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will empty your bowels completely by morning, and you will feel splendid. "They work while you sleep." Cascarets never stir you up or gripe like Sals, Pills, Calomel, or Oil and they cost only ten cents a box. Children love Cascarets too.

## "Flowers of the Valley,"

MABEL HOWARD, OF THE LYRIC.

CHAPTER XXIII. ACROSS THE STREAM.

He knew that she had sprained it, but he smiled to encourage her. "It may be nothing," he said; "but it has come to what you so scornfully declined; I must carry you!" He was holding her in his strong arms, like a child, and she made no resistance. "I have failed," she said. "How ignominious! But I got halfway across, did I not?" "Yes," he said. "You can console yourself with that! Will you put your arm round my neck, please?" She hesitated a moment, then, with a faint blush, she obeyed. Lord Heron adjusted her as comfortably as he could, and raising her from the stones, waded on. There were at least half-a-hundred men who would have given ten years of their lives for the privilege of holding Lillian in their arms; but Heron Coverdale's blood ran none the faster, though her white hand nestled like a dove against his neck, and he could feel the beating of her heart against his.

Indeed, he was thinking, not of himself, but of his beautiful burden. He did not know yet what had happened to her but he was wondering how he should get her home. Lady Lillian's breath came in quick little sniffs. A stinging, aching pain shot through her ankle, but the strange ecstasy which ran through her at the close clasp of his strong arms obliterated it. Her face now white, now crimson, was close to his; her hair pressing against his cheek. The way seemed long, but, in pain though she was, she

would willingly have had it lengthened fourfold. "There!" he said, as he climbed up the bank. "Thank you; oh, thank you!" she said, and slipped from his arms like a sunbeam, but no sooner had she put her feet to the ground than she sank down. "Oh, dear!" she said. "What is the matter? What have I done?" "I am afraid you have sprained your ankle," he said, looking down at her, gravely. She made a little moue of disgust. "Really? Sprained my ankle! How excessively annoying!" "I am afraid it is painful, too," he said, gently. She made a little grimace. "It is, rather. What is to be done?" and she forced a laugh. "The first thing to do is to get your boot off," he said, trying to speak in a matter-of-fact voice. "My boot off?" she repeated. "Yes," he said, "or it will swell—your foot, I mean. See, it has swollen already!" and he knelt down beside her.

"What are you going to do? Not cut off my foot, surely?" "No," he said; "only the boot," and he cut the laces, and gently drew off the boot. "You will feel less pain now," he said. "I do," she said. "The boot was pressing upon my foot, and torturing me. But what am I to do now? I don't think I can walk." "You must not attempt it," he said. "But I can't stay here until my foot gets well, Lord Coverdale," she said, with a laugh. "No," he said, thoughtfully. "I will go and get a conveyance. You don't mind being left alone? You won't?" he hesitated—"you won't faint?" "Do I look so much like it?" she said.

"You are very pale," he said, gravely. "Stop!" and, as if struck by a sudden thought, he took a flask from his pocket. "Drink a little of this!" "It is very nasty," she said, making a grimace. "What is it?" "Brandy," he said. "And there are some people who are fond of it," she said, wiping her lips with her dainty, lace-edged handkerchief. "Will you be gone long, Lord Coverdale?" "No longer than I can help. Does your foot pain you now?" "Horribly," she said, smiling. He went down to the stream, and wetting his handkerchief, wrapped it round her foot; and she noticed that his touch was as tender and pitying as a woman's. Then he took off his coat, and, rolling it up, placed it under her head.

"Lie down and rest until I come back," he said. "I will not be gone long." "Oh, I am so sorry to give you so much trouble!" she said, penitently. "It is all my fault! If I had taken your advice, I should not have attempted it; but, indeed, I had no idea the stream was so broad!" "Or the stones so slippery? It was my fault," he said; "I ought to have insisted upon carrying you!" "Yes. After all, you had to carry me!" she said, and she shot a glance at him from her lovely eyes. She might as well have fired it at the Sphinx. "Yes," he said, gravely. "I will go now; I shall not be long."

