Rainbow's End A Novel

By REX BEACH

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CHAPTER XVI-Continued.

as tattered as the poorest of Betan- was unmoved. sourt's common soldiers; his shoes were broken and disreputable; his cothe saddle and nights in the grass, were in desperate need of attention. Mis beard had grown, too, and his skin, Jacket wailed. where it was exposed, was burnt to a mahogany brown. Certainly there to stay here." was nothing about his appearance to bespeak his nationality.

The general continued; "I am directed in this letter to help you in some saterprise. Command me, sir."

As briefly as possible Johnnie made known the object of his journey. The fficer nodded his comprehension, but as he did so a puzzled expression prossed his face.

Yes, I reported that Miss Varona had gone into the city—I took some sains to find out. Do you have reason o doubt-"

"Not the least, sir."

"Then-why have you come all this

"I came to find her and to fetch her to her brother." "But-you don't understand. She is

actually inside the lines, in Matansas a prisoner." "Exactly. I intend to go into Matan-

ses and bring her out." General Betancourt drew back, as-

conished. "My dear man!" he exstaimed. "Are you mad?" O'Reilly smiled faintly. robably. All lovers are mildly mad,

believe." "Ah! Lovers! I begin to see. Butlow do you mean to go about this-

his-impossible undertaking?" get out again, and bring her with me."

more, and no one ever comes out."

you. How can I do so?"

O'Reilly hesitated an instant, "For a single pesetn."

"You are welcome to the few dollars I possess."

Johnule expressed his gratitude for this ready assistance. "One thing more," said he. "Will you give my tive during this adjuration. He felt no boy, Jacket, a new pair of trousers and send him back to the Orient at the nestness was touching and it caused Mrst opportunity?"

"Of course. It is done." The genstal laid a friendly hand upon O'Reil- before how fond he had become of this shoulder, saying, gravely: "It sek with him, for I have fears for put an arm around him. the success of your venture. Matanzas is a hell; it has swallowed up thousands of our good countrymen; thoumands have died there. I'm afraid you to not realize what risks you are tak-

O'Reilly did not allow this wellwith him out of his purpose, once it became known. On the contrary, he pent that afternoon in satisfying himself that Rosa had indeed left the Pan

Matanzas before Cobo's raid. Among Betancourt's troops was a at the time Asenslo and his family had abandoned their struggle for excareless "Adios!" retched to heaven, the fellow cursed the author of his misfortunes.

"I live for one thing!" he cried hrilly-"to meet that monster, and to turned away. cher him, as he butchers women

O'Reilly purposely left his most unhe had acquainted himself as far as journey, following the guide whom possible with the hazards he was likely General Betancourt had provided. to encounter, he took Jacket aside and

and Jacket began to weep coplously, red Cuban soil was exposed the trav- | "Come here," commanded the Ameri-

sure to fail."

"So much the more reason for you

At this the boy uttered a louder sent leave me-you dassent!"

"Listen, people are starving in Main the streets."

"I don't eat much."

bornly Jacket launched himself into a and everything; he leveled anathemas him and his beloved benefactor. The jungle. latter listened good-naturedly.

"You're a tough kid," he laughed, when Jacket's first rage had worn itself out. "I like you, and I'd take you if I could. But this isn't an enterprise for a boy, and it won't get you anything to keep up this racket." Jacket next tried the power of ar-

in a hazardous undertaking of this upon himself. The success of his ensort his assistance would be invaluable. He was, so he declared, the one his caution, his powers of dissimulaperson in all Cuba in every respect tion, his ability to pass as a harmless, qualified to share O'Reilly's perils. To helpless pacifico. It gave him an unbegin with, he was not afraid of Span- accustomed thrill, by no means pleaslards, or anything else, for that mat- ant. "You told me just now that I could ter-he dismissed the subject of perpass for a Cuban. Well, I am going sonal courage with a contemptuous to be a deep gutter winding between put it to the test. If I once get into shrug. As for cunning, sagacity, pru- red clay banks cut by the high wheels the city I shall manage somehow to dence, resource, all-around worth, he of clumsy cane carts. Inasmuch as no was, without doubt, unequaled in any "Um-m!" The general appraised country. He was a veritable Spartan, O'Reilly speculatively. "No doubt you too, when it came to hardship-privaan get in-it is not so difficult to en- tion and suffering were almost to his per, I believe, and especially to one liking. He was discreet-discretion speaks the language like a native. was something he had inherited; he But the return-I fear you will find was a diplomat-diplomacy being one that another matter. Matanzas is a of his most unique accomplishments. place of pestilence, hunger, despair. As for this talk about hunger, O'Reilly No one goes there from choice any need not concern himself in the least on that score, for Jacket was a small "So I should imagine." The speak- eater and could grow fat on a diet of was careless tone added to General Be- dried leaves. Disease? Bah! It made ancourt's astonishment. "Bless me!" him laugh. His experience with sickexclaimed. "What an extraordi- ness was wider than most fisicos, and mary young man! Is it possible that he was a better nurse than Miss Evpen do not comprehend the terrible ans would ever be. Jacket did not wish conditions?" A sudden thought struck to appear in the least boastful. On him and he inquired quickly: "Tell me, the contrary, he was actually too modyou are not by any chance that hero est, as his friends could attest, but they call El Demonio? I have heard truth compelled him to admit that he that he is indeed a demon. No? Very was just the man for O'Reilly. He well! You say you wish to visit Ma- found it impossible to recommend himtanzas, and I am instructed to help self too highly; to save his soul he could think of no qualification in which he was lacking and could see no reasae thing, I need money. I-I haven't son why his benefactor would not greatly profit by the free use of his amazing talents. The enterprise was difficult; it would certainly fail with-

