



SYNOPSIS.

Sylvia Omney, her lover, Richard Farquhar finds, has fallen in love with Captain Arnaud of the Foreign Legion. In Captain Sower's room Farquhar forces Sower to have 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 fiancé, 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 Destin. Farquhar meets Sylvia and Gabrielle, and learns from Corporal Goetz of the colonel's cruelty. Arnaud becomes a drunkard and opium smoker. Sylvia becomes friendly with Colonel Destin. Arnaud becomes jealous of Farquhar. Farquhar, on guard at a villa where a dance is in progress, is shot down by Arnaud. Arnaud justifies his insanely jealous action to Colonel Destin. Arnaud goes to a dancing girl who loves him for comfort. Gabrielle meets Lowe, for whom she had sacrificed position and reputation, and tells him she is free from him. Sylvia meets Destin behind the mosque. Arnaud becomes ill but Sylvia will not help him, nor interfere for Farquhar.

Farquhar knows Sylvia to be a vain, selfish woman. Yet opportunity apparently comes to him to take Sylvia's love—such as it is—once more and bend this wife of another man to his purposes. Do you believe he will succumb to the temptation?

CHAPTER XIII—Continued.

"Comrade, in a few days we shall be going south—four hundred of us and thirty officers. The devil goes, too. We are to build his road for him, so that one day someone will give him a little red ribbon for his buttonhole. It is amusing, is it not? It makes one laugh. They will be able to use our skulls for mill-stones. I always laugh when I think of it. Yours will be among them. Have you thought of that?" Farquhar smiled to himself. "I shall not go with you," his brain answered. "Merde! You will not desert us, comrade? We need you. We count on you. Four hundred men and thirty officers! How simple! We shall go so docilely. We shall march on and on, forty kilometers a day, right to the edge of the desert, and then one fine morning you shall blow the reveille and the thirty officers will go on sleeping, and we shall leave them there—and follow you wherever you lead, against the Arabs, against the devil himself, right through Morocco—to freedom! Comrade, you are a brave Englishman. We trust you. We will bear and suffer anything if you will lead us. If only a dozen of us get through we shall bless you. No evil can be worse than this. Death is for all of us sooner or later, and we would rather die as free men under you than as rats."

Farquhar struggled to free himself. "Duty," he said sharply and clearly. He thought he heard a sigh and a curse—farther away now—and the shadow lifted. There were the stars once more, their pure serenity unchanged, and the white-glowing minarets lifting their lace-work of dreams high up into the light as of their inspiration. It was then that Farquhar saw her. He ground his teeth together so that he should not call her, and instead prayed— "God keep her—oh, God help her!" It had not been more than a breath, the first utterance of an anguished sense of failure, but she heard it, for she came to him and knelt beside him. He felt her hand touch his forehead and glide swiftly over his helpless limbs. "Sylvia!" Her hands touched his wrists, and in answer the dull glowing fire burst out afresh and shot up along his limbs,

burning deep into his brain, so that for a moment earth and sky became an endless blazing furnace. Then when the flame died down again he knew that her touch had set him free. He lay still, the cramped half-paralyzed body stretched out in the exhaustion of relief, and she bent over him, peering into the quiet face with passionate anxiety.

"Richard!" she whispered imperatively. "Can you hear me? Do you know me?" He looked up at her. In the pale supernatural twilight which hovered over the plateau his features bore that look of white transparency which belongs to death, but his eyes, black under the straight resolute brows, were deliriously alive. They were lifted to hers, but gazed beyond her intently and without recognition.

"I know you," he said. "I saw you coming. I tried not to call, but you must have heard my praying for you. Did you know I needed you?"

"Yes," she answered. Very gently she raised his dark head, so that it rested against her knee, and passed her handkerchief over his bloodstained lips. "We must be very quiet," she whispered. "No one has seen me—no one must see me. Will they come to see you again tonight?"

