

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 V.

A Cry from the Wilderness.

New York seemed almost like a foreign city to Johnnie O'Reilly when he stepped out into it on the morning after his arrival. For one thing it was bleak and cold; the north wind, halting direct from Baffin's bay, had teeth, and it bit so cruelly that he was glad when he found shelter in the building which housed the offices of the Carter Importing company. The truth is O'Reilly was not only cold but frightened.

It was not the effect of his report concerning the firm's unprofitable Cuban connections which he feared—Sammel Carter could take calmly the most disturbing financial reverse—it was the blow to his pride at learning that anybody could prefer another girl to his daughter. Johnnie shook his shoulders and stamped his feet, but the chill in his bones refused to go. He went to meet his employer as a man marches to execution.

His heart sank further at the welcome he received, for the importer gave him a veritable embrace; he patted him on the back and inquired three times as to his health. O'Reilly was anything but cold now; he was perspiring profusely, and he felt his collar growing limp. To shatter this old man's eager hopes would be like kicking a child in the face. Carter had never been so enthusiastic, so demonstrative; there was something almost theatrical in his greeting.

"Well, my boy, you made a fizzle of it, didn't you?" The tone was almost complimentary.

"Yes, sir, I'm a bright and shining failure."

"Now, don't 'yes, sir' me. We're friends, aren't we? Good! Understand, I don't blame you in the least—it's that idiotic revolution that spoiled our business. You did splendidly, under the circumstances."

"They have reason enough to revolt—oppression, tyranny, corruption," O'Reilly mumbled the familiar words in a numb paralysis at Mr. Carter's jovial familiarity.

"All Latin countries are corrupt," announced the importer—"always have been and always will be. They thrive under oppression. However, I dare say this uprising won't last long."

Johnnie wondered why the old man didn't get down to cases. "It's more than an uprising, sir," he said. "The rebels have overrun the east end of the island, and when I left Maceo and Gomez were sweeping west."

"Bah! It takes money to run a war." "They have money," desperately argued O'Reilly. "Marti raised more than a million dollars, and every Cuban cigar maker in the United States gives a part of his wages every week to the cause. The best blood of Cuba is in the fight. Spain is about busted; she can't stand the strain."

"I predict they'll quit fighting as soon as they get hungry. The government is starving them out. However, they've wound up our affairs for the time being, and—" Mr. Carter carefully shifted the position of an inkwell, a calendar and a paper knife—"that brings us to a consideration of your and my affairs, doesn't it? Ahem! You remember our bargain? I was to give you a chance and you were to make good before you—er—planned any—er—matrimonial foolishness with my daughter."

"Yes, sir," O'Reilly felt that the moment had come for his carefully rehearsed speech, but, unhappily, he could not remember how the swansong started. Mr. Carter, too, was unaccountably silent. Another moment dragged past, then they chorused.

"I have an unpleasant—" Each broke off at the echo of his own words.

"What's that?" inquired the importer.

"No-nothing. You were saying—" "I was thinking how lucky it is that you and Elsa waited. Him! Very fortunate." Again Mr. Carter rearranged his desk fittings. "We sometimes differ, Elsa and I, but when she sets her heart on a thing I see that she gets it, even if I think she oughtn't to have it. What's the use of having children if you can't spoil 'em, eh?" He looked up with a sort of resentful challenge, and when his listener appeared to agree with him he sighed with satisfaction. "Early marriages are silly—but she seems to think otherwise. Maybe she's right. Anyhow she's licked me. I'm done. She wants to be married right away, before we go west. That's why I wanted to see you at once. You won't object, will you? We men have to take our medicine."

"It's quite out of the question," stammered the unhappy O'Reilly.

"Come, come! It's tough on you, I know, but—" Johnnie had a horrified vision of himself being dragged unwillingly to the altar. "Elsa is going to have what she wants, if I have to break something. If you'll be sensible I'll stand behind you like a father and teach you the business. I'm getting old, and Ethelbert could never learn it. Otherwise—" The old man's jaw set; his eyes began to gleam angrily.

