

The Red Mirage

A Story of the French Legion in Algiers

By I. A. R. WYLIE

SYNOPSIS.

When Sylvia Omney, a beautiful English girl, returns from a search in Algiers for her missing brother, her lover, Richard Farquhar, finds she has fallen in love with Captain Arnaud of the Foreign Legion. In Captain Sower's room Farquhar gets deliberately drunk, but when young Preston loses all his money to Lowe, a shady character, Farquhar forces Sower to have Preston's I. O. U.'s returned to him. Farquhar is helped to his rooms by Gabrielle Smith.

"The call of fighters to the fighting man"—do you know what it means to respond to the call of your country when it asks you to defend it against threatening enemies? Imagine what the sound of bugles and tramping feet and the sight of streaming khaki-clad men means to the Englishman these days.

CHAPTER II—Continued.

"Now lie down. Your head is aching furiously I have no doubt, and probably you have work in front of you like other mortals. I have some eau-de-Cologne upstairs. Don't jeer. I am going to fetch it."

"Wait a minute. Won't you please tell me your name?"

"She put her head a little on one side.

"Gabrielle—Gabrielle Smith. Not very euphonious, is it? But one's baptism is the first occasion where the great law concerning the sins of the fathers comes into operation. Now—"

"And won't you tell what you are?"

"That's a large question. I wish I knew myself. Officially I am anything from a traveling companion to an unsatisfactory nursemaid, in either case out of a job. Is that what you want?"

He closed his eyes wearily.

"I don't know—you have been awfully decent—it all seems rather like a grotesque, gigantic dream from which I can't wake up—" His voice died away.

When she came back with her eau-de-Cologne bottle and a handkerchief he was asleep.

CHAPTER III.

The Great Law in Force.

When Richard Farquhar awoke from his heavy sleep it was broad daylight. He dressed, and by midday was on duty. Those who had witnessed the scene on the preceding night glanced at him curiously, but his face betrayed nothing—neither weariness nor the self-disgust usual on such occasions. They saw he had changed, but the change was indefinable. They saw, also, that whatever else had happened, he had not apologized to Sower. The two men exchanged the curtest and most perfunctory greeting.

By seven o'clock, and stood again in the Omneys' library, and Sylvia Omney stood on the threshold waiting. She was simply dressed in a dark, clinging material which set off more perfectly the fair sweetness of her features.

"You wanted to speak to me, Richard?"

"Yes; it was good of you to come. I know I hadn't the right to ask. I behaved vilely last night."

She looked up into his face with an innocent wonder.

"Did you? I didn't see it. I only thought that you were just as I had always believed you to be—generous and chivalrous and loyal."

He still held her hand, and with a grave courtesy he led her to the great armchair by the fire. She sat there, her head bent like a frail flower, and he turned away from her for a moment, his face colorless.

"I want to tell you that I know," he went on quietly. "I thought it would save you trouble if I told you. One has a fine instinct in these things, and last night I felt suddenly that I had gone out of your life. It hurt me unbearably for a time."

"I am to marry Captain Arnaud," she said, with a note of defiance in her low voice.

"That can make no difference. I take you with me always. You understand?"

"Yes," she said.

"Then good-by."

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"A Jew?—Very well—now I shall act like one!"

He began to pace the room with short, feverish steps. "I am going to tell you something no one has ever heard before. Only three people know it, and they have held their tongues—your mother and Major Mowbray. No—don't interrupt. You can't silence me with those damned eyes of yours. You've got to listen. You don't remember your father, do you? He was in India when you were a child, and your mother does not speak very often of him. You see how well I know things. But you are very proud of him—and rightly. He was a brilliant soldier and something of an inventor. He invented a gun that, though it would be twenty years old now, would still rank head and shoulders above anything we have. It was unfortunate that he spent more than he had and gambled with what he did not possess. The British government was, as usual, dilatory and parsimonious. Colonel Farquhar offered his invention to a foreign power. My father knew everything. I was a young subaltern at the time. My father felt it his duty to inform the authorities. Previous to this he and Colonel Farquhar had been intimate. As a last act of friendship he warned your father of his purpose. Your father murdered him."