Johnnie remained carefully attendesire even to smile, for the boy's earthe elder man's throat to tighten uncomfortably. Johnnie had not realized quaint youngster. And so, when the ould relieve me intensely to send you little fellow paused hopefully, O'Reilly

"I'm sure you are everything you say you are, Jacket, and more, too, but you can't go!"

With that Jacket flung off the embrace and, stalking away, seated him-He took a half-smoked cigar from the pocket of his shirt and lit it, meant warning to influence him, nor scowling the while at his friend. More aid he listen to the admonitions of than once during the evening O'Reilly those other Cubans who tried to argue detected his sullen, angry eyes upon

General Betancourt and several memproceeded with his preparations and bers of his staff were up early the following morning to bid their visitor good-by. In spits of their efforts to make the parting cheerful it was plain that they had but little hope of ever man who had been living in the hills again seeing this foolbardy American. Johnnie's spirits were not in the least affected by this Ill-concealed pesbetence, and to him O'Reilly went, This simism, for, as he told himself, he had fellow, it seemed, had remained with money in his pockets and Matanzas his family in the mountains some time was not many miles away. But when after Asensio's departure. It was he came to part from Jacket he experifrom him that O'Reilly heard his first enced a genuine disappointment. The authentic report of the atrocities per- boy, strangely enough, was almost inpetrated by Cobo's volunteers. This different to his leaving; he merely exman had lost his wife, his little son, tended a limp, dirty hand, and replied and all the scanty belongings he pos- to O'Reilly's parting words with a

In hurt surprise the former inquired, "Don't we part good friends?" "Sure!" Jacket shrugged, then

devotion was thoroughly unselfish; it for such a weak form of persuasion, had not been easy to wound him. With pleasant task to the last. When his keener regrets than he cared to acarrangements had been completed and knowledge O'Reilly set out upon his

broke the news to him that on the fol- warm to promise a hot midday; the he had expected, the boy refused to shower. This being the rainy season, voice, he armed himself with a stout in one place as another." listen to birs. O'Reilly remained firm the trails were soft, and where the rich stick.

He worked himself up to a hysterical elers sank into it as into wet putty, can. O'Reilly joined in the laughter crescendo which threatened to arouse | Crossing a rocky ridge, O'Reilly and | Jacket shook his head. He made evoked by this remark. He was quite the entire encampment. But O'Reilly his guide at last emerged upon an a painful attempt to swallow, and "Be quiet," he told the boy. "I grown up to bottle palms, those queer, tinct he consigned his idol to a warmer won't let you go with me, and that distorted trees whose trunks are swoi- place than Cuba. m trousers, snagged by barbed wire ends it. It will be hard enough for one len into the likeness of earthen water and brambles, and solled by days in man to slip through; two would be jars. Scattered here and there over "Don't get gay on me." the meadows were the dead or fallen culiar and distinctive beauty.

> When Johnnie shook his head stub- countryman, pointing into the valley; "It will lead you to the main road; which dried his tears. His vocabu- ward-"is Matanzas. Go with God. Spaniards, O'Reilly, himself, everybody is polluted from the rains." With a smile and a wave of the hand the man boy lied gravely, unblushingly. Nev-

As O'Reilly descended the slope he realized keenly that he was alone and in hostile territory. The hills and the woods from Pinar del Rio to Oriente were Cuban, or, at most, they were disputed ground. But here in the plains and valleys near the cities Spain was supreme. From this moment on gument. He attempted to prove that O'Rellly knew he must rely entirely terprise-his very life-hinged upon

The road, when he came to it, proved



crops whatever had been moved over the road during the past season, it was now little more than an oozy, sticky rut. Not a roof, not a chimney was in sight; the valley was deserted. Here was a fertile farming country-and yet no living thing, no sound of bells, no volces, no crowing cocks, no lowing cattle. It was depressing to O'Reilly, and more, for there was something menacing and threatening about it all.

