

# 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. 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 Destinn. 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 Destinn. 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 Destinn. 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, adding 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 went—made 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.

## 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 dreaming?"

"Dreaming, Richard."

"Oh, I remember—the men who follow 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 plateau—who 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 of the road, galloped back in the direction of the barracks.

## CHAPTER XV.

Mrs. Farquhar.

"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 understand you, Miss 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 lives that you have linked to yours have really nothing to do with you—that you are not responsible, that you are just a beautiful, innocent woman 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 wishes to 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 desired effect. She wore a white dress and a white toque. Moreover, she was profusely powdered, and looked, if possible, younger and more daringly self-assured than ever. For 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 person on earth you expected—an old woman 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 down? I certainly didn't expect any English person in this dreadful place. If one can live in England—" She 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 understand each other." Mrs. Farquhar was silent a moment, considering the white-faced woman opposite her with bright, affectionate eyes. "And so you are sometimes lonely? If it were not for Captain Arnaud I should pity you, Sylvia."

"Yes, of course, if it were not for Desire—" She stopped, as though seeking for words, and slowly, beneath 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. Farquhar agreed seriously. "I had hoped to find Captain Arnaud here. I was so charmed with him, you know, and wished Richard and he had been more friendly. Poor Richard! Sylvia's hand tightened on the carved arm of 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. But you must never worry about Richard. He writes me such wonderful letters, 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 touching—" She stopped short. Sylvia Arnaud had risen to her feet. She stood perfectly upright for a moment, staring in front of her with blank eyes, and then suddenly she lifted her hands to her head.

"It's the heat—the awful sunshine—"

She collapsed, senseless, at Mrs. Farquhar's feet.

Mrs. Farquhar got up. She looked down at the motionless figure but did not touch it. She rang the little oriental bell lying in the midst of the English silver.

"Your mistress has fainted," she said coolly to the panic-stricken servant who answered the summons. "I think a little sal volatile is all that 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 hand.

"I have to thank you for your letter," she said.

"There isn't any need for thanks. I hesitated for twenty-four awful hours. But I felt I had to do something. Once I had seen your name and address on

that envelope I dared not keep silence."

"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 left. You have given up your situation?"

"Yes."

"Will you come to me?"

Gabrielle Smith did not answer for a moment. Her eyes rested steadfastly, significantly, on the faded, powdered face.

"I think—better not, Mrs. Farquhar. 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 you—my son needs you. Will you think of that?"

"Yes," Gabrielle answered simply.

"Then I rely upon you. Here is my card. Come to see me as soon as you can. We must act at once. Will you accompany me to my carriage?"

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 a comparatively respectable abode. 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 that will be my consolation on my deathbed," she finished, almost cheerfully.

## 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 glances—lightning, 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 Sidi-bel-Abbes. In those two hundred miles there had been many things—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 again. At night their white camps stretched like a string of pearls into the darkness, and the bivouac 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.

## READ CHARACTER FROM FEET

Shoe Dealer Says They Are a Sure Index to Their Owner's State of Mind.

Delegates attending the annual convention of the Ohio Retail Shoe Dealers' association maintain the feet are closely related to character.

"Feet are not lowly parts of the anatomy—no pun intended," said O. K. Dorn, a Cleveland shoe dealer.

"It's possible to read character from feet, just as a phrenologist reads character from the head.

"Women's feet are especially good indexes of states of mind.

"No matter how serene a woman may be outwardly, you can guess her state of mind from the position of her feet.

"She may say a shoe fits, with a smile on her face, but her feet will betray her. She'll sit with the soles turned toward each other, or keep the soles pressed tightly to the floor. Again she may raise the soles from the floor and press down with the heels.

"Turned-in toes indicate restlessness. Anger is shown by digging the heel into the floor, nervousness by tapping of the foot.

with the sand and the glare of the sun. But they neither cursed nor complained. Only from time to time they glanced at one another, and always with that smoldering, searching interrogation. "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 had burned up light itself, and the great ball of the sun had sunk behind a yellow, transparent veil of smoldering, scorching ruin. Suddenly to the southeast the darkness gathered; the formless gloom hovering above the slow-moving line swept together in one stupendous shadow which rushed down upon them. Colonel Destinn galloped furiously along the wavering, stricken line of men.

"Campez! campez! Each man for himself!"

Then it was upon them. The sun 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 hearts. It eddied round their feet, mounting steadily to their knees, and around them there shrieked the hurricane itself, an awful army of articulate, destroying myriads.

In that first moment Farquhar reeled forward, instinctively fighting the galling 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 release.

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 beat 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.)

