

NOVELS
A NOVEL BY REX BEACH

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O'REILLY MAKES LOVE BODILY, BUT WELL ENOUGH TO WIN THE HEART OF ROSA.

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 his son, Don Rosa. Don Esteban marries the beautiful, adventurous 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 gambling orgies 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 Maria, rich Spanish merchant, seeks to marry Rosa, who has returned from school in the United States.

CHAPTER III.—Continued.

"Good!" Don Maria rose to leave, but an extension of his hand made him tarry. "You may name your own reward for helping me and I will pay it the day Rosa marries me. Now kindly advise her of my intentions and tell her I shall come to see her soon."

It was quite true that Johnnie O'Reilly—or "The Rebel" as the friends called him—had little in the way of worldly advantage to offer any girl, and it was precisely because of this fact that he had accepted the post 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.

A dancing eye speaks every language; a singing heart gathers its own audience. Before the coming of Johnnie American had more than a bowing acquaintance with the commonest Spanish verbs he had a colloquial acquaintance 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, Johnnie's world went all his clamorous. His contentment vanished; he experienced a total change in his opinions, his hopes, and his ambitions.

He discovered, for example, that Matanzas 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 three times by mutual arrangement, it had dawned upon him that this was the chief city of Cuba, if not, perhaps, the hub around which the whole world revolved; certainly it was the most agreeable of all cities, since it contained everything that was necessary for man's happiness. Yet, despite the thrill of his awakening, O'Reilly was 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 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'Reilly's "company," it may be seen that Rosa Varona's home-coming seriously complicated matters, not only from a sentimental, but from a business standpoint.

It was in a thoughtful mood that he rode up La Cumbre toward the Quinta de Esteban, late on the afternoon of Dan Maria's visit. Instead of getting directly to the house, as the merchant had done, O'Reilly turned off from the main road, and, after tethering his horse in a corner of guava bushes, proceeded on foot. He did not like Donna Isabel nor did Donna Isabel like him. Moreover, he had a particular reason for avoiding her today.

Just inside the Varona premises he paused an instant to admire the outlook. The quinta commanded an excellent view of the Yumuri and the bay; on the other; no one ever climbed the hill from the city to gaze over into the hidden valley without feeling that a pleasurable surprise at finding it still there. We are accustomed to think of perfect beauty as unsubstantial, evanescent; but the Yumuri never fades, and in that lay its supreme wonder.

harsh; he regarded the speaker with such a sinister, unlikable stare that she could scarcely finish: "—and so—can no longer expect to retain you as administrator."

"Impossible! I tell you I'm bankrupt!" "So? Then the remedy is simple—sell a part of your land."

Although this suggestion came naturally enough, Donna Isabel turned cold, and felt her smile stiffen into a grimace. She wondered if Cueto could be feeling her out deliberately. "Sell the Varona lands?" she queried, after a momentary struggle with herself. "Esteban would rise from his grave. No, it was his wish that the plantation go to his children, intact."

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

"I'll wait forever," she said. CHAPTER IV. Retribution. Although he must needs Donna Isabel had been sure in her own mind that Pancho Cueto, her administrator, was robbing her, she had never mustered courage to tell him of her recollection. Nevertheless, De Castano's blunt action, 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 plantations.

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

To the astonished Donna Isabel Cueto's frank acknowledgment of theft was maddening, and the realization that she was helpless, nay, dependent upon charity for her living, fairly crucified her proud spirit.

All day she brooded, and by the time evening came she had worked herself up to such a feverish anxiety that she could eat no dinner. Some time during the course of the evening a wild idea came to Isabel. Knowing that the manager might spend the night beneath her roof, she planned to kill him. At first it seemed a simple thing to do—merely a matter of a dagger or a poison, while he slept—but further thought revealed appalling risks and difficulties, and she decided to wait. Poison was fairer.

