

THE Eye of Beatrice.

By EDWARD J. WHEELER.

(These short serial stories are copyrighted by Bachelier, Johnson & Bachelier, and are printed in this Tribune by special arrangement, simultaneous with their appearance in the leading daily journals of the large cities.)

Shortly before 3 o'clock on the morning of the 7th of May, 1891, four young men sat playing whist in an upper room of one of the best-known clubs of New York.

For obvious reasons we will, in the present narrative, disguise the title of this organization under the name of "The Myrtle."

Of the four young men we are concerned with but one, this was Roger Laroux, a black-haired, black-eyed

young fellow, with a shifting gaze and unconsciously good luck at cards. He was dressed fashionably, appeared sufficiently wealthy for all mundane purposes, lived in a state of careless benevolence, had no known relatives living, and had dropped into Gotham society a year or so before from Paris or London or some other place where it would be equally impossible to hunt up his antecedents.

In London such a man would be promptly black-balled at any respectable club, but in New York things are done differently, and Roger's application for membership in "The Myrtle" had been backed by two of the foremost leaders of the ultra-gilded set.

The room in which the quartette sat was in no wise different from dozens of such semi-private rooms in fashionable clubs the world over. It was papered in deep maroon. The furniture and wainscoting were of heavy oak. Upon one side of the room was the door, hung with a rich Oriental carpet. Upon another were two round windows overlooking the electric-light square. Upon another there simply hung an etching or two in broad white and gilt frames.

Upon the fourth was an antique mantel with oak paneling. Over this mantel hung a beautiful copy in oils of the Beatrice Cenci, with those calm, lucid eyes following every movement of the inmates of the room.

Through the disposition of the whist players Roger Laroux sat with his back to the mantel, and the Beatrice Cenci gazed down upon the top of his head.

The game had been in progress since midnight.

One of the players, at the end of a certain hand, touched an electric bell, and a moment later a club waiter appeared.

"Alfonso, some more brandy, and some cigars,"

"A dash of absinthe with mine," muttered Roger Laroux, absorbed in the hand which had fallen to his lot in the new deal.

Alfonso was not the typical club waiter. His dress was brown, his face was clean-shaven, his attitude was respectful, but his cadaverous face was disquieting, and he had big green eyes that made him an uncomfortable man to look full in the face. He claimed to be a Pole, and spoke English with a barbarous accent. He was not a favorite with the members, but he had been with "The Myrtle" for six months, and no specific fault could be found with him, he was tolerated.

It was four young men had been less interested in the painted bits of paste-board tonight they might have noticed that Alfonso's green eyes were fastened upon Roger Laroux's face during the entire time he was in the room.

And there was an ominous light flickering in the depths of those callous eyes.

The brandy and cigars were brought, and the game proceeded. For some minutes the silence was only broken by the shuffle and flip of the cards upon the table.

There was chimed by the silvery toll of a dainty ormolu clock beneath the Beatrice Cenci.

Suddenly there was a sharp, swift swish in the air like the flight of a heavy whip.

With a scream of agony, Roger Laroux threw up his hands, raising the cards about him, and with a single mean, dropped heavily to the floor.

When his friends went to his assistance he was dead.

When one of the most skillful surgeons in New York came to make the post mortem this was what he found.

A jagged wound about a quarter of an inch in diameter, situated in the back of the dead man's head almost directly over the suture between the occipital and parietal bones.

Imbedded deeply in the brain a small, hard bullet, of evidently some composition of lead with antimony or copper, and nearly square in shape.

Beyond this, nothing.

At the inquest the only relevant testimony was that given by the three other card players, and this was mainly negative in character so far as the question as to what killed Roger Laroux was concerned.

They had seen their friend sitting before them one moment, and heard him scream and seen him fall the next. There had been no report, as of a gun or revolver, no smoke, no smell, no sound, saving that mysterious swishing of the air which had preceded the catastrophe. There had been nobody else in the room but the four whist players, nor so far as was known, had there been anybody else in that portion of the club-house, the maroon-papered room being in the third story.

