

# The Red Mirage

A Story of the French Legion  
in Algiers

By I. A. R. WYLIE

(All rights reserved. The Bobbs-Merrill Co.)

## SYNOPSIS.

Sylvia Omney, her lover, Richard Farquhar, finds, has fallen in love with Captain Arnaud of the Foreign Legion. Farquhar forces Sower to have Preston's I O I's returned to him. Sower forces Farquhar to resign his commission. Gabrielle saves Farquhar from suicide. To shield Arnaud, Sylvia's fiancé, Farquhar professes to have stolen war plans. As Richard Nameless he joins the Foreign Legion. Farquhar meets Sylvia and Gabrielle. Arnaud becomes a drunkard and opium smoker. Sylvia becomes friendly with Colonel Destin. Arnaud becomes jealous of Farquhar and is shot down by him. 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. Arnaud becomes friendly with Sylvia will not help him, nor interferes for Farquhar. Gabrielle, aiding Farquhar, who is under punishment, is mistaken by him for his delirium for Sylvia. Farquhar delivering a message to Destin at night finds Sylvia with him. He learns that it was Gabrielle who aided him. Gabrielle leaves Sylvia and goes to Farquhar's mother, who has come to Algiers in an effort to save her son. While on a march Farquhar saves Destin's life.

The nearness of death has brought close together in the fellowship of misery two men who are sworn enemies. That is one of the tricks of death—to make men see that the general run of quarrels and bickerings are all foolishness, a waste of time. Will these two see it and become friends?

## CHAPTER XVII.—Continued.

The peace was absolute. Golden clouds sank lazily through the quiet air, and beyond the haze a single star blazed down from a dome of emerald. He lifted himself painfully on his elbow. This was not death, nor the world he had left. Where there had been hills there were now plains, and the gullies had become mountains. Where there had been men there were now nothing but smooth layers of untroubled sand. Something moved and touched Farquhar. He started and looked down at the man whose head still rested against his arm. Their eyes met. In the red twilight they recognized each other—and their eyes shifted instantly in shy horror of that which the other had become. Arnaud dragged himself up upon his elbow and coughed the sand from his lungs.

"My horse bolted and threw me," he jerked out gratingly. "I must have been half stunned. I did not know that it was you." There was a brief silence. They measured each other. Then Arnaud stretched out his hand.

"I'm sorry—I wish to God I did not hate you, Farquhar."

They went on. Behind a great rock which towered out of the storm-driven sand they found Colonel Destin. He stood with his back to them and counted the thin circle of men who remained. There were a hundred in all. They had fought the strocco for ten hours. The sand clung to their uniforms, to their hair and beards. On every face was printed the same devastation, the same exhausted suffering, and something else that looked like the ravenous greed of wolves whose prey is within sight. Colonel Destin turned. "To work—at once—all of you!" he commanded. But they did not move. They stood there, watching him. As he saw their purpose he sprang back.

Six times his revolver barked in the stillness—four men rolled over. Then he waited for them, his arms folded—indomitable, imperturbable, triumphant to the last. They flung themselves upon him. But for one swift moment Farquhar had met Destin's eyes. What passed in that lightning recognition he did not know. He broke through the raging circle of madmen, beating up their weapons, and flung himself recklessly between the lonely man and death. A bullet grazed his cheek, and he laughed, a cracked, high-pitched laugh of good-humored mockery.

"You're not good, comrades—no good. You can't even shoot. You wanted me as a leader—now I'll lead you. I'll lead you against the Arabs, against all France, to Morocco, to freedom; but I claim this man as my prisoner, comrades; I claim his life."

They cursed sullenly at him. "It won't do!" the foremost legionary shouted. "They're the only witnesses against us. Dead men don't tell tales. If we're caught who's to know they didn't die in the storm with the rest?"

"If we're caught I give you my word of honor that none of you shall suffer," Farquhar interrupted. "It's my word against these two lives. Is it a bargain?"

They answered with a frenzied, dry-throated cheer. Harding seized Farquhar's hand and kissed it, and the next instant they were all around him, sobbing, laughing, shouting like children awakened from intolerable nightmare. They called their allegiance to him in a dozen half-forgotten tongues, they gripped his hands and kissed the hem of his tattered coat in fantastic worship.

