



It is much easier for a woman to confide in the average man than in the average woman. She knows that the man will respect her confidences and keep them to himself. He is strong, has more experience of the world and can help the woman who needs advice. There is every reason why women should not trust their delicate constitutions in the hands of unskilled persons. It requires a thorough medical education to appreciate and understand the womanly organism. When a woman has ill and pains that she cannot bear—when life seems dark for every woman, she should confide her troubles to a physician of standing in the community, or one who has a national reputation. Certainly it would not be the part of wisdom to confide in an ignorant person without medical education simply because she was a woman. There is every reason why she should write to some great specialist, one who has made the diseases of women a specialty for a third of a century, like Dr. R. V. Pierce, founder of the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, of Buffalo, N. Y. All his correspondence is held sacredly confidential, and he gives his advice free and without charge.

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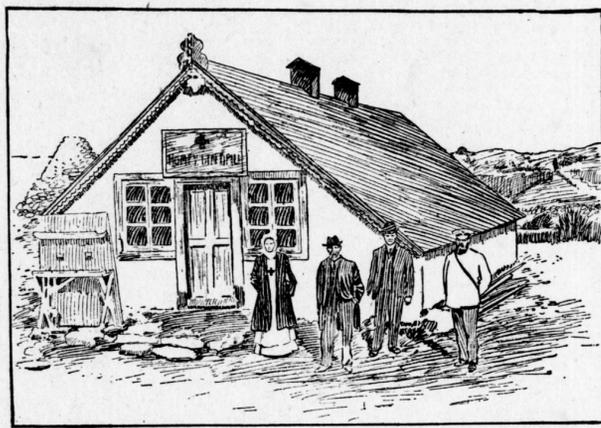
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JAPAN'S REMARKABLE CYCLE CORPS.

Among the many Japanese army accessories which have caused the western world to open its eyes in astonishment is the cycle corps, which instead of being an ornamental affair has proved of inestimable value in the campaign north and east of the Liaotung peninsula. It has always been assumed that a bicycle would be of no use in actual warfare where the country is at all rough, but the Japanese have demonstrated that this is a mistake. The illustration is made from a sketch by a Japanese officer who was one of the party which were almost annihilated by a Russian shell as they were riding with dispatches along a mountain pathway.



RED CROSS HOSPITAL AT PORT ARTHUR.

It is probable that no structure of its size has ever accommodated so many wounded men in a given time as the little building shown in the illustration. Since the Japanese investment of Port Arthur there was no time when this Red Cross hospital was not taxed to its utmost capacity, every inch of floor space even being used for the accommodation of the maimed.

The Use and Abuse Of Truth Telling

By Mrs. FRANK LESLIE

TRUTH, like love, reaches at its one extremity to the very zenith and at the other sinks to the darkest depths. Love is the chief attribute of the deity, and debased possession is the delight of devils. So TRUTH, DIVINE AND GODLIKE IN ITS HIGHEST EXAMPLES, IS MADE A VERY INSTRUMENT OF DEMONS IN ITS DISTORTED FORM.

You know and I know that sort of truth teller, the malicious gleam of the eye, the fiendish gleam of the smile, the false ring of the voice, the stereotyped phrases and the inevitable result. Perhaps it is only a petty little sting after all, such as:

"Yes, dear, I thought you ought to know, and of course it is my duty to tell the truth, but she did say that your conduct on that occasion was very remarkable."

Or perhaps:
"They were admiring that gown of yours, and I felt obliged to tell them that it was made over from two others and not a Worth at all. I had to tell the truth, you know."

Or:
"Too bad your sister has married into an insane family. Oh, didn't you know it? Yes, indeed. His aunt on the father's side is in an asylum at this minute. I don't believe in suppressing the truth, do you?"

And perhaps it is SOMETHING FAR MORE DEADLY THAN THESE—a stab instead of a pin prick—as:

"Yes, a very pleasant man, as you say, but did you never hear that he was a convicted criminal?"

Then when you demand the full details of the unpleasant "truth" you find that long years ago, when this middle aged man was a lad, he had been tempted and in a moment of weakness appropriated moneys not his own, had been convicted of the offense and suffered the penalty. Shame, penitence and a life of undeviating probity have followed, and the sometime culprit has lived down his error and become a worthy citizen, but the truth teller will not let him escape and perhaps succeeds BY THIS DIABOLICAL FORM OF FRANKNESS in ruining his social prospects and the peace of all who have learned to love him.