This was the standing of the case when it was put into the hands of Sergeant Detective Stacey, of Inspector Byrnes' staff for solution.

Stacey was not a shrewd detective by any means, but he had acquired the reputation of being one of the most brilliant guessers on the metropolitan force. That is to say, by putting to-

gether in his mind the scattered facts of a puzzling case he could hit at the solution as by inspiration, without the trouble of necessity of running down all manner of insignificant clues.

Two weeks later another young man was killed in the maroon-papered room of "The Myrtle" in precisely the same way. His name was Hugues Narbonne. He was a Parisian artist, had been in New York but a few months on a visit, and was not a member of "The Myrtle," but had free entrance there on a privileged card.

He, too, had sat with his back to the oaken mantel and the Beatrice Cenci; he, too, had fallen dead with a jagged wound in the head made by a square bullet, and his death had been preceded by the same mysterious swishing sound that had been heard before Roger Laroux's fall.

About this time there lived amid the wilderness of upper Fifth avenue the Countess Claire Brodsky, of Saint Petersburg.

The Countess Claire was about 35, blonde, supple, wealthy and widowed. Her social status was undoubted, because involved Americans had attended her salon in the Countess's capital, had met her late husband, who was of the Czar's diplomatic suite, and all the world had heard of the tragedy of December, 1879, when the Count Nicolas Brodsky, having unwittingly stumbled over the Countess's nihilists in the lower quarters of Moscow while on a midnight riding party, had fallen with twenty knife wounds in as many parts of his body.

It is a natural deduction, therefore, that the Countess Claire had no particular love for nihilists or the principles they represented, and it was surprising to her friends that after her

husband's death she should voluntarily have shifted her residence first to Paris and afterward to New York--the two cities above all others which seem to have the varied elements of republicanism and democracy.

New York society could find no fault with her. Her establishment was magnificent, her entertainments were magnificent, and she was regarded everywhere as a society queen so far as any woman can be in a country where "society" is but a relative term and is applied indifferently to every stratum of the community.

But behind all this worldliness was the woman's heart and soul, the depths of which no one had thus far sounded. She had no intimate friends; she had no lovers.

She had been passionately devoted to her husband, and the shadow of his death hung over her still.

What had brought her to America? If any one were impertinent enough to ask her she would unhesitatingly reply that it was to escape the memories of her happy married life which tormented her among the familiar scenes of St. Petersburg and Moscow, Cracow and Vienna, and other cities where her husband's diplomatic duties had called him. Besides, she averred an intense admiration for the Americans and the American character.

"But there are nihilists in America," ventured an acquaintance one day.

"I know it," she replied, in a low voice, with a repressed shudder.

It really did not appear as though Stacey had made much progress in the case after a week's work. From the point of view of the average mortal this was what he had done:

Made a casual inspection of the maroon-papered room, and found--nothing.

Questioned the club servants one by one, and, of course, obtained--nothing.

Not exactly, either, for there was one point of view of the average mortal this was what he had done:

Made a casual inspection of the maroon-papered room, and found--nothing.

Questioned the club servants one by one, and, of course, obtained--nothing.

Not exactly, either, for there was one point of view of the average mortal this was what he had done:

Made a casual inspection of the maroon-papered room, and found--nothing.

Questioned the club servants one by one, and, of course, obtained--nothing.

Not exactly, either, for there was one point of view of the average mortal this was what he had done:

Made a casual inspection of the maroon-papered room, and found--nothing.

Questioned the club servants one by one, and, of course, obtained--nothing.

Not exactly, either, for there was one point of view of the average mortal this was what he had done:

Made a casual inspection of the maroon-papered room, and found--nothing.

Questioned the club servants one by one, and, of course, obtained--nothing.