"My father lived a few hours," Sower went on deliberately. "He was a Jew, but he was a great man. He held your father in his power. He could have had his pound of flesh. He had mercy. He let your father go—on three conditions. The first condition was that he withdrew his offer to the foreign power, the second that he resigned his commission, the third that he left the country. These things he did."

"My father died in Africa," Farquhar said.

"So I have been told."

There was a long silence. Sower studied the younger man out of the corner of his eyes. There was something he did not fully understand—a phase of humanity that did not fit in with his carefully drawn up catalogue. This red-hot temperament grew suddenly cold frightened him. It was like handling an unknown explosive.

"Your father signed a confession in front of witnesses. You will understand that in view of the circumstances it was felt necessary to have some hold over him. Here is the paper."

Farquhar accepted the neatly folded document and took it nearer to the light. He read it carefully without any trace of emotion.

"I understand," he held the paper thoughtfully, as though weighing it. "Of course it is obvious that this is of great value to me. How much do you want?"

"I am in no need of money. It is your career or mine," he said. "You must resign. Half an hour since I would have been satisfied with an apology."

Farquhar nodded.

"I give you my word of honor that I shall send in my papers tonight in return for this letter."

"I accept your word. The letter is in your hands."

Farquhar started slightly and then smiled.

"Ah, I might have burned it. You are a man of remarkable discernment. Well, our bargain is closed. I dare say I have to thank you for your long silence in this matter. But virtue is its own reward. Good night."

Sower took up his hat from the table. He frowned at his own hand, which shook.

"You are confoundingly cool about it all," he said. "One would think you didn't care."

The door closed. Farquhar went back to his writing table. He did not tear up the yellow, faded letter, but propped it against a bronze candlestick and sat there staring at it with blank eyes.

LAKE TAHOE ONCE HIGHER

Some Ancient Volcano Became Active and Great Rocky Block Sank and Formed Pool Bed.

The statement sometimes made that "Tahoe is an old volcanic crater" is not true, according to report of the government geological survey. The lake, however, lies in a structural depression—a dropped block of the earth's crust. During the Neocene epoch and the earlier part of the Pleistocene epoch the waters of Lake Tahoe stood much higher than now, probably on account of lava dams which have since been cut through. Distinct beaches that mark former higher levels are found up to about one hundred feet above the present lake, but it is believed that the waters formerly rose to still greater heights. At Tahoe City the most distinct of these old beaches is a terrace thirty-five to forty feet above the level of the lake, and it is this terrace that makes the level ground on which Tahoe tavern is built.

Take Places of Soldiers.

Berlin has five schools where women are taught the art of conducting a street car through the crowded thoroughfares. Each week between 800 and 400 woman conductors are graduated to take the places of men called to the front.

eyes. Then he began to write. He wrote four letters. One was to the war office. When he had finished he opened a drawer and took out an army revolver, which he examined and then loaded carefully. He switched off the electric lamp. He went over to the hearth and stamped his father's confession into the embers. The polished barrel winked like an evil silver eye in the reflected firelight.

"Mr. Farquhar—are you there?" His hand still lifted, frozen by surprise into immobility, he saw in the glass opposite him that the door had opened. Against the dimly lighted passage outside he recognized the neat silhouette of a woman's figure. The next instant the room was flooded with light.

"Oh, I beg your pardon. It was so quiet and dark I did not know you were in. I came for my eau-de-Cologne—" She stopped. He had turned instantly, but not in time. Her eyes rested on his hand. "Oh!" she said under her breath. She closed the door and came quietly across the room till she stood opposite him. "What were you going to do, Mr. Farquhar?"

