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LADY IRIS' MISTAKE;
 or the
Hero of 'Surata'

CHAPTER XIII.
 It was easy enough to talk in his absence of shunning him, but there was something about him that commanded respect.
 "Talk of sending him to Coventry!" said John Bardon to himself. "They would not do it if he were twenty times a draper's son."
 No man at the table had more charming and courteous manners; no one spoke better, or with more knowledge or judgment. In no way was he inferior to the high-bred men who despised him for his humble birth—on the contrary, in most things he was superior to them.
 John Bardon could not have described the subtle manner in which they showed him that they did not consider him equal to themselves. They made no attempt to converse with him. No one was rude or uncivil to him; but, if he suggested anything, or advanced any argument, no one replied. They had resolved upon showing him as civilly as they could, that, although great and powerful influence was well fitted by nature and training to be a good officer, though he had an income of over eight thousand a year, he was not one of their "set." If he would understand that, and quietly exchange into another regiment, so much the better. They had enough respect for him to wish to avoid anything like a scene; but he must leave their regiment. They could not forget that he was a draper's son. John Bardon was intensely interested in this man, and just a little envious of him too.
 "If I had had put the same courage, the same ease and grace of manner, I should have been in a different position by this time," he said to himself. "This is one of nature's gentlemen; and I bow to him."
 When the dinner was over, Lieutenant Allan Osburn rose. A smile, half scornful, half amused, had lingered on his face during the repast. He stood up now, his head towering above those of his fellow officers, his dark handsome face bright with the light of a noble soul.
 "I ask permission," he said, "to address a few words to you."
 The major bowed; and Allan went on.
 "It has come to my knowledge, gentlemen, that many of you have been discussing the question of my birth, and have decided that I am not a gentleman. I hear also that it has been stated that I had better exchange into some regiment where the officers are not so particular. Gentlemen, when I joined the regiment I confessed candidly that I did not care for one moment whether you knew that I was a draper's son or not. I do not care now—not in the least. Finding that there was a prejudice—which I, mind you, consider a vulgar one—against every one of inferior birth to yourselves, I did not run counter to it by proclaiming myself what I proudly proclaim myself now, 'a shop-keeper's son!'"
 There was a profound silence for some moments, then came a few hisses and groans, while John Bardon, forgetting himself, gave a hearty cheer.
 "Napoleon said, as you all know, that the English were a nation of shopkeepers. I maintain one thing—whatever you may say of the aristocracy or the landed gentry, the shop-keepers of England are the bone and sinew of the country. They form a connecting link between the upper and the lower classes; they are the backbone of England."
 "We do not want any Radicalism here," said Major Hope.
 "Nor will you have it from me, major. I am not a Radical. I claim simply for each class the honor due to it. I avow most frankly that I belong to the middle class. I make no mystery of my birth—on the contrary, I am proud of it—proud of the industrious father who worked hard for the wealth I enjoy. My father was a draper who lived in the country town of Elmore, and laid there the foundation of a fortune. After a time, he left Elmore, and went to London, where he amassed great wealth. Gentlemen, you who have common sense, do you imagine that, because my father at the beginning of his life held a yard-measure, I am unfit to hold the sword? I do not wish to detain you. I merely desire to say that I am as proud of my father, the draper who made a fortune by his talents, as you are of your fathers who owe their position to the accident of birth. Some of you have denied it to me, but I claim for myself the proud title of gentleman because my lips are clear of lies, my hands of evil deeds, and my soul of mean or ignoble desires. I claim for myself the title of soldier because I know how to face death myself, and can teach others how to meet it. A few words more, and I have done. You have expressed your opinion that I should exchange—leave the regiment for one where the officers are not so select, not so particular. Let me say frankly that I shall do no such thing. I will meet your prejudices and dispel them. I will show you that it is possible for the son of a draper to be a true gentleman and a hero. If I fail, let me bear the humiliation."
 He looked so handsome, so brave, so defiant, more than one sympathized with him.
 "You understand," he continued—"I refuse to yield to your class prejudices, and will not exchange. If any of you choose to treat me with contempt, I will, I believe, rebound on yourselves; if any of you choose to ignore me, I shall simply feel that you place yourselves beneath me by the exhibition of what is, after all, but mean pride. You will not find me the less a true comrade because I am a tradesman's son. My right arm will be ever at the service of those who need it, and my sword for my friends when they want it."
 He sat down amid a profound silence. Major Hope, on whom all eyes were fixed, was the first to break it.
 "Lieutenant Osburn, I drink your health. You are an honest, outspoken, courageous gentleman, and I for one hope you will not exchange. I should be sorry to lose you from the regiment."
 But John Bardon noticed that there were not many who followed the major, and he said to himself that Allan Osburn would have every inch of his way to fight. He felt greatly interested in the Lieutenant, for he

