



# RAINBOW'S END

A NOVEL BY REX BEACH

CHAPTER II. Spanish Gold.

The twins were seven years old when Donna Isabel's schemes bore their first bitter fruit, and the occasion was a particularly uproarious night when Don Esteban entertained a crowd of his Castilian friends. Little Rosa was awakened at a late hour by the laughter and shouts of her father's guests. She was afraid, for there was something strange about the voices, some quality to them which was foreign to the child's experience. Creeping into her brother's room, she awoke him, and together they listened. Rosa began to whimper, and when Esteban tried to reassure her his own voice was thin and reedy from fright.

In the midst of their agitation they heard some one weeping; there came a rush of feet down the hallway, and the next instant Evangelina flung herself into the room. She fell upon her knees before them. "Little master! Little mistress!" she sobbed. "You will save me, won't you? We love each other, eh? See then, what a crime this is! Say that you will save me!"

"Your father has sold me to him!" And Asensio— But what can they do to help me? You alone can save me. You won't let Don Pablo take me away? It would kill me.

"Wait!" Esteban scrambled out of bed and stood before his dusky nurse and playmate. "Don't cry any more. I'll tell papa that you don't like Don Pablo."

Rosa followed. "Yes, come along, brother," she cried, shrilly. "We'll tell Don Pablo to go home and leave our Evangelina."

for the flies to punish. They will remind him of his insolence. Then the guests departed, and Esteban staggered into the house and went to bed.

All that morning Sebastian stood with his hands chained high over his head. The sun grew hotter and ever hotter upon his lacerated back; the blood dried and clotted there; a cloud of flies gathered, swarming over the raw gashes left by Cueto's whip.

Since Don Esteban's nerves, or perhaps it was his conscience, did not permit him to sleep, he arose about noontime and dressed himself. He was still drunk, and the mad rage of the early morning still possessed him; he pretended not to see the figure chained to the window grating. Sebastian's affection for his master was dog-like and he had taken his punishment as a dog takes his, more in surprise than in anger, but at this proof of callous indifference a fire kindled in the old fellow's breast, hotter by far than the fever from his fly-bitten sores. He was thirsty, too, but that was the least of his sufferings.

Some time during the afternoon the negro heard himself addressed through the window against the bars of which he leaned. The speaker was Donna Isabel. "Do you suffer, Sebastian?" she began in a tone of gentleness and pity.

"Yes, mistress." The speaker's tongue was thick and swollen. "Can I help you?" The negro raised his head; he shook his body to rid himself of the insects which were devouring him.

"Give me a drink of water," he said, hoarsely. "Surely, a great goodfellow, all cool and dripping from the well. But first I want you to tell me something."

"A drink, for the love of heaven," panted the old man, and Donna Isabel saw how cracked and dry were his thick lips, how near the torture had come to prostrating him.

"I'll do more," she promised, and her voice was like honey. "I'll tell Pancho Cueto to unlock you, even if I risk Esteban's anger by so doing. Will you be my friend? Will you tell me something?"

"What can I tell you?" "Oh, you know very well! I've asked it often enough, but you have lied, just as my husband has lied to me. He is a miser; he has no heart; he cares for nobody, as you can see. You must hate him now, even as I hate him. Tell me—is there really a treasure, or—?"

The woman gasped; she choked; she could scarcely force the question for fear of disappointment. "Tell me there is, Sebastian. I've heard so many lies that I begin to doubt."

"I believe you. I knew all the time it was here. Well? Where is it?" Sebastian hesitated and said, pitifully, "I am dying."

Isabel could scarcely contain herself. "I'll give you water, but first tell me where—where! God in heaven! Can't you see that I, too, am perishing?"

"Tell me first." Sebastian lifted his head and, meeting the speaker's eyes, laughed hoarsely. "At the sound of his unnatural merriment Isabel recoiled as if stung. She stared at the slave's face in amazement and then in fury. She stammered, incoherently, 'You—you have been lying!'"

"Oh no! The treasure is there, the greatest treasure in all Cuba, but you shall never know where it is. I'll see to that. It was you who sold my girl; it was you who brought me to this; it was your hand that whipped me. Well, I'll tell Don Esteban how you tried to bribe his secret from me! What do you think he'll do then? Eh? You'll feel the lash on your white back—"

"You fool!" Donna Isabel looked murder. "I'll punish you for this; I'll make you speak if I have to rub your wounds with salt."

