The Red Mirage

A Story of the French Legion in Algiers

By L. A. R. WYLIE

SYNOPSIS. -15-

Sylvia Omney, her lover, Richard Farquhar, finds, has failen in love with Captain Arnaud of the Foreign Legion. In Captain Sower's room Farquhar forces Sower to have Preston's I 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 fiance, 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 mets Sylvia and Gabrielle, and learns from Corporal Goeta of the colonel's cruelty. Arnaud becomes a drunkard and oppium smoker. Sylvia becomes friendly with Colonel Destinn. Arnaud becomes Jealous of Farquhar. Farquhar, on guard at a villa where a dance is in progress, is shot down by Arnaud Arnaud fustifies his insanely jealous action to Colonel Destinn. Arnaud goes to a dancing girl who loves him for comfort. Gabrielle meets Lowe, for whom she had accrificed position and reputation, and tells him she is free from him. Sylvia meets Destinn behind the mesque. Arnaud becomes ill but Sylvia will not help him, nor interfere for Farquhar, Gabrielle. aiding Farquhar, who is under punishment, is mistaken by him in his delirium for Sylvia. Farquhar delivers a message to Destinn at night and finds Sylvia with him. He learns that it was Gabrielle who aided him.

There are women who appear able to fool all men with their wiles, but they can't fool smart women. Sylvia made men miserable wherever she wentmade them throw their lives away recklessly. But the dawn of a day of reckoning is beginning for her, and a woman of her own sort is the instrument.

THE DISTRIBUTED OF STREET BOTH THE STREET

CHAPTER XIV-Continued.

"Faithful friend!" He caught her hand roughly from the bridle. "There is something in all this I don't understand. Have I been mad-or dream-

"Dreaming, Richard."

"Oh, I remember—'the men who fol-low mirages die.' That was the night when she came to give me 'God speed,' and it was for that man who came to me that night on the plateauwho saved me? Was it you?"

"Yes." "And everything-all you said-was a lie, a charitable farce?"

"It was the truth." He did not speak for a moment. He bent lower in the saddle, as though to penetrate the twilight that hid her from him. And suddenly it was her hand that sought his and held it.

"I am sorry!" she said. "I did not mean to hurt you."

"I have to thank you." he answered

unevenly. Then gently he freed himself and, pulling his horse round in the middle road, calloned back in the di rection of the barracks.

CHAPTER XV.

Mrs. Farguhar.

"And so we part company?" "I think it better, Mme. Arnaud." Sylvia looked up from her book. It was "East Lynne," and the condition

of the cover suggested assiduous reading.
"I dare say you are right," she said lazily. "All the same, I don't quite un-

derstand you, Mos Smith. You saved me in rather an awkward dilemma the other night. And now you want to leave me." Gabrielle smiled.

"If I was of any assistance to you,

it was for reasons that had nothing to do with you personally." "Sylvia fidgeted irritably. "What do

you mean?" she asked.

"Madame Arnaud, you are pretending. You want to pretend that the hand. lives that you have linked to yours have really nothing to do with youthat you are not responsible, that you are just a beautiful, innocent woman | hesitated for twenty-four awful hours. sitting among your dreams on a mountain top far above the turmoil of ordinary mankind. And you want me to pretend with you. But I really can't. As you said-I know too much. I'm a discomfort."

The liberty curtains dividing the open door from the courtyard were pushed aside and Sylvia's English maid made her discreet appearance.

"If you please, madame, a lady see you-Mrs. Farquhar, from England."

There followed a brief, poignant silence, Sylvia Arnaud's hand tightened convulsively on the bonbonniere, and she looked at Gabrielle with the helpless appeal of a child who suddenly realizes that it has lost itself in a crowd of strangers.

