

RAINBOW'S END

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A novel of love, hidden treasure and rebellion in beautiful, mysterious Cuba during the exciting days of the revolt against Spain.

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CHAPTER XIV (Continued)

"YES, and an unusual woman. She has contributed liberally to our cause. I would like you to meet her."

"Very well, but I've only one suit of clothes, and it looks as if I'd slept in it."

"Oh, bother the clothes!" laughed the physician. "I've given most of mine to my destitute countrymen. Don't expect too much to eat, either; every extra dollar, you know, goes the same way as my extra trousers. It will be a sort of patriotic poverty party." Come at seven, please."

"Dining out, eh? Lucky devil!" said Leslie Branch when he had learned of his companion's invitation. "And to meet a philanthropic old lady! Good! Maybe she'll offer to adopt you. Who knows?"

"I wish you'd offer to lend me a clean shirt."

Brothers in Poverty

"I'll do it," readily agreed the other. "I'll stake you to my last one. But keep it clean! Have a care for the cuffs—a little inadvertency with the soup may ruin my prospects for a job. You understand, don't you, that our next meal after this one may depend upon this shirt's prosperous appearance?" Branch dove into his bag and emerged with a stiffly laundered shirt done up in a Cuban newspaper. He unwrapped the garment and gazed fondly upon it, murmuring, "Tis a pretty thing, is it not?" His exertions had brought on a violent coughing spell, which left him weak and gasping; but when he had regained his breath he went on in the same key:

"Again I solemnly warn you that this spotless bosom is our bulwark against poverty. One stain may cut down my space rates; editors are an infernally cautious lot. Fortunately they want facts about the war in Cuba, and I'm full of 'em. I've fought in the trenches and heard the song of grape and canister—"

"Grapefruit and canned goods, you mean," O'Reilly grinned.

"Well, I shall write with both in mind. The hope of one will stir memories of the other. And who is there to dispute me? At least I shall try to thrill my readers with imaginary combats."

O'Reilly eyed the speaker with appreciation. On the way north he had learned to know Leslie Branch and to like him, for he had discovered that the man possessed a rare and pleasing peculiarity of disposition. Ordinarily Branch was bitter, irritable, pessimistic; but when his luck was worst and his fortunes lowest he brightened up. It seemed that he reacted naturally, automatically, against misfortune. Certainly his and O'Reilly's plight upon leaving Cuba had been sufficiently unpleasant for they were almost penniless, and the invalid, moreover, knew that he was facing a probably fatal climate; nevertheless, once they were at sea, he had ceased his grumblings, and had surprised his traveling companion by assuming a genuinely cheerful mien. Even yet O'Reilly was not over his amazement; he could not make up his mind whether the man was animated by desperate courage or merely by hopeless resignation. But whatever the truth, the effect of this typical perversity had been most agreeable. And when Leslie cheerfully volunteered to share the proceeds of his newspaper work during their stay in New York, thus enabling his friend to seize the first chance of returning to Cuba, Johnnie's affection for him was cemented. But Branch's very cheerfulness worried him; it seemed to betoken that the fellow was sicker than he would confess.

Miss Evans

That evening O'Reilly anticipated his dinner engagement by a few moments in order to have a word alone with Alvarado.

"I've seen Enriquez," he told the doctor, "but he won't promise to send me through. He says the Junta is besieged by fellows who want to fight for Cuba—and of course I don't. When I appealed

in Rosa's name he told me, truthfully enough, I dare say, that there are thousands of Cuban women as badly in need of succor as she. He says this is no time for private considerations."

"Quite so," the doctor agreed. "We hear frightful stories about this new concentration policy. I—can't believe them."

"Oh, I guess they are true; it is the more reason why I must get back at once," O'Reilly said earnestly.

"This lady who is coming here tonight has influence with Enriquez. You remember I told you that she has concentrated liberally. She might help you."

"I'll explore her to put in a word for me. What is she?"

The Dinner

"Oh, she has a mission!" Johnnie's interest in Doctor Alvarado's other guest fled away, and his tone indicated as much. As the doctor was about to reply the ringing of the doorbell summoned him away.

O'Reilly had met women with ideals, with purposes, with vocations, and his opinion of them was low. A woman who had "missions" were always tiresome, he had discovered. This one, it appeared, was unusual only in that she had adopted a particularly exacting form of charitable work. Nursing, even as a rich woman's diversion, must be anything but agreeable. O'Reilly pictured this Evans person in his mind—a large, plain, elderly creature, obsessed with impractical ideas of uplifting the masses! She would undoubtedly bore him stiff with stories of her work; she would reproach him with neglect of his duties to the suffering. Johnnie was too poor to be charitable and too deeply engrossed at the moment with his own troubles to care anything whatever about the "masses." And she was a "miss." That meant that she wore thick glasses and probably kept cats.