Not exactly, either, for there was one point of view of the average mortal this was what he had done:

Made a casual inspection of the maroon-papered room, and found--nothing.

Questioned the club servants one by one, and, of course, obtained--nothing.

Not exactly, either, for there was one point of view of the average mortal this was what he had done:

Made a casual inspection of the maroon-papered room, and found--nothing.

Questioned the club servants one by one, and, of course, obtained--nothing.

Not exactly, either, for there was one point of view of the average mortal this was what he had done:

Made a casual inspection of the maroon-papered room, and found--nothing.

Questioned the club servants one by one, and, of course, obtained--nothing.

Not exactly, either, for there was one point of view of the average mortal this was what he had done:

Made a casual inspection of the maroon-papered room, and found--nothing.

CHAPTER II.
The sunken, cat-like eyes of Alfonso, the suavity of his movements, and the closeness with which he stuck to the detective's elbow while the latter was making his second and more complete examination of the maroon-papered room, had naturally drawn Stacey's attention to him.

"You waited upon the parties in this room at the time when these men were killed, I believe," said the detective suddenly, turning to him with a long look out of one of the windows.

"Yes, sir," replied the waiter. He had been gazing fixedly at the calm face of Beatrice Cenci above the mantel, but when Stacey turned upon him he dropped his eyes humbly to the floor.

"You are always assigned to wait upon this room, I understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"Show me how the table and chairs were arranged upon the two nights when these men were killed."

Alfonso started over so slightly, and his green eyes again sought the face of Beatrice, as though drawn by an irresistible fascination.

"I don't think I remember, sir."

"Try. The table is a square one, and there were four in the party on each occasion, therefore one must have sat upon each side of the table. Now, try to remember where Alfonso was and Mr. Narbonne when they were killed."

"I think it was there, sir," indicating the side nearest the windows.

"Well, you're mistaken; it was here," said the detective, moving in front of the "Beatrice" but had free entrance there on a privileged card.

"I certainly, sir, if you wish," said Alfonso, with some hesitation. He cast a furtive glance once more up into the impassive face of the Roman woman, and took the chair.

Stacey took from his pocket two diagrams procured from the coroner's physician, showing the location of the wound and the direction taken by the bullet in each of the victims. With these as a guide he located upon Alfonso's head the spot marked by the wounds, and placed a finger upon it.

As he did so he felt that the man trembled slightly, but he appeared not to notice.

He next gauged the track of the bullets by means of his walking stick, which he held against Alfonso's head, regulating its angle by means of the diagrams. This done Stacey felt certain that he had secured the line along which the fatal square bullets had traveled.

And, therefore, he was greatly surprised when, upon prolonging the line thus marked in the air by his walking stick, he found that the other end terminated in the face of the Beatrice Cenci.

Having very little of the artistic in his soul, the detective had heretofore paid but slight attention to the picture, except as one of the component parts of the room as a whole, possessing about the same relative importance in his eyes as the windows and the furniture. It now suddenly leaped into prominence as the one single feature of the apartment worthy of his attention. He dismissed Alfonso, and turned to the picture.

It hung about eight feet from the floor level and three feet above the oaken mantel. The canvas appeared to be about 24 by 36 inches, and was surrounded by a heavy gilt frame. Having observed this much from the vantage ground of the carpet Stacey rang the electric bell and demanded a step-ladder.

When this was brought and he was again alone he proceeded to make a closer inspection of the picture. He was no sooner at the top of the ladder and his face upon a level with the portrait than he made an important discovery.

A little round hole had been cut

through the canvas--a hole hardly large enough to admit the end of a lead pencil, otherwise it would have been noticeable from the floor of the room, but quite large enough to permit the passage of a weapon of sufficient caliber to have made a fatal wound, which had been found imbedded in the victim's brain.

Stacey felt that specks of elation which comes to the mathematician who has found of him the end of a difficult problem in calculus.