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 Face Inflamed and Disfigured. Lost Rest at Night.
 "My face broke out with hard, red pimples which fastened and scalded over. They were in blotches and lumps and burned so badly that I had to scratch them, and my face was inflamed and disfigured. I lost rest at night on account of the irritation."
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could remember so well how many rebuffs, how many sneers, how much disdain he had met with before he married Lady Avic, even though he was the son of a millionaire.
 Presently John Bardon rose from his seat and went up to Allan Osburn; he held out his hand to him with such evident sincerity, warmth, and desire to improve his acquaintance that Allan was touched and pleased. They talked apart for a few minutes.
 "You will have all your work cut out for you, Lieutenant Osburn," John Bardon told him; and the young soldier replied promptly.
 "I shall get through it. I have no fear."
 "I have been sneered at and treated with contempt myself," said John Bardon, wondering at his own frankness; "and that makes me sympathize with any one in a similar position. My father is a self-made man. He began with a wheelbarrow, I believe, and he ended by making a million and a half of money. No one knows what I have endured from the scorn and cool treatment of these aristocrats. But I have not your courage—nothing like it. I wish I had."
 He thought of the proud, beautiful face under the almond blossoms. Ah, if he had more courage, who knew what might have been?
 "I am interested in you," continued John Bardon. "I do not often ask favors, but let me be one of your friends. I should be proud of the friendship of a man with such moral courage as you possess, and it would be of great assistance to me. What do you say?"
 The sincerity and warmth of his manner pleased Allan, who admired earnestness; and the compact was made—they were to be friends.
 "You must promise," said John Bardon, "that the first time you obtain leave of absence, it shall be spent at Hyne Court. I shall be delighted to see you. I can promise you good fishing and shooting in the estate; and there are nice people in the neighborhood."
 Suddenly as he spoke, an idea occurred to him which blanched his face and made him tremble. He looked long and earnestly at the handsome young soldier whose face was as full of calm pride and dignity as that of the noblest hero man there.
 "Why do you look at me so strangely?" asked Allan Osburn; and John Bardon tried to recover himself.
 "An idea occurred to me—that is all," he replied; but to himself he added, with a thrill of exultation, "It is the very thing! I have found the means of vengeance!"
 (To be continued.)

To bleach white garments which have become yellow wet them thoroughly and place in sun. Remoisten as they become dry until they are white.

