

# RAINBOW'S END *A Novel*

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### CHAPTER XXI—Continued.

Norine rose, her face aglow with new strength, new determination. "I brought you back when you were all but gone. I saved you after the others had given you up, and now you are mine to do with as I please. You belong to me and I shan't consult you."

"She turned, for a figure had darkened the door; it was one of her English-speaking convalescents who was acting as a sort of orderly. "Senorita," the man said, with a flash of white teeth, "we have another sick man, and you'd never guess who. It is that American, El Demonio—" "Is he sick or wounded?" Esteban inquired.

"Shot by a Spanish bullet. He asked at once for our senorita." "Of course. I'll come in an instant." When the messenger had gone Norine bent and pressed her lips to Esteban's. "Remember, you're mine to do with as I please," she said; then she fled down the grassy street.

Branch was waiting at Norine's quarters, a soiled figure of dejection. His left arm lay in a sling across his breast. He looked up at her approach, but she scarcely recognized him, so greatly changed was he. "Hello, Norine!" he cried. "Well, they got me."

Norine paused in astonishment. "Why, Leslie! I was so frightened! But—you can't be badly hurt." "Bad enough so that Lopez sent me in. A fellow gets flyblown if he stays in the field, so I beat it."

"Has your arm been dressed?" "No. I wouldn't let these rough-and-tumble doctors touch it. They'd amputate at the shoulder for a hangnail. I don't trust 'em."

"Then I'll look at it." "It doesn't hurt, really," he declared. "It's only a scratch." "Then behave yourself." Norine forced the patient into a chair and withdrew his arm from the sling. Then, despite his weak resistance, she deftly removed the bandage. From his expression she felt sure that she must be hurting him, but when the injury was exposed she looked up in wonderment.

"Leslie!" she exclaimed. "What in the world—" Branch struggled with himself, he swallowed hard, then said: "You can see now why I didn't go to a doctor; I did it—shot myself. You won't give me away?"

Norine seated herself weakly; she stared in bewilderment at the unhappy speaker. "Afrald? You, El Demonio! Why, you aren't afraid of anything!" "Say! You don't believe all that stuff, do you? I'm afraid of my shadow and always have been. I'm not brave and never was. They told me I was going to die and it scared me so that I tried to end things quickly. I couldn't bear to die slowly, to know that I was dying by inches. But, Lord! it scared me even worse to go into battle. I was blind with fright all the time and I never got over it. Why, the sight of a gun gives me a chill, and I jump every time one goes off. Lord! how I've suffered! I went crazy at our first engagement—crazy with fear. I didn't know where I was, or what happened, or anything. Afterward, when they hailed me as a hero, I thought they were kidding, that everybody must know how frightened I was. After a time I saw that I'd fooled them, and that shamed me. Then—I had to keep it up or become ridiculous. But it nearly killed me."

It so happened that the president and well-nigh the entire provisional cabinet were in Cubitas. Leslie and Norine went directly to the former. He promptly sent for the minister of justice, who in turn gallantly put himself at Norine's disposal. In no time the news had spread and there was subdued excitement throughout the camp. Norine was between tears and laughter when she ran panting into Esteban's cabin, leaving Branch to wait outside.

At sight of her Esteban uttered a low cry of happiness. "Dearest! I've been lying in a stupor of delight. The world has become bright. I hear people laughing. What a change!" "I've arranged everything! The president and his cabinet are coming to witness the ceremony." Esteban poked upon his elbow, his face was a study. "What have you arranged?" he managed to inquire.

She stepped to the door, only to behold her late companion making off down the village street in great haste and evident excitement. Approaching between the drunken rows of grass huts was a little knot of people. Even as Norine watched it grew into a considerable crowd, for men and women and children came hurrying from their tasks. There were three figures in the lead, a man and two boys, and they walked slowly, ploddingly, as if weary from a long march.