He carefully lifted the heavy picture from its fastenings. In the wall where it had hung was an orifice about the size of a silver dime, cut very smoothly and neatly through the maroon-colored paper and the plaster. And the wall sounded hollow when Stacey tapped it with his cane. Carefully replacing the picture, he rang again, had the step-ladder removed, then, calling the steward, demanded to be shown into the apartment adjoining the maroon-papered room.

This proved to be a meagerly furnished place, fitted with a plain bedstead, a bureau and a washstand, and intended for the use of the day servants who might be called upon to stay at the club house all night. Left alone, Stacey looked the door upon the inside.

In the wall at the end of the apartment next to the maroon-papered room was a narrow closet reaching nearly to the ceiling, which, as the detective expected, was fastened. Rather than further divulge what he was doing by making another call upon the servants he cleverly forced the lock. In the top of the closet was a board shelf. By sounding with his cane Stacey quickly located a hollow in the wall above one end of this shelf, and by the light of a wax tapers he found that a piece of thin board, painted white, had been rather roughly fitted into an aperture about six inches square cut through the plaster. Upon removing this there was revealed an opening of the same size

cut nearly through the entire thickness of the wall and plaster, upon the other side of which shone a little round point of light from the eye of Beatrice.

But what interested Stacey most was a peculiar piece of compact mechanism which was mounted upon a species of rough foundation placed in the opening. Taking this out he examined it closely.

It was a sort of miniature cannon with a barrel of burnished steel about seven inches long. The bore (if such it could be called) was square--probably a quarter of an inch square. Upon the rear end of the apparatus was a clock-work arrangement, with a piston fitting into the tube, and a figured scale which seemed to show that the machine could be set to be sprung at a certain hour at the will of the operator. Every part of the apparatus was of forged steel, finished with the greatest care and minuteness. There were no signs of smoke or powder stains upon the machine, which drove Stacey to the conclusion that it was nothing more nor less than a powerful air gun. He also concluded that it was of foreign workmanship, such nice and care in the handling of steel not being within the province of the average American workman.

He carefully wrapped the deadly machine in his handkerchief, deposited it in his coat pocket, replaced the white board over the opening in the wall, and locked the door upon the closet door back into position, let himself out of the apartment and quietly left the clubhouse.

The manner in which Roger Laroux and Hugues Narbonne had been killed was now clear enough to him. But there remained the still more difficult problem as to the human intelligence that had acted behind this powerful little machine, the which now lay reposed in his coat pocket.

Who had loaded the air gun, sent it to discharge its fatal square bullet at a certain time, and trained its muzzle through the eye of Beatrice with such precision as to strike down the man who happened to be sitting with his back to the oaken mantel?

Why had Laroux and Narbonne been picked out as its victims?

What was the motive back of it all?

The day after these discoveries Stacey was walking down Broadway above Union square with a fellow member of the force when, in the vicinity of Eighteenth street, he suddenly drew his companion in to the doorway of a club-house.

"Do you see that man going up the street on the other side? Wears a soft hat and has a half-sliming walk?"

The other nodded affirmatively.

"Do me a favor and find out where he goes. I cannot do it because he knows me."

Without a word the other detective started to follow the retreating figure, which was none other than that of Alfonso, the club waiter. Stacey continued his walk downtown.

Several hours later he received a report from his companion. Alfonso had proceeded up to Madison square, turned up Fifth avenue, and had finally disappeared in one of the brown stone mansions of the latter thoroughfare, entering by the rear way after making a short detour through several small streets. The mansion in question was found to be the one occupied by the Countess Claire Brodsky.

This was a startling bit of information to Stacey. To the ordinary man, perhaps, it would be nothing out of the ordinary for a club servant to be seen visiting a Fifth avenue residence by the name of Alfonso.

