Rainbow's End

The same of the sa

A NOVEL by REX BEACH

Author of "THE IRON TRAIL," "THE SPOILERS," "HEART OF THE SUNSET." Etc.

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CHAPTER XVII-Continued. -15-

"I can't stand that," he confessed. "I can't sleep when people are starving to death alongside of me. This money burns my pocket. I-I-"

Jacket rend his purpose and laid a detaining hand upon his arm. "It will save our lives, too," he said

simply. "Bah! We are men. There are

women and children yonder-" But Jacket's sensibilities were calloused, it seemed. "Of what use would your few pesetas be among so many?" he inquired. "God has willed this, and he knows what he is doing. Besides, your 'pretty one' is probably as hungry as these people. No doubt we shall find that she, too, is starving."

O'Reilly slowly withdrew his hand from his pocket. "Yes! It's Rosa's money. But-come; I can't endure crooked sneer and left exposed

He led the way back to the Plaza of Liberty and there on an iron beach they waited for the full day. They were very tired, but further sleep was impossible, for the death wagons rumbled by on their way to collect the bodies of those who had died during the night.

Neither the man nor the boy ever wholly lost the nightmare memory of the next few days, for their search took them into every part of the reconcentrado districts. What they beheld aged them. Day after day, from dawn till dark, they wandered, peering into buts, staring into faces, asking questions until they were faint from fatigue and sick from disappointment.

As time passed and they failed to fini Rosa Varona a terrible apprehension began to weigh O'Reilly down; his face grew old and drawn, his shoulders sugged, his limbs began to drag. It was all that Jacket could do to keep wim going. The boy, now that there was actual need of him, proved a per-



Can't Stand That," He Confessed

fect jewel; his optimism never falled his faith never faitered, and O'Reilly began to feel a dumb gratitude at having the youngster by his side.

Jacket, too, became thin and gray about the lips. But he complained not at all and he laughed a great deal. To him the morrow was always another day of brilliant promise toward which he locked with never-failing eagerness; and not for a single moment did he question the ultimate success of their endeavor. Such an example did much for the older man. Together they practiced the strictest, harshest econmy, living on a few cents a day, while shey methodically searched the city from limit to limit.

At first O'Reilly concerned himself more than a little with the problem of escape, but as time wore on he thought less and less about that. Nor did he have occasion to waste further concern regarding his disguise. That it was perfect he proved when several of his former acquaintances passed him by and when, upon one occasion, lessly. he came face to face with old Don Mario de Castano. Don Mario had changed; he was older, his flesh had softened, and it hung loosely upon his like these others. They haven't the form. He appeared worried, harassed, spirit to try." There was a moment of and O'Reilly recalled rumors that the silence, and then; "Caramba! You war had ruined him. The man's air remember those jutias we ate? They of dejection seemed to bear out the were strong, but I would enjoy the

O'Reilly felt a sudden impulse to make age like the rest of these poor peohimself known to the Spaniard and to ple." appeal directly for news of Rosa's fate. But Don Mario, he remembered in time. had a reputation for vindictiveness, so he smothered the desire. One other encounter O'Rellly had reason to re-

It so chanced that one day he and the incoming passengers of the Habana hopes, and although his sensibilities her to the bench and laid her upon it. derstand me, she is straight-straight

train. Few people were traveling these | had been dulled, his apprehensions days, and they were, for the most part, had been quickened hour by hour. Spanish officers to whom the sight of Now that he looked the matter squarestarving country people was no nov- ly in the face, it seemed absurd to beelty. Now and then, however, there did lieve that a tender girl like Rosa Vaarrive visitors from whom the spec- rona could long have withstood the tacle of so much wretchedness wrung | hardships of this hideous place; stronga contribution, hence there was al- er people than she had succumbed, by ways an expectant throng at the depot. | the hundreds. Even now the hospitals On this occasion O'Reilly was surprised to hear the piteous whines for their hotels. No one, so far as O'Rellly charity in the name of God turn suddenly into a subdued but vicious mut- fast they were dying or the number of ter of rage. Hisses were intermingled dead which had already ridden out of with vituperations, then the crowd fell Matanzas in those rumbling wagons. strangely silent, parting to allow the but there were many. What chance passage of a great, thick-set man in the uniform of a colonel of volunteers. The among the latter? fellow was unusually swarthy and he wore a black scowl upon his face, while a long puckering scar the full length of tance a bent figure of want. It was a one cheek lifted his mouth into a glimpse of wolfish teeth.

