

The Red Mirage

A Story of the French Legion
in Algiers

By I. A. R. WYLIE

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's returned to him. Sower forces Farquhar to resign his commission. Gabrielle saves Farquhar from suicide. To shield Arnaud, Sylvia's fiancée, 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 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 Farquhar'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.

The door opened again. He did not hear it. His knuckles were pressed against his forehead, as though crushing back an intolerable recollection. Only as he was addressed by name he started and glanced back over his shoulder.

"I must apologize, Colonel Destinn. I ventured to come in unannounced. The sentry appears to regard me as one of the family with the right to come and go as I please."

"You have earned the privilege. Pray be seated."

The visitor came slowly, haltingly across the room. He came to the table, but did not accept the proffered chair. He stood in an attitude of listless exhaustion, his hands clasped on the heavy walking-stick, his face with its almost unearthly transparency half turned to the impouring sunshine.

"I was in the Arab quarter last night, Colonel Destinn. All-Mahomed's brother heads a fresh rising. There will be an attack from the north. The Arabs in the town are arming stealthily, but they will only move if there has been success outside."

Colonel Destinn nodded.

"That is interesting. If your information is correct, we shall have further cause to be grateful to you, Mr. Lowe."

"It is probably one of the last services I shall be able to render, Colonel Destinn. I am retiring from the service."

"France will be the loser."

Stephen Lowe did not speak for a moment. He was gazing fixedly and apparently indifferently at the great map spread out on the table before him.

"I wish to retire a rich man, Colonel Destinn."

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 kepi 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! 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. It stopped at last, abruptly, tragically, and Destinn lifted his head as though released from a hypnotic trance. A little group of men in white drill uniforms were crossing the courtyard. They were carrying something between them—something that fought and struggled.

Colonel Destinn's eyes were fixed on the broad red line which ran from north to south, past carefully marked towns and villages, through white spaces of open plain, skirting broad waterways and low-ridged mountains, to the immense yellow bank where it ended abruptly, like some proud thought that had come to nothing. Colonel Destinn bent lower, his brows contracted in impatient bitterness. With a red pencil he struck off an inch of the great line and marked it with a cross. The place of the seven hundred dead.

The door opened again. He did not hear it. His knuckles were pressed against his forehead, as though crushing back an intolerable recollection. Only as he was addressed by name he started and glanced back over his shoulder.

"I must apologize, Colonel Destinn. I ventured to come in unannounced. The sentry appears to regard me as one of the family with the right to come and go as I please."

"You have earned the privilege. Pray be seated."

The visitor came slowly, haltingly across the room. He came to the table, but did not accept the proffered chair. He stood in an attitude of listless exhaustion, his hands clasped on the heavy walking-stick, his face with its almost unearthly transparency half turned to the impouring sunshine.

"I was in the Arab quarter last night, Colonel Destinn. All-Mahomed's brother heads a fresh rising. There will be an attack from the north. The Arabs in the town are arming stealthily, but they will only move if there has been success outside."

Colonel Destinn nodded.

"That is interesting. If your information is correct, we shall have further cause to be grateful to you, Mr. Lowe."

"It is probably one of the last services I shall be able to render, Colonel Destinn. I am retiring from the service."

"France will be the loser."

Stephen Lowe did not speak for a moment. He was gazing fixedly and apparently indifferently at the great map spread out on the table before him.

"I wish to retire a rich man, Colonel Destinn."

Destinn looked up into the keen significant eyes.

"You are very persistent, Mr. Lowe," he said.

Stephen Lowe leaned forward; his frail body emanated a sudden power and the knowledge of power.

"I do not know. My offer is not the old offer, Colonel Destinn. It's not money. As a French officer and a naturalized Frenchman, you never can offer your invention to another nation."

"There is a man who will inherit it—my son."

"Tomorrow you may have no son." Destinn made a single gesture—the instinctive, upward movement of a man seeking to protect the face from a sudden blow.

"My son is in England; he is with his regiment."

"If you had accepted my second offer you would know that he resigned his commission over a year ago. He did so at Sower's request—to save your honor." He waited a moment, studying the livid immobile features with a pitying interest. The iron mask was down. It was a curious, terrible thing



"Tomorrow You May Have No Son."

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.

QUICK WIT SAVED BURGLAR

One Can Imagine Police Officer's Feelings When He Realized How He Had Been Fooled.

The up-to-date burglar is a quick-witted criminal, and nothing delights him more than to be "too many" for the constable, says the London Mail. To accomplish this he sometimes exhibits a good deal of wit and daring. Here is a case in point.