"Don't please!" she said, with a piteous little sigh. "I dread solitude for the first time in my life." He knelt down, and laid her foot upon the cool, tenderly; then, with an encouraging nod and smile, started off, running in the direction of the Revels. Lady Lillian coiled herself up as comfortably as she could. As she had said, her foot pained her horribly, but the pain counted as little against the satisfaction which possessed her. Only a few hours ago she had desired of getting him to approach her, and now she had spent some hours in his society, and had been carried in his arms! Notwithstanding her swollen foot, Lady Lillian was happy and satisfied. Lord Coverdale ran swiftly. He knew enough of the nature of sprains to be sure that before half-an-hour had elapsed Lady Lillian would be incapable of moving, and he was anxious to get some conveyance to take her to the Priory. Presently, as he was running along, he heard a man whistling behind a hedge, and, looking over, he saw one of his laborers at work in a field. He pulled up short, and called the man, who came to the gate, and, starting at his coatless master, touched his

"Have you got a hurdle there, Giles?" asked Lord Coverdale. "A hurdle? Yes, my lord," said the man, with a stolid stare. "Bring it here, then," said Lord Heron. "Leave the horse, man; they'll be all right. Be quick!" The man left the horse and came running up with a hurdle. "Follow me," said Lord Coverdale, and he retraced his steps towards the stream. The man, amazed and confused, and half-afraid that the great earl had taken leave of his senses, blundered after him, and Lord Heron pulled up, breathlessly, at Lady Lillian's side. "On what is that?" she said. "How soon you have got back!" "It's a hurdle," he said, concisely. "We will carry you on that."

"On that?" "Yes; pray, don't hesitate. Put the hurdle down"—this to the man. "But—but—" she remonstrated. He cut short her hesitation by lifting her bodily and laying her on the hurdle; then he arranged his waistcoat for a pillow, and, throwing his coat over her feet, took up one end of the hurdle. The man seized the other end, and they set off. "But, where—where are you going to take me?" inquired Lady Lillian. Lord Coverdale stopped short. She looked pale and faint. It was imperative that they should take her ladyship to the nearest shelter.

"To the Revels," he said. "A good stream of triumph shone in Lady Lillian's eyes. "To the Revels!" she said; "your place!" He nodded. "Yes. You are in pain and very faint. I have a very reliable woman there—a Mrs. Hartley. She will know what to do. Please leave it all to me."

"I will leave it all to you," she said, and sank back with a sigh. They carried her as quickly and as gently as possible to the Revels. The footman and the butler came out, staring with surprise at the spectacle of their master in his shirt-sleeves and the beautiful young lady on the hurdle; but Lord Coverdale sent them to the right-about, and called for Mrs. Hartley. "Lady Lillian Foyle," he said. "She has sprained her ankle. Take her to the house."

He stopped suddenly. There was only one suite of rooms always kept in readiness besides his own, and that was the blue suite, which had been Iris Knighton's. "Yes, my lord," said Mrs. Hartley, and she led the way to Iris' rooms. Nothing could have been better or sweeter than Lady Lillian's manner and conduct under these trying circumstances. She was gentleness and meekness themselves. "I am sorry to give you so much trouble," she murmured to Mrs. Hartley, who had been housekeeper since Lord Coverdale's reign at the Revels. "It was all my fault! Lord Coverdale warned me that I should come to grief, but I laughed him to scorn. I hope I shan't trouble you long."

