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WOLF MOON

A ROMANCE OF THE GREAT SOUTHWEST

BY JOSEPH J. QUINN

CHAPTER IV.—CONTINUED

Mrs. Trichell felt a keen interest in the story of the Trichells were not blessed with children. Yet both she and her husband loved them. Someone had whispered that when the Trichells came into Oklahoma years before they had brought with them a small child. But the fact was that Mrs. Trichell had never borne a child. There on the lonely ranch she had wished for children a thousand times and graying hairs only intensified the desire. The couple was approaching the time of life when children would have been a comfort.

The days that followed were busy ones for Mrs. Trichell, who set to making new clothing for Bluebonnet. The latter helped around the house and shouldered many of the household duties. Bluebonnet was delighted with her new home for Mrs. Trichell had insisted that she call the place such. Above all she had fallen in love with Mrs. Trichell. The great interest taken in her by the latter thrilled her with new affection. Then, too, she was delighted with her raiment. It was not the purple patch of the gypsy, the yellow, red and green all combined in one dress. Those made by Mrs. Trichell were dainty frocks of peacock blue or delicate pink and trimmed with taste. The simple designs pleased her eye far more than the gaudy colorings of the gypsies.

In lucid moments she described to Mrs. Trichell gypsy life, her wanderings from coast to mountains and the monotonous monotony of the existence. She insisted that she had never been happy and that she was not one of them. Yet Nava could tell the date of her birth and name the town where she was born in Texas.

"That is why they called me Bluebonnet," she explained sadly one afternoon when the two were seated on the side porch watching the large clouds gather in the West. "And your last name?" queried Mrs. Trichell, looking up for a moment from her sewing.

"I don't know; I never knew. I was always called Bluebonnet, just Bluebonnet."

Pity welled to the heart of her hearer. After a thoughtful pause she asked, "How would you like to be called Trichell, Louise Trichell?"

"O, I would love Louise Trichell. Will you? Can you?" She inquired with intense eagerness.

"Surely, why not? Somehow you remind me of other days." Here she hesitated for a moment and looked out to where the sun was splashing the turf with shadows under the catalpas. "Yes, John and I were speaking of you last night and we decided to offer you the name of Louise Trichell—if you should like it."

"Me? Oh, I'd be so happy to have it," Louise eagerly declared. "Then Louise it shall be," announced Mrs. Trichell.

"You know whenever I hear the name of Bluebonnet I see Nava rushing toward me and I hear her dreadful yell beating against my ear. And those awful blows! Oh, Mrs. Trichell, do you think she will ever find me again?" The question was full of pathos mingled with a desire for protection.

"No, indeed, Louise. She will harm you no more even should she find you. You may make this your home and stay with us as long as you live. Perhaps you are a God-send for John and I are getting up in years and we need someone to confide in and, in turn, to have help us. Someone just like you. But remember, you must have as little as possible to do with Tulane. He is a bad man, deceitful and terrible when drunk."

"Do you think he is a gypsy?" asked Louise with grave concern.

"Well, I always thought he was part Indian or Mexican. He has the appearance of a greaser. Anyway he is bad at heart. He thinks that you belong to him because he set his eye on you first at the station. He has a terrible reputation. Why I even believe it has crossed down into Mexico. Yesterday he told Seth Hopkins that he and you would be missing from the ranch some day, gone to Guymon to get married. It sort of worried Seth and the other boys. They're watching him because they know he's watching you. Don't ever leave the ranch unless you tell us where you are going and above all don't leave the house in the evening. I believe that Tulane is showing up grouchy of late because he has not had a chance to talk to you. But be careful. Remember he is watching you all the time. John would discharge him but he would only remain around Terilton and make trouble. His right name is Alsak, Alsak Baisan, but the boys dubbed him Tulane because he declares he went to Tulane University in New Orleans, but of course he never did."

"What does he claim to be?" the girl's eyes were afixe with wonder.

