't begin another chapter till you come back."

Desiree went fleetly to meet her mother, whom, to her astonishment, she found agitated and trembling, with great tears raining down her plump olive cheeks.

"Maman!" began the child, in a tone of distress, but Celeste silenced her immediately.

"Hush! Hush, Desiree! Come here," she said, and feigned to adjust the bow on her little daughter's hair. "Listen to me, petite, but make no sound that Mademoiselle Reine can hear. Something terrible has happened to Miladi. A runaway horse dashed into her motor as she was driving into town, and she was thrown out and killed on the spot. They are bringing her home now—up the drive. I saw them coming. I was at the garden gate when the news came. I had taken round some lilacs for Miladi's room. Oh, Desiree, they have left it to me to tell Mademoiselle Reine! But how can I do it? It will break the sweet angel's heart."

Desiree stood as if turned to stone. Numb with horror, she looked across the trim garden at Reine, sitting with her golden head down on her work, turning the leaves in search of some pet passage, all unconscious of the tragedy which had befallen her.

"Aunt Blanche is very handsome but she is not in the least like Mamma. She dresses more magnificently than any one I ever saw, and she and my cousin, Rosalie, who is only a year older than I am, look exactly like elegant fashion-plates. They laughed a little at me for being so dourly and contrived.

"But that does not mean, dear me, that they are unkind to me, for I am happy. Aunt Blanche has bought me some very pretty frocks and takes me about a great deal. Paris is not very far away from here, you know, and I have already seen my dress of a convent school, with dear, gentle nuns for teachers and disappointed at having to give up innumerable places of interest in that wonderful city.

"I am not to go to school, as I had hoped. Aunt Blanche said that, as Mamma had always considered me delicate to be sent away from home, she preferred me to share Rosalie's governess. She, Mlle. Delorme, is very lively and witty, and Rosalie seems much attached to her, but I fear she is neither as intellectual nor as devout as my dear old Miss Winter, to whom I owe so much."

"Rosalie does not care very much for lessons, except in singing and dancing, but she reads a great many novels. So do Aunt Blanche and Mlle. Delorme. The house seems full of them. Yesterday I began one, but I did not understand it very well. Rosalie thinks I am very stupid.

"Aunt Blanche continues to load me with pretty things, and when I told her that, indeed, I did not need so many, she laughed and said it would be odd if I did not think differently soon. Then she took me into her room and showed me first a wonderful new gown which had just arrived from Paris, and afterwards her jewels, the magnificence of which almost took my breath away; and, when I admired them all, she picked out a beautiful pearl necklace and held it up to the light, saying with a smile: 'You shall have this. Rosalie when you make your debut.' 'Oh, but that will never be!' I exclaimed in reply. 'I have long ago made up my mind to become a nun the moment my education is finished. I do not wish to enter society.' She seemed a little displeased at my saying this, and made me never speak of it again, for, she said, my father had other views for me. I was so hurt and bewildered that I could do nothing but cry, but I felt better when she embraced me and explained that he thought I was too young as yet to know my own mind, but, no doubt, if I were still set on it! 'Oh, Desiree, how little they know! As though any one could change, having once heard the Voice of the Beloved! There are times—it is only to you that I could bring myself to mention this—when I feel a great doubt as to whether Aunt Blanche and Rosalie love their religion very much. They and Mlle. Delorme never go to Mass except on Sunday, and even then they are often late. One of the maids accompanies me on week-days, for it is not thought 'becoming' here that I should walk through the village alone."

The letter concluded with an appeal for many prayers and a sad little confession of homesickness which wrung the reader's loving heart.

The second epistle was shorter, Madame Verdreuil was entertaining lavishly. The house was full of guests. Reine could only be able to scribble a few lines before starting for a matinee at a Paris theatre.

The third! Desiree had wept over that again and again, for it contained a piteous farewell. Madame de Verdreuil did not approve of Reine's corresponding with the daughter of her father's gardener. Such an intimacy might be permissible in childhood, but now that Reine was growing up it was better discontinued.

"But I will never forget you, Desiree dear," wrote Reine. "We will always be sisters in soul, and as long as I am older and able to please myself, we shall meet again. Pray for me, Desiree, that the years may pass quickly, and that the future may bring me all the desires of my heart."