But to Stacey it had an entirely different aspect. It enabled him to indulge in what he admitted to be some of the wildest guessing of his entire life, because he knew that Alfonso, nevertheless, based upon what little of fact he had been able to establish regarding the double crime at "The Myrtle."

The result of his guessing was that he immediately matched his office in citizen's clothes to the clubhouse with a warrant for the arrest of Alfonso upon sight. The officer shortly returned with the information that Alfonso had resigned his employment at "The Myrtle" and was now residing at a residence and present whereabouts were unknown.

Then Stacey took the warrant into his own hands, and after swearing out another one to go with it, was hastily driven in a cab to the Countess Brodsky's residence. There he was met with the information that the countess had that morning quietly left the country on the Etruria, intending to return to Russia, and that her household of facts were at that moment being packed to be sent after her. An inspection of the mansion by the detective confirmed the statement that the bird had flown.

But what of Alfonso? He had certainly not left upon the Etruria, because it was less than five hours since he had been going into the Fifth avenue house. But a diligent search of the city by the metropolitan police, and a close watch kept upon departing steamers for weeks after failed to locate him, and he very likely slipped away in some sort of disguise and joined the countless upon the other side of the Atlantic.

And so Stacey was baffled, after all, and the two warrants which he had sworn out became so much waste paper.

But that his guesses in the matter were not so wild as one might infer from the facts at his disposition is proven by the following statement from the head of the Parisian police, which was transmitted to Inspector Byrnes by cable two days after the flight of the countess:

"Laroux and Narbonne were members of a notorious revolutionary society of Montmartre known as 'Les Coteaux Rouges.' Both were fugitives from Russia, and they were implicated in the nihilist outbreak in Moscow on the night of Dec. 4, 1879, which resulted in the murder of Count Nicolas Brodsky."

Excursion posters printed at The Tribune office in many different and attractive styles.

MILLIONS OF MICROBES

The Real Cause of Every Known Disease.

THEY CAN BE ERADICATED BY RADAM'S MICROBE KILLER.

A Simple, Natural Remedy--The Greatest Discovery of Modern Times--Inexpensive, Pleasant, Effective.

Mr. Wm. Radam is the discoverer of a new theory of disease, and of a new method for the treatment of disease. This naturally subjects him to the adverse criticism of physicians. A new method is almost always met with condemnation. There never yet has been a discovery made that was not taboed and met with ridicule. Physicians, as a class, have exhibited more bigotry in this way than anybody else.

Everything which has brought about development in medical science has had to fight its way against the combined prejudice and ultra conservatism of the profession generally. The fact that Mr. Radam's discovery has logic and reason on its side, and the fact that by his treatment thousands of people have been cured of diseases previously considered incurable, seems to have no weight with the doctors. As a matter of fact, it makes the difference between a physician who believes in the efficacy of Radam's Microbe Killer or not. So long as the remedy cures, the people who take it do not care very much about theories. They may not even care to understand why it cures all manner of diseases, though the reasons for this are very simple.

Development in medical science has had to fight its way against the combined prejudice and ultra conservatism of the profession generally. The fact that Mr. Radam's discovery has logic and reason on its side, and the fact that by his treatment thousands of people have been cured of diseases previously considered incurable, seems to have no weight with the doctors. As a matter of fact, it makes the difference between a physician who believes in the efficacy of Radam's Microbe Killer or not. So long as the remedy cures, the people who take it do not care very much about theories. They may not even care to understand why it cures all manner of diseases, though the reasons for this are very simple.

Development in medical science has had to fight its way against the combined prejudice and ultra conservatism of the profession generally. The fact that Mr. Radam's discovery has logic and reason on its side, and the fact that by his treatment thousands of people have been cured of diseases previously considered incurable, seems to have no weight with the doctors. As a matter of fact, it makes the difference between a physician who believes in the efficacy of Radam's Microbe Killer or not. So long as the remedy cures, the people who take it do not care very much about theories. They may not even care to understand why it cures all manner of diseases, though the reasons for this are very simple.

