The Red Mirage

A Story of the French Legion in Algiers By I. A. R. WYLIE

grim unconquered desolation of rock

and stone and yellow ever-changing

hills. He drew rein at last, moved by

a curious pity for the panting quiver-

ing animal beneath him. The three

men were outdistanced. He was alone,

his haggard haunted face lifted for an

instant to the now darkened sky. Out

"Arabs—Arabs—two thousand—you are cut off—Sidi-bel-Abbes—attacked

The reeling horse stumbled and

pitched its rider on to the stones. The

goum lay motionless. Colonel Destinn

turned in his saddle. The three le-

gionaries were already behind him.

Their heads were lowered. There was

for a moment no sound but that from

the snorting, winded horses. Then

the fitful storm, there came a monoton-

They watched him stupidly as he

turned his horse and rode forward in-

to the mysterious half-light which in

the darkest hour hovers over the great

African wastes. Silently they rode

Colonel Destinn did not hear them.

He was listening to the wailing mo-

notonous chant beyond the darkness

As yet he could see nothing, but he

knew with whom he had to deal. Lowe

had spoken the truth. The tribes had

risen. And he had said, "Tomorrow you may have no son." That also

would be true. The twenty-five years

of exile had been sacrificed to an un-

known life perhaps already extin-

He straightened in his saddle. The

high-pitched voices were now close at

hand-his trained ear measured at

most a couple of hundred yards. And

the man who had long since ceased to

Then he shook the tired beast into

gallop. The flying hoofs scarcely

dded a sound to the dull thunder of

the Arab advance. Then he was on

them-through them, with the horde

With Strips of His Linen Shirt He

Plugged the Ragged Wound.

of shouting Arabs at his heels. He

bent low in the saddle. And he gained.

There had been a diversion. The three

legionaries had followed him, and they

had been mown down almost without

resistance. This Destinn did not know

There was a narrow passage be-tween the bowlders—room for a couple

of horsemen abreast, but no more. If

he could reach them there would be an-

other hundred yards gained-perhaps

more—perhaps safety. Suddenly he felt the animal beneath him reel in

her stride. He dragged her up-an-

other ten yards and she pitched for-

ward, rolled over and lay still. He

swung free as she fell, and raced on

through the soft clogging sand. But

the end. He smiled grimly to himself.

"If this be the explation-O God!"

A shout reached him. As the dark

swift-moving line of his pursuers broke

out from the lingering shadows he

through the mist-new enemies-and

nerve. As he saw that neither shot

moment the foremost rider reached

He obeyed. At the terse imperative

ommand his brain had cleared. He

now galloping beside him. He glanced

back over his shoulder. The Arabs

were in sight. He caught the flash of

steel and the waving of pennons above

"Get up behind me! Quick!"

his own strength was gone.

dust.

believe in God or devil prayed-

"God, make it not in vain!"

"La Ilaha illa 'llahu!"

"Il La Ilaha illa Allahu!"

of the black unlit waste a horseman

raced toward him.

ous, familiar cry-

after him.

guished.

at daybreak-"

"Who goes there?"

CHAPTER XXII-Continued.

-21-Farquhar came out of the shadows

to the corporal's side. "There must be no struggle," he said. "It would be quite useless, and we must keep Harding out of this."

"Yes, of course." "You said I had friends here. Who?" "An Englishman for one, who calls

himself Preston." "What does he know?"

"Everything-more than you do, Don Quixote, But wisdom invariably comes too late in this world. Hush!'

With a roar of laughter the song came to an end, and in the brief full that followed the two men listened in-Without warning Goetz wrenched open the door. By the dim light of the lantern falling into the now darkened passage they saw the body of a man lying face downward from the southwest, borne on a gust of on the stone. He still breathed. Beyond him, leaning against the wall, was the German doctor. His head was thrown back; they saw his face-a white mask, made whiter by the dark line of blood trickling from the halfopen mouth. His eyes shone to meet them with a boyish triumph.

,"He wanted to go in-I knew-we fought and I managed to stun himthe road is clear, Englishman."

"Good God, do you think we are going to leave you there?'

