

Rainbow's End

A NOVEL.

BY REX BEACH

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"The Iron Trail," "The Spoilers"
"Heart of the Sunset," etc.

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CHAPTER XI.

When the World Ran Backward.
Esteban went about his plan of destroying Pancho Cueto with youthful energy and zest. First he secured, at some pains, a half-stick of dynamite, a cap and fuse, and a gallon or more of kerosene; then he assembled his followers and led them once again into the San Juan.

La Joya was still tenanted when early in the evening its rightful owner arrived; the house and some of its out-buildings showed lights. Esteban concealed his men. While the horses cropped and the negroes rested he fitted fuse and cap to his precious piece of dynamite.

Now while Esteban was thus busied, Pancho Cueto was entertaining an unwelcome guest. In the late afternoon he had been surprised by the visit of a dozen or more volunteers, and inasmuch as his relations with their colonel had been none of the friendliest since that ill-starred expedition into the Yumuri, he had felt a chill of apprehension on seeing the redoubtable Cobo himself at their head.

The colonel had explained that he was returning from a trip up the San Juan, taken for the purpose of rounding up those inhabitants who had been dilatory in obeying the new orders from Havana. That smoke to the southward was from fires of his kindling; he had burned a good many crops and houses and punished a good many people, and since this was exactly the sort of task he liked he was in no unpleasant mood. He had demanded of Cueto lodging for himself and his troop, announcing that a part of his command was somewhere behind and would join him later in the night.

Cueto had welcomed his visitor in all humility; he put up the soldiers in the bare of the sugar mill, and then installed Cobo in his best room, after which he ransacked the house for food and drink and tobacco.

When Cobo finally took himself off to bed Cueto followed in better spirits than he had enjoyed for some time. For one thing, it was agreeable to look forward to a night of undisturbed repose. Pancho's apprehensions had faded upon themselves, and he had been living of late in a nightmare of terror.

But it seemed to him that he had barely closed his eyes when he was awakened by a tremendous vibration and found himself in the center of the floor, undecided whether he had been hurled from his bed or whether he had leaped thither. Still in a daze, he heard a shout from the direction of Cobo's room, then a din of other voices, followed by a rush of feet; the next instant his door was flung back and he saw, by the light of high-bellied torches, Esteban Varona and a ragged rabble of black men. Cueto knew that he faced death. He dodged a blow from Esteban's clubbed rifle only to behold the flash of a machete. Crying out again, he tried to guard himself from the descending blade, but too late; the sound of his horse's terror died in his throat, half born.

"Quick! Soak the bed with oil and fire it!" Esteban directed; then he ran out into the hall to investigate that other shouting. He found the chamber whence it issued and tried to smash the door; but at the second blow he heard a gunshot from within and the wood splintered outward almost into his face. Simultaneously, from somewhere outside the house, arose the notes of a Spanish bugle-call.

Young Varona waited to hear no more. Nor did his men; realizing the peril into which they had been led, they bolted from the house as fast as they could go. There was no need for questions; from the direction of the sugar mill came bellowed orders and the sound of men shouting to their horses. Evidently those were troops—and trained troops, too, for they took no time to saddle; they were up and mounted almost before the marauders had gained the backs of their own animals.

Instantly there began a blind battle in desperately cramped quarters. Riders fought stirrup to stirrup with clubbed rifles and machetes; saddles were emptied and the terrified horses bolted. Some of them lunged up the banks, only to tumble down again, their thrashing limbs and sharp-shod hoofs working more havoc than blows from old-time battle-hammers.

Of course, after the first moment of conflict, Esteban had not been able to exert the least control over his men; in fact, he could not make himself heard. Nor could he spare the breath to shout; he was too desperately engaged. His rifle was empty, he had his hot barrel in his hands; he dimly distinguished Asensio wielding his machete. Then he found himself down and half stunned. Something smote him heavily, at last—whether a hoof or a gun-stock he could not tell—and next he was on all-fours, trying to drag himself out of this rat-pit. But his limbs were queerly rebellious, and he was sick; he had never experienced anything quite like this and he thought he must be wounded. It greatly surprised him to find that he could struggle upward through the brambles, even though it was hard work. Men were fighting all around and below him, meanwhile, and he wondered vaguely what made them kill one another when he and his negroes were all dead or dying. It seemed very strange of a piece with the general unreality of things—and it troubled him not a little. One of his arms was useless, he



They Bolted From the House as Fast as They Could Go.

discovered, and he realized with a curious shock that it was broken. He was bleeding, too, from more than one wound, but he could walk, after a fashion.

