

PREFACE.

In presenting these successive little pamphlets to the public, my purpose has always been to set forth facts, demonstrated by well-attested results as PROOFS that I successfully cure the Opium and Whisky habits or those peculiar diseases produced by the long and continuous use of opiates or alcoholic stimulants. Whether or not I am successful I leave to the unprejudiced judgment of the public after the nature and power of the evidence here given are carefully read and duly weighed. Only by true merit do I strive for reward. Honor or money obtained by other means are too dearly bought and too evanescent to be desirable.

Owing to the increased amount of work connected with my practice, I have associated with me in the practice of my specialty, Dr. F. L. Dennis, who, I can assure you, is a remarkably bright, well-posted and conscientious physician. He has been with me and under my tutorage for the past six years and is now a partner and fully competent to take charge of any case that may come before us. At the same time I, myself, will give the same personal attention to each patient as heretofore. I hope with the increased facilities and organized help of our company to be able to give more thought and attention to each patient's case as he progresses with the treatment. All letters directed to my address or The B. M. Woolley Company, will be carefully and confidentially answered. I have tried to confine the contents of this book mainly to such facts as might be of interest to those AFFLICTED BY THE USE OF OPIATES OR WHISKY, AND TO THEIR FRIENDS, and I ask that they read it ALL. Every article in it will pay such interested persons to read. Take time and read it. Weigh each point well. Reflect and act for yourself.

Those wishing to put themselves in our hands can do so with full confidence that they will be justly dealt with and treated to the best of our ability. There are many who think their condition worse than others, and from peculiarities, supposed or real, consider themselves hopelessly lost. Of those we ask that they present, in person or by letter, their cases, and we will give a frank and candid opinion free of charge. Recorded among those cured by us are many cases who have been cured after both the most prominent physicians in consultation with us have, and ourselves had expressed little hope of recovery. Therefore the friends of any one so apparently without hope, afflicted by the use of either opiates or alcoholic stimulants, and the unfortunate ones themselves, should not neglect to present their cases to us.

In the past fifteen years our practice has steadily grown in extent and importance, and we have reason to believe in proportion has our usefulness spread. We are now treating cases in all parts of this country, and receiving a liberal patronage from across the waters. As to the continued good results of our course of treatment, we would simply call attention to the accumulated and added testimony herein set forth. To all who are yet in bondage, we would say, put yourselves under treatment and do your part, and we will do for you as we have done for others. To the hundreds cured, we say ever hereafter beware of the seductive drug. To the many kind friends, male and female, ministers, physicians, and all who have been good enough, by word or deed, to promote the use of our treatment, and extend our field of usefulness, we beg here to record our heartfelt thanks, and trust none have or ever will regret speaking or acting in favor of us or our treatment. We shall in the future, as in the past, endeavor to win by merit, and believe that our previous success will justify a live hope that our usefulness in this field of labor is but in its infancy. Read this little book, whether afflicted or not, and if you know any who might be benefited by a copy, send name and address, and the book will be securely wrapped and mailed without exposure or comment as to sender or source of information. Many now are happy who learned of us and our treatment in this way.

B. M. WOOLLEY, M.D.

PART FIRST--GENERAL.

Some of the Physiological and Mental Results of the Opium Habit.

There are many diseases and disorders resulting from the opium habit that are not recognized as incident to the habit even by the modern profession generally. I have thought it well to here mention some of these results, though of course without any extensive description, as I deem that unnecessary.

The nerve-force is depressed below par, as I may express it. From this results a greater susceptibility to pain, or rather the power to endure pain is diminished; hence neuralgia and simulated rheumatism are common. The pains will frequently most resemble the original pains, if any, which induced, or were present in the beginning of the habit. At first there is relief in an increased dose of the drug. In these facts, thus shortly told, lies a stumbling block, not only for the patient, but for the attending physician also, if, perchance, he has not been brought to think aright upon this subject. In convalescence, when opiates have been administered during the sickness even for so short a while as a week regularly, there will be some return of the prominent features of that sickness or disease upon the withdrawal of the opiates. This is perhaps most frequently observable in pains, nervousness, sleeplessness, looseness of the bowels, etc. Hence it is plain that the physician should be able to distinguish between the real and the simulated disease. No one except a close observer and one experienced in this subject should, therefore, be under any circumstances allowed the administration of opiates. It is especially important that the patient know not what is given, as familiarity with the pain relieving and soothing effects of opiates without a knowledge of the dangers that lurk in even their occasional use, and of the ease by which the opium habit is fixed, is the cause of the vast majority of opium addiction.

When the habit is formed the impairment of nerve-force affects all the functions. I mention first that the circulation becomes sluggish. The mind, while

active under the immediate effect of the drug, becomes dull under the plethoric condition which naturally follows. Hence the varied moods of these unfortunate victims, first elated and then deep down in gloom. Sleep, at first pleasant, becomes heavy, while the mind is haunted by dreadful dreams that banish all refreshing rest. Jerking and sudden starts from sleep continuously occur. The heart often flutters or palpitates, caused from impaired digestion and a lowered nerve-force.

Like the other excretory organs, the liver not only becomes inactive, but has imposed upon it additional work in its office to cleanse the blood of its impurities, hence those ailments common from a disordered liver, some of which are known to every one, though their source may not be so readily pointed out by all. Among these are pains in the back, dull headaches, sluggish mind, drowsiness, a general uneasiness, low spirits, etc. At times nature asserts itself, and in its efforts to throw off its yoke, the liver becomes excited and diarrhea or dysentery follows. But the organ relapses into its old slavery, inactive until another rebellion.

The kidneys are affected as the liver, and like it are now inactive, then too active, but rarely normal; when inactive the urine is scant, high-colored and burning.

The skin is dry except when there is a demand for an increase or a renewal of its accustomed dose of the drug; then in this case there is a cold, clammy perspiration, increasing as the demand for the drug increases.

The spleen, that functionless organ, hardens and enlarges, sometimes reaching an enormous size.

The bowels, of course, are constipated—but the nature of this constipation is not generally understood. Constipation, caused by the habitual use of opiates, is the result of, not alone the impairment of the secretions, but from a semi-paralysis, the peristaltic motion, the natural movements of the bowels, in many cases, becoming almost entirely extinct, the bowels never moving except by purgation.

In females, the function of men-

struation becomes first irregular and finally, sooner in some cases than others, is entirely suppressed. The suppression is not attended by the usual disorders accompanying suppression from other unnatural causes. There is not a vicarious discharge of blood elsewhere, but the suppression is complete for the time, no discharge appearing for months and frequently not for years. There is this peculiarity in this functional action as in all functional action affected by opiates: the suppression is temporary, and, particularly in this function, preservative. Not unfrequently there is a return of the menstrual flow in all appearances normal, after a suppression of five or ten years, or even longer. This additional fact is a surprise to a professional man: that there may be suppression begun before the natural age for the "change of life" and continuing five or ten years after the usual time for that event, yet when the opium habit is removed there will be a return of the menses apparently in natural condition. I have seen such a case at the age of fifty-three bear a child.

In the male there are marked symptoms of impotency of a most distressing nature. Coition soon becomes imperfect and a healthy appetite but rarely exists. Finally impotency and incapacity occur. Unfortunately, not knowing the cause, by many relief is sought in dangerous excitants and other tempering aids while the fatal cause continues in its remorseless power. Here, as in the female, when the habit is disarmed, and from its enslaving power is taken the enthralled victim, nature asserts itself, and again vigor is re-established.

Under the opium habit the restorative powers are impoverished. Old wounds break down, become indolent and will not heal. Burdened with the debris of a wrecked system, the blood carries not enough vitality to rebuild decaying tissues. Hence, running sores are not unfrequently of long standing from the use of the hypodermic needle or from wounds of greater or less gravity.

In these conditions it is amazing that the opium addicted can continue to exist so many years, yet we see them of twenty, thirty, forty years' standing still living, but dead to all true objects of life. But there comes a time, hastened, it may be, by various and unforeseen causes, when nature can no longer brave the fight and one by one her

forces are completely overpowered, and then we see following in this train imbecility, insanity, paralysis, softening of the brain and dropsy, first observed in swelling feet and legs and finally becoming general, when the course of destruction is then so firmly set that nothing can check it unless there be safety in immediate treatment.

I might, and perhaps should, dwell more at length upon this sad picture, but I must content myself with thus briefly giving a few of the results of a habit which is becoming more and more widespread among us, making its victims, not as many ill-advised persons suppose, altogether among the vicious and ignorant, but most largely among the refined, the educated—the judge upon the bench, the divine in the pulpit, the doctor by the bedside, the lawyer in the court, the orator and lecturer before the people. Hence the importance of making known the results of such a habit and the case with which it is acquired.

WOOLLEY, M.D.

Opium and its Effects.

Happiness is the goal for which all human beings strive; the lion in the path of attainment is pain. To fight against this foe, to ease is largely the province of medical science; and so intimate is the connection between our physical and mental being that the skilled physician, backed by his pharmacopoeia, is not only a formidable adversary of pain, but is often (Shakespeare notwithstanding) successful in "ministering to the mind diseased."

Pain may be accidental or unavoidable, but generally it is the Nemesis of broken physical or moral laws. This Nemesis may come down along the path of heredity—a visitation upon the child of its parents' sins. But whether it be unavoidable or a direct or inherited retribution, pain is still the great enemy of man, the dragon that prevents his plucking the golden fruit of enjoyment. How to stay the dragon or put it to sleep has been a problem with which men have been occupied since pain had its beginning. It was found that certain plants possessed, in different degrees, the property of diminishing unpleasant sensations, soothing the system and imparting to it a temporary exhilaration. Among these plants were tea, coffee, cocoa, tobacco, *cannabis*

indica and the *papaver somniferum*, or white poppy. *Opium*, the dried gum of the poppy, was and is given a high place in *Materia Medica*, and together with *Morphia*, the silky, white alkaloid which chemistry gives us as one of the chief active principles of *Opium*, is esteemed as a hypnotic and a partial anæsthetic.

THE PHYSIOLOGICAL EFFECT

of *Opium*, administered therapeutically, is to dull the message of pains transmitted along the afferent nerves to the spinal cord and brain—the grand focus of sensibility—and thus give ease and afford time for nature to rally her restorative forces. Precisely how the drug operates to relieve pain is not known; but instead of enfeebling and diminishing enervation—that is, nerve power—as is by some supposed, may it not increase it? It has this effect operating through the nerves upon the heart and blood capillaries. It increases their action, stimulates them temporarily into more vigorous operation; may it not act correspondingly upon the nerves? We know that it is the weak nerves that are the best conductors of pain. Robust enervation is unfavorable to the transmission of morbid or diseased sensation. This is proved by the insusceptibility to pain that we find in the American Indian, the old-time Highland Scotch and other hardy races who live in accordance with nature, and have nerves unimpaired by the vices, the artificial customs and diseased heredity of civilization. Wounds and terrible flesh lacerations scarcely make these people flinch, and this is not due alone nor in any great degree to stoical endurance, for we see the same insusceptibility to pain in Indian children who have been removed from parental influence at an early age. Robust innervation seems able to throw off diseased sensation in a measure (as healthy skin-pores throw off blood poison) before transmitting the message to the brain—the seat of sensibility. But this idea as to the way *Opium* operates upon the nerves to lessen pain is merely thrown out as a suggestion and speculative idea. We return to the therapeutic value of *Opium* as a soother and invigorator of the human system. Sufferers who have been relieved by it are ready to hail it as

AN ANGEL OF DELIVERANCE,

but let them beware; the drug is Janus-faced, and ere they know it, the other—

the demon visage—will be turned upon them with Medusean power to petrify their better faculties and reduce them to a corpse-like semblance of living humanity. When from inherited craving, or through the demands of pain or nervous exhaustion, the use of *Opium* has become a habit, then its therapeutic value ceases and its physiological operation merges into

PATHOLOGICAL EFFECTS.

Often a few doses of *Opium*, in some of its many forms or disguises, opens the door to this craving for its frequent use; the nerve molecules, upon which it has laid its insidious touch, seem already to have suffered some subtle change which makes them less able to sustain pain or exhaustion, and more eager to cry out for the artificial sustenance, each dose of which permanently increases the trouble it seems temporarily to relieve.

In many instances the morbid effects of the *Opium* habit are not for a time outwardly or directly apparent. The health may seem to improve and the physical and mental forces to be revitalized. This is due to the increased action of the heart and blood vessels acted upon by the *Opium*-stimulated nerves. The circulation is quickened and the irritation of the system and dropsical filling out of the flesh may pass for the results of healthy invigoration, as the hectic color and precocious plumpness of a peach may deceive you into believing that a wholesome ripeness exists when it is merely a diseased state caused by the worm at the core.

Some explanation of this deceptive phenomenon, seen in the first stage of the *Opium* habit, may be had in the fact that the changes it produces in the system are first functional, and afterwards structural or organic, and that in functional disease reflex activity is increased, while in organic disease it is diminished.

The poison first works upon the nerves. It causes a modification of the movement of the molecules, producing a faulty innervation, which is the beginning of the *Opium* habit, and the basis of the disease which we call *Morphism*. There shortly takes place an isomeric change in the nerve axis by which it loses its tone. And as innervation precedes circulation and the nerves control the flow of blood in the capillaries, as the moon controls the tide, it follows that the blood vessels must suffer a

change corresponding to that of the nerves. Such a change does take place. The heart is supplied with complex systems of nerves. The blood vessels also are supplied with nerves and are under the control of the nerve-force. In consequence of the increased action imposed upon it by this *Opium*-diseased nerve-force, the heart and blood vessels become strained, enlarged and lose their normal calibre, losing in consequence the elasticity or resiliency necessary for their normal action. As these blood vessels, with their co-working nerves, radiate to every part of the system, the diseased condition is speedily communicated to the other great centers of reflex activity—the brain, the stomach and the reproductive organs. Functional disorder in these is followed by the graver condition of structural change; irritation merges into passive congestion, followed it may be by organic lesions and degeneration of tissue, breaking down of the cells, an opening of the door to dropsy and other kindred disorders.

A diminution of the entire natural forces is the certain result of the impaired nerve-nutrition caused by abuse of *Opium*. The nerves, having undergone a deleterious change, lean more and more upon the artificial prop supplied by the betraying drug. They cry out for this pernicious food in order that they may discharge their functions. They require it in increasing quantities, for each dose increases the necessity for another, and thus the habit fastens itself upon its victim. Heavier grows the burden, day by day more cruel the tyranny, and less able the will to fight against it. The whole system is let down. The subtle poison has permeated every part. Impoverishment of the nerve-force has produced impoverishment of the blood, diminution of red corpuscles and of the capacity to excrete carbonic acid gas; the digestive organs are enfeebled, the muscular system atrophied; lesions, passive congestion and general disintegration are taking place in various parts of the body, and the man is a wreck, his body crumbling to ruins. How is it with the mental and moral parts of his being? These, of course, being built up with the material portions, share in the general wreck, and an observance of the

MENTAL AND MORAL CONDITIONS

produced by the *Opium* habit is even more sad than to note the gradual phys-

ical decline it produces. Since the brain is the focus of sensation—the meeting point of the numerous nerves that traverse the body—it follows that it must soon suffer from *Opium*-diseased nerve power. It does suffer speedily, though at first the excitation produced by the greater flow of blood to the cerebrum is apt to be mistaken for an increase of intellectual force. The brain-worker, who has resorted to *Opium* to stimulate his faculties, is deceived into believing that the spasmodic energy he acquires is a permanent gain. But here also the reaction sets in; here, too, the unnatural strain reacts into placidness, and the brain, impoverished by its lack of proper nerve food, refuses to perform its functions of thought and reason. Balance between the faculties are lost, and some portions of the brain may be dormant, while others are stimulated into excessive action. Usually the faculty most morbidly excited is imagination. But its action is aimless and desultory, ephemeral. It is the child of pathology, and its outcome consists of wild visions, terrors, suspicions and other abnormal developments. Cerebral congestion, or cerebral anæmia, or hyperæmia resulting in mania or idiocy, may be the sequel, or the brain may undergo a slow decay, its faculties become weakened gradually, its reasoning capacity diminishing, its ambition dying out, its energy expiring, until the eye—the window of the mind—betrays, by its poor, dimmed, bleared and dreamy aspect, that it is no longer lighted by the fires of the intellect within.

The loss of mental equilibrium involves also loss of moral poise. The will, which is the moral balance-wheel, is first enfeebled, then paralyzed; the perception of right and wrong is clouded, the sense of moral responsibility disappears, truth is almost utterly disregarded, a fatal obliquity affects the moral vision, the natural affections are blunted, and a disgusting selfishness, apparent to every one but its possessor, alienates the love of friends and relatives.

Thus do decay and ruin extend to every part of the human temple. The mind—the glorious inner shrine—is overthrown, the moral sense, which is the illuminating lamp within the holy of holies, is extinguished. Sadder ruin than any the stars look down upon in the land of lost gods—the ruin of a man—the one being in all the universe made in the likeness of God.

BUILDING UP THE RUIN.

We have shown how Opium has operated like the dry rot, in subtly permeating and disintegrating the physical, mental and moral man. Now, how shall the ruin be restored, how shall the man be made whole? Shall he break off the Opium habit at once, and leave nature to do the work of restoration unaided? This course is frequently not only impracticable but dangerous. The patient has usually no power to break off the habit; his strength of will is impaired. But if he possess will force enough to throw off the yoke, the torture his nerves must endure from the deprivation of the accustomed food may produce serious illness or mental frenzy. It is no imaginary pain; it is as real as the agony that accompanies resuscitation from drowning or suffocating, and is far more lasting, because it is founded on actual change in the structure of the nerves and other tissues of the body. Something must be done to restore the normal calibre and tone to these tissues before they can act independent of the Opium sustenance. Tapering off—taking the drug in lessening doses—will not always answer. "Touch not, taste not, handle not," is a better motto for such sufferers. Yet they must have something to lean upon outside of their own natural forces to aid them in the work of restoration. As the process of pulling down was done gradually by an outside agent, so the work of building up must be effected gradually by the help of an outside factor that shall co-operate with nature. This I claim to do by my OPIUM CURE OR TREATMENT. Its discovery is not accidental; it is based upon a careful study of the pathology of the Opium disease or habit, and persistent thought, research and analysis brought to bear upon the elements and substances that might assist nature in her efforts at recuperation.

Deeply impressed by the alarming and increasing extent of the overuse of Opium, by the misery and want it occasions, by the thousands of men and women who are lost to society, lost to their homes, lost to themselves through the influence of this fearful habit, I have devoted the energies of many years of my life to perfecting a means of assisting those whom the insidious drug has enslaved. With heartfelt pity I have looked upon their efforts to escape its subtle yet powerful tyranny. Knowing as I did the actual and organic difficul-

ties in the way of release, I could appreciate the moral courage of their struggles and sympathize with the despair engendered by their failures. To discover a means or treatment which should help to restore the nerve tissues and blood vessels to their normal state and natural elasticity, and thereby put a stop to the craving for an adventitious food—this was what I undertook to do, and what I earnestly and honestly claim that I have succeeded in doing. The treatment is in perfect accord with physiology, being, of course, easier and more rapid where the constitution is less undermined. I do not hesitate to undertake to effect a cure in any case where sufficient vitality remains and the patient will abide by the simple directions and restrictions that are given.

What more is necessary for me to say? Shall I relate the success that has crowned my earnest effort to relieve the sufferers from the Opium disease? No, for others shall tell the story. It will be more graphic and more convincing when read over their own signatures.

B. M. WOOLLEY, M. D.

My Plan of Curing the Opium Habit.

There is a fascination to the Opium afflicted in the idea of speedily attained freedom from his terrible bonds. Some have taken advantage of this fascination and are addressing the people with seemingly fair promises. Against any man who treats this ravaging disease successfully, I have nothing to say. If every one who professes to cure the habit did what he claims, my practice would be increased. But as many of them fail, I have to bear part of the censure. But my success is so well known and my standing in Atlanta, the home I have chosen, is so well defined, that my practice is steadily spreading and enlarging. I have studied the plans of rapid treatment and experimented with cases, using not only remedies known by the medical world and myself, but also many of the remedies the receipts for which I have purchased from the proprietors. They have not proved at all satisfactory. I have made it the rule of my profession to search diligently for every possible means to make the cure of the Opium Habit scientific and rational. The objections to all rapid treatments, as have been practiced by myself or observed in the practice of others, are: 1st. Danger to life.

2d. The agonizing suffering. 3d. The shattered condition in which the nerves are left. 4th. The tedious and difficult after-treatment. 5th. The demoralization of the patient. 6th. The detention from business. Now, why these objections? For twenty-four to forty-eight hours the patient goes through what is nominated the "Rackets." At this time there is but a slight thread upon which the life of the patient hangs. The attention of a skilled physician is needed then to watch each pulse beat, each breath, and twitch of nerve. The patient is upheld by the hope that it will all soon be over. At this point some unfortunately die; others receive such injuries to nerves, mind and the whole vital being that from the shock they with difficulty, or never, recover. Some few recover. Again one readily sees here what terror his suffering entails. It is the province of the physician to cure if he can, and if not, to relieve his patient as much as possible. Here is a patient whose leg is mangled by a railroad accident. His leg cannot be saved. His life is in immediate danger. The surgeon is manifestly justified in adopting the heroic treatment of cutting off the injured member. But here is a patient whose leg is drawn up by chronic rheumatism or other cause. His life is not in immediate danger. Is a heroic treatment justifiable here? Shall we jerk this leg straight, at the risk of the life of our patient, by tearing the blood vessels and nerves asunder? I think not. I know we should not where there is an assured method, which, though it may require more time, is certain and comparatively painless. As I have shown in the preceding article, the Opium Habit is a chronic disease. The poisonous drug has insidiously woven its roots into the very vitals of its unfortunate victim. Slowly, perhaps, but steadily, has it entwined a many-sprayed root into this and that vital organ, changing the whole being, physically, morally and mentally. Where, then, is the rationality of tearing up this growth with rapid and fearful jerks? After reasoning and experimenting, I have failed to be convinced that I would possibly be justified in attempting such treatment. My plan, then, is to sustain the system, and by proper antidotes destroy these roots and germs of the disease at the same time I heal the various injured parts—the nerves, the digestion, the secretory organs, the heart, the brain—all the

organs—for all are involved. When the rapid treatment is conducted in a hospital or infirmary, or whatever the place may be called where the opium-afflicted goes or is sent for such treatment, the patient is dismissed in most cases before the shattered nerves have time to react. He is turned loose to take care of himself, and as the reaction, under favorable surroundings, requires from two to three months, we see that a return to the old panacea of relief is the most natural of all steps. I have seen cases, where the unfortunate patient has fought the fight for a year with Spartan endurance, at last succumb to his sad fate, and with despair return to his enslaving master, humbled and disheartened, censured by his friends, and half censuring himself for what he has been led to believe is simply his own moral weakness. I ask, in all candor, can we say this patient was cured? I think not. I never esteem a patient cured until he can be dismissed free from the desire or necessity of opiates, and restored fully to vigorous health of body and mind, with steady nerves, good appetite and digestion, clear brain, and quiet, refreshing sleep. That my patients are so dismissed, I refer to the experience of those who permit me—only a few—from the vast number I have pronounced cured. But when these rapid treatments are attempted by the patients themselves at home, but very few pass through the "racket." The majority abandon the attempt, some from time to time renewing the effort with usually continued failures. In my treatment there is no such experience as the "racket," or what by many is known by the more appropriate name of "the horrors," a total collapse. From the first, as a rule, improvement is seen, which gradually becomes more and more manifest until the patient is free. He takes the medicine without inconvenience to business and without pain or suffering. The patients leave off my treatment when cured without shock, and with no desire or necessity remaining for opiates or stimulants of any kind, cured, with increased weight, healthy color, steady nerves, good appetite and digestion, clear brain, quiet and refreshing sleep, ready and able to again enter the fight of a busy, useful life—happy, free—declaring themselves to be as new beings.

Then, may I ask, is it humane—is any one justified in subjecting to these "horrors" those unfortunate ones, our

fellowmen, who, from disease or other cause, have unknowingly been insidiously bound by this deep, many-rooted curse? If there be one class of unfortunates more than another needing our sympathy, enlisting our thought and care, and demanding our earnest, rational and scientific research for their benefit, it is the sufferers enslaved and cursed by the fearful Opium Habit, misunderstood and persecuted by many physicians and friends who have not given the study they might have to the subject, censured and often despised by the public at large.

B. M. WOOLLEY, M.D.

Whisky Drinking or Alcoholism.

It is hardly necessary to say that the great and spreading blot upon modern civilization is drunkenness. Statistics prove this by an appalling array of figures, showing that over six hundred and fifty millions of dollars are annually spent in this country alone for intoxicating liquors, and that insane asylums, hospitals, jails, poor-houses and graveyards are peopled largely through the instrumentality of this most potent of evil agents. A horrible feature of drunkenness is that children are born to alcohol-poisoned parents—children with deformed minds and an inherited craving for stimulants engrafted upon their organizations.

The conditions of modern society, together with heredity, account for the increase in the use of intoxicating stimulants. The accumulating population, and the consequent struggle for food on one side and wealth and show on the other, irregular habits of eating and sleeping, increased hurry, turmoil and anxiety, greater amount of mental work and strain—all these operate to develop the nervous element out of proportion to the general physical force. And out of this excessive development of the nervous element is born the craving for a stimulant, which shall act in some cases as a spur to keep the energies from flagging, and in others as a nepenthe to procure surcease of disappointment, anxiety or fatigue. It answers its purpose temporarily, but at what fearful cost our daily observation can illustrate. One cannot walk upon the streets without meeting men whose imbruted countenance and bleary eyes plainly declare how alcohol can blot out God's likeness in man. For this deleterious agent is not so insidious and

secret and slow in destroying as opium. It does its work openly, rapidly, directly. No slow "dry rot" in its method. The task of pulling down the human temple is performed with activity and its signs are soon apparent.

The "moderate" drinker will not acknowledge these signs of degeneration, or at least he will not refer them to their right cause. Even when disease sets in, and his entire system is a congested, disorganizing mass, he often persists in his self-deception, tries to prop his impaired digestion, relaxed muscles, diminished brain force and depressed spirits by increased indulgence in the stimulant which has wrought all this evil. Could he look within and see the discord which has been wrought in his once fine and delicately adjusted physical and mental mechanism, he would shudder with horror. He would no longer wonder at the complication of disorders which prey upon his vitality. For, as we have said, alcohol is no insidious underminer like opium, but

A DIRECT AND ACTIVE DISORGANIZER.

It first produces functional disturbance. Acting upon the complex arrangement of nerves, muscles and blood vessels, it breaks up the harmony of their co-ordinate action—destroys that fine rhythm in their inter-operations which constitutes health. But this mere functional disorder is speedily followed by structural derangement. Morbid changes are produced in the actual substance of the various organs. The congested state of the blood vessels is reflected upon the different membranes on which they ramify. The lining tissues of the stomach exhibit all the anatomical characteristics of inflammation, being intensely red, and soon becoming thickened and indurated, often permeated with deposits of alcohol. The organ loses its susceptibility, and no longer responds to the normal stimulus of food, being difficult to rouse except through the artificial excitation of liquor. This congested and inflamed condition of the stomach causes that disagreeable nausea experienced in the morning. Most frequently large quantities of phlegm are coughed up from the stomach. There is no appetite until a stimulant has been taken. The other viscera are involved in the disorder. The liver becomes engorged, obstructed, indurated, its secretions deficient or depraved, with chronic indigestion as a sequence. Meantime the brain,

THE CENTRAL ORGAN OF EXCITABILITY, can but participate in the changes which are destroying the fair temple called Man. The sympathy between the physical organization and the intellect is close and direct. In many instances the sensorial system suffers at once from the alcoholic stimulant; in others the derangement seems to come as a reflex from the disorders of the visceral region. But whether the affection is primary or secondary, the brain of the intemperate speedily becomes diseased, and the disease rapidly assumes this character of organic deterioration. The structure of the membrane first, then that of the brain substance itself suffers change and degeneration through organic lesions, which are often precursors of imbecility, epilepsy, locomotor ataxia, or of delirium tremens. In some instances particles of pure alcohol are found deposited in the cerebral matter.

These morbid changes in the brain of course affect the volition. A healthy will-force cannot reside in a diseased brain, and this important factor of the intellect becomes weakened and finally paralyzed as the victim becomes more enslaved by the cruel tyrant to which he

"Bows his haughty manhood down
And makes its glories dim."

Lower he descends, degenerating morally and physically.

GRAVER SYMPTOMS APPEAR.

The natural susceptibility of the stomach is exhausted; it refuses to be roused save by increasing quantities of the fiery stimulant. The nervous system is shattered; its tone and elasticity are gone. The blood vessels are constantly in a turgescence state, apparent to the most casual observer; the liver is enlarged and torpid, the lower extremities are oedematous, the stomach tumid, the muscles either rigid or relaxed alarmingly. The brain, having suffered structural deterioration, is unfit for thought or to guide the operations of business. Mental as well as physical labor becomes distasteful, impossible; the moral sense is of no avail, for the will—the kingly director of human action—lies a bound captive in the inner citadel of his sorely besieged fortress. The victim has no control of his mind or body—no power to keep the resolves he makes to break away from the enslaving habit. Meantime the morbid

condition of his stomach enhances the craving for alcohol. It becomes a burning, consuming thirst; he is unable to turn his thoughts to any other source of relief or enjoyment; all restraints of education or society or domestic affection are lost sight of. Every influence is made to yield to that artificial necessity for a stimulant which now has absolute control of the system through the changes it has wrought in every organ and tissue, and calls imperiously for regular and increasing indulgence in order that the altered stomach and brain may be enabled to perform imperfectly their offices. But even this resort fails of its effect at length. The victim fails to find even temporary relief in the poison that has undermined him. Even in increased quantities it can excite to but a poor flickering flame the energies of brain and body—energies it has nearly consumed. In this exhausted, unnerved state, the patient feels helpless, all the doors of his being are open to the entrance of epilepsy, paralysis, heart disease, or delirium tremens, with its horrible hallucinations, its convulsions, alternating with stupor or profound, suicidal depression, and its frequent sequelæ, idiocy, insanity and death. To

RESTORE THIS WRECK

of humanity, shattered, helpless, trembling on the brink of the final vortex, is a work akin in grandeur to creation itself. "To effect the cure of the drunkard would be worth the labor of a life," says an eminent physician. It is a task which moral suasion has essayed with but indifferent success, for the reason that this appeals to the will-power of the patient, which force, as we have already seen, can no longer assert itself through the diseased and degenerated brain. The strongest resolutions, therefore, are often in vain, for the moral and intellectual faculties are under control of the potent influence which has laid its changing finger on every part of the organism. The thirst for alcohol is so deeply engrafted in the system that it is as much a part of it as are the instincts and appetites interwoven with it before birth. Consequently, the effort to disregard this craving is attended with so much suffering that most inebriates are deterred from making the effort. To attempt to break off from the habit without the interposition of any aid or palliative is to undergo a difficult and torturing ordeal, which may end in

nervous illness, in convulsions or insanity. The causes of the difficulty and pain are obvious. They are due to the exhausted and degenerated condition of the internal organs, and our best hope of eradicating the craving must be based upon the possibility of doing away with the diseased state of the organs upon which it is engrafted. Some treatment must take the place of the stimulant, with power on the one hand to soothe the burning of the inflamed membrane and relieve the thirst or craving for drink, and on the other hand to build up the disorganized tissues, restore to their normal size and tone the distended or congested blood vessels, give tone and strength to the nerves, and remove the physical disabilities under which the moral and intellectual powers rest, so that the volition may be enabled to act with its wonted freedom. These things, I claim, are accomplished by my treatment for such cases. When directions are followed I have had and am having most gratifying success, curing some of the worst forms of mania—satisfying the fierce thirst and gradually building up the shattered system and restoring its lost capacities. And this it does without material suffering or risk; without doing violence to the system as sudden abstinence without aid must do, or incurring the anxiety, the mental strain and the danger of failure which always attends the plan of simply "tapering off."