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. In a vision appeared, but for once by neither cursed nor threatened her; and Esteban, while her heart rebelled against the lover who had courted her in Havana. It was amazing, delightful, Esteban and she were walking through the grove of "I could not resist," she told herself, but she must still be asleep; for everything about her was dim and dark, the air was cold and dank, and yet great raptures to her senses. Before she could half-realize her condition she felt herself plunged into space. She heard herself scream loudly, fearfully, and knew, the while, that she was indeed awake. Thiet—whirling chaos—A sudden, blinding flash of light and sounds— Nothing more.

Esteban Varona sat until a late hour that night over a letter which required the utmost care in its composition. It was written upon the thinnest of paper, and when it was finished the writer included it in an envelope of the same material. He tucked the letter in his pocket without addressing it, letting himself out into the night, he took the path that led to the old summer house, unlocked the door of the well, and its gapping mouth, only half protected by the broken coping, revealed him that he had promised to send to cover it in a package, in the present condition it was a menace to animals, if not to human beings, who were unaware of its presence.

Esteban's support of the Un-Surreto cause brings disaster to his country. The next installment tells of his plight. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Science Has Discarded Theory, Long Held, That Plomarina is the Cause of Infection. Poisoning by food is no longer explained as "ptomaine poisoning," but in an address to the American Association for the Advancement of Science, Dr. J. E. Jordan announced that it is either a toxic bacterial toxin composed of two kinds of proteins, and tetanus gas, or a toxin composed of a protein and a fat, which is carried by the food. The best known example of the toxin-forming microbes is the bacillus botulinus, which produces the disease known as botulism.

It is not the only kind of food contaminated from human sources. The chief food-borne infections hitherto traced to human contamination are typhoid fever and the various paratyphoid infections; but to these must be added certain infections rarely transmitted by any food except milk, such as scarlet fever, diphtheria, and streptococci sore throat.

The type of infection from food contaminated at its source is exemplified in the case of botulism. The bacteria which cause the infection are known to be due to food infected at its source, are those mainly meat-borne—caused by the group of bacteria known as Clostridium botulinum, and those resulting from the use of infected milk. The bacterial diseases of plants do not infect man.

Chinese Queues Not Banned. Although the traffic in human hair has been a serious business during the past few years, it is now so far from being a profitable industry that the Chinese are being urged to wear their own hair. The hairnet business has become of great importance to the Chinese people, and the Shantung, which now provides practically the entire supply for the market, thus the hair net work by the verities of the world. It is not in America that the hairnet industry was first developed, as it has been for more than a century.

Proving It. "Hain't that sat stinger a very high voice?" "Well, you go and reserve seats for her, conceivably and you'll be satisfied."

WAGONS It's a good friend! Six Reasons 1—Steadies nerves 2—Allays thirst 3—Aids appetite 4—Helps digestion 5—Keeps teeth clean 6—It's economical

Keep the soldiers and sailors supplied! Three Flavours WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT MINTY after a cyclone had visited that neighborhood. "Well, sir," said one of them, "she took up things out of my way, to be sure. By the way, Henry," he added, "didn't that new barn of yours get hurt any?" "I can't say," replied the second farmer. "I haven't found it yet."

A DAGGER IN THE BACK

That's the woman's story who she gets up in the morning to start the day's work. "Oh! how my head aches!" she laments every day and the headache for which she has no remedy, is the result of suffering through taking GOLD MEDAL Manhattan Oil Capsules. It is relieved tomorrow. Two or three of our relief capsules almost as much as food and nutrients.

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Wanted to Please. Ethel—Oh, no, I've got something to please you. Mother—What is it dear? When I grow up I'm going to be an amnesiaist. "What put that into your little head, dear?" "Why, you always want me to do the proper thing, and I understand that an amnesiaist does write."

FRECKLES How is the Time to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots? Now is the time. Buy HAL'S CATARRH MEDICINE. It is guaranteed to remove them. It is a guarantee to remove them. It is a guarantee to remove them.

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