He was inclined to stay and finish the fight, but he recollected that Rosa would be waiting for him and that he must go to her, and so he set out across the fields, staggering through the charred cane stubble. The night was not so black as it had been, and this puzzled him until he saw that the plantation house was ablaze. Flames were belching from its windows, casting abroad a lurid radiance; and remembering Pancho Cueto, Esteban laughed.

By and by, after he was well away, his numbness passed and he began to suffer excruciating pain. The pain had been there all the time, so it seemed; he was simply gaining the capacity to feel it. He was ready to die now, he was so ill; moreover, his left arm dangled and got in his way. Only that subconscious realization of the necessity to keep going for Rosa's sake sustained him.

Daylight came at last to show him his way. More than once he paused, alarmed, at voices in the woods, only to find that the sounds issued from his own throat.

It had grown very hot now, so hot that heat-waves obscured his vision and caused the most absurd forms to take shape. He began to hunt aimlessly for water, but there was none. Evidently this heat had parched the land, dried up the streams, and set the stones afire. It was incredible, but true.

Esteban reasoned that he must be near home by this time, for he had been traveling for days—for years. The country, indeed, was altogether unfamiliar; he could not recall ever having seen the path he trod, but for that matter everything was strange. In the first place he knew that he was going west, and yet the morning sun persisted in beating hotly into his face! That alone convinced him that things had gone awry with the world. He could remember a great convulsion of some sort, but just what it was he had no clear idea! Evidently, though, it had been sufficient to change the rotation of the earth. Yes, that was it; the earth was running backward upon its axis; he could actually feel it whirling under his feet. No wonder his journey seemed so long. He was laboring over a gigantic treadmill, balancing like an equilibrist upon a revolving sphere. Well, it was a simple matter to stop walking, sit down, and allow himself to be spun backward around to the place where Rosa was waiting. He pondered this idea for some time, until its absurdity became apparent. Undoubtedly he must be going out of his head; he saw that it was necessary to keep walking until the back-spin of that treadmill brought Rosa to him.

But the time came when he could walk no farther. He tried repeatedly and failed, and meanwhile the earth spun even more rapidly, threatening to whirl him off into space. It was a terrible sensation; he lay down and hugged the ground, clinging to roots and sobbing weakly. Rosa, he knew, was just around the next bend in the trail; he called to her, but she did not answer, and he dared not attempt to creep forward because his grip was failing. He could feel his fingers slipping—slipping. His last thought, as he went whirling end over end through space, was of his sister. She would never know how hard he had tried to reach her.

Late on the second day after the battle Asensio returned to his bolio, Rosa and Evangelina, already frantic at the delay, heard him crying to them while he was still hidden in the woods, and knew that the worst had happened. There was little need for him to tell his story, for he was weaponless, stained, and bloody. He had crossed the hills on foot after a miraculous escape from that ravine of death. Of his companions he knew nothing whatever; the mention of Esteban's name caused him to beat his breast and cry aloud. He was weak and feverish, and his incoherent story of the midnight encounter was so highly colored that Rosa nearly swooned with horror.

The girl stood swaying while he told how the night had betrayed them, how he had wrought incredible feats of valor before the shifting tide of battle had speared him out the end of the sunken road and left him half dead in the grass. Asensio had lain there until, finding himself growing stronger, he had burrowed into a tangle of vines at the foot of a wall, where he had remained until the fighting ceased. When the Spaniards had finally discovered their mistake and had ceased riding one another down, when lights came and he heard Colonel Cobo cursing them like one insane, he had wriggled away, crossed the cañada, and hidden in the woods until dawn. He had been

walking ever since; he had come home to die.

Asensio recovered, but he was sadly changed. There was no longer any martial spirit in him; he feared the Spaniards, and tales of their atrocities cowed him.

Then Cobo came into the Yumuri. The valley, already well-nigh deserted, was filled to the brim with smoke from burning fields and houses, and through it the sun showed like a copper shield. Refugees passed the bolio, bound farther into the hills, and Asensio told the two women that he and they must also go. So the three gathered up what few things they could carry on their backs and fled.

They did not stop until they had gained the fastnesses of the Pan de Matanzas. Here they built a shelter and again took up the problem of living, which was now more difficult than ever.

The Pan de Matanzas, so called because of its resemblance to a mighty loaf of bread, became a mockery to the hungry people covering in its shelter. Bread! Rosa Varona could not remember when she had last tasted such a luxury. Raw cane, coconuts, the tasteless fruits bomba, roots, the pith from palm tops, these were her articles of diet, and she did not thrive upon them. She was always more or less hungry. She was ragged, too, and she shivered miserably through the long, chill nights. Rosa could measure the change in her appearance only by studying her reflection from the surface of the spring where she drew water, but she could see that she had become very thin, and she judged that the color had entirely gone from her cheeks. It saddened her, for O'Reilly's sake.