B. M. WOOLLEY, M.D.

Beer Drinking.

The following extract, taken from "Diseases of Inebriety," published by the American Association for the Study and Cure of Inebriety, of New York City, so thoroughly accords with my own views and observation, I have thought it worthy of quotation in full:

"For some years past a decided inclination has been apparent all over this country to give up the use of whisky and other strong alcohols, using as a substitute beer and bitters and other compounds. This is evidently founded on the idea that beer is not harmful and contains a large amount of nutriment; also that bitters may have some medicinal quality which will neutralize the alcohol it conceals, etc. These theories are without confirmation in the observations of physicians and chemists, where either has

been used for any length of time. The constant use of beer is found to produce a species of degeneration of all the organism, profound and deceptive. Fatty deposits, diminished circulation, conditions of congestion, and perversion of functional activities, local inflammations of both the liver and kidneys, are constantly present. Intellectually, a stupor amounting almost to paralysis arrests the reason, precipitating all the higher faculties into a mere animalism—sensual, selfish, sluggish, varied only with paroxysms of anger that are senseless and brutal; in appearance the beer drinker may be the picture of health, but in reality he is most incapable of resisting disease. A slight injury, severe cold, or shock to the body or mind, will commonly provoke acute disease, ending fatally. Compared with inebriates, who use different forms of alcohol, he is more incurable, and more generally diseased. The constant use of beer every day gives the system no time for recuperation, but steadily lowers the vital forces; it is our observation that beer drinking in this country produces the very lowest forms of inebriety, closely allied to criminal insanity. The most dangerous class of tramps and ruffians in our large cities are beer drinkers. It is asserted by competent authority that the evils of heredity are more positive in this class than from alcoholics. If these facts are well founded, the recourse to beer as a substitute for alcohol merely increases the danger and fatality following."

The truth is, no healthy infant, youth or matured man or woman should use any kind of stimulant that does not come strictly from normal quantities and qualities of nutritious food. One of the great mistakes of the age is trying to supplement exhausted nature by extraneous stimulation instead of by rest and nutrition; but my little book is too small to admit of dwelling on these points to any extent. All I can do is to merely throw out hints and call attention to the most prominent points of interest and leave the readers to think, investigate and reflect.

Alcoholism a Disease.

In referring to this subject it would, perhaps, be well enough to say that I am surprised that so much stress has been put upon the recognition of the fact that alcoholism is a disease, by

many who in the last few years have written on the subject, claiming that they were the discoverers of this fact. The recognition of the fact that alcoholism is a disease dates further back than the recognition of insanity as a disease. When insanity was regarded as a spiritual madness and the public claimed that persons suffering from it were possessed of the devil, inebriety was fully recognized as a disease.

Herodotus, five centuries before the Christian era, wrote that "drunkenness showed that both the body and soul were sick." Diodorus and Plutarch assert "that the drink madness is an affection of the body which hath destroyed many kings and noble people." And all through the ages, even among the Greek philosophers, the physical character of inebriety and hereditary tendencies were recognized. The Roman jurist, Ulpian, referred to the irresponsible character of inebriates and the necessity of treating them as sick men. Some of the Spanish laws in the thirteenth century recognized inebriety as a disease. In the sixteenth century the penal codes of France and many of the German states contained enactments which recognized the disease character of inebriety. In 1747, Condillac, a French philosopher, asserted that the drink impulse was like insanity, an affection of the brain.

Benjamin Rush, of Philadelphia, in 1790, confirmed the same theory and supported it by a long train of reasoning in two essays, entitled "The Influences of Physical Causes Upon Moral Faculties" and "An Inquiry into the Effect of Ardent Spirits Upon the Human Body and Mind." He describes the disease of inebriety, dividing it into acute and chronic forms, giving many causes, of which heredity was prominent. He urged that special measures be taken in the treatment, etc.

In 1802 Dr. Cabanis, of Paris, wrote endorsing the views of Condillac that inebriety, like insanity, was a disease and should be studied, and that it was a distinct form of mental disorder, needing medical care and treatment.

Professor Platner, of Leipzig, published a paper in 1809, affirming that inebriety was like an insane impulse and a form of insanity which should receive medical treatment and be studied by the aid of science.

In 1817 Salvator, of Moscow, published a pamphlet called "Ebriosity; Its Pathology and Treatment." He

divided drunkenness into two forms, intermittent and remittent, and urged that they be treated by physical means.

Esquirol, in 1818, described a condition of the nervous system in which inebriety was sure to follow.

In 1822, Buhl Cramner, a distinguished physician of Berlin, defined inebriety as a state of irritation of the brain and nervous system, to be cured by physical means, because it was purely of physical origin.

And so from this date down interest has grown in the subject, and more complete confirmation of the fact that inebriety is a disease has been presented.

In view of the above facts, it rather surprises me that some of the recent notoriety claim that they are the authors of the theory that inebriety is a disease. It may be, however, that they have only recently read up on this subject and have just now discovered that the world had discovered this fact many years ago. This is the most charitable view I can put on their fulsome claims, that they are the discoverers of the fact that inebriety is a disease. I would like to be understood; I do not claim having discovered it, but I do think that I have some claim to discovering a course of treatment that is most excellent for the relief of this disease, and the evidence of the efficiency of this treatment I give in the following pages, not in my words, but in the words of others who have tried it, to which I would direct the reader's attention.

I have been led to refer to this matter under this special head more for the purpose of placing the history of the discovery of the fact that inebriety is a disease, before the people, than for any other purpose.

I am indebted for some of the summaries of facts I have given to "Diseases of Inebriety," by T. D. Crothers, secretary of the American Association for the Study and Cure of Inebriety.

The Moral Results of Opium Mania.

The name of Charles Dickens must ever awaken a tender chord in the hearts of the millions who love his memory and who appreciate the efforts so apparent in his writings for the good of all humanity. In the work upon which he was engaged when that great event occurred which touched, as with an electric shock, the length and breadth

of two continents, he gives to the world an awful and direct warning against the rapidly increasing vice of the Opium habit. Whether from some peculiar circumstances the attention of this great and good man had been recently and forcibly drawn in this direction we cannot know, but who that has intelligently read the fragmentary history of "Edwin Drood" can fail to see the writer's purpose in showing us, through the carefully drawn character of John Jasper, the fearful consequences of an indulgence in this body and soul-destroying practice. Married from early manhood, for he was but twenty-six years of age when he was first introduced to the reader, and, so far as his history is given us, totally wrecked at last, we see in vivid coloring the gradual demoralization of an immortal being, gifted in person and mind to a great degree. Dickens has lain for long years in his silent tomb within the sacred precincts of Westminster Abbey, but "being dead, he yet speaketh," and through the magic pages of the "Mystery of Edwin Drood," he calls to you to-day, oh! sad and suffering humanity of this afflicted class, chained down by a servitude far more galling (in that it endures through all the eternal years) than that which fettered the hapless serf of Poleski. The process of demoralization may be a very gradual one; it differs widely in different temperaments and with different constitutions, but none the less is it sure and inevitable. Jasper was a gentleman by birth and education, endowed with the heaven-born gift of a rare musical genius; his profession was that of chorister in the Cathedral of Cloisterham. His daily associates were men and women of culture and refinement, yet John Jasper could so degrade himself that he sought out and then frequented a low den in a filthy and obscure back alley of London, there to mingle in closest contact with the coarse, the obscene and the vile from all races on earth, smoking even the same pipe with the priestess of this Black Art, a miserable old hag. We are told, furthermore, in this sad history of John Jasper, that the evil effects of his vice were not confined to himself alone. Physically and mentally his agonies were appalling. Who can read of them without a shudder? But poor, besotted slave as he was, he contrived, while under the excitement of a powerful dose of the deadly drug, to work a

terrible wrong, to blight the happiness of those who were his best friends (even to attempt the ruin of his only blood relation), the man who had the misfortune to be his nephew and his ward. He became a curse to all with whom he was thrown in contact. The moral part of his nature entirely perverted, he viewed all things through a false medium, was utterly unprincipled, unscrupulous, restrained neither by fear of man nor reverence for his God. At the point where this story leaves us, Jasper was an insane man. The confirmed devotee to the Opium habit CANNOT be a perfectly sane person. The distorted visions supplant truth and reality, and the strongest intellect is not proof against its absorbing power and tenacious clutch. Here we are forced to leave the miserable victim of a fatal vice. What his end would have been had the "lamented dead" lived to depict it, we can readily conjecture. But let us turn now from this character of fiction to deal with startling facts that lie before us. It has been ascertained by carefully prepared statistics that the amount of opium brought to the United States is ten times greater than it was thirty years ago; one-third of it is computed to be used for medicinal purposes. What becomes of the balance? Is it not a subject calculated to occasion alarm for the future mental and physical strength of our people? Among the victims of this dire disease are men and women of all classes—professional characters of highest abilities, writers, artists, lawyers, physicians, ministers. Ah, little does the world suspect how often the thrilling poem, the soul-stirring and eloquent address, the melting sermon, is the result of a powerfully exciting dose of Opium in some one of its many forms. Oh, the pressing necessity for a crusade more effective than the first, so great as to numbers and so powerful as an organization that it will seize and drag before the public gaze this terrible vice with all its Mephistophelean charms. Oh! men and women with immortal natures, be warned! Earnestly and gratefully should we believe in a divinely restraining influence, but there is a point beyond which it rarely goes. You should keep yourselves from the temptation, and God will keep you from the sin. The men or the women who are conscious of a weakness, and yet will deliberately place themselves in the way of temptation, have small claim upon

the sympathy of their fellow-beings. "Touch not, taste not, handle not." "Pass not by it." Shun it—avoid it as you value the security of your precious souls. Oh! the awful pathos of these lines, wrung from the anguished lips of one who had recklessly enslaved himself through yielding to the cursed spell of the "poppy wine." They come as echoes from the innermost depths of Dante's Inferno, as the intonations of a lost soul, who, realizing his inability to avert the doom which he has brought upon himself, sighs out his agony in words that only dimly foreshadow his Promethean torture:

THE OPIUM EATER.

Thy curse, O God, has followed me fast,
In the days and weeks of the shadowy past;
And the weary years that lie before
Are ringing loud with the sullen roar
Of the whistling tide that is carrying me on
To the starless night and the cursed dawn
Of the world beyond. And the opium grave
Is yawning wide; and there is none to save,
For mind and will have been swallowed up
In the poisoned drugs of the hideous cup
I have drained so long. And the light of day
Has shone its last on my lonely way;
And the hopes of youth that lingered there
Have given place to a dark despair.
For the poppy wine, with its cursed spell,
Is dragging me down to a lasting hell,
Dragging me down; and the seething wave
Of the waters of Lethe my feet will lave,
The shrieks of the damned my ears will greet,
And the soundless tread of hurrying feet,
Fleeing in vain from the burning wrath
Of the merciless fiend that bars the path.
Wild as the wail o'er the confined dead
Are the burning words of the book unread
That holds my fate. And no hope of day
Cheers me on my desolate way;
And the voice of the night winds seem to cry,
And a shuddering moan as they pass me by:
"Too late! too late! thou hast listened too
long"

To the lulling strains of the siren's song,
For the witching wave of the poisoned wine
Has bound thy soul in its deadly twine."
Too late! O God! and I dare not pray.
For the light of Thy face is turned away;
The curse of thy wrath and thy angry frown,
To the darkness of night is bearing me down.
Yet the world was bright in the years long
dead,
And the Savior smiled as he bowed his head,
And heard the prayer of the innocent rise
To the sinless throne beyond the skies.
The world was bright, but the tempter came
And breathed on me with its breath of flame;
And the tempted fell 'neath its lurid light
Of the mocking eyes and the ghastly night
Like a pall of darkness settled down
On the broken life; and the weary round
Of the days and weeks, the months and years,
Are filled with the mist of falling tears.

I have known many persons destroyed
by ardent spirits who were never completely
intoxicated during the whole
course of their lives.—*Dr. Benjamin
Rush.*

The Glass Railroad—A Dream.

There was a moral in that dream.
—MILFORD BARD.

"It seems to me," said the bard, "as though I had been suddenly aroused from my slumbers. I looked around and found myself in the center of a gay and happy crowd. The first sensation that I experienced was that of being borne along with a peculiar gentle motion. I looked around and found that I was in one of a long train of cars that was running over a railway. I could see the train far ahead. It was turning a bend in the railway, and seemed to be many miles in length. It was composed of cars. Each car, opened at the top, was filled with men and women, all happy; all laughing, talking or singing. The peculiar, gentle motion of the car interested me. I looked over the side, and, to my astonishment, found the railroad and cars were made of glass. The glass wheels moved over the glass rails without the least noise or oscillation. The soft, gliding motion produced a feeling of exquisite happiness. I was so happy. It seemed to me as if everything was at rest with me; I was full of peace. While I was wondering over the circumstances, a new sight attracted my gaze. All along the road, on either side, within a foot of the track, were lines of coffins, one on either side of the road, and every one containing a corpse dressed for burial, with its cold, white face upturned to the light. The sight filled me with unutterable horror. I yelled in agony, but could make no sound. The gay party around me only redoubled their singing and laughter at the sight of my agony, and we swept on and on, gliding with the glass wheels over the glass railroad, every moment coming nearer and nearer to the bend that formed an angle with the road far in the distance.

"Who are these?" I cried at last, pointing to the dead in the coffins by our side.

"These are persons who made this trip before us," replied one of those near me.

"What trip?" I asked.

"Why, the trip we are now making; the trip in these glass cars over this glass railway," was the answer.

"Why do they lie along the railroad, each one in his coffin?"

"I was answered with a whisper and a laugh which seemed to freeze my blood:

"They were dashed to pieces at the end of the road," said he whom I addressed. "You know that the railroad terminates at an abyss that is without bottom or measure. It is lined with pointed rocks. As each car arrives at the end it precipitates its passengers into the abyss. They are dashed to pieces against the rocks, and their bodies are brought up here and placed in the coffins as a warning to other passengers; but no one minds it, we're so happy on the glass railroad."

"I can never describe the horror with which these words inspired me.

"What is the name of this railroad?" I asked.

"The person whom I addressed replied in a low voice:

"It is the railroad of Habit. It is very easy to get into one of these cars. Everybody is delighted with the soft, gliding motion. The cars move on so gently. Yes, it is the railroad of Habit, and with glass wheels we are whirling over the glass railroad towards a fathomless abyss. In a few moments we will be there, then they will bring our bodies and put them in coffins as a warning to others, but nobody will mind it, will they?"

"I was choked with horror. I struggled for breath, made frantic efforts to leap from the cars, and in the struggle I awoke.

"I knew it was only a dream, and yet, whenever I think of it, I can see that long line of cars moving gently over the glass railroad. I can see the cars far ahead as they are turning the bend of the road. I can see the dead in their coffins, clear and distinct, on either side of the road, while the laughter and singing of the gay and happy passengers resound in my ears. I only see those cold faces of the dead, with their glassy eyes uplifted and their frozen hands upon their shrouds. It was a horrible dream."

And the bard's changing features and brightening eyes attested the emotions which had been aroused by the mere memory of the dream.

It was a horrible dream. A long train of glass cars gliding over a glass railway, freighted with youth, beauty and music, while on either hand are stretched the victims of yesterday as a timely but unheeded warning.

"There's a moral in that dream."

Reader, are you addicted to any sinful habit? Break it off ere you dash against the rocks.

How forcibly does this dream remind one of the insidious and delusive effects of the habitual use of opiates and alcoholic stimulants; how much alike in their exhilaration, and its unhappy final results! Reader, if you are not afflicted with fearful habits, will you not avail yourself of the happiness offered you in the act of doing good by directing some erring one, who is so afflicted, to the way of painless relief?

Arrest this "glass train" in its fearful speed and with its precious freight. This arrest must be properly done. The most approved "air-brake" must be applied. I claim to have and to understand how to apply these "air-brakes" without so much as a shock to the victim of these habits.

An Instructive Letter.

The following letter is written by a physician of high standing. He was cured by my treatment in 1877. He does not wish his name published, but gives me permission to refer the afflicted to him. I prefer, as a rule, not to publish certificates without the name and address of the giver, but I make an exception here, as this letter contains much information in regard to the habit:

Dr. B. M. Woolley, Atlanta, Ga.:

MY DEAR SIR—This age in which we live is eminently a practical one. Yet it is impossible for any system of science or art to stand before the intelligence of this people, flooded as they are with intellectual light, if not sustained by real claims of merit, confidence and respect. These reflections are called forth by a paragraph in your last letter to me, wherein you state that some are incredulous of the power of your Opium Cure to eradicate the disease for which you recommend it. To investigate this matter and give you the benefit of my experience and careful study is the object of this communication, and more especially as I hope it may lead others to as complete relief as I myself have had. I can conceive of no condition in life so destructive to everything that makes life desirable as the Opium habit.

To begin, then, we might inquire in what way this substance exercises its physiological action? There are conflicting opinions, but the one that best accords with my own views is that of Moliere and Hammond—that anemia of the brain is present, opium producing

contraction of the cerebral vessels. A toxic dose of opium produces narcosis at once; in a small dose, the narcosis is preceded by excitation. I apprehend that in the first instance the stage of excitement is so short that it is not appreciable, the dose overpowering the system at once—its physiological action being similar to that of congestion. At first the capillary vessels are dilated by the stimulus sent through the nerves supplying the part, and afterwards contracted. It has been demonstrated by Moliere that in sleep we have cerebral anemia, or, in other words, that by withdrawing blood from any part, by whatever means, we lessen the sensibility and produce partial, if not complete, anæsthesia, as shown by the great Nela-ton, in the asphyxia produced by the inhalation of chloroform. The result is always a quieting and anodyne one. I further believe that this is the demonstrable physiological fact in the Opium habit. The subject, by continual use of the drug, produces a chronic contraction of the cerebral vessels, to which condition the brain (through habit) accommodates itself, and when the drug is left off, the cause of this contraction of the cerebral vessels (which has now become a second nature) being removed, the vessels are dilated, resulting in congestion or engorgement of the brain, with all its peculiar sufferings, as is shown by hyperæsthesia, irritability of the stomach, or cerebral vomiting mania, and, in many instances, even death, this congestion being peculiar on account of its peculiar cause. Now, if this theory be correct, and I believe after careful study that it is, we can comprehend why it is that a person, after becoming addicted to the use of opium, or its alkaloids, which have the same physiological effects, is so utterly powerless to remedy his wretched condition by a discontinuance of its use, and we can also conceive how unscientific it is to expect him to abandon the habit without aid. Now, the question arises, how would we intelligently prescribe for his pathological condition? If we can find a drug that would prevent the congestion of the brain, consequent upon the abandoning of the opium habit, and thus relieve the unique symptoms attending this congestion, scientifically speaking, the end is attained, and we might expect that the cerebral vessels would, after a long time, regain their normal condition and a cure result. The sequel of this communica-

tion will show that in the remedy you propose, be it what it may, we have a specific in this disease.

But another question is, whether or not this evil is one that threatens the interest of this people? We contemplate, in an enlightened way, what man is—that he is the image of his Maker, like a God, dwells among the stars, else how does he view yon world that rides through space with lightning speed through his own invention—the telescope—that he catches the light and unfolds it to an admiring world into spectres of beauty that even the remembrance of his grandeur after his death is a joy forever for the living, and that his dignity is yet more clearly demonstrated when we contemplate the nature of the soul. In the language of Professor Armick, "Even in thought it stands in the ashes of a cindered world, exultant in a destiny which has just begun, when worlds have ceased to be." And then woman—the greatest and best gift of God to man—who, when

"Pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou."

Or who in the shock of battle exclaims:

"I know 'twas a trumpet's note,
And I see my brother's lances gleam,
And their penons wave by the mountain stream
And their plumes on the glad winds float."

Or who, in their beautiful resignation and pride of faithfulness, still clings to the drunken footsteps of her husband until death breaks the bond and then goes and weeps over his discreditable grave and forgives him all. But all this seems as a gem set in clay—his living temple. Yet this soul, even that of a Daciere, whose eloquence was almost superhuman among the orators of antiquity, or some of our more modern senators, whose names I forbear to mention, so honored in their memory, and that of wives, sisters, mothers and brothers, fathers, daughters and sons, is to-day prostrate and trailing in the dust, shadowed by the broken lamps, whose rich clouds of brilliant light have been exchanged for poisonous vapors, a sad and dismal monument of former greatness, this, too, the fruits and work of that incubus, Opium, which has fastened with such dreadful terror his poisoned fangs upon the vitals of this generation, an evil that stops not until the house of the soul shakes under the tempest, the rafters rot and give way, the roof sinks in, and the building falls to the ground

like a palace all in ruins, with the light and love vanished and gone before. There comes up from every city, town and hamlet in this broad land a wild refrain and cry for help from this Opium fiend. It is the most terrible disease of which I have any knowledge; yet you have a certain, painless and radical cure, demonstrated to me by an actual personal test. I contracted the habit of taking Sulphate of Morphia, hypodermically, during a spell of sickness. I could see no rescue, and I had abandoned all hope of relief. I had used as high as sixty grains of morphia in twenty-four hours, yet your remedy has effected a complete cure. I no longer take the Antidote, and am now in as good health as I ever was in my life. This I cheerfully state, and with the deepest gratitude to you, sincerely hope that my experience with your invaluable remedy may lead others in my deplorable condition to the same rescue and renewed happiness.

Very respectfully your friend,

The Fell Destroyer.

There are few, if any, evils into which the human family are led by degrees and from which they finally suffer that are not alluring in their incipient influences, or hid beneath a deceptive garb. The avenues of vice are generally hedged about by flowery paths. The vilest of the vile are often draped in purple and fine linen. The very apartments of the most wicked are often made attractive by enchanting music, the lights of cheerfulness, the hallucinations of perfume and poetry, as well as the most attractive works of art and nature. The most poisonous serpents are often clothed in beautiful hues. Many beautiful flowers hang over dangerous precipices, and embosom in their sweet folds virulent poisons. Some of the sharpest and most poignant thorns are but barely hid by flowers exquisitely beautiful and of the sweetest odors. Terrible volcanoes lurk beneath mountains perfectly bewildering in their ravishing beauty. But of all evils, perhaps none are so insidious, delusive or alluring, nor any more loathsome, unutterably pernicious and horrible in final results, than that caused by the excessive and habitual use of opiates. In its incipency it seems to be a panacea for all ills, and doubtless does at times make its victims

feel as though they were transported on the wings of a speechless music, and floating through the air, and even in the vales enabled to play hide and seek with the meteors. But it is but a step between these heights and the deepest abasement, prison bars, handcuffs and wretched death. The chain of its bondage may, indeed, for a long time be golden; many a day may pass before the fetters gall, yet all the while there is going on a slow, insidious consumption of native strength, and when at last captivity becomes a pain, its victims awake to discover in terror and despair that the very forces of disenfranchisement have perished out of their reach, and the gate of egress closed behind them; and it is here the soul begins to shrink, and realize the appalling truth that it has been sinking instead of rising; that it has been truly dwarfed instead of expanded and enlarged; that it has been defaced and abased instead of polished and exalted; for it is a fact worthy the consideration of all that the soul ever withers and shrinks from its healthy growth towards the true end of its being under the dominance of any sensual indulgence.

Investigation has established the fact that opium suspends, and by long continuance in its indulgence virtually extirpates that vital force out of which springs hope, insight into excellence, fortitude, volition made permanent in perseverance. It is an artificial energy destructive to all natural energy. It actually annihilates the power of will over action. In fact, the emasculation of the will may be classed as one of its most characteristic effects, and, by submitting to it, the victims sow a harvest of degradation which involves in its mildewed sheaves manly and womanly fortitude, faith and promise—all the list of high-toned principles which are the virile; even more, the true human glory. Then let me admonish all to beware of the use of opiates in any form! Soon, ah! too soon, will all its pleasures turn to pain. Soon will its waters turn to fountains of bitterness, from whose brink you will be forced by power of habit and that insatiable, undefinable and inexpressible thirst of the Opium-diseased victim, to draw in their foul and ever maddening lees, without the power, unaided, of arising. At this point how often do the pitiable victims beat their breasts in despair, as they behold their buried hopes, their dead and mangled ties of former affections. They are

provoked to curse themselves and the heinous drug for destroying the noblest powers of their nature—these powers, which it may have been, in earlier and better days, their great ambition to strengthen, to nourish, to ennoble, to enlarge and clarify. Then, as one who has had peculiarly favorable opportunities of learning of the insidious character of this drug in the incipency of its use, as well as the terrible and appalling effects of its long continuance, I would say to all who are but yet tampering with this charming but heinous monster, beware! You, it may be, are as yet only dallying with it in its flowery paths of pleasant dreams—but beware! Retrace your steps at once! You are, I assure you, as one during the brink of a cataract. The music now enchanting you, instead of heaven-born origin, is but demons' alluring chimes. You are but dallying with the gentle influence pertaining to the approaches of a Niagara. Then reverse your oars and paddle for life ere it be too late.

It may be that some reader may conclude that much more is said and written about the Opium habit, its terrors and dangers, than the facts in the case justify. It may not be unreasonable to expect such views from those not posted in the nature, fearful extent and appalling increase of the habit. Could you but for one moment see what multitudes of victims, composed of both sexes, of every class, from every station in life, are gradually approaching, while others are writhing in the torment of hell on earth, which the Opium habit creates for its votaries, you certainly would not be so indifferent or calm in the cause of reform in this direction. I am aware that, perhaps, there is no evil into which a fellow-being is prone to fall where condemnation is more universally bestowed, and less pity felt, and where fewer are found disposed to lend a helping hand, than where the evil habit of using opium to excess prevails. And yet who is a greater slave, who deserves more pity, or who is more in need of the gentle, yet powerful, stroke of Charity's hand than the opium victim? But thus it is too often the case with the world. It is always so much easier to condemn, to criticize, to pull and push down than to create or reconstruct, that the majority are most frequently found satisfying an easy conscience by adopting the former course. But is it right? Is it charitable? Is it Christian-like?

Do you ask what you can do? I

answer, much indeed. I have given to the public from time to time irrefutable evidence of the most absolute efficacy of my treatment even in the most extreme cases. You would do a great charity and a Christian duty by an earnest effort to satisfy yourself, if not already convinced, of the fact stated, and then carry the knowledge to the heart and home of every despairing sufferer you can.

Could you but for one day actually see the numerous throng of the opium-afflicted of the land—realize their torment, hear their cries of suffering and earnest entreaties for help—could you look into their faces, betokening the very gloom of despair and the darkness of their hearts, or witness, it may be, the idiotic smile, offspring of some alluring but sadly delusive dream—such an alarm would go forth as would certainly be heeded where the human heart had not become callous, and the fountain of sympathy and the springs of charity had not forever dried up. Could you but draw aside the curtains of secrecy that so universally veil this sad, evil habit and direful consequences but for a moment and behold the wretchedness within—could you know but half the secret distress of the opium-afflicted of our country, and realize fully the fearful increase of the habit—could you be made aware of the number who fill places in our asylums from its effects, or the host who perish unknown—could you be made aware of the number of homes darkened and made hopeless by its baneful influence—could you see its fiendish, fiery tongue of destruction spreading demon-like desolation among the flowery paths of human affections, and mysteriously putting its cold, clammy, poisonous grasp upon the vital cords that bind fond heart to heart, destroying the happiness of each, you would not think too much is said, or could be said, in reference to the evil.

Could you witness, day by day, estrangements between the most devoted, gradually increasing by some—to them it may be hidden—unknown cause, until the anguish of separation even threatens them—could you know the many noble impulses of the best minds—now chilled and beclouded by the deadly night-shade of this curse, you would not become tired of having your attention called to its prevalence. Do not so universally condemn, but pity; upbraid less and help more.

B. M. WOOLLEY, M.D.

A Thrilling Incident.

It was a dark and gloomy night—just such a night wherein ghosts are said to walk, and when disembodied spirits meet in nocturnal conferences. The clock had tolled the solemn hour of twelve when an unearthly scream, as from some lost soul, sinking, strugglingly sinking into realms of eternal despair, awoke the sleepers in rooms overlooking the Alabama river, at Selma, just below the wharf. Windows were quickly hoisted in every direction, and prying heads protruded, while all along the question resounded. "Who is it?" "What's the matter?" With an occasional, "Is it murder?" No, for now hear the cry more distinctly, "Come here! Come here! somebody, or I shall die. I shall drown in this river to-night!" Only those who heard this cry, like myself and some others, can realize its startling, unearthly sound as it came to us in its awakening influence, over the waters, through the darkness of that midnight hour. It is now recalled as the memory of a horrid dream. A man, in an unguarded moment, had fallen overboard from one of the steamers anchored at the wharf just above us. He could not swim, but had caught some drift-wood, by the aid of which he barely managed to float with the current. We could not see him, but we could hear his unceasing cry: "Come here! Come here! somebody. I shall drown in this river to-night!" An occasional rough wave seems to fill his mouth; there is a struggle, and we think he is gone; but no, he is heard again, and with wilder cries than before, he implores for "Help! Help! Help!" A ferryman (it was Dick, one of Callahan's colored ferryman), nearly a half mile above, has heard the cries and is coming to the rescue, hallooing as he pushes his little boat. "Where are you? Where are you?" Without ceasing, we hear the distressing cries: "Come here! Come here! Oh! help me!" He is going down, down, down, borne on by the turbulent waves, and we can but faintly hear the pitiful cries. But he seems to have checked up. Is it hope or despair? We hear him again. There is hope; it may be that the ferryman will reach him in time. Ah! hush; what is that? The ferryman says: "I have him! Let go that twig and get into my boat, and do all I bid you, and I will put you once more on land." He had caught a twig which projected from a high,

perpendicular bluff of slick soapstone, strong enough to aid him in his efforts to keep from being swept along with the current. There he was, strength nearly gone, voice almost inaudible, but still faintly crying: "Come here somebody! Help! Oh! Help!" To him, it was of little consequence who came, if they would only take him out of the chilling waves and save him from so fearful a fate as that icy grave. Dick reaches him at last; he pulls him into the little boat, and, after some tedious and difficult rowing, lands him on shore. He is soon freed from the element of destruction and is a saved man, restored to comfort and physical strength.

(This is a correct statement of an incident witnessed by myself.)

Can there not be a useful application of this incident to point a moral? How often, in an unguarded moment, are our fellow-beings falling into bad habits, and, like the man who was in the water, find the current of some besetting sin bearing them irresistibly down, down to endless ruin. They realize, finally, their danger, and cry aloud for "Help!" but the world is asleep. Possibly, a few near by may hear the agonized appeal, and some may be moved to say, "Poor fellow!" but not more than one out of a hundred paddles through danger and darkness to their rescue.