"Who is—Ethelbert?" faintly inquired O'Reilly.

"Why, damnit! He's the fellow I've been telling you about. He's not so bad as he sounds; he's really a nice boy—"

"Elsa is in love with another man? Is that what you mean?"

"Good Lord, yes! Don't you under-

stand English! I didn't think you'd take it so hard—I was going to make a place for you here in the office, but of course it— Say! What the deuce ails you?"

Sammel Carter stared with amazement, for the injured victim of his daughter's fickleness had leaped to his feet and was shaking his hand vigor-

ously, meanwhile uttering unintelligible sounds that seemed to signify relief, pleasure, delight—anything except what the old man expected.

"Are you crazy, or am I?" He queried.

"Yes, sir; delirious. It's this way, sir; I've changed my mind, too."

"Oh—! You have?"

"I've met the dearest, sweetest—" O'Reilly choked, then began again—"the dearest, loveliest—"

"Never mind the bird-calls—don't coo! I get enough of that at home. Humph! It turned out better than I thought. Why, I—I was positively terrified when you walked in. I ought to be offended, and I am, but— Get out while I telephone Elsa."

O'Reilly spent that evening in writing a long letter to Rosa Varona. Other letters went forward by succeeding posts, and there was no doubt now that O'Reilly's pen was tipped with magic! He tingled when he read what he had written. He bade Rosa prepare for his return and their immediate marriage.

O'Reilly's love was unlimited; his trust in the girl was absolute. He knew, moreover, that she loved and trusted him. This, to be sure, was a miracle—a unique phenomenon which never ceased to amaze him. He did not dream that every man had felt the same vague wonder.

And so the time passed rapidly. But, strange to say, there came no answer to those letters. O'Reilly cursed the revolution which had made communication so uncertain; at length he cabled, but still the days dragged on with no result. Gradually his impatience gave way to apprehension.

Great was his relief, therefore, when one day a worn, stained envelope addressed in Rosa's hand was laid upon his desk. The American stamp, the Key West postmark, looked strange, but— Her first letter! O'Reilly wondered if his first letter to her could possibly have moved her as this moved him. He kissed the envelope where her lips had caressed it in the sealing. Then with eager fingers he broke it open.

It was a generous epistle, long and closely written, but as he read his keen delight turned to dismay, and when he had turned the last page his brain was in wildest turmoil. He thought he must be dreaming. Could it be that he had misunderstood anything? He turned to the beginning and attempted to read, but his hands shook so that he was obliged to lay the letter flat upon his desk.

My Dear Beloved: It is with diffidence and hesitation that I take my pen in hand, for I fear you may consider me unduly forward in writing to you without solicitation.

Alas! We are refugees, Esteban and I—fugitives, outcasts, living in the mangrove swamps of our father. Such poverty, such indescribable circumstances! But they were our only friends and they took us in when we were homeless, so we love them.

If this letter reaches you—and I send it with a prayer—what then? I dare not think too long of that, for the hearts of men are not like the hearts of women. What will you say when you learn that the Rosa Varona whom you favored with your admiration is not the Rosa of today? I hear you murmur, "The girl forgets herself!" But, oh, the standards of yesterday are gone and my reserve is gone, too! I am a hunted creature.

Rosa had compelled herself to start with the death of Donna Isabel and to give him a succinct account of all that had followed. O'Reilly read the story, fascinated.

That is how we came to live with Asensio and his wife. Imagine it! A boy, hidden away far up the Yumari, and so insignificant as to escape attention. We are no longer people of consequence or authority; our safety depends upon our inconspicuousness.

The whole country is in chaos. There is no work—nothing but suspicion, hatred, and violence. Oh, what desolation this war has wrought! Esteban has already become a guerrillero. He has stolen a cow, and so we have milk for our coffee; but there is only a handful of coffee left, and little hope of more. Marauding bands of Spaniards are everywhere, and the country people tell atrocious tales about them. How will it end? How long before they will discover us and the worst will happen?

