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WOLF MOON

A ROMANCE OF THE GREAT SOUTHWEST

BY JOSEPH J. QUINN

CHAPTER VIII

"BLACK THE GULCH"

When the puff of smoke lifted Jack looked up for Tulane. A disappearing black blotch near the underbrush, a wild silhouette against the Eastern sky told him he had missed his man. A moment later the shadow bobbed into view higher up on the sloping shelf. Then it was gone. Jack muttered in his astonishment.

On the other side of the gulch staccato detonations broke upon the night air. High on the Western ridge Jack could see Sanders' gun flashing white deep down in the valley bright streaks of light followed by whimpering reports told him the rustlers were taking pot shots back at the sheriff.

Jack, forgetting his pain, ran to Cordovan and leaped to the saddle in a bound. He knew that the only outlet to the gulch was down at the lower end and this could not be reached by Sanders because of the intervening bluff. The rustlers were driving the cattle toward the narrow outlet. Once there all would be won. The herd would be hastened on down through the plains to the Texas border where it would be impossible to apprehend the thieves. Full consciousness of the impending danger swept upon Jack like the light of a full moon bathing the plains. He swung the pony, drove his spurs deep and leaped forward as if catapulted.

Cordovan pitched for a moment unused to such handling. Then, seeming to realize the importance of speed, he galloped into a red, hurrying mass. The night wind sang shrilly in Jack's ears and brought tears to his eyes. Chaparral trees passed like small shadows fleeing backward. Over to the right he could see the cattle in the moonlight urged forward by the riders. Flashes of blinding light snapped out here and there. Cordovan stumbled sending a shower of sand high. He recovered. The rope whipped against Jack's knee and beat back against the saddle. Not a half mile further lay the outlet, Jack's goal, yet that of the rustlers. It seemed he was losing ground, that the great solid mass of cattle was sweeping before him. Jack realized that if one steer passed the entire herd would break through like the ocean surging past a rocky inlet. Alarmed with the thought and apprehending that all would be lost if he failed to gain the pass he urged on Cordovan, who stretched lower under the command. A strange uneasy sensation took possession of Jack. It was as if the world was passing under Cordovan's clicking hoofs. The mesa out and beyond the pass lay quiet, inviting, as if in suspense and waiting for tragedy. Insects in sluggish dirge halted as Jack rode by and as the clip clops mellowed into spaces, again began to voice their intonations of the night. A million acres seemed to speed away with each bound. Then something rocked; Cordovan was reaching the irregular, broken ground near the cliff, a precipice that dropped twenty feet to the valley slope below. If he could get down there safely he could circumvent the herd, reach the pass in time and block the Gulch. He felt that it was a losing race, it would be impossible to reach it if he were forced to go around the mesa. Then the peril of being shot by the rustlers would form a double hazard. He must turn to the left and go a longer way.

Accordingly Jack pulled on the left rein. But Cordovan for the first time in Jack's experience refused to obey. He jerked defiantly against the pressure, veered sharply to the right and swerved from his bee-line path. A series of uneven ridges, a mound of sand, soft and powdery, shelves of rocks swept free of earth and they had come to the rim of the gorge. Suddenly the earth had ended. There was no more rock or land, only blackness and sky. Into this inky crater appeared no trail, nor path. Now on the summit of the universe with all the things of life and nature, in a moment they were to plunge into a sable strip of void. There was no turning back, they must dash on into the chasm of darkness as if the bottom had fallen from earth. It yawned in front of him like an illimitable pit, filled with shaking, trembling forms. Further away the great mass of cattle were beaming hoarsely. To Jack they seemed to stand still for a moment to watch the outcome of this spiriting struggle. Then Cordovan leaped—pitched his mighty body out into space. Jack held to the saddle horn; a strength of steel came into his arms and clinched his jaws while fitful cannonading boomed in his ears.

Jack set his body for the shock. The earth seemed to rock and turn, the dome full of stars rolled to one side, wheeled back and plunged over with him, down, down. A pain as a hot branding iron seared his shoulder, something tore in his back, his forehead struck the saddle horn, blinding him. The impact brought everything dead still. Cordovan fell to his knees, paused a moment after the heavy jolt and rose slowly. The cattle were bellowing in a parallel mass, maddened beasts in an arena.