There is a large class of sufferers to whom we may aptly refer just here, and, perhaps, there are no others to whose suffering the world at large is as little sensible. We refer to the unfortunate men or women who, from various causes, have gotten into those most distressing and fatal of all bad habits—the constant use of opium or alcohol in any form. Their most intimate friends, while perhaps moved by a vague pity, will at the same time stand by, not having the knowledge or means, however willing they may be to use them, for the rescue of the unfortunate.

To those who are afflicted with the opium or whisky habit—those who, as was this drowning man, are overpowered by an element stronger than their will—I will say that help can be secured. Write me; and to readers who are not so afflicted, thank your God and look around and see if you cannot find some such sufferer whom you can help—if by no other means, by pointing them to the way of help. Write me their names and addresses, and let me send them this book.

"Cocaine."

And, as a closing appeal, I cannot do better than adopt the language of Judge A. A. Gundy, of Louisiana, when writing on another subject. He said:

"We are told that when the Son of Man shall come in His glory and call the good to their reward, He will bless them, not for their success as preachers or proselyters, but because they fed Him when hungry, gave Him drink when thirsty, clothed Him when naked, visited Him when sick or in prison, and showed Him hospitality when a stranger; and when the righteous, overwhelmed with a sense of humility and unworthiness, shall disclaim having done such things for the Lord, the King shall answer in these significant words: "Verily I say unto you, inasmuch as you have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." * * *

Here we find that devotion to the amelioration of humanity is the only road to salvation for individuals and formations.

When I was young, in the heyday of my intellectual fervor, I strove to find out what is the highest good of existence, what is the noblest aim of human life. I searched the fields of literature, I interrogated the innermost recesses of nature, I asked the friendly stars that look down upon us from the marble walks of heaven, and of the great all-seeing orb of day, as he sank to rest—I asked what is the highest good? And they were silent as the flight of time. But as I grew older the answer came, not from the all-seeing sun, not from the deep-eyed stars, not from multitudinous voices of nature, but from a still small voice whose whispered accents none but the listening ear of conscience can catch, the answer came: "*Man's highest good is the service of man.*" This is the lesson of all civilization. It is the song of the ages. It is the psalm of humanity.

Comparatively recently the cocaine habit has become of sufficient importance to receive notice. In the present edition of my pamphlet, I can but simply and very briefly call attention to the fact that the cocaine habit is a fearful one, and should be shunned by all. It is rare that we find the habit formed in any case except where alcohol or opium has been used to excess, but it is undoubtedly increasing in these cases. It is a good medicine when properly used in certain cases; especially is it efficient in minor surgery, but when used habitually it is very dangerous. Its dangerous effects will, very likely, prevent its being used to any great extent as an intoxicant. It acts more rapidly than opium, and is more rapidly destructive to the human system. Its first effects are more exhilarating than alcohol, but they are variable and not entirely reliable. When used habitually it soon develops mania, followed by narcotism and melancholia. When given in a case of melancholia it is but a very short time until we have a maniacal condition to follow, and such a case will finally relapse into melancholia again.

I look upon it as more dangerous than an intoxicant and in other respects than opium or alcohol, and it is more difficult to treat. It can never be used as a substitute for these drugs, nor as an antidote or remedy for their use. So, let me say to everyone, beware of the use of cocaine. Never should it be used by any one except on the prescription of a physician, and the physician ought to be very wise and cautious in his prescription. To the opium afflicted or alcoholics, I can say, you had better increase either your opium or alcohol, or both, than to resort to cocaine as a remedy.

PART SECOND. TO THOSE DESIRING TREATMENT.

To Those Desiring Treatment for the Opium Habit.

The first thing which should be done is to give me a full statement of your present condition, as well as the history of your forming the habit. In making this statement you should be accurate, or as nearly so as possible. In giving information about the amount of drug used, state the amount used at the present time by weight or measurement; the largest amount ever used, how long used, how the amount has been reduced, and what means were used to reduce it (if reduced), and how long the present amount has been used. Never guess at the amount of drug you use. Always have it weighed or measured, unless you know what it is. If it is impracticable to state the amount used daily by actual weight or measurement, the amount used in any given length of time (say one week) may be stated. Have a drug-gist weigh or measure this amount accurately for you, and then use it, keeping an account of how long it lasts you. Do not try to see how little you can be sustained with, for this would deceive me as to your real condition. You might be sustained with half the amount your system has been accustomed to.

I give below a list of questions. They should be plainly and truthfully answered. Fill the blank and return to me, and I will write you what the charge for treatment will be. Or send \$3.00 by P. O. Order, Express Money Order, or Registered Letter, and the medicine will be made and shipped to you C. O. D. for the balance of the charge above, \$3.

Questions to be Answered.

- Age? Sex? Married or single?
- Occupation? Present state of health?
- Usual weight in health, and weight now?
- Have you palpitation of the heart?
- Do you use spirituous liquors? If so, state to what extent. Do you spree?
- What caused loss of health?

Length of time you have used Opium?
Cause of habit?

Have you ever used more opiates than now? If so, state how much more, and how long since, and by what means did you reduce the amount? Have you ever taken treatment for the habit? If so, state who treated you, and what was the result?

How much opiates were you taking when you began the treatment?
How long since you quit the treatment?

How long did you take treatment?
How much Opium, if any, did it take to sustain you when you stopped treatment, and how much now?

Were you ever, at any other time in your life, addicted in any degree to this habit? If so, state particulars.

Did your parents or grandparents use opiates or stimulants?

State the amount of opiates used. If Morphine, the number of grains per day, or the length of time one bottle lasts you. If Gum Opium, the number of grains per day, or the length of time one ounce lasts you. If Laudanum or McMunn's Elixir, the length of time one bottle lasts you, or the number of bottles used per week? (A bottle of Laudanum or Elixir usually contains one ounce, and a bottle of Morphine one drachm or sixty grains). State how you use the opiates you take. This is important.

What is your temperament?

(A person who is nervous, quick, sensitive to impressions, is of a nervous temperament. One who is stout, full-blooded, red-faced, is of a sanguine temperament. A thin, dark-featured, reticent person is of a bilious temperament, while a pale, fat, sluggish nature is called phlegmatic or lymphatic.)

Name of patient?
P. O. address?
Nearest express office?

It is important that each and every one of the above questions should be fully answered, and, as nearly as possible, every symptom, disease or habit the patient has been or is now afflicted with,

should be made known to me, as they are all considered in compounding the medicine, and are important.

ADDITIONAL QUESTIONS FOR FEMALE APPLICANTS ONLY.

Are you regular in menstruating? If not, state how long since your sickness appeared? State how often it appears?
How many children have you had since you have been using opiates?
Are you now pregnant?
If so, how far advanced?

ADDITIONAL QUESTIONS FOR MALE APPLICANTS ONLY.

Is your virility or sexual appetite as great as before using opiates?
If not, then state how long you have been failing, and to what extent?

I advise that the Antidote be ordered each time in two monthly supplies, as my experience has taught me that the patient is thus less liable to get out of medicine. You can get one month's supply at a time, but never order less than one month's supply. To get out of Antidote before you are cured will necessitate a resort to other drugs, and this will interrupt the course of your treatment and retard your cure.

Is There Any Danger in the Use of the Antidote?

It is innocent and beneficial for those for whom it is prepared when taken in prescribed doses, but it is DANGEROUS FOR ANY ONE ELSE. It should, therefore, at all times be kept in a secure place away from children or others who might taste or take it. NO ONE EXCEPT THOSE FOR WHOM IT IS PREPARED SHOULD EVER TASTE IT, MUCH LESS EVER TAKE A DOSE OF IT. It must be made powerful to do its work properly.

How Much Will it Cost?

The cost is not great when you consider that the Opium you take costs money, and unfits you for every duty in life, and there is no end to it; while with the Antidote, in mind and body you are soon fitted for usefulness, relieved from suffering, and ere long can lay it aside also.

Terms will be given on receipt of a

statement of the case, and I will endeavor to make them as reasonable and low as the nature of the case will admit.

Any communication you may make shall be kept always strictly private.

Will the Use of the Antidote Interfere With My Ordinary Avocation? No.

On the contrary, you will be more natural and better able to attend to business.

Can it be Sent by Mail?

Being a liquid, it cannot. It is packed in plain wooden boxes and sent by express.

An Important Point.

Now, one word on another important point. If you have not the money to pay for the medicine for a reasonable length of time, that you may complete a cure before quitting its use, allow me to advise you to get it before commencing, or be very certain you can get it as you need it. I would impress upon you the fact that I do not want your money for nothing. I do not believe in half doing things, and if you only take, say one or two bottles, when the case may require five or six or more to complete a cure, I can assure you what little you have taken will do you but little permanent good.

I wish to be candid in this matter, whether it curtails my business or not. I claim no supernatural or extraordinary, special or spiritual interposition in my behalf in this treatment, but do trust that I am, and shall continue to be, honest and candid in the whole matter, and especially in my dealings with the patient, and I hope they will be candid, frank and confiding with me. I desire no flattery as to the effects of the Antidote, but simple facts pointedly stated. Let us try to do each other good. I sympathize with every Opium afflicted person. I have had experience with thousands of such afflicted, and know of their horrors and trials, and I wish to do them good, not to flatter them with false hopes; and if they will give me their confidence, get my remedy and obey instructions, I can assure them that I can get them out of their troubles.

How Long Shall the Antidote be Used?

It is impossible to answer this definitely. Much depends—1. Upon the quantity of Opiate used. 2. The length of time it has been used. 3. The general condition of health, obedience to instructions, etc. We warn patients that they often feel so WELL they imagine they are cured when they are not. Beware of this and follow directions. The Antidote must be taken long enough to thoroughly eradicate the effects of the narcotic poison from the system, and to give nature time to re-establish a healthy normal condition. I will always complete a cure as soon as is practicable, having a due regard for the comfort and safety of the patient. Some are cured in a month or two, but few in less than five or six months, and some require ten or twelve months, and others, extreme cases, more.

Fathers, Read This.

The *New York Voice* recently elicited the opinions of eminent physicians on the subject of hereditary effects in the use of liquors. Below we reproduce one of the replies for the benefit of our readers:

The forms of hereditary deterioration from drink are many. This is necessarily the case, because the toxic action of alcohol (and it is always toxic on physiological conditions) is universal upon the system. In this respect it differs from many poisons, which are apt to act more or less locally. The universal impression is of such a nature that it will more particularly fasten itself upon such constitutional traits of the organism as are predisposed to yield to its powerful impressions. This subject is very familiar to the alienist or neurologist. Dr. Maudsley says: "Certain forms of nervous disease, such as epilepsy, hysteria, dipsomania, hypochondriasis, etc., may predispose to other forms of nervous disease in the offspring—as conversely, insanity in the parent may predispose to other forms of disease in the offspring." The same author says: "The mingling and transformation of neuroses (dipsomania, etc.) are more plainly manifest when the history of the course of nervous disease is traced through generations; it is seen how close are the fundamental relations of certain ner-

vous diseases, and how artificial the distinction between them sometimes may appear." That is to say, that dipsomania, amnesia, somnambulism, etc., may masquerade in turn, in the same individual, or, more likely still, may descend, through heredity, in different forms.

Dr. C. H. Hughes, the eminent alienist, says that he has seen in the family of the drunkard, "one given to the periodic drink, another to attacks of hysteria or epilepsy, or melancholia, or more active mania." The more prominent works on insanity are full of this subject. It is not necessary that actual drunkenness should be persisted in to affect the constitution of the child. Violent drinking is apt to be alternated by abstinence and a return toward a normal state. Indulgence in small quantities of wine or spirits throughout the day is pronounced "more dangerous" than periodic hard drinking. The reason is that the constant impression affects the constitution more than the interrupted impressions, the latter affording the organism opportunities to recover itself. I do not think I know of a single drunkard who has a sound member in the offspring of his drunken years. Of course, fifteen years of excessive study of this subject would be expected to brighten the optics with respect to this phenomena. Such an one would readily see things hidden to the casual observer. But close observation has convinced me that, either openly and plainly—as in physical degenerations—or else covertly, as in the morals and the disposition, or in the mental powers, severally or united, the constitution of every child of the steady drinker is impaired by the drinking habit of its progenitors.

I am acquainted with a family, the father and mother of which are of excellent parts naturally, but the father is a long-lived drunkard. One of the children has chorea badly—this cannot have come from the "surroundings." Another was born sadly deformed in the central nervous organs—hydrocephalous. This, too, could not have been a matter of "environment." Another of the children is an occasional drunkard, while still another is morally dead—a gambler, a drunkard and an idle profligate.

It would be easy to fill a large book with this kind of evidence. I repeat, I do not believe that it is possible for a child of drunken parentage to be born

into the world without being constitutionally the worse for the inebriate ancestry.

To Persons Wishing to Order Whisky Antidote or Cure.

STATEMENT OF CASE.

It is necessary to have the following questions plainly and truthfully answered:

Questions to be Answered.

Age? Sex? Married or single?
Occupation? Present state of health?

About your usual weight in health and weight now? About what height?

Have you palpitation of the heart?
Do you use Opium or any other stimulants besides whisky? If so, how much?

Are your bowels constipated, or do they move regularly?

What caused loss of health?
Length of time you have used whisky?

Have you ever received any severe physical or mental injury, such as a blow on the head, fall, shock, mental strain, etc? If so, when?
Amount you use in twenty-four hours?

Cause of habit?
Do you drink habitually, or only take "spree" occasionally?
If you spree, state what is the general length of time a spree lasts?

What time elapses between sprees?
When did you have the last spree?
Have you ever had delirium tremens? If so, how often and when?
Is the habit hereditary?
Did your parents or grandparents drink to excess?

Were or are there any pronounced nervous disease, such as epilepsy, mania, St. Vitus' dance, in the families of your parents or grandparents?

Temperament?
Any person who is nervous, quick, sensitive to impressions, is of a nervous temperament. One who is stout, full-blooded and red-faced is of a sanguine temperament. A thin, dark-featured, reticent person is of a bilious temperament, while a pale, fat, sluggish nature is called phlegmatic or lymphatic.

Additional Questions for Male Applicants Only.

Is your virility or sexual appetite as great as before using opiates? If not, then state how long you have been failing, and to what extent?

For answers to the following questions see answers to same questions under the head of directions "To Persons Wishing to Order Opium Antidote or Cure."

IS THERE ANY DANGER IN THE USE OF THE ANTIDOTE? WILL THE USE OF THE ANTIDOTE INTERFERE WITH MY ORDINARY OCCUPATION? CAN IT BE SENT BY MAIL?

How Much Will it Cost?

The price of the whisky antidote is \$10.00 per month's supply.

How Long Shall the Antidote be Used?

One month's supply is often sufficient, but I recommend the use of two months' supply, and in some cases three or four months' supply should be used.

Will the Antidote Relieve the Desire for Liquor?

It will, and restore the system to a natural and normal condition. There is nothing magical about it. The system is diseased, either by heredity or the long use of alcoholic drinks. The Antidote meets this disease and overcomes it, thus enabling the person afflicted to stop both the Antidote and the Alcoholic Stimulants.

The wind is unseen, but cools the brow of the fevered one, sweetens the summer atmosphere and ripples the surface of the lake into silvery spangles of beauty. So goodness of heart, though invisible to the material eye, makes its presence felt; and from its effect upon surrounding things, we are assured of its existence.

PART THIRD.

TO THOSE UNDER TREATMENT.

Special Instructions and Advice to Those to be Treated for the Opium Habit, and Also Those Under Treatment.

Before you begin the Antidote I wish to here repeat that it is difficult to say how long it will take to complete a cure in any given case. The remedy should be used for a length of time sufficient to enable nature to re-establish a healthy condition and harmonious action of all the organs. To try to force this is not economy in money or comfort. It is a great mistake, yet one too often conceived and acted upon, to think that forcing a person off or from the use of opiates, or from the remedy for the Opium habit, cures that diseased condition produced by the long and continued use of the deadly drug. I can stop the use of opiates, I might say, immediately, but it takes time and a wise, patient and persevering use of efficient remedies to repair the damages done to the entire system by the poisonous salts of the drug, so that all the organs can act in healthy harmony with each other, thereby restoring the will-power and every other essential power of the body, and enabling the once afflicted persons to control their actions, appetites, etc. The causes which may promote or retard the progress or completion of a cure are so numerous, and vary so much in the different cases, that it is difficult to approximate the time required to effect a cure with any degree of certainty. Opium affects different persons in dissimilar ways. Some are damaged much more rapidly and seriously than others. Some have more native recuperative power than others. Some obey instructions implicitly, while others will insist upon talking the advice or suggestions of outsiders or try various experiments of their own.

I would just here suggest to all interested in the subject, that it is in my opinion of paramount importance that every one should determine for them-

selves whether they believe me to be an honest and reliable person. If you believe I am both, then trust me to advise you wisely and unselfishly. If you CANNOT trust me thus far, then have nothing to do with me or my treatment. I know that it is natural for all to be exceedingly anxious to ascertain how long it will be ere their bondage is ended, and the light of hope, health and happiness will take the place of gloom and despair, and could I honestly and truthfully tell to each afflicted one how long it would take to complete a cure in their case, it would be a source of great happiness to me as well as to themselves. I can, however, only say what I HAVE said in reference to this subject in other places, that some are cured in two or three months, few in less than six months, many in seven to eight, while some require from ten to twelve months, and rare and difficult cases even longer.

A system suffering from any chronic disease, and especially a disease brought about by a long-continued bad habit, such as the use of large quantities of poison like Opium, cannot be made healthy in a day, or week, and in but few cases in a month. I have but little faith in the safety, rationality or permanency of extremely quick or rapid cures of the Opium habit. In most things we recognize the fact that it is much easier to destroy, to burn down, to mar, than to reconstruct. Yet it seems to be thought by some that an Opium-diseased system, that has been receiving the ravages of the drug for years, can be relieved, reconstructed, *restored to health in 10 to 20 days!* Is it rational? Think a moment, reflect, and you can not so conclude.

When the abnormal condition, produced by the use of opiates, has been corrected by the remedy you will know it by your restored health, and by the gradually growing consciousness that you no longer need either the opiate or the remedy, which acts well ONLY on an abnormal condition of the system. You will, when fully restored to health,

have no desire for, but rather an aversion to, the use of the antidote, as well as of the opiate. Until this condition is produced and fully established, it is not prudent to discontinue the remedy, be the time long or short, though you may reduce the dose ever so much.

I want to emphasize certain points. Remember that no two bottles of medicine made for the same patient are alike. Each is a separate prescription for the case from the beginning to the end, according to the condition of the case each time the prescription is made. Therefore do not expect to find them alike in color, taste or apparent effect. This, however, does not exclude your report of the effects. I want to know all the changes.

PATIENTS, READ THIS.

After you begin using the Medicine, always order again when you have at least ten days' supply on hand. If your mail or express is not very prompt, or if you live far away, then order two weeks or more before you are out. Don't forget this, as it cannot be sent hurriedly, and you should not get out if a cure is expected. Remember, I always have several hundred cases on hand, and that every bottle is made after the order is received.

Every order should be accompanied by an account of progress of the case. State how the Medicine sustains. State when you began using the last supply

of Antidote, how many doses you use per day, and how much at each dose. If sleep is sound and refreshing. Appetite and digestion good or not. Bowels regular, constipated or loose. Mind cheerful or otherwise. Do not simply say, "Doing well," but give particulars. I will furnish you blank reports, which should be filled whenever an order is given by the patient under treatment. This is important, as it gives me a clear idea of the patient's condition. My great aim is to cure, and to do so in the quickest time practicable, always having due regard for the comfort and safety of the patient.

I advise that the Antidote be ordered in two monthly supplies at a time, as my experience has taught me that the patient is thus less liable to get out of Medicine. To get out of Antidote before you are cured will necessitate a resort to other drugs, and this will interrupt the course of your treatment and greatly retard a cure.

You can get one month's supply at a time, but never order less than that amount.

Directions for Taking Opium Antidote.—The dose should be taken with perfect regularity and exactness—four doses a day of a fluid drachm—or fill the measure I send with first supply up to mark running from 1 to 60; thus, 1—60. Never take more—to be taken at 7 and 11 o'clock in the forenoon and at 3 and 8 in the afternoon. If affected unpleasantly about the head, eyes or stomach, reduce the dose.

The use of all stimulants should be discontinued. Where a correct statement has been given, there will be no need for them. The bottles are numbered in the order in which they should be taken. Finish each bottle before beginning the next.

Follow Directions.—This Antidote or Cure should be taken exactly as prescribed. NEVER TAKE MORE THAN THE PRESCRIBED DOSE. Where a correct statement of the case has been given it will sustain.

Why an Increased Dose Should Not be Taken.—As I have noticed that some do not understand why an increased dose cannot be taken if desired effect is not produced by the regular quantity, I will try to explain and show the danger: As a rule, certain ingredients are used in as great a quantity as it is safe to do, while others may be regulated by the statement of the particular case for which it is specially prepared. Now, if from some error in this statement the remedy should not sustain, you see at once you dare not try to correct this by taking more than the regular quantity, and you risk taking too much of certain ingredients, and thus retard your cure if you do no greater harm. The only safe plan in such a case is to stop taking out of such a bottle, or try a reduced dose, and then if it does not answer, stop; and, if necessary, use a small quantity of opiates until you have another supply prepared to suit your particular case, you giving a full account of the effects and shortcomings of this one. Generally, reducing the dose will correct any trouble. MORE THAN THE PRESCRIBED DOSE NEVER WILL. Remember this.

What You Should Not Use.—Acids, such as vinegar, pickles, etc., should be

avoided. Fruits of all kinds, if well ripened, can be eaten and will be beneficial, provided the stomach is not overloaded. ALL SPIRITUOUS OR MALT LIQUORS, AND OPIUM IN ANY FORM, SHOULD BE ENTIRELY AVOIDED. All drugs of a stimulating or depressing nature should be avoided. If it become necessary to use calomel or blue mass, you can do so, but follow with a good cathartic like Epsom salts, castor oil, etc. Be sure it passes off within twelve or eighteen hours. Any medicine not prescribed by me should be taken, if at all, in smaller doses than usual. It is best to get my consent before you use any other medicines with the Antidote. In fact, generally, other medicines should be abandoned, as far as possible, while using the Antidote. Most preparations of iron are not objectionable, but often beneficial, if taken between doses of Antidote. So if your family physician thinks you need iron, take it.

Your Family Physician.—Should it be necessary to employ a physician, show him these instructions and cautions.

The Bowels and Liver.—It is very necessary that the bowels act once per day. Constipation almost invariably exists with the opium addicted. Some simple cathartic, not containing any of the above prohibited articles, can be taken, or I will send you a pill, to act on liver and bowels, when ordered and I think it necessary. Should the constipation continue, I recommend the use of the Fluid Extract of Cascara Sagrada, one teaspoonful morning and night. You can get this at any drug store. The bowels are in a state of semi-paralysis, and to overcome this, regularity in attending stool at a CERTAIN CONVENIENT HOUR EACH DAY MUST BE OBSERVED. This, with simple warm water enemas, frequent salt-water baths, and drinking water with magnesia before breakfast, with proper diet and exercise, will, as a general rule, prove all that is necessary.

Bathing.—Bathe frequently in tepid water, in which you have cast several handfuls of common table salt, you will find a benefit. I would advise you to take such a bath at least once in forty-eight hours, for one or two weeks after beginning the use of the remedy, and then less frequently. Just before going to bed is a good time. Make the water about as salty as sea water and after taking bath rub thoroughly with a coarse towel until skin is red.

Sleep.—Plenty of sleep is necessary, but the hours should be regular, and early rising important. Retire early and avoid excitement. If you are restless and do not sleep until late, the cause generally is the Antidote is stimulating too much. Reduce the night dose and you will be relieved. If you should wake very early you may feel uncomfortable before the time for the first dose. This is well, for you will be free from any support and nature will have an opportunity to help in the work of restoration.

Exercise.—Take moderate exercise in the open air. Do not fall in this particular. It is well to keep busy at something, but never overwork body or mind to a state of exhaustion. Breakfast before taking much exercise.

Diet.—While taking the remedy, you should use nutritious food that agrees with you. If you eat acid fruit see that it is thoroughly ripe and put plenty of sugar on it.

Discontinue the Use of Opiates.—You should entirely discontinue the use of opiates in any form from the first dose of the Antidote, and never, UNDER ANY CIRCUMSTANCES, resort to it again. But some say: "But circumstances may arise where it will be absolutely indispensable." This may be, but it is my opinion that any one who becomes addicted to the use of opiates, and ever expects to be freed permanently from the habit, had better die than to get into it and go on to destruction by degrees. This, to some, may seem harsh, but I really believe, from my observation, that it is better for one to be dead and buried than to continue in a state of life where they are in the midst of a living death, unfit for the duties of life, or the realities of death.

While I am convinced of the correctness of the above opinion, nevertheless, if circumstances should arise which make you or your family physician think the use of opiates justifiable you must stop the use of the Antidote entirely, and NEVER TAKE THE OPIATES AND THE ANTIDOTE AT THE SAME TIME. After stopping the Antidote wait at least three hours before taking a dose of the opiates. Another point I would like to emphasize is this: In returning to the use of the opiates after using the Antidote awhile begin with small doses of the opiates just as though you had never been addicted to the habit, and then, if necessary, gradually

increase the dose until the desired effect is produced.

When you return to the use of the Antidote, after having taken the opiates first try the bottle you were using when you resorted to the opiate, and if it will not sustain you and meet your case you should immediately order another supply, telling me what was the cause of your returning to the opiates, how much you used, how long you took them, and what the numbers and dates of the bottles of Antidote you then have on hand are. Let me repeat, DO NOT USE OPIATES WITH THE MEDICINE. It will do you much more harm than using the opiates alone.

Contents of the Remedy.—A word as to the contents of the remedy. I give you the certificate of a well known chemist of high professional character, showing the remedy to be scientifically prepared and well adapted to the cure of the Opium Habit, and irrefutable evidence from the cured, and this, with instructions how to use it, I consider sufficient; and I would therefore add that further questions as to its contents need not be asked, as you cannot reasonably expect me to answer them. All questions as to its action, how to use it, etc., not answered here or in other printed matter I furnish, it will give me pleasure to answer to the best of my ability, and, I trust, to the satisfaction of all. I shall, at all times, try to keep you posted as to what the remedy is capable of doing, and try to tell you how to have it accomplish the desired result; and if you do your part, you may rest assured it will do its work to your perfect satisfaction, and return you to freedom and health again.

As a Stimulant and Nutrient.—While using either the Opium or Whisky Remedy, and you feel in need of a stimulant, especially if bowels are loose and stomach not disposed to tolerate solid food, use scalded sweet milk with red pepper in it. Heat one pint of sweet milk just short of the boiling point, i. e., until it begins to "puff up." Then take it off the fire and add $\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 pod of red pepper. Strain and drink while hot. Drink freely and often of this. Make it strong with the pepper and drink hot often. It will prove very efficient as a stimulant, nutrient, and astringent. It also tends to quiet the nerves and promote sleep.

Diarrhoea and Dysentery.—I recommend the following treatment for these affections: Take one of my liver pills,

and three or four hours afterward take this prescription:

Receipt—

Of Tinc. Catechu, 2½ ounces.

Of Jamaica Ginger, 1½ ounces.

Of Ess. Peppermint, 1 drachm.

Of Spirits Camphor, 1 drachm.

Mix and make mixture.

Dose: One teaspoonful with water every two or three hours until bowels are checked.

In conjunction use the above stimulant and nutrient—sweet milk and red pepper.

This treatment should not be used unless the looseness of the bowels is so great that much weakness is caused.

Write Frequently and Fully.—It often facilitates a cure, and is always best for the patient to write frequently—not less than once or twice a month—giving a full account of progress of case, effects of remedy, how many doses you are using per day, and how much Antidote at each dose; how the appetite, bowels, sleep and digestion, etc., are.

Remember, if your mail or express is not very prompt, or you live far away, you should order two weeks or even more before you will be out of Antidote. Give me at least ten days' notice, it matters not how near you live. This is very important. In no case fail, when writing for a new supply, to give particulars of progress. Do not simply state, "Doing well," etc., but give particulars as to improvement, and if any troubles, what they are. Keep no secrets from me in this matter, if you wish to be cured and get the worth of your money.

Words of Encouragement, Warning and Entreaty to Opium Patients.

In observing the action of my Opium Cure, or Antidote, I have learned certain facts I have thought it well to make known to those who have ordered or who may yet order the remedy. Let me say that there need be no doubts in the mind of any in regard to the efficacy of the remedy. It will do what is claimed for it. If directions are followed it will cure, and that, too, without pain or material inconvenience. I am perfectly aware that these are broad assertions, but I have seen the facts they assert too often and fully demonstrated, in case after case, to admit of a doubt. In witnessing the effects in thousands of cases, I have yet to see a

failure where directions are followed, and there was no incurable disease or organic lesion to prevent a final recovery. I will now mention some of the errors and troubles which at times, in many cases, seem to impede progress, and into which so many appear prone to fall. The action of the Antidote is usually so perfectly satisfactory and wonderful in every way, so surprisingly mild does it act in destroying all desire or necessity for opiates in any form without pain or inconvenience; so happy are patients at this point in the realization of these desirable results, and the further evidences of their recovery, such as that their sleep is now sweet and refreshing, their appetite is good, their general health improved, and, in fact, that their whole nature is becoming renovated and rejuvenated, and the functions that were so materially disorganized and impaired are resuming their natural actions, that they are apt to conclude too soon that a complete cure is even then effected. And as a consequence of such conclusion become careless in the use of the remedy, by using it irregularly, or in too small or too large doses, or it may be, abandon it altogether. Just here it is but too often the case that they conclude it will do no special harm to discontinue the remedy for a day or take a little toddy, or take or do some other forbidden thing. My friends, here is great danger. This is a pitfall I would warn you of, that you may avoid it in your gropings, for you are, I assure you, not in the perfect light, but, as it were, only in the mild moonlight and bright stars of hope shining on your pathway, so late in perfect darkness. While this should serve to encourage, you should not allow yourself to be deceived. But while I would warn, I do not wish to discourage. They are not the truest friends who flatter most, but they who have the nerve to be candid at the risk of incurring temporary displeasure if they can but thereby ward off impending danger. My desire is to give you the benefit of my observation in simplicity and candor, while I would at the same time most positively assure you that the glorious light and liberty of the perfect day is attainable, when your renewed health shall be to you as the freshness of the morning of youth. But how often are we deceived in regard to the actual amount of the strength of the body and mind we have when just recovering from a long illness! Let me

warn you—do not too soon conclude that you are entirely well. Obey instructions; use the remedy as directed; keep me posted as to its action; NEVER, UNDER ANY CIRCUMSTANCES, TAKE MORE THAN THE PRESCRIBED DOSE. More than the prescribed dose will do harm at all times. Don't forget this. It will usually depress and make you nervous, and deprive you of quiet and refreshing sleep, and might prove extremely dangerous besides. It is seldom proper to reduce the dose of the remedy until the general health is improved, and, to a marked degree, re-established. This will usually be indicated by improved appetite and digestion, and the re-establishing of the secretions, a more cheerful disposition, more energy, etc. Never reduce your dose so low as to make you extremely nervous or to cause great depression. Keep me posted as to any reduction. Write me often and particularly how you take the remedy, quantity, hours of taking, effects, etc.

