

The Red Mirage

A Story of the French Legion
in Algiers

By I. A. R. WYLIE

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SYNOPSIS.

Sylvia Omsay, 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 Prenton's I. O. U. 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 Namless he joins the Foreign Legion and sees Sylvia, now Mme. Arnaud, meet Colonel Destin. Farquhar meets Sylvia and Gabrielle, and learns from Corporal Gasts of the colonel's cruelty. Arnaud becomes a drunkard and opium smoker. Sylvia becomes friendly with Colonel Destin. Arnaud becomes jealous of Farquhar. Farquhar, on guard at a villa where a dance is in progress, is shot down by Arnaud. Arnaud justifies his insanely jealous action to Colonel Destin. Arnaud goes to a dancing girl who loves him for comfort. Gabrielle meets Lowe, for whom she had sacrificed position and reputation, and tells him she is free from him. Sylvia meets Destin behind the mosque.

Col. Destin understands what a mean little soul Sylvia has and she knows he does. As a result of his power over her, do you believe she will surrender herself to him—a man without honor or mercy?

CHAPTER XI—Continued.

She tried to wrench her hands free, the while her eyes remained in helpless attendance on his.

"Colonel Destin—you are insulting—you have no right—"

"I am not insulting. And if I were you would have to listen to me. The power I have over you is yours over me. We belong together, Madame Arnaud, by virtue of our vice. We are both corrupt, worthless—you in your way, I in mine. Hear me out, please! I am a brutal man, and I am tearing down the veil with brutal hands. But no matter—you will have it mended by tomorrow. For an hour I choose that you should see clearly. You have hounded two men to their ruin—in all innocence. You set yourself on a false pedestal which they could not reach—you set them a task which they could not accomplish without using your own methods. They had not your powers of assuming virtue nor my powers of valuing your peculiar worth. The one man virtually committed suicide at the altar of your perfection, the other murder."

He stopped entirely. It was as though his own thoughts had engulfed his knowledge of her existence. She drew her hands away, and he made no effort to retain them.

"Colonel Destin," she said gently. "I think you must be mad. Even if the dreadful things you have said were true, why should you say them to me? I gave you my friendship because you seemed to need it—a little, as you say, because I myself was lonely and un-



"Colonel Destin," she said gently, "I think you must be mad."

happy. But does that merit so much brutality in return?"

"Forgive me, Madame. I am a ruffian. I have forgotten the language. See, I am pleading with you for my life, my sanity. A soul in hell—a soul that you could save cries out to you as to the last hope of its salvation. Are you a woman and have not the courage to hold out a hand from your own grief to a deeper grief, a deeper despair? Will you turn away from me, Sylvia?"

"Colonel Destin, we shall neither of us find peace in evil," she said. "You

have done wrong—you have thrown a shadow on a friendship that I treasured. Whatever we have to bear we must bear bravely and with honor."

"What do I ask of you?" He took her hands between his own and held them caressingly. "Only what you say you have given me—friendship, but friendship freed from false convention and hypocrisy, friendship that dare be itself and its own law. I need you. A man's fate lies in your hands."

He broke off, and she too was silent. In his silence there was covered irony, in hers fear. Her eyes no longer met his. She was gazing fixedly across the plateau to where a dark stream flowed out from between the banks of olive and came on swiftly, its surface, caught by the evening sun, glittering in long lines of silver.

"Look," she said under her breath. He glanced over his shoulder. A harsh bugle note rang through the peaceful evening stillness, and as though the sound had held enchantment the stream recoiled, rolled back on itself in waves of light, and then amid muffled thunder came to rest.

Colonel Destin nodded. "It is their last camp-out before we go south," he said. "We are going south. Did you know that?" "No," she said in that same low tone.

"There is the road to be completed—my road. Until you came it was my life—the thing I deeded my brain with—a kind of narcotic. It is the finest military road in Algiers, and in three months it will be finished." He looked her deep into the eyes. "There are limits to human patience. I had not meant to outlive my ambition. It was the term I had set myself. Shall I come back, Sylvia?"

She made no answer. She seemed only in part to understand him. But instinctively she recognized that the pleasant intermezzo of romance which she had played to her own boredom had ended abruptly, leaving her at the mercy of an incalculable force. This man, as he had said, held the reins.

Colonel Destin laid his hands on her shoulders. "Poor child!" he said almost pityingly. "You cannot choose the straight path even to the devil. Who am I to blame? Come, I will make an end for you. You need not choose; leave it to destiny—to me. There is only one thing I ask. Before I go south I must say good-by to you. You will come? It is the only answer I shall need."

A Jewish woman laden with flowers came round the corner of the mosque, singing a monotonous Arab song. Colonel Destin bowed.

"An revoir, Madame Arnaud." She turned from him with a little strained smile about her white lips.

