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WOLF MOON

A ROMANCE OF THE GREAT
SOUTHWEST

BY JOSEPH J. QUINN

CHAPTER II.—CONTINUED

"Well, I'm going to give it a trial. There is more opportunity in the West. Or at least there are not one hundred persons ready to jump into one job. Then again a little time spent in the oil lands will broaden me."

"Maybe it'll flatten you. Those oil field towns are shifting affairs but the men who make them upset the pace for shiftlessness. You've got to stroke the caaries the right way out there or else they'll snap you quicker than a turtle. Jack, they'll take a tenderfoot like you and make you look like a greaser within a week."

"Nothing like seeing for yourself. The oil towns may not be as bad as painted."

"And by the way," added Dave, "give my regards to this young maid that the palmist spoke of. She might turn out to be a rip-snortin' beauty. You never can tell. How many flowers are born to blush unseen? It's a wonder Janet lets you go. I suppose you'll be sending for her within a month or two."

"Cut that foolish talk. I may be back within a month myself. The climate may not agree with me."

"Yes, the climate of those oil towns may not," laughed Dave.

Down near the fishing boats a couple moved here and there.

Ropes swayed back and forth in the breeze and threw gaunt, slim shadows on the sand. The smell of fish and salt made the air pungent. A dab of humanity, brightly colored under long capes, chatted gayly further up the boardwalk.

Night air wet the benches and dampened clothing. Arc lights sputtered and shook in recurring breezes carrying mist off the ocean while small drops of moisture fell from the boardwalk rails.

Jack shouted a cheery "So Long" to Dave and plunged down a side avenue to his cottage. In the seclusion of his room he, too, felt the weirdness as experienced by Janet. He turned on the light, fumbled among some clothing and straightened as a long-drawn locomotive whistle fell upon his ear. Jack clicked out the light and drew his chair to the window. As a long, jointed reptile the train came in over the marshes and likewise long, deep thoughts came in to obsess him. He wondered what lay out there ahead of him in the uncharted future. Would it be filled with adventure, success, dissatisfaction, romance, what? A picture of the oil fields, the high derricks mounting into the sky, came to him. Then the familiar face of Janet like a phantom trailed over it all and smiled through the dream, her blue eyes beckoning. He found the prophecy of the palmist hard to dismiss. Who could this mysterious girl be, born in the East and living in the West? A myth, he thought. Why should he worry about the empty presage of a gypsy?

Vague and nameless stirrings from within tortured Jack into a shallow confidence in the woman's words only to be supplanted by absolute repudiation. Yet how did she know he was going west to Oklahoma? If she possessed this knowledge why not surmise that her prediction of marriage was also true. Jack arose flinging the pursuing thoughts away. Yet they came crowding back like insects, tantalizing, inhuman, boring. To his mind Janet fulfilled the idealistic world in which he had often placed her. He would believe in Janet, accept her promise, pledge his faith in her.

After all it was disconcerting on the eve of his long trip to be told that he would meet a girl in Oklahoma whom he would marry, especially in view of his affection for Janet. He couldn't harmonize his visit to the oil fields with a meeting of his future fiancée. But the twinkle that came into the gypsy's eye when she grasped his hand and traced her fat forefinger over his palm in remembrance made Jack shudder. There was something strange about her, something of the occult in the gleam of her shifting eyes, as if she had gone into a future world and returned with prize particles of information. Of course she could not foretell the future. No human could. Dwelling upon it all aroused a new passion within him, a passion to see the woman again and fling back the words into her face, to stamp her as a liar and a fool. The engendered rancour made him arise and rush to the door. As he swung it open a flood of starlight, of chilled night air, rushed in upon him. It fanned his fever to abatement and throwing the door shut he fell across the bed. Janet was his own, his very own; no gypsy words, no smirking hag could rob him of his affection for her. He would live for her love and show the world that the gypsy's mumble was childish, empty, visionary.