She was so gracious and pleasant, that Mrs. Hartley's heart was quite won, and when she had put the unwilling patient to bed, and she went downstairs, and found Lord Coverdale pacing up and down the hall, she could not refrain from expressing her sense of Lady Lillian's amiability. "Such a pleasant-spoken and grateful young lady, my lord!" she said. "I do hope she hasn't hurt herself much!" (To be continued)

The most ambitious experiment ever attempted in class Government on this continent has failed, and the leaders of the movement are being removed from office by the exercise of the Recall, the very instrument which they have persistently lauded as eminently fitted to reveal the wishes of democracy. For five years North Dakota has labored to bring forth a new State founded on principles of Communism which, in certain directions, were in advance of anything which Soviet Russia has attempted. It was in 1916 that the Non-Partisan League came into partial control of the administration of the State when it elected Lyan J. Frazier, at that time a practically unknown man, to the Governorship. The successes won in 1918 were enlarged in 1919, when the new "reformers" gained control of the Legislature. The members immediately proceeded to enact legislation putting into effect the extraordinary industrial programme to which they were pledged. These laws were endorsed by popular referendum and the State was launched upon a campaign of extravagance.

The frenzied days of South Sea Bubbles, although not of the same magnitude, finds a parallel in the early years of the Non-Partisan movement. First of all the Bank of North Dakota was inaugurated under State control, which became the sole depository of all State funds and the sponge from which could be squeezed the money for the enactment of one wild scheme after another. To-day it is admitted that this State Bank is insolvent, and the shareholders, who are the people of the State, are unwilling that the proceeds of further bonds shall be wasted to support the enterprises which had their origin in the disordered minds of a few extremists. The State Bank was unable to meet its cheques several months ago and the State is behind in its salaries. The Non-Partisan Chain Store Company is in the hands of a receiver. The Home Building Association has scores of foundations dug and houses half finished to stand as a monument to the excessive folly of its leaders. Work has been stopped on the State owned mill and elevator which were the hub of the movement that these experimenters in Socialistic government made for the "welfare of the farmers."

For three years past matters have been going from bad to worse, and power began to slip from the grasp of these visionaries. Last Autumn they barely retained power and the Opposition put through an initiative measure which made it no longer necessary for local government bodies to deposit their funds in the State Bank. Thousands of farmers were ruined by the failure of the new experiment in State banks and what part of the programme was not fulfilled through lack of funds was held up by mandamus in the courts. A few days ago the Governor, Attorney-General and the Minister of Agriculture and Labor, were recalled by popular vote and the task of salvaging the havoc which this blind folly has wrought in the last five years must be begun without funds and in the face of the wreckage of a distorted greed. North Dakota is disillusioned and the cost in money and in waste has been enormous.

A frock of black serge is trimmed with bands of black braid and long fringes. Chess is one of the oldest of games, though not nearly as old as was generally believed fifty years ago, when Duncan Forbes and other historical authorities insisted that the game was known to it the lineal descendant of a primitive four-handed dice chess played in India 5,000 years ago. All we can say for certain, however, is that chess existed in India in the seventh century A.D., and that it had already reached Persia then—farther back than that we can see nothing clearly, even with the electric flashlight of modern scientific research. We have in Mr. H. J. R. Murray's "History of Chess" (Oxford: The Clarendon Press, 1912) a monumental work which tells us all that is really known as to the origin of chess and its diffusion from India. Its early advance was westward into Persia; the eastward diffusion took place later along three main lines. Persia passed it on to the Eastern Empire and, later on, Islam acquired the game as a result of the Mohammedan conquest of Persia. From that time on the Moors became the great promoters of chess, carrying it as far west as Spain. Christendom was learning to play as early as 1000 A.D., and from the shores of the Mediterranean the knowledge of this "Game of Kings" (in its black-and-white imagery I see a wondrous metaphor of the early wars between East and West, Saracens and Crusaders) passed through France and Germany to England, to the Scandinavian lands, and even to far away Iceland, where it was played by all classes of the community—not, as in other countries, remaining a prerogative of the nobly born.—E. B. Osborn, in the "Morning Post."

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## Failure of the North Dakota Movement.

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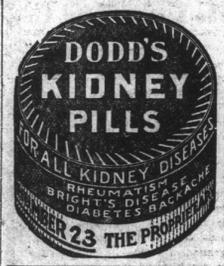
## Chess Through the Ages.

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