"Oh, just a tramp rider, as they're called in this country. Declares he's an Indian from the Osage nation and that he'll get money from the tribal treasury through sale of oil. But I don't

believe it. If he had Indian rights his share would be coming quarterly. He's more a Mexican than he is Indian. But his love for horses shows that he's a rider."

The warning made Louise feel uneasy but she took the words to heart. She was too busy in the enjoyment of life, too eager to partake of the new freedom, to pay attention to any of the riders. She found herself time and again repeating the name of Louise Trichell. It sounded sweet to her ears. She loved to whisper it to herself in the silence of the room, under the grove of cottonwoods or lying on her bed in the night time, watching the primrose bloom of stars. It instilled her with confidence and helped her toward an insight of culture and refinement.

John Trichell felt a pride in Louise. He loved the way she rode the ponies and as a mark of his appreciation gave her a coal black mare, the pick of the corral. She named her Thunderbird, because of her fire and restlessness. Louise, used to pitching, napping, bucking horses, rode Thunderbird with an ease and grace that surprised John Trichell. Her love for the pony endeared Louise to the old man for his horses were his pride. He had spent years in building up a corral of beauties and to find a girl who could ride Thunderbird with a swinging abandon delighted him. In the evenings when the supper dishes were cleared away she would go to the corral and whistle for her pet. Soon she came, pealing and whinnying for her lump of sugar. When saddled she would mount her in a flying leap, run the rowel of her spur gently down her side and with a few short pitches Thunderbird would plunge down through the catalpas and out upon the plain. Always she rode alone. The boys from the bunk house benches watched her hair trailing in the wind and exclaimed, "Ain't she a riding beauty!" Then when the evening star took gold from the quivering veins of the dying sun and twinkled down upon the darkening land she turned homeward, her face flushed with the thrill and passion of life.

Navajo Culeh lay like a deep furrow along the Western end of John Trichell's ranch. It was a dividing line between his domain and that of Gene Garrett's. The latter from time to time increased his cattle in suspiciously large numbers. He was a taciturn man who had come from Arizona and brought with him a reputation as a killer. Trichell in early days had often ridden over to the Gulch at night. From time to time it was frequented by cattle thieves who often pitched camp there. On several occasions he had witnessed Garrett at some of the meetings gesticulating to the men. That he was in league with the rustlers he was convinced without a doubt but he never repeated his convictions to anyone except his wife.

The sun never looked more beautiful than when sinking over Navajo Gulch. It seemed wearied after a day of prairie heating and sank in red flame as if stoking the furnace for the sun fires of the morrow. It threw its last rays on the swirling puffs of wind that sprang to life as the sun died. The western wall of Roundtop caught its last gleam on rocks worn smooth by wind and rain. To the riders in the distance it appeared as if the mountain were aflame in places that burned and went out, until the sun god closed his bloodshot eyes. Silently dusk would lower its sable curtains until the world of light grew faint and lived for a moment in the zenith. Down in the plain night's creatures stalked abroad, preying upon the weaker. Blackjacks bordering the Gulch stood guard over the doings of those beyond the law and fugitives from justice who hid their elongated pit felt secure from the world of men. One by one a myriad of stars peeped forth from their arching home. Timber wolves, made frisky by the evening's chill, appeared from nowhere and sulked near rocks and around dunes. Sniffing the fresh air and slipping in and out among the weeds, they came like gray ghosts. As night dropped lower and the moon arose they ventured farther out upon the plains. The herd of cattle drew closer. A cry of defiance to the new moon rose from the hot throat of a wolf somewhere up near Roundtop. The quiet of the prairie country was broken by an answering roll. Farther on two wolves sat their haunches and threw their sharp noses toward the moon. It was the call of the wild, a strong impulse from within that broke from their throats as regularly as waves breaking upon sand. Some subtle, indefinable message passed between them and the evening serenade halted. For a moment all was quiet. Only the wind sighed among the greasewood and pungent sage.

