



RAINBOW'S END A NOVEL BY REX BEACH

O'REILLY'S HOPES OF FINDING AND RESCUING ROSA RECEIVE A CRUSHING BLOW

Synopsis.—Don Esteban Varona, rich Cuban planter, hides his money and jewels and the secret of the hiding place is lost when he and the only other person who knows it are killed.

CHAPTER X—Continued.

"Senor, you are in danger. Tonight, at midnight, you will be arrested. I beg of you to see that there is nothing incriminating in your possession."

"Why do you tell me this—you? Is it some scheme to—to incriminate me?" O'Reilly inquired.

"No!" The lieutenant shook his head. "I am a friend—a Cuban, in spite of this uniform. If you repeat my words I shall be shot within the hour."



"Tonight, at Midnight, You Will Be Arrested."

acquaintance with Spanish, O'Reilly was able to defend himself without the aid of an interpreter.

to be a far greater menace to the interests of my country than—well, than a score of dynamite experts. I believe you are a writer."

"That altogether depends upon circumstances. The United States is inclined to recognize the belligerency of these Cuban rebels, and her relations with Spain are becoming daily more strained."

"For the present, yes! That is my official message to you. Privately, however—the speaker eyed O'Reilly with a disconcerting expression—"I would like to warn you."

"More arrests?" "Not necessarily. Understand me, I speak as one gentleman to another, but—you must have noticed that Americans are unpopular with our troops."

"By having me followed, as usual, I dare say," O'Reilly said bitterly.

"Oh, you will of course be shadowed day and night; in fact, to be quite sure of your—er—safety, I shall ask you to permit one of my men to accompany you everywhere and even to share your room."

a moment of thought he said gravely: "I appreciate the delicacy of your consideration, sir, and—I shall go."

General Antuna leaped to his feet, his grim face alight; striding to O'Reilly, he pressed his hands—he seemed upon the point of embracing him.

With angry, brooding eyes O'Reilly watched the white houses along the water front dwindle away, the mangrove swamps slip past, and the hills rise out of their purple haze.



"His Name is Weyler."

the snit breath of the trades came to his nostrils he turned into his stateroom, and, taking the crate of coconuts with which General Antuna had thoughtfully provided him, he bore it to the rail and dropped it overboard.

"Great news!" Esteban Varona announced one day as he dismounted after a foraging trip into the Yumuri.

Esteban covertly appraised his sister's charms, but respecting her terror of Cobo he did not speak his thoughts.

"Wait! I am forgetting something. See what Loret's men handed me; they are posted from one end of the island to the other."

"All inhabitants of the country districts, or those who reside outside the lines of fortifications of the towns, shall, within a period of eight days, enter the towns which are occupied by the troops."

It was that inhuman order of concentration, the result of which proved to be without parallel in military history—an order which gave its savage author the name of being the architect of a nation reputed peculiarly cruel.

"Bless you, this is already two weeks old!" her brother told her.

When the World Ran Backward. Esteban went about his plan of destroying Pancho Cueto with youthful energy and zest.

Now while Esteban was thus busied, Pancho Cueto was entertaining an unwelcome guest. In the late afternoon he had been surprised by the visit of a dozen or more volunteers, and inasmuch as his relations with their colonel had been none of the friendliest since that ill-starred expedition into the Yumuri, he had felt a chill of apprehension on seeing the redoubtable Cobo himself at their head.

Cueto had welcomed his visitor in all humility; he put up the soldiers in the barge of the sugar mill, and then installed Cobo in his best room, after which he ransacked the house for food and drink and tobacco.

When Cobo finally took himself off to bed Cueto followed in better spirits than he had enjoyed for some time.

But it seemed to him that he had barely closed his eyes when he was awakened by a tremendous vibration and found himself in the center of the floor, undecided whether he had been hurled from his bed or whether he had leaped thither.

"Quick! Soak the bed with oil and fire it," Esteban directed; then he ran out into the hall to investigate that other shouting.

They Bolted From the House as Fast as They Could Go. to be spun backward around to the place where Rosa was waiting.

to shout; he was too desperately engaged. His rifle was empty, he had its hot barrel in his hands; he had his distinguished Asensio wielding his machete. Then he found himself down and half stunned.

By and by, after he was well away, his numbness passed and he began to suffer excruciating pain.

Daylight came at last to show him his way. More than once he paused, alarmed, at voices in the woods, only to find that the sounds issued from his own throat.

Esteban reasoned that he must be near home by this time, for he had been traveling for days—for years. The country, indeed, was altogether unfamiliar; he could not recall ever having seen the path he trod, but for that matter everything was strange.

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They Bolted From the House as Fast as They Could Go.

Rosa and her faithful companions, facing starvation, obey the Spanish concentration order.

HOW MRS. BOYD AVOIDED AN OPERATION



Canton, Ohio.—"I suffered from a female trouble which caused me much suffering, and two doctors decided that I would have to go through an operation before I could get well."

Rely On Cuticura To Clear Pimples

TIRES—RADIATORS

Kill All Fleas! THEY SPREAD DISEASE

PARKER'S HAIR BALM

FIRST TO USE "CAMOUFLAGE"

American Indians Early Recognized the Value of Simple Devices for Misleading an Enemy.

That the art of camouflage as now practiced in Europe is an American institution and originated by the American Indians, was recently proved to the driver of a touring car which crossed the country.

Where the Trouble Was. Jones—Are you good at mental arithmetic, Brown?

Rating Necessary. Physician's Secretary—That new patient telephoned and asked if she must avoid rich foods.

When you think of Wheat-Saving foods, think of POST TOASTIES - SUPERIOR CORN FLAKES