But Sebastian closed his eyes wearily. "You can't make me suffer more than I have suffered," he said. "And now—I curse you. May that treasure be the death of you. May you live in torture like mine the rest of your days; may your beauty turn to ugliness such that men will spit at you; may you never know peace again until you die in poverty and want—"

But Donna Isabel, being superstitious, fled with her fingers in her ears; nor did she undertake to make good her barbarous threat, realizing opportunely that it would only serve to betray her desperate intentions and put her husband further on his guard.

As the sun was sinking beyond the farther rim of the Yumuri and the valley was beginning to fill with shadows Esteban Varona rode up the hill. His temper was more evil than ever, if that were possible, for he had drunk again in an effort to drown the memory of his earlier actions. With him were Pablo Peza, and Mario de Castano, Col. Mendoza y Linares, old Pedro Miron, the advocate, and others of less consequence, whom Esteban had gathered from the Spanish club. The host dismounted and lunched across the courtyard to Sebastian.

"So, my fine fellow," he began. "Have you had enough of rebellion by this time?" Sebastian's face was working as he turned upon his master to say: "I would be lying if I told you that I am sorry for what I did. It is you who have done wrong. Your soul is black with this crime. Where is my girl?"

"The devil! To hear you talk one would think you were a free man." The planter's eyes were bleared and he brandished his riding-whip threateningly. "I do as I please with my slaves. I tolerate no insolence. Your girl? Well, she's in the house of Salvador, Don Pablo's cocher, where she belongs."

There was a horrified cry from the other white men. Don Pablo Peza ran forward, shouting. He swung his machete, but Sebastian met him before the blow could descend, and they went down together upon the hard stones. Again Sebastian smote, with his massive hands wrapped in the chain and



The Slave Leaped at Esteban, and Struck, Once.

his wrists encased in steel, and this time it was as if Don Pablo's head had been caught between a hammer and an anvil. The negro's strength, exceptional at all times, was multiplied tenfold; he had run amuck. When he arose the machete was in his grasp and Don Pablo's brains were on his knuckles.

It all happened in far less time than it takes to tell. The onlookers had not yet recovered from their first consternation; in fact they were still fumbling and tugging at whatever weapons they carried, when Sebastian came toward them, brandishing the blade on high. Pedro Miron, the advocate, was the third to fall. He tried to scramble out of the negro's path, but, being an old man, his limbs were too stiff to serve him and he went down shrieking.

By now the horses had caught the scent of hot blood and were plunging furiously, the clatter of their hoofs mingling with the blasphemies of the riders, while Sebastian's bestial roaring made the commotion even more hideous.

Esteban's guests fought as much for their lives as for vengeance upon the slayer, for Sebastian was like a gorilla; he seemed intent upon killing them all. He vented his fury upon whatever came within his reach; he struck at men and animals alike, and the shrieks of wounded horses added to the din.

It was a frightful combat. It seemed incredible that one man could work such dreadful havoc in so short a time. Varona and two of his friends were dead; two more were badly wounded, and a Peruvian stallion lay kicking on the flagging when Col. Mendoza y Linares finally managed to get a bullet home in the black man's brain.

Those who came running to learn the cause of the hubbub turned away sick and pallid, for the paved yard was a shambles. Pancho Cueto called upon the slaves to help him, but they slunk back to their quarters, dumb with terror and dismay.

All that night people from the town below came and went and the quinta resounded to sobs and lamentations, but of all the relatives of the dead and wounded, Donna Isabel took her bereavement hardest. Struggle to say, she could not be comforted. Now, when it was too late, she realized that she had overreached herself, having caused the death of the only two who knew the secret of the treasure. She remembered, also, Sebastian's statement that even the deeds of patent for the land were hidden with the rest, where ten thousand men in ten thousand years could never find them.

## ROLL OF HONOR

Died from Wounds  
Private Albert J. Hamilton, Bell-ingham, Wash.  
Died of Disease  
Corporal George F. Meats, Eugene, Or.  
Private Henry Randall, Tacoma, Wash.  
Private Leonard J. Slaake, Spokane, Wash.  
Died from Accident and Other Causes  
Private Albert Scharf, Portland, Or.  
Private Samuel F. Austin, Spokane, Wash.  
Died of Disease  
Corporal Leo Kenneth McCormack, Republic, Wash.  
Returned to Duty, Previously Reported Wounded  
Private Lester Patterson, Seattle, Wash.

## Lenroot Attacks League Constitution

WASHINGTON, March 18.—If President Wilson does not negotiate a peace treaty satisfactory to the senate, Senator Lenroot of Wisconsin, republican, said in a address on the league of nations before the Washington Commercial club here tonight, congress may pass a joint resolution summarily ending the war with Germany without a treaty, leaving American participation in the league of nations to future determination.