"Tell Mrs. Farquhar that I-I am-But Mrs. Farquhar was already in the room. She stood for a moment on the threshold, smiling at them both, with the delighted consciousness of having successfully performed the part of an agreeable surprise packet. Her appearance undoubtedly heightened the that?" desired effect. She wore a white dress and a white toque. Moreover, she was profusely powdered, and

daringly self-assured than ever. For you accompany me to my carriage?" a minute, during which she hesitated, her bright eyes rested rather earnestly on Gabrielle Smith, who, bowing formally, went out into the courtyard with a grim amusement written on her small, sunburnt face. Whereupon Mrs. Farquhar advanced and kissed

Sylvia on both cheeks. "My dear Sylvia-my dear little Sylvia-now I am sure I am the last perwoman traveling in a savage country full of foreigners! It's almost indecent, isn't it?"

Sylvia smiled faintly, like someone awakened from a stupor.

"Oh, I don't know. Won't you sit English person in this dreadful place. fully. If one can live in England-" broke off suddenly. "What made you leave?"

"You see, I have been rather lonely. Since Richard left-"

"Ah, yes, of course." Sylvia sat down with her back to the sunlight, her hands clasped tightly in her lap. "You must miss him very much."
"Oh, terribly. But that's our fate-

to have to get on without people we have suffered for. You, for instance. I'm sure sometimes you feel sad-a little homesick-"

"Often." Sylvia looked up eagerly. "We are alike, rather. We under-stand each other." Mrs. Farquhar was miles there had been many things silent a moment, considering the whitefaced woman opposite her with bright, affectionate eyes. "And so you are sometimes lonely? If it were not for Captain Arnaud I should pity you, Syl-

"Yes, of course, if it were not for Desire-" She stopped, as though She stopped, as though seeking for words, and slowly, beneath | again. the persistent gaze of the blue eyes, the last trace of color died from her cheeks. The hand that passed Mrs. Farquhar's cup across the table shook. "I am sorry-but the life out here makes one so nervy and jerky."

"Yes, I can imagine that," Mrs. Far quhar agreed seriously. "I had hoped to find Captain Arnaud here. I was wished Richard and he had been more her chair. She made a movement as though on the edge of an impulsive speech, then drew back, white lipped and silent. Mrs. Farquhar bent forward and patted her on the knee. "I didn't mean to hurt you. I know how delicate and sensitive you are, child. had burned up light itself, and the But you must never worry about Rich- great ball of the sun had sunk behind ard. He writes me such wonderful a yellow, transparent vell of smolderletters, and in each one of them he talks about you, how good you are, how much nobler and better you are than other women. Really-it is quite slow-moving line swept together in touching-" She stopped short. Syl- one stupendous shadow which rushed via Arnaud had risen to her feet. She down upon them. Colonel Destinn galstood priectly upright for a moment, staring in front of her with blank eyes, stricken line of men. and then suddenly she lifted her hands to her head

"It's the heat-the awful sunshine-

She collapsed, senseless, at Mrs. Far quhar's feet.

Mrs. Farquhar got up. She looked down at the motionless figure but did hearts. It eddied round their feet, not touch it. She rang the little ori- mounting steadily to their knees, and ental bell lying in the midst of the English silver.

"Your mistress has fainted," she late, destroying myriads. said coolly to the panic-stricken servant who answered the summons. is needed. I leave her, I am sure, in good hands." She smiled graciously and went out into the sunny courtyard. Gabrielle Smith, who stood by the fountain, trimming the luxuriant ferns, turned as she heard the light, quick tap of Mrs. Farquhar's French heels. Mrs. Farquhar held out her

"I have to thank you for your let-

ter," she said. "There isn't any need for thanks. But I felt I had to do something. Once I had seen your name and address on that envelope I dared not keep si-

lence. "I shall never be able to repay my debt. I hurried here as fast as express trains and wretched French packet boats could carry me. I wanted to reach Sidi-bel-Abbes before you You have given up your situa-

tion?" "Yes."

"Will you come to me?" Gabrielle Smith did not answer for moment. Her eyes rested steadfastly, significantly, on the faded, powdered face.