"No one will come to me again." It was very still. His hand groped for hers and held it with feverish strength. "It was an act of friendship," he gasped. "I understand—you were thinking of those other days—long ago—and you were merciful. You had judged and passed sentence—and then you forgave. I am glad—it was like you—like my dreams of you—"

"In your dreams did I pass sen-



"We Must Go on at Whatever Cost— We Must Go on."

ence?" she interrupted in the same low tone.

"Yes—you remember—out there in the churchyard. What you said then—it has haunted me like a curse. 'I wish to God I had never met you, Richard!'"

"The woman who said that was cruel and foolish," she said. "She didn't understand."

"And now?" "If I do not understand everything, at least I have still my faith."

"Faith? In whom? An outcast without name or honor?"

"You are not without name or honor. You may have strained both in that first defeat—I do not know how or why—but you have not lost them. They are yours still. I believe that they will be yours always."

"You know that? You believe that?" "I know." Her arms were about him; she held his exhausted, tortured frame in a strong tenderness. "If I had not known I would not have come here to you. Only the best of us can fall from great heights. Only the bravest can pick themselves up and begin the long, heart-breaking climb back."

She lifted her white face to the sky, hiding the blinding tears. All was still again. The black grotesque shadow of the sentry crossed the fading line of campfires, and she crouched lower. He passed on indifferently.

"You are right," Farquhar went on at last. "That was what I prayed that you should understand. I had failed, utterly, ignominiously, but not ignobly. I can't explain. I shall never be able to; but I meant to go out of your life and leave you happy. It was all I thought of. Can you believe that?"

"I do believe it," she answered hoarsely.

"Thank you." He smiled a little. As though overtaken by a sudden irresistible thought, he dragged himself up and his eyes, sightless and yet tragically conscious, sought her face. "That night—at the Villa Bernotto's," he stammered—"was it for me that you risked so much?"

"Yes," she answered simply. "It was for you."

"What had you come to tell me?"

"That the woman who had made

you suffer was unjust and unworthy of you. She knew nothing of life or pain or temptation. She judged like a child."

"Have you learned so much in these few weeks?"

"At least I know now enough to judge more gently."

He groaned in bitter recollection. "That is the worst—to know that was all useless. Oh, Sylvia, it was all a terrible mistake. I should have fought for you—I never should have yielded place to that poor scoundrel—"

"No, no, Richard, not a scoundrel, but a man tempted and suffering and maddened like yourself."

His head dropped back against her shoulder.

"My God—what irony that I should judge—!" He seemed to drag his fevered thoughts together with a supreme effort. "What are you doing here?" he demanded with the old imperiousness. "How did you come here? It is not safe. If they found you—"

"They will not find me." She had taken something from the pocket of her mantle and held it to his lips. "Drink this!" she commanded tersely.

"It's of no good."

"I wish it. You must have strength to listen to me." He yielded and lay still, his bright delirious eyes fixed intently on the long white track of stars above him, as though it was from thence that her voice came to him. "It is not likely that we shall meet again," she went on rapidly, "and I want you to remember what I am saying—as long as you live. I am not unhappy, Richard—remember that. I have gambled away my heritage in a mad hour, and I have no right even to sorrow. I love you. I thank God that you came into my life. Remember that!"

She bent over him and with her handkerchief brushed the sweat of breaking fever from his forehead. "Can you hear me still, Richard—can you still understand me?"

"I understand," he answered.

"You must live—for my sake. I am only a poor human being—I cannot do without you on my earth. And then—you cannot throw down your weapons now."

He started, as though at some far-off, familiar sound.

"That is what the little gray lady would have said. 'We cannot throw down our weapons in the first skirmish.' I have often thought of that. Tell her—I have not forgotten."

"I will tell her."

He was silent a moment. Then his eyes opened fully, and a smile of brilliant hope, as of a man who has laid strong hands on an adverse fate, flashed over his wan features.

