

The Red Mirage

A Story of the French Legion in Algiers

By I. A. R. WYLIE

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SYNOPSIS.

Sylvia Ormsy, her lover, Richard Farquhar, finds, has fallen in love with Captain Arnaud of the Foreign Legion. Farquhar forces Sower to have Frost's IO U'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 the 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 Destinn. 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 Destinn behind the mosque. 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 delivering a message to Destinn at night finds Sylvia with him. He learns that it was Gabrielle who aided him. Gabrielle leaves Sylvia and goes to Arnaud's mother, who has come to Algiers in an effort to save her son. While on a march Farquhar saves Destinn's life. Arnaud brings relief to the column attacked by Arabs. Farquhar is tried for mutiny.

Suppose that you had saved the life of another and that he realized his obligation, and suppose that he was given the opportunity of saving your life and refused to do so—could you die serenely, with faith in the justice and goodness of God?

CHAPTER XIX—Continued.

"Legionary, you are charged on your own confession. Do you still insist that you were the sole instigator and leader of the mutiny?"

"Yes, my colonel."

"You have no statement to make, no explanation to offer?"

"None."

Colonel Destinn leaned forward on his elbow. And suddenly it seemed to the man beside him that he had ceased to interrogate—that he was pleading with a smothered passionate energy.

"Captain Arnaud, you were with me. You were the sole survivor of my staff. Have you anything to say for this man?"

There was a brief silence. It seemed as though Arnaud had not heard. He was still staring in front of him, and a full minute passed before he lifted his eyes slowly, reluctantly to Destinn's face.

"I?" And then suddenly he half arose, his hands gripping the edge of the table. "I—I—have—" He stopped. His blank gaze had passed on. It rested on the prisoner's gaunt untroubled features and lit up with a flame of awakened recollection. He relaxed. "No, I have nothing to say," he said slowly and distinctly.

It seemed that the heat became denser, more stifling. There was no sound but the soft maddening buzz of the flies in the circle of sunshine. Colonel Destinn drew himself up stiffly.

"Then I have no option but to pass the highest sentence on you, Legionary," he said. "There is only one mitigation which lies in my power. I know that you are a brave man—you shall die as one. You will be shot—unbound—at daybreak—by your comrades."

"I thank you, Colonel Destinn." The major looked up shyly. Throughout he had been conscious of something unseen passing between these two men; he saw now that they gazed at each other unflinchingly with that intensity which seeks below the surface for the inexplicable.

The sergeant came forward and touched the condemned man on the shoulder. He turned at once with a little whimsical shrug of apology, bowed ceremoniously to the whole court, and to his own horror the major realized that he had returned the salute. He glanced anxiously around him, and recognized on the faces of his companions the same uncertainty and bewilderment. Destinn looked at no one.

Richard Nameless was led out into the sunshine. With his passing the spirit of tension passed also; there returned the old torpor, touched with the petulant irritation of exhausted nerves that have been too highly strung. Colonel Destinn picked up his kept and, without greeting, strode out of the courthouse. The rest followed. But as they reached the door they hesitated. Someone had laughed. It was no usual sound; in the heavy stillness it rang shrill and unnatural. They turned and saw that Desire Arnaud had not moved. He sat at the table with his hands spread out before him and laughed.

The major shrugged his shoulders. "I have seen it coming," he said regretfully. "I have seen it coming a long time. Ah, this terrible country—this terrible, beautiful country! It is pitiable—and his poor wife! Well, I shall give our friend, the doctor, a hint. He will know better."

He too went out, but the laughter followed him. It drifted out on to the courtyard, and rose with the stifling waves of heat to the windows of the whitewashed room where Colonel Destinn sat with his forehead pressed against his clenched hands, listening

down. It was a curious, terrible thing to see this man, who had brazened out death and every law of humanity, reel with the shaking foundations of his secret temple. "You gave your son his life," Lowe went on quietly. "You have ruined it. In a few hours it may finally be taken from him. It lies in your power to give him back that life and the conditions which make it worth the living. Have you not—as I have—some sense of atonement?"