"An revoir, Colonel Destin." The flower-seller came up to her, offering her a sprig of jasmine, and she accepted and paid for it with a mechanical self-possession. Convention had lent her the strength to appear indifferent. Yet her hand trembled. The woman looked up into her face with a bold smile.

"Let Madame keep the flower ever with her," she said. "It carries a blessing to a pure heart."

Sylvia Arnaud nodded and passed on.

CHAPTER XII.

The Choice.

Sylvia Arnaud sat at her small writing table beneath the lamp, and before putting her signature to the completed letter before her reread Mrs. Farquhar's concluding sentences. "You will be pleased to hear that Richard has settled down at last," Mrs. Farquhar had written in her sprawling, reckless hand. "He has taken a ranch in Australia and is doing very well. I have even hopes that some day soon I shall have news from him of the sort dear to every woman's heart—though heaven knows why. He asked me in his last letter to be remembered to you."

Sylvia Arnaud sighed and picked up her pen.

"I am glad to hear such good things of Richard," she wrote, and then added "Sylvia Arnaud" in prim neat letters. When the envelope had been addressed and closed she sat back with a little exclamation of relief.

"How I hate letters," she said irritably. "They are the worst form of social hypocrisy without even a cup of tea or nice frocks to make them bearable. You never write letters, do you, Miss Smith?"

Miss Smith, intent on mending a beautiful bertha collar of brussels lace, did not look up.

"I have no one to whom it is worth while pretending," she said in her direct way. "And even if they were worth while, I doubt if I should think so."

"You have really no friends—no relations?"

"No one." The light from the tall rose-colored lamp behind her fell softly on her bent head and drew warm golden colors from the thick coils of hair as usually neatly plaited into obedience. Her hands, busy with the delicate

task, were also in the light, and their extraordinary whiteness and beauty caught Sylvia's wandering attention.

"What wonderful hands you have!" she said, with a delightful spontaneous enthusiasm. "One would think you spent half your days looking after them—which, of course, you can't do."

"They are heaven's customary compensation to ugly women," Miss Smith answered, smiling.

Sylvia turned away impatiently, and the old pucker of nervous restlessness crept back between her brows. For a few minutes neither woman spoke. Then suddenly Sylvia broke the silence—with a rush, as though a deep reluctance had been swept aside by a deeper need of speech.

"Do you believe the dead see us, Miss Smith?" she asked.

Miss Smith looked up then, her eye full of shadowy thought.

"I don't know," she answered, half to herself. "But there is one thing of which we can be sure—our instinct, our conscience. If we feel that the dead see us, then we know that we are standing at the crossroads—we



"Wait a Moment, I Have Something to Say to You."

between good and evil—and that we must choose." She got up quickly, for Sylvia Arnaud had dropped forward with her face buried in her hands and the white, beautiful shoulders were quivering. "Madame Arnaud, what is it? Have I hurt you?"

"No, not you. But I am unhappy—terribly unhappy. I never felt it before, but I feel tonight that my brother is dead. Until now I always had hope—and now I have none." She lifted her tear-stained, twisted young face to the woman beside her. "I think I loved my brother," she said. "You won't believe me—you think I am vain and shallow and heartless, and you may be right. I—I am not sure of anything except my brother. I have been trying to go right down into myself, but I can only find darkness and confusion. I want to stop thinking—to be like I was—but I can't. Even my love for my brother doesn't seem so certain. What is it—what has happened to me?"

Gabrielle Smith did not answer for a moment. She touched the lightly-clasped hands with a gentle compassion, but her eyes were fixed absently in front of her.

"I don't know," she said. "I expect we all feel like that sometimes—when we stop taking ourselves for granted. Or perhaps—unknown to you—the crisis is there."

"The crisis?" Outside in the courtyard Sylvia Arnaud's ear had caught the sound of heavy footsteps. She rose with a painful change of expression, then, as she saw her companion's face, became calm, gently indifferent, without trace of the sudden outburst save for the heightened color, the feverish brightness of her eyes.

Desire Arnaud glanced at her as he entered. She had resumed her correspondence and did not turn, but the quiet disparagement of her attitude seemed too usual to affect him. He crossed the room and, tossing his kepi on the table, sank wearily in the chair which Gabrielle had just vacated. His uniform was soiled and dust-stained, and the fine yellow sand of the desert seemed to have crept into the deep furrows of his face, marking them out as with a merciless pencil.

Gabrielle Smith turned from him, and went quietly to the tea table and began to pour out. But he did not seem to see her. The whole man had sunk into a heavy stupor, beyond the reach of sound apparently, without knowledge of his surroundings. Yet as his wife rose from her place he stirred, his eyes followed under the heavy white-lashed lids.

"Wait a moment. I have something to say to you."