"I think-better not, Mrs. Farguhar, You know nothing about me-not even whether I am respectable

"You are the woman who has given me the hope that I may see my son again before I die. That is all I care about! I am an old woman, Miss Smith, and what lies before me is almost beyond my powers. I need youmy son needs you. Will you think of

"Yes," Gabrielle answered simply. "Then I rely upon you. Here is my card. Come to see me as soon looked, if possible, younger and more as you can. We must act at once, Will

As Gabrielle helped her silently into the waiting victoria Mrs. Farquhar turned for a moment to glance behind her. Her face, which had suddenly grown old and lined with grief, lit up with a flash of malicious enjoyment.

"When we women go to the devil we go all the way," she said. "We outdo Lucifer himself-we make hell comparatively respectable abode. son on earth you expected—an old And men can't pay us out—can't get at us. Only our own sex know how to do that. I know how to do it. I have actually made Sylvia Arnaud faint." She sank back among the cushions with a sigh of relief. "And "Oh, I don't know. Won't you sit that will be my consolation on my down? I certainly didn't expect any deathbed," she finished, almost cheer-

CHAPTER XVI.

In the Teeth of the Storm. During the first night of that great march southward they had sung lustily. Now they were silent. No man spoke even to his neighbor. From time to time they exchanged glanceslightning, stealthy glances, which passed unnoticed. But that was all. It was the only sign that they were still men.

The last village lay behind them. Two hundred miles away there was and eight days! Eight days! They had ceased to count. The milestones had disappeared. Their memories were blank. Mechanically as each distance of ten kilometers was forced behind them they dropped stupidly into the burning sand and five minutes later mechanically rose and went on At night their white camps stretched like a string of pearls into the darkness, and the bivounc fires shone brightly, but they did not sleep. They sat, huddled together for shelter against the blasting cold of the desert night, and stared in front of them, or at one another. Before the dawn broke they marched on again. Their eyes were red-rimmed and bloodshot so charmed with him, you know, and with the sand and the glare of the sun. But they neither cursed nor comfriendly. Poor Richard!" Sylvia's plained. Only from time to time they hand tightened on the carved arm of glanced at one another, and always with that smoldering, searching inter-

rogation, "Is it yet?" The day was cloudless. Since dawn no shadow had crossed the brazen monotony of withered azure. Yet there was darkness in the air as though light ing, scorching ruin. Suddenly to the southeast the darkness gathered; the formless gloom hovering above the

"Campez! campez! Each man for

himself!" Then it was upon them. The sur was blotted out. The sand was everywhere. It came like a blast out of hell's furnace and crept into their eyes, their mouths, their lungs, their very around them there shricked the hurricane itself, an awful army of articu-

In that first moment Farquhar reeled forward, instinctively fighting the gallthink a little sai volatile is all that ing storm with the fierce physical madness of a body goaded by intolerable torture, then he dropped quietly to his knees and waited for the end. He heard the scream of a horse in terror, and a thud as of something falling close beside him, but he remained indifferent. Stubbornly, doggedly, he awaited the final consummation of his

Then something touched him. He awoke with a curse of resentful agony. A hand had groped through the darkness. It gripped him, and he dragged himself to his feet, lifting the heavy, invisible body with him. The sand bent down upon them. He turned his back to the storm. He stamped the shifting, whirling mass under his feet, and with a woman's generous tenderness sheltered the motionless unknown man against his shoulders. No word was spoken. Eternities of suffering. in which each moment was the last, bore down upon him. There was no time in that hideous, revolving obscurity-all the landmarks of life had been swept away, and he was pitted against the full force of death itself. He dropped back. With an effort he gathered the unconscious man closer, keeping his face uppermost. Then he lay still, wondering if this were death. . . .

Has the time come for a recognition of kinship between Richard and one of his enemies -Colonel Destinn, or Captain Arnaud?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Optimistic Thought The jealous feed on jealousy, yet never grow fat.

STIMULATED BY WAR

INVENTORS DO BEST WORK DUR-ING CLASH OF ARMS.

Value of Anti-Typhold Inoculation First Apparent During British-Boer Conflict-Water Wireless Important Discovery.

War is at best a dismal, wasteful ousiness. Yet there is one thing about It stimulates the brains of invenhigh pressure.