Toward noon the breeze lessened and it became insufferably hot. A destination was in sight. bank of clouds in the east promised a nearest shade to wait for it, and took der lunch. He was meditatively munchin alarm. He whirled, then uttered bright, inquisitive eyes were fixed upon his own and the girl's undoing. O'Reilly from beneath a deflant scowl.

devil'are you doing here?" "You goin' to let me come along?" challenged the intruder.

"So! You followed me, after I said bear to dwell upon. I didn't want you?" O'Reilly spoke re-

closer. "Let's be sensible about this." troops went by. But Jacket scrambled to his feet and portion of the sweet potato into his dejected oxen were resting. It was a lovely morning, sufficiently mouth. It was plain that he had no

open slope, knee-high in grass and when his utterance became more dis-

"I'm a tough kid," he declared.

The two parleyed briefly; then, when "Those Spaniards will skill you!" trunks of another variety, the cabbage satisfied that no violence was intended palm, the green heart of which had him, the boy sat down to listen. But, long formed a staple article of diet for as before, neither argument nor appeal the insurrectos. Spanish axes had had the slightest effect upon him. He been at work here and not a single denied that he had followed his benecry. He stamped his bare feet in a tree remained alive. The green floor factor; he declared that he was a free frenzy of disappointment. "You das- of the valley farther down was dotted agent and at liberty to go where he with the other, the royal kind, that willed. If it so chanced that his fancy monarch of tropic vegetation which took him to the city of Matanzas at tanzas; they are sick; they are dying lends to the Cuban landscape its pe- the same time O'Rellly happened to be traveling thither, the circumstance "Yonder is the camino," said the might be put down to the long arm of coincidence. If his company were distasteful to the elder man, O'Reilly was torrent of profanity the violence of and there"-he turned to the north- free to wait and follow later; it was a matter of complete indifference to his voice cracked nervously. "Are they tary was surprising. He revited the and don't drink the well water, which Jacket. He had business in Matenzas children, or gourds with legs under and he proposed to attend to it. The at that woman who had come between turned back and plunged into the ertheless, he kept a watchful eye upon his hearer.

"Very well," O'Reilly told him final-"I give in."

Jacket's face instantly lit up. He radiated good humor; he hitched his body closer.

"By ——! I get my own way, don't I?" he laughed.

"Indeed you do." O'Reilly laid a hand fondly upon his loyal follower. "And I don't mind telling you that I'm more than half glad of it. I-I was getting lonesome. I didn't know how much I could miss you. But now we must make some plans, we must have an understanding and decide who we are. Let me see-your real name is Narciso-"

"Narciso Villar."

"Well, then, I shall be Juan Villar, your brother. Henceforth we shall speak nothing but Spanish. Tell me now, what was our father's name, where was our home, and what are we doing together?"

During the breathless interval before the shower the two sat with their heads together, talking earnestly. As the wind came and the cooling rain began to rattle on the leaves overhead they took up their bundles and set to them and water streamed down no attempt was made to confine them their bodies; overhead the sky was to their quarters. Morning brought black and rent by vivid streaks of fire. them streaming down from the subbut they plodded onward cheerfully. Jacket was himself again; he bent

his weight against the tempest and lengthened his short strides to O'Reilly's. He tried to whistle, but his teeth chattered and the wind interfered, so he hummed a song, to drive the chill out of his bones and to hearten his benefactor. Now that he was at last accepted as a full partner in this entershare its perils, but to lessen its hardships and to yield diversion.

The rain was cold, the briers beside the overgrown path were sharp, and they scratched the boy's bare legs cruelly; his stomach clamored for a companion to that solltary sweet potato. too, but in his breast glowed ardor and pride. Jacket considered himself a fortunate person-a very fortunate person, indeed. Had he not found a brother, and did not that brother love him? There was no doubt about the latter, for O'Rellly's eyes, when he looked down, were friendly and inti- fort to destroy the entire Cuban people mate. Here was a man to die for.