A ringing laugh from the cramped hallway interrupted these reflections; then a moment later Doctor Alvarado was introducing O'Reilly to a young woman so completely out of the picture, so utterly the opposite of his preconceived notions,

that he was momentarily at a loss. Johnnie found himself looking into a pair of frank gray eyes, and felt his hand seized by a firm, almost masculine grasp. Miss Evans, according to his first dazzling impression, was about the most fetching creature he had ever seen and about the last person by whom any young man could be bored. If she kept cats they must be pedigreed Persian cats, and well worth keeping, Johnnie decided. The girl—and she was a girl—had brought into the room an electric vitality, a breeziness hard to describe. Her eyes were humorous and intelligent; her teeth, which she seemed always ready to show in a friendly, generous smile, were strong and white and sparkling. Altogether she was such a vision of health, unaffected and smartly gotten-up young womanhood that O'Reilly could only stammer his acknowledgment of the introduction, inwardly berating himself for his awkwardness. He was aware of Alvarado's amusement, and this added to his embarrassment.

Norine Makes a Hit

"Dear!" It's my one unconquerable vice," he told her. He thought grimly of the four dollars in his pocket which represented his and Leslie Branch's total wealth, but it seemed to him that he was called upon to agree with anything Miss Evans might choose to say.

O'Reilly liked this girl. He had liked her the instant she favored him with her friendly smile, and so, trusting fatuously to his masculine powers of observation, he tried to analyze her. He could not guess her age, for an expensive ladies' tailor can baffle the most discriminating eye. Certainly, however, she was not too old—he had an idea that she would tell him her exact age if he asked

The Junta

"We do the best we can, with our equipment."

"Well, I'll supply better equipment, and I'll handle it myself. I'm in earnest. You shouldn't stop me."

O'Reilly was uncomfortably aware of the speaker's determination; protests had no effect upon her; her clear cheeks had flushed, her eyes were dancing. Evidently here was a girl who did very much as she chose.

"You don't realize what you are saying," he told her, gravely. "You'd have to go as a filibuster, on some decrepit, unseaworthy freighter loaded to the guards and crowded with men of all sorts. It's dangerous business, running the Spanish blockade. If captured you would be treated just like the rest of us."

"Lovely! We'd land in small boats some dark night. Maybe we'd have a fight."

"And if you got through, what then? Life in a bark hut, with nothing to eat, bugs! Snakes! Hardships!"

"That decides me. I eat too much—Doctor Alvarado tells me I do. I adore nuts, and I don't seriously object to insects."

The physician stirred uneasily. "It's utterly absurd," he expostulated. "Some women might do it, but you're not the sort. You are—pardon me—a most attractive young person. You'd be thrown among rough men."

"Mr. O'Reilly will look out for me. But for that matter I can take care of myself. Oh, it's of no use trying to discourage me. I always have my own way; I'm completely spoiled."

"Your family will never consent," O'Reilly ventured; whereupon Miss Evans laughed.

"I haven't such a thing. I'm alone and unencumbered. No girl was ever so fortunate. But wait—I'll settle this whole thing in a minute." She quitted the table, ran to Alvarado's telephone, and called a number.

"She's after Enriquez," growled the physician. "He's weak; he can't refuse her anything."

"I don't want a woman on my hands," O'Reilly whispered, fiercely. "Suppose she got sick? Good Lord! I'd have to nurse her." He wiped a sudden moisture from his brow.

"Oh, she won't get sick. She'll probably nurse you—and all the other men. You'll like it, too, and you will all fall in love with her—everybody does—and start fighting among yourselves. There! She has Enriquez. Listen."

She Persists

"She doesn't seem to care what she says," O'Reilly murmured. "But—I'll put a flea in Enriquez's ear."

"Put in it with care, please." There was another wait. "Now read it to me. * * * Good!" Miss Evans fairly purred over the telephone. "Send it to me by messenger right away, that's a dear. I'm at Doctor Alvarado's house, and he's beside himself with joy. Thanks, awfully. You're so nice." A moment, and she was back in the dining-room facing her two friends—a picture of triumph. "You have nothing more to say about it," she gloated. "The Provisional Government of Cuba, through its New York representative, extends to Miss Norine Evans an invitation to visit its temporary headquarters in the Sierra de—something-or-other, and deems it an honor to have her as its guest so long as she wishes to remain there. It requests that all military and civil officers afford her every safety and convenience within her power." That's virtually what Mr. Enriquez read to me. In fifteen minutes it will be here in black and white. Now then, let's celebrate."

She executed a dance step, proudest around the room, then plumped herself down into her chair. She rattled her cup and saucer noisily, crying, "Fill them up,

The Story Thus Far

JOHNNIE O'REILLY, more commonly known as THE O'REILLY, has fallen in love with ROSA VARONA, one of the orphans of DON ESTEBAN VARONA, a wealthy slave owner and sugar planter of Cuba. Don Esteban had hoarded a vast fortune in precious stones, old Spanish coins and modern currency in a secret chamber at the bottom of a well. In building this well he was assisted by SEBASTIAN, a faithful slave, the only other person to share the secret.

When Don Esteban's first wife died he became the target for many match-makers, who knew vaguely of his hidden fortune. DONA ISABEL succeeded in becoming the second wife and immediately set about intriguing to learn of the fortune. Hoping to get information from Sebastian, she succeeds in having his daughter EVANGELINA sold. The slave, infuriated, murders his master and several others before he is shot. Thus in a few minutes the only two persons who know the whereabouts of the fortune are killed.