From the darkness of her room Louise listened with eyes strangled on the starlit mess toward the west. Yes, there was something mystic and charming about the Gulch even though the finger of warning had been pointed toward it. Later Louise watched the moonbeams creep through the moving curtains of her room and stamp the carpet with silver discs. So thought Louise would be her life. The light of revelation would come into some day like a moonbeam and she would know all. Un-

trammelled, then, she could lift her face and speak her name:

CHAPTER V.
LIQUID GOLD

The bottom had dropped out of oil.

The great Burbank field was becoming stagnant. Oil had glutted the markets and the storage tanks from the Red River district to the Osage fields were full. Heavy gravity crude was quoted at \$1.20 a barrel. Small producers and independents wrangled over cuts in the cities, a sure sign of a gorged market. Obviously it was better to wait until prices went higher. It did not pay to produce. Then the Tampico field was sending heavy trains of oil—hundreds of them—across the line, and pumping it into the maws of tankers, a fact that kept the commodity in Oklahoma lower than ever in its history. For the first time in months the power was shut off in the fields. The drillers and derrickmen turned toward Tulsa to await a better day or else, bag in hand, left for new wells that had "blown in" or for "wildcating" outfits in other sections of the States.

Jack Corcoran found life in Two Sands rough but interesting. He had come across many surprises, the greatest being that fortune in the oil lands was more or less mythical. The tales that he had heard in the East about the great wealth awaiting the oil adventurer were exaggerated, like many other fanciful stories of the West. He learned to distinguish between an oil man and an oil worker. The former lived in stucco palaces along the beautiful boulevards in Tulsa, Oklahoma City and New York. In fact he usually possessed three homes, one in Oklahoma, the other in New York and a third in California. Racing stables, expensive dogs were sidelines for publicity. On the other hand the oil worker who dressed in boots and khaki and risked his life from eight to five each day, received only wages. The latter, while large, were not commensurate with the risk, nothing like the fabulous sums reported in districts distant from the fields.

In two months time Jack had advanced from an ordinary "funky" to a driller. He learned much in those two months of oil, about the drilling of wells, the making of cores, the shales and sands and showings, the pressure of gas, had seen a gusher "blow in" and oil shoot 400 feet in the air. He was present when the largest well in North Oklahoma came in and scattered oil into huge lakes. Burning October suns made him realize that he had not chosen child's play in his probation year as his father was wont to call it.

The oil boom prices still held sway in restaurants, shops, rooming houses, everywhere. The commodities of life were beyond the dreams of avarice. Still the men lived and grumbled not. Easy to come, easy to go, was the factor that smoothed the sting of exorbitant prices. From dawn to dusk and from then on until the small hours of the morning there was a cheer and loud guffaw that bespoke the mind of the populace. Long before the sun had dropped behind the low ridge of hills the workers came home in trucks and rattling contraptions that skidded on the greasy roads and darted between the trucks and swinging trailers. Then followed the long wait in line at the coffee houses and cafes, the hurried meal with the bantering, cursing men. With supper snatched Jack dropped back to his room from where he could see the moving army of men and women. In main they were hard, rough faced, products of checked careers, faces that mirrored the adversity through which they had survived. Large, strong men, characteristic of the west, mingled and shook hands with diminutive ones who appeared as if the suns of the Southwest had shrunk them. Some were scarred and serious, smeared with oil, others dapper, as if fallen from a Fifth avenue bus. But altogether the cast was rough. Gold teeth flashed in the crude, shoddy shacks where liquor flowed across the bars and men slouched by peering into faces as if searching for fortunes long since lost. The oil lust created its blood lust. Distrust was instinctive and with distrust came suspicion and with suspicion hate to be followed by hot words that brought forth guns spitting fire. Tragedy was enacted before the smoke cleared and cursing, running and yelling men hastened to the open street. Crowning all was the mad desire for gain that brought this horde of men together to work and slave and take from one another.

Yet with it all was a bantering palaver and persiflage that Jack never could understand. Many did not have the price of a meal ticked in their pockets, did not know whence the night's lodging would come, yet they laughed and cursed and joked with him who had fallen in rich or whose pockets bulged with oil-stained bills.

