

The Red Mirage

A Story of the French Legion
in Algiers

By I. A. R. WYLIE

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SYNOPSIS.

Sylvia Orme, her lover, Richard Farquhar, finds, has fallen in love with Captain Arnaud of the Foreign Legion. In Captain Sower's room Farquhar forces Sower to have Panton's L. O. U's returned to him. Farquhar is helped to his rooms by Gabrielle Smith. Sower demands an apology. Refused, he forces Farquhar to resign his commission in return for possession of Farquhar's father's written confession that he had murdered Sower's father. Gabrielle saves Farquhar from suicide. To shield Arnaud, Sylvia's fiancé, Farquhar professes to have stolen war plans and tells the real culprit why he did so. As Richard Nameless he joins the Foreign Legion and sees Sylvia, now Mme. Arnaud, meet Colonel Destinn. Farquhar meets Sylvia and Gabrielle, and learns from Corporal Goetz of the colonel's cruelty. Arnaud becomes a drunkard and opium smoker. Sylvia becomes friendly with Colonel Destinn. Arnaud becomes jealous of Farquhar.

Do you think it is possible for a young woman who has made her big "mistake" in a love affair to return once more to the fold of decorous society? If she proves sincere in her return, will that society protect her good reputation if it learns her secret?

CHAPTER VIII—Continued.

Outside in the quiet street her husband awaited them with the carriage. He saluted gravely, assisted them into their places, and in silence they drove rapidly through the awakening town. A second carriage, traveling at a more deliberate pace, blocked the narrow avenue, and they pulled up sharply beneath an overhanging lantern. There was a subdued rattle of arms. Arnaud leaned forward.

"Ah, it's you, Goetz! One man is sufficient here. Have you anyone you can trust?"

"Stand forward—No. 4005!"

There was a brief silence. Arnaud rested his chin in his hand and stared down at the man drawn up stiffly before him. The other hand lay clenched on his knee, and the knuckles stood out white.

"You heard—No. 4005? You will keep guard alone here."

"Yes."

"It is well. Drive on."

Again the soft clash of steel. Arnaud dropped back in his corner. The light fell on his face for a moment, and Gabrielle Smith saw that he was smiling watchfully at the woman beside her. Sylvia had not moved. She had not even glanced in his direction or at the man to whom he had spoken. Her lips were still parted in the childish expression of wondering anticipation, and her eyes glistened. Arnaud laughed and turned away from her.

A moment later they passed out of the somber shadows into the light, from the unfathomable eastern hush into the babble and movement of the West. Instinctively Gabrielle glanced back for a moment. It was as though she had been lifted suddenly out of a black, mysterious sea on to a fairy island, and that against the haze of light she could hear the waves beating in sullen threatening disappointment. When she turned again she found that Sylvia had already vanished into the crowd, and that she was alone with Arnaud. He glanced down at her. Over his pale features there passed a shadow of pity and annoyance.

"I am afraid my wife is not always very considerate," he said apologetically. "You scarcely know any of these people."

"I know one or two," she answered. "In any case I like to look on. You are not to bother about me. I can take care of myself."

"Yes, you can take care of yourself." He nodded moodily. "There are not many of us who can do that much, Miss Smith. We pretend that we hold the reins, but it is the devil who drives."

"Yes," she admitted, "our particular devil."

"Do you know that? How do you know?"

"Perhaps I have been into the ditch myself, Captain Arnaud. Perhaps"—and then she looked him full into the face—"perhaps tonight has taught me," and then, before he could answer she turned from him and passed out resolutely on to the veranda.

He did not follow her beyond the first step. A man in civilian dress had come out of a flowered alcove, and as he saw his face Arnaud drew back with white lips. The stranger appeared not to notice him. He slipped out on the veranda, his uneven step curiously noiseless.

Gabrielle Smith stood with her hands resting on the balustrade, her face lifted to the sky, already silvered with the first blush of the rising moon. All was quiet. The band had ceased playing; the voices behind them had sunk to a vague murmur.

"Gabrielle," the man said, scarcely above his breath, and then louder, with a note of impulsive interrogation, "Gabrielle!"

She turned and looked at him, and neither spoke. Whatever surprise or consternation there had been in her

face had vanished. Her eyes met his haggard, bewildered appeal steadily and sadly. Then she made a slight gesture—a gesture which seemed to indicate an immeasurable distance—and passed down the steps into the darkness.

No. 4005 shouldered his rifle and resumed the monotonous tramp backward and forward across the narrow entrance to the grove. He moved rapidly and from time to time glanced about him with the straining vigilance of a man who suspects his loneliness.