"Atonement—you?"

Lowe bowed his head in grave deprecation.

"I am a blackmailing scoundrel, and quite ruthless—as you have been and are. But I understand atonement. Moreover, you know that I am not lying—and that what I promise to do I will do."

Colonel Destinn turned and crossed the room. Lowe waited composedly, without triumph. He saw Destinn take a key from the inner pocket of his dolman and insert it in the lock of the small iron safe set into the wall. He came back a moment later with a sheaf of transparent paper in his hand. He swayed slightly.

"These are—the plans."

Lowe made a little movement of assurance.

"Consider! A friendly power—"

Destinn laughed under his breath. Very deliberately he tore the delicate paper across and across. "Not that," he said under his breath, "not that. My son—would not desire that."

There was a silence. Stephen Lowe glanced curiously and a little bitterly at the white shreds fluttering through the sunlight, and then for the last time at the peaceful face of the man beside him.

"You may be right," he said. "It is quite possible that you are right. But I am not made like that, Colonel Destinn."

He went out, closing the door softly after him.

CHAPTER XX.

Fate Decides.

Destiny had decreed that Desire Arnaud should die. He was in his room now, dying quietly and unostentatiously, "from the brain downward," as the doctor had explained to Madame Arnaud with extreme gentleness, and had been deeply moved by the manner of its reception. She had not cried or fainted. She had looked at him with her warm brown eyes, and had given him her hand with a quiet dignity.

"It is the will of God, doctor."

He had admired her immensely, and she had admired herself. "The will of God!" It was beautiful and simple, and it was wonderful to find that in spite of modern skepticism all things work out for the best for those who surrender themselves to the unseen guidance.

And now this woman was here—this woman in the pale gray dress, with the brown hair and small dead-white face, out of which the eyes burned with a fierce consuming energy and purpose.

"Mrs. Farquhar lies stricken with total paralysis," Gabrielle Smith said. "She cannot speak to me, but I can read her eyes. She is asking for her son. Madame Arnaud, you have influence with Colonel Destinn. You can set Richard Farquhar free. You can atone."

"Atonement!" It seemed incredible, ridiculous. It was tactless. Above all, it brought storm into her peace. Yet she remained gentle—very calm.

"You ask me to intervene at a strange moment for a strange cause, Miss Smith," she said. "My husband is dying."

"And the man who saved him?"

Sylvia glanced toward the curtained doorway and laid her finger gently to her lips.

"Hush, you must not talk so loud. My husband is sleeping. And then—I am sorry—I can do nothing. Should I be justified in trying? Your—feeling blinds you, Miss Smith. I cannot, even for the memory of a girlhood's friendship, take up arms—risk perhaps humiliation and misunderstanding for a man who sold his country for a woman."

"Mr. Preston is in Sidi-bel-Abbes," was the answer. "Mr. Preston knows that Richard chose the appearance of dishonor to save your husband—your happiness, Madame Arnaud."

Sylvia recoiled the step she had taken. Her hands were pressed to her face.

"If that were true—" But she did not ask a question. She knew that it was true. It was pitiable—terrible—beautiful. Her whole soul seemed to expand beneath its beauty. There had been no "other woman" in his life—only the one—Sylvia Arnaud, for whom he had sacrificed his honor, his name, his place. And now it was for her to act and to use her power nobly—to regain the ground lost on that fatal evening—to win back the boy place in his life. Suddenly she held out her hands.

"Gabrielle, forgive me!" she said gently, and there were tears gathering on her long lashes. "I must have seemed hard—wicked. I did not understand. I had not your love—or the faith that love gives. I saw only dishonor—and sometimes we who stand outside the stress of life judge very harshly."

"But you knew him," was the stern reproach.

"I was a child, Gabrielle. Can't you understand? Will you, too, judge harshly?"