If only you were here—Oh, my dear—! If only you were here—to take me in your arms and banish this ever constant terror at my heart. If only you were here to tell me that you love me still in spite of my misfortune. See! The tears are falling as I write. You will return, will you not? I could not write like this if I were sure that you would read these lines. My nightly prayer— But I will not tell you of my prayers, for fate may guide this letter to you after all, and the hearts of men do change. In those dark hours when my doubts arise I try to tell myself that you will surely come and search me out.

When you return to Cuba—see, my faith is strong again—avoid Matanzas, for your own sake and mine. Don Mario wanted to marry me to save me this exile. But

I refused. I told him I was pledged to you, and he was furious. He is powerful; he would talk you, and there is always room for one more in San Severino. If I could come to you, I would, but I am marked. So if you still desire me you must search me out. You will? I pin my faith to that as to the Cross. To doubt would be to perish. If we should have to find another hiding-place, and that is always likely, you can learn of our whereabouts from Colonel Lopez.

Alas! If you had asked me to go with you that day! I would have followed you, for my heart beat then as it beats today, for you alone.

The candle is burning low and it will soon be daylight, and then this letter must begin its long, uncertain journey. I trust the many blots upon the paper will not give you a wrong impression of my writing, for I am neat, and I write nicely; only now the ink is poor and there is very little of it. There is little or nothing here at Asensio's house, except tears. Of those I fear there are too many to please you, my Juan, for there do not like to see Therefore I try to smile as I sign myself, Your loving and your faithful

ROSA.

O God! Come quickly, if you love me. (Continued in next issue.)

Are You Crazy, or Am I? He queried.

"Yes, sir; delirious. It's this way, sir; I've changed my mind, too."

"Oh—! You have?"

"I've met the dearest, sweetest—" O'Reilly choked, then began again—"the dearest, loveliest—"

"Never mind the bird-calls—don't coo! I get enough of that at home. Humph! It turned out better than I thought. Why, I—I was positively terrified when you walked in. I ought to be offended, and I am, but— Get out while I telephone Elsa."

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If this letter reaches you—and I send it with a prayer—what then? I dare not think too long of that, for the hearts of men are not like the hearts of women. What will you say when you learn that the Rosa Varona whom you favored with your admiration is not the Rosa of today? I hear you murmur, "The girl forgets herself!" But, oh, the standards of yesterday are gone and my reserve is gone, too! I am a hunted creature.

Rosa had compelled herself to start with the death of Donna Isabel and to give him a succinct account of all that had followed. O'Reilly read the story, fascinated.

That is how we came to live with Asensio and his wife. Imagine it! A boy, hidden away far up the Yumari, and so insignificant as to escape attention. We are no longer people of consequence or authority; our safety depends upon our inconspicuousness.

The whole country is in chaos. There is no work—nothing but suspicion, hatred, and violence. Oh, what desolation this war has wrought! Esteban has already become a guerrillero. He has stolen a cow, and so we have milk for our coffee; but there is only a handful of coffee left, and little hope of more. Marauding bands of Spaniards are everywhere, and the country people tell atrocious tales about them. How will it end? How long before they will discover us and the worst will happen?

If only you were here—Oh, my dear—! If only you were here—to take me in your arms and banish this ever constant terror at my heart. If only you were here to tell me that you love me still in spite of my misfortune. See! The tears are falling as I write. You will return, will you not? I could not write like this if I were sure that you would read these lines. My nightly prayer— But I will not tell you of my prayers, for fate may guide this letter to you after all, and the hearts of men do change. In those dark hours when my doubts arise I try to tell myself that you will surely come and search me out.

When you return to Cuba—see, my faith is strong again—avoid Matanzas, for your own sake and mine. Don Mario wanted to marry me to save me this exile. But

I refused. I told him I was pledged to you, and he was furious. He is powerful; he would talk you, and there is always room for one more in San Severino. If I could come to you, I would, but I am marked. So if you still desire me you must search me out. You will? I pin my faith to that as to the Cross. To doubt would be to perish. If we should have to find another hiding-place, and that is always likely, you can learn of our whereabouts from Colonel Lopez.