'He got at me with his bayonet. It's all over. Go-don't make it all-in vain."

Farquhar caught the cold fast-weakening hand in his. Danger was forgotten in grief and self-reproach. "Must I bring death and destruction

to you also?" The fading eyes brightened.

"This is not death-not destruction. It was my chance-to make good-" He faltered and staggered to his knees. "Goetz von Berlichingen-I-I have known always—your highness—greet our fatherland—" He made a last effort to draw himself up to the salute and fell quietly forward.

"You will forget what you have heard," Goetz said simply. "The road is clear. We must not make the sacrifice a useless one. Come!"

"The sentries-" "The sentries are the men you saved. The sentries are blind tonight."

She came out of the darkness, a slight frail figure in the big cloak, her hands outstretched. He caught them and kissed them, and then the white grave face which she lifted to him with the dignity of a great and single

"You had my message, Gabrielle?" "Yes."

"You understood?" "Everything."

The light which shone in her eyes dazzled him. It was supreme happi-

ness, supreme sorrow. "If there is a new life waiting for me over there you will come to me.

you will help me to live it—as you have helped me to live in the past—" "I shall be always with you, Rich-But you must not think of me now; think of your life-for my sake."

An Arab servant brought up the two horses. She drew back instantly, and Farquhar swung himself into the saddle. Preston came up to him and pressed his hand for a last time.

"Our friend Goetz here will explain everything that has happened. You will ride straight to Les Imberts. It is thirty-two kilometers-you should be there before daybreak. Let your horses go. There is a train starting for the north at five o'clock. I shall be on it. We meet at Oran. I shall have passports for two Englishmen-Richard Farquhar and John Eyres. You will remember? Now off with you-and Godspeed!"

Goetz had already ridden out of the grove. Still Farquhar lingered. Gabrielle had come forward and placed something hard, metallic, in his out-

stretched hand. "It is your one gift to me-your re-volver," she said. "It is loaded. May it guard you well, Richard."

For a fleeting second he looked down at her. Swifter than a dream he relived his life as he saw it mirrored among the shadows in her eyes.
"You have saved me twice," he said.

"You will save me again. God keep us for each other."

He drove his heels in his horse's flanks and a moment later was galloping at Goetz's side across the plain.

CHAPTER XXIII.

In the full blaze of the afternoon Colonel Destinn had ridden out of Sidibel-Abbes. He had taken three mount ed legionaries with him, and they had followed sullenly silent in the low cloud of yellow dust which rolled back from his horse's hoofs. It was now had recognized Goetz in the soldier close on midnight.

They left the smooth, white military road behind them and galloped out into the waste-faster and fastermemory hot at his side, its merciless the dark line of dust. The air quiv-hands upon the reins. The kilometers ered with their hoarse triumphant flashed past. Vineyard and huddled lightless villages lay far behind in the that moment that the man riding be-eastern shadow. There was again a fore him swayed and suddenly fell

back Ilmp into his arms. Then Destinn understood. One shot at least had Exerting all the powers of a brilliant horsemanship, he held on to the unconscious man and forced the straining mare to an increased effort. Side by side the two horses burst into the narrow passage between the rocks. Destinn bent forward.

"We've no chance like this—warn Sidi-bel-Abbes—I shall try to take

cover-God help you!" Goetz nodded without answering and dashed on. At the end of the cutting Destinn drew rein and slipped to the ground. There he fell, face downward. The blood drummed in his ears. It other sound. A dozen Arabs swept through the gully, but he neither heard nor saw them. When he at last lifted himself upon his elbow the pursuit had ong since rolled away in the distance. The dawn had broken.

He glanced down at the man lying motionless beside him. His heavy brows contracted over eyes in which there had dawned a sudden emotion, a startled incredulity, changing a moment later to a bitterly contemplative amusement. He bent over the dark unconscious face. The flery eyes that time after time had defled his with their brilliant recklessness were closed. the black brows smoothed out into an untroubled serenity. Yet the expres-

sion was as he remembered it. In the far distance, beyond his range of vision, a sudden sharp rattle of artillery broke the sllence. His eyes flickered with a faint triumph. Sidibel-Abbes had not been taken unawares. Perhaps that daredevil German had arrived in time.