O'Reilly was at a loss to fathom this sudden alteration of attitude, the whistle of indrawn breaths and the whis pered curses, until he heard some one mutter the name, "Cobo." Then indeed neglected as in Donna Isabel's time, he started and stiffened in his tracks. He fixed a fascinated stare upon the few orange trees, to be sure, remained

Colonel Cobo seemed no little With his chest arched and his black gered through the press, clicking his

"So that is the butcher of bables!" exclaimed the boy. "Well, now, I should enjoy cutting his heart out."

O'Reilly's emotions were not entirely unlike those of his small companion. His lips became dry and white as he tried to speak.

"What a brute! That face- Ugh!" He found himself shaking weakly, and discovered that a new and wholly unaccountable feeling of discouragement had settled upon him. He tried manfully to shake it off, but somehow falled, for the sight of Rosa's archenemy and the man's overbearing personality had affected him queerly. Cobo's air of confidence and authority seemed to emphasize O'Reilly's impotence and bring it forcibly home to him. To think of his lustful persecution of Rosa Varona, moreover, terrified him. The next day he resumed his hut-to-hut search, but with a listlessness that came from a firm conviction that once again he was too late.

That afternoon found the two friends among the miserable hovels which encircled the foot of La Cumbre, about only quarter they had not explored. Below lay San Severino, the execution place; above was the site of the old Varona home. More than once on his way about the city O'Reilly had lifted his eyes in the direction of the latter, feeling a great hunger to revisit the scene of his last farewell to Rosa, but paid no heed. "Senor! Do you look do you live?" through fear of the melancholy effect it would have upon him he had thus far resisted the impulse. Today, however, he could no longer fight the morbid desire and so, in spite of Jacket's protest at the useless expenditure of effort, he set out to climb the hill. Of tion came to him faintly, but it was so course the boy would not let him go in tune with his unhappy mood that it

Little was said during the ascent. The La Cumbre road seemed very long aching lump had risen into his throat. and very steep. How different the last | This was the breaking point. time O'Reilly had swung up it! The climb had never before tired him as it did now, and he reasoned that hunger must have weakened him even more than he realized. Jacket felt the exertion, too; he was short of breath and he rested frequently. O'Rellly saw that the boy's bare, brown legs had grown bony since he had last noticed them. and he felt a sudden pang at having brought the little fellow into such a plight as this.

"Well, hombre," he said when they paused to rest, "I'm afraid we came too late. I'm afraid we're licked."

Jacket nodded listlessly; his optimism, too, was gone. "They must all be dead or we would have found them before this," said he. When O'Reilly made no answer he continued, "It is time we thought of getting away from here, eh?"

Johnnie was sitting with his face in his hands. Without lifting his head he inquired: "How are we going to get away? It is easy enough to get into Matanzas, but-" He shrugged hope-

Jacket brightened at the thought of escape, "Ho! I'll bet we can find a hole somewhere," said he. "We're not smell of one now. Eh? Another week They had been enemies, nevertheless of this and we shall be living on garb-

Leaving Jacket to take his time, Johnnie completed the climb alone, meditating upon the boy's words, "The spirit to try!" Where had his spirit a thousand emotions-mingled in a sort gone, he wondered. Perhaps it had of delirium, too wild for coherent ly's shoulder and warned him earnestbeen crushed beneath the weight of thought or speech. misery he had beheld; surely he had Jacket found themselves in the miser- seen enough. Hourly contact with sick- senses, for he became aware that Rosa | cause of all our misery. He hunted us | never occurred to her that the supply able rabble which assembled at the ness and misfortune on such a gigantic had collapsed and that his endearments satirond station to implore aims from scale was enough to chill anyone's left her unthrilled. Quickly he bore that I put that hump on her back. Un-

were full, the sick lay untended in knew, had undertaken to estimate how was there that Rosa had not been

As he breasted the summit of La Cumbre, O'Reilly beheld at some disnegro woman, grubbing in the earth with a sharpened stick. After a suspicious scrutiny of him she resumed her digging.