The symphony of frogs and night insects mingled with the pounding of surf which he couldn't quite distinguish from the thoughts that thrashed at the base of his brain. He closed his eyes for a moment and once more came the vision of oil fields with the flaring gas lights, the squeaking, rusty machinery,

the smell of oil, the towering rigging, and through it rose the face of Janet. This time it had a sad expression. He arose, crossed his room to these window and looked down the beach to where the ocean rolled in with its eternal swish. It showed up restless under a flash of skylight, as restless, he thought, as his own soul.

**CHAPTER III.
THE NIGHT RIDE**

Number 62 closely follows the Golden State limited through Tokeda. It pulls out of the mile siding soon after the red tail lights of the limited have been swallowed in the dust and dirt of the miniature cyclone trailing it and blows two long and two shorts for the crossing down by the Haversall ranch. The long resounding blast is for Tokeda.

Bluebonnet had not crossed half way through the grove before the drawn-out wall of the locomotive transfixed her. It came from somewhere off on the left, over the roof and threw their showers of leaves and raindrops down upon her. But it was as a siren call, a note of appeal that guided her blind footsteps in the darkness. Off to the North somewhere the railway lay she was sure for she recalled having seen its glistening beads of steel stretching off into the sandy distance on the afternoon when they had thrown camp. When it came or whether it led she did not know, but she felt that if once the tracks were reached she could follow them to a house where she might hope for protection.

A second loud blast blaring forth reassured her that she was being called. She felt her conscience expand in freedom as if receiving direction out of the night air and rain. A wild fear of the blackness gave way to the obsessing thought that she was being pursued and, throwing away all caution, she dashed frightened through the underbrush. A large forest wall stood canyon-like before her, rearing its top until lost in the sky. Bluebonnet toiled up the slippery slopes running red with water and down through a small ravine where fallen trees and gnarled cottonwoods made an almost impassible barrier. A dash of light filtered through a canopy of interlaced branches parted by the wind, only to be closed and increase the darkness. Wet bushes slashed against her face; unseen striplings snapped back and cut her cheeks. It was so black under the trees that she could not see their large trunks until she was upon them. Their roots lay coiled like slippery serpents over which she fell. But she could not stop; she felt lashed by some strange force urging her to greater speed. Down into a gully where the water had formed a rushing stream it drove her. She paused for breath, at the same time feeling her heart hammering against her breast. There was something startled, wild, about her that made her look for protection behind each bush. Vague, rocking phantoms escorted her from tree to tree, stalking now by her side, again preceding her. Whisperings out of the night air, nameless stirrings within, set her into a twitching elf that blended harmoniously with the shadows of the forest.

Above the steady purring of the running water she heard, or thought she heard, the wild cry of "Bluebonnet" shouted by Nava. It had all the vehemence of the yell of an infuriated demon. Then it seemed to mingle softly with the rustling of trees and the moan of wind. Once more from the North sounded the whistle of the engine.

A high blast that died away to a groan, and so Bluebonnet between two appeals, one to go back to camp, the other to continue on her flight. The reality of the dilemma made her throat quiver in fear. Which would be wiser, to return to the slavery of the camp, its sickening routine, its whippings, the anger of Nava and the serfdom of the limited, or to fly out into the night and trust to the kindness of fate? She chose the latter, the unknown to the known, the new life to the old. She faced the future and made her resolve.

Slipping, sliding along the wet banks of the gully Bluebonnet threaded her way for what seemed into a future world and returned with prize particles of information. Of course she could not foretell the future. No human could. Dwelling upon it all aroused a new passion within him, a passion to see the woman again and fling back the words into her face, to stamp her as a liar and a fool. The engendered rancour made him arise and rush to the door. As he swung it open a flood of starlight, of chilled night air, rushed in upon him. It fanned his fever to abatement and throwing the door shut he fell across the bed. Janet was his own, his very own; no gypsy words, no smirking hag could rob him of his affection for her. He would live for her love and show the world that the gypsy's mumble was childish, empty, visionary.