"We must go on—at whatever cost—we must go on," he cried hoarsely. And with a swift change of tone, infinitely pathetic in its sheer joy and gratitude: "How beautiful you are, how beautiful—"

That was all. His voice, roused for that brief moment in the strength of a reborn happiness, passed like a ripple on the face of the deep silence. Very gently she slipped the long cloak from her shoulders and laid it over him. He did not move. The long-drawn-out seconds became minutes, the minutes—hours. One by one the great host of watchers above them flashed out, leaving a blank waste of darkness. A chill wind, sand-laden from the south, brushed against her face. Still she knelt there, with the man's unconscious head against her knees, her eyes fixed in proud strong patience on the western sky, where slowly, almost imperceptibly, the dawn was breaking. In all the glory of reawakened life the pale-gold heralds of the morning rose above the distant horizon and, gathering warmth and deeper fire as they swept the desert, broke in one mingled flood against the topmost minarets, which glowed back in splendid answer. The bivouac fires had long since died out, and the sickly ghost of night crept back into the groves of olive. From the high tower of the mosque a

COSTLY FLOWER LIVES ON AIR

It's Not the Orchid's Board Bill That Makes Aristocratic Bloom So Expensive.

Aristocrats of the flower kingdom—and probably the least understood. You hear them called parasites, which is only one of the common mistakes made about the orchid. You see a hundred different shapes and a dozen different colors grouped together, each shape, perhaps, a distinct family and each with a separate name.

In the first place, orchids are not parasites. A parasitical plant is one which gets nourishment from another plant. Certain orchids live on trees, but they get their food and drink from the air by means of aerial roots. We call them epiphytes. Other orchids get their nourishment directly from the ground. They are called terrestrial orchids.

People don't understand, either, why orchids cost so much. They fail to see why a tiny plant is sold for—say \$1,000. If they realized that rare orchids may have cost a long trip into a tropical jungle to obtain, and that it takes from eight to ten years to raise a plant from the seed, with patient care and treatment, they could

white-robed figure greeted the one God in solemn thanksgiving—

"Holiness to thee, O God, praise be to thee. Great is thy name!"

Then came the gay, joyous call of a bugle and the clatter of arms.

The woman rose slowly to her feet. She stood for a moment facing the grandeur of rising light; then she bent down, and with swift strong hands bound the unresisting figure into a semblance of its first helplessness. Stern indignation blazed in her eyes as she lifted them for a moment, but she neither flinched nor hesitated. Only as a stifled groan broke from the bloodless lips she bent lower and kissed him.

"Forgive me, God bless you, dear."

He smiled faintly, as though in apology, in weak unconscious gratitude, then, sighing, passed from stupor into a peaceful dreamless sleep.

CHAPTER XIV.

The End of Ramazan.

On the outskirts of Sidi-bel-Abbes half a dozen Arabs stood and waited patiently. They had stood on the same spot since the hour of sunset, watching the pale emerald change to deepest sapphire, and had neither moved nor spoken to one another. In their spotless burnouses they had looked like statues placed there as sentinels over the gayly lighted, bustling town behind them. Now, as slowly, gracefully, the thin circle of the new moon rose above the distant line of palms, the foremost Arab bowed himself to the ground.

"The fast is over. Praise be to Allah, the all-merciful."

From the distance came the dull regular thud of horse's hoofs. A moment later a spahi, mounted on a foam-flecked, blood-stained horse, which reeled in its gallop, burst through their midst and swept on toward the gates of the fortifications. As he passed he dragged himself up in his saddle and whirled his flint-lock in a semicircle about his head.

"Ramazan is over!" he gasped.

"Ouled Nall has risen—"

The last words were lost in the swirl of wind which clung to his horse's heels. The half a dozen Arabs turned their glance for a last time to the sky. Behind the brooding, impenetrable gravity there burned up a controlled half-smiling exultation. Then, still silent, they dispersed swiftly in the direction of the town.

