

THE TRUTH ABOUT INHALATION

Why This Method of Treatment Has Become a Craze with the People.

USED FOR YEARS WITHOUT SUCCESS.

An Explanation of the Wonderful Results Now Obtained.

It is astonishing to see what a tremendous hold this new craze for remedies which are advertised to cure by inhalation has upon the general public. It is estimated that over four million people are to-day using these treatments in the United States alone, and there are one-third of them, at least, who cannot explain why. They simply know that almost every advertising catarrh specialist and doctor in the country have all at once thrown aside the treatments and cures which they have claimed so much for during the past ten years, and are now advocating a new one. That is enough evidence to them that some new and wonderful discovery has been made in the method of treating catarrh, bronchitis, pneumonia and consumption, and this is true. It cures by inhalation; this much they see and hear on every side, but what it is that cures by inhalation they are entirely ignorant of. We hope that the following explanation will be read by every sufferer of these diseases in the country, as it will save them a great deal of money, and perhaps their life.

The word "inhalation" does not mean a medicine of cure, but a method by which the cure is carried to the diseased parts. It has been known for years that the only way by which diseases of the respiratory organs could be reached was through the air we breathe, and dry air at that; as moist sprays, vapors, atomizers or douches are not allowed by nature to enter the bronchial tubes and lungs. As no dry air germicide had then been found, all efforts to cure by inhalation failed; even now the only cause of the success of a cure by "inhalation" is due to the discovery of a perfect dry air germicide called "Hyomei." This germicide has proved to be one which can be carried to the remotest parts of the head, throat and lungs in the air we breathe (the only method of reaching them), where it destroys at once the bacilli of all respiratory diseases. There is but one such known, and every ounce of this is owned and controlled by The R. T. Booth Company. No other manufacturer or advertising doctor can obtain it. "Hyomei" is the remedy which cures by "inhalation." There is no other dry air germicide, which can be inhaled. Most vapors may be taken into the mouth and exhaled through the nose, as they always have been, but cannot be drawn into the bronchial tubes and lungs by inhalation. Knowing this, why experiment with old inhalers and old remedies, when the one which has brought about this craze by its wonderful cures can be obtained at your druggist's? Not only this, it is guaranteed to cure or money refunded.

EVERY BOTTLE OF HYOMEI IS GUARANTEED.

PRICES: Trial Outfit, 25c.; Regular Outfit, \$1.00; Extra Bottles, 50c. Hyomei Balm, 25c. Hyomei Guaranteed Dyspepsia Cure, 50c. All druggists, or sent by mail. Send for free Folder and Story of Hyomei.

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The R. T. BOOTH CO., 18 West 34th St. (Astor Court Building), New York City.

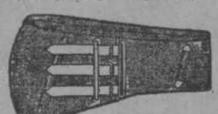
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Navel Ruptures and Spout People. We Never Use Drugs, Obesity Tablets or Pills of Any Kind to Reduce Fat, as They Weaken the System and Often Cause Death. We reduce the flesh and at the same time cure your rupture. Obesity Belts used to advantage by corpulent people, both ladies and gentlemen, to reduce corpulence and give shape to a pendulous or relaxed abdomen. The use of these belts reduces your size and leaves no room for surplus fat to accumulate; also gives absolute safety from Navel Rupture, reduces the dragging sensation peculiar to pendulous abdomen and improves the shape. Comfortable belts made to order to be used after any operation.

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THIS FACT IS STRANGE AS THE POISON FACTS.

Startling Coincidences in Justin McCarthy's Novel and the Adams Case.

SLAYER MAY HAVE READ IT.

The Plot Deals with Murder by Poison and a Red Bearded Disguise.

WAS PUBLISHED HERE IN 1894.

A Woman Inspires Jealousy, and the Story of the "Red Diamonds" Revolves Around a Club and a Gymnasium.

Every now and again there comes to pass some startling coincidence of fiction and subsequent fact, especially of a story based on a material invention; but it is seldom that so remarkable and fascinating a coincidence relating solely to human events occurs as between the novel of "Red Diamonds" and the Adams murder case.

