

# RAINBOW'S END *A Novel*

By REX BEACH Author of "The Iron Trail," "The Spoilers," "Heart of the Sunset," Etc.

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CHAPTER XVIII—Continued.

"Exactly. And they saw nothing."  
"Your pardon, my colonel. They came back in a cold sweat, and they spent the night on their knees. The woman was there again. You have seen the salt sea at night? Well, her face was aglow, like that, so they said. They heard the clanking of chains, too, and the sound of hammers, coming from the very bowels of the earth. It is all plain enough, when you know the story. But it is terrifying."

"This is indeed amazing," Cobo acknowledged, "but of course there is some simple explanation. Spirits, if indeed there are such things, are made of nothing—they are like thin air. How, then, could they rattle chains? You probably saw some wretched patients in search of food and imagined the rest."

"Indeed! Then what did I hear with these very ears? Whispers, murmurs, groans, and the clinkety-clink of old Sebastian's chisel. For his sins that old slave is chained in some cavern of the mountain. Soundless! I'm no baby! I know when I'm asleep, and I know when I'm awake. That place is accursed, and I want no more of it!"

Cobo fell into frowning meditation, allowing his cigarette to smolder down until it burned his thick fingers. He was not a superstitious man and he put no faith in the supernatural, nevertheless he was convinced that his sergeant was not lying, and reference to Pancho Cueto had set his mind to working along strange channels. He had known Cueto well, and the latter's stubborn belief in the existence of that Varona treasure had more than once impressed him. He wondered now if others shared that faith, or if by chance they had discovered a clue to the whereabouts of the money and were conducting a secret search. It was a fantastic idea, nevertheless. Cobo told himself that if people were prying about those deserted premises it was with some object, and their actions would warrant observation. The presence of the woman—a woman—

Jacket, too, felt the strain, and after several fruitless attempts to sleep he rose and went out into the sunshine, where he fell to whetting his knife. He finished putting a double edge upon the blade, fitted a handle to it, and then a cord with which to suspend it round his neck. He showed it to O'Reilly, and after receiving a word of praise he crept outdoors again and tried to forget how sick he was. Black spots were dancing before Jacket's eyes; he experienced spells of dizziness and nausea during which he dared not attempt to walk. He knew this must be the result of starvation, and yet, strangely enough, the thought of food was distasteful to him. He devoutly wished it were not necessary to climb that hill again, for he feared he would not have the strength to descend it.

Luckily for the sake of the secret, Evangelina spent most of the day searching for food, while Ascencio lay babbling upon his bed, too ill to notice the peculiar actions of his companions.

It was with a strange, nightmare feeling of unreality that the trio dragged themselves upward to the ruined quinto when darkness finally came. They no longer talked, for conversation was a drain upon their powers, and the reaction from the day's excitement had set in. O'Reilly lurched as he walked, his limbs were heavy, and his liveliest sensation was one of dread at the hard work in store for him. The forcing of that door assumed the proportions of a Herculean task.

But once he was at the bottom of the well and beheld the handiwork of Sebastian, the slave, just as he had left it, his sense of reality returned and with it a certain measure of determination. Inasmuch as he had made no visible impression upon the bulkhead by his direct attack, he changed his tactics now and undertook to loosen one of the jambs where it was wedged into the rock at top and bottom. After a desperate struggle he succeeded in loosening the entire structure so that he could pry it out far enough to squeeze his body through.

"I have it!" he cried to Rosa. Seizing the candle, he thrust it into the opening. He beheld what he had expected to find, a small cavern or grotto which had evidently been pierced during the digging of the well. He could appreciate now how simple had been the task of sealing it up so as to baffle discovery. Rosa, poised above him, scarcely breathed until he straightened himself and turned his face upward once more.

He tried to speak, but voiced nothing more than a hoarse croak; the candle in his hand described erratic figures.

"What do you see?" the girl cried in an agony of suspense.  
"—It's here! B-boxes, chests, casks—everything!"  
"God be praised! My father's fortune at last!"

Rosa forgot her surroundings; she bent her hands together, calling upon O'Reilly to make haste and determine beyond all question that the missing hoard was indeed theirs. She dived perilously close to the well and knelt over it like some priestess at her devotions; her eyes were brimming with tears and there was a roaring in her ears. It was not strange that she failed to see or to hear the approach of a great blurred figure which materialized out of the night and took station scarcely an arm's length behind her.