Isabel tries vainly to get information from PANCHITO CUETO, the manager of the plantations. Instead, he threatens to claim the estate as his because Don Esteban left no deeds to the property. That night Isabel falls into the well and is drowned. She is rescued by ESTEBAN, Rosa's brother and a spy for Colonel Lopez, the leader of the Cuban insurrectionists. Panchito Cueto finds a letter with information which Esteban had dropped and turns it over to the authorities. Rosa and Esteban then escape up the valley to the hut of Evangelina, their old nurse.

O'Reilly, back in New York at the office of the firm which he represented in Cuba, anxiously awaits information from his sweetheart. His many letters do not bring a reply until months later, when Rosa tells him of the misfortunes that have befallen since he left Cuba. O'Reilly determines to rescue his beloved, and for that purpose calls upon Mr. Enriquez, head of the Cuban junta in New York, who helps him to return to the tropic island. There O'Reilly, in common with other Americans, is suspected, and he attempts to cool his hotelkeeper by stating that he came to Cuba for his rheumatism. After conferring with a Dr. Alvarado, O'Reilly moves on to Puerto Principe, nearer the scene of action, where he meets Leslie Branch, an American consumptive, trying to get cured or killed.

In the meantime, Esteban has been harassing Panchito Cueto by burning his sugar fields. The latter goes to Colonel Cobo, in charge of the Spanish troops, with the proposition that in return for exterminating Esteban and his guerrillas the colonel can have Rosa. Cobo agrees, and they attack the hut while Esteban is away on another raid. But he returns with his men in time to save his sister and drive the Spaniards off. The hut is in ashes and the party sets off for a safer refuge.

Plans to get O'Reilly into the rebel lines fail, and he and Leslie Branch are compelled to leave the country.

Valeriano Weyler, known as "Weyler the Butcher," arrives and takes charge of the situation and orders all Cubans concentrated in the cities. Realizing what this means, Rosa and Esteban refuse to enter Matanzas, especially in view of Cobo's designs upon the girl. They decide to risk death by capture than to go to certain death voluntarily. While Esteban's raiders are returning home from an expedition they suddenly come upon a band of Spanish soldiers. Esteban is badly hurt in the fierce fight which ensues in the dark. When he fails to return home after several days Rosa finally consents to enter the concentration camp at Matanzas with Evangelina and Asensio. The three are on the point of death by starvation.

Back in New York, O'Reilly calls upon Alvarado and Enriquez, heads of the Cuban junta, and tells them of his failure. Alvarado invites O'Reilly to dinner, at which he is to meet a young woman actively interested in the rebels' cause.

Doctor Gloom. Let's drink to Cuba Libre.

Johnnie managed to smile as he raised his demi-tasse. "Here's to my success as a chaperon," said he. "I'm disliked by the Spaniards, and now the Cubans will hate me. I can see happy days ahead."

CHAPTER XV

FILIBUSTERS

LESLIE BRANCH was asleep when O'Reilly returns to their room, but he awoke sufficiently to listen to the latter's breathless account of the dinner party.

"I'm rattled," Johnnie confessed. "Why that girl just bounced right into the middle of everything, and—and I can't bounce her out again."

"You say she's young, and pretty, and—rich?" Leslie was incredulous.

"Yes! All of that."

"Um! Doctor Alvarado must mix a good cocktail."

"Why?"

"Because you're drunk and delirious. They don't come that way, my boy. When they're rich they're old and ugly."

"I tell you this girl is young and—stunning."

"Of course she is," Branch agreed, soothingly. "Now, go to sleep and don't think any more about her, there's a good boy! Everything will be all right in the morning. Perhaps it never happened; perhaps you didn't meet any woman at all!" The speaker yawned and turned over.

"Don't be an ass," Johnnie cried, impatiently. "What are we going to do with a woman on our hands?"

"We? Don't divide her with me. What are you going to do? The truth is plain, this Miss Evans is in love with you and you don't know it. She sees in you her soul mate. Well, if you don't want her, I want her. I'll eat her medicine. I'll even—martyr the poor old soul, if she's rich."

(CONTINUED MONDAY)



FRENCH CAPTURE ZEPPELIN CREW—LONDON BABES ARE SHIELDED FROM AIR RAIDERS



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CAPTIVE TEUTON AVIATORS ON THEIR WAY TO CONCENTRATION CAMP
 Homeward bound, after a "successful" raid on London, the crew of the "L-49" was brought down by French soldiers and made prisoners. They are shown in a motortruck en route to "durance vile."



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A GRACE DARLING OF THE WORLD-WAR
 Ella Trout, a nineteen-year-old Devonshire girl, who, in a small boat, saved members of the crew of a fishing schooner that had been torpedoed.



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CAVES SHELTER BRITON'S CHILDREN FROM DEMONS OF THE AIR
 A British official photograph showing one of the subterranean refuge used to accommodate about seventy children and their caretakers, who remain safe from raids upon the sea.