When the lights on the corners shot yellow streaks on the dusty, dirty streets there came forth from their dens the vultures of the night. They were women long lost to the delicacy of shame, their high-painted cheeks only a mockery of the youth that once was theirs. Rivaling the men in uncouthness, in slang and wickedness, they appealed to the men whom they rivaled. In pairs they walked the

main street casting flippant glances at strangers and smiles and jets at their acquaintances. Some had stained their fading hair with dye that showed up only in the sunlight.

There were no young, fresh girls whose eyes danced with vim and youth, no dainty maidens with demure glance and modest beauty. These creatures forced themselves to a vivacity that passed when the object of their prey had slouched by.

TO BE CONTINUED

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LIGHT IN DARKNESS

F. D. Murphy in St. Anthony Messenger

"Say, Tom, look at this. What do you think of it, eh?" As he spoke, Drummond took his friend by the arm, and mechanically they both came to a halt. Harbnett made as though to remove his darkened glasses, but thinking better of it he lowered his hand and turned appealingly to his companion.

"What is it, Dick?" he inquired. "I can't see more than a few feet ahead with these infernal things, and the light is so strong that I dare not take them off."

"Well, to me it looks like an ordinary spring with a collection of religious pictures and statues around it," Drummond replied. "I fancy it is what the peasants call a blessed well—sort of Irish Lourdes, you know. These images and things are the votive offerings of the faithful, I suppose."

Harbnett pulled his hat over his eyes and looked about him inquiringly.

"There's a strange stillness in the air, don't you think?" he remarked after a pause.

"Yes, there is," the other agreed, "a sort of cloister-like calm. But let's have a look at the well just to satisfy our curiosity."

They drew near the edge of the spring and peered into its depths.

"Pshaw, Tom," Drummond whistled. "Brown trout, as I live. One, two, three, four of them. Fine fat fellows, too. This is where I come in."

He was so overjoyed at the discovery that his fingers trembled as he unstrapped his landing net. Then he stepped back from the brink and waited for a favorable opportunity.

"There they go, Tom," he whispered. "Now watch."

"Stop, stop! What in the name of God are you going to do?"

With his net suspended in mid-air, Drummond paused and turned around. There standing only a few feet away from him was a strolling fiddler whose vacant stare betrayed the affliction from which he suffered.

The angler dropped his net and approached the newcomer.

"I—had no idea," he faltered.

"Don't you know what this is?" the musician demanded.

"Honestly, I don't; but something tells me it's a blessed well."

"Yes, so it is. And you were about to catch those trout?"

"Yes, but surely it would be no harm if I did."

"You mightn't think so, but not peep in my travels, good, bad and indifferent. But never in all the years I've been on the road did I meet one who would even dream of taking a fish out of a blessed well."

"Then I stand acquitted?"

"I am satisfied that there was no ill intent."

"Thanks. You are generous, I see. I'm awfully sorry, of course, but completely mystified. Perhaps you'll enlighten my ignorance? About the well, I mean, and the trout."

"With pleasure. Centuries ago this well and thousands of others like it up and down the country were used as baptisteries; and the belief is held that trout were planted in them for the use of the holy men and women who gave their lives to the service of God and His Church."

"I think I understand. Well, I'm very much obliged for your information you have given me. I wouldn't touch one of these little creatures now for the whole world."

Harbnett stood with his back toward the sun while Drummond and the old man were speaking. When they had finished, he moved a little nearer to the musician.

"People come here to pray, don't they?" he asked a moment later.

"Yes," the fiddler nodded.

"That their infirmities may be cured?"

"Exactly. They also pray for other things, of course."

"And are their prayers ever answered? Have any cures been effected here?"

"Lots and lots of them."

"You came here to pray, did you?"

"No, not now. I generally come in the evening. I'm taking the path across the fields to the village now. I wouldn't help stopping only I couldn't help overhearing what your friend said about catching the trout."

"But if you're blind, how do you find your way?"

"I've walked this path so often that it would be strange if I lost my way."

