

# 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 XX.

Morin, the Fisherman.  
When Rosa Varona regained consciousness sufficiently to understand what had happened she proved herself a person of no little self-control. It was she, in fact, who first voiced the fear that Cobo dead was scarcely less a menace than Cobo alive.

"What are we going to do with him?" she inquired.

Jacket, too, appreciated the dangers of the situation. "We must get rid of him quickly," said he, "for his men are close by; he will be missed and there will be a search."

"I don't intend to make him a present of that treasure," O'Reilly said, grimly. "It is our only salvation."

"But how are we going to hide him?" Jacket inquired. "One might as well try to conceal a church; oxen couldn't hoist him out of that hole."

"Precisely! He has made our work easy for us. We can't take more than a small part of the money with us, any-

of here—we must do so, or we'll lose him. Will you help us?"

"By taking us away in your charcoal schooner."

"You're mad!" Morin cast another apprehensive look over his shoulder. "I'm a poor man. All I have is my two boats, the vivero, which brings fish, and the volandra, which sails with charcoal. Do you think I'd forfeit them and my life for strangers?"

O'Reilly leaned closer. "You say you're a poor man. I will pay you well."

Morin eyed the ragged speaker scornfully; it was plain that he put no faith in such a promise, and so O'Reilly took a piece of gold from his pocket, at sight of which the fisherman started.

"I, too, am a poor man, but I'm willing to buy freedom for my little brothers and myself."

"How many coins like that have you?"

"Um—more than one; enough to pay you for several cargoes of coal."

"For the sake of Mignellito," Jacket urged. "Caramba! What a hard-hearted father begot that boy!"

"Hush!" the fisherman was scowling. To O'Reilly he said, "You do wrong to tempt a poor man."

"My brother Esteban is sick. He is a frail little lad with a crooked back. God will reward you."

"Perhaps! But how much will you pay?"

"Ten Spanish sovereigns like this—all that I have."

"No! It is not enough."

O'Reilly took Jacket's hand and turned away. "I'm sorry," he said. "I wish I might offer you more." He had taken several steps before Morin halted him.

"Come back tomorrow," the fisherman cried, crossly. "We will try to talk like sensible people."

The brothers Villar were back at Morin's fish stand on the following afternoon and they returned daily thereafter until they at last prevailed over the Spaniard's fears and won his promise of assistance. That much accomplished, they made several cautious purchases, a coat here, a shirt there, a pair of trousers in another place, until they had assembled a complete boy's outfit of clothing.

At first Rosa refused absolutely to desert her two faithful negro friends, and O'Reilly won her consent to consider his plan of escape only after he had put the matter squarely up to Asensio and his wife and after both had refused to enter into it.

Then, and not until then, did Rosa begin her preparations. First she made Evangelina cut her hair, a sacrifice that wrung sighs and tears and loud lamentations from the black woman, after which she altered the suit of boy's clothing to fit her figure, or rather to conceal it.

When at last she put it on for O'Reilly's approval she was very shy, very self-conscious, and so altogether un- boylike that he shook his head positively.

"My dear, you'll never do," he told her. "You are altogether too pretty."

"But wait until I put that hideous hump upon my back and stain my face, then you will see how ugly I can look."

"Perhaps," he said, doubtfully. A moment, then his frown lightened. "You give me a thought," said he. "You shall wear the jewels."

"Wear them? How?"

"On your back, in that very hump. It will be the safest possible way to conceal them."

Rosa cinched her hands in delight. "Why, of course! It is the very thing. Wait until I show you."

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Predating by her first moment alone—Evangelina and her husband being still in ignorance of the contents of the treasure box—Rosa made a bundle

of the jewels and trinkets and fastened it securely inside her coat. After a few experiments she adjusted it to her liking, then called O'Reilly once more. This time he was better satisfied. An application of Evangelina's stain to darken her face, a few tatters and a liberal application of dirt to the suit, and he declared that Rosa would pass anywhere as a boy.

There came a night when three of them bade good-by to their black companions and slipped away across the city to that section known as Pueblo Nuevo, then followed the road along the water front until they found shelter within the shadows of a rickety structure which had once served as a bath house.

The refugees waited a long time; they were beginning to fear that old Morin's nerve had weakened at the eleventh hour, when they beheld a skiff approaching the shore. It glided close, entered the shade of the bath house, then a voice cried:

"Paet! You are there?" It was Morin himself.

Hastily the three piled aboard. Morin bent to his oars and the skiff shot out. "You were not observed?" he inquired.

"No."

Morin rowed in silence for a time. "When do you sail?" O'Reilly asked.

"At dawn, God permitting. You will have to remain hidden and you mustn't even breathe."

He brought the skiff alongside a battered old schooner, and his passengers clambered aboard. There was a tiny cabin aft and on it, sheltered from the night dew by a loose fold of the mainsail, were two sleeping men. The newcomers followed Morin down into the evil little cabin, where he warned them in a hoarse whisper:

"Not a sound, mind you. If anyone comes aboard, you must shift for yourselves. Creep into the hold and hide. Of course, if we are searched—"

He muttered something, then groped his way out on deck, and closed the hatch behind him.