Be vigilant. Do not too greatly under-estimate the strength and recuperative powers of your late enemy because you have gained a partial victory. Do not conclude that you have totally destroyed his entire forces by simply one death-dealing broadside. Almost imperceptibly and quietly were the strongholds of your most vital points occupied by that fearful and insidious foe, Opium. By slow, stealthy step, with bland smiles, silvery dreams and musical notes of almost heavenly cadence did this alluring enemy invade your very being. But when you finally discovered your danger you found him firmly fixed and well entrenched, and doubtless you, as well as others, tried hard to rout him, but found yourself altogether too weak. You have now opened upon him, it is true, a very powerful force, but you should not expect too sudden a victory. You should only expect to gain your lost ground by forcing your enemy back step by step until every inch has been regained and fortified. More than one complete victory has been lost by too great elation over partial success. Closely and energetically followed up, advantages gained may not only be considered a secret of success in war, or ordinary business, but in the curing of chronic diseases as well. You should remember that under the dire influence of opiates your whole system has undergone a great change. Your very constitution has

been greatly impaired—well-nigh broken up—and is in an abnormal condition. This result has been brought about slowly. Gradually the poisonous salts of Opium found their way into every part of your being, and there did their fiendish work of destruction and perverted the natural action of every organ. Now, to change all this, and not only retard the action of this enemy, but to kill permanently and forever remove the very dead bodies of this foe out of your sacred territory, and repair the damages, and to do this without pain, danger or material inconvenience to yourself requires TIME AND GOOD, PATIENT MANAGEMENT OF EFFECTUAL MEANS. I FIRST ASSURE YOU THIS CAN BE DONE. Then supply the means and directions, how to wisely use the same. Now, if the end justifies the somewhat tedious and persevering use of such, be patient and PERSEVERING. A complete victory is most desirable. It is possible. Gain it. Spare not ammunition, efforts or treasure until you are entirely free and every stronghold of your being is reoccupied and fortified with healthy and friendly forces, until your very being has, by slow, but painless and sure process, had time to become renewed and re-established. The value of accomplishing such an end is too apparent to render it necessary to make any further appeal. To say that it involves ALL there is to you of true life and happiness in the present or future of your earthly existence is hardly enough, for the destructive influences of opiates, not only upon the body, but the mind and moral sensibilities, are such that it seems to be confined, not alone to the present or the earthly future of its victims, but extends far beyond, even to the darkening and damning of the immortal soul, and to the entailing, it may be, its most blighting, pestilential and pernicious influence upon unborn generations. Not simply and alone to sell medicine do I appeal to you. I desire your deliverance from such a curse. I desire to accomplish a complete, lasting cure, and to check that fearful evil which is spreading its influence as a most deadly malaria throughout our country. Then let me entreat you as you value your own happiness, or realize your own responsibility as a citizen, husband, wife, father, mother, son, daughter, or your obligation as a responsible moral and religious being in the present or future of time, or your peace and bliss in eter-

nity, or that of your posterity, to be patient and persevering unto the achievement of a perfect victory over and complete freedom from this body and soul-destroying drug.

Respectfully,
B. M. WOOLLEY, M.D.

To Those about to Go under the Treatment for the Whisky Habit and to Those under the Treatment.

Directions for Taking the Whisky Antidote.

The dose should be taken with perfect regularity and exactness—four doses per day of a fluid drachm—or fill the measure I send you with the first supply up to mark running from 1 to 60, thus: 1—60. Never take more. To be taken at 7 and 11 o'clock in the forenoon, and 3 and 8 o'clock in the afternoon. Reduce the dose if unpleasantly affected about the head, eyes or stomach.

Read This.

Many of the instructions and much of the advice just given to the opium-afflicted are applicable to patients whom I now address. Therefore, it will be necessary for you to read what is directed to the opium-afflicted.

Before beginning your treatment I wish to remind you that you are taking a course of treatment for a disease, and that that course is nothing of magic, but the result of long and careful study of this subject. The medicine is made after your statement of your condition, and if you will read thoughtfully what I am about to say, and follow these instructions, you will find the Antidote to be all that is claimed for it, and that it will do all that should be expected of any medicine.

Important Instructions to be Observed when the Treatment for the Whisky Habit is Begun.

Stop all alcoholic stimulants, opiates, bromides and other medicines not prescribed by me. The stomach, liver, kidneys and skin need to be prepared for the full good effect of the Antidote. In most cases the stomach is inflamed and the walls engorged. In such con-

dition, most frequently, there will be nausea, caused by the stopping of the accustomed stimulants. This is an effort on the part of Nature to cleanse the stomach and must be encouraged. Drink warm water, glassful after glassful, until the stomach becomes distended and you vomit freely. If the nausea continues, but the vomiting does not begin readily, add a little salt and mustard to the water. There is no danger of giving too much water. The patient may want to stop taking the water, but it should be continued until there is no odor of whisky coming from the stomach. The larger the quantity of water the easier will be the effort to vomit. Now this process is admirable in many respects. The water distends the contracted and inflamed stomach and washes out and causes to be thrown out from its folds any indigestible or irritating matter, and forces into the cavity of the stomach the unhealthy secretions that have been locked up in its congested walls. When so distended the stomach naturally inclines to contract, and so the vomiting is comparatively easy. Also, there is this important effect, the stomach being thus distended will absorb more or less of the water, and thus is diluted the hot, irritating blood, and thereby relieves the kidneys. The relaxation, due to the vomiting causes the skin to act freely, thereby relieving its own congestion as well as the general congested condition of the whole system. As soon as the vomiting ceases, take a prescribed dose of the Antidote. If this should not be retained, it may be the vomiting has not been sufficiently encouraged. If there remains any odor of whisky you may know this to be the cause, and the warm water should be again administered as above instructed. If, however, there be no odor of whisky, let the patient sip the water as HOT as he can drink it, and in an hour give one-half the prescribed dose of the Antidote. This course of treatment is best begun in the afternoon. Give the Antidote every four hours after it is retained until quietness or sleep is produced. The next day begin administering the Antidote only as directed on the bottle and in this book under the heading, "Directions for taking the Whisky Antidote."

As soon as the stomach will retain anything, begin the free use of sweet milk, prepared this way: Break up one pod of red pepper in a pint of sweet

milk; bring the milk to a scald; not BOILING, but just beginning to puff up; strain out the pepper and give HOT. A large glassful of this hot milk should be given every two or three hours. On the second night take the pills or other purgatives which are sent with the antidote as directed.

Many cases do not require this vomiting treatment, as this course is necessary only when nausea results from stopping the whisky. When there is no nausea, or but very slight, take, the first night, the pills or other purgatives sent you as directed. It is well to say, however, that the vomiting process will be necessary if the patient is on a spree or has been drinking very heavily. The sweet milk preparation is always indicated.

Diet.—For three days eat no solid food, or but little, as here directed. The sweet milk prepared as above should be used a few times each day. The hot sweet milk, without the pepper, should be taken every three hours, substituting occasionally beef tea and hot chicken or beef soup, highly seasoned with red pepper, but without solids.

The second day a poached egg may be taken twice. Also chew rare beef-steak, not swallowing it, however. Eat light crackers. The third day the steak can be swallowed, and from then on, well prepared food of any agreeable kind may be taken. Avoid any food which does not agree with you.

For Instructions upon the following subject, see the same instructions given the Opium-Afflicted.

"What you should not use," "Family Physician," "Bowels and Liver," "Bathing," "Sleep," "Exercise."

Doctor and Patient.

"Save me, doctor, and I'll give you a thousand dollars."

The doctor gave him a remedy that eased him, and he called out:

"Keep at it, doctor, and I'll give you a check for five hundred dollars."

In half an hour more he was able to sit up, and he calmly remarked:

"Doctor, I feel like giving you a fifty dollar bill."

When the doctor was ready to go the sick man was up and dressed; he followed the doctor to the door and said:

"Say, doctor, send in your bill the first of the month."

When six months had been gathered to time's bosom, the doctor sent in a bill amounting to five dollars. He was pressed to cut it down to three; after so doing he sued to get it, got judgment, and the patient put in a stay of execution. Better collect as you go.

There is not in the wide universe a living thing nor an atom which is not in motion to an end outside. Shall man, then, be but an idler, and dream life away, or work only for himself?

Viewless Fetters.

O! wearisome weeks and months and years,
O! baffled hope and of wasted prayers;
O! onward tide, that knoweth no turning!
Despite my heart's cries, its deep passionate yearning.
And yet I must rise, with each new dawn, and face
The merciless world, and take mine own place
'Mid the throng who are striving for gold or for rank.
Do they know I am fettered—do they hear the dread clank,
Whose maddening echoes are now in mine ears?
And then, as I see my sweet wife's pearly tears,
I am sure, ah, my God, she has caught the dread sound.
And long since hath she known, I am bound!
I am bound!
Bound: yes, by the chains of a nameless shame;
Like the siroc's breath with its withering flame,
It has blasted life's hopes; bid God's mercy depart.

Oh! what terror can equal this death in the heart?
What can equal the shadows still deepening around,
In the dungeon of years where my spirit is bound;
Or this agonized sleep, from which I arise,
Within black prison walls—shut out from God's skies?
And once I had wealth and a princely home,
Gone! gone! 'midst the vortex—that home once my own,
Where sweet wedded love seemed to hallow the place,
And heaven smiled on us, in our babe's sunny face,
O! how shall it end? Will the phantom called Death
Bring dusky-winged demons to snatch my last breath?
Will weird fiends from Hades, encircling me round,
To "barless realms bear the soul of the Opium bound?"

PART FOURTH.

TESTIMONIALS AND CERTIFICATES.

Wonderful Experience of a Scientific Scholar—Used Morphine for Nearly Ten Years—Thirty Grains, or a Normal Dose for 122 People in One Day, and Yet is Cured and is a Happy Man.

DOUGLASS, LINCOLN Co., ARK.

Dr. B. M. Woolley, Atlanta, Ga.:

Dear Sir—When, nearly two years ago, in a spirit of extreme skepticism, I wrote you my resolution to give your Antidote a trial, and said that if it would relieve me of the bonds in which I was then enthralled, I would give you a certificate that would be of an extraordinary character, I little thought that I would ever be called upon to redeem the promise. However, a promise is a promise, and, as contrary to my expectation, though greatly to my joy, you have fulfilled your part of the bargain, I can do no less than adhere to mine, and give you, for such use as you may deem fitting, a short account of my case: In the spring of 1876 I had a very severe attack of acute articular rheumatism that caused me untold suffering from which I could get no relief but from the use of Morphia hypodermically. I was compelled to use this frequently for several months, and by the time my health was restored I had the Opium, or rather Morphine Habit, so firmly established that it was impossible for me to break it off. I tried various remedies to assist me in the struggle, but even with their assistance I would only reduce the drug to a certain point, and when the effort of quitting it entirely was made it proved a failure, and thus it continued for nearly ten years until finally I had come to use the enormous amount of *thirty grains of Morphine, hypodermically, every twenty-four hours*. I had given up all hope of ever breaking off the habit and had settled into a state of apathetic despair.

About this time my attention was accidentally called to the action of your remedy in a case of whisky habit,

wherein it worked a quick and permanent cure, and shortly afterward I witnessed its action in a case of Morphine habit of twenty years' standing, the parties assuring me that they took no morphine from the time they began your Antidote. I was loath to believe any special efficacy could exist in your medicine, and bitterly prejudiced against any secret remedy, besides knowing the great number of advertised cures for the Opium habit that were the most arrant humbugs, I was only convinced by actual demonstration that yours was an exception to the rule. So early in July I wrote for a month's supply, and determined, even against the dictates of my judgment, to give it a trial. Thus, on the 22d of July, 1885, I began the treatment, and this is my experience therewith: On the 21st of July I had taken thirty grains of Morphine. On the morning of the 22d I began with your medicine and, to my great surprise and gratification, found that I could quit off the opiate *at once*. I found that your remedy supported me perfectly and rendered the use of the opiate entirely unnecessary. My rest at night was sweet and refreshing, which it had never been under the use of Morphine. My appetite increased and I gained in weight notably in a few months. I took the full dose of the remedy for about three months and then began gradually to reduce the dose until after a period of sixteen months I had without *difficulty* reduced the dose to eight drops three times a day (the original dose was sixty minims, eighty-five drops). About the first of December, 1886, I quit the Antidote without *any inconvenience* or return of desire for opiates. Since then I have not taken nor desired either, and I feel now ten years younger and like one to whom a new lease of life has been granted. During the entire time I was taking your treatment I was attending to one of the most arduous and extended medical practices in the State, and never felt the least prostration or annoyance from quitting the Morphine.

I write this freely and disinterest-

edly, prompted solely by a desire to wake a gleam of hope in the heart of some poor fellow sufferer who may be plunged in the depths of a chill despair such as mine was. Make such use of it as you wish, and if any whose eye it may meet wish to correspond with me on the subject, let them address me by letter and I will cheerfully give them such data as my letter does not here contain. This much will I do for you from pure gratitude, for them, from pure humanity, and ever remain truly your friend,

P. H. PENDLETON, A.B., M.D.,
Formerly resident physician to Louisville City Hospital.

Thirty Grains of Morphine Used in Twenty-four Hours by a Physician Who Doubted, but is now Cured.

MACON, TENN.

Dr. B. M. Woolley, Atlanta, Ga.:

DEAR SIR—I feel that I would be doing an injustice to you and suffering humanity if I did not give you a statement of my case. I also feel it a duty I owe to all those who are suffering in opium bondage to tell them that there is a way for them to break off the shackles that bind them hand and foot. If they will trust Dr. Woolley he will cure them. His Opium Cure is a never-failing remedy, pleasant to take, speedy in its action, thoroughly eradicating every vestige of the disease caused by the use of opium. I speak from experience. I have tested it, both on myself and others, and have never known it to fail in a single instance. It will do even more than the doctor claims for it. I was a great slave to tobacco; now I have no desire for it. Some may say that their case is beyond the reach of any known remedy. Let me speak a word of consolation to all such that their case is no more than mine. I used sulphate of morphine six or seven years, hypodermically, and was a complete wreck of my former self. I used as high as *thirty grains* or more in twenty-four hours, and tried every known way in the world to break off the habit by the reduction plan, but always failed. Being a physician of several years' standing, I tried every remedy known to the profession, but found nothing that would reach my case, and had given up to die when I came across one

of Dr. Woolley's little books, read it, threw aside my fears and prejudices, sent for his cure, took it according to his directions, and in less than six months was well and hearty, for which I thank God for directing me to Dr. Woolley. In conclusion, if any one doubts the above testimony write me at Macon, Tenn., enclosing stamp, and I will cheerfully answer them.

Yours truly,
ELIAS CHAMBERS, M.D.

Another Doctor Freed from the Bonds of Opium.

ATLANTA, GA.

Major B. M. Woolley:

MY DEAR SIR—While I do not presume to think that I am able to write or say anything that would likely add to the strength of a fact so well established as that of the efficacy of your Opium Cure—yes, praise be to you only, a CURE it is, and a cure it has been for one of the greatest of sufferers, both mental and physical, and I shall always remember the name of Woolley and never cease to praise his kindness to me—I feel it to be my duty to at least give you some of the facts concerning my torture as an opium slave, and my happiness as a cured man. First, and most important to me is, that I AM CURED AND WELL by the use of your invaluable remedy. I have now ceased taking your remedy, nor have I taken any for eight weeks, nor a stimulant of any kind, and, indeed, I have felt no need for any. This makes me know that I am cured, for had I left off taking opium while in the habit, I would most certainly have died in the eight weeks for the need of it. When I began the use of your remedy I was nearly fifty-nine years old, and had been a slave to the habit for from seventeen to twenty years. I was a perfect wreck in both body and mind. Picture to yourself the sufferings of the damned in hell, and you can then form some faint idea of my sufferings while a victim to that most terrible, withering and torturing habit—Opium. Oh, that I were able to speak a word of consolation to every afflicted one in the land and say to them: Be healed; there is hope; there is safety and relief in Woolley's Opium Cure. My bowels gave me much trouble, but soon came all right, and are now regular and my general health good. My

appetite all I could wish it. My flesh and skin appear to be all new. Old acquaintances tell me I am getting young. My flesh is solid. I have gained twelve or fifteen pounds, which is considerable for one who belongs to "Pharaoh's lean kine." A very remarkable fact is that when I was once compelled to discontinue the use of your remedy for a while, it only required $\frac{1}{2}$ of a grain of Gum Opium to fully sustain me, when I had, before using your remedy, used 30 to 35 grains daily, and during the time I discontinued using the remedy I never used more than 2 grains opium. But, for fear of my letter getting tiresome to you, I will close by saying that if you think, by the use of my name or this letter, it will be the means of getting one poor, miserable soul out of torture, you are at liberty to use both as you see fit. Hoping that whoever is so fortunate as to see this will doubt not and apply to you and be cured of the worst of diseases,

I am sincerely yours,
DR. W. M. GARRETT.

Cured Eight Years Ago, and Still Cured, and Says so.

ATLANTA, GA.

Dr. B. M. Woolley:
DEAR SIR—Thinking a statement of my present condition would be encouraging to those addicted to the use of opiates, I write these few words. Since leaving off your treatment, now nearly eight years ago, I have never used opiates in any form. My health is as good as any man's of my age, which is nearly 69. I have not been in bed for sickness in many years. I am active and peart. I was nearly dead when you began treating me, and could have lived but a short while.

Yours respectfully,
DR. W. M. GARRETT.

I Will Always Praise Your Medicine, for it is a Sure Cure.

GADSDEN, ALA.

Dr. B. M. Woolley, Atlanta, Ga.:
DEAR SIR—You will excuse me for not writing sooner. I will say that my wife is cured of the morphine habit and says if it had not been for you she would have been in her grave. Says she will always praise you and your medicine,

for it is a sure cure. May God bless you, and may you ever be ready to help others as you have her. I will answer any letter of any one who wants to know of you. You can do as you wish with this; It may help some poor soul to use your medicine. I will write again soon.

Yours truly,
J. S. BROWN.

THERE IS HOPE IN IT.

Let the Opium Afflicted and Their Friends Read.

ATLANTA, GA.

Major B. M. Woolley, Atlanta, Ga.:

MY DEAR SIR—I deem it due you and the suffering opium afflicted to state that I am a perfectly cured man by the use of your Improved Opium Cure or Antidote. I was in the bondage of that tyrant, Morphine, for more than four years, using 10 grains, and sometimes more, every 24 hours. I tried six other remedies prepared for the cure of the Opium habit, and among the six were several of the then most celebrated. They failed to cure me. I had well-nigh despaired when you told me that you had an improved remedy that would certainly cure. My long acquaintance with you and confidence in your integrity gave hope. I shall ever thank God for it. When you began treating me I was in a desperate condition. Flesh and energy gone—a mere skeleton of my former self, weighing 109 pounds; unhappy, no pleasure to myself, a burden to my family and friends. I now weigh 152 pounds, am cheerful and happy. Life now is real and not to me, as then, a living death.

It has now been several months since I was able to discontinue your remedy. I left it off without material inconvenience or necessity for an opiate of any kind. I feel better than I have for seventeen years, even before I became addicted to the habit.

Your remedy does not only relieve the afflicted of the desire or necessity for the opiate, but most remarkably restores the general health. It acts gently, and yet powerfully—at least it so acted upon me. It restores to a normal condition all the secretions. It improves the appetite and digestion. It clears up the swarthy skin and puts sound flesh upon depleted frames, and active, healthy blood in withered veins. It promotes sound and refreshing sleep. It cures beyond a doubt if used as you direct.

It affords me great pleasure to hear of your unprecedented success in curing others as well as myself. If my cure, or this brief account of my case, will benefit you or the afflicted, it is at your disposal to use as you may wish.

With a grateful heart I shall ever remember you, and pray for the success of you and your cure.

Very truly yours,
E. D. CHESHIRE.

Your Antidote is Just What You Say it is, and I Hope Every One will Have an Opportunity to Try it.

JOHNSON CITY, TENN.

Dr. B. M. Woolley, Atlanta, Ga.:

DEAR SIR—I have been very negligent in this one duty. I can say that I never varied one iota from your directions, and took your Antidote regularly; from first dose of Antidote I never had the least desire or appetite for morphine, of which deadly drug I was a slave for three years previous to the date above, taking it three times daily. I was becoming such a victim to it that my life was a burden to me, but am happy to say that I am a free man to-day, and shall ever be thankful to you and your Antidote, and am ready to bear witness to its virtues at any time, and will correspond with any one who may wish to make a trial of your Antidote, for it is just what you say it is, and I do trust and pray that every one who is addicted to the awful habit of morphine may have an opportunity of getting relief in the way I did.

Yours with many thanks,
W. S. MITCHELL.

Editor and Proprietor of the *Johnson City Enterprise*.

It Has Been Over Two Years Since I Quit Taking Your Medicine, and Have Never Felt any Bad Effect from the Morphine Habit.

NEW FOUNTAIN, TEXAS.

DEAR DR. WOOLLEY—I am proud to let you know I have never gone back to the morphine habit. I have never had occasion to want to take up the habit again. I never had any craving for it after I took the first dose of your medicine. It has been over two years since I quit taking your Antidote,

and have never felt any bad effect from the morphine habit since. I hope you will forgive me for such negligence in not writing to you before, and I hope you will not think I have forgotten you, for I assure you that the name of Dr. Woolley is ever near and dear to me, and if you can use my name in any way that will be testimony that your remedy for the cure of morphine habit is a sure cure, do so, and if any one will write to me I can and will give them the plain facts. I do not know of any one else who uses opiates. If I did I would tell them who to send to for a sure cure.

Ever believe me a warm friend of yours.
J. M. MOBLEY.

Cured, and if Any Person Doubt's Your Success in Curing the Opium Habit, Refer Him to Me.

OGLETHORPE, GA.

Dr. B. M. Woolley, Atlanta, Ga.:

DEAR SIR—I can say to you that your Antidote in my case has done all you claimed for it, for after using a course of about six months, I feel in better health than I have for ten years. You must understand I used only seven bottles. I have not taken any Opium or Morphine. With many thanks, I remain your friend. If any person doubts your success in curing Opium and Morphine Habits you are at liberty to refer them to me.

Your friend,
MRS. J. B. MATHIS.

P. S.—As I have done all the correspondence for Mrs. Mathis, I can say that her cure is a most remarkable one. I shall recommend your cure to all afflicted, as I know that it possesses virtue.

Respectfully,
N. T. JONES,
Oglethorpe, Ga.

You Saved Me from Utter Ruin—Your Antidote Cured Me.

ALEXANDER, TEXAS.

B. M. Woolley, M.D., Atlanta, Ga.:

DEAR DOCTOR—Yours of 11th inst. at hand, and in reply to your inquiry, will take pleasure in saying your Morphine Antidote cured me of the Morphine habit, for which accept my heartfelt thanks, for I feel that you have

saved me from utter ruin. May God's choicest blessing rest upon you. If you think my letter will be of any benefit, or the means of saving any one from ruin, either in this life or the life to come, you may use it. Thanking you for what you have done for me, I am,

Yours truly,
H. R. ARMSTRONG,
Dealer in General Merchandise.

BONHAM, TEXAS.

Major B. M. Woolley, Atlanta, Ga.:

DEAR SIR—Excuse me for not writing sooner. I appreciate the cure your Antidote made on me. I am in excellent health and gaining strength every day; and this is to certify that I used Opium for four years, using thirty grains a day. I applied to you for your Opium Antidote or Cure, which I used for four months. It has cured me beyond all doubt. I had no difficulty in leaving off the use of Opium when I commenced the Antidote. No interference with my business, and no difficulty in quitting the Antidote.

Yours very truly,
W. H. GILBERT.

SWORN TO!

After Having Used One-Half Bottle Morphine per Day, He Comes before the World in a Sworn Statement of His Case, with the Hope that It May Be the Means of Relieving Other Sufferers.

MIDVILLE, BURKE Co., GA.,
October 6, 1879.

Major B. M. Woolley, Atlanta, Ga.:

DEAR SIR—You have cured me of the terrible habit of taking morphine, and hoping it may be the means of relieving other sufferers, I send you this sworn statement of my case to use as you think best.

I had been taking morphine over four years when I ordered the first bottle of your cure; was taking internally twenty-four to twenty-five grains sulphate morphine daily, and sometimes took as much as one-eighth ounce bottle in two days. I was in a very low state of health, and could not have lived long had I continued the use of opium. I started to taking your Antidote on the 15th day of December, 1878,

and took my last dose June 28th, 1879, and from that day (December 15) to this (October 6), I have not taken a dose of opium in any form. I suffered no pain or inconvenience while taking the Antidote, but began to improve in health and spirits from the first dose, and to-day am in better health than I have known for years. I left off the Antidote without suffering. I thank you for your kindness to me, and hope that your business will ever prosper, not only for your own good, but for the good of the thousands of slaves to the opium habit all over this country.

TROUP P. HODGE.

GEORGIA—BURKE COUNTY:

Personally appeared before me, a justice of the peace in and for said county, Troup P. Hodge, who, being sworn, said that he was cured of the opium habit by B. M. Woolley's Opium Antidote, and that the above-written letter is a true statement of the facts in the case.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 6th day of October, 1879.

TROUP P. HODGE.

C. L. GODBEE, J. P.

FIFTEEN YEARS AGO

Mr. T. B. Hodges was Cured of the Opium Habit—A Safe and

Permanent Cure.—He, as well as Several Prominent Savannah People, Testify as to the Effective Use of Dr. B. M. Woolley's Treatment.—What a Constitution Reporter Saw and Heard.

Mr. T. B. Hodges, of Savannah, is stopping at the Kimball for a few days. He is one of the most prominent and substantial citizens of the Forest City, having been connected with the treasury department of the Central Railroad and Banking Company for the past thirteen years.

Mr. Hodges is a fluent talker, and is up on all questions of the day.

By the way, there is quite an interesting story connected with his life. Not every person has had such an experience as he. The statements may seem almost incredible, but they are true. A Constitution representative in conversation with him a few evenings ago learned

much from him that would interest the public.

When quite a young man he was stricken with rheumatism, and in order to relieve the severity of the pain was induced to take some very radical medicines, and among them was morphine.

"Do you think, Mr. Hodges, that the opium and morphine habit can be permanently cured?" said the reporter.

"Certainly I do. I am a living witness of that fact. I used morphine constantly for nearly six years, and in that length of time took a great deal of it. The latter part of the time I was diseased I used about thirty grains a day. Of course, when I first began the use of it I did so unconsciously, but gradually the habit, or disease rather, got hold of me, and I was bound in chains, as it were, for six years. Dr. B. M. Woolley, of Atlanta, Ga., thoroughly cured me fifteen years ago."

"You look like you were a strong and hearty man now. Before you began the treatment referred to what was your condition?"

"It was simply fearful. The physicians who attended me, and I had the very best in the country, said that I would not live six months. I have this to say, that the human system could be in no worse condition physically than when saturated with morphine. It paralyzed, as it were, my nerves, deadened my will power, and rendered me wholly unfit for business and the social enjoyments of life. I was apparently alive, but practically dead to every sense of love, honor, and justice."

"You say you have been thoroughly cured by Dr. Woolley's treatment. How long did it take the doctor to effect the cure?"

"About six months. The treatment is not a heroic treatment. I mean by that, there is nothing violent about it. The medicine as prescribed by Dr. Woolley effected the cure in a gradual way. I had tried a heroic treatment as well as many other cures, but none of them did me any good except Dr. Woolley's. I am convinced that he has the greatest opium cure in the world. He is doing great good with his remedy."

As you probably know, the doctor is a charming man in every way. A perfect gentleman, a true Christian, a genial friend and a sympathetic helper. I think he understands more thoroughly the science of medicine than any man in this country."

"What has been your condition since

you were treated for the Opium habit?"

"You see that I am in perfect health now. I have been this way for the past fifteen years, that being the length of time I have been cured. I have been connected with the treasury department of the Central Railroad and Banking Company for many years, and you know to retain that position I must not only be well physically, but mentally and morally. I have been able to do any kind of work since my restoration, it matters not how arduous. In fact I do not feel the need of morphine, and have not since I was cured."

"Then there is no comparison between your state of health now and before you were treated by Dr. Woolley?"

"None in the world. When sick I was on the verge of the grave. It looked to me that I could see my empty coffin. It haunted me by day and by night. There was nothing real. Everything was imaginary. No friendship was true, no love sacred. My idea of life had vanished, and I seemed and felt to be a mere cipher in God's creation. That feeling and that state of existence has been completely eradicated, and now a new self, a new man, ambitious and active, has for these fifteen years taken its place, and I say truly that Dr. B. M. Woolley, of Atlanta, made the change. My general health since the cure was effected has been perfect."

"Do you think, Mr. Hodges," said the reporter, "that there are many persons afflicted with the Opium habit, or disease, as you more properly call it?"

"Yes; a great many. Whenever I know of a person using the vile drug I invariably advise them to put themselves under the care of Dr. B. M. Woolley, and in doing this I feel that I can assist many that are ignorant of the doctor's skill, and thus save them to their family and friends. Yes, sir, I am grateful to God that he spared my life, and am grateful to Dr. Woolley for restoring me to my normal condition. He has done for me what no other institution could do. As I said in the foregoing, I had tried many other cures, but none with success. My family physician, as a last resort, advised me to put myself under the care of Dr. Woolley. You see to-day the result of his treatment of me more than fifteen years ago."

In these times of doubt among a certain class of people as to the ability to cure and cure perfectly the Opium and Whisky habits, the statement of Mr. Hodges should have much weight. A

representative of the *Constitution* had this personal interview with him, and knows that his statements are true. He is to-day physically and mentally as well poised as any man in this country. His eyes sparkle with that intelligence that characterizes a pure and noble manhood. He regrets the step he took in using morphine to relieve his pains, for the use of it for a short time put him under its influence for nearly six years. He thanks God that his attention was directed to Dr. B. M. Woolley, of this city. The treatment and cure was a remarkable one, but it is not more wonderful than hundreds of others effected by the doctor.

In order to show the public, for the public has a great deal of interest in this question, that the statements of Mr. Hodges are true and accurate, the following letter was received from the wife of Mr. Hodges a few days ago:

MIDVILLE, GA., October 17, 1892.
Dr. B. M. Woolley, Atlanta, Ga.:

DEAR SIR—I write you relative to my husband's cure of the Opium habit. He was afflicted with the awful disease for a number of years, and could not have lived a year longer had he continued to take morphine. He tried several so-called antidotes, put himself in the hands of physicians, but could not free himself from the terrible disease. His friends and I did everything in our power to aid him in his endeavors to get well, but he had despaired of ever doing so until his physician advised him to try your treatment. This he did as a last resource, and I can say that he improved from the day he started to take your medicine, and appeared to suffer little or no inconvenience. He has now been cured of the morphine disease about fifteen or sixteen years, and is in perfect health and strength.

MRS. T. B. HODGES.

The foregoing is a letter from one who has shared the sorrows of Mr. Hodges while afflicted, and his joys since his recovery, and is therefore valid, strong testimony. She writes this letter after the cure has been effected for many years. It is a true statement and a just one. That Mr. Hodges is a man of considerable reputation and influence in his native city, and is well and favorably known, here is a letter from Mr. Russell, treasurer of Chatham county, bearing witness to that fact:

SAVANNAH, GA., October 17, 1892.
Dr. B. M. Woolley, Atlanta, Ga.:

DEAR SIR—I am personally ac-

quainted with Mr. T. B. Hodges, and know him to be a gentleman of veracity and a man that is above reproach.