Southward lay open country, a silver stretch broken by a dark ridge of sandhills and a clump of high palms rising in majestic solitude from the hidden green of their oasis. To the north Sidi-Abbes, beneath the magic moonlight a white-walled city of enchantments, dreamed while her minarets kept ceaseless watch over the distant desert.

Richard Farquhar listened; he heard subdued laughter and then the soft fall of a woman's feet. For all the haunting realization of danger he did not turn. He had not been conscious of hope, but hope, wild and unreasoning, sprang out of nothing and drummed the mad blood into his ears.

"Mr. Farquhar!"

He turned, and the butt end of his rifle jarred against the stones. She stood a few paces from him in a narrow clearing where the moonlight fell upon her, and he saw every feature of the small face, every phase of her expression changing from a curious mock-

ery to grave concern. He bit his teeth together.

"Why did you come?" he asked.

"Was it really for the pleasure of my society?"

"I knew that you were in some danger tonight, Mr. Farquhar."

Her face was turned away now. When she spoke, after a moment's silence, her voice had deepened with an unknown emotion.

"Mr. Farquhar," she said, "it was a woman's loving fear for you which brought me here."

"Thank you," he said simply.

He turned away from her. The momentary weakness was over. The gaunt features under the military cap were composed and resolute. Close at hand was movement, the crunching of the sandy soil under a sharp quick tread, and instinctively his hand slipped to his bayonet.

"I ask you to go now," he said in an imperative undertone. "You have done what you could. It was brave and good of you, but to remain is sheer folly. I am practically unarmed. We aren't trusted with cartridges, and if anything happens—"

"I choose to be foolish," she interrupted coolly.

He made a movement of protest and appeal, but it was already too late. A shadow loosened itself from the darkness and came out into the clearing. Farquhar's rifle sank to the ground. The moon was at her zenith. In the brilliant yet deceptive light the newcomer loomed out gigantic, supernatural.

"A sentry on duty!" he said ironically, looking from one to the other. "A pleasant relaxation from discipline, by my faith. Your number and regiment, sir?"

"4005, of the First, my colonel."

"One of my own particular heroes. We have already met, I fancy. Report yourself tomorrow to your captain. For the present perhaps you will condescend to resume your duties. Mademoiselle may I not have the pleasure of bringing you back to your friends?"

He offered her his arm, his hand

mouth twisted with a contemptuous amusement. She had risen and stood beside him, shaken by a sudden trouble. He looked at her keenly.

"If you are sorry, mademoiselle, will you do something for me? I want you to go back and find Madame Arnaud. Ask her to speak to me for a few minutes. I shall be outside. Tell her it concerns her husband's proposed exchange. She will understand. I would go myself, but my condition forbids it."

Gabrielle glanced at him and saw that he was in undress, and that his uniform was stained with dust.

"Colonel Destinn," she said slowly, "the man you have just punished for speaking to me is my one friend. We brushed shoulders, as it were, months ago, when three flights of stairs separated us—materially and socially. Now by chance we have met again on the same level. 'Birds of a feather,' you know, Colonel Destinn. I too, am something of a scallawag, and the only virtue of the species is a certain loyalty to their kind. I am here to keep guard."

"Keep guard?" he echoed, half puzzled, half amused.

"He has an enemy."

"And you are here as a sort of *deus ex machina*? Name of heaven, a friend of mine! Give me the name of this evilly intentioned person?"

"That I cannot do, Colonel Destinn. But I will make a bargain with you. If you will forget tonight's delinquencies and will take my place until I return, I will go on your errand. Otherwise I stay here."

He was silent a moment, his hand at his mustache; then he looked at her with a curious smile.

"You are an unusual little woman, mademoiselle." He seated himself on the root of the tree, and drawing out his watch held it to the light. "I give you ten minutes," he added.

"In ten minutes I shall have returned," she answered.

"One thing more. I do not wish anyone to know of my presence here. It would cause comment. The matter is between Madame Arnaud and myself. You understand?"

"Yes—I understand," she assented slowly.

At a bend in the avenue she glanced back for a moment, searching the darkness. Colonel Destinn's somberly clad figure was hidden in the black outlines of the trees, but beyond, clear cut against the silvery plain, she saw Richard Farquhar's upright watchful figure. Half satisfied, she hurried on.

As she reached the Villa Bernotto's the waltz came to a languorous end, and a few couples in search of fresh air drifted out on to the veranda. Sylvia Arnaud, with her hand resting lightly on the arm of a young lieutenant, stood at the top of the steps, her head thrown back a little so that the soft reflection from the overhanging lantern flooded down upon her face and the beautiful white neck.

Gabrielle touched her on the elbow and she started. "Oh, it's you, Miss Smith! I thought—What is it?"