Alas! If you had asked me to go with you that day! I would have followed you, for my heart beat then as it beats today, for you alone.

The candle is burning low and it will soon be daylight, and then this letter must begin its long, uncertain journey. I trust the many blots upon the paper will not give you a wrong impression of my writing, for I am neat, and I write nicely; only now the ink is poor and there is very little of it. There is little or nothing here at Asensio's house, except tears. Of those I fear there are too many to please you, my Juan, for there do not like to see Therefore I try to smile as I sign myself, Your loving and your faithful

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AUSTRO-HUNS ARE ORDERED TO DISARM TROOPS

VIENNA, April 11.—Italy has ordered the German-Austrian republic to disarm and disarm any troops regarded as pro-communist.

German-Austria is coming under the influence of the establishment of soviet governments at Munich and Budapest. At Donawitz, 10,000 workers in the iron smelting plants have driven out the managers because the latter refused to grant increased wages. The coal miners there are reported to have considered similar action and there is prospect that the employees of the iron mines will take over control of the properties.

MUTINEERS TO BE SUPPORTED BY SENATORS

WASHINGTON, April 11.—Any move by the war department to inflict severe punishment on the troops in the North Russian expeditionary forces who mutinied against fighting the Bolsheviks longer is certain to precipitate a storm in the senate.

Senators who have been demanding an open declaration of war against the Soviet government or the withdrawal of the American expeditionary forces from Russia have made it plain that they will protest with all their vigor against the punishment of the mutineers.

SENATOR OF IDAHO IS AGAINST LEAGUE AFTER AMENDMENTS

WASHINGTON, April 15.—Senator Borah, of Idaho, one of the leaders of the opposition to the league of nations, has given out a statement declaring the covenant, as revised, wholly unacceptable. Analyzing the amended constitution, he set forth seven instances in which it failed to meet the fundamental objections raised against the original document, and concluded:

"The real issue is now formed and the real contest now begins. Senator Borah has just returned from a speech-making tour against the league of nations. He expressed the opinion that the attitude of the people in that section was swinging to opposition to any league of nations.

DRY BILL IS SIGNED

SACRAMENTO, Cal., April 15.—Governor W. D. Stephens today signed the Harris prohibition enforcement bill providing machinery for enforcing in California of national prohibition and defining as intoxicating any beverage containing more than one-half of 1 per cent. of alcohol.

ADVENTURES OF JIMMY COON

Dick Otter Visits Betsy Otter's Home

Before the sun gilded the Big Pond with shining gold, the next morning, Betsy and her big brother were swimming around in the Big Pond, and calling for Dick Otter. When Dick Otter heard Betsy's sweet voice echoing across the flashing waters, he jumped out of bed so quickly that he stubbed his toe, and fell sprawling on the floor of his bedroom, in the burrow in the bank. And in a jiffy, he dove into the water, and was soon swimming for dear life, to find the lovely creature, who owned that sweet voice, which waked him from his sound slumbers.

At last behind a little wooded island, he found the lost Betsy and her big brother, diving for big salmon trout. Each had caught a handsome painted fish; and when Dick Otter swam to them, Betsy exclaimed, "Dick Otter, let me introduce you to my big brother," and both shook hands in a very friendly manner, as they floated in the crystal blue water.

Betsy's big brother said at once, "Dick Otter, we've heard all about you, and Father and Mother want you to come at once for breakfast; and we have some fine fish for our morning meal."

And the three swimmers started for breakfast faster than a big trout or pickeral could swim. And Dick Otter was so happy that his beating heart seemed ready to jump out of his fur jacket.

When they reached Betsy's house, she introduced Dick Otter to her Father, Mother and Brothers and Sisters. They all had a splendid fish breakfast, and they had lots of things to talk about. And Father Otter exclaimed, "Why, Dick Otter, you tell me your Father's name is Otis Otter. Bless your little heart, I know him well. Why, when we were boys, we fished and played together down on the Big River, way down below Mirror Pond; and we are third cousins."

When Dick heard this good news, his heart nearly jumped into his mouth, he was so happy, and he felt both shook hands in a very friendly manner, as they floated in the crystal blue water.