WARING RUSSELL,
Treasurer Chatham County.

Here is a testimonial from Mr. H. C. Morgan, Superintendent of the Treasury Department of the Central Railroad and Banking Company:

SAVANNAH, GA., July 1, 1891.

To Whom it May Concern:

It gives me pleasure to testify to the ability and worth of the bearer, Mr. T. B. Hodges, who has had a connection with this company for thirteen years, working during the whole period in the same department as myself, and has always given entire satisfaction, not only as to the character of his work, but in the zealous and hearty co-operation given his supervisors.

H. C. MORGAN,
Superintendent Treasury Department
Central Railroad and Banking Co.

Mr. Hodges' brother, who is a prominent Savannah gentleman, also makes a statement as to the condition of his brother. It will be of interest to every person afflicted with the Morphine and Opium habits:

SAVANNAH, GA., October 17, 1892.

Dr. B. M. Woolley, Atlanta, Ga.:

DEAR SIR—By request of my brother, Mr. T. B. Hodges, I make the following statement relative to his condition during the period he was addicted to the habit of taking opium, and his subsequent relief from said habit. It was a miracle to me to find that a person could take morphine in such quantities as he did without its producing serious results almost immediately. But it is a fact, however, that I have seen him pour it from a bottle into his hand, and take at least a half teaspoonful. He was surely in a very critical condition, from which the most hopeful did not expect to see him recover, when he commenced taking your medicine. The cure from your treatment was perfect, to which his robust frame and good health of to-day bear ample testimony. To the best of my recollection it has been about fifteen years since the above facts occurred.

Yours respectfully,

J. T. HODGES.

These statements vouch for the accuracy and truthfulness of what Mr. Hodges has said in the foregoing. The people of Atlanta, and for that matter,

the people throughout the South, know of the scientific skill and efficiency of Dr. Woolley. His record is a noble one, having accomplished so much for his fellow-men, restoring them to healthfulness of body and mind. The foremost physicians of this country recognize Dr. Woolley's ability, and place him in the front rank of specialists. He is indeed a great man, a noble man, true man, and one worthy the confidence of every person afflicted with the Opium or Whisky habit.

The *Constitution* could not afford to speak thus in indorsement of any man whose record was less known to them, and it is therefore a great pleasure to us to furnish the public this interview which gives such strong evidence of the justice of our frequent indorsements of Dr. Woolley and his treatment.

**The Doctors Got Me in'o the Habit
and then Could not Get Me Out—
Your Medicine Did Everything You
Said it Would.**

PELHAM, TENN.

Dr. B. M. Woolley, Atlanta, Ga.:

DEAR SIR—I take this method of expressing to you my grateful acknowledgment for having relieved me of the most unfortunate affliction that was ever inflicted upon a human being. It was necessity that forced me to take morphine hypodermically and to continue its use for fifteen months or longer. I commenced with a fourth of a grain, and before I quit I was taking five grains per day, as you know. I was taken sick with high fever and pain in my right shoulder and side, which was so severe the doctors gave me morphine to allay pain, and got me into the habit, and I could not quit its use, and they could not get me out of the habit they had gotten me into. My father tried every doctor in his reach, and they all did me no good. I then had something like gravel; the doctors called it tubercle, and said I would die sure. I had no encouragement, as every one said I would die, and indeed it looked like my case was a hopeless one; was so weak that I could not get up by myself; nothing but skin and bones; no muscles in my arms. I was a living skeleton when I commenced your Antidote. After I got the Antidote adapted to my case, I ceased to want opiates or any stimulant whatever. I took your Anti-

dote for eleven months, and left off its use without any inconvenience whatever. I have never taken a dose of morphine since I commenced the use of the Antidote, and it has completely cured me. When I began your Antidote I weighed seventy-five pounds, and now my weight is one hundred and thirty-nine pounds.

Yes, praise be to you only. A cure it is and a cure it has been for one of the greatest sufferers, both mental and physical, and I shall always remember the name of Woolley, and never cease to praise his kindness to me. I have never taken any medicine since taking your Opium Cure, and have been doing hard labor, working on the farm and taking the weather as it comes. Your medicine did everything that you said it would do, and a great deal more than I expected it would or could do for me in my condition. It seemed like raising the dead. So you can take this and use it as you think best.

Yours truly, JOHN BURNETT.

MORE EVIDENCE!

**A Physician Uses Woolley's Opium
Cure in His Practice—Cures a Pa-
tient and Orders More Medicine for
Another Patient.**

SPRING PLACE, GA.

Major B. M. Woolley, Atlanta, Ga.:

DEAR SIR—In May last you sent me your Opium Cure for a patient of mine, and I neglected to write to you as to his progress toward recovery. I will now state that your remedy is all that you say it is. The first dose sustained him fully, and from the time he took the first dose he has never felt the least desire for opium or anything of its kind. It has now been nearly three months since he left off the cure, and he is in splendid health, I have another such case, and I think I shall soon have my patient's consent to apply to you for him. Very respectfully,

E. H. L. KEISTER, M.D.

SPRING PLACE, GA.

DEAR SIR—Enclosed find money for patient referred to in my last letter. Of course, you may use the part of my letter you spoke of wishing to publish. Wishing you the continued success which I know you well deserve, I am,
Yours respectfully,

E. H. L. KEISTER, M.D.

ANOTHER M. D. CERTIFIES.

A Physician of Thirty Years' Practice Sees the Good of Woolley's Opium Cure and Sets Forth Facts as Witnessed by Him.

WILLISTON, BARNWELL CO., S. C.
Major B. M. Woolley, Atlanta, Ga.:

MY DEAR SIR—I am not in the habit of giving testimonials in regard to secret compounds or patent medicines, but owing to the fact of the well-known difficulty of curing the opium habit, and that there is no well established remedy known to the profession for its cure that I know of, I cannot realize that it is any reflection upon the medical profession for me to state facts in regard to the success of your remedy as witnessed by myself. It certainly cures and does what you claim for it. I have been a practicing physician for over thirty years of the old school of medicine, and I am frank to say to you and the public that I have never witnessed the action of any remedy which at all approximated yours in meeting the indications in this troublesome opium habit, or rather disease, and its effects. I say this unsolicited, and without the expectation or desire of reward, unless it is in the way of saving some of the many victims that are daily falling from this dread monster, opium-eating. If you think this will benefit your cause, or any afflicted one, you are at liberty to use it as you think best, and you can refer any one to me for further information in regard to the matter. Yours very truly,
W. W. SMITH, M.D.

A PHYSICIAN

Of High Standing Writes a Letter Over His Own Signature.

GALLATIN, TENN.
Major B. M. Woolley, Atlanta, Ga.:

ESTEEMED FRIEND—I am really provoked at myself for not having written to you long ago, as you requested; for I assure you I am not ungrateful, but negligence and business rather than indifference have caused the procrastination. Your Antidote has, in my case, done even more than you claimed for it, in that it has built up my nervous system and improved my general health

to such an extent that I am improving in strength and gaining flesh almost daily. I am satisfied—in fact, I know—that your Antidote will destroy or break up the opium habit, sustain the nervous system and improve the general health. It is a powerful nervous analeptic, which I think is the secret of its success. I have never taken or wanted to take an opiate in any form, or stimulant of any kind, from the first dose I took of your Antidote. I ordered but one bottle in October, you remember; did as you directed, reduced the dose, and when it was out I had no desire for more; felt no inconvenience and quit. I feel that I am well, and shall ever feel grateful to you for my restoration to health.

Hoping to hear from you soon again, I am your sincere friend,

J. W. FRANKLIN, M.D.,
Gallatin, Tenn.

HE FURTHER WRITES.

GALLATIN, TENN.

Major B. M. Woolley:

Yours of the 3d * * received and noted. Accept my hearty thanks for interest you manifest in my health and welfare; also for the photo, which I shall prize as a memento of one who has conferred a blessing upon his race and the age in which he lives. You ask me if you can use my letter for the benefit of others. Yes, in any way your judgment and charity may dictate. * * * I am improving in health, and my family say in looks. Being glad to hear from you at any time, believe me, your sincere friend,
J. W. FRANKLIN, M.D.

CHLORAL HYDRATE.

From a Minister of the Northern New York Conference.

ATLANTA, GA.

Mr. B. M. Woolley, Atlanta, Ga.:

DEAR SIR—A painful attack of spasmodic asthma that nearly proved fatal was the occasion for prescribing Chloral Hydrate for my relief. Its effect was magical. I was sleeping very sweetly in ten minutes. The next night I used it again with like results. My physician did not caution me to discontinue its use, and I continued it because I found relief from asthma and had sweet and refreshing

sleep. For about five years I felt no bad effects resulting from its constant use once in twenty-four hours. The quantity taken up to this time was about eleven and a half grains. About a year and a half since I found the one dose insufficient to produce sleep the whole night and I took it again about three o'clock in the morning. Soon I began to experience a new trouble. My nerves became irritable—so much so that I could hardly hold my pen to write. A severe pain was felt in the arms from the elbows down, and finally in my lower limbs from the knees down to my feet. This pain was so new and so strange that I felt alarmed and began to look seriously after the cause. Finally I came to charge my whole trouble to the use of chloral, and I made up my mind to act promptly for an entire cure. I had never heard of Mr. B. M. Woolley or his Antidote, or more properly, cure, but was advised by a citizen to go to him in preference to any one else, as he made the nature and cure of such difficulties his specialty. I told him my difficulty and he prescribed for a cure. For three weeks I took the prescription exactly as directed, and I am now, so far as I know or feel, as free from chloral as if I had never heard of the drug. The first symptom of convalescence was the disappearance of the pain from my limbs. It took only about a week for the extirpation of that source of suffering. Then my nerves began to behave and become steady, and people began to salute me on the streets with, "Why! how you have improved. This Southern climate is just the thing for you."

I am now at work from morning until night, and the secret of the change in my condition, under the blessing of God, is the faithful use of Mr. Woolley's remedy just as he directed. I was told by my friends that I would be obliged to go back to the use of chloral because I didn't sleep well for a few nights after totally abandoning it at once. But I had begun war for victory, and it came very soon without touching the drug again. I watched the effects of the remedy with deep interest and came to the following conclusions, namely: That to abandon the use of a poison as subtle and insinuating as opium or chloral, after it has permeated the whole physical system, weakened and almost paralyzed the nerves, some substitute must be provided to sustain the nervous system, and to hold it up until the

power of the drug is broken and the system is enabled to recover its normal condition. Now, I think this sustaining power is found in Mr. Woolley's Antidote, and I believe its use as he directs will not only cure the opium habit, and give victory over the poison of chloral, but will sustain, hold up and give victory to those who desire to free themselves from the habit of using tobacco, and the worse still of using alcoholic drinks.

J. T. WRIGHT.

P. S.—I will just add to the above that I experienced no difficulty whatever in discontinuing the Antidote. I do not use it at all. I will also add that the above is written wholly for the benefit of the afflicted and without solicitation from Mr. Woolley or any one else.

J. T. WRIGHT,

Of Oneonta, New York, and a member of the Northern New York Conference of the M. E. Church.

Cured of the Laudanum Habit—In Better Health Than for Five Years.

TOLEDO, OHIO.

Dr. B. M. Woolley, Atlanta, Ga.:

DEAR SIR—I have taken all the medicine you sent me; was able to take it in half doses a few days after I commenced. I have no desire for laudanum at all and consider myself a cured woman. I am under many obligations to you, for I am in better health than for five years. You can use this as you please, and if any one who doubts will write to me I will answer my inquiries in regard to it. Three months' supply cured me of the laudanum habit of three years' standing. With many thanks, I am, Respectfully,

MRS. J. S. ESSING.

Our working hours are very important, but our leisure hours are those that form our tastes and our habits.

If I Had Not Gotten Your Medicine When I Did, I Would Not Have Lived a Month Longer.

IRONTON, OHIO.

Dr. B. M. Woolley, Atlanta, Ga.:

DEAR SIR—I have intended writing you for a long time. I am well and

heartly, but if I had not gotten your medicine when I did, I would not have lived a month longer. I have given your address to a great many people in this city, and did all I could to have them send to you. I do not know whether they did or not. As for myself, I was cured in six months.

Respectfully,

Mrs. H. E. Amos.

Sworn!

Colonel B. F. Sawyer, well known as one of the veterans in the editorial fraternity, writes:

Major B. M. Woolley, Atlanta, Ga.:

DEAR SIR—Solely in the interest of suffering humanity, I consider it a conscientious duty to give my testimony as to the safety, efficacy and thorough reliability of your Opium Cure.

For reasons that concern no one but myself, I became addicted to the cowardly and suicidal use of opium to an extent that not only impaired my energies, but seriously threatened the destruction of both mental and physical powers. In this dire extremity I turned to you for help, induced thereto, not only by my own observation of the efficacy of your medicine in other cases, but from the personal acquaintance of twenty years I had with you as a Southern gentleman. The result was successful—almost magical. From the first dose I felt a delicious relief, and have felt from that day no more desire for opium than a decent, well-bred horse has for tobacco. So pleasant, invigorating and hopeful was its effect that it betrayed me into an over-indulgence of the remedy, thereby creating the only inconvenience I experienced during the time of my convalescence. This however, was promptly remedied by decreasing instead of increasing the doses. As this, I opine, is a common mistake with patients, I would respectfully suggest that you caution them against it, as it is positively the only trouble I had to encounter.

When I commenced the use of your remedy I was taking one drachm of morphine per week, with an insatiable longing for more. The first dose of your medicine cured me of all desire for the drug, and by a faithful adherence to your directions I was completely re-

stored to manhood, and to-day, four months after taking the last dose of your remedy, I feel younger and more like a man than I have felt since the war. I have neither craving for the drug nor its antidote and never think of either unless mentioned. Hoping this may be of use in directing the attention of some—even one—poor sufferer to the Balm of Gilead, I am your most grateful and sincere friend,

B. F. SAWYER,
Atlanta, Ga.

Sworn to and subscribed before me.

JOHN RHEA,
N. P. and Ex-Officio J. P.

Short But Convincing.

PRESTON, WEBSTER CO., GA.

Major B. M. Woolley, Atlanta, Ga.:

DEAR SIR—I have used your Opium Antidote with entire success. I am perfectly cured of the habit, and can say that, in my opinion, your Opium Cure will never fail if taken according to directions. Yours truly,

W. P. TRACY.

A Lady Restored to Health.

MARION, S. C.

Mr. B. M. Woolley:

DEAR SIR—I must write that the praise is to you for my cure, and a cure it is, for I have not taken any of your medicine for nine weeks, neither have I taken any other stimulant nor do I feel the need of any. My general health is good. I suffer sometimes from indigestion; with that exception my health is splendid. My skin is looking now and I am feeling as well as I did before I began the use of morphine. My friends tell me I am looking so much better. I tell them that my thanks are to you, for I believe if I had continued the use of morphine until now I would have been a living skeleton. If you think a certificate from me will be of any use I will freely give it to you. Hoping you will pardon me for my long silence, I will close by saying that I shall ever remember you and will always pray for your success. You may publicly refer to me at any time. With many thanks, I am,

Respectfully yours,

Mrs. J. ALBERT SMITH.

He Still Succeeds.

SAVANNAH, GA.

B. M. Woolley, Atlanta, Ga.:

DEAR SIR—I am happy to inform you that your last bottle of medicine has more than effected my cure, as a portion of it remains unused. It is more than three weeks since I stopped using the Antidote. My health is much better than it has been for the past fifteen years—my appetite good; sleep refreshing; in fact, a new man. I commenced the use of your Antidote a skeptic as to its good results, but resolved to give it a fair trial, well knowing that my own will power, no matter how strong, was insufficient to enable me to free myself from the habit of using laudanum. The second year of the late war I contracted inflammatory rheumatism. My sufferings for many months were most intense, and to allay the pain and deaden the nerves laudanum was prescribed. This treatment continued for many months, and finally, when I was able to attend to business, I found that I had contracted a disease a thousand times harder to eradicate than the most acute rheumatism. To discontinue the use of laudanum was utterly impossible. It became a necessity to sustain the system, and when I had resolved to discontinue its use the action of the heart and nerves compelled me to resort to it in order to relieve my sufferings. The struggle to free myself continued many years, and by an almost superhuman effort of will and untold suffering I did manage to reduce my daily allowance somewhat, but was never able to free myself. In fact, my health was almost ruined. It is a low estimate when I say that \$1,000 would not cover the expense of medicine and doctor's bills, besides incapacitating me to a great extent from attending to business. Your antidote has done for me in eight months what the best doctors in Pennsylvania failed in doing—effecting a complete cure. I had been in this State but a few months when your advertisement attracted my attention, and the result was that last April I commenced using your medicine and continued it until three weeks ago. In all I used less than fourteen bottles. I am now in good health both in body and mind, enjoying refreshing sleep, excellent appetite and renewed energy. These I have not been blessed with for many years until the present. I will say in conclusion I am satisfied from my own experience that your anti-

dote will effect a cure in any case, no matter how desperate or how long standing, if persevered in for a reasonable time and directions faithfully followed.

The remedy is painless, the result gradual but thorough, building up the shattered system. This is my experience and my testimony, which I freely offer. Very respectfully,

WILLIAM ORR,
Savannah, Ga.

THOROUGHLY SATISFIED.

I am Thoroughly Satisfied Your Medicine is All and More than You Claim for It.

THOMASTON, GA.

B. M. Woolley:

DEAR SIR—Yours of the 28th ult. received a few days since, and in reply would say that I would have written to you some time since, but wanted to be sure that my cure was permanent. I commenced with your medicine June 7, 1879, and took my last bottle, but one, on February 1, 1880. Mine was an extremely complicated case of diseases, suffering, in addition to the opium habit, with gravel, rheumatism and piles. When I commenced with your medicine I was reduced to almost a skeleton, in spite of all the tonic medical skill could suggest, and strange to say, the tonic properties of your medicine suited my case exactly, and in a few days after I commenced its use my appetite improved, and my general health in a few weeks was much better than it had been for years. I am thoroughly satisfied your medicine is all and more than you claim for it. I left off the Antidote on the 7th of March, 1880, since which time I have not taken, needed or wanted a dose of morphine. You are at liberty to publish my certificate. My word is as good as my oath, but if you prefer, I will swear to it. You are at liberty to refer any one in this section to me. I have made no secret of using morphine. It was prescribed by a physician, and I was "tied hand and foot" before I knew it. Wishing you much success in your good work, I remain,

Fraternally,
NOTE.—Mr. King was made member of the State House of Representatives from Upson county in 1885.

J. S. KING.

A Letter from a Lady and Her Husband—She Has Been Cured of the Opium Habit for Five or Six Years.

EVERETT'S SPRINGS, GA.

Dr. B. M. Woolley, Atlanta, Ga.:

DEAR SIR—Yours of the 25th ultimo came to hand last Saturday, and we owe you a thousand apologies for not writing to you years ago, and our only excuse is negligence, and hope you will pardon us for the same.

I, J. A. Winn, do hereby certify that my wife, Nannie Winn, commenced taking your Opium Antidote on the 14th day of February, 1874 or 1875—we don't recollect which. She commenced to take it according to your directions; it was attended with some pain or uneasiness, and we knew the medicine was too strong, and she lessened the dose by taking only three doses per day, with very happy effect. She continued taking it that way until half a bottle was taken up. Then she lessened the dose still more and took it in small doses until she would forget to take it entirely, leaving some of the medicine or Antidote in the bottle.

My wife had used opium for twelve years, using one bottle of morphine every sixteen or seventeen days. I hereby certify that my wife is entirely cured of the habit of using opiates. She never has had any desire for opiates since the first day she took your Antidote. My wife is a daughter of Judge James McConnell, of Cherokee county, Ga. We hereby certify that the above is true to the letter.

J. A. WINN,

NANNIE WINN.

P. S.—I would swear your Antidote will do all you claim for it if taken according to your directions.

J. A. W.

HAPPY AND GRATEFUL.

His Wife Restored to Him.

THOMASTON, GA.,

Major B. M. Woolley:

DEAR SIR—Something over three years since my wife was taken very ill, and during six months was lingering between life and death. By the advice and through the perscription of her physician, she began the use of morphine, thinking it would be an easy matter to quit its use at any time after she got better, but our hope was a vain

one, for indeed we found it necessary not only to continue its use, but to gradually increase each dose until she was compelled to use a bottle for every six days, or ten grains daily, which she did for some length of time. We then applied to you, and received two months' supply of your Antidote. During its use she did not take a single dose of morphine. Not being able to continue the use of your Antidote, she again returned to morphine and continued to take it regularly for about twenty months, using a bottle for each twenty days, or three grains daily. We supposed the two months' supply of Antidote was the cause that the quantity was reduced. During the whole time, as stated above, my wife was unable to sleep more than half of any night, the balance of the night being spent in an easy chair. About the 20th of December last we obtained another supply of your Antidote, and it has sustained my wife in every instance. She has not used any more morphine since, and has been able to attend to her domestic duties with a tolerable degree of ease. For the last ten days she has been able to stop the use of the Antidote entirely without any inconvenience. She has no desire for the morphine or Antidote. Of your last supply she has nearly a bottle left, which she will keep if any need should arise for it. We believe fully that the very worst case of Morphine habit can be cured by the use of your remedy, if directions are adhered to.

We feel very much elated at the result or success of your remedy. My wife now declares she is rich in the freedom she enjoys from the effect of the morphine. Hoping you may live long to accomplish much good in your special line of medicine, I am,

Yours truly,

A. E. SINGLETON.

P. S.—I should have mentioned that Mrs. S.'s appetite is now good, and the constipation of her bowels is removed. If you desire to use this letter in any way you are at liberty to do so. The above can all be verified.

**I am Cured and my Health is Better than it Has Been in Three Years—
—I Sleep Like a Boy.**

PINEVILLE, RAPIDES PARISH, LA.

Dr. B. M. Woolley, Atlanta, Ga.:

DEAR SIR—I have concluded, after waiting to see the result, to write. I

Three Years Since Cured and Has Not Tasted Whisky Since.

BROWNWOOD, TEXAS.

Dr. B. M. Woolley, Atlanta, Ga.:

DEAR SIR—Yours of recent date at hand and contents noted. I am all right; have never tasted a drop of any kind of liquor since I took the first dose of your medicine, nor do I ever have any intention to do so. It has now been over three years since I commenced the use of your medicine and it has been almost three years since I took the last dose. I get letters from all parts of the country asking about your medicine, its effects, etc. I have but one answer. That is: That it will as surely cure a man of whisky drinking as water will quench thirst, if he will follow the instructions.

Wishing you success in all things, I shall never cease to bless and thank you for what you did for me.

Yours, etc.,

J. R. CALDWELL.

A LADY CERTIFIES

To the Efficacy of the Treatment.

PERU, FLA.

Dr. B. M. Woolley:

MY DEAR FRIEND—I avail myself of the present opportunity of writing to you. I am entirely cured of the Morphine habit. My health is a great deal better than it was before I quit the morphine, though I am not yet strong. I haven't taken any of the Antidote since November last. I would that I had the power to express my gratitude, or in any way to prove how much I am indebted to you for my release from the terrible Opium habit. I and my family will always remember you. You are perfectly at liberty to use the above in any way if it will be the means of influencing others to be freed from the habit of using opiates. May success be ever yours.

Very respectfully,

MRS. W. B. MOODY.

A LADY

Restored to Health and Usefulness by B. M. Woolley's Opium Cure.

HONEA PATH, S. C.

Major B. M. Woolley, Atlanta, Ga.:

DEAR SIR—I have been completely

have used none of the Antidote for thirty days. My health is better than it has been in three years, and I sleep like a boy, and my appetite is good; weigh more than for several years past, and am not able to say where my weight will stop, as I have only begun to gain so rapidly since I quit the Antidote, and I am thankful for your cure, besides I am quite sure my life and usefulness have been prolonged. The difference in my feelings now and when I first received the Opium Cure is simply beyond description. My family thinks your remedy should be known throughout this continent, and I shall remember you as a faithful, upright, conscientious man, and shall use my influence for you and yours. If anything I have said or can say will benefit you, then you can refer to me, or I will give you any kind of a certificate you may desire. You are at liberty to use my name when it suits you. I am running a steam ferry boat; am engineer and have charge of the boat, and am now able to attend to both.

Yours respectfully,

C. R. WATKINS.

Used from One to Three Pints of Whisky Daily, and Am now Cured and Do not Want Whisky.

BROWNWOOD, TEX.

Dr. B. M. Woolley, Atlanta, Ga.:

DEAR SIR—Replying to yours of recent date, will say that your Whisky Antidote thoroughly cured me of all appetite I ever had for whisky in any shape. In March, 1886, I received what you said was one month's supply, but it lasted me about six months, as I found after taking it one week I could get along with an occasional dose. I have never tasted spirits in any form since taking the first dose, nor do I ever have a desire to do so. I had been a steady drinker for thirty years, never drinking less than a pint a day and more frequently three times as much. I experienced no trouble after the first day. I drank a pint of straight whisky and took a maximum dose of the Antidote before breakfast. I was very sick for several hours. When I got over that (mixing medicine and whisky) was all right except I could not stand the smell of whisky. Have told lots of people about it as being the "boss." With the best wishes for your success, I am,

Yours, etc.,

JAMES R. CALDWELL.

cured by the use of your Antidote. The last bottle you sent me was enough. I left off without any trouble whatever, and shall ever feel grateful to you for the interest you manifested in my case, for your letters of cheer, and punctuality in sending medicine, etc.

I had been taking morphine twenty months; was using a bottle every nine days when I began your Antidote. From the time I took the first dose of your cure I never wanted Morphine. It required twelve months to effect a cure. It has been twelve months since I quit your Antidote, and I am now in better health and completely cured of the Opium Disease. If there is anything in this that you can use, do so. With lasting gratitude, I am,

Yours most respectfully,
MRS. J. A. WAKEFIELD.

DELAWARE COUNTY DEMOCRAT.

H. Frysinger, Publisher, Ed. J. Frysinger, Associate Editor.

CHESTER, PA.

B. M. Woolley, Atlanta, Ga.:

DEAR SIR—The reason why no more of your medicine was sent for was, it was not needed. The lady, who had used Opium for fifteen years, was cured with seven bottles. She felt sure she needed no more and stopped. She has not touched opium nor had any desire to do so since she began taking the medicine, more than twenty months ago. Your cure is certainly reliable, and those addicted to the terrible habit of eating Opium in any of its forms should avail themselves of the remedy if they can possibly raise money enough to buy it. Should you wish me at any time to write further details to any unfortunate victim of the habit who is hesitating about trying your remedy, I shall be glad to do so for the unfortunate one's sake. I know how difficult it is to persuade one's self to try a remedy so far away and so little known at this distance. Physicians told me the lady could not be cured; hence I hesitated long about trying your remedy, but finally did try it with the gratifying results above stated. Yours, etc.,

H. FRYSSINGER.

[LATER]
You are at liberty to use such parts of my letter I recently wrote you as certifying to the specific qualities of

your medicine, either with or without my name.
Yours, etc.,
H. FRYSSINGER.

"TEN THOUSAND THANKS."

Still Cures the Afflicted.

SAND RIDGE, S. C.

Major B. M. Woolley:

MY DEAR FRIEND—I received yours of the 16th inst., asking what had become of me, and was glad to hear from you. I am truly sorry I did not write you ere this. I can now say to you that I have left off taking your medicine ever since the 4th of February, 1881, and I feel no need for it or opiates. My health is in good condition. I feel that I can return ten thousand thanks to you and your medicine, for I was almost dead when I began its use, and now I am entirely cured. I sincerely hope and pray that you ever live to do good to the opium afflicted. You can use the above as you see fit.

I remain yours truly,
NELSON GROOMS.

Cured and Goes before a Notary Public and Makes Oath to the Fact.

MALDEN, W. V.

Dr. B. M. Woolley:

DEAR SIR—I received your letter in reference to my not writing you for more medicine. I am glad to say to you I did not need any more. I am cured. I commenced taking your medicine March 18th, 1887, and took five months' supply, except one bottle, which I now have on hand. I reduced the dose, as you directed me to do, and the five months' supply lasted me nine months. I am now well of the Morphine habit and in better health than for years. When I commenced your medicine I don't think I weighed one hundred pounds; now I weigh one hundred and thirty-five pounds. I am fully satisfied your medicine will do all you claim for it, and more, too; it is a cure if given a fair trial. I shall always feel thankful that I saw your advertisement, as I had given up all hope of ever getting well at that time, but wrote you, and thank God I did, for I could not have lived two months longer. The very first day I took the medicine it helped me, and I will never forget you or your medicine

for the good it has done me. May God bless you for it. I am a poor hand to write, but if I knew one in the condition I was in, I would write them to go and be cured. If any one would like to hear what I have to say about your antidote, and will write me, I will give a true statement. To show my sincerity in this matter, I go before a Notary Public and make oath to the above facts.

Yours very respectfully,
MAGGIE HIX.

WEST VIRGINIA, KANAWHA Co.

Personally came before the undersigned, Maggie Hix, who, on oath, says that the allegations set forth in the above are true.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this May 26, 1888.

J. W. PARRISH, N. P.,
Kanawha Co., W. Va.

You Want to Know Whether I am Cured or Not—I Am.

SELMA, ALA.

Dr. B. M. Woolley, Atlanta, Ga.:

DEAR SIR—You want to know whether I am cured or not—I am. I have not taken any of your medicine or any kind of opiates since I quit your medicine about two months ago. Since I got through with your medicine I haven't wanted any Morphine, and I do not expect to ever use opiates again. If you want any certificate to use, I will send it to you. I would have written before now, but was waiting to see whether I was cured or not. Nothing more.

J. S. PORTER.

ANOTHER LIVING WITNESS.

A Floridian Cured by B. M. Woolley's Painless Antidote.

CORK, HILLSBOROUGH Co., FLA.

Dr. B. M. Woolley:

MY DEAR SIR—I hereby take pleasure in saying that your remedy is a safe and permanent cure, that I am fully reformed, and also to state that you can store, and also to state that you can use my letter or name as you see fit or proper; and I hereby fully indorse and recommend your Antidote to any and all who may be similarly afflicted. It is four months since I quit your Antidote, and I am now completely cured of the habit; am well and at work, and don't want Morphine now any more than if I

had never taken any of it. Accept the heartfelt thanks of my wife.
Very respectfully and truly yours,
BURRELL YEATES.

A PHYSICIAN CURED

Who was Afflicted with Rheumatism and Nervous Debility as Well as the Habit of Using Morphine.

NEAR KEWANEE, LAUDERDALE Co., MISS.

Dr. B. M. Woolley, Atlanta, Ga.:

DEAR SIR AND FRIEND—Yours of 22d inst. to hand a few days since. It may be grateful to you to be informed that the reason of my not ordering an additional supply of your Antidote was that there was no need of doing so, as I was entirely relieved of the Opium and Morphine disease. It also had a great influence in relieving me of rheumatic pains and nervous debility. More so, really, than any medicine I have taken since my affliction. I am convinced from its effects upon my own case that your Antidote is one of the best remedies in rheumatism and nervous debility that can be resorted to in the treatment of such complaints. My former strength and action is fast returning to me, and I am quite a different man to-day to what I was when I began your treatment, and, therefore, I owe you many thanks.

Truly, etc.,
J. P. WELCH, M.D.,
Kewanee, Miss.