He threw back his head. He was still very young, and in a minute more he had counted on facing the mysteries of life and death. His face was ghastly in its rigid resolve and dread.

"I don't think it's much good lying about it, Miss Smith," he said, with a short laugh.

"No," she nodded. "You were going to kill yourself. I have seen that before. My father blew out his brains. It was an act of sudden madness. Money drove him mad. Is it money with you?"

"No. I have lost everything."

"There is always the light ahead."

"I don't understand—"

She turned to him with an expression that was new to him. The small, thin face seemed illuminated with an inward fire.

"There is a light somewhere," she said, and her voice rang with stern enthusiasm. "It must exist—and if it does not exist we must light it our-

elves, with our own hands, with our own ideals. We must have it or believe in it."

His hand, resting on the mantelpiece, relaxed. The revolver rang against the marble.

"You say that," he said harshly—"you who have not had a square meal for a fortnight!"

She threw back her head.

"Who dared tell you that?"

"Never mind. I know it."

She said nothing, but the color died out of her cheeks. He turned from her and buried his face in his arms, and there was a little silence. Then he felt her hand on his shoulder.

"Do you think I should have the courage or the meanness to tell you to go on if I did not know in my own body what going on meant? Disgrace, poverty, loss—I know them all. But one can't throw down one's weapons in the first skirmish. I haven't, and you shan't. Promise me. I am not going to leave you till you do."

"Yes," he said. He held out his hand and she gave him hers. He noticed for the first time that it was white and unusually beautiful in shape. She saw the wonder in his eyes and drew back.

"Thank you. I believe that your life will be of use some day to yourself or another. I dare say I shall be even glad that I helped to save it. Good-by."

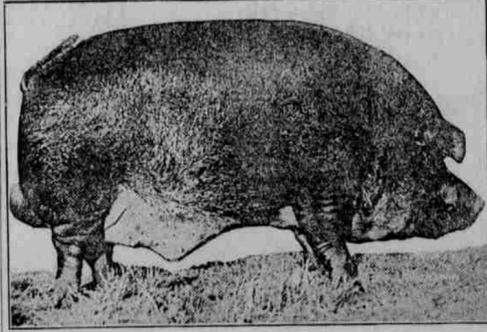
"I may see you again—"

"We may meet again, but I think not. I have a job, and am going abroad soon. May I take this with me as a souvenir?"

She had picked up the revolver from the mantelpiece, and their eyes met.

"Yes," he said simply.

MOST COMMON TYPES AND BREEDS OF HOGS



Champion Duroc-Jersey Boar, "Big Wonder," Owned by O. P. Stevens, Ripley, Iowa.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

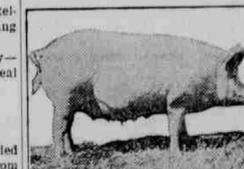
The lard or fat type of hog is the most common market type in the United States. In conformation he is a compact, thick-bodied hog on rather short legs. He is of a quiet disposition. The butcher desires a hog that will dress well and yield the largest percentage of high-priced cuts of meat. The breeder or feeder should endeavor to supply these, but he must have constitution and feeding capacity to make his operation profitable. From the breeder's or farmer's point of view the most desirable hog is one that is wanted by both farmer and butcher and is indicated by the fine, silky hair and smooth, mellow skin. The head should be broad and rather short; neck short and joining the shoulder without creases; jaw full but not flabby; and the shoulder smooth, deep, and well covered. The hog should have a broad, long, straight, or slightly-arched back, with a deep, smooth covering of fat. The loin should be broad and strong and level with the back. Hams should be long, deep, thick, and well let down on the hook. The body should be long and deep, the ribs being well sprung and the sides thick and side lines straight. Condition in the fat hog is important from the market standpoint. It is desired to have a thick, even covering of fat over the entire carcass, free from wrinkles or tires. Market demands vary, but a pig of 175 to 200 pounds usually will command ready sale at the best prices.