The Arabs are ready for revolt. This gives the Legionnaires an opportunity to successfully mutiny against their officers. A strong man like Richard Nameless can lead the movement and draw to him a large force. Will he do so?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Where Sousa Got His Name.

"The summer I spent in Maine," said Miss Minnie Dryer, "there was a professor in some university there who was continually getting up interesting things to tell at night as the crowd sat around the big wood fire. One night he told of how Sousa got his name. As a matter of fact his name is Sam Otta. One summer he went abroad and had all of his trunks marked 'S. O. U. S. A.' and the baggage men ran it together into 'Sousa,' and since then he has been known by that name."

Poor Pa!

Tommy—"Do you go to bed very early Mrs. Graymare?" Mrs. Graymare—"Yes, Tommy, sometimes—when I feel tired." Tommy—"You wouldn't go so early if you were married to my pa, would you?" Mrs. G.—"Oh, Tommy, you funny boy, why not?" Tommy—"Cos my pa told my ma that if he were your husband he'd make you sit up!"

WOMAN AVOIDS OPERATION

Medicine Which Made Surgeon's Work Unnecessary.

Astoria, N. Y.—"For two years I was feeling ill and took all kinds of tonics. I was getting worse every day. I had chills, my head would ache, I was always tired. I could not walk straight because of the pain in my back and I had pains in my stomach. I went to a doctor and he said I must go under an operation, but I did not go. I read in the paper about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and told my husband about it. I said 'I know nothing will help me but I will try this.' I found myself improving from the very first bottle, and in two weeks time I was able to sit down and eat a hearty breakfast with my husband, which I had not done for two years. I am now in the best of health and did not have the operation."—Mrs. JOHN A. KOENIG, 602 Flushing Avenue, Astoria, N. Y.

Every one dreads the surgeon's knife and the operating table. Sometimes nothing else will do; but many times doctors say they are necessary when they are not. Letter after letter comes to the Pinkham Laboratory, telling how operations were advised and were not performed; or, if performed, did no good, but Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was used and good health followed.

If you want advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential), Lynn, Mass.

How the Spellbinder Turns the Trick.

"To my mind—"
"I can not do justice to—"
"Far be it from me—"
"It is hardly necessary to say—"
"One word more and I have done—"
"It falls to my lot—"
"I can not find words to—"
"In the last analysis—"
"Be that as it may—"
"I shall not detain you longer—"
"It becomes my painful duty—"
"I point with pride to—"
—Columbia State.

THE VALVELESS PUMP

More Water—Less Horsepower, Less Cost. Most Efficient for Irrigation, Mining, Fire Protection and Domestic Uses. Small, Light, Powerful. No Valves, No Plungers, No Cylinders, Destructive High Speeds Eliminated. Pump Runs on Low Speed. Will Pump Water and Air Simultaneously. Will Pump boiling water. Has recirculation for vertical suction. Impossible to Make a Mistake. Delivers More Water, with far Less Horsepower, than Any Pump Known. No Priming Required at Any Reasonable Suction. Write for Catalog, Prices and Testimonials before you buy.

THE VALVELESS PUMP CO., 8th Floor Title & Trust Bldg., Portland, Ore.

"And where is your daughter Minnie this year, Mrs. Noovo?" asked the visitor.

"Why," said the old lady, "Minnie wants to be a teacher in domestic science, and she's taking a course in household arrangements down at the Abnormal school."

Imperfect Digestion

soon undermines your health and impoverishes your blood, but this may be corrected by careful diet and the assistance of

HOSTETTER'S Stomach Bitters

It tones and strengthens the entire digestive system and is a real aid to Nature in cases of indigestion, cramps or malaria.

Fleeting Fame.

"Fame doesn't last long, does it?" "What's on your mind now?" "I gave \$500 to a worthy charity and my name and the amount I donated were printed in all the papers." "Yes." "And the next day my name was dropped and the sum appeared only in the list of previously acknowledged."—Detroit Free Press.

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