Some are busy about purely miliwhich the import has suddenly ceased, out. others again are working for the benefit of the sick and wounded.

It was the Boer war which taught us the value of antityphold inoculation. Nowadays, not only soldiers, but travelers and explorers and all those who may have to risk drinking impure water go in for this inoculation, which in to the ravages of one of mankind's worst enemies.

The present war has already seen at least three important new medical inventions, the most valuable of which is undoubtedly the new serum called Congulen.

Congulen is the invention of the great Swiss surgeon, Professor Kocher. before use, is mixed with water. Applied to a wound, it almost instantly coagulates the blood and stops the bleeding, whether external or internal. It shortens surgical operations and makes them less dangerous. The French medical headquarters speak most highly of coagulen. It will, no doubt, come into general use in all surgical operations.

Professor Frauher, an Austrian dochas discovered a preventive against typhus. It is a mixture containing anisol, which almost instantly destroys the hitherto invulnerable insect which transmits the infection of spotted typhus.

The odd thing about the discovery is that it came by chance. The professor's assistant was told to use anise oil in the mixture which was being pre jared. Instead he put in anisol.

A third invention which will be almost as useful in peace as in war is a method for taking almost instantaneous X-ray photographs. Hitherto an exposure of many minutes has been necessary for X-ray photos.

The searchlight has hardly been improved since 1886, when the first perfect parabolic mirror was produced. The chief disadvantage of the searchlight has been that it could not be used in a ship that had not an electric installation. This has now been changed. A new

searchlight has been evolved in which a mixture of acetylene and oxygen is burnt and the flame played on a small pellet of ceria which emits an amazingly powerful light. The outfit is quite light and portable and can be carried and used by two men. It will be most valuable both on sea and land.

Water wireless is another product of this tremendous struggle, which will probably in the future save thousands of human lives from collision at sea.

At present it is being used for the de passenger vessels will find it invaluable in times of fog.

The French have a new air bomb which, when it bursts, produces cold so intense that the aviator who first used them in November last has placed it on record that he distinctly felt the chill at a height of 800 feet. It is suggested that a modification of these bombs will prove extremely useful in fire fighting. and will enable firemen to get to close quarters with the intense flame produced by the burning of oil wells.

Hub of Three Nations. An Alpine point of curious interest just now, as the meeting place of two hostile nations and an anxiously observant neutral, is the Dreisprachenspitze (9.328 feet) near the Stelvio pass. As the name implies, this height is the spot where not only three nations-Switzerland, Italy and Austria -meet, but three languages-German, Italian and the Latin of eastern Switzerland. Two similarly named peaks in the Alps have lost political significance, since the Hapsburgs now awn, in the one case, all three countries, in the other, two of the three-the Dreiherrenspitze, junction of Tyrol, Salzburg and Goerz, and the Dreilaenderspitze, junction of Tyrol, the Voralberg and Switzerland,-London Chronicle.

Progress From Napoleon.

Napoleon's famous saying was that 'an army travels on its belly," which was to say that it had to depend on its food supply, and could not with safety move faster than its commissary department. The Galician campaign has demonstrated that in modern warfare an army advances on its ammunition supply. It may have food in plenty, bu, without an enormous supply of thells and shrappel and smaller ammunition it cannot make progress against a well-armed enemy.

Chance for Investment, "It's remarkable how many things

an be bought nowadays on the installment plan," said the city boarder. "Ain't it, though?" assented Silas Plumberry. "The last time I was up to the city a feller offered to sell me the biggest skyscraper in town fur \$100 down and \$10 a month."

DISEASE WILL FOLLOW WAR HISTORY MADE BY THE INDIAN

Certain That It Must Be Years Before Travelers Can Tour Europe In Comfort,

War's terrors will not be over in Europe with the ceasing of the cannon's roar. A more deadly foe-diseasewill stalk the ravaged lands after the cessation of hostilities and it behooves the traveler to think of this before planning his trips abroad.