"We'll follow you, Englishman; do with us as you like—we trust you."

There were burning tears of grati-

tude, of a deeply stirred pity, on his cheeks. He turned gravely to the two officers.

"You are my prisoner, Colonel Destin; Captain Arnaud, I must ask you for your sword. Have I your word of honor that neither of you will attempt escape?"

Arnaud bowed. Destin was smiling. The men were silent. A strange, pitiable figure had crept out from the shadow of the rocks. It was Goetz—Goetz, scarcely recognizable save for the livid scar across his cheek. He staggered blindly, and his cracked and bloodless lips could make no sound. But he pointed westward. A low line of dust whirled against the scarlet horizon and came nearer. In the dying light flashes of silver broke through the rapidly moving cloud. They could almost hear the thud of galloping hoofs.

"Arabs!"

The word passed like a sigh from mouth to mouth.

## CHAPTER XVII.

Promises. With the frenzied energy of madmen, they cleared the ammunition wagons from the deep drifts of sand. The bodies of comrades, stiffened already in the agonized attitudes of their death, were flung ruthlessly aside; rifles were torn from cold, tenacious hands; friends with whom they had

promised.

They looked at each other. Behind their careless, indifferent composure there had rung a note of emotion which even now was not wholly silent, though both men, lost for a brief space in recollection, had regained their hold upon the present. Farquhar rose slowly to his feet. "Keep Colonel Destin under guard," he said. "Where is Captain Arnaud?"

Two men advanced and placed themselves on either side of their former leader. But they did not answer. Destin frowned thoughtfully at the night gathering eastward.

"Ben Azar lies thirty kilometers from here," he said. "Even with a lame foot Arnaud is a wonderful marcher. There is a squadron of chasseurs at Ben, Azar besides artillery. They should be here before morning."

"Captain Arnaud gave his parole," Farquhar observed dispassionately. "Might one ask why you did not accompany him?"

Destin shrugged his shoulders, smiling.

Farquhar lurched forward. He stood for a moment within arm's length, swaying on his heels. When he spoke it was in an undertone and in English.

"We are fellow countrymen, Colonel Destin," he said. "Whatever else has happened or may happen, we have fought together shoulder to shoulder. I ask a favor of you. Make it possible for me to keep my promise to these poor fellows."

"Is that in my power?" was the quiet return.

"You cannot shoot a hundred men. You cannot send the last remnant of your regiment to the penal battalions. You need a ringleader and one exemplary punishment. I am the ringleader."

"It matters very little to me," he said. "I consent to your conditions. It is for you to manage your men as best you can."

"Of that you need have no fear." "You speak with authority. What vagabond gang did you lead in White-chapel, my countryman?"

Again the faint, irrepresible note of uneasiness quivered beneath the irony. Farquhar laughed.

"The finest gang of daredevils in the world, my colonel," he said. Then he motioned to the two men on Destin's either hand. "Colonel Destin has given me his word," he said briefly. "You have nothing more to fear. Bivouac as best you can. We shall remain here till the morning."

He turned from them and passed the hundred dim figures of men leaning weary and motionless on their rifles. They did not look at him or seem to notice him. He saw Goetz standing against an unearthly background of silvery hills. The German was smoking placidly, almost insolently.

After this, will Colonel Destin have the nerve to order Richard executed for leading a mutiny?

pleasantly with a cartridge between his teeth.

"I like dying in good company," he shouted, as the impediment was jammed into the smoking breach of his rifle. "That's the new prophet—All-Mahomed—in the front there. If we could bring him down it might break their backbone."

The Arabs were now within four hundred yards. Their pace had not slackened for an instant. Farquhar sprang to his feet.

"Cease firing—six bayonets!" He raced out alone to meet the enemy. The rain of bullets had been a spur to their fanatic daring—the sudden silence checked them. They wavered, suspecting a trap in this strange lull, seeing in the lonely figure the one thing they feared—the supernatural, the unknown. Not a shot was fired. For an infinitesimal second of indecision both sides waited. Goetz, with his rifle against his cheek, his finger on the trigger, kept up a soft flow of good-humored expletive.