That Betsy's Father would allow Betsy to go back to Mirror Pond to live with him.

They all had a very jolly time together, and Dick said, "It's the nicest visit I ever had in my life; and my family will be glad that I met such nice people on my first journey out into the Great World."

SINKERS FOR SAILORS WILL BE NEW SLOGAN OF SALVATION ARMY

NEW YORK, April 11.—"Sinkers for Sailors" will be the slogan of the Salvation Army instead of "Doughnuts for Sailors", next week, when the warships of the Atlantic fleet make port for a round of entertainment. Busses with seating capacity of carrying every sailor allowed shore leave are to be provided by the Salvation workers and the national staff band of 40 pieces will be at the landing place to welcome the tars ashore.

AMERICAN GUNBOATS REPORTED IN RUSSIA

WASHINGTON, April 11.—Arrival of the American cruisers Galveston and Chester at Murmansk, reported today is expected by officers to relieve the situation among American troops in the Archangel region, a company of which ten days ago refused to go to the front until arguments were presented by their officers. The vessels carried Brigadier General W. P. Richardson, who is to assume command of the American forces, and two companies of rail way engineers.

General Richardson and the engineers were ordered to Murmansk at the time it was decided to withdraw Russia and their arrival is expected to reassure the American troops and prevent any spread of mutiny.

JAPANESE PLAN FOR EQUALITY IS DENIED

PARIS, April 12.—The league of nations commission has rejected the Japanese amendment on radical equality, according to an authoritative statement issued tonight.

Some of the members of the commission voted against the specific inclusion of this amendment in the covenant and, as unanimous approval of the commission was necessary, the amendment, which was strongly urged by the Japanese delegates failed of adoption.

SAILORS AND MARINES OF ATLANTIC FLEET ALLOWED VACATION

NEW YORK, April 14.—The Atlantic fleet, comprising in ships and tonnage the greater part of the "Victory Armada," ordered here to give 30,000 sailors and marines a vacation on home shores, steamed into New York today. With its arrival the greatest assemblage of war craft ever seen in any American port—103 vessels—rode at anchor in the North river and almost immediately launches started shoreward with the first contingents of officers and men on leave.

POST WIPED OUT

LONDON, April 15.—On the Archangel front south of Seletskoe on April 13 a detachment of the Russian national army raided a bolshevik post, virtually wiped out the garrison of 60 men and captured two machine guns, an official statement from the British war office says.

Only six men out of the garrison of the post succeeded in escaping. Russian casualties were two killed and five wounded.

LOYD GEORGE CONFRONTED BY GREAT CRISIS

LONDON, April 16.—Premier Lloyd George, in addressing the house of commons this afternoon, said:

"I will stand by all my pledges. I will return to Paris if the house of commons wants it so, but whoever goes must have the fullest confidence of the house behind him."

Lloyd George was admitted by his friends to be facing the greatest crisis in his political career.

The premier broke sharply today with his former political partner, Lord Northcliffe, accusing him of being a victim of vanity.

Mention of President Wilson's name brought cheers, as did the premier's reference to the League of Nations as an experiment to prevent wars.

WIND INJURES WHEAT CROP GREAT FALLS, Mont., April 15.—Reports coming from all sections of northern Montana regarding the heavy wind storm of Thursday night and Friday are to the effect that the damage will run into an unestimated amount through winter wheat being swept out of the ground, as well as spring wheat where sown.

YANKEES HOLD 83 MILES

WASHINGTON, April 12.—The American army in France on the day of the armistice was held 83.4 miles of battle front, or 21 per cent of the entire line.

PRESIDENT MAY REMAIN UNTIL TREATY IS SIGNED

PARIS, April 15.—Now that the Germans have been called to Versailles on April 25, the indications are that the proceedings may move with such dispatch that President Wilson can remain for the signing of the treaty and thus be able to take back the completed document.

This was the view of the president's intimates today when their attention was called to the reports in French papers that his departure had been fixed for April 28. It was declared that no such intention had been formed and that the progress on the main questions now