He laid a shaking hand on the quiet breast. The man still breathed. It was like an answer-an acceptance He opened the tunic with rapid skillful fingers. The roar of battle was now close at hand. It rolled toward the narrow barrier of rock in a cloud of rising dust, from which flashed an intermittent lightning. Colonel Destinn paid no heed. He had traced the course of his bullet. It was lodged an inch above the heart, but its force had been checked by an old tattered letter case, which he tossed on one side. With strips of his linen shirt he plugged the ragged-looking wound and bandaged it. The whole thing was the work of a few minutes. Death swept down upon them both, but this man was not to die

through him. He had lifted the unconscious head upon one arm; his eyes passed for an instant to the tattered letter case and rested there. It had fallen open. Moved by he knew not what impulse he touched it tremblingly. A few dried and faded rose leaves, a letter, yellow with age, singed and pierced by his own bullet. Suddenly it grew very still about him. The crash of battle seemed to have sunk behind a deadening veil of silence. There was nothing left in the world but this man and him-

"Richard Farquhar!" The name escaped him without his knowledge. The legionary groaned and half turned, his unconscious hand clutching Destinn's arm, and a minute later his eyes opened. They looked at each other steadily, and Destina shrank back. This was the explation—the punishment. There was to be no curse and no mercy, but the grim working out of a logical merciless law.

'You know now, sir?" The weak voice sounded loud in his ears-louder than the thunder of the assent

Yes; you are Richard-Richard Far awaited sentence. Farquhar drew himself up with a

desperate effort.

"They're—they're coming on fast aren't they, sir? I haven't much time. And I have a message—from my mother—who is waiting for you—in Sidi-bel-Abbes. She gave it me two years ago. Can you hear me, sir?" "Yes-yes."

"I was to tell you-that night when you left her-you won her. She has waited for you." He dropped back, gasping, into Destinn's arms. "Sir, I thank God-that at the last I have found you. I also have my messageunderstand-and honor-and pity

Destinn bowed his head. A word of release had been spoken. He was free. The burden of years dropped from him. He was gazing down into the face of a child, in the frank clear eyes of a memory. He held the wounded man closer, shielding him with a stern tenderness

"I too-thank God, Richard." The cheering had grown louder. Within a hundred yards of the rocks where they meant to make their last rally the barried shot-ridden ranks of Bedouin cavalry faltered. For an infinitesimal second of delay they seemed to be gathering to face the new attack; then the leaders broke away westward and with them, in a magnificent, awe-inspiring semicircle, the whole beaten, panic-stricken host.

him from the rocks. He saw them through the mist new greenies and led the victorious flank attack, sweeping the retreat far into the west. took aim and fired with an unshaken He had had no orders to do so and only a small detachment of chasseurs had told he cursed irritably. The next at his command. But he had succeeded, and now he lay in the sand, coughhim and swung round in a cloud of ing up blood from a bullet-riddled lung. General Meunier knelt beside him. He had no great interest in dying legionaries, but he wished to make sure of

Colonel Destinn's last whereabouts. "You say to the right-among the

"Yes." "Then your flanking movement probably saved them. You are a daring fellow. If you had lived I should have had the pleasure of court-martialing shouts. They were gaining. It was at you. As it is—have you any request to that moment that the man riding be-make?"

WISE OLD HEADS STEADY MACK'S FAST YOUNGSTERS

Willy Manager of Athletics Uses Experienced Players as Backbone of His Team's Defense.

