DAL COMMERCIAL THE MEYERSD

is richer than Croesus, and I adore rich men." "I hate 'em!" announced O'Reilly. "I nate tent: announced of Rosa's Then for a second time he took Rosa's dimpled hand, saying, earnestly: "I'm sure you know now why I make love so badly, dear. It's my Irish con-science. And you'll wait until I come science. And you'll wait until I come back, won't you?" "Will you be gone-very long?" she asked.

O'Reilly looked deeply now into the O'Reilly looked deeply now into the dark eyes turned to his, and found that at last there was no coquetry in them anywhere—nothing but a lonesome, hungry yearning—and with a glad, in-coherent exclamation he held out his arms. Rosa Varona crept into them; then with a sigh she upturned her lips to his to his

## "I'll wait forever," she said. CHAPTER IV.

Retribution.

Retribution. Although for a long time Donna Isa-bel had been sure in her own mind that Pancho Cueto, her administrador, was robbing her, she had never mustered courage to call him to a reckoning. Nevertheless, De Castano's blunt accusation, coupled with her own urgent needs, served to fix her resolution, and on the day after the merchant's visit she sent for the overseer, who at the time was living on one of the plan-

Cueto was plainly curious to learn why he had been sent for, but since he asked no questions, his employer



Will You Be Gone-Vo Asked. -Very Long?" Sh

was forced to open the subject her self. Through dry, white lips she be gan

plantations are failing, and so—" Pan-cho Cueto's eyes were set close to his nose, his face was long and thin and nose, his face was long and thin and harsh; he regarded the speaker with such a sinister, unblinking stare that she could scarcely finish: "—and so I—can no longer afford to retain you as administrador."

rupt.'

Although this suggestion came naturally enough, Donna Isabel turned cold, and felt her smile stiffen into a gri-mace. She wondered if Cueto could be feeling her out deliberately. "Sell the Varona lands?" she queried, after a

Glen Gable Farms Wyebrooke, Chester County, Pennsylvania Donna Isabel recoiled sharply. "Admit! Are you mad? Deeds! What are you talking about?" Her eyes met his bravely enough, but she could fee her lips trembling loosely. Announce an What AUCTION

Casting aside all pretense, the over-seer exclaimed: "Por el amor de Dios! An end to this! I know why you sent for me. You think I have been rob-bing you. Weli, to be honest, so I have. Why should I toil as I do while you and those twins live here in lux-ONE HUNDRED ury and idleness, squandering money to which you have no right?' "Have I lost my reason?" gasped the

widow. "No right?" "At least no better right than I. Don't you understand? You have no title to these plantations! They are mine, for I have paid the taxes out of own pockets now these many my

"Taxes! What do you mean?" "I paid them. The receipts are in my name."

"Heaven! Such perfidy! And you who knew him!"

"The deeds have been lost for so ong that the property would have re verted to the crown had it not been for me. You doubt that, eh? Well, ap-peal to the court and you will find that it is true. Now, then, let us be frank. In smuch as we're both in much the same fix, hadn't we better continue our present arrangements?" He stared unblinkingly at his listener. "Oh, I mean it! Is it not better for you to be content with what my generosity prompts me to give rather than to risk ruin for both by grassing for toe

much?" "The outrage! I warrant you have

grown rich through your stealing. Isabel's voice had gone flat with con sternation.

"Rich? Well, not exactly, but com well off." Cueto actually gain. "No doubt my frankness smiled again. is a shock to you. You are angry at my proposition, eh? Never mind. You will think better of it in time, if you are a sensible woman. But now, since at last we enjoy such confidential relations, let us have no more of these miserable suspicions of each other. Let us entirely forget this unpleasant misunderstanding and be the same good friends as before."

Having said this, Pancho Cueto stood silent a moment in polite expectancy then receiving no intelligible reply, he bowed low and left the room

To the avaricious Donna Isabel Cue-to's frank acknowledgment of theft was maddening, and the realization that she was helpless, may, dependent upon his charity for her living, fairly crucified her proud spirit.

All day she broaded, and by the time evening came she had worked herself into such a state of nerves that she could eat no dinner. Some time during the course of the evening a wild idea came to Isabel. Knowing that the man ager would spend the night benenth her roof, she planned to kill him. At first it seemed a simple thing to do-merely a matter of a dagger or a plstol, while he slept-but further thought revealed appalling risks and difficul-ties, and she decided to wait. Poison was far safer.

