Rainbow's End

A NOVEL by REX BEACH

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

(Copyright, by Harper and Brothers)

CHAPTER XVII-Continued. --15--

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

Jacket read 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 money. But-come; I can't endure

He led the way back to the Plaza of Liberty and there on an iron bench 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

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 huts, staring into faces, asking questions until they were faint from fatigue and sick from disappointment.

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



"I Can't Stand That," He Confessed

fect jewel; his optimism never failed, his faith never faltered, 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 looked with never-falling 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 economy, living on a few cents a day, while they 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, 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 of dejection seemed to bear out the

They had been enemies, nevertheless O'Reilly felt a sudden impulse to make himself 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'Reilly 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

days, and they were, for the most part, "I can't sleep when people are starving starving country people was no novelty. Now and then, however, there did arrive visitors from whom the speca contribution, hence there was al-On this occasion O'Reilly was surdenly into a subdued but vicious mutstrangely silent, parting to allow the uniform of a colonel of volunteers. The fellow was unusually swarthy and he a long puckering scar the full length of from his pocket. "Yes! It's Rosa's one cheek lifted his mouth into a negro woman, grubbing in the earth crooked sneer and left exposed a with a sharpened stick. After a susglimpse of wolfish teeth.

O'Reilly was at a loss to fathom this sudden alteration of attitude, the whistle of indrawn breaths and the whispered curses, until he heard some one mutter the name, "Cobo." Then indeed he started and stiffened in his tracks. He fixed a fascinated stare upon the fellow.

Colonel Cobo seemed no little pleased by the reception he created. With his chest arched and his black eyes gleaming malevolently he swaggered through the press, clicking his heels noisily upon the stone flags. When he had gone Jacket voiced a vicious

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

O'Rellly'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 failed, 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 the 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 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 course the boy would not let him go

Little was said during the ascent. The La Cumbre road seemed very long and very steep. How different the last 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 breach and he rested frequently. O'Reilly 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 remember those jutias we ate? They were strong, but I would enjoy the smell of one now. Eh? Another week of this and we shall be living on garbage like the rest of these poor peo-

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 gone, he wondered. Perhaps it had been crushed beneath the weight of misery he had beheld; surely he had Jacket found themselves in the miser- seen enough. Hourly contact with sickable rabble which assembled at the ness and misfortune on such a gigantic railroad station to implore alms from scale was enough to chill anyone's

train. Few people were traveling these | had been dulled, his apprehensions had been quickened hour by hour. Spanish officers to whom the sight of Now that he looked the matter squarely in the face, it seemed absurd to believe that a tender girl like Rosa Varona could long have withstood the tacle of so much wretchedness wrung hardships of this hideous place; stronger people than she had succumbed, by ways an expectant throng at the depot. | the hundreds. Even now the hospitals were full, the sick lay untended in prised to hear the piteous whines for their hovels. No one, so far as O'Rellly charity in the name of God turn sud- knew, had undertaken to estimate how fast they were dying or the number of ter of rage. Hisses were intermingled | dead which bad alread; ridden out of with vituperations, then the crowd fell Matanzas in those rumbling wagons, but there were many. What chance passage of a great, thick-set man in the was there that Rosa had not been among the latter?

As he breasted the summit of La wore a black scowl upon his face, while Cumbre, O'Reilly beheld at some distance a bent figure of want. It was a picious 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 neglected as in Donna Isabel's time, were now a scene of total desolation. A few orange trees, to be sure, remained standing, and although they were cool and green to look at, they carried no fruit and the odor of their blooms was a trial and a mockery to the hungry visitor. The evidences of Cueto's vandalism affected O'Reilly deeply; they brought him memories more painful 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 could not conceal the fact that she was 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-" was the well-

"Senor!" Johnnie heard himself addressed by the hunchbacked woman. Her voice was thin, tremulous, eager, but his thoughts were busy and he paid no heed. "Senor! Do you look 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 question came to him faintly, but it was so in tune with his unhappy mood that it affected him strangely. He found that his eyes were blurring and that an aching lump had risen into his throat. This was the breaking point.

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.

"O'Rail-ye!" 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'Reilly 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 turmoil. Joy, thanksgiving, compassiona thousand emotions-mingled in a sort of delirium, too wild for coherent

thought or speech.

eyes and her words were scarce'y more Her skin is like milk, toc, and her than a murmur:

"God heard my prayers and sent you

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

"Oh, yes!" Her bloodless fingers touched his face again, then his thin, worn rags. "You, too, have suffered. How came you to be so poor and hun-

gry, O'Rall-ye?" "I'm not poor, I'm rich. See!" He jingled the coins in his pocket. "That's money; money for you, sweetheart. It will buy you food and medicine, it will make 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 to wait," she told him. "It is too bad

you came so late." Once again she lapsed into the lethargy 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

trairing 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 face had grown apelike, but he recognized her and she him.

"You are the American," she declared. "You are Rosn's man."

"Yes. But what is wrong with her?

"She is often like that. It is the hunger. We have nothing to eat, senor. I, too, am ill-dying; and Asenslo- Oh, you don't know how they have made us suffer."

"We must get Rosa home. Where do you live?"