A constable, going the rounds of his beat a few nights ago, noticed a light in a house from which the family and servants had gone to the country. After pulling the bell several times a man put his head out of the bedroom window to say that he would be down in a few minutes. He came down in a dressing-gown and carrying a candle in his hand.

The constable explained his suspicion, whereupon the man stated that he had just run up to town to see that all was right. After chatting for a lit-

"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.

Destinn 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 his 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."

"Atone!" 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 recalled 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 holy 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.)

Downway to Success
Bookkeeping—Stenography
Telegony—Banking
157 graduates NOW in Russia
2,500 others in good positions
15 Gold Medals—181 Efficiency
Certificates conferred since Jan.
Always a position for
you when competent.

Belinda Walker
BUSINESS COLLEGE

Portland Y. M. C. A. Auto School
Day and night classes. Expert training
in repairing, driving and machine work,
including forges, lathes, shaper, drill press,
tractors, etc. Time unlimited. COMPE-
TENT CHAUFFEURS AND MECHAN-
ICS SUPPLIED. WRITE US.

SHOE AGENTS WANTED
MEN AND WOMEN
NO EXPENSE NO INVESTMENT
Take orders for Rosenthal's Shoes. Act as ex-
clusive agent. Write today for instructions. Make
\$15.00 to \$40.00 weekly; others do.

ROSENTHAL'S
151-163 Post St., San Francisco, Cal.

Cash For Butterfat
Make us your next shipment of Cream. We
guarantee absolutely correct tests. Imme-
diate returns—Right treatment. DO IT NOW

Hazelwood Co., Portland

HIDES, PELTS, CASCARA BARK,
WOOL AND MOHAIR.
We want all you have. Write for prices and shipping tags
THE H. F. NORTON CO., Portland, Ore., Seattle, Wash.

REDUCED FREIGHT RATES
To and from all points on household goods, pianos,
and automobiles. Information cheerfully given.

Pacific Coast Forwarding Co., 201 Wilcox Bldg
Portland, Ore.

ELECTRIC MOTORS
Bought, Sold, Rented and Repaired
WALKER ELECTRIC WORKS
Burnside, cor. 10th, Portland, Ore.

Double Tread Puncture Proof Tires
Made from your old ones. Last longer
no Brand New TIRES. Write us.

OREGON VULCANIZING CO.,
250 Washington St., Portland, Ore.

Feathered Quadrupeds.
Teacher—Willie, what is a quadruped?
Willie—A thing with four legs, sir.
Teacher—Name one.
Willie—An elephant.
Teacher—Are there any feathered quadrupeds?
Willie—Yes, sir.
Teacher—What?
Willie—A feather bed, sir.—London
Answers.

"Money Back" Medicine.
Our readers never risk a cent when
they buy Hanford's Balsam of Myrrh
because every dealer in this liniment
is authorized to refund the money if
the Balsam is not satisfactory. Adv.

Out of It.
"Deed no, sah, I can't jine no army."
"But your country needs you, Ras-
tus."
"Can't help dat. It's onpossible."
"Why impossible, Rastus?"
"Well, you see, my ol' woman has
been ovah to de police cot an' put me
under bonds to keep de peace. No,
sah, I can't do no fighting, nohow."—
Boston Transcript.

To keep clean a healthy take Dr.
Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They regu-
late liver, bowels and stomach.

Determined Gloom.
"You must admit that there has been
little to complain of about the summer
climate."
"Oh, I don't know," replied Mr.
Growcher. "I don't think so much of
a summer that keeps you thinking
about coal bills and ice bills both at
once."—Washington Star.

For sprains and bruises apply Han-
ford's Balsam thoroughly. Put it on,
and rub it in. Adv.

HAWTHORNE AUTO SCHOOL
The only Automobile School on the Pa-
cific Coast maintaining a Gas Tractor
Dept., Using Holt Caterpillar, C. L. Best
Tracklayer and White Tractors, both in the
school and operating field.

415 Hawthorne Ave. Portland, Ore.

A Good Violin is Made So
It Does Not Grow So.
There is only one way to get a
good Violin Without Great Ex-
pense, which is: Send-in your
Old Bad One and have it made
into an Old Good One. Esti-
mates given free. All work
guaranteed. Send to

THE COULTER CO.,
227 1/2 Washington St., Portland, Ore.

Oregon Hernia Institute
Rupture treated mechanically. Private
fitting rooms. Highest testimonials. Re-
sults guaranteed. Call or write.

JOHNSON & UMBARGER
411-412 Alisky Building, Portland, Oregon

"You Will Be Shot, Unbound, at Day-
break, by Your Comrades."

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 relapsed. "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