"Mad—mad as Englishmen, but oh, gods of my fathers, what sublime method!" Farquhar had covered fifty yards before the enemy had grasped his purpose. Then with a sort of delirious triumph their leader burst through the ranks of his followers and thundered down upon the doomed man with the superb arrogance of his race, disdainful a peril that seemed contemptible. Those watching for the end saw the flash of a bayonet—heard the jarring rasp of steel against steel, and then All-Mahomed's horse swept on riderless. Simultaneously flame burst from a hundred rifles. Destin led the charge, and behind him raced a hundred cheering men who an hour before had clamored for his life. He ran like a boy, waving a smoking, useless rifle, shouting madly, while Goetz thundered at his side. It was two to one, exhausted infantry against cavalry in full course. But the miracle had been performed. The incalculable element in all battle, the superstition of men's hearts, had fallen in the scale. The whirlwind died down. Within a few feet of their fallen leader the heroic Arab host faltered, broke and fled.

They picked up Farquhar from beneath the dead body of his opponent, and as his eyes opened they rested on Destin's face. The elder man knelt down and touched his hand almost tenderly.

"That was a good fight," he said in English. "We've won. All-Mahomed is dead. You've saved a lot of trouble for us all. I am proud of you."

"Thanks, sir. I am glad you're satisfied."

They looked at each other. Behind their careless, indifferent composure there had rung a note of emotion which even now was not wholly silent, though both men, lost for a brief space in recollection, had regained their hold upon the present. Farquhar rose slowly to his feet. "Keep Colonel Destin under guard," he said. "Where is Captain Arnaud?"

Two men advanced and placed themselves on either side of their former leader. But they did not answer. Destin frowned thoughtfully at the night gathering eastward.

"Ben Azar lies thirty kilometers from here," he said. "Even with a lame foot Arnaud is a wonderful marcher. There is a squadron of chasseurs at Ben, Azar besides artillery. They should be here before morning."

"Captain Arnaud gave his parole," Farquhar observed dispassionately. "Might one ask why you did not accompany him?"

Destin shrugged his shoulders, smiling.

Farquhar lurched forward. He stood for a moment within arm's length, swaying on his heels. When he spoke it was in an undertone and in English.

"We are fellow countrymen, Colonel Destin," he said. "Whatever else has happened or may happen, we have fought together shoulder to shoulder. I ask a favor of you. Make it possible for me to keep my promise to these poor fellows."

"Is that in my power?" was the quiet return.

"You cannot shoot a hundred men. You cannot send the last remnant of your regiment to the penal battalions. You need a ringleader and one exemplary punishment. I am the ringleader."

"It matters very little to me," he said. "I consent to your conditions. It is for you to manage your men as best you can."

"Of that you need have no fear." "You speak with authority. What vagabond gang did you lead in White-chapel, my countryman?"

Again the faint, irrepresible note of uneasiness quivered beneath the irony. Farquhar laughed.

"The finest gang of daredevils in the world, my colonel," he said. Then he motioned to the two men on Destin's either hand. "Colonel Destin has given me his word," he said briefly. "You have nothing more to fear. Bivouac as best you can. We shall remain here till the morning."

He turned from them and passed the hundred dim figures of men leaning weary and motionless on their rifles. They did not look at him or seem to notice him. He saw Goetz standing against an unearthly background of silvery hills. The German was smoking placidly, almost insolently.

After this, will Colonel Destin have the nerve to order Richard executed for leading a mutiny?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## Mother's Choice Most Often Proves The Best

By LAURA JEAN LIBBEY

O child, some day you'll think of me When I am far, far from these And the world seems cold and drear, And false are the friends that seemed so dear.

It is not every girl who has the choice of a baker's half dozen of sweethearts. The girl's choice usually falls upon the young man her mother likes the least, mother's choice being the man who does not appeal to the girl. While it is true that the youthful heart should have a certain amount of leeway, it is truer still that mother's opinion should have great weight in influencing a girl to make a careful choice.