Time came when Asensio spoke of giving up the struggle and going in. They were gradually starving, he said, and Rosa was ill; the risk of discovery was ever present. It was better to go while they had the strength than slowly but surely to perish here. He had heard that there were twenty thousand reconcentrados in Matanzas; in such a crowd they could easily manage to hide themselves; they would at least be fed along with the others.

No one had told Asensio that the government was leaving its prisoners to shift for themselves, supplying them with not a pound of food nor a square inch of shelter.

Misery bred desperation at last; Evangelina's courage failed her, and she allowed herself to be won over. She began her preparations by disguising Rosa. Gathering herbs and berries, she made a stain with which she colored the girl's face and body, then she sewed a bundle of leaves into the back of Rosa's waist so that when the latter stooped her shoulders and walked with a stick her appearance of deformity was complete.

On the night before their departure Rosa Varona prayed long and earnestly, asking little for herself, but much for the two black people who had suffered so much for her. She prayed also that O'Reilly would come before it was too late.

(Continued in next issue.)

RESOLUTION IS QUICKLY PASSED ON PEACE PACT

WASHINGTON, June 6.—It took the senate but 30 seconds this afternoon to pass by viva voce vote the Johnson resolution calling on the state department to submit the peace treaty to the senate without further delay.

The senate's actions followed swiftly its adoption unanimously and without a roll call of the Hitchcock resolution, providing for an investigation of the charges made by Senators Lodge and Borah that a peace treaty "leak" had caused copies of the document to fall into private hands in New York city.

Chicago Reds Given Warning

CHICAGO, June 6.—With 250 suspected "reds" in cells today after sweeping raids conducted against radical retreats, federal and city officials announced yesterday that they are ready to begin deportation proceedings against every anarchist leader in Chicago and the Middle West at the first bomb explosion or act of sabotage.

The warning of the "reds" is the result of the Eastern bomb outrages and the discovery of plots, hatched in Fort Leavenworth penitentiary, to kill Judge Landis and wreck buildings and factories in and near Chicago.

AD MEN CLOSE SESSION

PORTLAND, June 11.—The 16th annual convention of the Pacific Coast Advertising Men's association closed its sessions last night, following what was pronounced to be the most interesting and productive meeting in the history of the organization. At a late hour it was not known whether the next convention would be held in Los Angeles or Stockton, Cal. The election of officers for the next year, hinging somewhat upon the selection of the convention city had not been completed.

JUGO-SLAVS WIN

PARIS, June 11.—President Wilson has received a letter from an unknown Jugo-Slav who said he had heard of the president's points and the proposed plebiscite and desired to cast his vote in favor of Jugo-Slavia against Italy. President Wilson sent the letter to the secretariat as constituting the first vote submitted on the plebiscite.

KLAMATH MAN ARRESTED

PORTLAND, June 11.—H. E. Monyer, of Klamath Falls, said to be a member of a prominent family there, was arrested this afternoon by Detectives Snow and Gordon on a charge of forgery. According to the police, Monyer has already confessed to having forged checks in various cities along the Coast running into hundreds of dollars.

STATE DEPARTMENT COUNSELLOR RESIGNS FROM IRKSOME TASK

WASHINGTON, June 6.—Frank Polk, counsellor of the state department and acting secretary of state while Mr. Lansing is abroad, will resign shortly after President Wilson comes home. It has been rumored for some time that Mr. Polk was not in harmony with the administration and has been irked by the equivocal position in which he frequently has been placed in attempting to shield the president from annoyance by the Republican opposition. One of these incidents was the effort of Mr. Polk to allay the curiosity of Senator Brandegee concerning the draft of the League of Nations covenant proposed by the president and rejected by the peace conference in favor of the British plan. Mr. Polk was compelled to do some "stalling," which was not to his liking. Another incident was his effort to explain away the "leak" of the text of the peace treaty to Wall Street.

Mr. Polk, however, denies emphatically that he is out of sympathy with the administration. He recently came into a fortune of \$500,000 from his father's estate.

MANY KILLED IN EXPLOSION OF POWDER CAR

WILKESBARRE, PA., June 5.—Seventy-eight men lost their lives in the Baltimore No. 2 tunnel of the Delaware & Hudson Coal company explosion and fire today and 31 were injured according to a list given out by the company officials at noon today.