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ing her grasp of the limb, Bluebonnet slid down, falling into a pool of water. She lifted her head to see two horsemen loping along the edge of the gully. The darkness prevented recognition, but she was certain she heard Felma's characteristic oaths. In one glimpse she observed that the gully was skirted by the road from the camp and that the road lead to the station. Bluebonnet listened after the hoofbeats died away yet heard nothing but the falling rain beating steadily on leaf and ground. Now and then a branch broke from a tree and fell dangerously close to her. But no foreign sound reached her ears. Even the train seemed to have passed on. Had it really gone? It was this question that urged Bluebonnet to scale the wet sides of the gully. There, one hundred yards away, stood the long line of freight cars. Further up the track the escaping steam of the locomotive told her the train was headed towards the East.

Crouching low and running with all her summoned strength Bluebonnet crossed the short space between the ravine and the tracks and walked nervously along the sides of the cars. Then she stopped. A brakeman with a lantern in hand was coming toward her from the engine. He must not see her. She could never explain her predicament. He could detect at a glance that she was a gypsy and this would defeat her purpose of escape. Yet tonight, soaked with rain, spattered with mud, dishevelled more than usual, she looked more a street urchin than a gypsy done up in brilliant colors. Her head-dress had been lost. She limped though she had forgotten the pain. Bluebonnet started to cross under the train to escape observation on the other side. But fear that it might start while she was in the act deterred her. She contemplated retreat toward the station whose lights blinked dimly through the rain. But would not Felma and the rider be there waiting for her? That would be stepping through the failure itself. She must face the brakeman. Desperate under the situation Bluebonnet looked and spied an open car. She hesitated for a moment. The brakeman was approaching slowly—whistling. She stepped close to the car, caught hold of the floor, pulled herself up and rolled inside. She lay quiet, huddling, through fear of detection. The brakeman stopped for a moment near the car, the light of his lantern throwing shadows on the roof. Then he passed. Gloom filled the enclosure. Bluebonnet's heart, beating in triphammer throbs, softened under relaxation.

TO BE CONTINUED

STUFF O'DREAMS

By Jerome Harte Bosman in ROSARY MAGAZINE

Kate Wellington's pen stopped in the middle of a word; she stared at the page on which she had been writing. What an odd letter to send her father, when she had sat down only to write him New Year's greetings! She read over the last few scrawls phrases.

"Dreams! What are they? visions of the past, or prophecies of the future vouchsafed us by God while our souls are lighted in our bodies? If prophecies, warnings?—portents?—Or is it all nothing?"

She wrote the page to two. "That's not a bit like me! Jimmie would make fun of me, if he read it, and poor old Dad might think me too serious! I'll wire him Happy New Year and let it go at that!" She got up from her desk and wandered to one of the long French windows of the library, where she stood staring out at the swirling snow.

But it was a strange dream! She could not put it out of her mind. "I'm not superstitious!" she told herself. "It's something that did not agree with me! There's no such thing as a ghost!"

Maggie, a new acquisition to the household, came in with fresh logs for the fire. "Maggie," cried Mrs. Wellington, "do you believe in ghosts?"

"Sure, ma'am," returned Maggie, cheerfully. "Me own mother seen one!"

Kate turned back to the snow. Nonsense! She imagined it, Maggie imagined it!

Two days later, a telegram came when Kate and her young husband were at breakfast. "It's Uncle George!" cried she. "He's dead!"

"That's too bad," said Wellington, perfunctorily. "The old boy was about due to go, though, wasn't he?"

"I knew someone in my family was going to die this week!"

"Did you, indeed?" scoffed her husband. "What rot you talk!"

"But I dreamed it, Jimmie!" protested Kate. "Three nights ago, a white shadow came to my bedside and bent over me. It was inhumanly tall and wavery, and it leaned over me with what seemed to be arms extended and shrouded. I thought, even in my sleep, that it was a moonbeam, but there was no moon, and the—thing spoke to me. It woke me. I sat up, and Jimmie! you can smile like that, if you like, but it was still there! It just floated to the door and beckoned to me! Of course, it meant something, but what? I hate to see people die! Even if I'd known it was Uncle George, I—I wouldn't have gone there!"