Nothing but a heap of stones and plaster remained of the Varona home. The grounds, once beautiful even when were now a scene of total desolation. A standing, and although they were cool and green to look at, they carried no pleased by the reception he created. fruit and the odor of their blooms was a trial and a mockery to the hungry eyes gleaming malevolently he swag- visitor. The evidences of Cueto's vandalism affected O'Reilly deeply; they heels noisily upon the stone flags. When brought him memories more painful he had gone Jacket voiced a vicious than he had anticipated. Although the place was well-nigh unrecognizable. nevertheless it cried aloud of Rosa, and the unhappy lover could barely control the emotions it awakened. It was indeed a morbid impulse which had brought him thither, but now that he was here he could not leave. Unconsciously his feet turned toward the ancient quarry which had formed the sunken garden-his and Rosa's trysting place.

O'Reilly desired above all things to be alone at this moment, and so he was annoyed to discover that another person was before him-a woman, evidently some miserable pacifico like himself. She, too, appeared to be looking for roots, and he almost stumbled over her as he brushed through the guava bushes fringing the depression.

His sudden appearance alarmed the creature and she struggled, panicstricken, out of his path. Her rags deformed, that her back was crooked, so he muttered a reassuring word to

This place was more as he had left it—there was the stone bench where Look! She is ill-" he had said good-by to Rosa; yonder was the well-

dressed by the hunchbacked woman. Her voice was thin, tremulous, eager, have made us suffer." but his thoughts were busy and he for something-some one-

"N-no. Yes-" he answered, abstractedly. "Yes, I am looking for something-some one."

"Something you have lost?"

"Something I have lost!" The quesaffected him strangely. He found that his eyes were blurring and that an

O'Reilly's hearing, too, was going wrong, for he imagined that some one whispered his name. God! This place was not dead-it was alive-terribly alive with memories, voices, a presence unseen yet real. He laid hold of the nearest bush to steady himself, he closed his eyes, only to hear his name spoken louder.

Johnnie brushed the tears from his ashes. He turned, he listened, but there was no one to be seen, no one, that is, except the dusky cripple, who had straightened herself and was facing him, poised uncertainly. He looked at her a second time, then the world began to spin dizzily and he groped his way toward her. He peered again, closer, for everything before his eyes was swimming.

The woman was thin-little more than a skeleton-and so frail that the wind appeared to sway her, but her face, uplifted to the sun, was glorified. O'Rellly stood rooted, staring at her until she opened her eyes, then he voiced a great cry:

"Rosa!" What more he said he

never knew. . . . He took the misshapen figure into his arms, he rained kisses upon the pinched, discolored face. But Rosa did not respond; her puny strength had flown and she lay inert in his embrace, scarcely breathing,

Dazed, doubting, astounded, it was some time before Johnnie could convince himself of the reality of this moment, and even then words did not come to him, for his mind was in turmoll. Joy, thanksgiving, compassion-

Fear finally brought him to his

After a time she smiled up into his and pretty enough for any American. han a murmur:

"God heard my prayers and sent you me."

"Rosa! You are Ill, you are weak-" Her eyelids fluttered. "I am dying, 'Rail-ye. I only waited to see you." "No, no!" In agony he gathered her ce more into his arms.

"Oh, yes!" Her bloodless fingers ouched his face again, then his thin, vorn rags. "You, too, have suffered. How came you to be so poor and hungry, O'Rail-ye?"

"I'm not poor, I'm rich, See!" He lingled the coins in his pocket. "That's noney; money for you, sweetheart. It vill buy you food and medicine, it will nake you strong again. Rosa, dear, I have looked for you so long, so long-" His voice broke wretchedly and he bowed his head. "I-I was afraid-"

"I waited as long as I had strength o wait," she told him. "It is too bad ou came so late."

Once again she lapsed into the lethrgy of utter weakness, whereupon he



A Woman, Evidently Some Miserable Pacifico Like Himself.

fell to stroking her hands, calling upon her to come back to him. He was beside himself now; a terrible feeling of impotence and despair overcame him.

tranging someone speak, he raised his eyes and discovered at his side that figure of want which he had seen digging on the slope below. It was Evangelina. The negress was little more than skin and bones, her eyes were bleared and yellow and sunken, her could not conceal the fact that she was face had grown apellke, but he recognized her and she him,

> "You are the American," she declared. "You are Rosa's man." "Yes. But what is wrong with her?