Constant brooding over the treasure had long since affected Donna Isabel's brain, and as a consequence she often dreamed about it. She dreamed about it again tonight, and, strangely enough her dreams were pleasant. Sebastian appeared, but for once he neither cursed nor threatened her; and Este ban, when he came, was again th lover who had courted her in Ha-bana. It was amazing, delightful. Esteban and she were walking through the grounds of the quinta and he was telling her about his casks of Spanish tering her about his cases of spansa sovereigns, about those boxes bound with iron, about the gold and silver or-naments of heavenly beauty and the pearls as large as plums. As he talked Isabel felt herself grow hot and cold

with anticipation; she experienced spasms of delight. Then of a sudden Isabel's whole dream-world dissolved. She awoke, or thought she did, at hearing her name shouted. But although she underwent the mental and the physical shock of being startled from slumber, although she felt the first swift fright of a per-son aroused to strange surroundings.

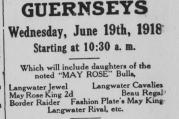
She heard herself

. . . . .

sunken garden. He passed close by

Esteban's support of the Insurrecto cause brings disaster to himself and Rosa. The next In-stallment tells of their plight.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



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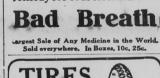




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naively, your own stepmother, and that this is her dimpled hand I'm holding." "Oh-h!" The girl allowed his grasp to remain. "But Isabel's hand isn't

to remain.

lent view of the Yumuri, or the one hand, and of the town and harbor on the other; no one ever climbed the hill CHAPTER III-Continued. "Good !" Don Mario rose to leave, r the exertion of his ride had made from the city to gaze over into that or the exercitor of his ride had indef tim thirsty. "You may name your own leward for helping me and I will pay it the day Rosa marries me. Now kind-iy advise her of my intentions and tell her I shall come to see her soon." hidden valley without feeling a pleas-urable surprise at finding it still there. We are accustomed to think of perfect beauty as unsubstantial, evanescent but the Yumuri never changed, and in that lay its supremest wonder.

Rainbow's End

A NOVEL by REX BEACH

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

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O'REILLY MAKES LOVE BADLY, BUT WELL ENOUGH TO

WIN THE HEART OF ROSA.

Synopsis .-- Don Esteban Varona, a Cuban planter, hides his wealth

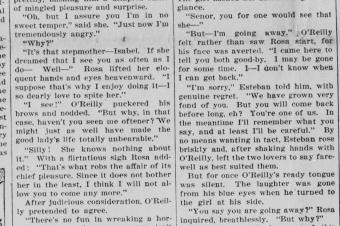
Synopsis.—Don Esteban Varona, a Cuban planter, hides his wealth -money, jewels and title deeds—in a well on his estate. The hiding place is known only to Sebastian, a slave. Don Esteban's wife dies at the birth of twins, Esteban and Rosa. Don Esteban's wife dies at varicious Donna Isabel, who tries unsuccessfully to wring the secret of the hidden treasure from Sebastian. Angered at his refusal, she urges Don Esteban to sell Evangelina, Sebastian's daughter. Don Esteban refuses, but in the course of a gambling orgie, he risks Evangelina at cards and loses. Crazed by the loss of his daughter, Sebastian kills Don Esteban and is himself killed. Many years pass and Donna Isabel is unable to find the hidden treasure. Don Mario, rich sugar merchant, seeks to marry Rosa, who has returned from eschool in the United States.

. . . . . It was quite true that Johnnie 'Reilly—or "The O'Reilly," as his iends called him—had little in the O'Reilly-or riends orldly advantage to offer any girl, and it was precisely because of this fact that he had accepted a position here in Cuba, where, from the very nature of things, promotion was likely to be more rapid than in the New York office of his firm.

school in the United States.

A dancing eye speaks every lan-A dancing eye speaks every lan-runge; a singing heart gathers its own audience. Before the young Irish-dherican had more than a bowing ac-quaintance with the commonest Span-ish verbs he had a calling acquaint-ance with some of the most exclusive people of Matanzas. He had adjusted himself serenely to his surroundings when Rosa Varona returned from school, but with her coming, away went all his complacency. His content-ment vanished; he experienced a total change in his opinions, his hopes, and his ambitons. his ambitions.