"He intended it for his children," she sobbed, "and providence saved it from our wicked enemies. It was the hand of God that led us here, O'Reilly. Tell me, what do you see now?"

Johnnie had wormed his way into the damp chamber and a slim rectangle of light was projected against the opposite side of the well. Rosa could hear him talking and moving about.

Don Esteban Varona's subterranean hiding-place was large enough to store a treasure far greater than his; it was perhaps ten feet in length, with a roof high enough to accommodate a tall man. At the farther end were ranged several small wooden chests bound with iron and fitted with hasps and staples, along one side was a row of diminutive casks, the sort used to contain choice wines or liquors; over all was a thick covering of slime and mold. The iron was deeply rusted and the place itself smelled abominably stale.

O'Reilly surveyed this Aladdin's cave in a daze. He set his candle down, for his fingers were numb and unsteady. Cautiously, as if fearful of breaking some spell, he stooped and tried to move one of the casks, but found that it rested him as if cemented to the rock. He noted that its head was bulged upward, as if by the dampness, so he took his iron bar and aimed a sharp blow at the chime. A hoop gave way; another blow enabled him to pry out the head of the cask. He stood blinking at the sight exposed, for the little barrel was full of coins—yellow coins, large and small. O'Reilly seized a handful and held them close to the candle flame; among the number he noted a Spanish doubloon, such as young Esteban had found.

He tested the weight of the other casks and found them equally heavy. Knowing little about gold, he did not attempt to estimate the value of their

contents, but he judged they must represent a fortune. With throbbing pulses he next lifted the lid of the nearest chest. Within, he discovered several compartments, each stored with neatly wrapped and labeled packages of varying shapes and sizes. The writing upon the tags was almost illegible, but the first article which O'Reilly unwrapped proved to be a goblet of most beautiful workmanship. Time had long since blackened it to the appearance of pewter or some base metal, but he saw that it was of solid silver. Evidently he had uncovered a store of old Spanish plate.

In one corner of the chest he saw a metal box of the sort in which valuable papers are kept, and after some effort he managed to break it open. Turning back the lid, he found first a bundle of documents bearing imposing scrolls and heavy seals. Despite the dampness, they were in fairly good condition, and there was enough left of the writing to identify them beyond all question as the missing deeds of patent to the Varona lands—those crown grants for which Donna Isabel had searched so fruitlessly. But this was not all that the smaller box contained. Beneath the papers there were numerous leather bags. These had rotted; they came apart easily in O'Reilly's fingers, displaying a miscellaneous assortment of unmet gems—some of them at first sight looked like drops of blood, others like drops of pure water. They were the rubies and the diamonds which had brought Isabel to her death.

O'Reilly waited to see no more. Candle in hand, he crept out into the well to apprise Rosa of the truth.

"We've got it! There's gold by the barrel and the deeds to your land. Yes, and the jewels, too—a quart of them, I guess. I—can't believe my eyes." He showed her a handful of coins. "Look at that! Doubloons, eagles! There appear to be thousands of them. Why, you're the richest girl in Cuba. Rubies, diamonds—yes, and pearls, too, I dare say—" He choked and began to laugh weakly, hysterically.

"I've heard about those pearls," Rosa cried, shrilly. "Pearls from the Caribbean, as large as plums. Isabel used to babble about them in her sleep."

"I found those deeds the first thing. The plantations are yours now, beyond any question."

Rosa drew back from her precarious position, for she had grown limp from weakness and her head was whirling. As she rose to her feet she brushed something, somebody, some flesh-and-blood form which was standing almost over her. Involuntarily she recoiled, toppling upon the very brink of the pit, whereupon a heavy hand reached forth and seized her. She found herself staring upward into a face she had grown to know in her nightmares, a face the mere memory of which was enough to freeze her blood. It was a hideous visage, thick-lipped, flat-featured, black; it was disfigured by a scar from lip to temple and out of it glimmered a pair of eyes distended and ringed with white, like the eyes of a man insane.