The bacon type of hog is less common in the United States, but is grown almost exclusively in other countries, especially Denmark. The bacon-type pig is less compact and carries less fat than the fat-type pig. He is characterized by greater length and depth, relatively, and with longer head and lighter ham, shoulder, and jaw. The side is the main point emphasized in the bacon pig, and the shoulder and ham should be light and level with the side. Depth of body with moderate width is sought, and a smooth carcass with firm flesh is desired. The head is longer and the pig stands on longer legs than the lard-type pig. The bacon pig should not be made up of fat, but rather of firm flesh.

In studying, judging, or selecting breeding stock of pure breeding, the first thing to remember is breed type. By breed type is meant the characteristics of the particular breed under study. Each breed of swine has a set standard of desirable points as to size, conformation, form, color, and disposition.

The Poland-China is one of the extreme lard, or fat, type. It originated in Ohio, and is the most common breed of hogs in the United States. The Poland-China pig is black or black and white in color; has a short, broad head, with slightly dished face; the ears start strong, but break and drop about one-third of their length. The body is thick, broad, and compact, and deposits of fat are quite thick over the entire carcass. The hams and shoulders are heavy; the back is strong and broad, and its early maturing qualities are remarkably good.

The Duroc-Jersey breed originated in the United States. It is the most prolific of the lard breeds. They are good feeders and mature early. The Duroc type of pig is of the fat, or lard type, and it is red in color. The ears



Large Yorkshire Sow.

are slightly larger and the face longer in some strains than in others, but the best type has ears of moderate fineness and with a rather short, slightly dished face.

Chester White swine, also a United States breed, are of the lard or fat type. They have pendulous ears and large, long bodies, and reach heavy weights. They are good feeders and breeders. The Chester White is one of the most prolific of the lard breeds.

The Berkshire breed is of a medium to lard type, having length and depth with less width of body. They have erect ears and strongly dished face. This breed is of English origin and is black, with white feet and a little white in face and on tail, making "six white points."

The large Yorkshire, a white bacon breed of English origin, is a prolific breed and one which attains large size. It is not an early maturing breed to any marked extent, but rather inclined to keep on growing. They have deep, long sides with rather narrow backs. The ears incline to be heavy and droop, but should be fine and not lumpy.

The Tamworth is a red hog of English origin. They are of the extreme bacon type; good grazers; long in head, leg and body, but having deep, long sides. The ears are large and erect or leaning forward. Its early

maturing qualities are rather inferior, but it is a very prolific breed, and the sows are good mothers.

The Hampshire is sometimes classified between the lard and the bacon type, but most breeders consider it as belonging to the lard type. The individuals of this breed are black, with a white belt about the body, but there are some plain black animals. This breed of bacon hogs is of somewhat obscure but undoubtedly American origin. It is very prolific and of medium size. The sides are of moderate length and depth, with rather light shoulders and hams. The quality of Hampshire pork is superior.



Champion Tamworth Sow—Bacon Type.

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FORMULA FOR GRAFTING WAX

Four Parts Resin, Two Parts Beeswax and One Part Rendered Tallow is Recommended.

A standard grafting wax consists of four parts resin, two parts beeswax, one part rendered tallow, each by weight. Melt together slowly so as not to boil.

Four the melted stuff into a pail of cold water, grease your hands and spread the mass out under water so it cools evenly enough to be tough but not brittle. Remove from the water and pull like taffy. If lumpy melt and pull again. It ought to be fine grained and pull without being too sticky in the warm hand.

Make it into balls or bricks and put away in a cool place for use. It keeps a long time and is good for grafting or for dressing injured places on trees. The wax is tougher if more beeswax is used or softer if a larger proportion of tallow is used.

SELECTION OF POTATO SEED

Determining Factor in Production of Maximum Crop of Tubers—Some Good Points.

Good seed is a determining factor in the production of maximum crops of potatoes.