My Health is Better than for Six Years—I Weigh Twenty-Three Pounds More than when I Began Treatment.

HAMBURG, MISS.

Dr. B. M. Woolley:

DEAR SIR—I have postponed writing you until a sufficient lapse of time after taking your Antidote that I would be fully satisfied as to a permanent cure from that curse of all habits which becomes fixed only as the Opium habit does on one. I have not taken any Morphine since the 17th day of September last. On that day I commenced taking your Antidote, which fully sustained me, and I had no desire for Morphine from the first dose of Antidote and left off the Antidote the 16th of

April last. I only ordered four months' supply, eight bottles, of Antidote, and have a half bottle as a relic and am now a free and happy man. My general health is better than for six years. I weigh twenty-three pounds more than I did before taking your Antidote, and, doctor, I owe you a debt of gratitude, which can only be canceled with my life, for being the means of restoring me to a life of usefulness to myself and others. May your life be prolonged to continue in the good work of restoring the unfortunate ones as you have done with myself and a host of others, is the sincere wish of

Your grateful friend,

D. B. PACKER.

LATER.—I am still improving in flesh and my health is better. It has been three months since I took the last dose of the Antidote. I have no desire whatever for opiates—no more than if I had never taken any.

D. B. PACKER.

I am To-Day a Sound Man without any Craving for Either the Morphine or Antidote.

BRESLAW, TEXAS.

Dr. B. M. Woolley, Atlanta, Ga.:

MY DEAR SIR—Some two years ago I began the use of Morphine, one-quarter grain doses per day, to ease pain and quiet nervousness. Continued to increase it by degrees until I took one and a half and two grains daily. By this time the habit was so thoroughly fastened on me that it was almost impossible for me to break off without assistance. About this time I saw your advertisement proposing to cure persons afflicted in this way. Finding, as I thought, the right man in the right place, I concluded to try him. I ordered at once a month's supply of his Antidote, discontinued at once the use of morphia, and from the first dose of Antidote I had no more desire or craving for opiates. I took the Antidote ten weeks, stopped the use of it and am to-day a sound man without any craving for either Morphine or Antidote. I can conscientiously recommend Dr. Woolley's treatment to any and all who are afflicted in the way that I was. If they will follow his directions it will carry them safely through to a sure cure without pain or nervousness. It is no humbug, but a success. Try it and be cured.

Your friend,

R. L. SMITH, M.D.

Seventy-Six Years Old—Cured and is now Happy and Grateful.

ANDERSON C. H., S. C.

Dr. B. M. Woolley, Atlanta, Ga.:

DEAR SIR—This is to certify that my mother, Mrs. Nancy Jolly, is cured of the Morphine habit. She began the use of your medicine November 13, 1882, and discontinued April 21, 1883. She did not uncork the sixth bottle nor use all of the fifth. My mother says she is thankful to the Supreme Ruler and to you for the cure, and desires that her testimony be heard from land to land. She is now seventy-six years old.

Yours respectfully,

Mrs. S. J. MOREHEAD.

A HAPPY WOMAN.

Rescued from a Living Death. A Letter of Gratitude.

Happy should be the man who is able to relieve suffering humanity, and especially those who are addicted to the use of opium and whisky. There is no disease which so destroys the usefulness of one's life as the habit of using opium or whisky.

Read the following letter, which is brimming full of gratitude for her deliverance from a living death. She states in unmistakable language that she is cured and has no desire for morphine since quitting the treatment in July last:

WARRENTON, GA., Sept. 10, 1892.

Dr. B. M. Woolley, Atlanta, Ga.:

DEAR SIR—I received your letter of the 6th instant and will now answer. I am happy to tell you that I am entirely cured of the dreadful morphine habit. I had used it constantly for the past seven years. I commenced taking your morphine cure January 6th, 1892, and quit taking it July 23d, last, taking eight and a half bottles, and I have had no further desire for morphine or Antidote since I quit taking it. My general health is also much improved.

When I commenced taking your Antidote I weighed about seventy-five pounds, and now I weigh ninety-six pounds. I would like to express my sincere gratitude to you for all your wonderful cure has done for me, but I find words inadequate to do so. However, I shall ever remember you, and try to get others who are afflicted as I was to take your medicine.

Doctor, you are at liberty to use my name or anything that I have written to you in any way you see fit, and I hope it will be the means of inducing some one who is addicted to the terrible morphine habit to send for your great and wonderful cure.

Your true friend and well-wisher,
Mrs. L. L. CASON.

AN OPEN LETTER.

Mr. P. B. Perry's Experience with the Opium and Whisky Habits.

A few days ago the *Constitution* had occasion to say something in reference to the opium and whisky habits and Dr. B. M. Woolley's mode of treating them. Our indorsement of his work was based upon what we know about the doctor and what we have seen with our own eyes. Only a few days ago, we had a talk with a distinguished Georgian whom Dr. Woolley treated over fifteen years ago. He was entirely cured in a few weeks time, after having been a constant user of opium and whisky for more than eighteen years. Last week we received the following letter which shows that our statement was correct:

SUMMERFIELD, MARION CO., FLA.

Editor *Constitution*:

SIR—I see in your weekly of 15th instant several paragraphs lauding Dr. B. M. Woolley and his great success in treating and curing the victims of the opium and whisky habits, and yet you nor he say anything of the great beauty of his treatment, something that all should know.

Almost every one has known of common physicians taking victims of the disease to treat, and they also know of the dreadful suffering of said patients. All they could do was to keep them from dying, while nature did the work. But not so in Dr. Woolley's treatment. But, from the first dose taken, all that nervous prostration, yearning, itching desire for more of the drug that seize those that try to leave off the habit is eradicated, never to return on those that follow the doctor's instructions implicitly, and if the doctor's diagnosis is correct, a cure is sure, where the doctor has anything left to work on.

If this idea was known as I know it, many a one would employ him that now stands aloof in dread. I write

from personal knowledge and experience. Very respectfully, etc.,
P. B. PERRY.

OH, WHAT A TERRIBLE CURSE

To the World is Whisky!—My Doctors Said More Whisky and Better Whisky.

IOWA PARK, TEX., March 21, 1893.

Dr. B. M. Woolley, Atlanta, Ga.:

KIND SIR—One who has benefited me as much as you have in health, purse and happiness, I can never do too much for.

I am somewhat surprised at your saying you thought I ought to have more medicine. Why, sir, ten dollars' worth will cure any man if he will follow your directions as I did, for my case was a tough one.

I had been drinking whisky and other liquors for thirty-seven years, but, like Mr. Hodges, in 1878 I was taken with rheumatism and was disabled for three years. My doctors said, "More whisky and better whisky," and even eggnog, porter and ale, so I got to be a pretty good judge of the best whisky, and, like my old grandfather (who was an Irishman), I thought that "all was good and some better."

I can say for my father and grandfather, that they controlled their appetite while I did not. But, I think the article in their days was better poison than it was in mine, and in fact, I believe it is gradually getting worse all the while. Therefore, my advice to all, young and old, is to stop it right now, and if they cannot do so without your aid, had better get it and say nothing about the cost.

Now, right here, before I say any more, I will say that I am one of your cured patients who is willing to chip in and help any poor drunkard who is in need of your treatment and is not able to get it. Oh, what a curse to the world is whisky! What a pity that parents raise their children with a bottle in one hand and a little "hell" in the other and the hell is getting worse all the time, for the contents of the bottle are getting more poisonous. Now, doctor, I can say, as I said before, that it has now been sixteen months since you knocked the "hell" out of me. Before I was cured I thought you were too high in your prices, but since I have

been cured I think you are too reasonable.

Wishing for you all the success and happiness a man can have in this world and that God may spare you to a good ripe old age to continue your good work among His children and at last save you in heaven, I remain yours very truly,

B. F. CABNESS.

P. S.—If you like you can use this in print after correcting mistakes. I am not a very good writer, but am a good deal better than before I heard of Dr. B. M. Woolley.

B. F. C.

A Great and Glorious Victory.

I feel it my duty to let the public know that I have used Dr. Woolley's antidote for the morphine habit with perfect success. I had been afflicted with a complication of chronic diseases for a number of years and could find no remedy to give me relief.

I finally grew so nervous and worn out from pain that I began to take a small dose of morphine occasionally to give me rest and enable me to bear the pain. I was then so ignorant of the effects of it that I thought it only required strong will power to leave it off.

Of course I had to increase the amount after beginning, as all others do, until I found myself bound by chains that no will power can break. I fought it bravely and begged my physicians to help me, but they told me it would kill me to try to leave it off then, and I am sure it would but for Dr. Woolley's wonderful treatment.

I used the morphine for three years, using at last as much as one bottle hypodermically every three or four weeks. I felt that I could last but a few weeks longer, as I was in such a dreadful condition, both in mind and body, for I felt that it was killing me, and still I was bound to use it.

I saw a piece in the *Sunny South* telling of Dr. Woolley, of Atlanta, Ga., and his great work, and wrote at once for treatment. I began the treatment January, 1892, and continued until the middle of the following July. I did not suffer for the morphine while taking the antidote at all, and as the treatment is a gradual building up of the system at the same time that it destroys the effect of the drug, I did not miss it, and suffered no inconvenience when I left off the treatment. I sincerely hope if any who read this are victims of any of the

habits treated by Dr. Woolley they will lose no time in sending for his treatment.

He prepares his medicine carefully to suit each case, and it makes no difference how bad your case may be, if you follow directions he will surely bring you through safely, and his kind, encouraging letters are a great help to suffering patients. I am in better health than I've been in ten years, and but for Dr. Woolley I would certainly be in my grave.

MRS. J. S. JONES.

Arcadia, La.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS

A Periodical Drunkard, and Three Years Addicted to the Use of Morphine.

STATE OF TEXAS,
COUNTY OF HILL. }

This will certify that I, J. M. Griffin, M.D., of the county of Hill, State of Texas, became addicted to the morphine habit three years ago. I had been for twenty-five years previously a periodical drunkard, and had failed to cure myself. Those who know what all this means will appreciate my condition. I had long been a sufferer from prostatitis. Could not control my urine; loss of memory; ugly dreams and visions, etc. After many failures for relief, I applied to Dr. B. M. Woolley, of Atlanta, Ga., and after six months' treatment I am glad to say that I am fully restored to my former good health and vigor of mind, with no appetite for stimulants of any kind. To say that I am more than grateful is to put it mildly. I am sixty years of age and feel like a new man.

J. M. GRIFFIN, M.D.

Aquilla, Texas.

I Do Not Have the Least Desire to Drink.

CHATTANOOGA, TENN.,
February 14, 1892. }

B. M. Woolley, M. D., Atlanta, Ga.:

DEAR DOCTOR—There is a great deal of talk here about the wonderful Keely Cure, and all who have been treated by him give him great praise, but all say that the treatment leaves them with a broken down constitution, which they find very hard to build up again. I tell them that they should not go to Illinois

to be treated when they can get what I deem a far superior treatment nearer home and at less cost than the Dwight Institute, through the medium of my savior, Dr. B. M. Woolley, of Atlanta, Ga. I always shall feel grateful to you, and feel that you are the sole cause of my existence to-day. I live, and live happily, and owe it all to you and your wonderful discovery. There are some parties here who I am trying to persuade to either send for your medicine or go to you. I tell them if they will follow your directions, I will guarantee them a permanent cure. I give them myself as an example, and ask them if they do not see me almost daily where they are drinking, and I do not have the least desire for a drink. I tell them of course I could take whisky, and no doubt it would taste as well as it ever did, but I would have to force the desire. The medicine doesn't kill the taste, but it certainly kills the desire. It is almost like being born again, for the everything seems so bright for the future, and it is not for a short while but continues so with me. I enjoy good health and am as hearty as I ever was and have vim and energy to attend to my business. If any one insist upon my drinking, I can tell them with a good grace and a proud air, "I don't drink." I remain, dear doctor,

Yours truly,
W. H. RIDEN.

READ HIS INTERESTING LETTER

He Tells how He Became Addicted to the Opium Habit and Thought His Condition Hopeless—He now Rejoices in Being a Free Man.

CARTERSVILLE, GA., March 24, 1890.

MY DEAR SIR AND FRIEND—I write you these lines with much pleasure. I have discontinued the remedy entirely.

I left off the medicine without the slightest difficulty or inconvenience. I might have discontinued it earlier, perhaps, as I would very often forget to take my medicine. I did not care to take any risk, however, hence kept up the remedy until I felt that I was completely and entirely cured.

You know what a desperate and deplorable condition I was in, and how hopeless and despondent I was. I shall never forget your kindness, your words of encouragement to me, and your forbearance and patience towards me in my weakness and mistakes. You were

not only "a friend in need," but a "friend indeed."

I do not suppose there is a case in all the history of your experience so remarkable as mine. To look back eighteen months ago, my condition seemingly hopeless, and to see me now a free man, it seems almost incredible to believe such could be the case.

For ten years, from my early manhood, my life had been a very active one. I crowded into those years, unfortunately, the work of two men, I might say. Finding my strength giving way under the severe strain and pressure of business relations, to induce sleep I resorted to small doses of morphine. Like all others, or most all others, who get into the habit of using opiates, I never dreamed of what the consequences would be. I had never seen any one or heard of any person addicted to the opium habit—except by mere reference, perhaps—and hence knew nothing of its insidiousness until I was bound and unable to release myself.

How often are these—the most unfortunate of all classes of sufferers, and whose suffering is beyond human conception—how often are they misjudged and their condition misunderstood; wrongfully accused, criticised unjustly, unkindly treated and their condition made seemingly worse. They need more sympathy, more forbearance, more help than most persons are apprised of. Who, bound by the terrible monster, opium, would not give all he hath to have the shackles broken?

There is no necessity, however, for any one thus afflicted to despair if your remedy can be procured.

I cannot say too much in praise of your wonderful remedy. After I began treatment, and for some time thereafter, I had grave doubts of ever being restored. I was so despondent that I was often tempted to give up the fight. But, like a drowning man, I was ready to lay hold upon anything I thought would bring me help and deliverance. There was one feature about my case you will remember which made it more critical, and also made it more difficult and obstinate to yield to your treatment, except slowly. Some time previous to commencing your treatment, you remember, I told you about putting myself under what you might call the "quick" or "rapid" process or treatment. I have no criticism for the physician who had my case in charge,

but it was a great mistake I made, and a very unfortunate one for me. The treatment was too severe—too trying. I received a nervous shock from which I never rallied, and the impress of which will likely follow me through life. Besides this, my case was of long standing and vitality extremely low. But for these difficulties and complications, I have no doubt but that I would have rallied much quicker and faster.

I was under your treatment altogether about eighteen months. When I began the treatment I weighed ninety-five pounds. In six months I had gained twenty-five pounds. I did not increase so rapidly afterwards, but gained strength, appetite, physical and mental vigor, until now I work twelve to fourteen hours per day, sleep soundly—something I had been unable to do for five years previous to commencing your treatment, excepting under difficulties or by the aid of opiates in some form.

Some persons may object to the treatment on account of the time it takes to effect a cure. My! my! what if it should take six, twelve or eighteen months, and cost six, twelve or eighteen dollars per month, what is that to being bound hand and foot, and suffering from time to time agonies untold and untellable? Who, thus afflicted, had he a world to give, would not gladly, willingly yield it up to find deliverance?

There is an impression among some that your medicine is poisonous. I am satisfied it will not do for any one to use the remedy (as you state in your instructions) excepting those for whom it is prepared. But for such it is **THEIR VERY LIFE**. I would rather take your medicine, even if there were no hope of a final recovery, than to take opiates. It is more desirable in every way. I do not believe any one, making a true and correct statement and following all your instructions, need fail of final recovery, except in cases utterly hopeless and beyond the power of human skill.

One thing I would advise every one taking the remedy: They should pay no attention to what any one, no matter who, may say derogatory to your remedy. Let them (the critics) analyze it and call it this, that or the other thing. There is one thing it will accomplish, and that is what the sufferer needs and wants; it will cure the disease and free the patient. It "gets there bye and bye."

But I have made this communication too long. The subject is one of interest

to me. I scarcely know how to express my gratitude to you.

I am anxious to go to see you and talk with you, and intend doing so as soon as I find the time to get off.

I have no desire to appear in print or in public, but you are at liberty to use this letter or any portion of it in such a manner as you may deem best. I hope each and every afflicted brother in reach of your remedy will avail himself of its wonderful power to heal by putting their cases in your hands.

With my very best wishes for your continued success, I subscribe myself your friend and fellow-citizen.

M. H. GILREATH.

To Dr. B. M. Woolley, Atlanta, Ga.

THERE IS HOPE.

I Have Not Touched a Drop of Whisky Since the 9th of February Last.

LYERLY, GA., Sept. 26, 1892.

Dr. B. M. Woolley, Atlanta, Ga.:

DEAR SIR—Your letter of the 20th was handed me on my arrival home today, and I will confess to a duty neglected in not writing to you sooner. I have not touched a drop of whisky since the 9th day of February last. On that day I determined to quit drinking whisky if I died in the attempt, and if I did die, the man in the front wagon at the funeral would be sober. Feeling that I would need some assistance I had procured one month's supply of your medicine, and I am free to say that it did me a great good. I doubt if I would have done so well without it as I have, and I have since recommended it to several who were slaves to the whisky habit. I have more charity in my heart for a man who has formed the habit and tries to quit than any class of persons I can now think of, for I know by experience what a battle they will have to fight before they gain the victory. The damned in hell never suffered more than I did for three days and nights. I had a gallon of whisky in the house when I began the fight, and I suffered so my good wife would have given it to me, but I said, "No, it's victory or death, and I prefer death to what I am."

After twelve years' experience as a whisky drinker, my advice to every person, man, woman or child, is never to drink it under any circumstances. Some will say, "Well, it's a good medi-

cine." Well, my friend, you are on dangerous ground then. I thought it was a "good medicine," and thought I was man enough not to become its slave, but before I knew it it had me bound with chains stronger than iron, and so it will be with you.

To those who have formed the habit I pity you from the very innermost recesses of my heart. But there is hope. Make up your mind to quit or die; ask God to help and sustain you; get a supply of Dr. Woolley's medicine; go to your room and have some good, kind, loving person to wait on you, and then, by the help of God and the means in your hands, fight the battle out, and my experience and word for it you will conquer. Then what a happy man you will be and how proud your friends will be of you, and what a rejoicing there will be in heaven over one more soul snatched from worse than hell! Look up, my poor fallen fellow-man. There is still hope for you, and you cannot spend \$10.00 or \$20.00, or even \$100.00 if necessary, more profitably than in Dr. Woolley's medicine.

Doctor, I hope you will excuse this scattering epistle. I did not intend to write so much, but when the thought of poor suffering humanity came upon me I had written before I realized it. If what I have written will be the means of causing any one to turn and live, you are at liberty to publish it.

Yours very truly,
W. P. FOSTER.

I AM PERFECTLY FREE.

No Whisky in Fourteen Months and no Desire to Take Any.

VILLE PLATTE, LA., Sept. 23, 1892.

Dr. B. M. Woolley, Atlanta, Ga.:

DEAR DOCTOR—It has been over fifteen months since I have drunk any intoxicating liquors of any kind, and it has been fourteen months since I left off your remedy. I am perfectly free now. I have no desire to taste liquors, and am sure I would not be in the same stage of degradation I was when I first got your medicine for a good pile of money. Thanks for the advertisement which led me to try your remedy. It shall be my desire to induce all who I know are afflicted as I was to try your antidote and be cured.

Hoping that you will continue to be successful in bringing back good men

who have deviated from the gentlemanly path of their former state, I am
Yours very truly,
E. E. VIDRINE.

LYERLY, GA., Sept. 29, 1892.

DEAR DOCTOR—If you should use my letter it would be well for you to give a history of my case.

I commenced drinking whisky in 1880 on prescription of a physician, two table-spoonsful three times per day. I had a very severe case of chronic pneumonia in both lungs. From three drinks per day I got to five, and on and on until I would drink a quart of 100 proof whisky in a day and night, and it had become second nature. I was not able to do anything without it, and worse than nothing with it. Since I quit my health has improved, my appetite is good and my sleep is sound. My family is happy and my friends rejoice with me.

Yours truly,
W. P. FOSTER.

VILLE PLATTE, LA., Sept. 29, 1892.
Dr. B. M. Woolley, Atlanta, Ga.:

DEAR AND ESTEEMED FRIEND.—Yours of the 26th instant received. Yes, sir, you can use my letter. I am willing to do anything in my power to bring back unfortunates who are slaves to the habitual habits or diseases, which I know by experience you can cure.

Yours truly,
E. E. VIDRINE.

NO MORE WHISKY.

I Will Continue the Balance of My Life Without It.

MADISON, GA., Sept. 19, 1892.

Dr. B. M. Woolley, Atlanta, Ga.:

DEAR SIR—Yours of the 16th to hand, and I take great pleasure in stating to you that I am all right and have no desire or taste whatever for liquor in any form, nor for beer, cider, or any kind of drink but cold water. I am so thankful to have overcome that great evil, for it is a habit and nothing else. I do feel so much better than I did when I was using it. The very scent of whisky makes me sick, so that I will continue the balance of my life without using it.

You are welcome to use my letter if it will do any good. I hope it will.
Yours very respectfully,
H. R. GOLDWIRE.

USED 60 GRAINS MORPHINE IN THREE DAYS—NOW CURED AND HAPPY.

SELMA, ALA.

Dr. B. M. Woolley, Atlanta, Ga.:

DEAR SIR—You wrote me asking how I was improving. Well, you would not know me. I am at least thirty pounds heavier than when you saw me last. Now, you can use my name to advertise your business as you please.

I was taken sick in 1880 with rheumatism, and to relieve the pain the doctor injected morphine, which I used for four months. After that I began to smoke opium, which drug I used until 1887. I was then west of the Mississippi river, but afterward came over to this side of the river, and not being able to get the opium unless I bought the gum and boiled it down myself, I concluded to use morphine again, which I did until I came to Atlanta to see you. I have used as much as three bottles per week. When I began to use it I weighed 160 or 170 pounds, and after using it as I did my weight dropped to 130. Now, I weigh 161 pounds and am still improving. The only trouble I had was that I could not sleep much at night for a week after I stopped your remedy. Now, doctor, you can make this as strong as you please. I cannot write as I would like to, so you can fix up my letter from the facts above and sign my name.

Respectfully,

W. A. MYERS.

P. S.—If any person wants to know how much morphine I used, any druggist in Selma can tell them, for I assure you I have broken many a bell trying to get a clerk up at 2 or 3 o'clock in the morning when I had forgotten to get a bottle before I had closed up my saloon.

M.

USED MORPHINE TWELVE YEARS

And now Has no More Desire for it
Than a New Born Babe.

BELTON, Bell Co., Tex., Mch. 16, '92.

To the unfortunate slaves of the opium habit.

I want to tell you that I was for ten or twelve years under bondage to the opium habit, and at any time within those years would have taken an anti-

dote if I could have had any confidence in its efficiency. But the doctors would all tell me that there is not a drug known to the medical profession that will take the place of opiates. At last, however, a friend of mine was cured of the opium habit by Dr. B. M. Woolley. As soon as I heard my friend was cured I wrote to Dr. Woolley and got a supply of his Antidote and commenced taking it on the 19th of last April and dropped it on the 11th of last December. It left me a well and happy man, so far as opium is concerned, for I have no more desire for opium than a new born babe, and the difference in my health one year ago and now is indeed great. I am now in as good health as I ever was and weigh twenty-five pounds more than when I began the use of the Antidote. I experienced no inconvenience at all while under your treatment. Now, whether doctors are right or wrong about no drug taking the place of an opiate I neither know nor care; but one thing I do know, and that is that Dr. Woolley cured me of the opium habit and restored me to good health. If this should attract the attention of an opium slave and that one should be cured of the dreadful disease, I would be glad if that person would write to me and let me know that I had been instrumental in restoring some one to health and happiness.

J. H. TILMAN.

I Was Painlessly and Positively Cured.

LEONARD, Fannin Co., Tex.

Dr. B. M. Woolley, Atlanta, Ga.:

DEAR SIR—Pardon me for not writing you sooner, but I have purposely waited these months in order to be certain of a permanent cure. I think I told you before that I inadvertently contracted the morphine habit by using the drug to allay intolerable pain during a severe attack of inflammatory rheumatism. Finding myself in the toils of what I consider to be the most subtle and tyrannical master that one could be subject to, and, having tried the force of will-power for all there was in it in a vain endeavor to free myself, I applied to you for help. First I gave you a true statement of my case, and then by following directions as closely as possible I was painlessly and positively

cured by the use of six bottles of your Antidote, and am now in good health and spirits and trying in my humble way to be useful as a citizen in the community in which I live—something I could not even hope to be in the condition in which I was when I called on you for help.

I shall ever remain your true friend,
W. T. WOMACK.

It is Almost a Miracle the Way Your Medicine has Acted in my Case.

CHESTER, S. C.

Dr. B. M. Woolley:

DEAR SIR—I have stopped taking your Antidote now for about one month, and am happy to say that I have no more desire for either laudanum or more Antidote. It is almost a miracle, the way your medicine has worked in my case. Just to think! I had been using laudanum for about nine years. I think the world should know what your valuable remedy is and what it will do if faithfully taken as directed.

If this will do you any good you may use it as you please. Wishing you much success in the future, I am

Gratefully yours,
MRS. S. A. LANGLEY.

A MINISTER'S TESTIMONY-- READ IT.

"I Can Walk and not Faint, and Run
and not Get Weary."

TUNNEL HILL, GA., Aug. 16, 1893.

Dr. B. M. Woolley, Atlanta, Ga.:

DEAR SIR—You will please not think hard or strange of me for not writing you before now. I have left off taking your medicine for four weeks and have been waiting to see if I was well, and I find myself entirely cured of the Morphine habit. I have no more desire for it than for something I have never seen or heard of. I took my last dose the 24th day of April, 1893, and I commenced your medicine on the 25th, and from the first dose I never wanted any more Morphine and have never tasted it since. When I commenced to take your medicine my health was so bad that I could not stay up all day, and

strange to say, but true, in one week's time I could plough a \$150.00 horse all day, and having no other employment I have cultivated twelve acres of land in cotton and corn, and have done all of the ploughing myself and helped to do the hoeing and kept up an appointment on Sunday, going three or four miles to preach. I have not felt as well as I do at present in five years. Well, Doctor, my youth is renewed like the eagle's and I can walk and not faint, and run and not get weary. I feel like I was about sixteen years of age, and when I commenced to take your medicine I was somewhere in the bounds of four score, though my real age is fifty-six. You can hardly imagine how happy I am. If I only had my other hand that I lost in the battle of New Hope church I would not exchange places with Grover Cleveland. Instead of a long, sad face all is sunshine and joy. I thank God that he has raised up and sustains just such a man as yourself, for no man could do these miracles that you do except God be with him. I know I am well and expect to stay so. I give you the privilege to use this or any part of it that you may choose to. With much love to you and yours,
REV. J. O. A. HICKMAN.

THE OPIUM HABIT.

A Cure almost against Her Will--
Used Morphine Seventeen
Years.

PRINGLE, WISE Co., TEX., Feb. 22, '93

Dr. B. M. Woolley, Atlanta, Ga.:

DEAR SIR—After a long delay I will try to write to let you know what your Morphine Antidote has done for me. I used Morphine for seventeen long, long years, and I have suffered untold agonies from it. My life was a perfect burden to myself and everybody who was about me; but, thanks to you and the good God, who doeth all things well, I am over it all now. We had seen your advertisement from time to time in the Atlanta Constitution, and my husband tried time and again to get my consent to send for the Antidote, but I had been humbugged so often with doctors and doctors' medicines I would not consent for years, but after

so long a time I consented to it and he then sent for it. I kept it in the house three weeks after I received it before I would take it, as I thought it was no good. We sent for it in December, 1891, and I began taking it January 11th, 1892. I took eleven bottles of the Antidote or about eleven bottles. I did not take all of the last bottle—left nearly one-quarter of a bottle, and I have not taken a dose since the 22d of November, 1892. Neither have I wanted it or the Morphine. I was ready to despair and go back to the old habit several times, but for encouragement from both you and my husband I kept on until I overcame the evil. I would not be back as I was for \$500.

You can use this as you please. I have been a sufferer for 27 or 28 years with female diseases and got into the Morphine habit that way; thought there was no way out, but I am free at last. I cannot speak in too high terms of you or your medicine. With my best wishes for yourself, I remain,

Most gratefully,

MRS. E. J. SHEHORN.

Thoroughly Cured--Never Craved Morphine after I Began to use the Remedy.

BOONEVILLE, ARK., May 8, 1893.

Dr. B. M. Woolley, Atlanta, Ga.:

DEAR SIR—I am in receipt of your favor this day, and will say to you that my cure was complete. My health is about as good as it ever was. My appetite is all right and you can see that my nerves are good for a man in his 72d year. I think I am stouter than I have been in years. This is the first year that I have undertaken to carry on my business as a merchant alone, for twenty years. For the last two months I have been able to keep on my feet from early morning until sundown if necessary.

As to you and your remedy I am fully satisfied that you can cure anybody if they will give your Antidote anything like a half chance. There are several Morphine toppers around here. I wrote to a gentleman last week at Dallas, N. C., who will perhaps write you this week. I am very thankful indeed that I made your acquaintance when I did, for perhaps at this time, instead of running our business alone, I might be an invalid in bed. And I as-

sure you that I am thoroughly cured of the habit. Never craved the Morphine after I commenced the remedy. I am as ever,

Your friend,

M. RHYNE.

I am Thankful I Got Your Medicine, I was Nearly Dead.

NEWTON, N. C., March 29, 1893.

Dr. B. M. Woolley, Atlanta, Ga.:

DEAR SIR—Your letter received some few days ago and was very glad to hear from you. I would have written you ere this time in regard to myself and the Antidote, but I know I am too negligent in writing; however, I am happy to inform you that the last Antidote I took cured me. I thank God I am stouter than I have been in nine or ten years, and hope to remain so. I shall recommend your Antidote in the highest terms. You can use my name in any way in regard to your Antidote as reference to the success it will give to those who use opiates. I am thankful that I got your medicine at the time I was so near dead. I will close. I remain,

Your thankful and obedient friend,

AVERY H. WHITNER.

Newton, N. C.

You Can Use this as You Please—Cured and Happy.

CAMERON, TEX., March 27, 1893.

Dr. B. M. Woolley, Atlanta, Ga.:

DEAR SIR—I am ashamed at not writing you sooner, but I was waiting to be sure that I was sound and well. Your Antidote gave out about the last of July, 1892. I have not taken a dose of opium since, or anything of the sort. I am sound and well—thanks to you for it. Excuse me for not writing sooner. You can use this as you please. I am ready to testify to what I say. With best wishes for your continued success, I remain

Your friend,

MARTHA A. STORY.

When I began Your Medicine only Weighed 92 Pounds, now Weigh 108.

AUSTIN, TENN., Oct. 13, 1892.

Dr. B. M. Woolley:

DEAR SIR—I feel very glad to tell

you that your medicine has entirely cured me of the Opium habit and my health is a great deal better. When I began taking your medicine I weighed only ninety-two pounds and now I weigh one hundred and eight pounds. Excuse me for not writing sooner. I shall ever feel grateful to you for the great good you have done me.

Respectfully,

MRS. JOSIE ANDREWS.

No One Knows How Thankful I am to be Cured of the Opium Habit.