For an instant Rosa made no sound and no effort to escape. The apparition robbed her of breath, it paralyzed her in both mind and body. Her first thought was that she had gone stark mad, but she had felt Cobo's hands upon her once before and after her first frozen moment of amazement she realized that she was in her fullest senses. A shriek sprang to her lips, she tried to fight the man off, but her weak struggle was like the fluttering of a bird. Cobo crushed her down, strangling the half-uttered cry.

Terror may be so intense, so appalling as to be unendurable. In Rosa's case a merciful oblivion overtook her. She felt the world grow black, fall away; felt herself swing dizzily through space.

O'Reilly looked upward, inquiring, sharply, "What's the matter?" He heard a scuffling of feet above him, but received no answer. "Rosa! What frightened you? Rosa!" There was a moment of sickening suspense, then he put his shoulder to the timbers he had displaced and, with a violent shove, succeeded in swinging them back into place. Laying hold of the rope, he began to hoist himself upward. He had gone but a little way, however, when, without warning, his support gave way and he fell backward; the rope came pouring down upon him. "Rosa!" he called again in a voice thick with fright. Followed an instant of silence; then he flattened himself against the side of the well and the breath stuck in his throat.

Into the dim circle of radiance above a head was thrust—a head, a pair of wide shoulders, and then two arms. The figure bent closer, and O'Reilly recognized the swarthy features of that man he had seen at the Matanzas railroad station. There could be no doubt of it—it was Cobo.

The men stared at each other silently, and of the two Cobo appeared to be the more intensely agitated. After a moment his gaze fixed itself upon the opening into the treasure chamber and remained there. As if to make entirely sure of what he had overheard, he stretched his body farther, supporting it by his outflung arms, then moved

his head from side to side for a better view. He seemed to rock over the mouth of the well like a huge, fat, black spider. He was the first to speak.

"Am I dreaming? Or—have you really discovered that treasure?" he queried.

O'Reilly's upturned face was ghastly. He wet his lips. He managed to whisper Rosa's name.

"The riches of the Varonas! What a find!" Cobo's teeth shone white in the grin of avarice. "Yes, I see now—a cavern in the rock. Well, well! And you are the spirit of Sebastian, chained in the bowels of La Cumbre. Ha! These are the ghosts—" He began to chuckle, but the sound of his unvoluntary merriment was like the hiccupping of a drunken man.

"Rosa! What have you done—" Cobo ran on unabating: "It must be a great treasure, indeed, from all accounts—the ransom of a dozen kings. That's what Cueto said. 'The ransom of a dozen kings!' Those were his very words."

The fellow continued to sway himself back and forth, peering as if his eyes were about to leave his head. For a long moment or two he utterly disregarded O'Reilly, but finally as he gained more self-control his gaze shifted and his expression altered. He changed his weight to his left arm and with his right hand he drew his revolver.

"What are you doing?" O'Reilly cried, hoarsely.

The colonel seemed vaguely surprised at this question. "Fool! Do you expect me to share it with you?" he inquired.

"Wait! There's enough—for all of us," O'Reilly feebly protested; then, as he heard the click of the cocked weapon: "Let me out. I'll pay you



It Was Cobo.

well—make you rich." In desperation he raised his shaking hand to dash out the candle, but even as he did so the colonel spoke, at the same time carefully lowering the revolver hammer.

"You are right. What am I thinking about? There must be no noise. Caramba! A pretty business that would be, wouldn't it? With my men running up here to see what it was all about. No, no! No gunshots, no disturbance of any kind. You understand what I mean, eh?"

His face twisted into a grin as he tossed the revolver aside, then under took to detach a stone from the crumbling curb. "No noise!" he chuckled. "No noise whatever."

O'Reilly, stupefied by the sudden appearance of this monstrous creature, stunned by the certainty of a catastrophe to Rosa, awoke to the fact that this man intended to brain him where he stood. In a panic he cast his eyes about him, thinking to take shelter in the treasure-chamber, but that retreat was closed to him, for he had wedged the wooden timbers together at the first alarm. He was like a rat in a pit, utterly at the mercy of this maniac. And Cobo was a maniac at the moment; he had so far lost control of himself as to allow the stone to slip out of his grasp. It fell with a thud at O'Reilly's feet, causing the assassin to laugh once more.