"You interested me, fiddler. My sight is failing, also, and at times I grow despondent. I should like to have a chat with you some time. Could you come up to my place this afternoon? I live in that little cottage on the hill beyond the village. You know the one I mean?"

"I do well. Of course I'll come and welcome."

"Thanks. You haven't been an itinerant musician all your life, I think?"

"Well, not all my life. I was a child, of course, for part of the time. Now I'll be on my way in the name of God."

After the old man had gone Drummond turned to his friend.

"There's no getting away from it, Tom," he remarked. "Religion is a very real, a very intimate thing among Catholics."

"You're right," Harbnett agreed. "But how do you explain it? Is it that Catholics are more credulous than non-Catholics or is it that they are endowed with a sense unknown to us? As a rule I can get the other fellow's viewpoint after I've made a serious effort to do so. But the Catholics always elude me. When I come to consider the Catholic religion, or even the attitude of the average Catholic toward his religion, I realize at once that I am up against something that cannot be gauged or measured by ordinary standards. This in itself fills me with profound respect for the Old Faith and its adherents. I was an Anglican until I began to challenge its tenets. Then I discovered that Anglicanism is a mere appanage of the Tory Party. I turned to the Free Churches and found that they were just a convenient stamping ground for the Liberals. Remove politics from both and what have you left?"

"Not much, goodness knows," he said. "With Rome it is different. She is above and beyond parties. The catchwords of the platform find no echo in her pulpits. She hews her own pathway, and goes straight to the hearts and minds of the people. When I enter a Catholic church, as I very frequently do, sometimes out of curiosity, sometimes from a worthier motive, I pray whether there is a service on or not. The urge to do so overcomes my curiosity, and I simply cannot keep myself. No other church affects me in the same way."

He was young and of an inquiring turn of mind. Matters which other men took for granted he probed to the bottom, or as near the bottom as he could reach. The consequence was that he had a few very clearly defined ideas and a host that troubled him greatly because they were vague and indeterminate.

"Well, shall we toddle along to the brook?" Drummond asked presently. "I've got some new flies that I'm anxious to try out."

"I don't think I'll go any farther, Dick, if you don't mind," Harbnett answered. "I don't like to subject my eyes to too much strain, you know. Besides I'm expecting a visit from the oculist about noon, and it can't be far off that now."

"I'd forgotten he was coming. Think you'll be able to make your way back alone?"

"My dear man, I'm not so helpless as all that. If you'll just see me to the road, I'll be all right."

When he got back to the cottage he had rented for the season, Harbnett found that the oculist had just arrived. They went into a darkened room where the young man removed his goggles.

"They're a bit of a nuisance, Doc," he sighed as he set them down. "I shall be glad when I'm able to go about without them."

The specialist lit a small red lamp and placed it so that it would afford him sufficient light without annoying his patient. Not a word passed between them while the examination was in progress. Harbnett could hear the ticking of the watch in the other man's pocket, and now and again the beating of his own heart. After what seemed to be an age, it was all over, and as the doctor drew back, both men sighed almost simultaneously.

"Well?" Harbnett inquired.

The specialist cleared his throat.

"For a man who has led a sedentary life, you're in fine trim," he began. "So far as I can see there's no earthly reason why you shouldn't live to a ripe old age."

"Yes, yes, I know. But my eyes, Doc. What about 'em?"

"Well, they're rather worse than I thought they were. You'll have to have new goggles, Harbnett—darker ones. I'll see about them when I get back to town and mail them to you in a day or two. Meanwhile avoid strong light as much as possible. If you feel you must go out, take your walks at sundown, or, better still, at daybreak."

Harbnett groaned inwardly, as he clutched the arms of his chair for support. A feeling of utter helplessness took possession of him. He had known for some time that the condition of his sight was serious, but he was not prepared for this. Minutes passed, but not a word was spoken. Then the oculist arose and sat his patient on the back. The next moment he stole out of the room with a mist before his eyes.

As the sound of the auto died away in the distance the house-keeper knocked and opened the door.

"Lunch is served, sir," she announced.

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