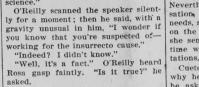
He discovered, for example, that Ma-tanzas was by no means the out-of-the-way place he had considered it; on the contrary, after meeting Rosa once by accident, twice by design, and thre accident, twice by design, and three times by mutual arrangement, it had dawned upon him that this was the chief city of Cuba, if not, perhaps, the hub arownd which the whole world re-volved; certainly it was the most agreeable of all cities, since it con-tained everything that was processor tained everything that was necessary for man's happiness. Yet, despite the shrill of his awakening, O'Reilly was



"There's no fun in wreaking a nor rible revenge, when your enemy isn't wise to it," he acknowledged. "Since it's your idea to irritate your stepmoth-

Rosa tittered, and then inquired, nively, "Can you make love, senor?" "Can I? It's the one ability an O'Reilly inherits. Listen to this now." Reaching forth, he took Rosa's fingers in his: "Wait!" he cried as she resist-ed. "Pretend that you're Mrs. Varona,

dimpled: it's thin and bony. I've felt it off.



"I believe it's her evil con-

"I am a Cuban." "Cuban? Your people were Span

walk in her sleep tonight, if ever.

Rosa nodded soberly, and O'Reilly, suppressing some light reply that had sprung to his lips, inquired, curiously, "What do you mean by that?" Brother and sister joined in explain-ing that Donna Isabel was given to pe-

ing that Donna isabel was given to be cultar actions, especially after periods of excitement or anger, and that one of her eccentricities had taken the form of somnambulistic wanderings. "Oh, she's crazy enough," Esteban con-

cluded.

sh. "True, But no Spaniard ever raised a Spanish child in Cuba. We are Cu-bans, Rosa and I. I go everywhere, and the Spanish officers talk plainly be-fore me. Somebody must be the eyes and the ears for Colonel Lopez

Through what had once been well-tended grounds, O'Reilly made his way "Colonel Lopez!" exclaimed O'Reilly. Esteban nodded. Rosa's face, as she looked at the two tended grounds, orken y made my way to a sort of sunken garden which, in spite of neglect, still remained the most charming nook upon the place; and there he sat down to wait for Ross. The hollow was effectually screened from view by a growth of plantain, men, was white and worried. For a time the three of them sat silent; then the American said, slowly, "You'll be shot if you're caught."

"Some one must run chances," Este-ban averred. "We're fighting tyranny" nom trees of a grant amarind trees; over the rocky walls ran a profusion of flowering plants and vines; in the cen-"But sooner or later you'll be dis-covered—then what?" persisted O'Reilter of the open space was an old well, its masonry curb all but crumbled

Esteban shrugged. "Who knows

When Rosa at last appeared, O'Reilly felt called upon to tell her, somewhat dizzily, that she was beyond doubt the "What of Rosa?" At this question the brother stirred uneasily and dropped his eyes. O'Relidizzliy, that she was beyond doubt the sweetest flower on all the Quinta de Esteban, and since this somewhat hack-neyed remark was the boldest speech he had ever made to her, she blushed prettily, flashing him a dimpled smile of mingled pleasure and supprise ly laid a hand upon his arm. "You have no right to jeopardize her safety. Without you, to whom could she turn?" The girl flashed her admirer a grateful

"Senor, you for one would see that

"I'm sorry," Esteban told nim, whi genuine regret. "We have grown very fond of you. But you will come back before long, eh? You're one of us. In the meantime I'll remember what you say, and at least I'll be careful." By no means wanting in tact, Esteban rose briskly and, after shaking hands with O'Reilly, left the two lovers to say farewell as best suited them.

But for once O'Reilly's ready tongue was silent. The laughter was gone from his blue eyes when he turned to the girl at his side.

"You say you are going away?" Rosa inquired, breathlessly. "But why?" "I'm going partly because of this war and partly because of—something else. I tried to tell you yesterday, but I couldrid. When the source of the source of

, perhaps it would annoy her if I I couldn't. When the revolution start-ade love directly to her." ed everybody thought it was merely a local uprising, and I wrote my com-pany to that effect; but, bless you, it has spread like fire, and now the whole eastern end of the island is ablaze. Business has stopped, and my employ-ers have ordered me home to find out what's happened to their profits." "You said there was something

O'Reilly's hesitation became an embarrassed silence. He tried to laugh





"My dear Pancho, times are hard. The

"Times will improve," he said. "Impossible! I tell you I'm bank-

"So? Then the remedy is simple-sell a part of your land."

momentary struggle with herself. "Es-teban would rise from his grave. No. It was his wish that the plantations go to his children intact."