"She is often like that. It is the hunger. We have nothing to eat, se-"Senor!" Johnnie heard himself ad- nor. I, too, am ill-dying; and Asensio- Oh, you don't know how they

"We must get Rosa home. Where

Evangelina turned her death's head toward the city. "Down yonder. But what's the use? There is no food in our house and Rosa is afraid of those wagons. You know—the ones with the

The girl was not wholly unconscious it seemed, for she stirred and murmured faintly: "Those wagons! Don't let them put me in there with the other dead. They pile the bodies high-" A weak shudder convulsed her.

O'Reilly bent lower, and in a strong, determined voice cried: "You are not going to die. I have money for food. Rouse yourself, Rosa, rouse yourself."

"She prayed for you every night," the negress volunteered. "Such faith! Such trust! She never doubted that you would come and find her. Sometimes she cried, but that was because of her brother. Esteban, you know, is dead. Yes, dead, like all the rest."

"Esteban is not dead," O'Relly asserted. "He is alive. Rosa, do you hear that? Esteban is alive and well. I left him with Gomez in the Orient. I have come to take you to him?"

"Esteban alive? Ha! You are fooling us." Evangelina wagged her head wisely. "We know better than that."

"I tell you he is alive," O'Reilly insisted. He heard Jacket calling to him at that moment, so he hallooed to the boy; then when the latter had arrived, he explained briefly, without allowing Jacket time in which to express his amazement:

"Our search is over; we have found them. But they won't believe that Esteban is alive. Tell them the truth."

"Yes, he is alive. We found him rotting in a prison and we rescued him," Jacket corroborated. He stared curiously at the recumbent fifigure on the bench, then at O'Reilly. He puckered his lips and gave vent to a low whistle of amazement, "So. This is your pretty one, eh? I- She- Well, I don't think much of her. But then, you are not so handsome yourself, are

you? Evangelina seemed to be stupid, a trifle touched, perhaps, from suffering, for she laid a skinny claw upon O'Rell-

yes and her words were scarcely more Her skin is like milk, too, and her hair-she used to put flowers in it for you, and then we would play games. But you never came. You will make allowances for her looks, will you not?"

"Poor Rosa! You two poor creatures!" O'Reilly choked; he hid his. face upon his sweetheart's breast.

Rosa responded; her fingers caressed him and she sighed contentedly.

O'Reilly's ascent of the hill had been slow, but his descent was infinitely slower, for Rosa was so feeble that she could help herself but little and he lacked the strength to carry her far at a time. Finally, however, they reached the wretched hovel where Asensio lay, then leaving her there, Johnnie sped on alone into the city. He returned soon with several small bundles concealed about his person. and with Evangelina's help be set about preparing food.

Neither Rosa nor the two negroes had any appetite-their hunger had long since passed the point at which they were conscious of it-and O'Rellly was compelled to force them to eat. When he had given them all that he dared he offered what food was left

to Jacket. The boy moistened his lips and his fingers twitched, but he shook his head. "Oh, I'm not so hungry," he declared,

indifferently. "I have a friend in the market place; I will go down there and steal a fish from him." O'Reilly patted him on the shoulder,

saying: "You are a good kid, and you understand, don't you? These sick people need more food than we can buy for them, so we will have to draw our belts tight."

"Of course. Eating is a habit, anyhow, and we men know how to get along without it. I will manage to find something for you and me, for I'm a prodigious thief. I can steal the hair from a man's head when I try." With a nod he set off to find his benefactor's supper.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Haunted Garden. Rosa Varona did not die. On the contrary, under her lover's care she made so amazingly swift a recovery that improvement was visible from hour to hour; she rallied like a wilted flower under a refreshing rain. It was O'Rellly's presence as much as the nourishing diet provided by his money which effected this marvel, although the certainty that Esteban was alive and safe put added force into her determination to live. Rosa found hope springing up in her breast and one day she caught herself laughing. The marvel of it was unbelievable. O'Reilly was sitting beside her bed of leaves at the time; impulsively she pressed

his hands to her lips. "Such happiness as mine belongs in heaven," she managed to tell him. "Sometimes it frightens me. With you by my side this prison is a paradise and I want for nothing. War, suffering, distress-I can't imagine they longer exist."

"Nevertheless, they do, and Matanzas is anything but a paradise," said he. "We must set about quickly to get

"Escape, you mean? But that is impossible. Asensio can tell you all about that. The Spaniards used to issue passes for the men to go outside the lines in search of food. It was just a trick. They never came backall of them were killed. Everyone knows better than to try now."