## HIGH COURT TO TEST AUTHORITY OF BURLISON

WASHINGTON, March 17.—Authority of Postmaster General Burlison to increase telephone rates throughout the country is to be determined by the supreme court, which today granted the state of Kansas petition to institute original proceedings against the postmaster general, questioning the validity of his order of December 13 last establishing new toll rates. The court ordered that a return be made in the case at the next term in October.

## Bill On Capital Punishment Passes

OLYMPIA, Wash., March 12.—Capital punishment for first-degree murder, if the jury so wills in an individual case, was apparently made certain of restoration to Washington's criminal laws late yesterday when the lower house passed the bill. The measure had already passed the senate and is now up to Acting Governor Hart.

## SPARTACAN PRISONERS EXECUTED IN BERLIN

BERLIN, March 14.—More than a hundred Spartacans, chained together in the prison court yard, were shot down by machine guns this afternoon. War Minister Noske has ordered that all Spartacan prisoners shall be executed similarly. Government troops completed the capture of the suburb of Lichtenberg today. The railway station, where the insurgents had made their final stand was taken by storm. The Spartacans suffered 200 casualties in the attack.

## RUSSIANS PLANNING TO SPREAD RED TERROR

LONDON, March 12.—The Russian soviet government, with a view to promoting a plan for a world-wide communist revolution, has appointed a new minister, to be known as "international commissaire," according to a Helsingfors dispatch to the Mail, quoting advices from Moscow. The new minister is a Swiss named Moor, who was a friend of Nikolai Lenin, the Bolshevik premier, and Leon Trotsky, the Bolshevik minister of war and marine, when they lived in Switzerland. Moor is said to have been given unlimited financial and political powers at Moscow.

## Clyde J. Rupert Makes Escape

GOLD HILL, Or., March 17.—An alleged extensive plan of escape among the honor men from the Oregon penitentiary employed at the state lime plant at Gold Hill culminated in the flight last night of Jack Hardy and Clyde J. Rupert, prisoners, who were in the hills west of Gold Hill today pursued by a posse led by one of the guards from the penitentiary and the prison bloodhounds.

### POLK'S GAZETTEER

A Business Directory of each City, Town and Village in Oregon and Washington, giving a Descriptive Sketch of each Place, Location, Shipping Facilities and a Classified Directory of each Business and Profession.  
E. L. POLK & CO., Inc., Seattle, Wash.

## GERMAN U-BOAT SUNK BY SPANIARDS WHEN ATTEMPTING ESCAPE

PARIS, March 17.—The German submarine U-48, while attempting to escape from Ferrol, Spain, last night, was chased by a destroyer and sunk according to a Havas dispatch from Madrid. The U-48 took refuge at Ferrol in March, 1918, and was interned. The attempted flight of the U-boat was observed and the torpedoboat destroyer Antalo pursued her. The German boat was sunk outside the Ferrol roads. The crew was saved.

## PRESIDENT WILSON GIVEN WELCOME ON ARRIVAL IN PARIS

PARIS, March 14.—President Wilson arrived here from Brest at 12:03 P. M. today. President and Madame Poincare greeted the president and Mrs. Wilson at the Invalides station. While their wives chatted on the red carpeted platform, the two presidents inspected the guard of honor. A band played the American national anthem as the train drew into the station and the "Marseillaise" as the Wilsons started for their new residence in the Place des Etats Unis, accompanied by an escort of cavalry.

## TEXTILE WORKERS IN CLASH WITH POLICE AT LAWRENCE, MASS.

LAWRENCE, Mass., March 14.—When the police were trying to break up a parade of textile workers today, shots were fired from tenement houses, officers were stoned and persons in the crowd clubbed. Many arrests were made. It was the most violent disturbance that had occurred since the strike began six weeks ago.

## SHIPYARD RIVETERS WALK OUT ON STRIKE

SEATTLE, March 14.—Seattle and Tacoma metal trades councils will hold a joint meeting in Tacoma Saturday night, it was announced today, to discuss grievances of approximately 1000 riveters and helpers who have again walked out of the steel shipyards, since their return to work following the declaring off of the recent strike. The workers charge that the employers have discriminated against the men and have not lived up to the conditions that were in force prior to January 21, when the shipyard strike was called. One cause of dissatisfaction was said to be that the employers had abolished the bonus system which had been in effect during the war. Protests from the men who have struck were considered tonight at a meeting of the boilermakers' iron shipbuilders' and helpers' union.