The novel was written by Justin McCarthy and first published in this country in 1894, five years before the Adams murder. The purposes and the motives of the persons in Justin McCarthy's novel, the methods sought to be used by the wicked people of the book, the passions excited, the intrigues, the plots, the disguises, the methods and passions evident in the famous New York mystery that the impression is forced upon the reader, not only that the Adams murderers may have read this book, but even look hints from it, altering their own scheme in accordance with the fortunes of the bad man in "Red Diamonds" to accomplish his ends. Surely the Adams plot, as unfolded up to the present moment, has been planned to allow the reader to hear it in mind while perusing a synopsis of McCarthy's powerful novel, "Red Diamonds" and the Adams murder case. The "Red Diamonds" and the Adams murder case are so similar in their details that one can hardly help but wonder if the Adams murderer or any of his accomplices had not read this book.

Chapter I.

The book opens within the Voyagers' Club, which in its first two sentences Justin McCarthy describes as follows: "The Voyagers' Club considered itself to be a very remarkable institution. It stood in St. James Square, on the north side, where it occupied a stately mansion that had been sufficiently famous in the days of the Georges." Gerard Aspen was a young London journalist and a member of the Voyagers' Club.

One night a stranger—a wild, uncouth, giant man, with sunburned face—came into the club, met Gerard, and told him the story of his life. His name was Seth Chickering, and he had mined diamonds in South Africa and made a fortune. He drank a lot in the Voyagers' Club, showed several signs of magnificent strength, and finally confided to Gerard that he had come to London with a mission. He told of how he, with four other "fags," had been part of the diamond mining enterprise. Mr. Chickering explained to young Aspen the nature of the agreement between the five as follows:

"Well, we fixed it up that we was to all share equally in the mine, and of any one of us dropped out, as mine was a big one, we knew just what to do. We all stood in equal for his share, too, unless he happened to have kith or kin to whom he wished that it should go. I ain't got no children myself, for the very good reason that I never got married, nor no relatives I know of; but ever'body else had children or relatives. I was the only one that had a girl, and that one a sister, and Noah Bland his boys, and a boy and a girl, and so on. I takes after old man Noah, for certain sure."

Now, Noah Bland was one of the partners in the claim, and according to Chickering had got up a quarrel between old Warbler, one of the partners, and General Jim, another partner, and the result was the death of Warbler. According to Chickering, Bland had murdered Gentleman Jim in front. Bland had been in the rearward by the men of the camp, after having coolly written a letter home, which he had handed to one of his executioners. Chickering stated that he had come to London to find some of the heirs of his late partners and to give them their legacies. Chickering avowed that he had been told Aspen was a man to be trusted, and with the impulse of his class, entrusted a pocket-book to the unwilling young journalist at the close of their conversation and left the club to "do" London.

That night young Aspen saw John Raven, secretary of the club, and in the course of his conversation with Chickering, Aspen recalled that Chickering had mentioned a man named Raven as one of his partners. Then Captain John Raven recalled Chickering, and remembered that his brother had been a partner of Chickering. This was the first intimation that Captain Raven had of his brother's death. Young Aspen did not mention to Raven at this time that the latter would probably, as he had told Gentleman Jim, come into a valuable inheritance.

Chapter II.

On the same night the body of Seth Chickering was found in an obscure corner of St. James street. He had been murdered.

A person named Ratt Gundy, who discovered the body, told a London inspector of police concerning his find as follows: "Well, as I came past this corner a man was running out, and ran right against me and nearly knocked me over. I am pretty trim on my pins, however, and I stood fast, but I gave him a shove that nearly knocked him over."

"I waited for him to pull himself together, and I felt sure there would be a fight, but he only ran away. Then I heard a groan, I thought, and went down this line, or court, or whatever you call it, and saw some one lying on the ground. I thought it was a drunken squab and that my chap had knocked the other chap down."

"I looked at the face of the man on the pavement, and that I saw that it was my old pal, Seth Chickering; next I saw that he was dead—as dead as Julius Cæsar."