MENDHAM, N. J., October 30, 1892.

Dr. B. M. Woolley, Atlanta, Ga.:

DEAR SIR—It is with pleasure that I sit down to write this letter. I am a well woman to-day. I have not taken any medicine since the fourth day of October and I do not think I need any more. I am so very happy over it. When I look back on the time I used Opium it seems that seven years of my life have been wasted. I shall never forget the day when I first took your medicine. I thought, with God's help and the help of Dr. Woolley I would try to get well. They told me I would want Morphine just the same, but I do not. I do not want anything at all. No one knows how thankful I am but God. Again thanking you for your great medicine, I remain,

Yours respectfully,

MRS. JOHN M. HOFFMAN.

A SON'S TESTIMONY.

MCDADE, TEX., March 31, 1893.

B. M. Woolley, M.D., Atlanta, Ga.:

DEAR SIR—Yours of the 28th inst., to Mrs. P. J. Meeks to hand, and in reply have to say, she is dead. Has been dead almost a year, but can say that your medicine perfectly cured her of the Morphine habit after she had habitually used it for over ten years. But after using your medicine, and for two years prior to her death she never took a single dose of Morphine or any other opiates, and I have heard her say after that she had no more desire for it than she did before using it. I can testify to the correctness of this statement, for

she has lived with me for several years.

Accept my thanks. Yours truly,
P. L. MEEKS, her son.

P. S.—You can use this statement if you see proper publicly.

Cured and Poured Out the Last Medicine. No More Opiates.

MOSS BLUFF, FLA., Oct. 17, 1892.

Dr. Woolley, Atlanta, Ga.:

DEAR FRIEND—I received your letter enquiring about my health, and in reply would say that I am in the best of health; weigh more than I ever did in my life. I commenced your Antidote on the 1st of December, 1891, and quit it on the 1st of May, 1892, leaving about half of the sixth bottle. Finding that I was cured, I poured that medicine out, and I have been entirely free from my bad habit ever since. I feel very grateful to you and would not take a thousand dollars for the change. I feel entirely different and like a new person. Let me hear from you at any time, as it affords me great pleasure.

Yours respectfully,

ROBT. FORT.

You can use my name with pleasure.

My Wife was Perfectly and Effectually Cured Several Years Ago and has no Desire or Appetite for Opiates.

STRATA, ALA., April 18, 1893.

B. M. Woolley, M.D., Atlanta, Ga.:

DEAR SIR—Your letter of the 15th inst. to hand and contents noted. In reply I beg leave to state that my wife was perfectly and effectually cured by your treatment several years ago, and has no more desire or appetite for opiates than if she had never used anything of the kind, and as for needing medicine we do not need any at present, but if we did I would not hesitate a moment in writing to you, as I know you can cure the Opium habit if your directions are followed. We are under many obligations to you and never fail to recommend your treatment when we have an opportunity.

Yours sincerely,

E. B. CONE AND WIFE.

P. S.—You can use this letter in any way you like, whether publicly or privately.

E. B. C.

**I am Cured. My General Health is
Built Up and no Desire
for Opiates.**

KNOXVILLE, ALA., April 25, 1893.

Dr. B. M. Woolley, Atlanta, Ga.:

DEAR SIR—Your kind letter of enquiry of the 22d inst. to hand. I owe you an apology for not writing you long since. Of course, I expected to, but put it off until a convenient time, which did not come. However, I reckon it is best as it is, as I have had a good chance to test the permanency of your Opium cure. I have not taken any Morphine since I commenced taking your medicine, two years ago last November. I wrote you at the time the cause of my getting into the habit. I had used Morphine about one year and was using three grains a day when I began your remedy. I was in bad health when I began your remedy, and had just taken a bad spell of La Grippe, which caused me to suffer for four or five days. After that I had no more trouble during the three months that I used it, but felt a little weak for a few days after I quit using your medicine. I must say that your remedy improved my general health greatly, and I soon felt like a new man. I have been crippled with rheumatism in my foot for eight months, caused I think from exposure. I have not used any opiates except paregoric two or three times. Your remedy thoroughly cleansed my system from the poison, and if I thought you had as good a remedy for rheumatism as you have for the Opium habit I would order it at once. I would advise any who are addicted to the Opium habit to procure your medicine at once. For, it not only cures the habit but gives solid health and vigor. You are at liberty to use this if it will be of any use in helping you in your noble work of rescuing the afflicted from this terrible habit. I will cheerfully answer any one who may write me in regard to my case. Gratefully yours,
W. A. WHITE.

I Feel Thankful for my Recovery.

HEMINGWAY, MISS., April 29, 1893.

Dr. B. M. Woolley, Atlanta, Ga.:

DEAR SIR—I beg pardon for not writ-

ing to you before this, for I feel so thankful that I have been relieved of one of the worst habits that one could get into—that is the Morphine habit. Your Antidote has entirely cured me of that habit. I have not wanted any more Morphine after I took the first dose of your medicine. It took away all desire for the drug. It also built up my run-down system. I was a mere skeleton when I commenced your medicine, and I commenced to mend right away both in flesh and strength. I am heavier to-day than I have been for fifteen years. I think if it had not been for your Antidote I would have been dead by this time. I feel thankful to God and to you for my recovery. It is an easy thing for any one to get rid of the Morphine habit if they will apply to Dr. Woolley, of Atlanta, Ga., and get his Antidote and carry out his prescriptions. I will do all I can to get others who are addicted to the Opium habit to apply to you and get cured.

Yours truly,

W. H. MOORE.

**I Ate One Bottle Morphine in Ten
Days. I am Entirely Cured.**

ELLISVILLE, MISS., May 3, 1893.

Dr. B. M. Woolley, Atlanta, Ga.:

DEAR SIR—I deem it my duty to extend to you my grateful thanks and to make known to any suffering person the facts of my entire cure of that dreadful disease—Morphine eating.

The 18th of last October, was a year ago, I commenced taking your cure. Since that I have never taken any Morphine. When I commenced your treatment I ate one bottle every ten days. My health is as good as it has been in 25 years. I am entirely free from opiates.

You are at liberty to publish my testimonial if you desire.

Yours truly,

WM. I. SHOWS.

**I Have not Touched Whisky and do
not Want it.**

GAINESVILLE, TEX., July 14, 1893.

Dr. B. M. Woolley, Atlanta, Ga.:

DEAR SIR—I will write you a few lines this morning to inform you that I

have not tasted a drop of any kind of whisky nor do I want it. I can hardly stand the smell of it.

I think your medicine a great and good thing if people would take it. I hope that you will live long and do much good. I feel better than I have in many a day. Don't think I will ever want any more whisky. You can use this if you want to.

Your true friend,
T. BASS.

**Took Forty Grains of Opium in One
Day—Sixty-four Years Old—Forty
Years Afflicted with Kidney and
Liver Disease—Nine Years in
Opium Bondage, Cured Painlessly
—Read what He Says.**

TYLER, TEXAS.

Dr. B. M. Woolley, Atlanta, Ga.:

DEAR SIR—I deem it my duty to you and the suffering Opium afflicted to state that I am a perfectly cured man by the use of your most valuable Opium Antidote. I was bound by the Opium tyrant for nine years, taking at the time I commenced your treatment forty grains in twenty-four hours. I tried every way I could think of to quit it, but failed. I had about given up the idea of ever being cured, but I thank God I learned that you could cure, which I doubted until I commenced the use of your medicine. I am now nearly sixty-four years old, and have been afflicted for forty years with kidney and liver disease. I was recommended to take Opium to deaden the pain.

I commenced to take your Antidote on the 18th day of October, 1882, and left it off on the 16th day of March, 1883, a perfectly cured man. I will say that from the first day I began your Antidote for Opium, and have I had no desire for Opium, and have never had any, and as soon as the Antidote had performed its work I could not take it any longer, and no one need have any fear of trouble in leaving off the Antidote. It is not a substitute, but I have found it a perfect cure. Any person desiring further information in regard to my case can address me at Tyler, Smith county, Texas, and I will cheerfully answer all questions. I am now an old man, and this is my first time to appear in public print in behalf of any man or remedy, and I do so now to give my feeble testimony in behalf of your valuable remedy.

I will add that from the very first commencement I slept soundly at night and enjoyed my meals with a relish.

Yours very truly,
DAVID L. DARK.

**An M.D. Cured, and Remained in
Atlanta Ten Months after Cured.**

ATLANTA, GA.

MY KIND FRIEND—Prompted by a desire to help all who are afflicted with the terrible disease of Opium-eating, I make this personal appeal to you through Dr. Woolley, who cured me some ten months since. I was using from eight-teen to twenty grains of Morphine daily by hypodermic injection. I have remained in Atlanta to see if I was really cured, and I can say I am, and will return to Arkansas in a few days to resume the practice of medicine. Being a physician, I have tried everything known to the profession, all to no purpose. I am now a sound, healthy, fat and hopeful man, and I trust as a sympathizing friend you will not think hard of me for writing to you, for if you are one of the unfortunate, or have friends so afflicted, you will, I know, appreciate this and consider it a kindness. Dr. Woolley is a friend and a great blessing to that unfortunate class, and will cure you if you will only trust him. My address in future will be Benton, Selina county, Ark., and if I can give you any information further, write me.

Your sympathizing friend,
J. E. WYLIE, M.D.
Now of Redfield, Arkansas.

**Takes Neither Morphine nor Opium,
and is Free.**

ARCOLA, MO., June 18, 1882.

Dr. B. M. Woolley, Atlanta, Ga.:

DEAR SIR AND FRIEND—Yours of a few days since came duly to hand, stating that you had not heard from me since sending me the last medicine. I will here say that in September last I received a letter saying you were sorry I had quit taking the Antidote and gone back to Morphine. I wrote you right away that I was thankful to God and you that I neither took Morphine nor your remedy, and have not since the 7th of the previous September, and was thoroughly cured of the dreadful habit of using Opium by your Antidote, and I

again thank you for my great deliverance. May God bless you that you may bless others the same as you did me, is my prayer. I will send you a certificate after harvest.

Yours truly,
BURDINE DODD.

As Sound as a Silver Dollar.

GADSDEN, ALA.

Dr. B. M. Woolley, Atlanta, Ga.:

MY DEAR SIR—As you have heard nothing from me in so long a time, I thought I would write a line and let you know that I am well and sound as a silver dollar. I have quit the use of the Antidote. Do not need any or want any. I left off the use of your antidote the 18th of August, after using it eight months. I quit according to your instructions, and had no trouble at all. As you know, I had piles or hemorrhage of the bowels very badly, which is also cured. I am sound in every way. When I began your medicine I was a total wreck—had no appetite; now I am fat and hearty, good appetite and digestion. I never lost a day's work from the time I commenced your Antidote until I was cured. I am here, and had it not been for your truly wonderful medicine I would have been dead. I know it, for I lost all hope, and many told me I could not live. But thank God and Woolley's medicine, I am here and willing to help any poor, miserable, unfortunate Opium or Morphine eater. Anything I can do I will gladly do to lend a helping hand. Any one wanting to know I will gladly give them my experience. Though I paid you all the money you charged for curing me, I can never pay you as I would for saving me. With best wishes for your success, I am yours truly,

W. P. CRAMER.

The power to do great things generally arises from the willingness to do little things.

I Never Want Morphine now, nor Your Antidote Either.

OXANNA, ALA.

Dr. B. M. Woolley:

DEAR SIR—I was taking from one to two grains Morphine, and had been taking it for six or seven months. I

tried your remedy. It has been two weeks since I have taken any of the Antidote, and must say that I think it is the greatest remedy I have ever known. I never want any morphine or your Antidote either. I have been fooled so much by advertisements that I was afraid that your Antidote was a humbug. Men that had tried your remedy tried to get me to try you, but I would not, for I had no faith in it, and when I got it I merely did it to satisfy my wife, and not that I thought it would cure me, but I must say that when I tried it I was agreeably surprised. I left off the Morphine without any disagreeable feeling. If any one doubts your remedy I would be glad if they would write to me so I can tell them what I think of it, and if necessary I can prove what I say by those who live around me. You can use this if you like.

Yours with many, many thanks,
R. N. DONOVAN.

Does not Need any More Medicine.

CROWVILLE, FRANKLIN PARISH, LA.

Dr. B. M. Woolley, Atlanta, Ga.:

DEAR SIR—I received your letter a few days ago, and was very glad to hear from you. You ask me why you did not hear from me in regard to more medicine. Your Antidote has cured me. I have not taken a dose of morphine or opium of any kind since I began your Antidote. I am indeed cured, and in better health than I have been for five years, and am under many obligations to you. Very respectfully,

AMANDA V. BELL.

WHISKY ANTIDOTE.

Dr. Woolley's Mission.

We call the attention of the public to the advertisement of Dr. B. M. Woolley of this city. We do so all the more cheerfully and confidently because the editor, whose name will be signed to this article, has experienced from the treatment of Dr. Woolley a relief that was as needed as it has been unexpected and evidently complete.

The testimonials which Dr. Woolley prints are all of them genuine in character, and speak for themselves in no uncertain tones. Their thankful tone is the result of grateful relief to disordered minds and systems through last re-

sort to his remedies for two of the greatest evils that afflict humanity. To those who are similarly afflicted, they point the certain way to speedy relief and certain cure. These in person are thoroughly harmless as administered, and really miraculous in their effects.

The writer, as known to his friends, has for years been the victim of the alcoholic habit. This had grown upon him to an extent that seemed uncontrollable, and seriously threatened his life, as it had already largely impaired his power for labor and usefulness. As an almost last resort, he began the use of Dr. Woolley's Antidote. The result has been wonderful. The use of a single bottle faithfully taken has eradicated all taste and desire for stimulating drink, and for the past eight weeks greater strength has come, a clearer mental condition experienced, and health completely restored. This result has been a marvel to friends, as it has been a source of hope and gratitude to myself.

SAMUEL W. SMALL,
Atlanta, Ga.

The use of most medicines, like the application of nearly all remedial measures, is attended with more or less dis-comfort or unpleasantness, for they are intended to be somewhat disciplinary, the discipline being necessary to remove the effects of our own wrong-doing.

Used a Quart of 100 Proof Whisky Per Day and Cured.

Dr. B. M. Woolley, Atlanta, Ga.:

DEAR SIR—Your medicine has cured me entirely and I do not crave stimulants. My health has improved in so many ways, I can just say that it has made me a sound man. Since it is known that I do not drink, I have no trouble in getting a situation—they send for me. I was drinking a quart of 100 proof whisky per day.

With my best wishes for your success,
I am
Yours truly,
J. G. MAYO.

Selma, Ala.

A Free Man.

DRY GROVE, MISS.

B. M. Woolley, Esq., Atlanta, Ga.:
MY DEAR SIR—Your two letters came duly to hand and should have

been answered more promptly. Many thanks for your kind sympathies, etc., for I know you meant them. I am happy to say, however, that I do not need them, for I am again a free man—freed from the most awful, loathsome, damnable habit, or should say disease, for the Morphine Habit is as much a disease as any that we meet, only a thousand times worse, for ordinary diseases yield to ordinary treatment, while the Morphine gives way to nothing, except it be a special remedy such as yours. "Woolley's Opium Cure" is certainly everything you claim for it, and I cheerfully testify that it will cure if the directions are carried out. The six bottles (three months' supply) that I ordered from you did their work effectually and promptly. My case I consider was a wonderful one. In 1878 it took six drachms of Morphine a week to sustain me and my weight went from 196 to 109 pounds. I was cured with three months' supply, as above stated.

Hoping you much success, I am your friend,
R. M. MITCHELL, M.D.

Dr. Mitchell Writes after Nearly Seven Years.

DRY GROVE, MISS.

B. M. Woolley, M.D.:

MY DEAR DOCTOR—I have never felt the least anxiety for Morphine since I quit taking your cure over six years ago, and have been well ever since. The most singular part of the cure is that I cannot tolerate any preparation of Opium, even the most minute dose, say five minims paregoric, without being cramped. It took sixty grains of Morphine daily to sustain me and I kept it up two years. You have made a perfect cure in my case, doctor, for which I thank you most heartily.

Your friend,
R. M. MITCHELL, M.D.

AN ALABAMIAN TESTIFIES.

He Refers to Many Distinguished Men as to the Truth of His Statement.

BRIDGEPORT, JACKSON CO., ALA.

To all whom it may interest:
I take pleasure in stating that Dr.

B. M. Woolley's Opium Antidote is all and more than he claims for it. Having come out of the Confederate army with chronic diarrhea, the physicians that I consulted sought to relieve me by means of Opium. It was given me so long that what is known as the Opium Habit became firmly fixed. I could, and often did, take forty grains Gum Opium at one time. When I became convinced that I was receiving no permanent benefit from its use, I sought to throw it off, but found that I was firmly fixed in its deadly grasp. I was reduced to extreme emaciation, and in sorrow was going down to the grave when I chanced to get one of Dr. Woolley's books, in which I learned there was a sure, reliable remedy. I ordered a supply at once. The first taken assured me all I had read about the Antidote was true. I abhorred opium. I arose the first morning a new man and cheerfully took up the duties that had been so long neglected. I am sure I do not exaggerate when I say it (the Antidote) is the very best nerve tonic ever prepared. And it is an absolute pleasure to take it, there being nothing at all disagreeable connected with it. I earnestly advise all who have acquired the habit of taking Opium, Morphine or any other drug of their nature to write at once to Dr. B. M. Woolley, or order his medicine, follow the directions he will give you, and you will be speedily restored. You will not be required to lay aside your daily avocation, but receive new energy. If there is any one who doubts this statement, I refer them to Gen. Joseph Wheeler, M. C.; W. M. Lowe, M. C.; Dr. D. W. Yandell, S. Keith & Co., all of Louisville, Ky., and Dr. Chas. W. Harvey, Anchorage, Jefferson county, Ky.; Dr. John G. Harvey, Jacksonville, Fla., or any one with whom they may be acquainted at Bridgeport, Ala., as to my veracity.

J. M. MCKENDREE.

Your Medicine will Cure any Case.

REDWINE, JACKSON PARISH, LA.

Dr. B. M. Woolley, Atlanta, Ga.:

DEAR SIR—I can say that your Opium Cure has entirely cured my wife. She began to take your remedy some twelve months ago and quit in October last. When she commenced your Antidote she weighed about 100 pounds, and now weighs 145 pounds. I have no

doubt whatever that your medicine will cure any case.

I am yours respectfully,
LUTHER BARNES.

LATER.

DEAR SIR—In answer to your letter, I can say you are at liberty to use my letter if it will do any good. My wife's health still improves. She now weighs 158 pounds. I sent Mrs. —, of Texas, one of your pamphlets. She sent me word that your Antidote had cured her, and thanks me kindly for sending the book. You can refer all cases to me in this country. I am generally known.

I remain yours respectfully,

LUTHER BARNES.

ANOTHER HAPPY HUSBAND.

His Wife Entirely Restored—"My Wife is in Perfect Health, Bearing upon her Cheeks the Bloom of Youth again."

WARREN, BRADLEY, Co., ARK.

Dr. B. M. Woolley, Atlanta, Ga.:

DEAR SIR—Doubtless you have looked for a letter from me in regard to my wife's condition after a discontinuance of your medicine. I feel perfectly satisfied the cure is complete. She has not had the least desire for either Morphine or Antidote since taking the last package sent. The time from then until now, being several months, has been sufficiently long to warrant me in announcing to you and the world at large that your remedy is all you represent it to be. My wife is in perfect health, bearing upon her cheek the bloom of youth again. Home is marked with cheerfulness, where before partial gloom prevailed (or I might have put it, perpetual gloom, for such it was). We are under lasting obligations for this happy result to you. I am now ready to recommend your remedy to all afflicted with the Opium Habit. Hoping that you may live long and continue to contribute to the happiness of thousands, I subscribe myself yours most obediently.

J. W. PIERCE.

A PHYSICIAN'S PATIENT.

I am Satisfied from the Effects of the Remedy in this Case that there is not a Better Opium Antidote in the World than Woolley's.

HOOD, HARRIS Co., GA.

Dr. B. M. Woolley, Atlanta, Ga.:

DEAR SIR—Having seen your adver-

tisements in the newspapers where you propose to cure those addicted to the Opium Habit, and having a friend that I knew thus to be afflicted, I got him to consent to use your remedy. I ordered the same for him, and consequently had the most ample opportunity to note the effects of the remedy. When he began the use of the Antidote he had been using five grains of Sulphate Morphine daily, and was completely broken down, mentally and physically. His appetite and digestion were almost entirely destroyed; his bowels never acted except from the use of cathartics, and the action was attended with the most griping pains; his sleep was disturbed by horrible dreams and he awoke in the morning feeling less refreshed than when he retired at night. In fact, his case was one to win the sympathy of any one who knew his deplorable condition. From the time that he used the first dose of your Antidote his condition was greatly improved, and this improvement was steady and rapid until he was completely cured, which was done in about three months. He is to-day a stout, robust man, in full possession of all his faculties and in the enjoyment of good health, and is perfectly extravagant in his praise of the remedy. He would not consent to have me use his name, but if any one doubts the above statement, they can be fully verified by addressing me at Hood, Harris county, Georgia. I am satisfied from the effects of the remedy in this case that there is not a better Opium Antidote in the world than Woolley's, and also that it is one of the very best nerve tonics. To any one who may doubt, I can say, and conscientiously say, that Woolley's Antidote will cure the Opium Habit.

Most respectfully,

W. F. WILSON, M.D.

OPIUM AND WHISKY.

Cured of Both Habits—He Has no Desire for any Stimulant.

MEXIA, TEXAS.

Dr. B. M. Woolley, Atlanta, Ga.:

DEAR SIR—I received a letter from you a few days since, asking why you had not heard from me, and if I had abandoned the Opium Cure and returned to the old habit. I am happy to answer that I have not ordered because

I have no further need of your Antidote. Neither have I returned to the Opium or Whisky or any other narcotic. I take nothing stronger than coffee, and am in better health than I have been in twenty years. Indeed, I am a new man. The facts of my case I will relate to you, and if you think it will benefit suffering humanity, you can use it if you choose. I am over fifty years of age. Had been using Opium or Morphine for about twelve years previous to taking Woolley's Antidote. I commenced the use of Opium in small quantities, after drinking whisky too much. Continued to increase the dose until it fastened on me with a bond I could not break until I got Woolley's Opium Antidote. I am now free from Opium and Whisky. I have not used any stimulants since I have been cured, three months. Yours truly,

JULIUS J. WARD.

LATER.

DEAR SIR—When I used Opium I would sometimes drink whisky. As I stated in my former letter, I commenced using opiates from excessive dissipation until I formed the habit. Your Antidote cured me, and strange to me, I have not the least thirst or desire for spirits of any kind or opiates since my cure, say the past three months. I am satisfied you can cure the Whisky Habit with less trouble than the Opium Habit.

Yours,

JULIUS WARD.

No More Whisky for Me—You Cured Me of Drinking when I Could do Nothing for Myself.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

Dr. Woolley:

DEAR SIR—I suppose you thought I had forgotten you, but I do not think I will ever. I left off your medicine as you directed me to do, and I have never felt the need of it from that day until this. Appetite is good; sleep as sound as a dollar; mind is cheerful and I am a happy man. I have very near half a bottle of the Antidote left and will keep it to remember you. I can get all the whisky I want where I am working, but no desire to drink whatever. You need not be afraid; I would not go back to drinking under any circumstances. My wife says how wonderful your med-

icine is to bring happiness into the house. She thanks you very much.

Yours respectfully,
HENRY MAGRATH,
Rampart street, between Marion and
Bartholomew streets.

**I am a Sounder Man To-day than I
Have Been in Twenty Years.**

MANHATTAN, KANSAS.

Dr. Woolley:

DEAR SIR—I received your note to-day, saying you had not heard from me in regard to my being cured. I wrote and am sorry you did not get my letter. I am cured of that fearful habit and to-day weigh 155 pounds. When I began to take your Antidote I weighed 85 pounds. I never suffered for the want of opiates after I commenced your medicine. When you told me you thought I was about cured, and to try and quit with the first bottle of the last two you sent me, I used only two doses from the bottle and threw the balance away, and the other bottle is now in my desk, which has never been opened. I now eat more than I ever did in my life, and my stomach is getting stronger and I am gaining strength all the time, and if I continue to gain for six months longer I will be as good as I was at 30 years old. I will be 62 next month. Believe me your friend, for I know I would have been under the sod long ago if it had not been for your medicine. Yours truly,

J. C. LAIRD.

LATER.

MANHATTAN, KANSAS.

Dear Dr. Woolley:

DEAR SIR—I thank God and Dr. Woolley that I am a sounder man to-day than for twenty years. I weighed since I wrote you last month, and weighed 165 pounds, which is as much as I weighed at twenty-three years old. My bowels are in better condition than since 1853 when I was in California. You are at liberty to publish anything I have written, and if it will do any good to suffering Opium eaters, I will swear to all I have written, but anywhere in this country or South Michigan my word is sufficient. They can be cured without suffering.

Yours truly,

J. C. LAIRD.

Cured Five Years Ago.

PINEVILLE, N. C.

Dr. B. M. Woolley:

Well, my old friend, Mrs. Campbell and Miss Poage send their best wishes for your success. They have never wanted any opiates since cured in 1881.

I want you to send me a bottle of medicine for a young man for the cure of the whisky habit. He only uses a pint of whisky in twenty-four hours. Send right away; I want him cured.

Yours truly,

D. M. CAMPBELL.

**Has Been Cured for Five Years and
Never Touched Op-um Since.**

GREENVILLE, ALA.

Dr. B. M. Woolley:

DEAR SIR—I owe my life to you and the kind friend who advised me to take your Opium Cure. I was for several years so given to the habit of Morphine that life was a torture to me. I felt daily that death would be a mercy to me rather than to be chained to such an awful habit. I could not live without it. I had to take it regularly three times a day, and sometimes oftener. I tried every means possible to rid myself of the habit, but to no purpose until I commenced taking your cure. After giving up the Morphine, I determined to give your medicine a fair trial. I went strictly by directions. After taking the first dose I began to gain natural strength, and from day to day grew stronger. I found your medicine perfectly painless, and after taking it six months left it off without any difficulty. I have not taken a dose of Morphine in five years; have given it in sickness, and never had any desire for it after taking your medicine. I feel a solicitude for those who are afflicted with the habit, and would most earnestly pray for them to apply to Dr. Woolley for relief. You are at liberty to make use of this as you see fit. Most respectfully,

ALA OATES.

**Thoroughly Cured of the Abominable
Habit.**

ALEXANDER CITY, ALA.

Dr. B. M. Woolley:

DEAR SIR—I write to inform you that I am cured of the Opium Habit. It

is now near four weeks since I left off the use of the Antidote, which I did without any inconvenience, having on hand at that time over a half bottle of the medicine. I feel grateful for your kindness to me as a practitioner of medicine. You relieved me of a habit that I was unable to relieve myself of without help. I made several unsuccessful attempts before I applied to you, depending, however, entirely upon will power, but I could not make it work. Anything that I can do that is right, that will advance your interest, I stand ready to do.

Very respectfully,

O. P. DARK.

It Will not do to Fool with Morphine.

LEON, ALA.

Dr. B. M. Woolley:

I received your letter a few days ago and was glad to hear from you. I will say to all persons, it will not do to fool with Morphine. It will cause trouble and I believe I would have been dead to-day or in the asylum if I had not used your medicine. I commenced taking your medicine in January and quit in May. It will do all you claim it to do, and I will recommend it to all who are afflicted from the use of opiates. I took Morphine until I found death drawing near. Your Antidote cured me. I am under thousands of obligations to you. I can do as much work as I could ten years ago. Sleep regular and sweet; rest better than for years. Your antidote is better than I could explain.

Yours as ever,

MARY McDONALD.

Saved from the Grave.

WINNSBORO, S. C.

Dr. Woolley:

DEAR SIR—I deem it due you and Opium-sufferers to inform you of the great success of your remedy. I discontinued your medicine on the 15th of May last, and now am quite well and feel if I had continued the Morphine I would have been in my grave ere this.

Respectfully,

MRS. M. A. LYLES.

**After Eight Years Restored to His
People.**

HOGGARD'S MILL, BAKER CO., GA.
I have never led a dissipated life, but

got into the habit of using Morphine while suffering from sore eyes. I used Morphine seven or eight years. It ruined my health; my energies were destroyed; I had about given up; I would have been willing to give up everything and begin life over again to be cured. My wife persuaded me to try Dr. B. M. Woolley's treatment. Though I had doubt, I gave Dr. Woolley a correct statement of my case and began treatment about May 1, 1883. When I began treatment I used a bottle of Morphine in about two and a half days. From the first dose of Dr. Woolley's medicine I neither felt any need nor any desire for Morphine or other opiates, nor have I taken any since. I took four and a half months' supply of Dr. Woolley's medicine. By reducing the dose as directed by Dr. Woolley, this amount was all I used, and I left off the medicine the first Sunday in June, 1884, without any trouble or inconvenience. I have taken neither Dr. Woolley's medicine nor any Morphine or opiate in any form since. I am in excellent health, and as free from the habit and disease induced by using Morphine as it is possible to be, as any one who has never tasted an opiate. As an evidence of the confidence my fellow-citizens have in me, I will here add that I have just been elected by them to represent my county (Miller) in the State legislature.

B. F. JONES.

Cured, and Says So.

LINDEN, ALA.

Dr. B. M. Woolley, Atlanta, Ga.:

DEAR SIR—I left off taking your Antidote 14th of last August, and am happy to say that it has made a cure of me. I had one bottle left. If you want a certificate I will send it to you.

Yours truly,

J. T. HOGUE.

**A Daughter Relieved and a Father
Made Happy.**

ROCK HILL, S. C.

Dr. B. M. Woolley, Atlanta, Ga.:

DEAR SIR—My daughter Carrie commenced taking Morphine in March, 1893. Took at one time as much as five grains of Morphine in 24 hours hyp-

dermically. We tried the reduction plan with her, and succeeded in getting the amount reduced to three-fourths of a grain, but still she could not do without it; actually had spasms when from under the influence of Morphine and health much impaired. We became alarmed about her condition, and was advised by Dr. Crawford, our physician, to try Dr. Woolley's Antidote. We procured one month's supply. Commenced using it the 18th day of April. Used it as directed until May 2d; had no desire for Morphine; reduced the number of doses to one per day, on rising in the morning, for one week; May 9th was her last dose, and with it she finished. She is now, June 13th, well; has no desire for Morphine or any other stimulant whatever. We believe that your medicine will do all you claim for it if taken as directed. With many thanks, I am

Very respectfully,
T. F. CLINTON.

I am Positively Cured of the Morphine Habit.

WURTSBORO, SULLIVAN CO., N. Y.

Friend Dr. Woolley:

I am entirely cured of the Opium habit by your Antidote. I have not taken any Morphine or anything of the kind since September, 1886. I am positively cured of the Morphine habit. Please accept my thanks for my deliverance from the bondage.

Your friend,
MRS. A. C. BENEDICT.

Cured after Using Morphine for More than Ten Years.

CRAWFISH SPRINGS, GA.