I DON'T MEAN THAT ANY ONE SHOULD TELL LIES. NO, INDEED. I, TOO, AM A GREAT STICKLER FOR TRUTH, AND I, TOO, HAVE A WASHINGTONIAN OBJECTION TO TELLING A LIE. BUT THERE IS ALL THE DIFFERENCE IN THE WORLD BETWEEN TELLING A LIE AND NOT TELLING THE TRUTH.

Perhaps we are apt to lose sight of the three divisions of truth as set forth in the legal exhortation to tell "the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth." After all, however, the only part of this that applies to secular life is the last clause of the three. IF YOU TELL "NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH," YOU MUST USE YOUR OWN JUDGMENT AS TO "THE WHOLE TRUTH."

THE SPIDER'S WEB

Rosy complexioned and in her fresh spring toilet, she was truly beautiful. Under her long, silky lashes her azure eyes had a soft, caressing light that illumined her face with kindness. The form, though somewhat slender, was well modeled, and the lines of her neck set off all the attractiveness of a head encircled by a profusion of blond locks.

This was the beautiful and graceful Paoletta, Giorgio's young wife. In a carriage the newly wedded pair were proceeding rapidly along the sun filled river bank, thinking of some way of employing the day.

The carriage paused to allow them to admire the flowers upon a spur of the incline, where the vines, like wild nests, stretched from distance to distance, half concealed by the trees.

"Do you wish to go up there?" asked Paoletta.

She pointed with her delicate hand, from which she had drawn her glove, to the heights of Bellevue.

"For what?" Giorgio asked. "We might see a house that would suit us. You know we ought to be looking for one," said Paoletta. "We can inquire at the inn."

Giorgio hesitated. "What of our journey to St. Cloud?" he asked.

"Let it be postponed for awhile." He did not answer immediately. Finally he said, half reluctantly: "As you will. It really makes no difference where we live so long as we are together."

She looked at him brightly, and they descended from the carriage and took their way toward the bank of the Seine. The inn was deserted. "Let us mount into that little balcony," she said. "There is a fine view from there."

"As you please." Soon the sun shone less brightly, for a space shone pallid, then vanished. Great clouds heaped themselves up about them, rapid and compact. A strong wind blew, and large drops of water began to fall.

Where should they take refuge? "There!" said Paoletta.

With her hand she indicated a cottage, upon the threshold of which an old woman stood.

Giorgio suddenly blushed crimson, but accompanied his wife in silence.

"It is for rent. It can be looked over," said the woman, who hoped to find tenants in this handsome young couple.

Giorgio did not respond, but while Paoletta examined the apartments he regarded with interest this slight, boxlike construction, so simply made.

As soon as his wife called him he entered the house. A vision of the past rose in his mind. He saw the garden, the arbor, the honeysuckle and ivy, now nothing more than a mass of green foliage, under which was hidden a little bench covered with moss and gone to decay. A marble dove, blackened by moisture, had been for long years the sole spectator of this devastation.

"It is ten years since the house was left tenanted," prattled the old woman. "The proprietor, who was eccentric, did not wish to let it. But now he is dead, and I have been directed to have a card put up. The necessary repairs will be made."

Paoletta laughed aloud with happy, childlike pleasure.

"Are you willing to rent this house, Giorgio?" she asked.

"The air might be too bracing for you, my dear."

"But not more so than everywhere in the country," put in the old woman. "Besides, the rent is so little—400 francs a year."

"It is very reasonable," said Paoletta. "I shall be delighted to live here. Come, let us visit the rooms. I am charmed with the whole place."

He followed her, examined some apartments decorated with gray paper and red flowers, looked into the dining hall with windows looking upon the Seine, and as he glanced about all the past returned to his memory. No longer was it Paoletta who was before him, but Chiara, the girl he had first loved and whom he had often seen seated in this little hermitage, to which he had by chance returned.

He had lost her while the cup of love was still full. But he forgot her in time and married the pretty Paoletta, whom he loved. Yet frequently when with her a shadow passed before him—the shadow of a young and lovely woman.

A week later found them settled in the cottage. The outdoor life was a great benefit to Paoletta, who had been something of an invalid. It was arranged that they should pass the winter in the country.

Every day Giorgio went to business in the city, leaving Paoletta alone. The young wife, busy with her new cares, was happy and contented. She adored music and play-

ed a great deal in her hours of solitude.