Forty-one bodies have been identified and 36 remain unidentified. The company's injured list is not complete, and it is certain that the number of injured will reach 40.

A car of black powder attached to a strip of cars on which the men were riding to their chambers in the mine exploded.

The trolley wire broke and sparks ignited the powder. Most of the deaths were caused by fire and suffocation.

NEW ALLIANCE IS FORMED BY TWO AMERICANS

WASHINGTON, June 6.—Inauguration of a new epoch in Pan-American commercial relations will date from the second Pan-American commercial conference, Director-General John H. Barrett, of the Pan-American union and presiding officer of the conference, declared in summing up the achievements of the meeting at the concluding session today.

"It's one great outstanding characteristic," said Mr. Barrett, "has been the expression of the Pan-American, or all-American, idea and viewpoint, in which the interests of Latin-America, just as much as those of the United States, have been frankly considered and discussed by the most eminent and skilled authorities of both North and South America."

The applause which greeted the statement was considered as reflecting the sentiment of the more than 750 representatives of the United States and Latin-America who have attended the five-day meeting.

Highland Farmer Gives Good Advice

Godfried Wallace, one of the early Clackamas county pioneer farmers, whose home is at Highland, was in Oregon City Monday. Mr. Wallace, who came from Utah 46 years ago, and settled at Highland, was postmaster at that section of the county for over 20 years, and the old emigrant road has been named for him, known now as the Wallace road. Mr. Wallace has the distinction of giving the name of Highland to that section of the county.

This farmer has suggested that those interested in the growing of grain to place slack lime around the roots. It was while engaged in farming and looking after his oats and wheat, he accidentally dropped slack lime on the roots of his grain, and it was surprising how the stalks grew, and the yield that year was larger than heretofore. He said he actually averaged one pound more on his wheat when taking to the mill to have ground, and that if the farmers want to make more money on their grain they should make the same "error." He also said that the time for the smut to appear on grain would be during the month of June. This was shortly after rains and when the hot sun would cause the grain to become affected with the smut. The grains in his section of the county were looking encouraging.

Mr. Wallace says the people of the United States should give their attention more to the growth of flax, for it was while coming from Utah and passing through the Indian reservations he and his wife found much of the wild flax, and from which his wife spun therefrom a handkerchief, which he still has in his possession. This flax attained a height of over four feet.

TWO WIN PRIZES

SALEM, June 9.—Twenty-three Oregon boys and girls from as many schools in various sections of the state will attend the summer school at Oregon Agricultural college, Corvallis, June 23 to July 4, as a reward for superiority in industrial club displays at the Oregon state fair last September, which for the summer course is the capital prize. Those who will attend from Oregon City this year are Celena Tremayne, and Helen Gaffney.

Rolling the Logs

Considerable disappointment has been expressed over the failure of the bill for reconstruction bonds, totaling \$5,000,000, and Portland, which voted a majority for the measure, points to the outside counties as being responsible for the defeat of the bill.

The defeat of the measure and the vote of the up-state counties is easy to explain. In a word, the people of the country districts, who, as a class, vote with more thought and intelligence than do the voters of the large centers, refused to support a measure that was unquestionably a log-rolling bill.

There was no excuse for proposing a bond issue for millions of dollars that provided for buildings at eight state institutions, located in seven different sections of the state, besides armories in six towns, exclusive of \$2,647,500 for land settlement, and reclamation of lands.

Whenever money is needed for a legitimate purpose in Oregon, there is a straight way to get it and the people have a right to expect the legislature to submit each proposition as a unit and upon its own special merits.

Let us take the penitentiary, as an illustration. There is no denying the fact that Oregon should have a new penal institution. The present buildings are antiquated and unsanitary, making discipline extremely difficult and rendering the problem of efficient management unusually hard to solve. It would have been possible, with a state-wide campaign of education, to convince the people of the necessity for such an appropriation, but the legislature had no business to ask its constituency to swallow, in a single dose, appropriations for a dozen different purposes.

The country voter resents these things. He is honest with himself and he expects others to be honest with him. If the single item vote is good in principle, and we believe it is, there is no justification for the scheme of the blanket measure just repudiated by the people through the vote of the thinking farmer and the small town resident.

We trust succeeding legislatures will not forget it.

PLENTY OF WORK IS PROMISED FOR SHIPYARDS

WASHINGTON, June 11.—Pacific Coast yards will have plenty of shipbuilding to prevent any non-employment. Chairman E. N. Hurley of the shipping board appeared before the senate committee on commerce yesterday and said the shipping board would take the load off private and foreign ship contracts absolutely. He will issue a detailed statement later.