The miles of trenches in northern France and Belgium will be the breeding places of germs. Every battlefield is already a pest region. The debris tors, and chemists and scientists in all of thousands of ruined towns in westthe countries involved are working at ern Europe, unfortunate Poland and Servia are making hotbeds of pestilence. It will take months to purify tary inventions, some to evolve sub-stitutes for materials of industry, of regions before disease can be stamped

The great war hospitals are being equipped to battle with the coming scourges and the staffs of all are being enlarged with doctors and nurses from every land to fight the conflict that is to follow the dawn of peace.

Typhus and cholera, the two most dreaded of epidemic diseases, it is the long run will probably put an end predicted by eminent surgeons and bacteriologists, will ravage Austria this summer and undoubtedly reach its near neighbor and ally, Germany, Thirty thousand cases of typhus have already been reported in Servia. In one town alone, it is said, a hundred patients are dying daily of the dread affliction. Smallpox and scarlet fever are present in some communities and is in the form of a powder, which, cholera is expected with warmer katchewan. weaher.

According to cabled dispatches ev ery community on the main lines of travel is in the clutches of typhus. Smallpox is also prevalent in Turkey and Palestine. Thus there remains but little territory in Europe immune from the threatened danger. The star vation and privation that will inevitably follow the war will menace Europe's health for an indefinite period

It will be years before the traveler can tour Europe as he did 12 months ago, without lurking fear of sickness.-Kathleen Hills in Leslie's Weekly.

Trieste in History.

As a business city, Trieste, now looming so large in the public eye, since Italy declared war, is tremen dously successful, and therefore large ly modern. Its harbor facilities are the best that modern technic can devise, and many millions of dollars have been expended in carrying their undertaking to conclusion. In 1910 near ly 12,000 vessels, representing a total of about 4,200,000 tonnage, entered and cleared at the Trieste harbor. The population numbers 229,475, of whom about 170,000 are of Italian descent The new part of the city nas been built largely upon land reclaimed from the sea; its streets are broad and straight and its buildings are substantial and modern in architecture. Ter ges'te (Trieste), the Roman coloniza tion of this coastland, was probably established under the reign of Vespasian. After the decay of Rome, Trieste experienced a checkered course for centuries. It was captured by Venics in 1203. Its people struggled with the Venetian conquerors for the next 180 years, and finally, in 1382, they placed themselves under the pro tection of Leopold III of Austria.

Lady French's Canteens.

canteens which are being operated in England for the benefit of the munition workers. The need for such canteens is caused by the munition fac tories taking on such a large number of workers that often it is impossible for these extra hands to get living accommodations within a reasonable distance of the factory.

In some towns where the manufac ture of munitions is being rushed to the utmost capacity of the factory there are no restaurants. In others the facilities for supplying meals is far below the demand. So the women of England, under the leadership of Lady French, have undertaken to supply the need, to do for the munition worker what the Army Service corps has done for the men in the field. Good food, freshly cooked and well served, is supplied to munition workers at a minimum cost, which means that the workers pay for all they get, but not enough for the canteens to make a profit.

Peer Becomes a Mechanic.

Lord Norbury is one of the latest amateur recruits to the ranks of war workers. Tomorrow he begins employment as a fitter in a Surrey aero plane factory, working from six e'clock in the morning until seven o'clock at night at the regulation pay of 7d. (fourteen cents) an hour.

meals with the other workmen, and never be able to survive it!" will be on the same footing in all respects, is fifty-two years old and he creet secretary, seeking to caim the has chosen this way of doing his bit great man's agitation. "Why so? Here because he is above the age limit, but we are safe in Petrograd, quite out of feels strongly that everyone should do range of the biggest German guns." what he can to help the country. He has a good knowledge of internal com- grand duke peevishly. bustion engine Lady Norbury, who are. What's the use? Two ancient is a cousin of Lord Howard de Walden, aunts of mine live in Riga. And if the will begin work at a soldiers' canteen Germans get Riga, those two old perat Euston the same time that her sons will surely come and camp on me husband commences as a fitter.-Lon- here." don Globe.

How Did He Dodge That?