And so Desiree, lonelier than she had ever been in her life before, sought to comfort herself by haunting the places richest in memories of Reine. She made no other friends, for no one, she felt, could take Reine's place, and fragrant recollections of her absent playmate were sweeter to her than the tangible presence of one less dear.

Her happiest moments were spent in the little Church of Saint Cecilia, for it was there that she felt most closely united to Reine; and, although there was no swift, luxurious car at her disposal now, she kept up her habit of daily Communion, trudging cheerfully to and from the town, regardless of what the weather might be.

Christmas passed, spring came, then summer, and with it the news that the local prophets had not been mistaken. Sir Edwin had married again, and was returning to Ashwood Manor with his bride.

Desiree cherished a hope that Reine would also return now that the Manor was so open to be open again, but it never materialized, and her very first glimpse of the second Lady Ashwood decided her that it was better so, and with Sir Edwin's cold admission that Reine was well and still with Madame de Verdreuil she strove to be content.

#### ARCHITECTS

Randolph 7887 Kenwood 1980  
**J. M. COWAN**  
Architect  
(Registered)  
Churches, Schools 901 Bay Street  
Colleges a Specialty TORONTO

#### WATT & BLACKWELL

Members Ontario Association of Architects  
ARCHITECTS  
Sixth Floor, Bank of Toronto Chambers  
LONDON, ONT.

#### W. G. MURRAY

#### ARCHITECT

Churches and Schools a Specialty  
Dominion Savings Building  
TELEPHONE 1857-W London, Ont.

#### JOHN M. MOORE & CO.

#### ARCHITECTS

489 RICHMOND STREET  
LONDON, ONT.  
Members Ontario Association of Architects

#### J. C. Pennington John R. Boyde

#### Architects and Engineers

John W. Leighton  
BARTLET BLDG WINDSOR, ONT.  
Landon Diocesan Architects  
Specialists in Ecclesiastical and  
Educational Buildings

#### F. E. LUKE

#### OPTOMETRIST AND OPTICIAN

187 YONGE ST. TORONTO  
(Upstairs Opp. Simpson's)  
Eyes Examined and Glass Eyes Fitted

#### BROWN OPTICAL CO.

#### Physical Eye Specialists

223 Dundas St. London  
PHONE 1877  
Branches: Hamilton, Montreal and Windsor

#### London Optical Co.

#### Eyeglass Specialists

A. M. DAMBRA, Optometrist  
PHONE 6180  
Dominion Savings Building London, Ont.

#### Wright Teale Co.

#### Plumbing and Heating

Jobbing a Specialty  
Phone 7984  
80 Dundas St. London, Ont.

#### THE DARRAGH STUDIO

#### SPECIALISTS IN PORTRAITURE

214 Dundas St. Phone 444  
Photographer to the Particular

#### Geo. Winterbottom & Son

#### Sheet Metal Workers

Agents Pease Furnaces  
Phone 5889 W  
619 Richmond St. London, Ont.

#### "PERFECT" Bicycles

#### The Bicycle of Quality

3 STORES  
Main - 665 Dundas St. Phone 3426W  
402 Clarence St. Phone 1899F  
454 Hamilton Road. Phone 8767W

#### HEXTER TAXI

(Formerly Marley-Hexter)  
Day and Night Service  
and 7 Passenger Sedans  
483 Richmond St., London, Ont.

#### PRICE & HAWKE

#### Auto Electric Service

Presto-O-Lite Battery Service Station  
NEW ADDRESS  
381 Wellington St. Phone 8500  
London, Ont.

#### J. A. BARNARD

#### Sole Agent for Harley-Davidson

Motorcycles, Massey Bicycles  
Accessories and General Repairs  
PHONE 2994 M  
338 Talbot St. London, Ont.

#### ART WILKES

#### BALLOON TIRE HEADQUARTERS

Valve and Repairs of All Kinds  
PHONE 2334  
354 Wellington St. London, Ont.

#### C. L. LILEY & SONS

#### BRICKLAYERS and CEMENT CONTRACTORS

Jobbing Work Promptly Attended to  
340 WILLIAM STREET London, Ont.