Chairman Hurley said that the cancellation of 3,750,000 tons already made were all that would be made and that the unfinished tonnage amounting to 3,500,000 would be finished.

DIVIDENDS PASSED

BOSTON, June 11.—The Calumet & Hecla Mining company today held its quarterly meeting without declaring a dividend for the current quarter. No dividend was declared for the previous quarter and it was stated at that time the omission was due to conditions of readjustment in the copper trade.

ONE FATALLY INJURED IN SERIOUS RIOTING IN WINNIPEG STRIKE

WINNIPEG, Man., June 11.—Dismissal of the regular police force was followed last night by the most serious disturbance of the general strike when Sergeant Frederick Coppins was probably fatally injured by strikers. A mob attacked a group of the veterans who have been sworn in as constables and as many of the strike sympathizers received cuts and bruises in a melee near the city hall. Sergeant Coppins was decorated with the Victoria Cross for valor in the war in France.

UNION MAN FIGHTS SOCIALIST

SPOKANE, June 11.—William J. Coates, president of the Central Labor council, and Sam T. Crane, who has been active in the affairs of the Socialist party and kindred organizations here, today were arrested on charges of disorderly conduct, following what was declared to have been a fist fight in front of Socialist headquarters. Remarks declared to have been made by Coates at last night's session of the labor council when endorsement was asked for the Soldiers' and Sailors' council here, were said to have precipitated the encounter.

SOCIETIES OF IRISH AMERICANS DEMAND QUICK INVESTIGATION

PARIS, June 6.—Frank P. Walsh and ex-Governor Dunne of Illinois, representing the Irish-American societies, called upon Secretary of State Lansing this morning and demanded an immediate investigation of the cause of Ireland.

At the same time they presented Lansing with a 6000 word report on conditions in Ireland as they found them during their recent visit. They told Secretary Lansing that they are sending copies of this report to President Wilson, to Premier Lloyd George and to congress.

Walsh declared that if the United States fails to take up the cause of Ireland at the peace conference, he will appeal to France and Italy.

BOMB SUSPECT IS CAPTURED THURSDAY AFTER SHORT SEARCH

PITTSBURGH, PA., June 5.—E. F. McCarty, 29, the bomb suspect for whom the police have been searching for two days, was arrested today. McCarty is said to have been named by John Johnson as the man who made the bombs that were exploded here Monday night. Volumes of I. W. W. literature were found in McCarty's room, and also a number of receipts showing that he had collected dues from other members. The prisoner refused to say more than he was a member of the I. W. W.

UNIVERSITY SENIOR WILL HELP OPERATE CRATER LAKE LODGE

Mary Mattley, of Oregon City, is one of the seniors who will graduate from the University of Oregon next week with a degree of Bachelor of Arts. Miss Mattley is a major in the department of mathematics and will receive her degree in that work.

Miss Mattley is one of the girls who are planning to go to Crater Lake to help run the lodge, the hotel at that place, during the summer. A number of University girls have signed up for that work this summer and this group will be at the lake from the latter part of June until October. They will go as entertainers of the guests and as heads of the different work done at the hotel. The manager of the Lodge will take the girls to the lake in his car and promises them a vacation of a new sort.

Miss Mattley is a member of Delta Gamma sorority.

PHONE STRIKE CALLED

CLEVELAND, June 9.—A nationwide strike of telephone workers, involving operators and maintenance, construction and repairmen was called today, effective next Monday morning, according to C. C. Cline, local business agent, and J. H. Groves, financial secretary of the electrical workers' union.

VANCOUVER, Wash., June 6.—The following were issued marriage licenses here today: G. F. Prior, 47, and Mrs. Flora Balmer, 37, both of Oregon City.

PRINCE ALBERT

LAY your smoketaste
flush up against a
listening post—and you'll
get the Prince Albert call, all right!
You'll hunt a jimmy pipe so quick and
get so much tobacco joy out of every
puff you'll wish you had been born
twins! For, Prince Albert puts over a turn
new to every man fond of a pipe or a home
made cigarette. It wins your glad hand com-
pletely. That's because it has the quality!

And, right behind this quality flavor and quality fragrance is Prince Albert's freedom from bite and parch which is cut out by our exclusive patented process. We tell you to smoke your fill at any clip—jimmy pipe or makin's cigarette—without a comeback!

Tippy red bags, tidy red tins, handsome pound and half pound tin humidors—and that clever, practical pound crystal glass humidior with sponge moisture top that keeps the tobacco in such perfect condition.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.