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CHAPTER XIII.

Invitations were sent to him from the friends of Lord Deane, Scotch moors were placed at his disposal to shoot over, and peers and peeresses extended a hand of welcome to him. John Bardon said to himself that he had conquered at last all the difficulties that had beset his path.

Did all this bring him any happiness? He asked himself that question over and over again, but the answer was always "No."

An invitation came from the Duke of Norton, who was distantly related to Lord Deane, asking Mr. and Lady Alice Bardon to spend a week at Norton House; and they accepted it. Norton House was near the town of Oldbury, and the Queen's Own (Lancers) were at present stationed in the town. The Queen's Own considered themselves, and were considered by others, the finest cavalry regiment in the service. The officers were all well born, and they prided themselves on the fact that no parvenu held a commission amongst them. The colonel was one of the royal princes, the major was the son of a peer, and amongst the other officers were three heirs to titles; so that the regiment had some little ground for considering itself select. John Bardon had met two of the officers at Norton House, Major the Honorable Charles Hope and Captain the Honorable Berkeley Vane, and he was delighted to find himself in such good society. The officers of the Queen's Own made no inquiries about him; he was known to be rich, was the husband of Lord Deane's daughter, and the guest of the Duke of Norton, and they welcomed him with open arms. He was invited one day, with the Duke of Norton, to a grand dinner at the barracks. While he was alone with the major and Captain Vane, one of the lieutenants entered the room and threw himself into a chair.

"The regiment will go to the dogs," he said. "What do you think? I have heard on good authority—so good that it cannot be doubted—that Lieutenant



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SLOAN'S LINIMENT
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Allan Rennie Osburn is not as we have supposed him to be, one of the Osburns of Broome, but the son—positively the son of a draper who made a large fortune in Elmore in Kent—a vast fortune, I believe, for he speculated and was very lucky. To think that, of all the regiments in the service, he should join ours!

"The son of a draper?" said Major Hope. "I hope it is not so bad as that. The son of a man who has sold yards of tape and rolls of flannel! It must be an error."

"It is the truth," sighed the lieutenant; "and there ought to be a stir made about it. It was bad enough when young Hynton joined, but this is a thousand times worse."

John Bardon listened in silence, and wondered, if they thought so little of a tradesman's son, what they would say of him, whose father had once wheeled a barrow.

"It is well they do not know it," he said to himself. "If they did, even the Duke of Norton could not save me."

Some other officers dropped in, all on the same errand, to know if the news was true. The outspoken contempt for anything but their own class astonished John Bardon.

Lieutenant Osburn was well educated, brave, generous, frank, and charming in manner, but he was the son of a draper. In return for services rendered during an election by his father, Lord Rawson, the member returned, had taken an interest in the draper's only son. He had advised Allan to enter the army, for which he had a great love, and had helped him to obtain a commission in the Queen's Own Lancers. At first he was received with open arms, for his fellow-officers thought that he was one of the Osburns of Broome, and he was very reticent about his family.

"Where does your father live, and what is the name of your place?" he had been asked by one of the junior officers.

"My father is dead, and I have no place at present," said Osburn, which somewhat discomfited the questioner.

John Bardon listened in wonder to the conversation that was going on. The speakers had nothing but praise for Lieutenant Osburn personally; they told John Bardon that the lieutenant was one of the most promising young officers in the service; they added, however, that it was impossible that they could associate with a shopkeeper's son. It was eventually agreed that they should avoid him as much as possible, speak to him only when necessary, and shut him out of their private amusements—"Send him to Coventry," as Major Hope expressed it; then he would of course exchange into some other regiment, where the officers were not so select or particular. They did not seem to doubt that he would do this at once when he found what the feeling of the regiment was; and Lord Bardon was curious to see the man who was so highly rated for his personal ability, yet scorned for his birth.

"It is a pity," said Major Hope; "for, to my mind, Lieutenant Allan Osburn is one of the handsomest fellows in her majesty's service. But a draper's son! What could have induced him to join our regiment?"

"I know he is the bravest man we have; and that is saying a great deal," observed Captain Vane. "I have seen him do things which required seeing to believe; he does not know what fear is. Still one must draw the line somewhere."

"He must go," said Major Hope; "but, honestly speaking, I should not like to be the one to tell him so." More and more John Bardon wondered what kind of man this was to

whom all spoke with praise, yet who was declined as an associate. He was curious to see him. It so happened that a few minutes later he was crossing the barrack-square to look at the new library for the use of the soldiers, when Major Hope drew his attention to a young man who was standing watching one of the troopers trying to manage a refractory horse.

"Look at that man," said the Major. John Bardon looked, and beheld one of the handsomest men he had ever seen—a man who carried himself with ease and grace, who had a tall erect figure, a broad chest, and magnificent shoulders. His complexion was dark, and he had keen dark eyes, a proud mouth, and a noble brow.

"Who do you think that is?" asked Major Hope; and John Bardon smiled.

"If I judged from appearances, I should take him to be the ruler of a kingdom. What a magnificent fellow!"

"Yes; you do not often see a finer-looking soldier; he looks every inch a king. Who would believe that he was the son of a draper?"

John Bardon looked up with eager interest.

"Is this," he added, "the gentleman of whom you have been speaking?"

"Yes; that is Lieutenant Osburn," replied the major.

"He looks much more like a gentleman than any of those who decline to associate with him," thought John Bardon.

His heart warmed to the man whom they were seeking to humiliate; for he himself had been slighted and treated with contempt on account of his lowly birth, and he knew well how hard it was to bear.

"I wonder," he said to himself, "if ever he will suffer as I have suffered." And he resolved, so far as he could, to befriend Allan Osburn.

The major nodded coolly as he passed his comrade, and Allan returned the salute with quite as much pride as it was given.

"There will be a scene at the dinner table," remarked Major Hope. "I am almost glad that the duke will not be here."

For a messenger had been sent from Norton House to say that his grace was detained at home on most pressing business, and that he would not be able to keep his appointment; so that there was no stranger present at the dinner except John Bardon.

The mess-room was a fine lofty apartment. The table glittered with plate and crystal; and there was an air of luxury and comfort about the place which pleased the master of Hyne Court, who, as he said, liked "to see things done well." He could not help admiring the aristocratic-looking men seated at the table; but Lieutenant Allan Osburn was by far the most handsome and distinguished-looking man there.

(To be continued.)

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The buttonless gloves have gained great favor in Paris. Highly colored felt hats are being worn for sports just now.

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Paris favours the short coat for the more dressy type of suit.

Panel and one-sided flares show a decidedly circular tendency.

A Georgette frock uses self-toned velvet in applique decoration.

A Japan blue sprinkled with silver is seen in knitted coats.

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4097. Comfortable and practical—the development of this style. The skirt with its slenderizing plait fullness, is mounted on an underbody. The blouse long of line, and with a smart vest finish, may have its sleeves short or in wrist length. This model is excellent for silk, tulle, crepe and for linen and other wash fabrics. The Pattern is cut in 14 sizes: 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches bust measure. A medium size requires 5 1/2 yards of 32 inch material. To make underbody, sleeve facings and vest portions of plain material as illustrated 1 1/2 yards 40 inches wide will be required. The width of the skirt at the foot is 2 1/2 yards.

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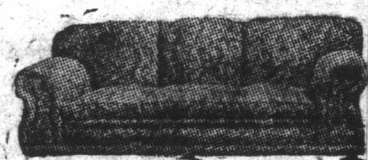
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