"Ho, ho!" he hiccupped. "My fingers are clumsy, eh? But there is no need for haste." He stretched out his arm again, laid hold of another missile, and strained to loosen it from its bed. "Jewels! Pearls the size of plums! And I a poor man! I can't believe it yet." He could not detach the stone, so he fumbled farther along the curb. "Pearls, indeed! I would send a dozen men to hell for one—"

O'Reilly had been standing petrified, his body forced tightly against the rough surface behind him, following with strained fascination the deliberate movements of the man above him; now he saw Cobo, without the least apparent reason, twist and shudder, saw him stiffen rigidly as if seized with a sudden cramp, saw his eyes dilate and heard him heave a deep, whistling sigh. O'Reilly could not imagine what ailed the fellow. For an eternity, so it seemed, Cobo remained leaning upon his outspread arms, fixed in that same attitude of paralysis—it looked almost as if he had been startled by some sound close by. But manifestly that was not the cause of his hesitation, for his face became convulsed and an expression of blank and utter astonishment was stamped upon it. The men stared fixedly at each other. O'Reilly with his head thrown back, Cobo with his body propped rigidly upon wooden arms and that peculiar shocked inquiry in his glaring eyes. But slowly this expression changed; the colonel bent as if beneath a great weight, his head rose and turned back upon his neck, he filled his lungs with another wheezing sigh. His teeth ground together, his head began to wag upon his shoulders; it dropped lower and lower; one hand slipped from its hold and he lurched forward. An instant he hung suspended from the waist; then he appeared to let go limply as all resistance went out of his big body. There came a warning rattle of dirt and mortar and pebbles; the next instant he slipped into the well and plunged headlong down upon O'Reilly, an avalanche of lifeless flesh.

Johnnie shielded himself with his upflung arms, but he was driven to his knees, and when he scrambled to his feet, half stunned, it was to find himself in utter darkness. There was a heavy weight against his legs. With a strength born of horror and revulsion he freed himself; then hearing no sound and feeling no movement, he fumbled for the candle and with clumsy fingers managed to relight it. Even after the flame had leaped out and he saw what shared the pit with him he could barely credit his senses. The nature of his deliverance was uncanny, supernatural—it left him dazed. He had beheld death stamped upon Cobo's writhing face even while the fellow braced himself to keep from falling, but what force had effected the phenomenon, what unseen hand had stricken him, Johnnie was at a loss to comprehend. It seemed a miracle, indeed, until he looked closer. Then he understood. Cobo lay in a formless, boneless heap; he seemed to be all arms and legs; his face was hidden, but between his shoulders there protruded the crude wooden handle of a homemade knife to which a loop of cord was tied.

O'Reilly stared stupidly at the weapon; then he raised his eyes. Peering down at him out of the night was another face, an impertinent, beardless, youthful face.

He uttered Jacket's name, and the boy answered with a snarl. "Bring my knife with you when you come," the latter directed.

"You!" The American's voice was weak and shaky. "I thought—" He set the candle down and covered his eyes momentarily.

"That's a good knife, all right, and sharp, too. The fellow died in a hurry, eh? Who does he happen to be?"

"Don't you know? It—it's Cobo."

"Cobo! Cobo, the baby-killer!" Jacket breathed an oath. "Oh, that blessed knife!" The boy craned his small body forward until he was in danger of following his victim. "Now, this is good luck indeed! And to think that he died just like any other man."

"Rosa! Where is she?" O'Reilly inquired in a new agony of apprehension.

"Oh, she is here," Jacket assured him, carelessly. "I think she has fainted."

"Help me out, quick! Here, catch this rope." Johnnie managed to fling the coil within reach of his little friend and a moment later he had hoisted himself from that pit of tragedy.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

**One-Man Pontoons.**  
Building bridges under fire, the greatest ordeal that the army engineers of other campaigns were subjected to, bids fair to go out of fashion. In future a regiment going across a stream will, if a recent invention meets with approval, merely wade into the stream and drift across, meantime utilizing both hands to manipulate his rifle.

The new invention is a sort of glorified "water wings" arrangement and is adapted to the fording of deep streams without the necessity of bridge building. The encircling buoy is blown up by the soldier. It holds him upright in the water with his shoulders and arms clear of the surface. In experiments recently conducted a man made several bull's eyes on a target 300 yards away while floating across the stream.

**Not Always.**  
"The young fellow who's calling on your daughter, Smith, has a lot of 'go' in him."  
"Not any to notice when he's calling on my daughter."

## IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

(By Rev. P. B. FITZWATER, D. D., Teacher of English Bible in the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.)  
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### LESSON FOR SEPTEMBER 1

#### SOME LAWS OF THE KINGDOM OF GOD.

LESSON TEXTS—Luke 6:30-35; 21:1-4. GOLDEN TEXT—Remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said, it is more blessed to give than to receive.—Acts 20:35.

DEVOTIONAL READING—II Corinthians 9:6-15. ADDITIONAL MATERIAL FOR TEACHERS—Luke 16:9; Romans 12:8; II Corinthians 9:6-15; Hebrews 13:16; Ezra 1:2-4; I Chronicles 29:1-5.

The principles of ethics which shall prevail in the earth when Jesus Christ shall be king are entirely different from those of the world. The worldly spirit always inquires as to what gain will accrue from an action or service. Its policy is doing good for the sake of getting good. Those who have been made partakers of the divine nature, who are really subjects of the kingdom, do good because they have the nature and spirit of God, not because they expect something in return.

#### I. Give to Every Man That Asketh of Thee (v. 30).

This does not mean that any request that may be made by the idle, greedy, and selfish should be granted. Only evil would result from such indiscriminate and unregulated giving. Such benevolence would foster idleness and selfishness. Oftentimes the worst thing you can do for a man is to give him money. The drunkard will only spend it for more drink; the gambler will continue his dissipation. The meaning then is, give to the one asking the thing which he needs. The man in poverty needs to be given a way to earn his living, rather than to be given money without the necessity of labor. There is that in the human heart which refuses charity, and cries out for a means to honestly gain a livelihood.

#### II. Of Him That Taketh Away Thy Goods, Ask Them Not Again (v. 30).

"Ask" here means demand. It doubtless forbids the forcible demanding of the return of that which has been taken from one.

#### III. Do to Other Men as You Would That They Should Do Unto You (vv. 31-34).

This ethic puts life's activities on the highest possible ground. He does not say, refrain from doing that which you would not like to be done to you, as even Confucius taught; but to positively make the rule of your life the doing to others as you would wish them to do unto you. Loving those who love us, doing good to those who do good to us, and lending to those from whom we hope to receive, is just what all the sinners of the world are doing. The child of the kingdom of Christ is to be different.

#### IV. Love Your Enemies (v. 35).

That which is natural to the human heart is to hate the enemy. To love in the real sense means to sincerely desire the good of even one's enemy and willingness to do anything possible to bring that good. Such action is only possible to those who have been born again. Christ loved those who hated him. He was willing even to die for his enemies.

#### V. Lend, Hoping for Nothing Again (v. 35).

This is what the Heavenly Father is constantly doing. He is kind and gracious unto the unthankful and the wicked. He sends his rain and sunshine upon the unjust and sinners. He makes fruitful the toil of those who blaspheme his name. He thus does because it is his nature to do so.

#### VI. Be Merciful (v. 36).

The example for the imitation of the disciple is the Heavenly Father.

#### VII. Judge Not (v. 37).

To judge does not mean the placing of just estimates upon men's actions and lives, for "By their fruits ye shall know them." The tree is judged by the fruit it bears. The thorn tree does not bear figs, nor the apple tree bear grapes. Our only way of discerning the character of men and women is their actions. That which is condemned is censorious judgment—the impugning of motives.

#### VIII. Condemn Not (v. 37).

This means that we should not pass sentence upon men for their acts, for to their own master they stand or fall (Rom. 14:4). The real reason why such action is not warranted is that the bias of our hearts and the limitation of our judgments render it impossible to righteously and intelligently pass judgment.

#### IX. Forgive (v. 37).

Those who forgive shall be forgiven. The one who has realized the forgiving mercy of God will be gracious and forgiving toward others.

#### XI. Liberality Determined by What Is Left (Luke 21:1-4).

The rich stake into the treasury much, but it was from their abundance. The poor widow cast in all that she had; there was nothing left. God estimates a gift by what one has left, not by the size of the gift. To give the widow's mite is to give all. For the millionaire to give the widow's mite would mean for him to give his millions.

#### Genius and Taste.

To say nothing of his holiness or authority the Bible contains more specimens of genius and taste than any other volume in existence.—Lancelot.