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The French Army Mutiny.
MR. JOHN BUCHAN REVEALS A WAR SECRET OF 1917.
 Towards the end of May, 1917, after the second Battle of the Aisne, there was a mutiny of a very serious nature in the French Army among corps in reserve which spread to the men in the line. It is a striking proof of the wonderful camaraderie between British and France that although thousands of people in this country knew about it not a word appeared in print then or since until now with the publication of the third volume of Mr. John Buchan's "A History of the Great War." Now that the time has come when there can be no harm in publishing the facts, Mr. Buchan gives a vivid account of what happened.
ON THE BRINK OF DISASTER.
 After a description of the battle, one result of which was the succession of General Petain to the command in place of General Nivelle, Mr. Buchan says:
 "For Petain on his succession to office found a grim problem before him. The battle had been like a chemical which when added to a compound produces an explosion, and the superb morale of the soldiers of France seemed to be in the gravest jeopardy. As early as February Nivelle had complained of Pacific and Communist propaganda among his troops. There were evil elements in French life which seized the occasion of the fatigue and disillusionment of the soldier to instill the poison of cowardice and treason. The rank and file had many grievances. Leave was hard to get, and when it was granted the pre-missionnaire found such difficulties in reaching his family that most of his scanty time was taken up by the journey. Intense bitterness was roused by letters from home, which told the peasant of the struggle of his workmen to keep his farm in cultivation; while the workmen of the towns were exempted by thousands for munition making. There was dire confusion in the medical services during the battle, and wounded were sent all over France to spread despondency by the tale of their needless sufferings.
 "The first signs of revolt appeared about May 20th, not in the troops fighting on the Aisne, but in the corps which had been some months in reserve."
 The contagion spread to the men in the line, and in certain divisions

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nearest Paris the mutiny seemed to have something of the character of a first step in political revolution. The crisis showed Petain at his best. On the one hand he insisted on reforming flagrant abuses. New regulations were passed granting as a right ten days' leave every four months, with the result that 350,000 French soldiers were on leave at one time; as against 80,000 British.
PETAINE'S GREAT WORK.
 Mr. Buchan says that with the help of the American Red Cross, which was now beginning its beneficial work in Europe, the comfort of the fighting man and his dependents was enormously increased.
 The penal measures were few; less than a dozen suffered death as murderers. But Petain set himself to a great work of education and exhortation. In two months he visited and addressed the officers and men of over one hundred divisions, and created a profound impression. He had no tricks to win popularity, no easy sentimentalism, none of the air of the bon enfant; he was always grave and dignified, always the general-in-chief. But such was the atmosphere of calm resolution, which he bore with him, that he moved audiences which the most finished orations would have left untouched. By the middle of June the danger was past.

BUSY DAYS.
 The sexton views the rows of tombs with pride, because he planned them; he says, "These little quiet rooms! All sorts of folks demand them. Few wish to sleep beneath the grass in robes that have no pouches; and yet they will step on the gas, and I prepare their couches. One sees a railway train approach, the dust and gravel tossing, and he should halt his choo-choo coach, and not attempt the crossing; but foolishly he thinks to pass, and save a half a minute, and fiercely steps upon the gas—mark yonder grave; he's in it. One would enjoy an evening jaunt, a harmless sort of revel; he takes his wife and maiden aunt to hold the rear seat level. Another auto would pass by; it honks and seems to worry; and why not let it do so—why? He's in no earthly hurry; but he's a sport, and naught shall pass, no boat can beat his Lizzie; he steps down hard upon the gas—and so they keep me busy. One journeys sadly while it rains, and sighs, 'I know I'd ought to, but how I hate to put on chains! "Take chances" is my motto. I hate to kneel in dirty grass, in mud and slime to wallow, and so I'll feed the old bus gas—he rests in yonder hollow."
 The sexton often sighs, "Alas! My lot is hard and dreary, but while the boys step on the gas there's no rest for the weary."

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4097. Comfortable and practical development of this style. The skirt with its slenderizing plait lines, is mounted on an underbody. The blouse long of line, and with smart vest finish, may have its sleeves short or in wrist length. This material is excellent for silk, kasha, crepe and for linen and other wash fabrics.
 The Pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A medium size requires 3 1/2 yards of 32 inch material. To make underbody, sleeve facings and neck portions of plain material as illustrated 1 1/2 yards 40 inches wide will be required. The width of the skirt is 2 1/2 yards.
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4082. Fashion has planned this style for grace and comfort. Stripes and plain ratine are here combined. This is also a good model for the silk, taffeta and crepe.
 The Pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches bust measure. To make the dresses for 38 inch size will require 6 yards of one material 32 inches wide. As illustrated, it will take 2 1/2 yards of plain material for sleeves and front, and 3 1/2 yards of striped material. The width of the skirt at the foot is 2 1/2 yards, with plaits extended.
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