"Colonel Destinn is in the grove," was the quiet answer. "He wishes to speak with you. Will you come?"

"Yes, wait!" She turned carelessly to her companion. "You will excuse me, won't you? My husband has sent for me."

A minute later she stood at Gabrielle Smith's side at the entrance of the grove. She had completely changed. The coquettish light-heartedness was gone, leaving her excited and a little breathless. She glanced uneasily about her.

"I believe you are shocked," she said hurriedly. "I had to say it was my husband. And I promised Colonel Destinn. It is about Destinn—and his promotion—a surprise."

Suddenly, with a little choking exclamation, she stopped and clung to her companion's arm. "Miss Smith—what is that—don't you see—there in the light—"

Instinctively Gabrielle threw off the terrified hand. She had recognized Arnaud. He stood in a bright patch which the moon threw between two great palms on to the sandy avenue. His back was toward her, his head bent, the stoop of his shoulders, the whole attitude unmistakable. She heard the faint click of a lock being slipped back, and then he turned and looked behind him. In that second his features were as visible as when lightning is turned on to the face of a consummate actor. Capt. Destinn Arnaud crossed the avenue and disappeared like a shadow in the darker shadows of the trees.

Sylvia shuddered and then laughed unsteadily.

"How stupid of me! I was really frightened. But I did not want him to see us. It would have been hard to explain, and he has been so strange and excitable lately."

She went on alone, walking in the center of the grove where the light was strongest and humming softly to herself, like a confident child whose momentary fear is passed and forgotten. Colonel Destinn heard her coming. He was still seated where Gabrielle had left him, smoking tranquilly, and the dull glow of his cigarette lighted up an enigmatical composure. Neither pleasure nor triumph had their place in those set features, but something else—the suggestion of an incalculable force under the heel of an incalculable will.

When Sylvia actually knows that her husband is preparing to shoot an innocent man from ambush, why doesn't she give warning or alarm? Does she enjoy tragedy?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HIGH-POWER LIGHT

New Yorker's Invention of Great Importance.

By Means of Glass Prisms Rays Are Scattered in Every Direction—Believed to Solve Problem Long Puzzle to Scientists.

A patent has just been issued to Peter Cooper Hewitt of New York for a globe for electric lights, which is an application of mathematically exact calculations of the reflecting and refracting powers of glass prisms.

The new globe is of spherical glass, with its outer surface formed into approximately parallel prismatic ridges, the outer angles of these being of 32 degrees and 34 minutes for glass having an index of refraction of one and fifty-two one-hundredths. In such prisms all rays falling upon their inner surface from the interior of the globe will be reflected inwardly at least once and none more than twice before they are emitted.

In Mr. Hewitt's patent the source of light is placed below the center of the globe, to which lines bisecting the outer angles of the prisms would converge.

The effect of this double reflection and refraction is to scatter the rays of light in every direction. The scattering is shown in the accompanying diagram, in which two sources of light, 13 and 14, are indicated, and the course of the rays from each (13a, 13b, and 14a, 14b respectively) can be followed by the dotted and broken lines.

Grade of Commodore.

The reasons for the abolition of the grade of commodore in the navy are also good reasons why this rank should not be revived, as is proposed in the new naval personnel bill. Commodores are flag officers, who may command a flotilla, a division or even a whole squadron. Admiral Dewey was a commodore. In no foreign navy, however, is there a grade intermediate between that of captain and rear admiral; so when an American squadron happened to be in company with a foreign squadron or even smaller fleet division, whether in home waters or abroad, the commander of the latter force, being a rear admiral, would outrank the American commander, though the latter might be many years his senior in years and experience and his superior in ability. To equalize conditions we abolished all flag officers below the grade of rear admiral; and in order to keep them equal we should abstain from restoring the abandoned grade.—Philadelphia Record.

Activities of Women.

Nearly 100 women are now working as hostlers in the British horse depots. Women will have 91 electoral votes at the coming presidential election.

Mrs. James A. Orne, captain of the schooner Hazel Dell, is known as the original sea suffragist.

Miss Marion Mitchell of Philadelphia has been chosen as one of the prettiest girls at Wellesley college.

Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, head of the National Association of American Woman Suffrage, was once a newspaper woman, having received her training in San Francisco.

Representatives of the most important women's colleges in the United States have formed an interscholastic council, the object of which is to promote athletics among the female students of the various colleges.

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Haffer's attorney contended that it was no more libelous to call Washington a tippler than it was for persons to speak harshly to Adam for the indiscretion he and Eve committed in the Garden of Eden.—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

Poor Dog!