"And his wish is sacred to you, eh?" Cueto nodded his approval, although his smile was disconcerting. "An ad-mirable sentiment! It does you honor!





"You May Name Your Own Reward."

not at all pleased with himself, for, as it happened, there was another girl back home, and during his first year of loneliness he had written to her more freely and more frequently than any man on such a salary as his had a right to do

Inasmuch as her father was O'Reil-Inasmuch as ner father was O'Rell-ly's "company" it may be seen that Rosa Varona's home-coming seriously complicated matters, not only from a sentimental, but from a business stand-

The toward the Quinta The toward t bor did Lonna Isabel ike him. More-over, he had a particular reason for voiding her today. Just inside the Varona premises he mussd an instant to admire the out-book. The quinta commanded an excel-

bel, my little darling-

the lovers started guiltily apart. They turned to find Esteban, Rosa's twin brother, staring at them oddly. "Isa-bel?" he repeated. "What's this?"

"You interrupted our theatricals. I was rehearsing an impassioned pro-posal to your beloved stepmother," O'Reilly explained, with a pretense of annoyance.

"Yes. Senor O'Reilly believes he can

infuriate Isabel by laying slege to her. He's a-foolish person-" Rosa's cheeks were faintly flushed and her Esteban's eyes. "He makes love wretchedly."

"What little I overheard wasn't bad," Esteban declared; then he took O'Reilly's hand.

Esteban was a handsome straight, slim and manly, and his semblance to Rosa was startling. With a look engaging in its frank di

know," she admitted, "and re

remain. "But Isabel's hand isn't burrassed structure in the providence of the provid him a good son-in-law." "I— Oh!" cried Rosa.

"I— Oh!" cried Rosa. And at her tone O'Reilly hurried on: "These rich men have the most ab-surd id.as. I suppose Tll have to—" "Then you are in love, senor?" "Indeed I am—with the sweetest girl in Cuba. That's the whole trouble. That's why I'm hurrying home to re-sign before I'm fired." Not daring to look too long or too deeply into Rosa

look too long or too deeply into Rosa Varona's eyes until she had taken in the whole truth, he waited, staring at his feet. "I'm sort of glad it has come

to a show-down and I can speak out. boy. I'm hoping she'll miss me." After a moment he ventured, "Will she—er-will you, Rosa?" After a

Miss you?" Rosa lifted her "I? The mass your mosa infection of the analysis of the analysis of course, but-I won't have much time to think about you, for I am so soon to be married." "Married? What? Nonsense!"

"Married? What? Nonsense!" "Indeed! Do you think I'm so ugly nobody would have me? The richest man in Matanzas has asked for my hand this very afternoon." "Who? Mario de Castano?"

"Yes."

O'Reilly laughed with r def, and though Rosa tried to look offended, she was forced to smile. "Te's fat, I

and damp, wet grass rose to her knees. Before she could half realize her con-dition she felt herself plunged into

"Decidedly! But-I will settle with him myself.

space. Cueto lifted an admonitory hand, his face alight with the faintest glimmer of ironic mirth. "I couldn't trust you to the mercles of that rascal," he said piously. "No, I shall go on as I am, even at a sacrifice to myself. I love more!

Don Esteban's children as my very own; and you, senora—" Isabel knew that she must win a the utmost care in its composition complete victory at once or accept ir-

"Never!" she interrupted, with a tone of finality. "I can't accept your sacrifice. I am not worthy. Kindly arrange to turn over your books of ac Kindly count at once.'

Then Pancho Cueto did an unexpected thing: he laughed shortly and shook his head.

the well, and its gaping mouth, only half protected by the broken coping, reminded him that he had promised Rosa to cover it with planks. In its Donna Isabel was ready to faint and her voice quavered as she went on: "Understand me, we part the best of friends despite all I have heard against you. I do not believe these stories present condition it was a menace to animals, if not to human beings who were unaware of its presence. people tell, for you probably have en-emies. Even if all they said were true, I should force myself to be leni-ent because of your affection for my husband.'

The man rose, still smiling. "It is I who have been lenient," said he. "Eh? Speak plainly."

but he | "Gladly. I have long suspected that

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JOHN H. CAIN & CO. Saite 200 Elks Bidg. Brownwood, Texas same material. Esteban put the wetter in his pocket without addressing it. Letting himself out into the night, he took the path that led to the old

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