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 corpses. She bade me bring her here

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'Rellly 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."

"Estchan is not dead," O'Reilly 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 fool-

ing 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 hlm," Jacket corroborated. He stared curiously at the recumbent fifigure on the bench, then at O'Rellly. 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 mich of her. But then, you are not so handsome yourself, are

Evangelina seemed to be stupid, a trifle-touched, perhaps, from suffering, for she laid a skinny claw upon O'Reilly's shoulder and warned him earnestly: "Look out for Cobo. You have Fear finally brought him to his heard about him, eh? Well, he is the senses, for he became aware that Rosa | cause of all our misery. He hunted us had collapsed and that his endearments from place to place, and it was for him might be limited. She met the probleft her unthrilled. Quickly he bore that I put that hump on her back. Un-ber to the bench and laid her upon it. derstand me, she is straight—straight (TO BE CONTINUED.)

After a time she smiled up into his and pretty enough for any American. 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'Rellly 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 he 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 est. 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'Reilly'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 impotence and despair overcame him. 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 out of it."

"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. This is the last of our food and there is no chance of getting more. Jacket 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'Relly 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 not much—a little meal, a plantain, a. occasional scrap of meat or fish-it has never occurred to her that the suppl,

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL

(By REV. P. B. FITZWATER, D. D. Teacher of English Bible in the Mo Bible Institute of Chicago.) (Copyright, 1918, Western Newspape Union.)

LESSON FOR AUGUST 11

HELPING OTHERS.

LESSON TEXTS-Luke 10:25-37; Gala-GOLDEN TEXT—Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ.— Galatians 6:2.

DEVOTIONAL READING Galatians & PRIMARY LESSON MATERIAL-Luke

INTERMEDIATE, SENIOR AND ADULT TOPIC—Who needs our help, and how can we best give it?
ADDITIONAL MATERIAL — Proverbe
17:17; Matthew 5:42; Romans 12:10-15; I
Corinthians 13:1-13; I John 3:16-18.

I. Being a Neighbor (Luke 10:30-

The story of the Good Samaritan is Christ's answer to the lawyer's question: Who is our neighbor? He shifts the question so as to show that the supreme concern is not who is our neighbor, but whose neighbor am I? If I am Christ's, my supreme concern will be to find those who have need that I may be a neighbor to them. If we love God supremely, we shall find all along life's highway souls who have been wounded and robbed by sin, whom we can love as ourselves. To be a neighbor is to-

1. See those about us who need help

(v. 33). Love is keen to discern need. Let us be on the lookout for those in need of our help.

2. Have compassion on the needy (v. 33).

Christ's pity was aroused as he came into contact with those who were suffering and in need. All those who have his nature will be likewise moved. 3. Go to those in need (v. 34).

Many are willing to give money to help the poor and needy, but are unwilling to personally minister to them. Many times the personal touch is more important than the material aid. We should give ourselves as well as our

4. Bind up the wounds (v. 34). Many indeed are the wounds today which need our attention.

5. Set the helpless ones on our beasts while we walk (v. 34).

This is a proof that the love is gentine. Christians will deny themselves in order to have something to give to those who have need. This kind of sympathy is greatly needed today. 6. Bring to the inn and take care of

the unfortunate (v. 34). Genuine love does not leave its servce incomplete. Much Christian service is spasmodic; helps once and then leaves a man to care for himself.

7. Gives money (v. 35). It costs a good deal to be a neighbor. Love is the most expensive thing in the world. It cost God his only Son; it cost Christ his life. May we

go and do likewise! II. Living and Walking in the Spir-

t (Galatians 6:1-10). Those who are freely justified in Christ will conduct themselves as fol-

lows: 1. Restore the sinning brother

Restore is a surgical term which means the placing back of a dislocated member to its place. We are members of the body of Christ, and the sinning of a brother ought to as really give us pain as the dislocation of a member of our body. This service is to be done in the spirit of meekness,

lest we also be tempted. 2. Bear one another's burdens (vv.

Many are the burdens of life, burdens of weakness, temptation, sorrow, suffering and sin. Christ is the supreme burden-bearer. When we do this we fulfill the law of Christ.

8. Bear our own burdens (v. 5). There are peculiar burdens incumbent upon each one to bear. These burdens cannot be borne by others. 4. Support teachers of God's Word

It is incumbent upon those who are taught in the Word of God to give of their means for the support of the teacher. To repudiate this obligation is mockery of God, for he ordained that they who preach the Gospel should live of the Gospel (1 Cor. 9:14).

5. Be earnest in well-doing (v. 9). Some fail of the reward because they give up when the goal is about to be reached.

6. Work for the good of all men (v. The one who is free in Christ will have sympathies and interests as wide as the race. He will especially strive

Christ's body. True Service. There is no service like his that serves because he loves—Sir Philip

to help those who are members of

Vaunteth Not Itself.

Sidney.

Put a seal upon your lips, and forget what you have done. After you have been kind, after Love has stolen forth into the world and done its beautiful work, go back into the shade again, and say nothing, about it.

A Paradox.

It is one of the happy paradoxes of spirit that without dependence there can be no independence, and that precisely in proportion to our faith will be our intellectual and moral activity. -Susan E. Blow.