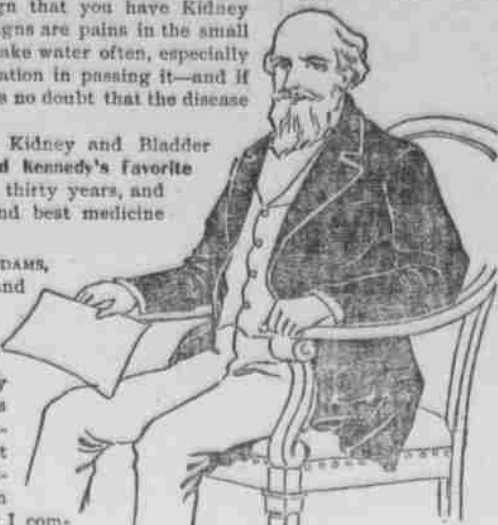


# How to Prolong Life

No man or woman can hope to live long if the Kidneys, Bladder, or Urinary Organs are diseased. Disorders of that kind should never be neglected. Don't delay in finding out your condition. You can tell as well as a physician. Put some urine in a glass or bottle, and let it stand a day and night. A sediment at the bottom is a sure sign that you have Kidney disease. Other certain signs are pains in the small of the back—a desire to make water often, especially at night—a scalding sensation in passing it—and if urine stains linen there is no doubt that the disease is present.

There is a cure for Kidney and Bladder Diseases. It is Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. It has been for thirty years, and is today, the greatest and best medicine known for these troubles.

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In all the world's recorded ages, Never banner waved on God's side, Above so vast a realm of Freedom, As thy Stars and Stripes which fly Above the millions of the Union, 'Neath the glowing western sky,

Emblem of Right, Emblem of Glory, Emblem of a people's free, No wrong can ever mar thy beauty With the millions loving thee— The millions who are men and mighty, Sons of Right and Liberty.

—Mattie A. Young.

### MARSTON'S TRIUMPH.

"Ten to one on Jim Garalde for the College Cup and county championship! Any takers? Not one!"

And it wanted but two days to that of the great race! I believe I clenched my fists; not until that excited moment, in the crowded dressing room, had I thoroughly realized that Jim was supreme favorite—the hero of the occasion in all respects. He had just won the first trial spin—beaten me by a clear 100 yards, and the rest by anything under half a mile. Not only that; with all eyes upon him, he stood staring out of the window, as if thinking of something even more vital than the coming much-discussed struggle. I could guess what.

"Well haven't you heard?" some one struck in, enviously. "Oh, it's no rumor. Some one—I won't say who—overheard Ella as good as promise to—er—marry the winner. Worth winning, eh? There's going to be a rare struggle!"

Jim started and flushed. That, and the gust of significant laughter, seemed to suffocate me. Hardly knowing what I intended to do, I walked out into the quadrangle. She had said that! Jim's retainer came bounding up. I gave it a vicious kick, and next instant Jim was beside me, gripping my arm.

"Will, don't you do that again! It was brutal. Why, whatever has come over you?"

This almost in a whisper. I must have flung away, as he tried to link my arm, in his usual loving, impetuous fashion. A mere month before it would have seemed incredible, but in a moment I was quivering from head to foot with a jealous heat. Not exactly a new sensation, but up to now I had pushed it as unnatural.

Why, Jim, big-hearted and big-bodied Jim, with a nature as sweet and forgiving as any woman's, had drawn me to him from the very day of his entering the college, two years before; ever since then we had been regarded as inseparable, and it was perfectly true that I could never bear to contemplate a future day when his way might branch out of mine. Something had come between us. The race? Yes; the race—and Ella! We, two, it was clear, had suddenly realized that Ella, the preceptor's daughter, was no longer a romp, but that the indescribable consciousness of new womanhood had been for some time creeping into those pansy-like eyes.

That was it! and now—well, neither had spoken of it, and neither could say as yet that he had any basis for his hopes; but the inevitable shadow of rivalry was there, all the same. And when Jim asked that, as if dreading to hear the answer, the situation merged into tragedy at one bound. The maddest, wickedest thought had leaped into my brain.

No! Did she—did she say those words? I asked, going close, and he stared hard, and then whitened to the lips. That was enough. "She did! Very good. To whom?" I whom, huskily. "I will know! To whom?"

A queer pause. Jim seemed to be fighting with some emotion. He looked away, his lips twitching. "I'll not answer that," he said, at length. Another pause. Something might have happened then and there, but he suddenly caught at my arm again. "Will, don't!" he whispered. "For heaven's sake, don't let the fellows know! Come indoors and we—we'll talk it all over."

"After it's all settled!" I sneered. "Bah! You'll win the race—and every other race, will you? Don't make too certain!" and I walked off, leaving him standing like one transfixed. A word, perhaps, would have ended it then, but neither of us could say it. The early spring sun was shining, and yet the world seemed to have grown gray of a sudden.