In the reorganization of his Athctics Connie Mack has seen the valof a few wise old heads among the many brilliant but inexperienced kids. Amos Strunk in center field is a great help in steadying the bunch at critical times and his heavy hitting very often inspires them to follow up and bring in enough runs to filled his brain, thundering down every Joe Bush and Elmer Myers have support their high-class pitching. shown some of the most excellent twirling seen anywhere this year, the Intter being a find of Connie's who



Connie Mack.

has made other managers green with envy. Bush seems to be "coming back" in great shape this year and pitching with all the splendor that was expected of him two years ago. With such work continued from Myers and Bush and with a few more dependable hurlers the Athletics will be pretty well cared for in the box. The dea, current through the early part of the season, that Connie Mack had gathered a bunch of talented but green and awkward kids is rapidly being dispelled. The confidence and pep hey are showing have surprised most of their opponents. A great part of the success of the youngsters so far may be ascribed to Connie's care to have the backstop, second base and center field well cared for by steady eads. With Schang behind the bat, Lajoie at second and Strunk in center, the situation is well fortified. The present season is Strunk's sixth sum ner in fast company and every fall he has shown a fat average. If he is not able to top a good .300 he comes well near it. From the vim he has shown with the hickory of late it's most likey that he will finish the season with the highest average he has shown yet.

Meanuitoes Don't Like Yellow. People who wish to avoid the bite of he mosquito should wear yellow. Of ill colors the mosquito is most partial though the fact has nothing to do with ringe. guns. He made a movement of stunned its fondness for blood. For yellow it shows the deepest aversion and shuns uhar, my-" He broke off. He was seeing power of the mosquito is so oking in the eyes of his judge; he keen that it is susceptible to color even in the ordinary darkness of night; hence night dresses or bed coverings of a yellow color will aid in keeping mosquitoes at a respectable distance.

Mother's Cook Book.

It's the bad that's in the best of us Makes the saint so like the rest of u It's the good in the darkest-crust of i Redeems and saves the worst of us!

It's the muddle of good and badness, It's the tangle of tears and gladness, It's the lunacy linked with sanity That make and mar humanity.

Strawberry Mold.

FOOTBALL GAME IS MODIFIED

Interesting Substitute for Popular Pas

time is Free From All Rough-ness-How it is Played.

An interesting substitute for foot-

ball that retains most of the elements

of the popular game, and at the same

time is free from roughness, will be

welcomed by many boys. Such a game is tag football. It will appeal

particularly to the boys who are

too young to play regular football, or who have been forbidden to play be-cause of physical incapacity. It is

also a good game for older boys when

there are not enough players to form

two complete elevens. With some adaptations it has also been played

successfully by girls.

The game is played with a rugby

ball, on a regular football field, by

two opposing teams of from five to

eleven players each. Scores are made

as in football, and football rules hold

good except where special rules are

the ball is kicked off, and the receiv-

er rucs toward his opponents' goal

until an opposing player touches him.

The ball is "down" where it touches

the ground on an incomplete pass, or

at the place where the runner is first

tagged, or at the point where he goes

Because of the obvious futility of

straight-line plays, the forwards

spread out along the scrimmage line.

The play is therfore much more open

the ball when it is on the ground, ex-

cept at the kick-off or when making

a free try for a goal. Another foot-ball rule that applies should be kept

in mind. Players must be "on-side"

at the kick-off, at the beginning of

each down, and at the free kicks for

An important variation from foot-

ball is that the side putting the ball

in play may have only one man on

the scrimmage line if it so chooses.

Every man on the team is eligible, at

any time, to receive a pass coming in any direction. It is therefore a

running, passing, kicking game, and

can be played without likelihood of

mishaps long after the ground has been frozen.—Youth's Companion.

SHOOTING A PING-PONG BALL

Toy Weapon Projects a Missile, but a

Perfectly Harmless One-Fills

Long Felt Want.

There is justly a deep-rooted objec-

tion to the toy platol because of the

damage and injury which is likely to be inflicted by it; but, at the same

time, there is a period in every boy

child's life when he calls for a toy

pistel, and one which does not shoot a

missile does not seem to fill the bill.

Every doting parent knows the diffi-

culty of denying a child such a trifling

invariably the parent waives his ob-

thing, and the result is that all

As in football, no player may kick

than in the regular game.

After the sides have been chosen,

prescribed

out of bounds.

field goals.

With a bit of careful handling of everbearing strawberry we may b able to extend these delicious dishes over a longer period. Take some slices of thin bread and butter, or stale slices of sponge cake. Line a baking dish with these, then fill nearly full of ripe berries, sprinkling a little sugar over each layer. Make a nice custard of two eggs, a pint of milk and sugar to taste; cook until smooth, then cool and pour over the berries. Serve with whipped cream.