Cordovan limped a moment, then jogged. Fifty feet away lay the rocky mouth as if the hills had intentionally opened to let the cattle pass. Inflated steers, swinging their heads toward Jack as they ran, watched the new foe. Jack bent low and spoke to Cordovan who, as if in response, gathered his strength and made one desperate lunge to the rocky gates. A big startled beast, pressed by those behind, lowered his head and struck blindly at the horse. Jack whipped out his gun, aimed between the eyes, and shot. The steer flung his head wildly and crumpled. The report of the gun and the belch of light checked the herd for an instant. Bewildered they sat their haunches, throwing up clouds of stifling dust. One moment later a flash spat from the rear of the herd and another from the right. As the report reached his ears Jack felt Cordovan shudder and tremble as a lake liner in a storm. He swayed to the right and then fell down upon the carcass of the steer. The herd pushed down closer, crushing against the rocks on either side. Their horns clicking together, Jack began to spread backward. Loud, uncouth voices bellowed above those of the steers. A dark figure riding a still darker horse moved through the cattle to see the reason for the blockade. Jack let him get within range and shot. Before his senses recorded the result the man reared, struck a rock on the buttress and sending splinters into his face, crouching low, Jack pulled again and again until the horse reared and plunged backward. A surge of steers crushed against the rider and he fell from his horse. The urge to preserve life forced him to catch hold of a steer's neck but the beast brushed against others until he slipped down between the milling cattle, grasping at their sleek sides as he fell.

Somewhere out there to the North either in the broad bottom of the gulch or else screened in by black-jacks the other thieves were hiding. They had come to the conclusion that their drive had been intercepted by someone at the mouth of the gulch and had fled toward the hills. Jack knew that Sanders and Buster were somewhere along the Northern edge of the valley. An occasional popping of a gun acquainted him with the fact.

Jack moved to a more comfortable position and to his surprise discovered that he had been lying in a pool of blood. While endeavoring to raise himself from his elbows his strength gave way. He felt drowsy, while a strange roaring blared within his head. He closed his eyes only to reopen them when a steady string of shots broke out in the distance. Two lines of fire up at the North end apprised him that the rustlers now had banded together. He could hear Christian's gun blurt out—unmistakably that was Christian! Then the string of light became blurred in Jack's vision, seemed to recede as a steamer at night dropping back into the horizon. A tranquillity, as balmy and soporific as wind off esage, settled in his brain. In the new found calm his mind trailed back peacefully to the seashore. He was warm and, tracing initials with his fingers. Sprits of salty air came in off swells and out on the blue bosom of the ocean bathers were dashing spray and frolicking in the sunshine.

Jack's weary brain failed to hear the sound of footsteps scaling the wall behind him. Below climbed a figure from rock to rock. Occasionally it stopped as if in uncertainty. Then it moved again. A pebble jarred from its crevice went pounding with others down to the larger rocks below. The noise caused Jack to turn until the pain of the movement halted him. The thought of Tulane sprang to his mind—a sinister dark figure, his bloodshot eyes glaring maliciously under the sombrero, moving toward him in the moonlight. He reached for his gun but it was gone.

Then he remembered. It had fallen from his hand when he turned. There it lay in the light, its bone handle just showing above the pocket of a rock. He stretched toward it—and saw the figure. As a huge snake coiling above and below the rocks it glided coldly but with a purpose. Was it a Dorado? Jack rolled over toward his gun and closed his fingers around it just as the figure moved behind an obstructing boulder. It did not appear again for a while. Jack thought this strange. A misty veil filled with magic, flying things passed before his eyes again. He tried to brush it away and half-succeeded for he could perceive the outline of the figure barely twenty

feet away, prostrate but moving directly toward him.