DR. REBECCA HARKINS  
DR. MARIE H. HARKINS  
OSTEOPATHIC PHYSICIANS  
Abrams Method of Diagnosis and Treatment  
The St. George LONDON, ONT.  
Wellington St. Phone 1550

DR. LEROY V. HILES  
SPECIALIST IN ALL  
**FOOT AILMENTS**  
202 Dundas St. Phone 7808

#### BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS

MURPHY, GUNN & MURPHY  
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES  
Solicitors for the Roman Catholic  
Episcopal Corporation  
Suite 52, Bank of Toronto Chambers  
LONDON, CANADA Phone 170

FOY, KNOX & MONAHAN  
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, ETC.  
A. E. Foy T. Louis Monahan  
G. L. Knott George Knoch  
Cable Address: "Foy"  
Telephones: Main 851  
Main 852  
Offices: Continental Life Building  
CORNER BAY AND RICHMOND STREETS  
TORONTO

DAY, FERGUSON & WALSH  
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, ETC.  
Rooms 116 to 122, Federal Building,  
TORONTO, CANADA  
James E. Day, K. C. Frank J. Hart  
Joseph F. Walsh T. M. McGeever

#### LUNNEY & LANNAN

#### BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES

Harry W. Lunney, K.C., P.A., H.O.L.  
Alphonsus Lannan, LL.B.  
CALGARY, ALBERTA

JOHN H. McELDERRY  
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR  
NOTARY PUBLIC  
UNION BANK BUILDING  
GUELPH, ONTARIO  
CANADA

Lee, O'Donoghue & Harkins  
Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries, Etc.  
W. T. Lee, B.C.L. J. O'Donoghue, K.C.  
Hugh Harkins  
Offices: 21-22 Concession Life Chambers  
S. W. Corner Queen and Victoria Sts.  
TORONTO, CANADA

KELLY, PORTER & KELLY  
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS  
NOTARIES  
W. E. Kelly, K. C. J. Porter David E. Kelly  
Crown Attorney County Treasurer  
Solicitors For Norfolk County Council  
SIDCOE, ONT., CANADA

#### MICHAEL J. MULVIHILL

#### L. D. S., D. D. S.

35 PEMBROKE STREET W.  
PEMBROKE, ONT.  
PHONE 115

Dr. W. S. Westland  
L. D. S., D. D. S.  
Office and  
Residence  
DENTIST  
287 QUEENS AVE. LONDON  
Beddome, Brown, Cronyn  
and Pocock  
INSURANCE  
Money to Loan Telephone 608W  
302 Richmond St. LONDON, CANADA

James R. Haslett  
Sanitary & Heating Engineer  
Agent for Free Oil Burners  
521 Richmond St. London, Ont.

#### UPHOLSTERING

Of All Kinds Chesterfields Made to Order  
CHAS. M. QUICK  
Richmond St. London, Ont.  
Opposite St. Peter's Parish Hall

Where Do You Go When  
You Wish to "Say it With"  
**The West Floral Co.**  
248 Dundas St. London, Ont.

#### St. Jerome's College

Founded 1864 KITCHENER, ONT.  
Business College Department.  
High School or Academic Department.  
College and Philosophical Departments.  
Address  
REV. W. A. BENINGER, O. R., President.

#### Casavant Freres

#### CHURCH LITURGICAL Organ Builders

ST. HYACINTHE QUEBEO  
Benjamin Blonde  
General Contractor  
CHURCHES  
and Educational Institutions a Specialty  
Estimates furnished on request  
CHATHAM, ONT.

#### Lightning Battery Service

294 York St. Opp. C. N. R. Freight Sheds  
362 Dundas Street Super-London, Ont.  
Phone 8370 Your Battery Recharged in 1  
Hour - In or out of your Car

#### REGO RADIATOR REPAIR

"WE KNOW HOW"  
Radiators, Fenders, Bolts and Lamps  
H. G. KAISER  
Phone 7249 M Nights 1006 J  
180 Fullarton St. London, Ont.

OVER 40 YEARS IN BUSINESS  
**E. LEONARD & SONS**  
LONDON - CANADA LTD.  
BOILERMAKERS & ENGINEERS  
Write For Heating Boiler Catalogue