Good seed may be obtained by the tuber-unit and hill-selection methods of selection through the elimination of unproductive and weak plants. These methods are explained in Farmers' Bulletin 531, "Good Seed Potatoes and How to Produce Them."

Like produces like. If tubers from unproductive or weak plants are used, a similar harvest will be reaped. All tubers showing marked discoloration of the flesh should be rejected. Purity of good stock is an essential quality of seed seed. Serious losses are sustained by the grower through mixtures.

PREPARE GROUND FOR TREES

Blasting or Dynamiting Process is Presented as Best Method of Loosening Up Surface.

In some localities there is being considerable attention given to the preparation of the ground for tree planting in way of loosening up the soil to a depth that will insure plenty of moisture for the roots so as to carry the tree safely through the first season, even if considerable of drought prevails.

The blasting or dynamiting process is presented as the easiest, cheapest and best method of loosening up the surface for proper planting and for conserving moisture for tree growth.

When the servant heard that he let Sunshine in, for everyone loved the little princess.

When Sunshine told the king the cure she had learned from the little brown men he did not have much faith, but he wished to try everything, and so one morning the little princess set out with Sunshine and gathered the dew in a cup.

All day they walked, for it was a long way to the top of the mountain, and just as the sun was going down they came to the well of fire.

There was a grating over the top and on this the little blind princess guided by Sunshine placed the cup, and as soon as the dew boiled Sunshine took it off to cool.

"Drink it now," she said when it was cool enough.

The little princess drank, and in a few minutes she said: "I see a beautiful bright light; what is it?"

"That is the sun setting," said Sunshine. "You can see now, and the world will always look bright to you, for you will no longer be blind."

Sunshine took the little princess back to the castle, where the king was waiting, and when he knew that his daughter's sight had been restored he held a feast and told everyone how Sunshine had cured the princess, and

THE SANDMAN'S STORY

By Mrs. F. A. WALKER

SUNSHINE AND CLOUDS.

Once upon a time there were two sisters, one was called Sunshine because she was always laughing and had a kind word for everyone.

The other sister was called Clouds, because she was so cross-looking and never had a pleasant word for anyone.

Sunshine and Clouds lived with their uncle, who was a miser, and when they grew up he thought they ate too much, so one morning he gave each of them a pail filled with food and told them they must go away and earn their living.

They walked a long distance the first day without finding work, and when it came night they sat under a tree to eat their supper.

"Let us eat the food from your pail first," said Clouds, "and then we can throw away the pail and only have one pail to carry."

Sunshine thought this was a good plan, and let her sister help herself to all the nicest things in her pail, and then next morning they ate from Sunshine's pail also, and when night



"What is it?" Asked One.

came they were still without a place to sleep, and Sunshine's pail was empty.

Clouds sat down to eat her supper, but she did not offer her sister anything to eat, and when Sunshine asked her for something she replied: "If you were silly enough to give away your share do not think I am silly also. I shall keep this for myself."

Sunshine cried herself to sleep that night, more because of her sister's unkindness than because she was hungry, and the next morning when she awoke she found herself alone. Clouds had gone away before she was awake.

Poor Sunshine walked all day and asked at each door for work, but none could she find, and she was afraid to sleep under a tree alone, so she crawled between two rocks and pulled the bushes over her to hide herself from the animals that lived in the wood.

When she awoke the moon was shining, and she heard voices, and looking out from her hiding place, she saw some queer-looking little creatures sitting on the ground. They were the little brown men, and they were talking of the king who lived in a big castle not far away.

"I could tell him what would restore his daughter's sight," said one, "but what good would it do for me to go to the castle; I am so small that they would not see me, and if they did I do not know what would happen. No, I am not going to take any such risk, but I will tell you what would cure her."

"What is it?" asked one.

"If the princess would get up early in the morning and go into the woods while the dew is still on the bushes and get a cupful of the dew and then find the well of fire that is on the top of the mountain and set the dew to boil over it, and when it is cool drink it, that would cure her."