Then from somewhere he heard his name uttered as if it had been swept to ears by some ethereal disturbance. The familiar tone brought joyful relaxation, sweet and alluring, pacifying his unstrung senses. Louise was the last person in the world he expected out on the rocky pass, yet she had hardly called his name when she was bending over him, her form blotting out the light of the stars. Above and beyond her head swam a trillion minute lights from one point to the other. Now she had placed her arm under his head and caressed his face with strong passionate strokes.

"Jack, Jack, are you hurt?" came her pressing whisper.

"Once, just once in the shoulder. But I'm alright. How did you get here?" His voice broke queerly, stopped and broke again.

"Tulane gave the alarm. Said the herd was being rustled down the gulch." She spoke in hurried gasps.

"Tulane?" cried Jack, his mind awakening to a fresh sensation. "Where is he now?"

"He and the boys are following the gang over toward Garrett's. There! That's Buster's gun now."

TO BE CONTINUED

MATERIAL FOR A STORY

He was a lad of parts, Ned Thornton was, but some of his parts seemed to remain perennially asleep. During his Freshman year at Santa Cruz, he was frequently assailed by various admonitors, calling him to work, especially to report promptly with his written exercises. Some of these admonitory voices were a tinkling cymbal, he was accustomed to remark, and others were of a more insistent brass. The Dean of Santa Cruz combined all varieties, when Ned's class reports were entered at the office. The Dean's tongue seemed made of vibrant steel, cutting as well as sonorous, sometimes when it met due occasion, rising to the pitch of a siren in an ocean fog. Students became accustomed to the tones, minor and major, of that voice, and they would linger in the corridor whenever Ned Thornton was summoned to audiendum verbum.

"He does the chromatic scales very easily," Ned remarked with a pleasant smile one evening to his roommate, MacDonough Ward.

"Well, quit your dreaming and you'll hear less of him," Mac replied. Ward acted as a sort of Horatio to his friend, but always with a judicious sympathy, for he knew that Ned had the making of the courtier, the scholar and the soldier in him. Mac had seen the Prep. School report which Ned had brought with him to Santa Cruz. It contained, besides the numerical statements about Ned's achievements in class, the following note by the Head Master: "Edward, though dilatory and speculative, is capable of practical performances; occasions at school witnessed the excellence of his talents, when his hands and will responded to the vigor of his mind."

Yet the teachers at Santa Cruz, though they could not exercise Ned's spirit of procrastination, toned their reports of him with an understanding kindness. They had to note the limited amount of written work, but they saw compensation in his oral recitations. Said one of them to another when they were scanning one of Ned's equivocal reports: "After all, there are larks in the world as well as sparrows. Larks go up higher, see more of the earth, and in the light and air of heaven they give a service that is a delight to the world."

But the Dean preferred the sparrows; he looked for steady little facts and figures that could be counted up arithmetically; his eye did not gaze at rainbows or follow bubbles of prophecy. Such was the Dean, Father Melling. He had Ned Thornton's measure, all in figures, like a tailor's chart for a suit of clothes.

"Father Melling has your number," Ward said one day, in his character of mentor. "He has weighed you and found you short. Here we are Sunday evening and you must hand in a story tomorrow morning. Yet you have not as much as put pen to paper." MacDonough Ward was his room-mate, and played Horatio to his friend.

"Can't write a story without a subject," said Ned nonchalantly, and smiled.

"The Dean will tell you something that is not a story," Mac replied. "You may look for a concert at the office next Wednesday morning when the reports go in."

"A din in the den of the Dean," Ned said with a laugh, then noting a shade of sadness pass over his friend's face, he added, "Don't worry old man, the story will be on time if I stay up all night for it."

Then he left the room and sped along the corridor toward the room of Mr. Graham. Now Mr. Graham was a teacher at Santa Cruz, and a prefect in the hall where Ned Thornton lived, and in both these capacities had a faculty of winning the respect and confidence of his varied clientele. Boys came to him knowing he would understand them and sympathize.

"Here comes Ned Thornton: I know his step," he said to himself

before the boy knocked; and then looking up at his visitor, he added, "The late Edward Thornton wants permission to stay up tonight, I guess."

"I must present a story in class tomorrow morning," Ned began meekly. "I can work better when things are quiet, Mr. Graham."