But will Sylvia plead for the life of Richard if she learns that Colonel Destinn will expect her to sacrifice her honor to him for the sake of the condemned man?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Along The Isonzo



RAILWAY BRIDGE IN ISONZO VALLEY

CONTRARY to popular belief, the Isonzo river, along which the Italians made their first attack against Austria and where their lines held firmly against the vigorous Teutonic offensive, is not the boundary line between the two countries, but lies wholly within Austrian territory, from two to twelve miles from the border. Its source is near the juncture of the Carnic and Julian Alps, on Mount Tergion, the loftiest peak of the latter range, and it follows a tortuous channel for 75 miles, emptying into the Gulf of Trieste, says the National Geographic society bulletin. So turbulent are the Isonzo's waters that the river is practically unnavigable, except for the few miles of its estuary where its course is through a rapidly extending delta. On its way through the alluvial plain it is known as the Scobba, whose mouth is less than 20 miles from the important Austrian port of Trieste lying to the southeast.

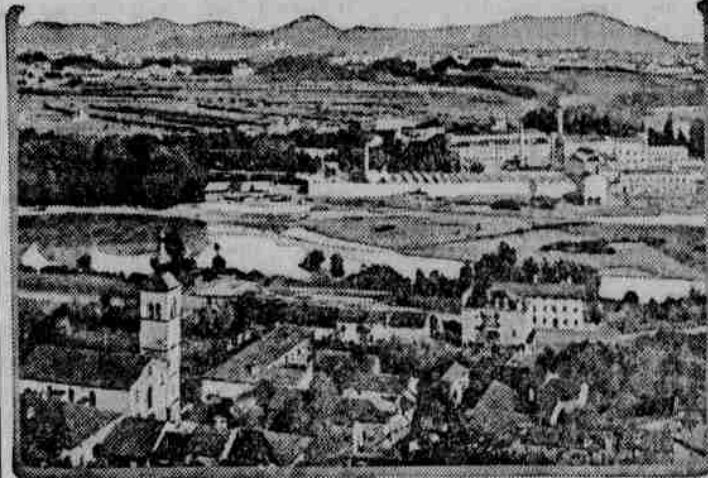
The Isonzo is the principal river of the country and crown-land of Gorz and Gradisca, which have an area about equal to that of Rhode Island. This principality and two other crown-lands, Istria and Trieste, constitute Austria's kustenland (coast land).

Was Highly Productive Valley.

Before the devastation wrought by the war, the valley of the Isonzo was a highly productive region, agriculture and vine-growing being the chief occupations of that part of the population (mainly Italian) which was not engaged in silk-corm culture.

The leading city of the Isonzo valley is Gorz (Gorz), with 30,000 inhabitants, known as the Nice of Austria on account of its popularity as a fashionable resort. Its growth coincides with the decline of Aquileia, now an insignificant town of less than 3,000 people, situated to the southwest, six miles from the sea, but which was reckoned the ninth city of the Roman empire and a great seaport during the closing years of the fourth century.

It is about 20 miles from Gorz to the Italian frontier. The place is a center of trunkline railways to the Italian cities of Venice in the south-



SUBURBS OF GORIZ

west and Udine in the northwest, and to the Austrian cities of Trieste in the southeast and Klagenfurt in the north. The situation of Gorz is a picturesque one, greatly enhanced by the rare pleasure gardens that have been called into being by the winter guests. It is built on the left bank of the Isonzo river. The worn rocks of the old castle ruins of the counts of Gorz dominate the city from the hillside. The castle is now used partly as a barracks and partly as an arsenal. The cathedral, built in the fourteenth century, is another interesting monument to the city's past.

Where Theodorik Defeated Odoacer.