"Sure thing, you wouldn't!" cried Jimmie. "I wouldn't have let

you! But the dream—poof! Indigestion, Kate! Indigestion!"

"Oh, very well," sighed Kate, wiping away a tear for Uncle George. "Have it your own way!"

No use to argue with Jimmie! She looked across at him, half sadly, half whimsically. Even Kate, young herself, knew how young Jimmie was! He sat there this morning, clean-shaven, rosy-cheeked, keen eyed, with a jaw that protruded and shoulders very square. Jimmie was intolerant, with the extreme intolerance of youth. He thought the world was his oyster to open and devour. Failure, sickness, death—oh, he didn't believe, now, that they could ever touch him!

"And I won't let you go to the funeral, either!" cried he, going back to his morning paper. "Don't believe in funerals!"

Well! neither did Kate, any more. Nor in mourning, or things like that. You see, the world was Kate's oyster, too. She had grown to be a little like Jimmie. She thought life could be lovely always, that she could dodge unpleasant things just by—well, dodging!

Her father stopped off to see them on his way back from the funeral. And the night he came, Kate had another nightmare. Even Maggie heard her scream out in her sleep, and Maggie slept in the attic story.

"My goodness!" said Kate, at breakfast. "I don't know what I shall do if I go on having these terrible dreams! It was Uncle George, again! We were in a frame house of many rooms, all clean, but absolutely bare, with unpainted floors and heavy shutters on the windows that had no curtains. Every one of our family was there, the living and the dead! Poor Uncle George was going on a long journey, and he didn't want to start! No one had any sympathy for him. Anyway, he heard you say he made you tired, Jimmie! He was dreadfully hurt!"

"Well, he still makes me tired!" mumbled her husband, behind his paper. Kate's father laughed. Jimmie was funny.

"Oh, Jimmie and Dad, it was such a queer dream! Our new car had come and was standing on a stone causeway that ran down from the house to the sea. The car faced the house, and the sea behind it was wild and black-looking, and it went up to meet the sky in the distance. I kept thinking the brakes on our new car must be very good or our car would run backwards into the sea! Then, you and I were leaving, and of course there was no place to turn the car around, so we had to get in and back down. I stood up in the car to tell you how we were going, and the car began to go faster and faster, and oh! there was a sheer drop into the sea at the bottom of the causeway, and I screamed, and you couldn't make the brakes work—" Kate, in her nervousness, overturned her cup of coffee and the brown stream ran across the snowy cloth, toward Jimmie.

"And then you woke up!" he finished drily. "Heavens, Kate, I wish you'd wake up before you were spilt that damned coffee! Dad, she's as nervous as a cat and she eats everything she shouldn't! No wonder she has such rotten dreams!"

"I know, I think, Jimmie," said Kate's father, quietly, "that maybe there's more to that dream than indigestion!"

"Nonsense! All rot! Superstition! Harkback to the Irish! Ought to be ashamed of it!" Jimmie stamped out of the dining-room. When he came in, a few seconds later, in his coat and hat, he was grinning, as only Jimmie could. "Take her for a walk, Dad!" he cried. "Get her blood circulating and some wind into her lungs! Then, she won't have another of those cheerful recurrences tonight of Uncle George and the sea and ghosts and things!"

When Sunday morning came, Kate's father was surprised to find that the young Wellingtons slept so late they could not possibly get to the last Mass. "But we danced until four this morning!" cried Kate. "How could we get up? Besides, Sunday morning is the only time Jimmie has to sleep. He never takes a day off!"

"Well," said her old father, "I always said I never would interfere with my children and my in-laws, and I never will! But I want to say this to you, my girl: You've got to remember God and your duty when you are prosperous. If you don't, God will forget you. You and Jimmie are young. You think nothing can happen to you! I believe you both think you can live forever! But you can't. Trouble, sickness, death comes to every one who is born. And when your turn comes, just remember that God is your only help. Go to Him, then, and pray,—pray to get back the Faith that you and Jimmie have lost!"

