RED CLOUD, NEBRASKA, CHIEF

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 XV-Continued.

-13-Esteban raised himself to his elbow. "You think it's a myth, a joke. Well, it's not. I know where it is. I found 1t !"

Norine gasped; Johnnie spoke soothingly:

"Don't get excited, old man; you've talked too much today."

"Ha !" Esteban fell back upon his we won't wait until the war is over." pillow. "I haven't any fever. I'm as sane as ever I was. That treasure exists, and that doubloon gave me the were still talking of golden ingots and clue to its whereabouts. Don Esteban, my father, was cunning; he could hide things better than a magple. It remained for me to discover his trick." "He is raving," O'Reilly declared, at them. He was panting when he ar-

with a sharp stare at his friend. The girl turned loyally to her pa-

tient. "I'll believe you, Mr. Varona. I always believe everything about buried



"I Know Where It is. I Found It!"

her. Anyhow, you mustn't think of re- sured O'Reilly in spite of Esteban's treasure. The bigger the treasure the turning to Matanzas," Norine faltered ; parting admonition.

CHAPTER XVI.

The Trocha. O'Reilly rose with one arm shielding Of all the military measures emhis face. "In the interest of friendship, I withdraw. A curse on these ployed by the Spanlards in their wars imagination and to envy the impasagainst Cuban independence, perhaps siveness of his companions. Even trench or traverse. Martinez Campos better; the boy was cheerful, philosay: "Don't pay any attention to him. during the Ten Years' war built the sophical, quite unimpressed by his first trocha just west of the Cubitas surroundings. When the mosquitoes We'll go and dig it up ourselves, and mountains where the waist of the island is narrowest. Not until Wey- sers, with some reluctance and much the trap, but finally they succeeded ler's time were the two methods of ceremony. still had their heads together. They pacification, the trocha and the concentration camp, developed to their fullest breeze and a few formless clouds pearls from the Caribbean the size of extent. Although his trochas hindered which served at times to dimly obplums when they looked up to see the free movement of Cuban troops O'Reilly running toward them. He was and his prison camps decimated the O'Reilly hoped that they might prove visibly excited; he waved and shouted peaceful population of several prov- to be the heralds of a storm. None inces, the Spanish cause gained little, came. When the moon had finally "News! From Matanzas!" he cried. Both trenches and prison camps be- crept down into the treetops old Hicame Spanish graveyards.

At the time Johnnie O'Reilly set out began silently to saddle up. The othfor Matanzas the war-a war without ers followed with alacrity, and fell in battle, without victory, without defeat behind him as he led the way into the -had settled into a grim contest of en- forest. durance. In the east, where the insurrectos were practically supreme, there was food of a sort, but beyond the Ju- crowded close. Ahead, dimly discerncaro-Moron trocha-the old one of the against the night sky, there ap-Campos' building-the country was sick. Immediately west of it, in that district which the Cubans called Las Villas, the land lay dying, while the entire provinces of Matanzas, Habana and Pinar del Rio were practically dead. These three were skeletons, picked bare of flesh by Weyler's beak.

The Jucaro-Moron trocha had been greatly strengthened since Campos' day. It followed the line of the transinsular railway. Dotted at every quarter of a mile along the grade were little forts connected by telephone and telegraph lines. Between these fortinas were sentry stations of logs or railroad ties. Eyes were keen, rifles were ready, challenges were sharp, and coun-"You'll go?" quickly cried Miss tersigns were quickly given on the Ju-Evans. "You'll go! You're not strong caro-Moron trocha.

enough. It would be suicide. You, In O'Reilly's party there were three with a price upon your head! Everymen besides himself-the ever-faithful body knows you there. Matanzas is Jacket, a wrinkled old Camagueyan virtually a walled city. There's sickwho knew the bridle trails of his province as a fox knows the tracks to its "Exactly. And hunger, also. I suplair, and a silent guajiro from farther pose no one has taken Rosa in? Those west, detailed to accompany the expeconcentration camps aren't nice places dition because of his wide acquaintance with the devastated districts. Both "But wait! I have friends in Washguides, having crossed the trocha more ington. They're influential. They will than once, affected to scorn its ter-

bedeviled by a pest of insects, mocked | it calmed him. The kick of the gun at by these mysterious volces, and subdued his excitement and cleared looking forward to a hazardous enterhis brain. He surprised himself by diprise, O'Reilly began to curse his vivid recting Jacket in a cool, authoritative voice, to shoot low. When he had emptled the magazine he led two of the the most unique was the trocha- Jacket, he noted, endured the strain horses forward. Then, grasping his own machete, he joined in clearing a pathway.