"Esteban!" Norine cried in a voice she scarcely recognized. She retreated into the doorway with one hand upon her leaping heart. "Esteban! Look! They're coming—here! Yes! It's—it's O'Reilly!"

Young Varona struggled from his hammock. "Rosa!" he called, loudly. "Rosa!" "There came a shadow, then in the doorway the figure of a man, a tattered scarecrow of a man whose feet were bare and whose brown calves were exposed through flapping rags. His breast was naked where thorns had tried to stay him; his beard, even his hair, were matted and unkempt, and the mud of many trails lay caked upon his garments.

It was O'Reilly! Dumb with amazement, blind with tears, Norine found herself staring upward into his face, and heard him saying: "I told you I would bring her home." The next instant she lay upon his breast and sobs of joy were tearing at her.

The story of Rosa's rescue came slowly and in fragments, for the news of O'Reilly's return caused a sensation. His recital was interrupted many times. "As a matter of fact, our get-away was ridiculously easy," he said, "for we had luck at every turn—regular Irish luck. I made Morin independent for life, but it wasn't the money, it was Jacket who induced him

him now. I'm afraid he'll tip off the news about that treasure in spite of all my warnings. Those jewels are a temptation; I won't rest easy until they're safely locked up in some good vault. Now then, I've told you everything, but I'm dying for news. Tell me about yourselves, about Esteban. I expected to find him well. What ails him?"

"Oh, Johnnie!" Norine began. "He's very ill. He isn't getting well. Help me, Johnnie! Help me to get him home—"

"Of course I will. We'll take him and Rosa away where they can forget Cuba and all the misery it has caused them. We'll make him well—don't worry."

O'Reilly saw little of his sweetheart that day, for Norine promptly bore the girl off to her own quarters and there attended to her needs, the most pressing of which was clothing.

While O'Reilly was similarly engaged in making himself presentable, he and Branch talked earnestly, with the result that they repaired later to General Gomez. O'Reilly concluded by saying: "I've done what I came to do, sir, but Miss Varona is badly shaken by all she has been through. She's very nervous and far from well. Esteban, too, isn't recovering."

General Gomez nodded. "Miss Evans declares he must have a change, and we have arranged to send him out of the country. His sister, poor child, should go, too." "They should go at once," O'Reilly said, positively. "That's why we came to see you. Let us—Branch and me—take all three of them to the United States."

"But how? How can you take two women and a sick man?" "We'll manage somehow," O'Reilly declared. "It isn't far across to the Bahama Banks. I'll agree to come back if you so desire."

Gomez shook his white head. "No! You came to find and save your fiancée, and you volunteered to serve with us while you were doing so. We have no desire to keep any man against his will. Some one must escort Miss Evans, who in our guest. Why not you two?"

"I was looking forward to an interesting ceremony this afternoon," Gomez went on. "Has your arrival changed the plans?"

"Oh no, sir!" O'Reilly said, quickly. "I'd like to make it doubly interesting, if Miss Varona will consent to such short notice."

"Bravo! You have a way of doing the unexpected. Why not? I don't think Miss Varona will have it in her heart to refuse you anything."

The old soldier was right. Rosa did not gainsay her lover, and toward sundown the city among the leaves witnessed an unaccustomed scene.

Rosa, very dainty in her borrowed nurse's uniform, was round-eyed, timid; she evoked much admiration, but when she was addressed as Senora O'Reilly she blushed to the roots of her hair and shrank close to her husband's side. Branch proved to be a happy choice as Esteban's proxy, for he relieved Norine's anxiety and smothered her apprehensions.

When Rosa and O'Reilly returned to Esteban's cabin they found Norine ahead of them. She was kneeling beside the sick man's hammock, and through the doorway came the low, intimate murmur of their voices. Rosa drew her husband away, whispering:

"He will get well. God and that wonderful girl won't let him die."

### CHAPTER XXII.

#### The Rainbow's End.

The journey to the coast was made by easy stages and Esteban stood it fairly well. Jacket, of course, went along. Upon the announcement of O'Reilly's intended departure for the States he had promptly abandoned Cuba to her fate. He foreswore her utterly and declared himself a loyal American citizen.