Gundy explained to the inspector that he had been associated in business with Chickering in South Africa, saying: "Chickering was a good fellow, a good deal, I can assure you; for if old Seth has not left his money to somebody in particular, I and some other good folks come in for shares of it."

This interested the inspector greatly, if it did not arouse his suspicions; but he did not think it necessary to detain Gundy, and let him go on the promise that he would appear before the coroner and the examining magistrate.

At this point in the narrative Lady Scardale and Miss Fedella Locke are introduced into the story. Lady Scardale is a rich widow and is described as a "tall, handsome and stately woman of forty-five. She spends her time in philanthropic enterprises, among them the Chelsea Culture College, where she taught every art and craft by which a woman could make her living. So she had professors of all manners of arts and sciences, teachers of fencing and gymnastics."

(This is the athletic club about which the plot of the novel revolves. Mr. McCarthy, "was a girl of twenty-two or three, with handsome, melancholy face. She had deep eyes that sometimes flashed up with sudden light.") Lady Scardale was president of the institution, Miss Locke the vice-president. Gerard Aspen avowed the next morning on a dream of a fair face he had seen at a ball the night before—a vision that lingered with him—the face of Fedella Locke. Then he thought of his pocketbook that

led to the red figure of a heart fixed on the breast of the fencing master. The novelist, describing this scene, says: "If her finger had been a burning steel and his breast undefended it could hardly have made him wince more unexpectedly. But Fedella did not notice it, for she had turned to speak to Gerard, and Gerard did not notice it, for he was only looking at Fedella."

Chapter IV.

The author leads Bostock one night to the bank of the Thames, and has him read by the light of a street lamp a letter which he has often read before, in fact his history. Here the author makes plain that Bostock is no other than Japhet Bland, son of Noah Bland, the murderer of Percy Raven, brother of Captain John Raven, secretary of the Voyagers' Club.

(Note that Raven is secretary of a club.) This is the letter that Noah Bland wrote just before he was crushed in the South African mining camp.

It is of course easy for the reader to infer now that Bostock's "red" words Japhet Bland, murdered Seth Chickering, one of the partners referred to in his father's last letter.

London was shortly thrilled by a new sensation. A man in a red beard had made an attempt upon the life of Gerard Aspen on the Thames Embankment. Gerard had not been killed, but lay critically ill for a long time in Charing Cross Hospital.

Chapter V.

The remainder of the book forms even a more striking verisimilitude of the Adams poisoning case.

Bostock became acquainted with an old woman, Mrs. Borringer, an herbist, who was famous for her headache powders, written there in the habits of ministering to Captain Raven, secretary of the Voyagers' Club, who after Christmas and other dinners suffered from headache.

Bostock learned that Mrs. Borringer was a favorite physician of Raven, another man of whom he wished to rid the world, another heir to the diamonds.

Bostock skillfully sought and obtained the acquaintance of Mrs. Borringer and contrived to be in the house when Mrs. Borringer was preparing some of the headache powder for Captain Raven, secretary of the Voyagers' Club.

While she had been listening to Bostock, says the novelist, she had been mixing one or two powders together from different receipts, powders which she carefully weighed and proportioned before she mixed them. She put them into a little square of white paper, folded the square of white paper, put it into an envelope and took up a pen.

"I was watching her, could easily read what she was doing. She wrote the name of Captain Raven and 'Mrs. Borringer' on the envelope, and she was writing 'Bostock' when she was writing 'Raven'." Bostock asked to be given a portion for sleeplessness. Mrs. Borringer was called to an upper room of her house.

"I shan't be five minutes," said Mrs. Borringer, and she hurried out of the room and was gone more than five minutes. She was gone more than five minutes, but when she came back Bostock was still sitting there.

She was gone more than five minutes, but when she came back Bostock was still sitting there. The picture with greatest care. Bostock, while Mrs. Borringer had gone, had mixed poison with the headache powder secured against Raven just as the effort of the murderer of Mrs. Adams miscarried against Harry Cornish.

The tangle of the novelist's weaving is unraveled by Ratt Gundy, who exposes Bostock. Bostock commits suicide in the Thames. Suicides have been predicted in the Adams case.