Now that they had actually embarked upon this enterprise and the girl had given herself entirely into his hands, now that an imminent peril encompassed them both, Johnnie felt that Rosa belonged to him more absolutely, more completely, than at any time heretofore, so he held her close. Rosa lay relaxed against her lover's shoulder and in halting murmurs, interrupted many times by caresses, she told O'Reilly of her need for him, and her utter happiness. It was the fullest hour of their lives.

With daylight, Morin routed out his men. There was a sleepy muttering. The patter of bare feet upon the deck above, then the creak of blocks as the sails were raised. A few moments, then there came a hail which brought their hearts into their throats. Morin himself answered the call.

"Good morning, countryman! Have you caught any of those accursed filibusters since I saw you last? So? Cayo Romano, eh? What have I aboard?"

Morin laughed loudly. "You know very well—cannon and shot for the rebels, of course. Will you look? . . . No? . . . Then a cup of coffee perhaps?"

O'Reilly peeped through a dirt-stained cabin window and saw that the volandra was slipping past the stern of the ironclad, so he withdrew his head quickly.

Of course this was but one danger past and there were many more ahead, for Morin's schooner was liable to be stopped by any of the numerous patrol boats on duty to the eastward. Nevertheless, when an anxious hour had gone by and she was well out toward the harbor mouth, the refugees told one another they were safe.

CHAPTER XXI.

Three Travelers Come Home.

Esteban Varona made slow progress toward recovery. In the weeks following O'Reilly's departure from Cubitas his gain was steady, but beyond a certain point he seemed unable to go. Then he began to lose strength. Esteban awoke to the fact that he was losing ground, and his dismay was keen, for a wonderful thing had come into his life and he spent much of his time in delicious contemplative day dreams concerning it, waiting for the hour when he would dare translate those dreams into realities. It seemed to him that he had always loved Norine; certainly she had enshrined herself in his heart long before his mind had regained its clarity, for he had come out of his delirious wanderings with his love full grown.

The time came finally when he could no longer permit the girl to deceive herself or him with her brave assumption of cheerfulness. Norine had just told him that he was doing famously, but he smiled and shook his weary head.

"Let's be honest," he said. "You know and I know that I can't get well."

"You mustn't be discouraged," she told him, earnestly. "Remember this is a trying climate and we have nothing to do with. Even the food is wretched. I'm going to take you away."

Esteban stroked her hand softly. "You can't do that, Miss Evans. You have been wonderful to me and I can't begin to express my gratitude—"

rine stirred, but he retained his grasp of her fingers, gaining courage from the contact to proceed. "I have been trying for a long time to tell you something. Will you listen?"

"Not now," she exclaimed, with a visible lessening of color. "Don't bother to tell me now."

"I've waited too long; I must speak. You have stayed on here just to nurse me. Isn't that true?"

She nodded somewhat doubtfully. "Now, then, you must stop thinking about me and—make your arrangements to go home."

There was a moment of silence. "Yes. You see, I know how tired you are of this misery, this poverty, this hopeless struggle. You're not a Cuban and our cause isn't yours. Expeditions come from the United States every now and then and the government will see that you are put safely aboard the first ship that returns. I'll manage to get well somehow."

Norine's color had returned. She stood over the hammock, looking down

at Esteban, Dear, I'll Never, Never Leave You!

mistily. "Don't you need me, want me any more?" she inquired.

Esteban turned his tired eyes away, fearing to betray in them his utter wretchedness. "You have done all there is to do. I want you to go back into your own world and forget—"

A sudden impulse seized the girl. She stopped and gathered the sick man into her young, strong arms. "Don't be silly," she cried. "My world is your world, Esteban dear. I'll never, never leave you."

"Miss Evans! Norine!" Varona tried feebly to free himself. "You mustn't—"

Norine drew him closer. "You're going to tell me that you have nothing can offer me nothing. You're going to do the generous, noble thing. Well! I hate generous people. I'm selfish, utterly selfish and spoiled, and I don't propose to be robbed of anything I want, least of all my happiness. You do love me, don't you?"

Esteban's cry was eloquent; he clasped his arms about her and she held him fiercely to her breast.

"We're quite mad, quite insane," he told her after a while. "This only makes it harder to give you up."

"You're not going to give me up and you're not going to die. I sha'n't let you. Think what you have to live for."

"I—did wrong to surrender."

"It was I who surrendered. Come! Must I say it all? Aren't you going to ask me—?"

"What?"

"Why, to marry you, of course. We're going to be married, and I'm going to take you out of this miserable place."

"What happiness!" he murmured. "If I were well— But I won't let you marry a dying man."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Plodder Reaches Goal.

With the plodder you can reap intense satisfaction in self-conscious growth. This comes with achievement. When you get to the point that what once was hard is now easy you can know you have gained in power. And the best of it is that each tiny gain makes the next step so much easier. When you just plod on you are constantly adding to your doing power. Other people will notice it, but you will be the best judge. Then when good sense adds its judgment to ability to do, tasks once hard are easy. When the world gets awake to that fact it will begin to praise what it once regarded as common stupidity. It's certainly a pleasure to see public opinion changing front and know that it's all merited. It's part of the plodder's reward.—PENNACALIA GRIT.