Relying upon the best information obtainable at Cubitas, O'Reilly had counted upon securing a sailboat from a certain fisherman whose sympathies were known to be loyal, but in this he was disappointed. The party arrived at its destination, a tiny clearing on an unfrequented part of the north shore, only to find it deserted and already grown to weeds. The house was empty, the boats were gone—all but one old hulk, too rotten to warrant moving, which lay high up on the sand, its planks worm-eaten, its seams wide spread by the sun.

O'Reilly was in a quandary. He gravely doubted Esteban's ability to stand the rough return journey, and when he spoke to Norine of turning back she was panic-stricken at the suggestion. "No, no!" she cried, anxiously. "We must get him away. His heart is set on going through and it would—kill him to go back."

"This miserable tub we found on the beach—" "I'll risk anything—a raft, even. Is there an even chance of our getting across?" "Perhaps. It all depends upon the weather."

When morning came O'Reilly made a closer examination of the abandoned boat. The result was not encouraging, but he determined to make use of it, and the crazy craft was launched. It was necessary to handle her gingerly, and when she took the water she leaked abominably. But during the night she swelled and in the morning it was possible to bail her out.

From the point of leaving it was perhaps five miles across the sound to the fringe of keys which in this neighborhood bordered the old Bahama channel with its unplumbed depths of blue water. Here it was calm, so the run was soon made.

When the coastline of Cuba had become a blur astern Rosa crept back and seated herself beside her husband. "How much I love you," she whispered. "But I never can tell you, for we are never alone. Was there ever such a courtship, such a marriage, and such a wedding journey as ours?"

It proved to be a long, long night, for the boat, though roomy, was uncomfortable. Daylight brought an increased breeze which healed the boat further. Fortunately the haze was not thick enough to wholly obscure the sun and so O'Reilly was enabled to hold his course. But he did not like the look of things. In time there came a spiteful drizzle which completely hid the sun and left no indication of the course except the direction whence drove the rain.

No one spoke now. Even Esteban lay silent, shivering miserably upon his sodden bed. Rosa finally straightened her aching back and smiled at her husband.

"Are we going down?" she asked. "Oh no! This is merely a squall," he told her, with an assumption of confidence he was far from feeling.

Deliverance came suddenly, and from the least-expected quarter. Out of the mist to starboard there materialized a shape, a schooner driving ahead of the wind. The refugees descried her simultaneously and stood ankle deep in the wash, waving their hats and their calabashes, and shouting crazily until she saw them and fetched up.

There was a babble of voice about questions, hysterical answers. Rosa was weeping softly; Norine had lifted Esteban and now clutched him tight, while her tears fell upon his face.

The schooner was a sponger bound for Nassau; its blackbird crew spoke English and they willingly helped the strangers overside, laughing and shouting in a childlike display of excitement. Soon there was hot food and coffee, dry beds and blankets for those who needed them.

Johnnie tucked his bride snugly into one of the hard berths, then stooped and kissed her. Rosa's teeth were chattering, but she smiled happily. "God's hand directed us," she said.

"One only needs to pray long enough and strong enough and he will hear."

It was a month later. Quiet old Nassau lay dozing under an afternoon sun. Up from the beach came O'Reilly and his youthful alter ego, Jacket. They were clad in clean white clothes; a month of rest had done them good. Jacket was no longer wizened; he was plump and sleek and as full of mischief as a cat, while O'Reilly's leanness had disappeared and he filled his garments as a man should.

They turned in through a pleated gate and up a walk. At the end stood a cottage with wide porches hidden beneath jasmine and honeysuckle and morning-glory vines.

"Look, Rosa!" Jacket lifted the heavy string of fish. "We had stupendous luck." But Rosa was in her husband's arms and neither she nor O'Reilly had eyes for anything but each other.