A mother has traveled the road of experience. She looks deeper than the handsome face or smooth, glib tongue. She looks down into the very heart of man. Ardent words make no impression upon the mother. It is a man's acts which bear weight with her. Girls in their teens often imagine that they are in love with a man when, as a matter of fact, they are only fascinated by him. A mother knows this phase of girl life and does not feel unduly alarmed, realizing it will be, like the first flower of spring, the first to perish, to give place to a stronger, lasting flower on that stem.

Few young men can wholly deceive a careful mother as to their disposition, good or bad, their character, habits of indolence or thrift, whether they are really in love or are triflers.

If mother forms a dislike to a daughter's would-be suitor, he should make every effort to overcome her objection ere pressing his suit further with the girl. To attempt to win the young woman in the face of parental disapproval is blazing the way on a road which will prove hard traveling. No one in this world has a daughter's interest more deeply at heart than a mother. She would rather give her child to a man of sterling worth whose honor was untarnished, who scorned falsehoods and whom she could trust, though he had only will power and his brain and strong two hands to work for the woman he loved for fame and fortune, than to a profligate, though he was rolling in wealth, realizing that such a union could result in nothing but misery for her daughter.

In rare instances a mother may make a mistake in choosing the man to whom she would resign her jewel, but such instances are few and far between. A good daughter should be thankful to have the benefit of a mother's judgment and give the young man she selects from many competitors for her favor careful consideration. A mother feels intuitively when her child is in danger, and there is no danger so grave, nothing in all life's calendar of woes so pitiful, as choosing the wrong man for a husband—defiantly wedding the man mother cannot be won over to like. Mother likes the right one.

## POULTRY HINTS

H. L. Kempster, Missouri College of Agriculture.

Sour milk is valuable in any ration.

Summer shade insures thrifty chicks.

Remove overactive cockerels to a separate yard.

Clean up the incubator, remove the lamp and throw away the wick.

Soft, fresh dirt is an insurance against leg weakness in chicks.

Add to the grain feeds with a mixture such as bran, shorts and cornmeal.

Do not keep unnecessary male birds. An extra hen eats no more and may lay eggs.

When range is limited spade up the runs or move the brood coop a short distance daily.

Spilled or decaying flesh, if eaten, will surely cause limber neck. Burn or bury the dead.

Watch for head lice on the chicks. If found, rub top of head with a small piece of lard free from salt.

## A PRAYER

By J. HORACE LYTTLE.

THE curse of what the world is pleased to term "good fortune" is that with its coming too often the best qualities of the heart are allowed to lie dormant, or altogether die. It seems the heart of man gives oftentimes the freest before his worldly efforts have been crowned with marked success. The simplest, surest, purest, sincerest truth emanates more often from the cottage than from the mansion. Oh, why must the possible good that might accompany success be, almost inevitably, marred and overshadowed by a chilliness creeping around the heart? I have myself worn both overalls and evening dress, and, although I deplore the fact, am compelled to admit that I have never felt quite so free-hearted, nor so much sympathetic charity towards my suffering fellows, while wearing the latter as while wearing the former. Hence, O Lord, I pray for sufficient real strength of character that, whether much fortune visits me or not, I may never forget that the souls making up the multitude in this world are but so many human hearts that can suffer, and therefore that I may always regard it as one of my chiefest duties to make as light as lies within my power the passing through this life for some other fellow.

## STAR OF FILMDOM



Miss Kathlyn Williams.

Popular actress with big personal following among patrons of the "movie" theaters.

## Ten Commandments For Bridegrooms

Here are ten commandments for the guidance of prospective bridegrooms given by Rev. Robert J. MacAlpine of the Central Presbyterian church of Buffalo, N. Y.:

1. Don't bank on mere beauty; it is unreliable as the weather.

2. Don't marry for talent, popularity or wealth. Without love these would be as insipid as an egg without salt.

3. Don't let sentiment rule you. Like a flower, it is apt to fade before tomorrow.

4. Don't marry a woman whose stock of common sense is no greater than her dollars and cents. As no amount of the latter can buy the least amount of the former, you would likely soon be a hopeless insolvent.