I must have walked aimlessly down the road to the town for a time, hearing and seeing nothing; and then my heart gave a great jump. Coming slowly toward me was the daintiest figure in grey tweed that ever trod this earth—Ella herself, carrying some books, and so near that it was impossible to pretend not having seen her. I stood there stupidly, as her languid laugh rippled out. There was just a trace, I think, of the coquette in Ella's nature—but only a trace.

"Oh, who won? I saw you all dart out of the wood, like so many sprites! but—goodness, how bad he looked! Really, Mr. Marston, that pair of gloves I wagered over the race—"

"I should cry off, if I were you," I put in, looking doggedly past her. Then something sprang to my lips that would not be kept back. "Perhaps I have not the—or—the incentive to try that some one else may possess. Oh, we're not all blind!"

It was not. Ella stood a minute, her eyes widening; then the next thing I knew was that she had swept on with—

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out another word, and that the ground seemed to be heaving under me. What had I done? I regarded my slender chances in one mad breath! I walked on and on, the devil of temptation taking shape in my brain. \* \* \* Come what might, he should never win.

It was long after dark before I got back to the college. Where was Jim? Once or twice, as I had thought of his appealing eyes and that whisper, the lump had come into my throat in spite of myself; but meet him again before the race, I was determined I would not. I lit-toed up to the sitting room that we shared together. In darkness; instinctively I knew he would be waiting for me in the bedroom. Half relieved, half mortified, I went in and locked the door, meaning to spend the night on the couch there. He meant to win—to win Ella and the race—did he? We should see!

Perhaps it was about midnight when I heard that hesitating creak in the corridor outside. Jim! I knew it before his tap came at the door. I moved, so that he should know I was there, and almost instantly came the whisper: "Will, one man, I want to come in!" For answer I held my breath.

"Will, do you really mean that?" came, low and incredulous, next. "I heard him even try the handle—a thing I could never have done in his place." "Will, what have I done? Be a man! Whatever it is, at least we can talk it over sensibly. \* \* \* I know! It's about Ella. I'm sorry; she did say that, but only as a joke, you might be certain. You know she's not the girl to pout!" His voice became steeper.

"Will, you're making a fool of me here, and spoiling both our chances for the night. I can't sleep to-night, to know how it's all going to end. Because if—if you're going to take it to heart like that—well, you know I wouldn't stand in any fellow's way. What is it to be? All right, Will—good night!"

He must have reached his room before I realized what I was perceiving throwing away, because, when I sprang to the door and opened it, with a hoarse "Jim, here!" I got no answer. He was gone. I could not. In a real agony of indecision, I threw myself down on the couch. I would leave the college the next week, without saying good-bye, if I had to long for the pressure of his hand all my life afterward! Yes! and he—he should never win! and so on, till dawn showed sickly outside. Then I fell asleep.

The great day, at last! And yet it all seemed unreal. Here, for weeks past, I had dreamed of the crowd, the expectancy, the nameless thrill at the start, the superhuman effort I meant to make, and the crazy cheering as Jim Garalde and I parted abreast toward the tape, hearing the rival colleges by two points at least; and had set my teeth hard every time I thought of that deadly final sprint home. Now that the time had actually come, I seemed to be in a horribly dazed condition that was simply paralyzing; and the buzz and chatter around seemed to come from a long way off.

Ten minutes to 12. In ten minutes we should be off—twenty-nine runners all, and the pick of the county among them. Ten miles! I could never do it with that nameless, cold sinking inside me and that trembling in my limbs. But—what did it matter? I should not win—but neither should Jim. Ah, there he was, chatting with Ella and her father, the center of an eager group.

I had heard some rumor that morning about his not being a starter, but evidently that had been false. He looked pale, but cool and confident as ever, and a fine manly figure in his blue-and-white racing costume. Ah, now he was looking my way, with a questioning glance. I would not see it, knowing inwardly that he would alight on me, and that trembling in my limbs. I tried hard to believe that I hated him. It only—

"Get ready!"

The starter's voice, and a closing-up of the competitors into line. A sudden hush on all sides, a row of strained eyes and set lips, a tightening of muscles, the hateful pause that every runner knows, and then at last—"Go!"

I heard the crowd give a cheer, and that seemed to break the lethargic spell upon me. Jim Garalde—he had sprung out from the rest at once and taken a clear lead, and the sight sent that wave of mad jealousy over me afresh. Where goes Marston? went up a shout behind me. Yes, I crashed through the pack, and was after him. Afterward I recollected that, as I got level, he turned his head and whispered: "Bravo, Will—that's it! I'll take you! Here, steady, steady!"

At the moment I paid no heed. I had simply torn by. It was one-mile pace, and madness on the face of it; but reason and everything else went down before that desperate determination to beat Jim on his merits or prevent him winning in another way. Head down, and arms drawn tightly up, on I dashed, that pursuit of feet ringing on the hard road behind. To get a big lead, run myself right out—upset! All accepted theories—and shame him in Ella's eyes! Could I do it? I knew the course by heart; we turned off at the spinnery, two miles down the road, across Nine Acre Field, over the big grass common, round the clump of holly bush and then back by way of the high road. Only to win, to win somehow, that day!