Rosa had vastly changed. She was clad in a charming little muslin dress, there were dimples in her cheeks, she wore a heavy Marechal Neel bud at her breast. O'Reilly held her off and devalued her with his eyes.

"Sweetheart, you grow fresher and more beautiful every hour," said he. Rosa glanced upon her toes, and tugged at him. "But come quickly and see the surprise we have. I've been wild for your return, so hurry." She led him swiftly up the steps, and there, standing beside a chair, was Esteban Varona. "He dressed himself and walked out here alone. He's well!"

"Esteban! Really—"

The brother nodded decisively. "It's true. I rebelled at last. Tomorrow I'll walk to the gate and the next day we'll go fishing. Here's a letter from Leslie, by the way. There's one bit of news; he says the talk of intervention increases and he may have to return to Cuba as a war correspondent."

"Intervention! That would be fine," Esteban cried. "O'Reilly nodded. "Oh, it's bound to come, and when Uncle Sam takes hold Cuba will be free."

Norine agreed: "I'm sure of it. And then—we'll all go back to our rainbow's end and dig for that pot of gold."

Esteban turned adoring eyes upon the speaker; he took her hand in his. "I've found my rainbow's end," said he. "And I've found mine," O'Reilly asserted. "I've gained your father's treasure, and more—I've found the prize of all the Indies." With his arm about Rosa he drew her into the house.

#### (THE END.)



It Was O'Reilly!

#### BOTH MEN IN RIGHT PLACE

At Least, That Is Likely to Be Verdict of Those Who Tolled Over Income-Tax Schedules.

The visitor was being conducted through a state institution for the insane and his guide was an affable young man from the harmless ward whose keen intelligence made the visitor wonder why he was under restraint.

Stopping in front of a padded cell, they looked at a stout, short individual with a forelock draped over one eye and a pose characteristically Napoleonic.

"Thanks he's the Little Corporal, eh?" the visitor asked of the guide. "Yes; he's had that hallucination for five years."

Across the corridor in another cell was an old man poring over a number of blue prints. "What's the matter with him?" "Poor chap," laughed the guide; "he thinks that he has invented a submarine-proof ship. The hull of the ship is honeycombed with holes; when the war-head of the torpedo strikes, it goes into one of the holes and is held fast by its sides."

"But," objected the visitor, "suppose the torpedo strikes between the holes?" "In that case," said the guide as he shook with laughter, "it wouldn't count and the submarine would be entitled to another try."

#### The French Tricolor.

The Tricolor, the French national standard of blue, white and red, divided vertically, originated during the first French revolution. In 1789 the leaf plucked by Camille Desmoullins in the garden of the Palais Royal became a rallying sign, and green was to be adopted as the national color; but, remembering that green was the color of the hated Prince d'Artois, they rejected it on the following day. They at first chose, instead, blue and red, the colors of the city of Paris, and later added the white of royalty, that had been faithfully preserved by the national guard. This new standard was adopted with enthusiasm. A few months after taking of the Bastille, Bailly and Lafayette offered to Louis XVI the three-colored cocard as a badge of reconciliation with the king.

Thus the Tricolor originated as the symbol of the liberty of the French nation, and it continued as such even when afterward the "reconciliation" with the king ended with his decapitation.

#### This Swindler Up to Date.

Thought reading was the method claimed to have been employed by a man in Bengal, India, to win large sums of money on the race course. It turned out to be a very ingenious form of swindle. Finding a man who is interested in racing, the confidence man produces a roll of money, and states that he won this by his fore-knowledge of the winners on the track. He then suggests that his friend test his knowledge. He induces his victim to hand him sums of money to be placed on the horses, and then vanishes. Investigation has proved that this Bengal had swindled a number of people of large sums of money in this way.

#### Lay of the Last Hen.

"The Lay of the Last Minstrel" may have caused some apprehension in its day, but were the lay of the last hen to be announced in ours there would certainly be a panic.—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

## LIVE ALL TOO FAST

Many Constantly in a Fever of Movement.