Development in medical science has had to fight its way against the combined prejudice and ultra conservatism of the profession generally. The fact that Mr. Radam's discovery has logic and reason on its side, and the fact that by his treatment thousands of people have been cured of diseases previously considered incurable, seems to have no weight with the doctors. As a matter of fact, it makes the difference between a physician who believes in the efficacy of Radam's Microbe Killer or not. So long as the remedy cures, the people who take it do not care very much about theories. They may not even care to understand why it cures all manner of diseases, though the reasons for this are very simple.

Development in medical science has had to fight its way against the combined prejudice and ultra conservatism of the profession generally. The fact that Mr. Radam's discovery has logic and reason on its side, and the fact that by his treatment thousands of people have been cured of diseases previously considered incurable, seems to have no weight with the doctors. As a matter of fact, it makes the difference between a physician who believes in the efficacy of Radam's Microbe Killer or not. So long as the remedy cures, the people who take it do not care very much about theories. They may not even care to understand why it cures all manner of diseases, though the reasons for this are very simple.

Development in medical science has had to fight its way against the combined prejudice and ultra conservatism of the profession generally. The fact that Mr. Radam's discovery has logic and reason on its side, and the fact that by his treatment thousands of people have been cured of diseases previously considered incurable, seems to have no weight with the doctors. As a matter of fact, it makes the difference between a physician who believes in the efficacy of Radam's Microbe Killer or not. So long as the remedy cures, the people who take it do not care very much about theories. They may not even care to understand why it cures all manner of diseases, though the reasons for this are very simple.

Development in medical science has had to fight its way against the combined prejudice and ultra conservatism of the profession generally. The fact that Mr. Radam's discovery has logic and reason on its side, and the fact that by his treatment thousands of people have been cured of diseases previously considered incurable, seems to have no weight with the doctors. As a matter of fact, it makes the difference between a physician who believes in the efficacy of Radam's Microbe Killer or not. So long as the remedy cures, the people who take it do not care very much about theories. They may not even care to understand why it cures all manner of diseases, though the reasons for this are very simple.

Development in medical science has had to fight its way against the combined prejudice and ultra conservatism of the profession generally. The fact that Mr. Radam's discovery has logic and reason on its side, and the fact that by his treatment thousands of people have been cured of diseases previously considered incurable, seems to have no weight with the doctors. As a matter of fact, it makes the difference between a physician who believes in the efficacy of Radam's Microbe Killer or not. So long as the remedy cures, the people who take it do not care very much about theories. They may not even care to understand why it cures all manner of diseases, though the reasons for this are very simple.

Development in medical science has had to fight its way against the combined prejudice and ultra conservatism of the profession generally. The fact that Mr. Radam's discovery has logic and reason on its side, and the fact that by his treatment thousands of people have been cured of diseases previously considered incurable, seems to have no weight with the doctors. As a matter of fact, it makes the difference between a physician who believes in the efficacy of Radam's Microbe Killer or not. So long as the remedy cures, the people who take it do not care very much about theories. They may not even care to understand why it cures all manner of diseases, though the reasons for this are very simple.

Development in medical science has had to fight its way against the combined prejudice and ultra conservatism of the profession generally. The fact that Mr. Radam's discovery has logic and reason on its side, and the fact that by his treatment thousands of people have been cured of diseases previously considered incurable, seems to have no weight with the doctors. As a matter of fact, it makes the difference between a physician who believes in the efficacy of Radam's Microbe Killer or not. So long as the remedy cures, the people who take it do not care very much about theories. They may not even care to understand why it cures all manner of diseases, though the reasons for this are very simple.