"Good old Marston!" A shout from the timekeeper posted at the spinnery, "Too fast—miles too fast!"

Was it? A hurried glance back. Jim was coming along with his famous swing stride; two others lay fifty yards behind, and the rest were in a bunch at the last bend. No! my heart was going like a piston-rod, and the green

field danced before me warmlight; but to ease up now would seem like defeat already—on I dashed.

Another shout. The horse-common—the terrific realization that I could never do it! That breeze across the open seemed to hold me back; I had a fearful pain in the left side; I was stumbling now and then like a blind man. Oh, for strength just to beat him! He must never win that day! \* \* \* Heavens, there he was, coming on steadily, and not very far behind. Did he get level with me once, I was lost. And then—and then what would happen? Heaven knew, I did not want to do it!

Another shout. Five miles! Round the holly-bush, with a sickening swerve, and on to the high road. On, on with singing in my brain and mocking laughter in the wood on my right. Had he made the turn? I must look. Yes, there came the blue and white figure. Another stumble—I was down; up again, and on, feeling like a man drunk. I could never do it by fair means!

Seven miles! The pace was a crawl. And now—oh, the sick horror of that moment—a growing pant and pattering behind. He was wearing me down, three miles from home. As if it were a matter of life and death, I set my teeth and spurred madly on.

Eight miles! Then that pit-pat behind again. A moment more, and then, but for an accident, it was all over. \* \* \* But for an accident!

Now he was near enough to gasp out: "Will! Will! keep on; you'll never give up! You can win; you can beat me if you like!"

Answer, I could not; would not. One more spasmodic effort to draw away—and then my limbs seemed to grow stiff as iron. What was he saying? I never knew; he was forging level now, and that was enough. An accident! As the blue-and-white came abreast that madness surged up in me, and I swung round.

"You shan't! You shan't!"

What then? Why, before I realized it, I had caught him by the throat in an insane grip. A choking gasp, a brief, blind struggle and then—then Jim lay almost still across the roadway.

One long, incredulous stare—he had not moved. Dead? I stood there while that mad question oozed out, and the realization beat itself into my brain. Heavens! Dead—Jim, the closest and truest friend that ever a man had in this world! Another awful pause, and then the sight of two white figures peering round a bend far down the road broke the spell. I was down on my knees beside him, my arms about his neck, calling out in a never forgotten agony: "Jim! Jim—no, no!"

Thank heaven, his eyes opened a little; he muttered something. I bent down, but he beat me back weakly. And—

"Go on! go on!" That was what he whispered, feverishly. "Go on!" he persisted, faintly, turning his head to look behind. "I'm out of it—I mean you should win it. Yes, yes, I know—I forgive you—I won't if you let them catch you! Go on! Go on! If she— if she—"

The figures were scarcely 300 yards behind now. I stood in a fever of irresolution and shame. "Oh, Jim!" I breathed; and he pulled himself up with a moan of pain that was the hardest punishment I could have had. "Go on!" he repeated, in a wild shout. "You're to win! I've slipped and sprained a leg—go on, or they shall know!"

And with that cry ringing in my ears, I set off. The rest I do not remember—only that I ran until the road before me was a blurred chaos; ran blindly on, as Jim had bade me, until a deafening buzza told me that I had breached the tape and won that year's cup. Then, I think, I fainted. Yes—but no one ever knew why, save Jim, and Jim, noble-hearted Jim—he is to win a wife in a few weeks' time. Her name is Ella. But perhaps the most convincing proof of the lasting good that that day's race worked in me lies in the fact that his best man's name is to be Will—Will Marston.

**Definition of a Knot.**  
Probably there is no nautical term more frequently used during the present naval war than the word "knot." The word is synonymous with the nautical mile, or 6080.27 feet, while, as every one knows, the geographical mile is 5280 feet. This would make the knot equal to 1 1/10-100 of geographical miles, and, therefore, in order to compare the speed of a boat expressed in knots with a railroad train it is necessary to multiply the speed in knots by 1 1/10-100. Another point to remember is that speed means a distance traveled in unit time, so that when one speaks of a boat having a speed of 20 knots it is not necessary or proper to add per hour, as the word itself when employed as a unit of speed signifies nautical miles per hour. A cruiser that makes 21 knots travels 24.15 geographical miles per hour. The fastest speed yet obtained by any boat is said to have been attained by the yacht *Elida*, which is known to have a record of one mile in one minute, thirty-three and a half seconds, or 35.2 miles an hour. In fact, a recent article in one of the engineering journals states that a record of 40 miles an hour has been made by this boat.

**A Sacred Plant.**  
The plant known as vervain, which is not distinguished for its beauty, and which grows nowadays utterly disregarded, was so sacred to the Druids that they only gathered it for their divinations when the great dog star was in, in order that neither son nor moon should see the deed.

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