> became unbearable he put on his trou-Midnight brought a moist, warm

scure the moon. Watching the clouds, at random into the night. lario stepped upon his cigarette, then

When they had covered a couple of

miles Hilario reined in and the others peared to be a thinning of the woods. After listening for a moment or two, Hilarlo dismounted and slipped away; the three riders sat their saddles with ears strained.

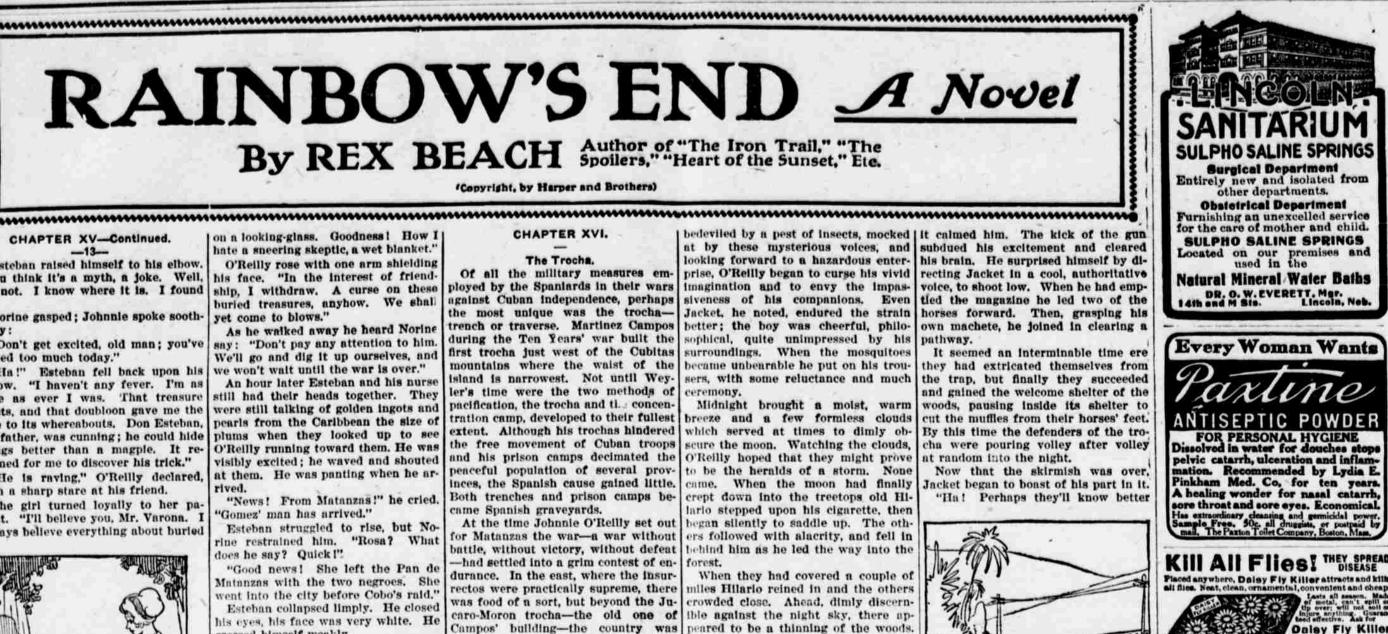
Hilarlo returned with word that all vas well, and each man dismounted to muffle the feet of his horse with rags and strips of gunnysack provided for the purpose. Then, one by one, they moved forward to the edge of the clearing. The trocha lay before them. O'Reilly felt a pair of reins thrust nto his hand and found Hilario examining a large pair of tinner's shears. "Do you wish me to go with you?" he inquired of the guide.

The latter shook his head. "Antonio will go; he will keep watch while I clear a path. If anything goes wrong, walt here. Don't ride away until we

"Never fear. I won't desert you,'

The two white-clad figures slipped way, became indistinct, and then disappeared. The night was hot, the mosquitoes hummed dismally and settled in clouds upon the waiting pair, maddening them with their poison. A halfhour passed, then the two ghostly figures materialized once more. cable the American consul to look after rors, and their easy confidence reas-"Dios!" grumbled Hilario. "There

are many strings to this Spanish gui-Into the tar. What a row when they discover



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In Japan as well as in the United States the demand for camphor has increased enormously.