The downpour lasted but a short time, when the sun came out and dried the men's clothes; on the whole, it had been refreshing. When evening came the Villar brothers sought refuge in an old sugar mill, or rather in a part of it still standing. They were on the main caizada now, the paved road which links the two main cities of the island, and by the following noon their

O'Reilly felt a sudden excitement cooling shower, so Johnnie sought the when Matanzas came into view. From this distance the city looked quite as advantage of the delay to eat his sien- it did when he had left it, except that the blue barbor was almost empty of ing a sweet potato when a sound at shipping, while the familiar range of of neglect. The faint light betrayed his back caused him to leap to his feet hills that hid the Yumuri—that valley of delight so closely linked in his an exclamation of amazement. Seated thoughts with Rosa Varona—seemed not fifty feet away was a bare-legged to smile at him like an old friend. For boy, similarly engaged in eating a the thousandth time he asked himself sweet potato. It was Jacket. His if he had come in time to find her, or brown cheeks were distended, his if fate's maddening delays had proved

O'Rellly knew that although Matan-"Jacket!" cried the man. "What the zas was a prison and a pesthole, a girl like Ross would suffer in perils infinitely worse than imprisonment or disease. It was a thought he could not

Signs of life began to appear now. proachfully; but reproaches had no the travelers passed small garden effect upon the lad. With a mild ex- patches and occasional cultivated Jacket was a likable youngster; his pletive, Jacket signified his contempt fields; they encountered loaded carts bound into the city, and once they hid "See here, now." O'Reilly stepped themselves while a column of mounted

> O'Reilly stopped to pass the time of retreated warily, stuffing the uneaten day with a wrinkled cartman whose

"Going into the city, are you?" the confidence in O'Reilly's intentions, fellow inquired, "Starved out, I suptowing morning they must part. As air was moist and fresh from a recent Muttering something in a muffled pose. Well, it's as pleasant to starve

Jacket helped himself to a stalk of Courier-Journal.

cane from the lead and begat to strip t with his teeth.

"Will the soldiers allow us to enter?"

Johnnie Inquired. "Of course. Why not? The old man laughed mirthlessly; then his voice changed. "Go back," he said, "go back and die in the fields. Maranzas stinks of rotting corpses. Go back where the nir is clean." He swung his long lash over the oxen, they leaned against the load, and the cart creaked dismally on its way.

It is never difficult to enter a trap, and Matanzas was precisely that. There were soldlers everywhere, but beyond an indifferent challenge at the outer blockhouse, a perfunctory question or two, Narciso and Juan Villar experienced no trouble whatever in passing the lines. Discipline, never strict at best, was extremely lax at the brick fortinas along the roads, and, since these two refugees were too poor to warrant search, they were waved onward by the sentrics. They obeyed silently; in aimless bewilderment they shuffled along toward the heart of the city. Almost before they realized it they had run the gantlet and had joined that army of misery, fifteen thousand strong. The hand of Spain had closed over them.

CHAPTER XVII.

Rosa.

"Look!" Jacket clutched at O'Reilly and pointed a shaking finger. "More beggars! Christo! And those little children!" The boy tried to laugh, but

O'Reilly looked, then turned his eyes away. He and Jacket had reached the heart of Matanzas and were facing the public square, the Plaza de la Libertad it was called. Matanzas appeared poor and squalld, depressingly wretched; its streets were foul and the Plaza de la Libertad-grim mockery of a name-was crowded with a throng such as it had never held in O'Reilly's time, a throng of people who were, without exception, gaunt, listless, ragged. There was no afternoon parade of finery, no laughter, no noise; the benches were full, but their occupants were silent, too sick or too weak to move. Nor were there any romping children. There were, to be sure, vast numbers of undersized figures in the square, but one needed to look twice to realize that they were not pygmies or wizened little old folks. It was not strange that Jacket had compared them to gourds with legs, for all were naked, and most of them had bodies swollen into the likeness of pods or calabashes. They looked peculiarly grotesque with their spidery legs and thin faces.

O'Reilly passed a damp hand across his eyes. "Just Heaven!" he breathed. "She-she's one of these!"

The reconcentrados overran Matanout. The big drops drenched them zas in an unclean swarm; streets and quickly. Their thin garments clung plazas were congested with them, for urban slopes where they lived, evening sent them winding back; their days were spent in an aimless search for food. They snatched at crumbs and combed the gutters for crusts. How they managed to exist, whence came the food that kept life in their miserable bodies, was a mystery, even to the citizens of the city; no organized effort had been made to care for them prise, it became his duty not only to and there was insufficient surplus food for half their number. Yet somehow they lived and lingered on.