Sunshine listened, and when the little brown men went away she remembered what she had heard, and the next morning she ate some berries and started for the castle, where the blind princess lived.

"I want to see the king," said Sunshine, when the gate of the castle was opened.

"What do you want with the king?" asked the king's servant.

"That I cannot tell to you," replied Sunshine; "but you must let me see him or the little princess will always be blind."

When the servant heard that he let Sunshine in, for everyone loved the little princess.

When Sunshine told the king the cure she had learned from the little brown men he did not have much faith, but he wished to try everything, and so one morning the little princess set out with Sunshine and gathered the dew in a cup.

All day they walked, for it was a long way to the top of the mountain, and just as the sun was going down they came to the well of fire.

There was a grating over the top and on this the little blind princess guided by Sunshine placed the cup, and as soon as the dew boiled Sunshine took it off to cool.

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The Farm Boy's Creed.

I believe that the country which God made is more beautiful than the city which man made; that life out of doors and in touch with the earth is the natural life of man. I believe that work with nature is more inspiring than work with the most intricate machinery. I believe that the dignity of labor depends not on what you do but how you do it; that opportunity comes to a boy on the farm as often as to the boy in the city; that life is larger and freer and happier on the farm than in the town; that my success depends not upon my location, but upon myself; not upon my dreams, but upon what I actually do; not upon luck, but upon pluck. I believe in working when you work, and in playing when you play, and in giving and demanding a square deal in every act of life.

that in return for this he intended to make her his daughter also.

In the midst of the feast a servant came to the king and said that a girl had been found by the side of the castle wall faint from the want of food, and when they brought her in Sunshine saw it was her sister Clouds.

But she did not tell the king how selfish Clouds had been to her; she only said: "She is my sister; we were lost in the woods."

When Clouds found how kind and unselfish her sister was she became ashamed of herself and determined to be like her, so for the sake of Sunshine the king adopted both of them, and they lived at the castle with the little princess and grew up to be good and useful women.

BACKYARD GARDENS BY BOYS

Government Specialist Says Children Are Able to Carry on Larger Projects Than Expected.

"Boys and girls are able to carry on much larger garden projects than we formerly believed," says Dr. C. D. Jarvis, the government specialist in children's quarters.

"There is no trouble in stirring up interest in growing things where children are concerned," he adds, "and many little gardeners have utilized every inch, otherwise unproductive enough, of their back yards. Often, however, there is a shortage of pennies wherewith to buy seeds; and to supply these gratuitously, and still to teach children the value of money and give them business experience, is a delicate problem. Most of the children, it was found, preferred to raise

vegetables; but where they had indulged themselves in a modest flower bed they had almost all shown a surprising sense of proportion and color."

Not Her Fault.

A little girl about six years old was visiting friends and during the course of the conversation one of them remarked: "I hear you have a new little sister?"

"Yes," answered the little girl; "just two weeks old."

"Did you want it to be a little girl?" asked the friend.

"No, I wanted it to be a boy," she replied; "but it came while I was at school."—New York Globe.

Poor Advice.

On moving into a new neighborhood the small boy of the family was cautioned not to fight with his new acquaintances. One day Tommy came home with a black eye and badly battered with mud.

"Why, Tommy," said his mother, "didn't I tell you not to fight until you had counted one hundred?"

"Yes'm," sniffed Tommy, "and look what Willie Smith did while I was counting."—Ladies Home Journal.

Abbreviation of Don't.

Teacher—Now, Clarence, can you tell me what "can't" is the abbreviation of?

Clarence—It's the abbreviation of "cannot."

Teacher—That's right. Now, Edgar, what is "don't" the abbreviation of?

Edgar—Doughnut.

Mamma Was a Palmist.

Little Fred—My mamma can tell things by looking at people's hands. Visitor—Indeed! Is she a palmist? Little Fred—I don't know; but every time she looks at my hands she tells me to go and wash 'em.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)