Coal Flows Like Water.

In a great steel works at Pittsburgh powdered coal flows like water through 1,500 feet of four-inch pipe under a pressure of 40 pounds to the square inch, and flows so rapidly that four tons have been put through a 550-foot line in five minutes.

Church Mice Get Fat.

Even the devout New York mice are waxing fat on the war. That old saying about being "as poor as a church mouse" is surely passe these days, because there isn't any such animal in any of the houses of worship. They are all rich, fat and well fed. The cause is that most of the churches are offering free "feed" every Sunday night to the boys in .khaki. And these young men, try to be as careful as they may, always let a few crumbs fall from the wholesome sandwiches and tasty little cakes with their rich icing. That is where the transformation of the church mouse comes in. A woman reporter dropped into the chapel of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian church the other evening expecting to attend prayer meeting, but she got a glimpse of a mouse and from that moment until she reached the street she forgot all about religion. She, however, got a good glimpse of the mouse. Never, she declared, had she seen so large, so healthy, so prosperous a looking mouse in a church. All of which proves that the war has a silver lining even for the poor church mouse.



have timethe American reassured him.

ply adore pirates and such things; if I were a man I'd be one. Do you know, Twe always been tempted to bury my money and then go look for it."

"There is no doubt that my father had a great deal of money at one time," Esteban began; "he was the richest man in the richest city of Cuba."

O'Rellly shook his head dublously and braced his back against a tree trunk; there was a look of mild disapprobation on his face as he listened to the familiar story of Don Esteban and his elbow again. "Be careful there, the slave, Sebastian. When Esteban O'Reilly. They keep a sharp lookout, had finished, Norine drew a deep breath.

"Oh! That lays over any story I ever heard. To think that the deeds ing the railroad track. That's how we and the jewels and everything are in the well at this minute! Suppose somebody finds it?" Norine was aghast at the thought.

"Not much chance of that. The treasure has lain there for a generation, and the story itself is almost forgotten." Esteban turned triumphantly to O'Reilly, saying, "Now, then, do you think I'm so crazy?"

O'Rellly didn't have it in his heart to say exactly what he really thought. What he more than half suspected was that some favored fancy had formed lodgment in Esteban's brain.

"It's an interesting theory," he admitted. "Anyhow, there is no danger of the treasure being uncovered very and a pain in her breast. She had acsoon. Cueto had a good look and made himself ridiculous. You'll have ample chance to do likewise when the war is had never seen, and she had learned to over."

"You must help me find it," said Esteban. "We shall all share the fortune equally, you two, Rosa and L" "We? Why should we share in it?" Norine asked.

"I owe it to you. Didn't O'Rellly rescue me from a dungeon? Haven't you nursed me back to health? Don't owe my life to you both?"

"Nonsense! I, for one, sha'n't take a dollar of it."

"Oh, but you must. I insist. Nursing is a poorly paid profession. Wouldn't you like to be rich?"

"Profession! Poorly paid?" Norine sputtered, angrily. "As if I'd take pay!"

"As if I would accept a great service and forget it, like some miserable beggar!" Esteban replied stiffly.

O'Rellly laughed out. "Don't let's quarrel over the spoil until we get it," out and go to fighting. To avoid bloodshed, I'll agree to sell my interest cheap, for cash. My share of the famous Varona fortune going for a dollar !'

"There! He doesn't believe a word of it," Esteban said.

Norine gave an impatient shrug. "Some people wouldn't believe they were alive unless they saw their breath | ly out of sight.

her voice caught unexpectedly and she turned her face away. O'Reilly nodded shortly. "You're a

on a looking-glass. Goodness! How I

hate a sneering skeptic, a wet blanket."

buried treasures, anyhow. We shall

As he walked away he heard Norine

An hour later Esteban and his nurse

Esteban struggled to rise, but No-

"Good news! She left the Pan de

Matanzas with the two negroes. She

went into the city before Cobo's raid."

his eyes, his face was very white. He

Esteban collapsed limply. He closed

"The letter is definite. It seems they

"Do you hear, Esteban?" Norine

shook her patient by the shoulder.