Kate kissed him, and Jimmie gave him a good cigar. "Oh, we do go to Mass sometimes, Dad!" Kate cried.

"Ah, this praying stuff is out of date!" Jimmie declared. "Nowadays you gotta work for what you get! Lord, the other fellow's copped your order while you're getting up off your knees!"

"You say that because you're young," Dad told him. "It's all so different when you're young!"

The New Year season and her father's visit became past events; the winter snows melted; spring

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came to Kate and Jimmie; the fifth of their married life. Trees were budding, flowers were blooming; the new car had come. Kate Wellington was in high spirits.

"I've never been so happy as I am this spring!" she told her husband one sunny morning across the breakfast table. "Jimmie, it seems as though we've had one chunk of good luck piled on another for ages, and such good times and parties! It's good to be alive!"

She never noticed that Jimmie was strangely silent behind his paper. She was opening invitations to country club luncheons and bridge parties when he came to kiss her good-bye, and she paid no heed to the fact that his lips were hot and dry and that he lagged behind her chair indecisively. "This one's from Mrs. Mason!" cried she. She never noticed us before! It's because you're making so much money, Jimmie! They all know you're one of the coming men in Wall Street!"

Jimmie went out of the room without a word, but at the door, he took hold of the jamb to steady himself. That day Kate ordered a lot of new sport clothes for the car and the club, and some new evening dresses. And she told her modiste that she didn't care so much about what they cost if only they were right! She ordered a nice dinner for Jimmie and made an engagement for bridge that evening. Then she went to a tea, and being very tired on her return, lay down in the big porch hammock till Jimmie's train came from town.

Kate Wellington had another dream then; and because she was one of those queer people who know she is dreaming, she told herself her sleep: "Oh, this is a nice dream! I'm so glad!" She was laughing and skipping through sun-flooded, spacious rooms with very high stone ceilings. They were quite bare of furniture or hangings but the gray of the stone and the sunbeams made them beautiful.

Suddenly, a figure appeared before her in a doorway. He was very tall; and his arms, when he bent down and lifted her in them, were the longest she had ever seen. Kate was not at all frightened. She laughed and cried "Oh!" when his arms began to lift her up, up, up. The sensation was delightful. She felt that she was the happiest creature in all the world! Life was certainly good! Up, up, slowly, until she could see the sun above the stone roof and the figure below her was enveloped in mists. How funny it was!

And then all at once, she was coming down, ruthlessly, and with increasing speed. The world went black; the tall figure, was gone and only arms of steel gripped. Kate Wellington knew she would be dashed to the stone floor and crushed! She shrieked out in fright.

And Jimmie woke her, his hand on her arm. His face arrested her. "What is it, Jimmie?" she whispered, trembling.

"Poor Jimmie! Gone was all the confidence, all the arrogance of youth! His square shoulders sagged, his eyes were haggard, his protruding jaw trembled like a hurt little boy's. Kate forgot her dream for this waking nightmare!"

"Jimmie darling! she cried, and sat up and drew him down beside her in the hammock. "Tell me!"

"I've lost my job!" sobbed he. "And I'm on the wrong side of the market! Kate, we're in an awful hole! I didn't dare tell you!"

Kate drew his head to her shoulder and patted his feverish cheek. "There, there," soothed she. "Who cares? We're all right! Dad will help with the market, and that job wasn't much of a job anyway!"

"But it was! It was!"

"I don't care, Jimmie, if only we're alive and together!"

After a dinner that neither ate, Kate Wellington made her husband lie down and she sat beside him and bathed his aching head until he had fallen into a doze. And then, she went out into the sweet spring darkness.

She sped through the fragrant streets. There was a vine-clad Church in the distance, with a gold cross on top, and she had not been there in a long time, but she knew the way well. "On, Dad, Dad,"

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