5. Don't propose to a young woman whose tongue isn't silent during the sermon. She has sermons in store for you.

6. Don't marry a girl who thinks more of a good time than a good name. Your good time would very probably never arrive.

7. Don't choose a young woman who is more concerned about how she looks than how she acts. One is what she appears to be, the other is what she is.

8. Don't marry your opposite in religion. Your religion is likely to outlive your love.

9. Don't marry till your heart and hand are as clean as those you have won. Black and white mixed makes both a dull gray.

10. Don't marry in haste. For the sake of at least two lives, keep in mind the modern key-words: "Safety first" and "preparedness."

## New York Future Fashion Center.

Mary Garden, while busily collecting funds for her hospital in Paris, found time to prophesy that New York would be the future center of style. Miss Garden declared that American designers had shown such originality and American manufacturers so much initiative since the war that it would be impossible for Paris to regain her one-time prestige.

## DADDY'S EVENING FAIRY TALE

By MARY GRAHAM BONNER

### GNOME HAS PIG SCHOOL.

"A little GNOME named 'Snips' thought he would like to start a School. The Pupils he wanted were the Pigs.

"So one fine day he went to all the Piggens in the neighborhood and talked to the Mother and Daddy Pigs. "Now you know," he said, "you surely want your Children to know something besides how to dig in the mud."

"Well," said Mrs. Fatty Pig (she was named that because she was the fattest Pig in the country around), "I don't know that I care whether my Children know anything or not. If they don't know anything, they don't know they're missing things—and then they never have to worry or hurry or scurry."

"You see Mrs. Fatty Pig was so fat, all she wanted to do was to lie around and eat and sleep.

"So Snips asked Mrs. Fatty Pig's Husband what he thought about it, and all Mr. Fatty Pig did was to grunt at everything Snips said.

"But when he began to talk to a few of the younger Pigs they quite liked the idea of going to School each day, and as the Mothers and Daddies didn't mind at all one way or the other, the very next morning all the young Pigs arrived at Snips' School.

"The Schoolhouse was an old Tree which had fallen down and which was



They All Sat Along the Sides of the Tree.

hollow. They all sat along the sides of the Tree with their slates of smooth stones and their pencils of cut stones, which made white marks.

"Now," said Snips, "I have always liked Pigs and I want to do all I can for you. You must surely come every morning to School, though, for every lesson will be most important, and I don't want to hear of any little Pig staying away unless he is too sick to walk.

"In the first place we are going to learn what words mean and how to spell them. Now take your own family name, for example. Pig—well that name is thought to mean by some People anyone who is greedy and grabs everything he can. Such a bad idea to get of your Family. I know it's quite untrue, so we must make other People believe it's untrue too. "You see so many of your Family are lazy. We don't want to think what our Mothers and Daddies do is wrong—no, that wouldn't do. But your Mothers and Daddies were brought up wrong by People. They were put into dirty pens, and they thought it was quite right to be dirty.

"So the next thing we must learn is to be nice and clean. Write down on your slates: "Pigs must not be greedy," and "We must be clean and wash our faces and our feet every day before School, and after play and before meals.

"And when the Fairies heard that Snips was holding School each day for the Pigs they were delighted. Snips said that they would give an entertainment each month for the Fairies to see how the Pigs got along in school. And now a fine set of Pigs are working hard for their next monthly entertainment."

## DID NOT KNOW WHAT TO DO

Three-Year-Old Minnie Was Much Relieved When Mother Couldn't Think of Suitable Punishment.

Little three-year-old Minnie could repeat nursery rhymes and talk like an old woman. One day, having done something strictly against orders, her mother said: "Minnie, I really don't know what I had better do to you." Drawing a long breath of relief the little miss said, "I'm awful glad you don't, mamma," and marched off, taking it for granted that the matter was settled.

## FIRST EXPERIENCES IN TOWN

Little Girl Discovers That "Next Door Is Fastened to Our House"—Boy Don't Like the Sidewalks.

A little girl whose parents had recently moved from country to town, and who is now enjoying her first experience in living in a street, said: "This is a very queer place. Next door is fastened to our house."

Her younger brother added his impression by declaring: "I like to live where the sidewalks have edges."—Brooklyn Eagle.