"She's alive. Oh, can't you see that it

"Allve! Safe!" Esteban whispered.

His eyes, when he opened them, were

swimming; he clutched Norine's hand

tightly; his other hand he extended to

O'Reilly, "A reconcentrado! In Ma-

tanzas! Well, that's good. We have

friends there-they'll not let her

starve. This makes a new man of me.

See! I'm strong again. I'll go to her."

ness, too-yellow fever, typhus-"

for a girl."

were starving. They obeyed Weyler's

bando. They're in Matanzas now."

always pays to believe the best?"

rine restrained him. "Rosa? What

"Gomez' man has arrived."

does he say? Quick !!

crossed himself weakly.

yet come to blows."

rived.

sick man," he agreed. "There's no need for both of us to go." Esteban looked up. "Then you-"

"I leave at once. The Old Man has given me a commission to General Betancourt, and I'll be on my way in an hour, The moon is young; I must cross the trocha before-"

"That trocha !" Esteban was up on and it's guarded with barbed wire. Be

sure you cut every strand. Yes, and muffle your horse's hoofs, too, in crosswere detected. Pablo's horse struck a rail, and they fired at the sound. He fell at the first volley, riddled. Oh, I know that trocha !"

"D---- the trocha!" O'Reilly exclaimed. "At last I've got a chance to do something. God! How long I've walted."

Esteban drew O'Rellly's tense form down and embraced his friend, after the fashion of his people. "She has been waiting, too," he said, huskily. "We Varonas are good waiters, O'Reilly. Rosa will never cease waiting until you come. Tell her, for me-"

Norine withdrew sofily out of earshot. There were a lump in her throat quired a peculiar and affectionate interest in this unhappy girl whom she respect O'Reilly's love. The yearning that had pulsed in his voice a moment before had stirred her deeply; it awoke a throb in her own bosom, for O'Reilly was dear to her. The pacificos, according to all reports, were dying like files in the prison camps. Norine wondered if there might not be a terrible heartache at the end of O'Reilly's quest? Her face was grave and worrled when. hearing him speak to her, she turned to take his outstretched hand.

"You will be careful, won't you?" she implored. "And you'll be stout of heart, no matter what occurs?"

He nodded. "It's a long way back here to Cubitas. You may not see or hear from me again."

"I understand." She choked miserably. "You mean you may not come back. Oh, Johnnie!"

"Tut, tut! We O'Reillys have more lives than a litter of cats. I mean I said he. "That's the way with all may not see you until the war is over treasure-hunters. They invariably fall and we meet in New York. Well, we've been good pals, and-I'm glad you came to Cuba." His grasp upon her two hands was painful.

> "You must go, I know, and I wouldn't try to keep you, but-" Norine faltered, ness brought forth a torment of mosthen impulsively she drew him down and kissed him full upon the lips. "For shining as she watched him pass swift-

The American had not dreamed of that I have played a Cuban danzon taking Jacket along, but when he came upon it." The old man seemed less to announce his departure the boy had surly than before.

flatly refused to be left behind. Fifty miles of hard riding brought the party to the trocha; they neared it on the second morning after leaving Cubitas, and sought a secluded camping spot. Later in the day Hilarlo, the old Camagueyan, slipped away to reconnoiter. He returned at twilight,

but volunteered no report of what he had discovered. After an insistent cross-examination O'Reilly wrung from him the reluctant admission that ev-

"Is the way clear?" O'Rellly inquired. "As far as the railroad, yes. We

heard volces there, and came back. after we cross the track. Now, then, follow me without a sound."

Leading his horse by the bit ring, filario moved out into the clearing, followed once more by his three companions. In spite of all precautions the animals made a tremendous racket, or so it seemed, and, despite Hilario's twisting and turnings, it was impos-

barbed wire, therefore flesh and clothing suffered grievously. But at length the party brought up under the railroad embankment and paused. As carefully as might be the four men ascended the slope, crossed the rails and descended into the ditch on the other side. Another moment and they encountered a taut strand of barbed wire. The metallic snip of Hilario's shears sounded like a pistol shot to O'Reilly. Into the maze of strands they penetrated, yard by yard, clipping and carefully laying back the wire as they went. Progress was slow; they had to feel their way: the sharp barbs brought blood and muttered profanity at every step.

None of the four ever knew what gave the alarm. Their first intimation of discovery came with a startling "Quien vive?" hurled at them from somewhere at their backs.