All the heirs come into possession of their own. Gerard Aspen marries Fedella Locke, and the story, with its coincidences to the still unsolved Adams mystery, ends.

CHAPTER III.

On the next day—and it is observable that in point of rushing his story along Mr. McCarthy leaves no grass under his feet—Lady Scardale and Fedella Locke meet Gerard Aspen at the Chelsea Culture College. Gerard Aspen tells Miss Locke of the murder of her father and of his inheritance.

In the tenth chapter is introduced the athletic instructor, the teacher of fencing in Lady Scardale's school, the heavy character in the story, John Bostock.

Bostock volunteered the only fresh information that was given to the police concerning the murder of Seth Chickering, a mystery which still puzzles you much as the Adams case, that as he was crossing St. James Park, on the night of the murder, he saw a man, running at the top of his speed, who ran against him, and nearly knocked him over. Mr. Bostock had, like the man who ran against him, a red beard, and a red hair.

The coroner's jury found a verdict of murdered by persons unknown. Gerard Aspen then turned the property over to the heirs that could be found, which included himself, Ratt Gundy, John Raven and Fedella Locke.

"The only remaining heir was Japhet Bland. An advertisement was put into all the newspapers, calling upon him to come forward, but no answer was returned to the appeal."

Bostock taught Fedella Locke fencing. The key to the fall speed of Justin McCarthy's story is the love of the fencing master for the beautiful Fedella Locke.

One day Bostock had just finished fencing with a visitor to the gymnasium, in which he had bested the stranger. Fedella Locke had looked on at the bout, and she was over she approached Bostock and said:

"That was very well done, Mr. Bostock. I shall never again try to encourage the hope have cherished so long that some day or other I may hope to touch you."

As Gerard Aspen happened in, she pointed to the red figure of a heart fixed on the breast of the fencing master.

The novelist, describing this scene, says: "If her finger had been a burning steel and his breast undefended it could hardly have made him wince more unexpectedly. But Fedella did not notice it, for she had turned to speak to Gerard, and Gerard did not notice it, for he was only looking at Fedella."

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Starch food is the natural diet for man as well as the most strength-giving — in fact, we could not live without it. But it is also very difficult to digest.

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FOR MEN ONLY.

Free Trial Package of This New Discovery Mailed to Every Man Sending Name and Address—Quickly Restores Strength and Vigor.

Free trial packages of a most remarkable remedy are being mailed to all who will write the State Medical Institute. They cured so many men who had battled for years against the mental and physical suffering of lost manhood that the Institute has decided to distribute free trial packages to all who write. It is a home treatment, and all men who suffer with any form of sexual weakness resulting from youthful folly, premature loss of strength and memory, weak back, varicocele, or emaciation of parts, can now cure themselves at home.

The remedy has a peculiarly grateful effect of warmth and seems to act direct to the desired location, giving strength and development just where it is needed. It cures all the ills and troubles that come from years of misuse of the natural functions, and has been an absolute success in all cases. A request to the State Medical Institute, 659 First National Bank Building, Ft. Wayne, Ind., stating that you desire one of their free trial packages will be complied with promptly. The Institute is desirous of reaching that great class of men who are unable to leave home to be treated, and the free sample will enable them to see how easy it is to be cured of sexual weakness when the proper remedies are employed. The Institute makes no restrictions. Any man who writes will be sent a free sample, carefully sealed in a plain package so that its recipient need have no fear of embarrassment or publicity. Readers are requested to write without delay.

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Dr. L. W. Knapp, the greatest living specialist who has cured thousands of men of lost manhood, lack of vigor, falling memory, night losses and other consequences of youthful ignorance or other causes, now intends to give free to every sufferer new formulas so that each despairing man may cure himself at home, and thus obtain the grand result of having the organs restored to perfect manly strength and vigor.

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Drop in at my office and consult me free, or write for my little book, "Three Classes of Men," sent in plain sealed envelope, free. It explains all. No charge for services. All correspondence answered by me personally. Write or call to-day.

DR. A. SANDEN, 826 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

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