One of Man's Greatest Mistakes is to Allow Himself to Be Constantly Under Pressure and Intense Nervour strain.

Some of us are trying to live our lives all at once. We would cramp the slow development of years into the coming month or week; we would compress the work of an hour into the next five minutes. Nature—patient, tireless, cunning laborer that she is—does not favor this plan. She takes her time—"Because it is hers!" some one makes prompt answer. "She has command of all the time there is. She can be as deliberate as she chooses. We must make haste because our little lives are so soon clipped off. The darkness too early rounds our day. Our work must be put through with speed and under pressure or we shall not finish."

The best work even by these feeble mortal hands and minds of ours is done not in a fever but in a calm. Art (and the exception proves the rule) achieves most nobly when it achieves with tranquillity. The personal circumstances of the artist may be distressing. He rises above them. His dream translates him to the skies above his mundane environment. His passion for the truth leads him to forget that he is poor and hungry and misunderstood. He writes his book or paints his picture or composes his sonata in a land where it is always summer and the skies are blue and tears are never shed and none ever dies. By the force of a creative imagination, he establishes for himself a new Heaven and a new earth, and his spirit is tranquil because it is triumphant over the pinching and gnawing circumstances.

Artist or artisan, each of us must learn to make the pilgrimage a step at a time. Let not an anxious forecast corrugate the brow with the thought of a morrow sufficient unto itself. Epicurean delight lives for the moment; a man's more serious purpose in existence would often do well to follow the example. We can be sure as to what we wish to do with our lives; we can have a great and generous aim; we can appoint a goal and know the point we wish to reach and the way by which we are proceeding. But the miles we measure forward with the spiritual eye are not to be cleaped in the next second. We must plod. We must be content with a wayside inn tonight, and the next night, and many nights, perhaps, before we reach our haven and our home.

It will not do to disparage this goodly earth as a vale of tears for all the sorrow and all the blackness that we see. The earth is full of fallible people like ourselves, trying and coming to grief and rising to give battle again in the inextinguishable hope of victory. We are more alike than we realize. We are a marching army, with leaders whom we must obey. Like good soldiers we must keep the cadence with the rest. If we grow careless and straggle, we dislocate the whole proceeding. We came into this world bound to be submissive to its discipline. To defy the natural laws is only to be miserable and to make misery for others. If war shall teach us to respond with promptness to a command, out of its horrors will be born a blessing.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

#### Jackies Ignore Styles.

Fashions may come and fashions may go, but the habiliments of Uncle Sam's Jackies never vary. Trained to face nature in the open, the Jacky is invariably ready to meet all sorts of weather. He knows how to dress to meet every condition, and the navy not only has him sufficiently clad, but has more clothes in his sea bag and ready for use when he needs them. His clothes are eternally blue, the pattern never changes and tradition still holds her own in their making. Decades ago when the "old tars" had to climb a mast and dangle from the stretched-out ends of yardarms to do their reefing, conveniences and custom made necessary the bell-shaped lower ends of the trousers. And time has not changed them one iota. The sailor also clings to his black handkerchief, draped about his blue blouse and tied across his breast. Tradition tells that the handkerchief thus worn originated with the British tar, for the blacks were once worn in this fashion as a mark of mourning for Lord Nelson. The custom endures.

#### Potash From Mill Dust.

Extraction of potash from the dust from cement manufacture is claimed as a possibility. James D. Rhodes, a Pittsburgh manufacturer, made the discovery, and at his own expense has arranged to erect a large experimental plant adjoining the plant of a cement company at Castalia, O., for the purpose of experimenting for 120 days. Mr. Rhodes said he could extract from the dust and waste of the cement mills large quantities of potash for fertilizer that will be of great benefit to the country in increasing the supply.

#### Or He Might Move Here.

"This report claims that in some parts of Mexico it only rains once or twice a year." "Please keep that report away from my husband. He's so pigheaded that he'd go there immediately and start an umbrella factory."