Development in medical science has had to fight its way against the combined prejudice and ultra conservatism of the profession generally. The fact that Mr. Radam's discovery has logic and reason on its side, and the fact that by his treatment thousands of people have been cured of diseases previously considered incurable, seems to have no weight with the doctors. As a matter of fact, it makes the difference between a physician who believes in the efficacy of Radam's Microbe Killer or not. So long as the remedy cures, the people who take it do not care very much about theories. They may not even care to understand why it cures all manner of diseases, though the reasons for this are very simple.

Development in medical science has had to fight its way against the combined prejudice and ultra conservatism of the profession generally. The fact that Mr. Radam's discovery has logic and reason on its side, and the fact that by his treatment thousands of people have been cured of diseases previously considered incurable, seems to have no weight with the doctors. As a matter of fact, it makes the difference between a physician who believes in the efficacy of Radam's Microbe Killer or not. So long as the remedy cures, the people who take it do not care very much about theories. They may not even care to understand why it cures all manner of diseases, though the reasons for this are very simple.

Development in medical science has had to fight its way against the combined prejudice and ultra conservatism of the profession generally. The fact that Mr. Radam's discovery has logic and reason on its side, and the fact that by his treatment thousands of people have been cured of diseases previously considered incurable, seems to have no weight with the doctors. As a matter of fact, it makes the difference between a physician who believes in the efficacy of Radam's Microbe Killer or not. So long as the remedy cures, the people who take it do not care very much about theories. They may not even care to understand why it cures all manner of diseases, though the reasons for this are very simple.

Development in medical science has had to fight its way against the combined prejudice and ultra conservatism of the profession generally. The fact that Mr. Radam's discovery has logic and reason on its side, and the fact that by his treatment thousands of people have been cured of diseases previously considered incurable, seems to have no weight with the doctors. As a matter of fact, it makes the difference between a physician who believes in the efficacy of Radam's Microbe Killer or not. So long as the remedy cures, the people who take it do not care very much about theories. They may not even care to understand why it cures all manner of diseases, though the reasons for this are very simple.

Development in medical science has had to fight its way against the combined prejudice and ultra conservatism of the profession generally. The fact that Mr. Radam's discovery has logic and reason on its side, and the fact that by his treatment thousands of people have been cured of diseases previously considered incurable, seems to have no weight with the doctors. As a matter of fact, it makes the difference between a physician who believes in the efficacy of Radam's Microbe Killer or not. So long as the remedy cures, the people who take it do not care very much about theories. They may not even care to understand why it cures all manner of diseases, though the reasons for this are very simple.

Development in medical science has had to fight its way against the combined prejudice and ultra conservatism of the profession generally. The fact that Mr. Radam's discovery has logic and reason on its side, and the fact that by his treatment thousands of people have been cured of diseases previously considered incurable, seems to have no weight with the doctors. As a matter of fact, it makes the difference between a physician who believes in the efficacy of Radam's Microbe Killer or not. So long as the remedy cures, the people who take it do not care very much about theories. They may not even care to understand why it cures all manner of diseases, though the reasons for this are very simple.

Development in medical science has had to fight its way against the combined prejudice and ultra conservatism of the profession generally. The fact that Mr. Radam's discovery has logic and reason on its side, and the fact that by his treatment thousands of people have been cured of diseases previously considered incurable, seems to have no weight with the doctors. As a matter of fact, it makes the difference between a physician who believes in the efficacy of Radam's Microbe Killer or not. So long as the remedy cures, the people who take it do not care very much about theories. They may not even care to understand why it cures all manner of diseases, though the reasons for this are very simple.

Development in medical science has had to fight its way against the combined prejudice and ultra conservatism of the profession generally. The fact that Mr. Radam's discovery has logic and reason on its side, and the fact that by his treatment thousands of people have been cured of diseases previously considered incurable, seems to have no weight with the doctors. As a matter of fact, it makes the difference between a physician who believes in the efficacy of Radam's Microbe Killer or not. So long as the remedy cures, the people who take it do not care very much about theories. They may not even care to understand why it cures all manner of diseases, though the reasons for this are