## PRESIDENT WILL RUSH RETURN OF SOLDIERS

PARIS, March 18.—President Wilson today directed all American transport officials to make good their promises to speed up the return of American soldiers to the United States. Beginning next month they will be sent back at the rate of 300,000 monthly.

## SENTENCE OF 3 YEARS IS GIVEN H. ALBERS

PORTLAND, March 17.—Three years in prison and a \$10,000 fine was imposed on Henry Albers by Judge Wolverson today for violation of the espionage act. Before passing sentence, Judge Wolverson denied the motion for a new trial, argued by Henry E. McGinn and John McCourt, counsel for Albers. Dr. Marie Equi, who was convicted of violating the espionage act several months ago was sentenced to serve three years and a fine of \$500 also was imposed.

## DEMOCRATS MAY DIVIDE ON SUPPORT OF WILSON

WASHINGTON, March 17.—Whether or not Champ Clark is elected minority leader of the house in the next congress it is already apparent that the result will disclose a serious split in the Democratic party on the question of support of the president. The administration has set out to defeat Clark because of his opposition to the president and his policies, and the former speaker is up against a bitter fight.



Tell Me—Is There Really a Treasure, or—?

The woman gasped; she choked; she could scarcely force the question for fear of disappointment. "Tell me there is, Sebastian. I've heard so many lies that I begin to doubt."

"Oh! You have seen it?" Isabel was trembling as if with an ague. "What is it like? How much is there? Good Sebastian, I'll give you water; I'll have you set free if you tell me."

"How much?" I don't know. But there is much—pieces of Spanish gold, silver coins in casks and in little boxes—the boxes are bound with iron and have hasps and staples; bars of precious metal and little paper packages of gems, all tied up and hidden in leather bags."

"Are you speaking the truth?" "Did I not make the hiding-place all alone? Senora, everything is there just as I tell you—and more. The grants of title from the crown for this quinta and the sugar plantations, they are there, too. Don Esteban used to fear the government officials, so he hid his lands secretly. Without them the papers belong to no one. You understand?"

## Explosion Causes Death of Two

PORTLAND, March 13.—James Asher, 422 Roselawn avenue, and George Udy, 5415 Sixty-fourth avenue Southeast, are dead, and Claude H. Hoffman, 158 East Sixty-ninth street North, is in Good Samaritan hospital expected to die at any moment, as a result of an internal explosion of a Scotch marine boiler in the basement of the Corbett building, Fifth and Morrison streets, at 11 o'clock this morning. James Red was slightly burned, but not seriously enough to necessitate his removal to the hospital.

## Lower Rates On Postage to Return

SAN FRANCISCO, March 13.—Instructions were received by the San Francisco postmaster yesterday from Washington to dispose of his stocks of three-cent stamped envelopes, two-cent postal cards and three-cent adhesive stamps, preparatory to a return on July 1 of pre-war postage rates. Three-cent stamps will be used after June 30 on third- and fourth-class mail. After July 1 letters will require a two-cent stamp, postal cards one-cent stamps.

## BIG TRANSPORT SUNK BY MINE NINE ARE LOST

LONDON, March 15.—Nine sailors are reported drowned in the sinking of the American naval transport Yselhaven, which struck a mine at 1:35 o'clock Friday morning, according to a report to Lloyd's. The Yselhaven was bound from Baltimore to Copenhagen. Thirty-five survivors have been landed at Hartlepool by a British steamer.

## German General Is Clubbed to Death

COPENHAGEN, March 17.—General von Arnim, former commander of the German armies in Flanders, was clubbed to death by a mob of infuriated peasants in Asch, Bohemia, it was reported in dispatches received here today. The murder of von Arnim followed his firing shots at peasants who trespassed on his grounds. Afterward the peasants pillaged the castle.

## Col. D. H. Scott Dies In New York Monday

NEW YORK, March 18.—Lieutenant Colonel David Hunter Scott, assistant chief of staff of the Twenty-seventh division, died here Monday from pneumonia. Colonel Scott, a son of Major General Hugh L. Scott, commander at Camp Dix, N. J., was ill when he arrived here on the Levianton on March 6. He was a native of North Dakota.

## Finnish Monarchy Is On Decline

WASHINGTON, March 17.—The monarchist constitution of Finland is doomed to fall ultimately, according to Swedish press reports made public by the state department Monday. Election of 80 Socialists show the defeat of the monarchist principles for all time, it was added.