## THE JOY OF MOTHERHOOD

Came to this Woman after Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to Restore Her Health

Ellensburg, Wash.—"After I was married I was not well for a long time and a good deal of the time was not able to go about. Our greatest desire was to have a child in our home and one day my husband came back from town with a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and wanted me to try it. It brought relief from my troubles. I improved in health so I could do my housework; we now have a little one, all of which I owe to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. O. S. JOHNSON, R. No. 3, Ellensburg, Wash.



There are women everywhere who long for children in their homes yet are denied this happiness on account of some functional disorder which in most cases would readily yield to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Such women should not give up hope until they have given this wonderful medicine a trial, and for special advice write Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. The result of 40 years experience is at your service.

Advertisement for Cuticura skin cream.

Clear Your Skin While You Sleep with Cuticura

THE PAXTON HOTEL Omaha, Nebraska EUROPEAN PLAN Rooms from \$1.00 up single, 75 cents up double. CAFE PRICES REASONABLE

W. N. U., LINCOLN, NO. 35-1918.

FIND HUMOR IN AD COLUMNS

Notices Not Intended to Be Funny, but Are Made So by Their Peculiar Wording.

Advertisements are vagarious things sometimes, as, for example, these, which were all actually printed: "A respectable young woman wants washing."

"I will make coats, caps, and hats for ladies out of their own skins."

"I want an overseer who can take care of 5,000 sheep who can speak French fluently."

"Wanted—A girl who can cook; one that will make a good stew."

"I want a husband with a strong Roman nose with strong religious tendencies."

"I will sell a fiddle of old wood I made out of my own head and have wood left enough for another."

"For Sale—A small stock of the same whisky drunk by his majesty on his recent visit to Dublin."

"One hundred dollars reward for the recovery of the body of Hale Short, drowned in the river on the night of the 17th. The body can be recognized by the fact that Short had an impediment in his speech."

He Got Disgusted. A letter from my brother in California was received three months after he went to camp. As soon as they were in camp they were quarantined as usual, for ten days. Then a case of smallpox broke out and they were quarantined for fifteen days more. Next came measles, for which they were again quarantined for five days. One day before the quarantine for measles lifted a boy was sent to the hospital with the mumps. Again they were quarantined.

My brother wrote home in disgust. "Ma," he wrote; "if they get another case of mumps in this place I'll never get out (ill the war's over)."—Chicago Tribune.

Dead Easy. Her—"Can you foretell your future actions by cards?" Him—"I can if I catch a glimpse of the other fellow's hand."



The Wear and Tear on that boy of yours during the active years of childhood and youth necessitates a real building food.

Grape-Nuts

supplies the essentials for vigorous minds and bodies at any age.

"There's a Reason"



Dragged the Body of Cobo Into the Cave.

how; the rest will have to lie here until the war is over. Well! We shall leave Cobo on guard over what remains!"

Jacket was immensely pleased with this idea, once he had grasped it. "What could be better?" he cried. "The man's spirit is evil enough to frighten people away and we will drop stones upon him, so that he can learn the taste of his own medicine. It suits me exactly to think of Colonel Cobo standing on his head in a hole in the ground for the rest of eternity!"

O'Reilly was by this time suffering the full reaction from the events of the past half-hour and he was nearer exhaustion than he dreamed, but, conquering his repugnance for his uncapable task, he lowered himself once more into the well. His arms were weak, however, and his fingers numb, so he fell rather than slid the length of the rope. He managed to open the door of the treasure chamber, then entered and loaded his pockets with gold. He sent up the jewel box at the end of the rope, dragged the body of Cobo into the cave, then wedged the barricade back into place. It required the combined strength of Rosa and Jacket to help him the last few feet of his climb.

"Now fetch stones, rubbish, anything—and throw it in there," he gasped.

The boy and the girl fell to with a will, and after a time Johnnie joined them. Slowly, laboriously, the three of them carried debris from the edge of the quarry and bricks from the ruined house; they scraped up armfuls of leaves and trash—anything, in fact, which would serve to raise the bottom of the shaft and conceal the entrance to their enemy's resting place. It was slavish work, but O'Reilly kept them at it until they were ready to drop. Daylight overtook them at their task.

They were weak, sick, deadly tired; they could barely shuffle a few yards at a time when they finally reached Asensio's hut; nevertheless there was hope in their hearts, for O'Reilly's ragged clothes sagged with the weight of gold pieces and the little metal box he carried was heavy. Nor were they greatly concerned about the safety of the treasure they had left behind, for the entrance to the cavern lay deeply buried, and Cobo, the guerrilla, stood guard over the chests of plate and the casks of coin.

Evangelina, vastly bewildered at the sight of the coin which was forced into her palm, went for food and spent most of the day in cooking it. The treasure-hunters alternately slept and ate. It was not until well along toward evening that Rosa and O'Reilly felt any desire to take stock of the contents of



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