She stopped. Her fair head was thrown back slightly; her features would have been expressionless but for the faint suggestion of contempt about the mouth.

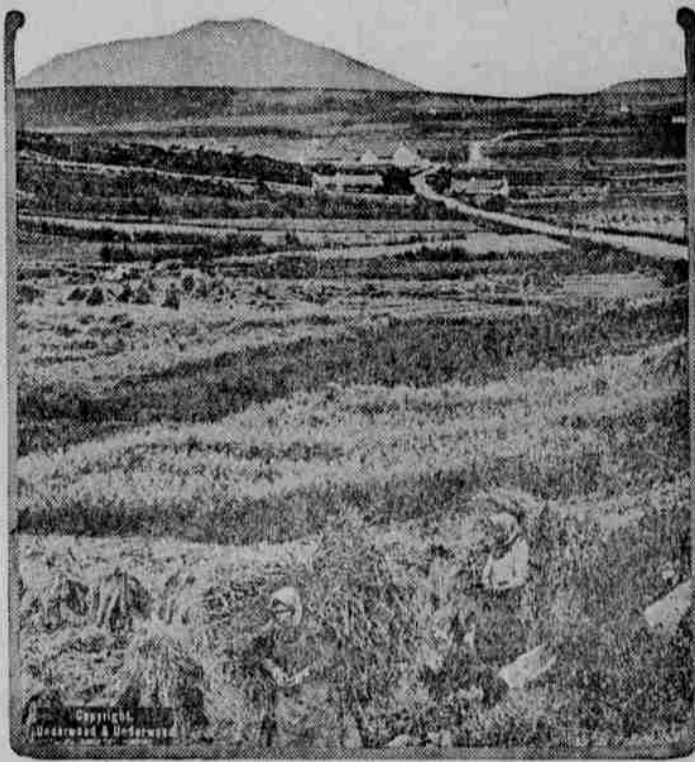
Has Arnaud learned of Sylvia's meeting with Col. Destin, and in his madness, is he about to shoot her and then commit suicide?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

New Use for Hopvines.

One of the latest results of the efforts of Germany's scientists to aid the fatherland is the discovery that hopvines make an excellent material for paper, jute and charcoal.

On Achill Beg



HARVESTING ON ACHILL ISLAND

AT LAST we came where the road ended and stood opposite the seldom visited island of Achill Beg. There was only one thing for us to do—that was to shout and shout until someone on the island heard us and launched a boat to ferry us across, writes a traveler to the Emerald Isle, in Ireland. We talked while we waited about the ultra-nationalism of the friend we were going to visit. There had been a project to build a causeway from this peninsula of the mainland to the island of his sojourn. Our friend objected because he did not want the 25 families he lived amongst to be corrupted by an alien culture. We shouted again.

Then we saw a stir on the island and knew that a boat was being launched. Another wayfarer had come up and was waiting to cross over with us. This was a young woman who thought little of nursing her baby while she waited. She had taken the child to some far-away dispensary upon the peninsula and had received a pronouncement upon its sickness. Now she held it and talked to it as if it was a treasure—as if it was wonderful she had got the child back so fast. This young woman took our phrases in Gaelic as good conversational coin. Most native speakers talk to learners either scornfully or patronizingly, but she talked trustfully, as if we had the Gaelic "like the flowing sea," as they say. It was evidently that our friend on the island had brought no hint of paucity in Gaelic speech.

He lived with one of the island families in the utmost discomfort. Meat the people seldom saw, and they burnt it when they undertook to cook it. They boiled potatoes well enough. But no amount of repetition could get them to make drinkable tea. Our friend had a room that had no catch on its door and he was waited upon by a barefooted girl. His mental nourishment seemed as zestless as his physical fare. There were books on his shelf, but they were dictionaries, grammars, textbooks, handbooks, exercises in translation, volumes of propagandist journals. There was one thing in the room that promised some delight—our friend's fiddle. We knew how well he could play the music of fishers and shepherds of Gaelic Scotland and Ireland.

A Stronghold of Gaelic.

He held this remote island as a lonely post in a battle that seemed long lost—a battle of languages and civilization. Gaelic might be surrendered or sold on the mainland or in the big islands, but here 25 families would be drilled to hold and keep it. Actually he had made this island the one spot in the British Islands where English is a decaying language. He had found it flourishing here and Gaelic weak and ready to give out. He had restored Gaelic. The young men and young women who would spend six months of the year in the fields of England and East Scotland spoke no English here. We saw him fling the door open and dart out like a weasel when he heard an English phrase used by someone in the main room. But the harvester was speaking of "The Midland Great Western Railway" and how could a name like that be put into Gaelic?