Designing Widow-Speaking of conundrums, can you tell me why the said the mother, " was one for the letter "d" is like the marriage serv- boy who had the cleanest shoes and

Slowboy-I'm no good at conun- year." drums. Why? Widow-Because "we" can't be 'wed" without it -- Boston Transcript. | die!"

Real Life Story of the Red Man Has Not Been Properly Set Forth by White Writers.

It has been pointed out more than once that if one could but "get at the facts" of the history of the Indian tribes it would be of interest to compare these with what is related as the fortune of most civilized nations. It is only in tradition that the history of the Indian lives, and only one version of the story is ever heard. Sometimes this is so true to nature that no room for doubt can be found. Such is the following chapter from the annals of the Beavers, a Canadian tribe: One day a young chief shot his ar-

row through a dog belonging to another brave. The brave revenged the death of his dog, and instantly a hundred bows were drawn. Before night had fallen some eighty lay dead around the camp, the pine woods rang with the lamentations of the women; the tribe had lost its bravest men.

There was a temporary truce. The friends of the chief whose arrow had killed the dog yet numbered some sixty people, and it was agreed that they should separate from the tribe and seek their fortune in the vast wilderness lying to the south.

In the night they began their march. Sullenly their brethren saw them depart, never to return. They went their way to the shores of the Lesser Slave lake, toward the great plains which were said to be far southward, by the banks of the swift-rolling Sas-

The tribe of the Beavers never saw this exiled band again, but a hundred years later a Beaver Indian, who followed the fortunes of a white furhunter, found himself in one of the forts of the Saskatchewan. Strange Indians were camped about the palisades; they were members of the great Blackfoot tribe, whose hunting grounds lay south of the Saskatchewan. Among them were a few braves who, when they conversed, spoke a language different from that of the others, and in this language the Beaver Indian recognized his own tongue.

Swiss Army Always Ready.

Endurance tests show that in time of war the Swiss soldiers can "command" the highest Alpine passes and the most difficult mountains with light artillery. The infantry, the field artillery and cavalry are recruited by the cantons, but the engineers, guides, sanitary and administrative troops, as well as the army train, are enrolled by the confederation. The cantons furnish the uniforms and equipments, for which they are, however, reimbursed by the federal government, and the latter supplies the arms directly. A yearly inspection of armament and equipment at which every soldier, without exception, has to appear, prevents any neglect in that line, as every man keeps his uniform and rifle at home, and when the mobilization order goes forth, the whole army is ready for action within a few hours. A regular salary is paid only to the instructors, the general staff and a few other officials. The officers receive pay only during the brief period they are called upon for training. The common soldier, when on duty, has his traveling and living expenses paid and receives besides that a daily compensation of 80 centimes, or 16 cents.

Life-Saving Rifle.

A rifle that shoots over the parapet while the user sits in comparative safety in the trench without necessity for exposing himself to the fire of the enemy is a late invention brought out by a well-known sportsman and biggame hunter of England. The feature of this invention is that the rifle is held vertically while the projectile is fired horizontally. This is accomplished by a curved deflecting tube. fixed to the muzzle of the gun, that changes the course of the projectile from the vertical to the horizontal as it leaves the gun.

In spite of the enormous friction that must accompany this change of direction the tube, as shown by actual testa is not subject to excessive wear while the effective range of a rifle equipped with this device is between 100 and 150 yards. The rifle is aimed by means of a periscope consisting of two mirrors, one fixed to the upper end and the other to the lower end of a tube that is mounted on the rifle barrel.

War's Alarums.

The grand duke paced restlessly up and down the hall of his palace,

"The Germans must not get to Riga!" he cried over and over again. "The Germans must not get to Riga! They must not. In no circumstances Lord Norbury, who will take his must they. It would be my ruin. I'd

"But why not?" murmured a dis-

"Suppose we are," retorted the "Suppose we

Tommie's Idea.

"Among the prizes awarded at Yarmouth elementary school, England," hands and the tidlest bair during the

"Shucks!" exclaimed Tommie; "he wasn't no boy, he was a mollycod-