## Restoring Fatigued Muscles.

A very ingenious physiological method of increasing the yield of labor from any given group of muscles is described in the Deutsche Revue. According to an abstract in Die Umschau the author, Th. Weber, claims that in practice a gain of from 22 to 40 per cent is obtainable in the amount of work done. The device is extremely simple. When the given group of muscles has reached the point of exhaustion, due to the accumulation of the products of fatigue, they are allowed to rest, while an entirely different muscle group is set to work vigorously. The energetic contraction of these muscles causes an increase in heart action and circulation, and the strengthened current of blood thus sent to all parts of the body partially restores the working power of the first group of muscles by carrying away fatigue toxins and supplying oxygen.

"Policemen and detectives often make use of this knowledge to obtain confessions from suspects."—Cleveland Press.

## English Used by Many.

The English language is estimated to be spoken by 160,000,000 people. Next in order is the German language, which is spoken by 130,000,000 people. The others in their order are: Russian, 160,000,000; French, 70,000,000; Italian and Spanish, 50,000,000 each; and Portuguese, 25,000,000.

English is spoken by 27.3 per cent of the whole, German 22.2, Russian 17.1, French 11.9, Italian and Spanish 8.6 each, and Portuguese 4.3. In 1801 the English language ranked fifth, being spoken by 20,520,000.

The Russian language then headed the list, being spoken by 30,770,000, with the German language second and spoken by 30,320,000 people.

## Preventive of Tarnish.

To keep brass beds and other kinds of brass work from tarnishing, and also to avoid frequent polishing, the brass should be lacquered with gum shellac dissolved in alcohol. The lacquer should be applied with a small paint brush. Ten cents worth of it will lacquer a bedstead.

To Cleanse and Heal Deep Cuts

Money Back If It Fails



Have it on hand

HANFORD'S Balsam of Myrrh ALINMENT

For Cuts, Burns, Bruises, Sprains, Strains, Stiff Neck, Chilblains, Lame Back, Old Sores, Open Wounds, and all External Injuries.

Made Since 1846. Ask Anybody About It. Price 25c, 50c and \$1.00. All Dealers. G. C. Hanford Mfg. Co. SYRACUSE, N. Y.

## Extra! Great Scandal.

Two fair maids met in a shop and at once began gossiping, in spite of the fact that they were hindering other customers.

"Oh, have you heard about Phyllis?" exclaimed the one in the white-topped boots, suddenly.

"No," replied she of the pink plumes. "What has she done now?"

"My dear!"—in tones of horror—"she's broken off her engagement!"

"Whatever for?"—in tones of still greater horror.

"She went with her fiancé to a basketball game and now she says he got far more enthusiastic over the game than he has ever been about her."

## He Meant Business.

Mrs. Bennett arrived at the conclusion that the attachment of Teddy Nolan, the policeman, for her cook must be investigated lest it prove disastrous to domestic discipline.

One morning she took Annie, the cook, to task regarding the matter. Annie admitted his attentions.

"Do you think he means business, Annie?" asked Mrs. Bennett.

"Yes, mum. Oh think so," replied Annie. "Anyway, he's begun to complain about my cooking, mum."—San Francisco Chronicle.

## Quite Expensive.

"We have to bring every bit of soil down to this seashore place to make our gardens."

"But doesn't that cost very much?"

"Well, it isn't what you might call dirt cheap."—Baltimore American.

Mr. Stretcher—Yes, it's cold, but nothing like what it was at Christmas three years ago when the steam from the engines froze hard and fell on the line in sheets.

Mr. Cuffer—And yet that wasn't so cold as '87, when it froze the electricity in the telephone wires, and when the thaw came all the machines were talking as hard as they could for upwards of five hours.

"Well, gentlemen," said Mr. Longbow, "the coldest year that I can remember was in the Christmas week in '84, when the policemen had to run to keep themselves warm."

But that was too much, and with silent looks of indignation the other two left to his own reflections the man who treated the truth so lightly.

## HEAT FLASHES, DIZZY, NERVOUS

Mrs. Wynn Tells How Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Helped Her During Change of Life.

Richmond, Va.—"After taking seven bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I feel like a new woman. I always had a headache during the Change of Life and was also troubled with other bad feelings common at that time—dizzy spells, nervous feelings and heat flashes. Now I am in better health than I ever was and recommend your remedies to all my friends."—Mrs. LENA WYNN, 2812 E. O Street, Richmond, Va.

While Change of Life is a most critical period of a woman's existence, the annoying symptoms which accompany it may be controlled, and normal health restored by the timely use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Such warning symptoms are a sense of suffocation, hot flashes, headaches, backaches, dread of impending evil, timidity, sounds in the ears, palpitation of the heart, sparks before the eyes, irregularities, constipation, variable appetite, weakness and inquietude, and dizziness.

For these abnormal conditions do not fail to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Such warning symptoms are a sense of suffocation, hot flashes, headaches, backaches, dread of impending evil, timidity, sounds in the ears, palpitation of the heart, sparks before the eyes, irregularities, constipation, variable appetite, weakness and inquietude, and dizziness.

For these abnormal conditions do not fail to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