He was giving a lecture that night, and we followed him as he went, lantern in hand, to the schoolhouse. We passed closed houses before which geese seemed to sleep standing. We walked amongst ducks that gave us the impression that they were truant from school—they slipped into pools of water and pushed out. "They'll say nothing about it; they'll say nothing about it," they told each other in quacking undertones. We crossed the stepping stones and came to the schoolhouse. Inside we lit lamps and waited.

Have you seen a herd of mountain ponies break down a road? So they rushed in, the island girls who came to our friend's lecture. No one else came. They flung themselves about the room until they were winded. Then they became less disorderly. At last, having trepanned them between school desks, our friend began his lecture.

Eighteen of One Family Killed in War.

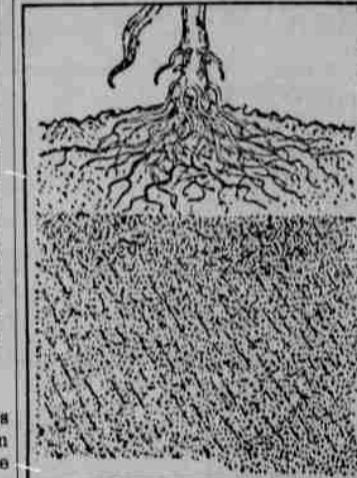
Court Chamberlain Count Carl von Wedel-Piedorf, the head of one of the most distinguished aristocratic families in Germany reports that since the beginning of the war five counts and thirteen barons Von Wedel have given their lives for their country. Seventeen other members of the family have been badly wounded and five slightly wounded.

CORN FOR GREEN FEED

Grow in Drills Wide Enough Apart for Sulky Cultivator.

Working Crops Four Times Will Hasten Growth of Plants, Clean Land of Weeds and Put it in Order for Fall Seeding.

Corn for feeding green to cows in midsummer or to cure for winter feed should be grown in drills wide enough apart to be worked by the sulky cultivator. Drill the corn in with about 400 pounds of some good bone phosphate to the acre. The corn should be put in for winter feed not later than



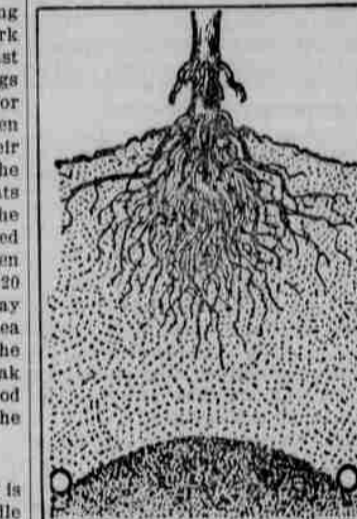
Root Development of Corn in Poorly Drained Soil.

latter part of May, says a writer in the Baltimore American. Drill one bushel of large, sound, selected corn to the acre; this will allow ten to twelve grains to the running foot in the 42-inch rows.

The ground should be in good order. After drilling roll the field, the corn can then be worked with the double-section smoothing harrow before the grain germinates. Work the crop four times; this will hasten the growth of corn and clean the weeds and put it in nice order for fall seeding.

If the ground is mellow and rich, nearly every stalk will grow a single ear of corn. The time to cut the fodder is when the grain is in the dough and the lower leaves commence to turn yellow. Cut with the self-rake reaper, make small bundles, let the fodder wilt for a day or so, then set up, putting six to eight bundles to the shock. Make the shock as follows: Take three armfuls for the horse, tie securely in the middle, then set the other five armfuls evenly all around, make an even shock, tie securely with tarred twine. Make straight, even-shock rows. After the fodder settles they should be tied tighter. We do not bind the bundles, the fodder keeps better when the fodder is put into the shock and pressed close with the hands. Drilled corn fodder, set up by this method, will keep dry and sweet and better in the shock than when packed in the barn.

Corn grown by this method for fodder will average four to five tons of cured dry fodder to the acre, by actu-



In Well-Drained Soil Roots Go Deep and Are Not So Affected by Drought.

al weight, and makes, next to first-crop clover hay, a most substantial winter forage for all stock. By drilling early in wide rows and giving thorough culture, the corn gets an abundance of sunshine and air, and has the full benefit of all plant food. The stalks have plenty of silica and are not easily blown down by heavy wind and rain storms, and there is no difficulty in harvesting and curing the crop.

Corn for fodder should never be sown broadcast or too thick in the row, as such stalks contain nothing but water and are worthless for feed. Fodder contains the most sugar and is in the best condition to feed green, or to cure, when the milk is just out of the grain and the grain is in the dough stage.

CLEAN STALLS AND BEDDING

Milk is Tainted With Foul Odors Very Quickly After It Is Poured Into Receptacle.

The cow should have a clean bedding every night, and all filth should be removed from the stall early in the morning. The milk is tainted with foul odors very quickly after it goes into the bucket. The stall must then be kept scrupulously clean. It is a good plan to keep walls whitewashed and all dust should be well brushed from them.