"Nevertheless, we can't stay here much longer." In answer to the girl's puzzled inquiry he explained: "My money is gone-all but a few cents. corpses. She bade me bring her here This is the last of our food and there has some mysterious source of supply and he manages to bring in something every now and then, but there are five of us to feed, and he can't furnish more



"Esteban Is Not Dead," O'Reilly Asserted.

than enough for himself. No, we must make a move at once, while we have the strength."

Rosa had not asked the source whence came the blessed food which was bringing the life blood back into her body, and although that food was ly: "Look out for Cobo. You have not much-a little meal, a plantain, at heard about him, eh? Well, he is the occasional scrap of meat or fish-it has from place to place, and it was for him | might be limited. She met the prob-

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LEMON JUICE TAKES OFF TAN

Girls! Make bleaching lotion if skin is sunburned, tanned or freckled

Squeeze the juice of two lemons into bottle containing three ounces of Orchard White, shake well, and you have a quarter pint of the best freckle, sunburn and tan lotton, and complexion beautifier, at very, very small cost.

Your grocer has the lemons and any drug store or toilet counter will supply three ounces of Orchard White for a few cents. Massage this sweetly fragrant lotion into the face, neck, arms and hands each day and see how freckies, sugburn, windburn and tan disappear and how clear, soft and white the skin becomes. Yes! It is harmless,-

Not a Comic Sheet Boy.

A Cleveland young woman has a ten-year-old brother who is wise beyond his years and is likely to crop out in new places at the most unexpected times. The other night the anxious suffor celled on his inamorata, arriving at her domicile a little before he was expected. She was not ready to make her appearance, and the duty of entertaining the caller devolved upon the little brother.

"Well, Bobby," began the young man in an effort to make conversation and at the same time to put his involuntary host at his ease, "does your sister think that I am calling at the house oftener than I am welcome?"

The child looked keenly at the call-"Nothing doing," he said. "Do you think I'm one of these fresh kids you read about in the funny papers? There ain't going to be no embarrassing answer this time."

For Pimply Faces.

To remove pimples and blackheads smear there, with Cuticura Ointment. Wash off in five minutes with Cuticura Soap and hot water. For free samples, address "Cuticura, Dept. X, Boston." At druggists and by mail. Soap 25, Ointment 25 and 50 .- Adv.

Slacker.

"Mrs. Norman Whitehouse," said a Colony club member, "failed in her propaganda work abroad. Well, I'm not surprised. She has too sharp a wit for a good propagandist.

"Once, just after our declaration war, she attended a luncheon here. A young man on her right had the impoliteness, during the egg course, to rawn. She looked astonished, and the roung man said contritely:

"Excuse me; I'm bored." "Mrs. Whitehouse stared at the stupid young fellow, and said: "'Oh, don't be bored. Go and be

Red Cross Ball Blue, made in America, therefore the best, delights the housewife

Some in the City. An incident at the market recently indicated that not all of the "city folks" are posted on the farm game. A woman looking at the crates of gooseberries offered for sale by one of the market women said: "My goodness, you must keep a lot of geese to

get so many gooseberries!" And the woman from the country was quick to respond. "Oh, yes, we do have a few geese, but there are is no chance of getting more. Jacket some in the city as well!"-Butler (Pa.) Times.

> Must Have Many Friends. A certain individual marked his insome tax return: "No income-lives on borrowed money."

Whereupon the assessor sent a note inquiring: "From what source do you pay the interest on the loans?" The taxpayer replied: "Out of the

money borrowed, supplemented by further loans,"-London Tit-Bits,

HUSBAND SAVES WIFE

From Suffering by Getting Her Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Pittsburgh, Pa.—"For many months I was not able to do my work owing to a weakness which caused backache and headaches. A



friend called my attention to one of your newspaper advertisements and immediately my husband bought three bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for me. After taking two bottles I felt fine

and my troubles caused by that weakness are a thing of the past. All women who suffer as I did should try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."— Mrs. Jas. Rohrberg, 620 Knapp St., N. S., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Women who suffer from any form of weakness, as indicated by displacements, inflammation, ulceration, irregularities, backache, headaches, nervousness or "the blues," should accept Mrs. Rohrberg's suggestion and give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a thorough trial.

For over forty years it has been correcting such ailments. If you have mysterious complications write for advice to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.