Minute Soup.

Take a cupful of bread crumbs, one grated onlon, a half cupful of rich cream, one tablespoonful of butter, a seasoning of salt, pepper and poultry dressing and three cupfuls of boiling water. Simmer one minute, then serve with crisp crackers.

Raisin Pie.

Grate the rind of a lemon, add the pulp, chopped, to it, one cupful of chopped raisins, a cupful of brown sugar, a half-cupful of molasses, two cupfuls of water, using some of the water to stir into a half-cupful of flour. Mix all together, boll five minutes and bake with two crusts.

Rice Omelet.

Beat a cupful of cooked rice and two cupfuls of milk to a smooth paste. Add two eggs well beaten and sait and pepper to taste. Turn into a hot pan with a tablespoonful of melted butter. When brown, cover with powdered su-

Muskmelon Dessert.

Cut the melon in cubes, removing the rind, dust with powdered sugar and grated nutmeg, chill and serve in sherbet cups, pouring over any of the melon juice that escaped when preparing it.

Nellie Maxwell

Hit and Miss.

Vanity is apt to be its own rewardand no questions asked. Some men either have to be on the water wagon or on the tank.

Faith would have an easy time if doubt didn't camp on its trail. Did you ever notice that the chronic

kicker is proud of the title? A woman can be good to a man pro vided he doesn't deserve it. Occasionally a man who is rolling in

wealth loses his equilibrium and rolls out of it. If a vain girl thinks herself beauti-

ful, It's a man's cue to tell her that she is, even if she isn't. Not all floorwalkers are to be found

in department stores, as any young father can inform you. A girl keeps her relatives in the

background during courtship, but they to red, especially deep blood-red, al- always come to the front after mar-

Feminine Charity.

Huzel's correct age.

Aimee-Well, there is only one way that you can manage it. Percy-And how is that?

Aimee-Outlive her and read it on

her tombstone.



Pistol Shoots Ping-Pong Ball.

jection, for a limited period at least, and the child gets the coveted toy pistol. In order to provide a pistol with the requirement that it should shoot a ball, a nursery weapon of new design projects a ping-pong ball, which can accomplish no disaster under any circunistances. As most everyone knows, the ping-pong ball is made of the thinnest wafer of celluloid. It is molded in two hemispheres, and the two parts cemented together making a perfect sphere and one which is exceedingly lively, the antics of which as it bounds from point to point make much merriment. The pistol which was recently patented is shown herewith, and its mode of operation may be readily observed.

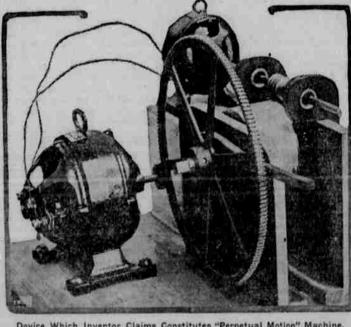
A Spelling Lesson.

What does Choughphtheightteeau

Do you give it up? It spells potato, that is, according to the following: Gh stands for p. as you will find from the last letters in blecough; ough for o, as in dough; phth stands for t, as in phthisis; eigh stands for A,

Thus you have potato.

Belgian - American Inventor Has New "Perpetual Motion" Machine



Device Which Inventor Claims Constitutes "Perpetual Motion" Machine.

Joseph Raes, a Belgian-American in- : The device which Raes claims conventor, is the intest to come forward stitutes a "perpetual motion" machine with a device which he claims solves includes a spring, gear wheels and two the problem of "perpetual motion." The man who cialins to have achieved impulse is given to the machine by the goal for which inventors and scientists have been striving from time immemorial, has been working on this generated to a motor, which, in turn, as in neighbor; tte stands for tt, as in device for 25 years. He has several runs a smaller motor. This smaller mo- grisette, and cau stands for o, as in other successful inventions to his tor partly rewinds the original spring beau.

electric motors attached. The initial hand-winding a large spring. Gear wheels communicate the power thus and keeps it in a semiwound state.