The fighting which is now occurring on the Isonzo recalls the great battle of the Isontius (Isonzo) in the fifth century, where the Roman emperor Odoacer met signal defeat at the hands of Theodorik, the Ostrogoth. The vanquished leader was driven back to Ravenna, where, after a protracted siege a truce was agreed upon. During the parley Odoacer fell before the treacherous Ostrogoth, who clove his enemy from shoulder to flank with a broadsword.

One of the most interesting natural phenomena of the Isonzo district is the short Timavus river, which empties into the Gulf of Trieste five miles from the mouth of the larger water-course. The Timavus gushes from a mountain side, full-formed, in three streams of sufficient volume to float small vessels at the very source. In Virgil's day, according to the description in the Aeneid, the Timavus rushed from the rocks in nine streams. The river is supposed to be a continu-

ation of the equally unique Reka, whose waters disappear in the grottoes of Sankt Kanzian, some 20 miles southeast of the mysterious Timavus.

MAZATLAN IS A BUSY PORT

Rich Products of Mexico Are Shipped From the Pacific Coast Metropolis.

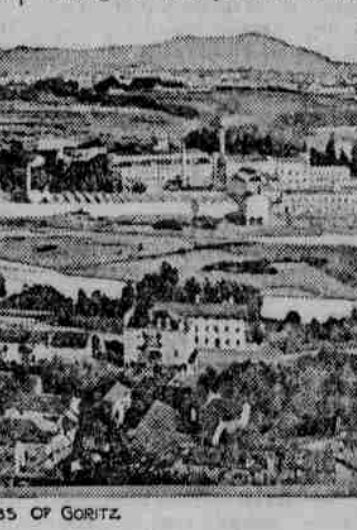
Mazatlan, Mexico's metropolis of the Pacific coast, reported to have been the scene of an unprovoked attack upon officers and men from the American gunboat Annapolis, is thus described in the National Geographic society's war geographic bulletin:

The north entrance to its harbor, marked by a lighthouse perched on the crest of an eminence called Cerro del Creston, making it one of the loftiest guides to navigation in the world, Mazatlan is the chief entrepot for one of the richest mining sections of the southern republic. It not only exports the gold and silver from its own immensely wealthy state of Sinaloa (estimated by some experts to have the most valuable mineral deposits in Mexico) but it also handles the ore shipments by sea of Zacatecas and Durango.

The city, which has a population of 20,000, is situated on a small peninsula opposite the Bay of Olas Altas (High Waves), and is surrounded by coconut groves. It is a six days' voyage by steamship from here to San Francisco, the Mexican port being 225 miles east of the southern tip of Lower California. The distance from El Paso, due south, to Mazatlan is about the same as from St. Louis to New Orleans.

The aspect of the territory adjacent to Mazatlan is little affected by the prosperity of the report. The Indians live in the same type of huts which they have occupied since the Spanish conquest and perhaps for centuries before that. The strip of lowland along the shore has a tropical climate, with an abundance of rain. Beyond this verdant margin to the East rises the towering, thickly wooded Sierra Madre range, extending for hundreds of miles to the north and south.

Among the rich products of Mex-



SUBURBS OF GORIZ

ico's fertile fields, undersea caves and riven hills which find their way to the outside world through the Mazatlan gateway are rubber, gums, dyewoods, silver, copper, gold, lead, pearls, tortoiseshell, salted fish, and cabinet woods. The city's manufacturing activities include saw mills, cotton factories and rope works.

Fourteen years ago Mazatlan was almost depopulated by a frightful epidemic of bubonic plague which surpassed in severity some of the most terrible ravages of the "black death" in Europe during the middle ages. According to one authority only 4,000 people out of a total of 18,000 were spared, and more than a thousand houses were burned in an effort to stay the march of the disease. During the last decade sanitary conditions have been improved greatly.

Strategy.

"Nora has just dropped another plate," said Mrs. Twobble.

"Well, my dear," replied Mr. Twobble, "suppose you go into the kitchen and drop a hint to that effect that she must not break any more china!"