"But do you work better when you've had less sleep?" asked Mr. Graham pointedly. "However; take an extra hour. But be in time for chapel." Mr. Graham then took up his pen as if to indicate that the interview was over, but he had a discerning eye and saw that Ned had something more to say, so his "good-night" was more friendly than peremptory.

"Good-night, sir," said Ned, and as he turned to go, added, "wonder if you could, or rather if you would, give me a suggestion; I want material for my story."

"What?" ejaculated the teacher.

"You, Ned Thornton, who have lived in New York and Washington, you who have traveled up and down Europe, you asking for material for a short story, for a mere class exercise!"

"Oh, I can arrange the landscape and backgrounds," the boy replied; "that'll be easy enough. But I want something for a foreground, some figure, some incident."

Any incident, any commonplace incident, must suffice for you now," Mr. Graham again glanced towards the clock. "Set your little event in some foreign place, up among the Alps, for you have been there, or dig up something that will fit among the ruins in the Roman Forum, for you have been there, or take a theme from a ballad out of Ireland, for you have been there. And now even as he took Ned by the arm to accompany him to the door.

"Oh, please, Mr. Graham," Ned protested. "Time's short and my mind's a blank. A suggestion to set me going. Please."

"You've been in Paris, too," Mr. Graham was yielding.

"Yes, sir," said Ned, tempting him further; "and I went down to Angers where you once studied, and I saw the old Roman ruins you spoke about, and the huge windmills beckoning on into Brittany, and the great bridge across the Loire. You have told us that the foundations of the bridge were made by Julius Caesar. But Mr. Graham, did anything happen to you there, or in Paris?"

"Sit down, Ned," was the reply. "You said you were once at our Vaugirard college." It was plain that the teacher was beating out a pathway to an incident. "And you and your mother stopped to see our former house, in the 'Rue de Sevres'."

Ned knew his aim was accomplished, and kept a discrete silence.

"Well, now that I mention the 'Rue de Sevres,'" Mr. Graham went on, "in the very parlor, the reception room which your mother and you visited, a little incident occurred some years ago, and you may make something out of it, since you can lead up to it with your traveler's notes, and come away from it by a gateway of recollection."

"Yes, yes, sir," Ned sat forward anxiously. "Was it long ago?"

"Seventy years ago. That's it; make it definite and real, say seventy-four years ago. A young Jesuit novice was acting as porter on a certain day. Yet he was not so very young. He had made college studies, had a bit of experience in the legal profession. Pierre Olivaint was his name. A lady came to the door, showing all the externals of refinement in dress and adornment. Bro. Olivaint ushered her to the parlor and asked her business. Then, suddenly, in a shrill tone, and with words of bitter reproach, she assailed him, cursed the habit he wore, and included in her maledictions the whole sacerdotal body. "They have stolen my daughter away from me," she cried, "one of your priests here has bewitched my daughter away from her happy home." Brother Olivaint tried to quiet the clamor, the visitor saying that she would get a fetch one of the Fathers. "No," she shrieked, "no I do not want to see any other of your black stuff. You are all of the same piece. You all inveigled my daughter, my sweet little child, away into a cold and heartless convent." Now, then, Ned Thornton, go ahead and make an ending for that. How would you arrange a satisfactory exit?" Mr. Graham pretended that he had finished his contribution to the belated exercise.

"How should I end that scene?" asked Ned. "I should call for Father Melling." The boy was smiling with becoming propriety. Everybody at Santa Cruz was allowed to enjoy a reference to the quiet vigorous voice. "I should arrange for somebody like the Dean to come in and give her tit for tat, and shout her out of the house. Still, Brother Olivaint couldn't do that, could he? Do tell me what he actually did."

"Well, Brother Olivaint kept his peace; he allowed the poor distracted grief of the mother to abate a bit, and then he advanced a word of consolation, saying that the little daughter must surely have obtained her mother's generous consent to go to the convent, and that the good God would reward the sacrifice of the mother and child." Mr. Graham would like to have delayed over the incident, but he eyed the clock again, and made a show of speed.

"Well, the mother seemed to find in

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