An instant and the challenge was followed by a Mauser shot. Other reports rang out as the sentry emptied his rifle in their direction.

"So! They are shooting bats!" Hilario grunted.

Antonio swung about and cocked his Remington, but the other spoke sharply. "Fool! If you shoot they will see the fire and riddle us. A curse on the spider that spun this web!"

It was a test of courage to crouch in that cruel tangle of wire, while the night was stabbed by daggers of fire and while the trocha awoke to the wild alarm. From somewhere in the ing some time that night, and that he distance came a shouted command and the sound of running feet, suddenly putting an end to further inaction, Antonio began to hack viciously with his machete, in an effort to aid Hilario's

dispiriting wait, for a gibbous moon betrayed the party's whereabouts so clearly that finally the older man could "Give it to them, compadres; it is

game that we can play !" O'Reilly had been gripping his rifle

tensely, his heart in his throat, his some familiar, others strange and un-accustomed. Sitting there in the dark, his weapon to his shoulder and firing territory during the month of April."

trated.

than to show themselves the next time I come this way," said he. "You saw me, didn't you? Well, I made a few

They Pene-

Spanish widows tonight." When no one disputed his assertion Jacket proceeded further in praise of We will have to cut our way forward himself, only to break off with a wordless cry of dismay.

"What's the matter?" Johnnie inquired.

"Look! Behold me!" walled the hero. "I have left the half of my beautiful trousers on that barbed wire!" Antonio swung a leg over his saddle, saying : "Come along, amigos; we have fifty leagues ahead of us. The war will be over while we stand here gossiping."

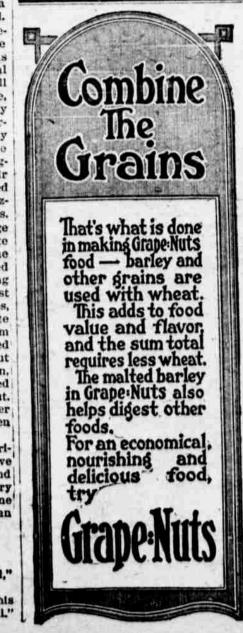
O'Rellly's adventures on his swift ride through Las Villas have no part in this story. It is only necessary to say that they were numerous and varied, that O'Reilly experienced excitement a-plenty, and that upon more than one occasion he was forced to think and to act quickly in order to avoid a clash with some roving guerrilla band. Food became a problem immediately after the travelers had crossed the trocha. Such apprehensive families as still lurked in the woods were liberal enough-Antonie, by the way, knew all of them-but they had little to give, and, in consequence, O'Reilly's party learned the taste of wild fruits, berries and palmetto hearts. Once they managed to kill a small pig, the sole survivor of some obscure country tragedy, but the rest of the time their meat, when there was any, consisted of iguanas-those big, repulsive lizards-and jutias, the Cuban field rats. Fortunately there was no shortage of food for the horses, and so, despite the necessity of numerous detours, the party made good time. They crossed into Matanzas, pushed on over rolling hills, through sweeping savannas, past empty clearings and deserted villages, to their journey's end. A fortunate encounter with a rebel partida from among the charred stumps, enmeshed General Betancourt's army enabled them to reach headquarters without loss of time, and one afternoon, worn, haggard and hungry, they dismounted in front of that gallant officer's hut. General Betancourt read the letter which O'Reilly handed him, then looked up with a smile. "So! You are one of Gomez' Ameri-

cans, ch? Well, I would never have known it, to look at you; the sun and the wind have made you into a very good Cuban. And your clothes- One might almost mistake you for a Cuban cabinet officer."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Cinch. "Into each life some rain must fall," said the philosopher.

"Yep. Especially if he lives in this



Hard Riding Brought the Party to the Trocha.

erything seemed favorable for a crosshad selected a promising point. Beyond that the old man would say nothing.

Supper, a simple meal, was quickly disposed of. Then followed a long, labors. The sound of his sturdy blows rode high in the sky and the guides refused to stir so long as it remained restrain himself no longer. there. It was a still night; in the jungle no air was stirring, and dark-

quitoes. As day died the woods awoke to sounds of bird and insect life; pulses pounding. As near a panic as Rosa !" she whispered. Her eyes were strange, raucous calls pealed forth, he had ever been, he found, oddly

sible to avoid an occasional loop of