At the time of O'Reilly's arrival the sight presented by these innocent victims of war was appalling; it roused in him a dull red rage at the power which had wrought this crime and at the men who permitted it to continue Spain was a Christian nation, he reflected; she had set up more crosses than any other, and yet beneath them she had butchered more people than all the nations of the earth combined. This monstrous, coldly calculating efseemed to him the blackest infamy of all, and he wondered if it would be allowed to succeed.

Fortunately for the two friends, General Betancourt's generosity served to relieve them from any immediate danger of starvation. After making a few purchases and eating with the utmost frugality, they began their search, Later they stretched themselves out to sleep on the stones beneath the portales of the railroad station.

They spent a horrid, harrowing night, for now the general distress was brought home to them more poignantly than ever. At dawn they learned that these people were actually dying the presence of new corpses lying upon the station flagstones. From those still living, groans, sighs, sick mutterings rose until O'Reilly finally dragged his youthful companion out of the place.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Dog Is Man's Friend. However much or little the average

dog costs, he pays back to humanity in affection, fidelity, intelligence, service and companionship more than he costs. This, all outside his value as a creature, by his very presence among men, cultivating the spirit of kindness and humanity which man still so sorely needs. The real dog lover puts no price in dollars and cents on his dog. He simply says: "Money can't buy

All Harmonious. "So you are getting good results

from juries of ludies?" "Yes," said the judge; "they don't want us men to have a chance to say they couldn't agree."-Louisville

WHY WOMEN DREAD OLD AGE

Don't worry about old age. Don't worry about being in other people's way when you are getting on in years. Keep your body in good condition and you can be as hale and hearty in your old days as you were when a kid, and every one will be

were when a kid, and every one will be glad to see you.

The kidneys and bladder are the causes of senile afflictions. Keep them clean and in proper working condition. Drive the poisonous wastes from the system and avoid uric acid accumulations. Take GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules periodically and you will find that the system will always be in perfect working order. Your spirits will be enlivened, your muscles made strong and your face have once more the look of youth and health.

New life, fresh strength and health will come as you continue this treatment. When your first vigor has been restored continue for awhile taking a capsule or two each day. They will keep you in condition and prevent a return of your troubles.

There is only one guaranteed brand of Haarlem Oil Capsules, GOLD MEDAL. There are many fakes on the market. Be sure you get the Original GOLD MEDAL. Imported Haarlem Oil Capsules. They are the only reliable. For sale by all first-class druggists.—Adv.

druggists.-Adv.

He Knew.

Kind Old Lady-And what do little boys say when they are given candy? Little Boy-Gosh, izzat all I get?

MILLIONS USE RED CROSS. Millions of good housewives use Red Cross Ball Blue. Each year its sales increase. The old friends use it and tell others. Red Cross Ball Blue will make your old clothes look like new. Ask your grocer .-- Adv.

Ministerial Advertisement. Squib-Our new minister certainly

has a sense of humor. Squab-What's he went and done? Squib-Put a sign on the parsonage

reading, "Spirits Rectified." Cuticura Stops Itching.

The Soap to cleanse and Ointment to soothe and heal most forms of itching, burning skin and scalp affections. Ideal for tollet use. For free samples address, "Cuticura, Dept. X, Boston." Sold by druggists and by mail. Soap 25, Ointment 25 and 50.-Adv.

A New Excuse.

Jimmie had gone to bed 'way up the dark stairs and into his scary black bedroom. Shortly thereafter his mother heard him call in a frightened voice, "Ma, I wisht you'd come up here."

She went up. "Ma, won't you keep the light burning in here? I-uh-it's so dark I can't see to sleep."

How 'Bout the Trip Back? The thing he liked to do best of all was not to go to a family reunion. One was on the schedule, however, and he had to go. It meant a long ride on the train. He was telling a friend

"Yes, I'm going to a family reunion," he said, "and there's just two things I don't like about it. First, it's the trip there; secondly, it's the being there after I get there."

Which Judge Is Right?

An Eastern judge the other day found a man guilty of disorderly conduce for kissing his wife when she didn't want him to kiss her. "It is a woman's inalienable right

to refuse to be kissed if she doesn't want to be kissed," this judge said, adding, "and she doesn't forfeit this right when she marries the man."

But, on the other hand, Judge Graham of San Francisco officially rules that a husband may kiss his wife whenever he pleases, whether it pleases the wife or not.

Indeed, so firm are the judge's convictions upon the subject that he was moved to put his decision in verse:

a cave man, selze your mate If she shows you signs of hate; But kiss her, boy; it is your right.

Take your choice of decisions, Mr. Married Man. We refrain from expressing our opinion as to which is the right one. We're married.-Washington Herald.