"Evidently you don't know how to manage Nora. If I lead her to believe that we rather enjoy having her break a plate occasionally, I think she will be more careful."

Can't Tell.

"Animals are so different," said the city boy in the country.

"How so?" asked the farmer.

"Well, you see when the dog wags his tail he's pleased, but when the cow wags her tail I can't tell if she is pleased or it's only flies."

DADDY'S EVENING FAIRY TALE

MARY GRAHAM BONNER

FROG FAMILY HISTORY.

"Mr. Frog had been boasting," said Daddy, "and this was what he said: 'In the future I want to be called Mr. Pond Frog. I don't want to be mixed up with Grandpa Frog, or Mr. Bull Frog. I always want to be called by my name. Now you all know that if you looked up in a book a picture of me you would find out that Pond Frog is my name, and that is what you must call me—not just plain Mr. Frog. You don't pay me enough respect—Mr. Pond Frog is so noble as a name!'"

"Well," said Grandpa Frog, "we all know you are one of the Pond Frog family—so why need we say it every time. And I've heard that in that book you speak of they don't call us anything friendly like Mr. or Mrs. or Grand-

pa or Grandma. They simply call us Frogs and then give our family names. The only way I know that is because I heard a little Boy say so who was wading in our Pond not long ago."

"Well," said Mr. Pond Frog, "I am sure they'd call me Mr. Pond Frog in the book if I asked them to. Books are very obliging I imagine and not a bit like frogs."

"But," said Grandpa Frog, "you're talking a lot of nonsense about something you don't know a thing about. You've never read a book, have you? Of course not, neither have I. And what's more I have no desire to. It would hurt my eyes and make them water. Water should be in the Pond and not in my eyes. And why should I read in a book what I already know? I know I'm a Frog and so are you. What's more still, you don't know whether books are friendly or not. They may be awful snobs—we can never be sure until we know and we never can know as I don't suppose any of our family would ever care to send their children to a book school when there are so many other more important things to learn."

"What's more important," said Mr. Pond Frog, "than family history?"

"But we all can learn family history from each other."

"Some of us won't bother to tell. I should think you'd know a Professor when you saw one."

"Grandpa Frog opened his mouth very wide with surprise. While it was open he swallowed a very nice bug and when he had blinked with pleasure over that he said:

"At last I see. You want to be called Mr. Pond Frog to add dignity to your appearance. That's quite noble I will admit. And you want to be a Professor in the new Pond School down by the creek of which I am the chief head. Um-um, Gr-r-r-r, I shall think about it. Yes, now I've thought!"

"What, what?" croaked Mr. Pond Frog.

"You may be the new Professor in our school, and you may teach Family History. From now on we'll all call you Mr. Pond Frog, the new Professor of Family History."

"Oh, how happy Mr. Pond Frog was, and the next morning he was in his place on top of a stump in the creek at the end of the pond.

"All the little Frogs gathered around soon after, and School began. Of course there were other classes and lessons for the Frogs, but Mr. Pond Frog had a class every half hour in Family History. He taught them of the different kinds of Frogs, and of all their cousins, uncles, aunts, and just what they were famous for. He told them of all the great happenings in days gone by, and of the wonderful things that had been done by their grandpas, grandmas, and great, great, great-grandpas and grandmas.

"The little Frogs thought 'I Want to Be Called Mr. Pond Frog' was a fine study, and they enjoyed hearing all the Fairy stories too that Mr. Pond Frog told them at recess.

"And when it came time for the Summer vacation there was an examination in Family History. All the little Frogs got 'one hundred' as they couldn't make a mistake when Mr. Pond Frog had made it so interesting for them.

"And the Frogs decided it had been a great success and were very grateful to Mr. Pond Frog for suggesting it and to Grandpa Frog for allowing it. As for Mr. Pond Frog he was the happiest Frog you can imagine and croaked and croaked with joy for Grandpa Frog had asked him to teach Family History in the School again in the fall!"

And School Began.

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