By and by she noticed that a large spider came out of his lurking place to listen to her. Joined by a long and slender thread to the back of a mirror, he got himself well in evidence upon a decorated cornice, with his keen eyes, his long legs, and remained immovable, as if hypnotized by the soft harmonies of Chopin.

Paoletta gradually ceased to fear him. But when to this great spider were added several others she resolved to remove this large family, domesticated no doubt for a number of years. She called in a carpenter to take down the mirror, laughing to see the tribe scampering.

Suddenly she uttered a cry of surprise. Wrapped up as in a net, invested with a great mass of cobwebs, a letter sealed with black fell from behind the mirror.

The workman, no less surprised than the young lady, presented the letter to Paoletta, who took it, trembling. On the outside she read:

"To be delivered to Signor Giorgio Dorval after my death."

The young wife's heart beat fast. This letter was directed to her husband. What could it contain?

"It must have been written a long time ago," said the workman.

"It is directed to my husband," responded Paoletta. The man smiled musingly.

"A letter from a woman," he thought.

Should she burn this letter unopened? What might it contain? Should she give it to Giorgio?

No, no; certainly not. After a long time she broke the seal, and this is what she read:

"My dear Giorgio, I am sick and sad. The house is a prison. I seem to find in it something tragical, leading to revenge and death.

"Although it is ended, completely ended, do not doubt but we shall see each other again. Is our love to endure but one season? Do you not remember your oath of eternal fidelity?"

"I have not forgotten and have returned to our nest. Now I would like to die, surrounded by the things you care for.

"I have re-entered this room, filled with tokens of your love. That reclining chair has seated you frequently, when, returning from a long excursion in the woods, I came to rest my head against your knees, while you touched the brown locks which fell over my forehead. I have reviewed all that year of happiness day by day and only desire to die in this house, where you and I have loved."

Paoletta gave a loud cry and fell to the floor. When she returned to her senses, the sun had set, the day was slowly departing, the horizon, tinted with purple, forming a luminous garland. Nothing was changed in the life of the world about her. There was the same azure sky, the same strident shriek of the railway train, the hilarious shouts of the children released from school.

Was what had passed a dream, some strange fancy? No, the letter was there at her feet. It recalled her to reality. It was true—all was true! And suddenly she felt within her heart an enormous weight, and upon her shoulders something lay almost insupportable.

She remained for a long time motionless and silent, making a thousand projects. Then gradually her nerves gave way, and tears flowed from her eyes.

When Giorgio returned, he found her calm, but a little nervous.

Several days passed, then Paoletta took to her bed.

A malady which had not been able to carry her to the tomb a year before reappeared. The physician announced that all was over; she would not outlast the fall of the leaves.

She treated Giorgio with coldness, of which she gave no explanation. He attended her, watched over her, supplicated her to tell him why she had changed, but she remained silent, and her calmness made him almost insane.

One morning she said to him, "You will return early today, will you not, Giorgio?"

He bent over her, kissing her tenderly.

"Yes, my darling," he said. That evening when he returned she was dead. She held in her rigid hands a letter—the letter of Chiara. In pencil she had added these words:

"I am jealous of this woman and of jealousy die. Adieu, Giorgio!"—From the Italian.

An Apology.

The Doctor (angrily)—Look here, Dicer, I understand that you have been telling people that you would not let me treat a sick cat of yours!

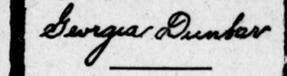
Dicer—I believe I did say that.

The Doctor—Well, sir, you'll have to take it back.

Dicer—Very well, I will. I will let you treat a sick cat of mine. I'm not very fond of the animal anyhow.

Try for Health

222 South Peoria St., CHICAGO, ILL., Oct. 7, 1902.
Eight months ago I was so ill that I was compelled to lie or sit down nearly all the time. My stomach was so weak and upset that I could keep nothing on it and I vomited frequently. I could not urinate without great pain and I coughed so much that my throat and lungs were raw and sore. The doctor pronounced it Bright's disease and others said it was consumption. It mattered little to me what they called it and I had no desire to live. A sister visited me from St. Louis and asked me if I had ever tried Wine of Cardui. I told her I had not and she bought a bottle. I believe that it saved my life. I believe many women could save much suffering if they but knew of its value.



Don't you want freedom from pain? Take Wine of Cardui and make one supreme effort to be well. You do not need to be a weak, helpless sufferer. You can have a woman's health and do a woman's work in life. Why not secure a bottle of Wine of Cardui from your druggist today?



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