When a New York husband and wife separated they agreed that, in the division of their belongings, he was to have the pet dog, but the wife refused to surrender the pup, so the husband has begun suit for \$5,000 damages. This is a case in which reconciliation is the only solution. It would be cruel to separate either husband or wife from the dog.—Washington Herald.

His Glass Eye in Pain.

A very peculiar accident happened to O. R. McColey. While walking with one of his customers, James L. Lloyd, he suddenly threw his hands to one of his eyes which he had had replaced with a glass one.

He exclaimed in great pain that something had hit him in the eye. He was nearly frantic for some time, when Doctor Cogwell was summoned and the patient was removed to his office.

After the pain was relieved the eye was removed, and it was discovered the back of the glass eyeball had broken and the vacuum from the hollow inside had drawn the optic nerve through the broken part, which caused intense pain.

The inside part of the eye is badly inflamed and it will necessitate the placing of a new glass eye as soon as it has healed sufficiently.—From a Wisey (S. Dak.) Dispatch.

Mice Help to Catch Other Mice.

A little device has just been patented which transforms any standard preserving jar into a mouse trap. The traps which kill the little rodents lose their usefulness after a time by reason of the fact that the odor left by the deceased vermin acts as a warning to the acute noses of others, so that to be of use the tray must be scalded or otherwise fumigated at regular intervals. The preserving-jar mouse trap does not hold any odor, and being of glass, it catches an unlimited number of mice, one after the other. The bait will catch the first mouse, and after that the newcomers, seeing their fellow inside, will be prompted by curiosity to follow, and as each one enters the trap entrance is automatically set for the next one.

Universal Instinct.

"Are you a candidate?" "Yes," replied Senator Sorghum. "There's no use denying it. Every man is a candidate for something; only in most instances his chance is so small that it isn't worth while for him to declare himself."

Demonstration.

"I know you don't believe in gambling, and I play cards and bet on the races, but I can prove my moral superiority in so doing."

"Then prove it."

"You are a good man—I don't deny it. But I am a better."

The Way of It.

"Belle says she married a parodox."

"How's that?"

"Well, when she first married him he was quite tall, but ever since she has found he is always short."

SEAL WAS HIS SIGNATURE

Babylonian Stamped Documents and Letters Instead of Going Through the Formality of Signing Them.

Practically every man of any standing in ancient Babylonia had a seal cylinder or seal, the impression of which upon the document or letter served the purpose of his signature. Thousands of these have been found, cut out of all kinds of hard stone, which had been imported from distant lands, for Babylonia is an alluvial plain.

As a substitute for a seal the individual would make his thumb-nail mark upon the soft clay or impress upon it a portion of his ziziktu, which was a cord attached to an undergarment. This in all probability is to be identified with the zizith mentioned in the Old Testament (Num. 15:38-39), and even at the present time worn by orthodox Hebrews.

In all periods scribes are very numerous. This is inferred from the fact that in some periods almost every document is found to have been written by a different scribe. In the Assyrian period women are known to have belonged to this profession. The scribes wrote the legal documents, as well as the private letters of individuals. They even placed the seal impression upon the legal documents, in proximity to which they wrote the name of the person to whom it belonged, usually the obligor or the witness.

In the time of Hammurabi (about 2000 B. C.) there was at hand an officer called the burgul, who was prepared to cut temporary seals upon a soft material for those who did not possess them. This is the custom in oriental lands in the present day.

In Constantinople, for instance, the curbs of certain streets are lined with scribes prepared to write for the illiterate. An occasional man among them is provided with little blank stamps in soft brass, and with an engraving tool is prepared to cut the signature or initials of the man upon one of them while he waits. The impression of the stamp is affixed to his letter in place of his signature.—Prof. A. T. Clag, in National Geographic Magazine.

Bismuth in Alaska.

A considerable ledge of rock, carrying bismuth in commercial quantities, has been found in the Tatalanika country of Alaska by a well-known miner named John Leach. Tests demonstrate that the ore carries bismuth from 20 to 30 per cent pure. Bismuth brings from \$300 a ton upward, and of all metals is perhaps the easiest to mine. It melts at a temperature slightly above 268 degrees centigrade, and can, therefore, be melted with wood fires, obviating the necessity of shipping the ore outside with the heavy incidental transportation and melting charges, a burden other mining interests have to bear because of the government's policy of forbidding the development of coal mines in Alaska. While the presence of bismuth ore in Alaska has long been known, the Leach claim is the first discovery of a large deposit. Heretofore most of it used in the States has been imported from Saxony and Bohemia, although Connecticut has mines from which considerable quantities of the ore have been taken. Bismuth is used principally as an alloy constituent, but also enters into the preparation of paints, medicines, face powder, etc.

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