Dr. B. M. Woolley, Atlanta, Ga.:

DEAR SIR—This is to certify that after using Morphine for more than ten years, I have been permanently cured by the use of your Opium Antidote and your kindness. I began the use of Morphine in 1887, and used it constantly up to the 5th of August, 1888. I used 15 grains of Morphine every day, but can say that to-day I am, through the treatment of Dr. Woolley, permanently cured. I never suffered any ill-con-

venience from the first dose of the Antidote. I left off the Antidote on the 10th day of May, 1889, and have not used or wanted any stimulants since. If any one doubts these statements, I would refer them to L. W. Myers, N. P. and J. P., of Crawfish Springs, Walker county, Ga., who is acquainted with me and my case.

Your friend,
MRS. MARY E. IRELAN.

Sworn to and subscribed before me.
[Signed] J. T. KIRKPATRICK, J. P.

I certify that I am well acquainted with Mrs. Mary E. Irelan, and have every reason to believe every word of her statement is correct. Any person wishing to know more about the case can write to me, enclosing stamp, and I will cheerfully answer any questions.

J. T. KIRKPATRICK,
Justice of the Peace.

If You Want to Quit Whisky It Will Do It.

RICHMOND, DALLAS CO., ALA.

Dr. B. M. Woolley:

DEAR SIR—I feel that your Whisky Antidote is all that you have represented it to be, and if any man will only comply with your directions and exert innate man, and say, I want to quit it, and will do it, he can do so beyond a doubt. I felt that my case was hopeless, as did many of my friends, but now it is very different indeed, and all are as proud to meet me as they were in former days. Wishing you success in all your invaluable efforts,

I am yours truly,
I. N. KYSER, M.D.

Even Arkansas Whisky Succumbs.

DOUGLAS, ARK.

Dr. B. M. Woolley, Atlanta, Ga.:

DEAR SIR—I began taking your medicine on the 15th of April, and continued taking it regularly up to 10th May. Since then, only three doses per day. I must say I had but little confidence in your Antidote at first, but the first dose took the whisky feeling away from me, and I have not wanted any since. It made my head a little dizzy at first, but I continued to take the prescribed dose, and the dizziness soon

passed away. My health has improved. I think I have sufficient to cure me. I often forget to take it, but my wife reminds me, for she has felt the effects of my cursed habit. I feel as if I was entirely cured. With the kindest wishes from my wife, mother, and sisters and friends, I am Your true friend,

C. D. SAMPLE.

DISINTERESTED TESTIMONY.

I am personally acquainted with Mr. C. D. Sample; we have been intimately acquainted since our boyhood, and I know that the effect of your Antidote has been a fountain of salvation indeed to him. As he says in his letter, he has never taken or desired to take a drink of whisky since he began your medicine. You can refer any one to me for substantiation of the truth of your claims in this particular. I have other patients under treatment with your opium and whisky cure, whose progress is entirely satisfactory so far, and of whom I will write further when their cures are perfected. If I can be the means of inducing any one to give it a trial, I will be more than happy. Meanwhile I remain

Yours truly,
P. H. PENDLETON, M.D.,
Douglas, Ark.

Whisky in Texas.

MONTAGUE, TEXAS.

To Dr. B. M. Woolley, Atlanta, Ga.:

DEAR SIR—Feeling thankful to you for your kind inquiry after the result of your Whisky Cure in my case, I must state that I feel sure the cure in my case is as radical as it has been speedy. From the very commencement of your treatment, and notwithstanding the fact that the habit was fastened on me so effectually, though conscious that it was destroying me, I was utterly unable to break it off, yet after the first day of its use I had no inclination for the continuance of the habit, and before the consumption of the second bottle I had as little taste for the medicine as for the whisky; yet my good wife, out of an abundance of caution, has procured the third bottle, which I am not wanting or using, but keep for future contingencies, which I think will not occur. I have many friends who are useful men and some of whom are in high positions of usefulness, who I am sure would be as gratified as myself for my happy deliv-

erance from a habit, which, in many instances, is more to be pitied than condemned, and who I feel sure would at once seek your assistance, yet I feel a delicacy in asking them to make a trial. You can, if you see proper to, use this as an inducement to others to do as they think best. Respectfully yours,
W. J. SPARKS, Attorney-at-Law.

The Last Dose, and Cured.

NEW FOUNTAIN, TEXAS.

Dr. B. M. Woolley:

DEAR SIR—I am happy to say to you that I took the last dose of your medicine February 9th. I have not felt the least particle of pain or suffering since then, nor since I took the first dose of the Antidote, I took the first bottle as directed and the second one as directed until I took half of it, then I took only half the amount directed, two doses per day. I took two doses a day of bottle No. 3 until half of it was gone, and then I took only one dose a day until I had about one-fifth of the bottle left when I began to decrease the size of the dose until the medicine was used up. I have enjoyed better health and had better appetite and sleep than I have had for years, I had used morphine four years and eight months and took your medicine three months and seven days, and it has been two months and six days since I took the last of the medicine. I feel very grateful, and hope that whenever you think of Texas you may know that you have a warm friend there.

Respectfully,
J. M. MOBLEY.

After Sixteen Years' Bondage, Once More Free.

BIG VALLEY, LAMPASAS CO., TEXAS.

Dr. B. M. Woolley:

DEAR SIR—I used your Antidote for Morphine and Opium. I used the infernal drug for sixteen years before I began your medicine. I got the last month's supply December, 1885. I believe the medicine I got from you cost me altogether twenty dollars. I am cured long ago. I could hardly believe the fact that I was cured and taking nothing. It takes a man of superior

ability to describe the tortures of an opium maniac, but I had them all, and now I am cured and thank God most reverently am a man again. I took the Antidote regularly but soon began reducing the doses. I lost my wife about the time I quit the remedy entirely, and with all the sorrow and depression I took no more.

You are at liberty to use my name at any time and in any way that will recommend your remedy and save some fellow-creature from a living hell. I am, as ever, yours,

J. H. MOHLER.

Afflicted Twenty Years, but Cured in Her Old Age.

SOCIAL CIRCLE, GA.

Dr. B. M. Woolley:

DEAR SIR—I write to let you know that my mother is cured of the Opium Habit. She has not taken any for five months, and she stopped taking your Antidote the 17th of June. Her cure—I think is the greatest cure you have made. She has been taking Opium for twenty years. She has no desire for the Opium nor the Antidote. Her health is better and she is gaining strength every day. Respectfully,

J. H. WALTON, M. D.

Wife Cured and Husband Happy.

CAMERON, TEXAS.

Dr. B. M. Woolley:

DEAREST FRIEND—I write to let you hear from my wife. She is entirely cured of the Opium habit, and in better health than for four years. Your medicine is just what you said it was, only a great deal better. Many thanks to you, doctor. You can use my wife's name if it will be of interest to you. Her name is Mrs. M. B. Winston. As ever,

Yours truly,
W. O. WINSTON.

A Friend to the Afflicted Cured Nearly Four Years Ago.

GADSDEN, ALA.,

Dr. B. M. Woolley, Atlanta, Ga.:

MY DEAR SIR—I should have writ-

ten to you sometime since to tell you how long I have been cured. I am not capable of writing a letter for your book. I cannot express myself in strong enough terms for the good you did for me. I am sound and well; have not tasted Morphine or Opium in nearly four years; never have wanted it since you cured me. I was nearly dead when I commenced your medicine. I had no faith in it, but the next day I found I had struck the right thing, so I clung to it like a drowning man to a straw. I followed your instructions, and came out as sound as a silver dollar. Since I have been cured I have done all I could for you. I never spare time or trouble to speak of the blessings of Woolley's medicine. Have answered many letters of inquiry. One man in Texas wrote me he had a friend he wanted cured, and asked about your remedy. He afterwards wrote me he was the friend alluded to, and was cured sound and well, and offered to pay me for urging him to take your treatment; but I wrote him *no*. I was fully paid when you cured me, and for all I could say or do as long as I live. I know of some who have taken my advice and are cured sound and well. A lady sent for me about a month ago to come and see her. She wanted to talk to me about my cure. I went, and she was an awful looking object, and looked as if she would not live long enough to get the medicine. She asked me to write for her, which I did, and the medicine came, and to-day she looks like a new woman, and says she eats and sleeps well, and does not wish to improve any faster. I never in my life saw any one improve as she has; looks fresh and lively, and is doing splendidly. As for my name going to print, I am not ashamed to own that I was a Morphine eater for I came by it honestly. A doctor gave it to me, and I did not know of the danger until I was fast.

Yours truly,
W. P. CRAMER.

Cured, Sleeps Well and Appetite Good.

HANCEVILLE, ALA.

Dr. Woolley:

DEAR SIR—I have been sick ever since I received your kind note of inquiry after my health, hence the delay. I am weak—had something like pneu-

monia—but otherwise I am all right. I sleep well, have a good appetite, and doing well generally. I feel very thankful to you for my deliverance from narcotics. You are at liberty to use this as you like. Respectfully, etc.,

J. A. SIMPSON.

Your Whisky Antidote Will Do All You Claim for it—I am Cured.

MEDON, TENN.

Dr. B. M. Woolley:

DEAR SIR—I thought I would write you a few lines to let you know that I am still among the living, but I don't think I would have lived to see January 1st, 1887, if it hadn't been for your Whisky Antidote. I commenced taking it April 24, 1886, and quit June 25. I haven't taken a drink of whisky since I took the first dose. I would have written sooner, but I thought I would wait and see if the craving for whisky would come back. I am glad to say it has not. I have been where I could get whisky any time if I wanted it. I can truly say your Whisky Antidote will do all you claim for it. I have had as good health as I ever had in my life since I quit drinking Whisky.

Yours truly,
GEO. A. PIRTLE.

Have never Wanted Opium Since the First Dose of Antidote.

PELHAM, GA.

Dr. B. M. Woolley:

DEAR SIR—I received your letter which found me well and hearty. I can say to you that your Antidote has made a final cure for me. I commenced your treatment 15th February, and left it off 12th May. I never wanted Opium since the first dose of your Antidote. I can say it is a sure cure for the habit, and will cure any one who will take it by your directions. You can use my name, and if any one who is in the habit will write to me, I will write to them, for they can get well by getting Dr. Woolley's Antidote. Doctor, I feel for anyone who is in the Opium habit, for I know how it served me. I tried everything I could, but it did me no good, but anyone can be cured who will follow your directions, which is very easy to do. My case was a bad one, and I

had lost all hope, for I had used Opium sixteen years, but when I began to take your Antidote I never wanted Opium again, and felt better than when taking it, and I worked hard all the time I was taking your Antidote. Doctor, I shall never forget you, and thanking you for your treatment, I hope you good luck, and that every Opium eater will send to you and be cured, for I pity them. Use my name if it will do any good.

I remain, yours,
MOSES M. HARVEY.

Words Fail to Express Her Happiness at Her Deliverance.

LOCKESBURG, ARK.

Dr. B. M. Woolley, Atlanta, Ga.:

DEAR SIR—Pardon me for not sending you a written communication, making known my cure and my gratitude for your great benevolence to suffering humanity. Language fails me to express my gratitude for the cure of myself of that dread habit, Morphine. When I began taking your Antidote, on the 15th April, I was using ten grains Morphine in 24 hours, and steadily increasing, and had become to be almost a wreck, and my life was a misery to myself and those around me. I feel almost sure had I not taken your Antidote I would to-day be numbered with the dead, but after the use of five months' supply of your medicine I feel that I am myself again. And here let me say that I have not taken any opiates of any kind since I commenced taking your Antidote. I now enjoy better health than for several years previous to taking the Antidote. And, in conclusion, should this communication fall into the hands of any who are afflicted and are skeptical, I will say that if you could have seen me before I was cured, and could see me now, though the greatest skeptics, you could not doubt the great virtues in Dr. Woolley's Opium Cure.

Sincerely yours,
MRS. BELLE GARST.

You can Make a Statement of my Case from Previous Letters.

KEYSVILLE, FLA.

Dr. B. M. Woolley, Atlanta, Ga.:

DEAR SIR—Yours of the 16th inst. to hand, and will say that I am finally

cured. You may use my case for publication if you wish. I suppose you know how long I have been using Morphine, and how much, as I have written you before. I never shall forget to recommend you and your medicine to suffering humanity. You can make a statement from the letters I have written you before.

Yours respectfully,
MRS. JAS. A. MOODY.

It is not what people eat, but what they digest, that makes them strong. It is not what they gain, but what they save, that makes them rich. It is not what they read, but what they remember, that makes them learned. It is not what they profess, but what they practice, that makes them righteous.

Has not the Least Desire for Whisky.

TUSCUMBIA, ALA.

Dr. B. M. Woolley:

DEAR SIR—After using your Whisky Antidote two months I was cured. It has been over ten months since I quit taking your medicine. I do not think I would ever have quit drinking had it not been for your medicine. I never have the least desire for whisky. I am completely cured.

Your friend,
JNO. A. McCLAIN.

I am Completely Cured of the Whisky Habit, and Have Been for Some Time.

CENTRALIA, MO.

Dr. B. M. Woolley, Atlanta, Ga.:

DEAR SIR AND FRIEND—Your letter of December 1st has been received. Sorry I could not answer it before now. You ask me in regard to my case. I am happy to say that I am completely cured, and have been for some time. Have still a half bottle of medicine left, but have quit taking it. You may use my name. Any letters your patients may write me I will cheerfully answer.

Yours most truly,
L. F. BERNARD.

**Would Get on Periodical Sprees—
Had Been Drinking all My Life,
and Yet am Cured.**

BRYAN, TEXAS.

Dr. B. M. Woolley, Atlanta, Ga.:

DEAR SIR—Yours of May 4th received. In reply will say I believe I am entirely cured. My business often calls me into saloons, when friends ask me to take a drink with them, but I can refrain. I can truly say that your Antidote is a most wonderful medicine. I am forty-one years of age, and have been all my life not a regular dram-drinker, but would get on regular periodical sprees. I was born with a taste for whisky. I feel, I know that I am entirely cured. I give you authority to fix up any kind of a testimonial you may see fit, and you can't make it too strong, and use my name to it.

Yours truly,
JAMES H. ADMIRE.

**I Can Assure You that Your Whisky
Antidote will do Just what You
Claim it will do.**

SHELBY, SHELBY CO., ALA.

Dr. B. M. Woolley, Atlanta, Ga.:

DEAR SIR—Please excuse me for not writing you sooner. I can assure you that your Whisky Antidote will do just what you claim it will do. The 6th of last November, on election day, I drank all day. On the 7th, when I got up, in place of taking a drink, I took a dose of your medicine. I expected to feel very bad for several days and would want my dram, as I had drank for seven years, but did not. I used three bottles and took a little out of the fourth, and quit the Antidote without knowing that I had been taking it in my feelings. So I am thankful to you for what you did for me, and will ever recommend you to all I can. You can use my name if you wish. It may be that I can be the cause of some one who desires to quit the use of whisky to try your medicine. I am

Yours very truly,
D. MOSTELLER.

Lemons will cure many a cough, if boiled down to a syrup with sugar.

Cured of the Laudanum Habit.

PINEVILLE, LA.

Dr. B. M. Woolley, Atlanta, Ga.:

DEAR SIR—I feel it my duty to you to say, after using your medicine for eight months, that I am a well man and entirely free from the use or want of laudanum or any stimulant. It is certainly one of the best remedies in the world and I wish it was in my power to communicate it to all unfortunate creatures that become ensnared by the body and soul destroying demon laudanum, which I used for fifteen years, but thanks be to God and Dr. B. M. Woolley, I am once more a free man. If any one doubts your remedy I will be glad if they will write to me so I can tell them what I think of it. Please accept my thanks and kindest wishes for what you did for me.

Yours truly,
HENRY LEIN.

The physicians of this country do more missionary work without charge than all other professions put together.

**THE GREATEST MEDICINE ON
EARTH.**

**I Am Cured, and Will Write to Any
One who Wishes to Know About
My Case.**

OXANA, ALA.

Dr. B. M. Woolley, Atlanta, Ga.:

DEAR SIR—I take great pleasure in saying that after having been cured by you some years ago, I have remained cured up to this date, and am a happy and healthy man. I have not used any opiates since leaving off the Antidote—before bad health, sallow complexion, and I am now in fine health, with ruddy complexion, and am anxious to do all I can to assist any one out of their troubles, and if any one who is interested in the cure of the Opium habit will write me, I will gladly write them and tender my sympathy, as well as tell them about my case. I would say that the cause of my getting into the habit was the amputation of my leg. I continued the habit for some time, and often tried to stop the use of it by reducing the dose, but

could never succeed entirely, although could get the amount of Morphine used down to a very small quantity, and it did seem that I could leave it off, but it was too mighty in its littleness, and still held me in its grip. It became necessary for me to have my leg amputated the second time, when the habit grew on me very rapidly. By the advice of a friend of mine, and an old patient of yours, Col. B. F. Sawyer, of this place, whom you cured many years ago, I took your treatment with entire and perfect success, suffering no inconvenience or pain or interruption from business. My leg healed up at once after starting your treatment, and I think it the greatest medicine on earth, and hope all who are afflicted by the use of opiates will apply to you and be cured as I was, and still am. Yours truly,
R. N. DONOVAN, Oxana, Ala.

**I Can Do All My Housework, etc.—
Could Not Do Anything Before
Taking Your Antidote.**

BUYCK, ALA.

Dr. B. M. Woolley, Atlanta, Ga.:

DEAR SIR—I have put off writing to you to see whether I was cured or not. I have come to the conclusion that I am cured. My health is better than for fifteen years. I am heavier than I ever was, and have no cause to take any medicine at all. I am grateful to you for your medicine. I feel like a new person altogether. I would be glad for you to send your circulars to * * * These are the names I wrote you I would send if cured, and I am cured, and it did not cause me any inconvenience. I can now do all my house work without any trouble; could do scarcely anything before taking your Antidote. I do thank you for your cure.

I remain your friend,
MRS. MARY GANTT.

I AM CERTAINLY CURED.

**Was Taking a Large Quantity of
Morphine Hypodermically.**

FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.

Dr. B. M. Woolley, Atlanta, Ga.:

DEAR SIR—On the first day of last December I commenced taking your Morphine Antidote, and I am happy to

say I was enabled to quit the use of Morphine at once from the very first dose of your Antidote. I did not want any more Morphine. It seems I take a hatred to the name of the drug, although I was taking a large quantity daily by the hypodermic syringe. It has been nearly two months since I took the last of the Antidote. I am certainly cured of one of the worst habits that befalls humanity. May God bless you and may you live long to help others out of trouble. Your remedy will surely cure the Opium or Morphine habit. It is a better medicine than you claim for it, for it not only cures the habit, but it tones up the system, improves the appetite, and the patient feels like a new being. Thanking you for your advice and a cure, I am

Your humble servant,
MRS. D. H. WEST.

**I Am Free From the Use of Opiates—
—I Have No Desire for Them—
Your Medicine Did All You Claimed
For It—You Can Publish My Cure.**

GENEVA, ORANGE CO., FLA.

Dr. B. M. Woolley, Atlanta, Ga.:

DEAR DOCTOR—My gratitude will not let me express by words my many thanks to you for your kindness in curing me of that awful pain and misery that was dragging me down to destruction. I feel that I am free from opiates. I have no desire for them. You may believe me, Doctor, your medicine has done all you claim for it to do.

I should have written you sooner, but I had sore eyes and could not see to write. I would have been cured sooner if I could have sent regularly for the medicine. I do not remember when I took the last dose of your medicine but I think it was some time in May. I presume you know when I began your treatment and how long I took it.

You can publish my cure if you wish, but I am a bad hand to write—I am getting old and feeble. I truly hope that the Lord will enable you to relieve all the poor souls who call upon you for help. What would have become of me had it not been for you and the hope of my dear Saviour, I do not know.

Yours with respect,
MRS. MARY A. MANSFIELD.

**Used Morphine Eighteen Years—Am
Entirely Cured—Was Cured Five
Years Ago.**

UNION SPRINGS, ALA.

Dr. B. M. Woolley, Atlanta, Ga.:

DEAR SIR—Some days since I received a letter from you inquiring after my health. At first I was persuaded that you had made a mistake in directing your letter, and intended it for some one else. I then decided that your interest in patients whom you had relieved of the galling chains of Morphine more than five years since prompted you to ascertain personally if they were yet able to overcome any disposition to return to the unfortunate habit. After more than six years since commencing your Antidote, and after more than five years since I ceased to use the Antidote, I am as free from any disposition to take up the habit as I was before I began the use of Morphine, which was more than eighteen years ago. While my health has never been good from childhood, and seldom even for a day at a time have I been able to say that I was free from all unpleasant feelings and pain during the fifty-five years I have been permitted to live, still my health has been much improved by kind Providence, with you as his instrument. I have been relieved of the Morphine habit. May you be blessed abundantly in the future while you continue to bless others.

Desiring that God may grant you a long life and abundant success, I remain,

Sincerely and kindly yours,
R. T. DAVIS.

**No More Whisky—Cured Over Two
Years and Stays Cured.**

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

Dr. B. M. Woolley, Atlanta, Ga.:

DEAR SIR—I received your letter, and was just thinking about writing to you. I am the same as when I left off the Antidote. I have had no desire for drink whatever since you treated me, which will be two years this coming March. Do not be afraid, I know what whisky has done for me, and I will never go into it again as long as there is any way to keep from it.

I am well at present, and my weight is 158 pounds.

Yours truly,
HENRY J. MAGRATH,
Rampart St., between Maison and
Bartholomy streets.

**Your Opium Cure Has Saved My
Life—I am Now a Well Man—
Have Gained Thirty-five Pounds.**

ORION, PIKE CO., ALA.

Dr. B. M. Woolley, Atlanta, Ga.:

DEAR SIR—I feel that it is a duty I owe you to write to you, for your Opium Cure has saved my life, I am now a well man. Since I quit the use of it I have gained thirty-five pounds.

The reason I have not written to you before is, that I was waiting to get up more names, and tell you more about my cure.

You may use my name in any way you see fit in aiding you to cure others. Your friend until death,

J. F. WARD.

**I Followed Your Directions and am
Cured of the Morphine Habit—
I am Well.**

ALBANY, GA.

Dr. B. M. Woolley, Atlanta, Ga.:

DEAR SIR—Yours received. I had no cause to write to you, as I followed your directions and am cured of the Morphine Habit. I am well. I have not taken your medicine or Morphine in four weeks. I have not wanted it.

If it will do you any good for me to write you a testimonial, I will do it with the greatest of pleasure and give the public a full statement of my case. All I can say is that I am cured, and by your medicine.

Yours sincerely,
JOE M. OLIVER.

**I am Recommending Your Anti-
dote as Strong as I Can Find
Language to Express.**

MT. VERNON, LA.

Dr. B. M. Woolley, Atlanta, Ga.:

DEAR SIR—Yours of late date is at hand, and I am glad to know that you do not forget your old patient. Well,

I am happy to say I have a perfect triumph over my old enemy, "The Morphine Habit." I felt for some time I had him under my feet, but I wanted to be sure before I discontinued the Antidote, and when I stopped taking it. I felt no inconvenience. However, my wife thought I had better continue to take it through the warm weather, so I continued taking it till about two weeks since. I left it off with a grateful heart that I am now once more a free man.

Now, my dear doctor, if there is one person in this world that I think more of than another, it is Dr. B. M. Woolley; and, furthermore, I would say that I firmly believe that it was none other than a kind and merciful Providence that brought about an acquaintance with you and your magical Antidote. May God bless you and continue your useful life to bless suffering humanity.

Well, I am feeling first rate. Every one says I look well, and I know I feel well, both physically and spiritually. I would be glad to hear from you occasionally, and I am recommending your Antidote as strong as I can find language to express.

Yours very gratefully,
E. KEMP.

**I Weigh 160 Pounds and Never
Felt Better in My Life—Health
Better Than For 20 Years Past—
Cured, Sound and Well.**

RIDGEDALE, TENN.

Dr. B. M. Woolley, Atlanta, Ga.:

DEAR SIR—I should have written to you before now, but have neglected to do so. I received your letter of the eleventh yesterday. In reply would say, that I can say that my health is better than it has been in twenty years. I weigh 160 pounds and never felt better in my life. I can eat heartily, sleep soundly and look the very picture of health. When I commenced taking your medicine, I weighed only 118 pounds, and my bowels never were, in my life, before as healthy as they are now—perfectly regular. I received your last bottle of medicine May 30th, and I took it until about the 15th of July, and still have some on hand. But I do not need to take any more of it, as I never think of it now. I feel that I am a cured man, perfectly sound and well.

I feel very grateful to you and kind Providence for bringing about this great.

cure. You can use my name in your circulars that your remedy is a perfect cure beyond a doubt. Just refer them to me and I will give them a full history of myself and your wonderful cure, for I know what I went through with and the benefit I received from your treatment. I have received letters from several different States in regard to you and your cure for Morphine and Whisky Habits, and I wrote to them and told them they need have no doubt, for you could cure them if they would follow your directions in the treatment. Let me hear from you occasionally, and if there is anything I can do for you, I shall take pleasure in doing it. May God bless you in your good work. With respect, A. W. BRUSHWOOD.

**I shall ever feel Thankful to you
for freeing me from that terrible
habit, Morphine.**

GRAND CANE, LA.

Dr. B. M. Woolley, Atlanta, Ga.:

DEAR SIR—I must acknowledge the receipt of your letter of October 23d, and also several others in the past. Excuse my negligence, and do not think it is because I am not grateful that I have neglected to write to you. I shall ever feel thankful to you for freeing me from that terrible habit. It has been about three years since I left off taking Morphine, and two years since, last August, I left off taking your Antidote, and I have no desire for it or the Morphine either. I can say with the greatest pleasure that your treatment has cured me, and you will cure all those who are afflicted, as I was, if they will only persevere and follow your directions.

Wishing you success in your good work, and that you may be spared to relieve many in the future as you have in the past, I remain,

Most respectfully,
MRS. MITTIE HARRIS.

In ordering medicine or writing letters, always put your postoffice address at the head of your letter, and state at what express office I must ship the medicine, and always sign the same name to your letters, and never sign initials only.

OPIUM AND WHISKY.

The Success a Great Physician is Having in Treating These Diseases.

From the Atlanta Constitution, Feb. 2, 1891.

Perhaps there is no class of people for which the general public has so little sympathy as those under the curse of opium and whisky. Very few people have any sympathy for them at all. This is all wrong. Those who are so unfortunate as to have these dreadful and harrowing diseases deserve not only the pity but the encouragement and support of all good people. Some are disposed to say that the opium and morphine users and drinking men have rendered their conditions miserable on account of habits. This is not the opinion of the world's most learned physicians. Opium using and whisky drinking are diseases, and must be treated in that manner. The South's learned and skilled physician, Dr. B. M. Woolley, is high authority on this question. He has spent his life in the study of these awful diseases. It is doubted if there is a physician anywhere who has had such a varied and practical experience with opium and whisky as Dr. Woolley. He is eminently a man of great learning, and his knowledge in this line is of the greatest importance to afflicted humanity.

As a practitioner his office is one of the busiest in America. He has associated with him, Dr. Frank L. Dennis, who is fully efficient, having devoted many years to this study.

The success of curing patients of these unfortunate afflictions has been simply phenomenal. They have thousands upon thousands of certificates to that effect. As evidence, here is a sample of the many letters he has on file in his office:

CABRIZO, PUBLIC LAND STRIP,
INDIAN TER.

Dr. B. M. Woolley, M. D., Atlanta, Ga.

DEAR SIR—Under your treatment I was entirely cured of the habit of using whisky, and it has been four years since I was cured. I would have written sooner, but I wanted to wait until I was sure the cure was permanent. I was a hard drinker off and on for twenty years, and a desperate drinker for five years. To-day I have no appetite for intoxicating drinks. You are at liberty to publish this. My father,

W. M. Gamel, has been cured under your treatment of the habit of using whisky. He had been a hard drinker for forty years. I will have him write you at another time.

Yours sincerely,
GEORGE J. GAMEL.

It is impossible to give a large number of certificates. If you are afflicted with either one of these diseases, and desire to be permanently cured, write to Dr. B. M. Woolley, Atlanta, Ga., the nature and character of your case. He will give you immediate attention. Dr. Woolley stands in Atlanta among our best business men, and has a reputation for honesty and integrity of the highest character.

He has the confidence of the people and they have tried him and know in whom they trust.

Dr. Woolley will esteem it a personal favor, if you know of any one afflicted with the opium and whisky disease, if you will send him their names so that he can furnish them information of great importance relative to their condition.

WILL NEVER TAKE ANOTHER DROP OF WHISKY.

The Result in my Case is Worth Ten
Times the Amount Spent.

SAVANNAH, GA.

Dr. B. M. Woolley, Atlanta, Ga.:

DEAR SIR—Your favor of December 26th received, and in reply beg to thank you for your good advice, and intend to strictly follow it. Have stopped taking the medicine and still have the fourth of a bottle left. *I do not need it. I am entirely cured.* I also take this opportunity of thanking you for the untold good your medicine has done me. The result gained is worth ten times the amount spent for the cure. Several of my friends, having heard of my case (for I spoke of it everywhere), questioned me about it, and to two of them I gave a copy of your book, one of them by his own request, and I have assured all of its results in my case. I am not the one to say I am cured if I were not, because if I wanted liquor I would have it. Four of your bottles of medicine cured me, and now I would not take a drink of whisky for five hundred dollars, and will never take one again. All who know me can certify to

the fact that I lead a sober life now, and have done so since October 6th. You may make any use you choose of this letter, which is entirely unsolicited by you, and I will gladly answer any inquiries addressed to me at 56 Bay street, in regard to my case. Yours truly,
T. C. GIRARDEAU.

USED WHISKY FOR YEARS.

I Am Well and Happy with New
Energy, Hope and Ambition.

CAMDEN, WILCOX Co., ALA.

Dr. B. M. Woolley, Atlanta, Ga.:

DEAR SIR—Yours of the 2nd instant to hand. Thanks for your sympathy and good wishes. In reply would say that I do wish that every one who is diseased as I was would be induced to give your antidote a trial. The difficulty with me was, and I have found it with all whom I have endeavored to persuade to use your medicine, they imagine they have a great deal of enjoyment in their spree, and that if their desire for stimulants is destroyed, they will be deprived of some of this world's goods. Now, Doctor, since I have been cured by your medicine, I find that that was simply the imagination of a diseased brain, and, instead of being diminished, the pleasures of this life are increased a hundred fold. Then again, so many think it unmanly to use an antidote for that which they know every one looks upon as a disgrace. Poor, deluded creatures (maniacs, really), thinking to make the world believe it was an accident that they got so, or deluding themselves by the belief that they have the moral courage to refrain, or manhood to resist the temptation, not once recognizing it as a disease and well nigh incurable. The sooner the world recognizes this disease, or rather this most terrible for suffering humanity.

I was afflicted for years, and in the most deplorable condition, and now I am well and happy, with new energy, hope and ambition.

May God bless you and your efforts to relieve and benefit humanity.

Yours very truly,
JOHN E. GULLETTE.

P. S.—If this will be of any benefit, it is at your service. Please send me another one of your books.
Respectfully,
J. E. G.

PART FIFTH.

COMMENTS OF THE PRESS.

READ THIS CAREFULLY.

Perhaps if not yourself personally interested in this, you have a friend who is.

I have made for the past fifteen years a special study of the Opium and Whisky Habits, and devote my entire professional attention to their treatment. As to what success I have attained, I refer you to the evidence I produce, and would call your attention to the comments of the press on my work, and especially what *The Atlanta Constitution*, the leading paper of not only this city but the South, has to say. The *Constitution* is here at my home, and knows the amount of relief suffering humanity is receiving by my treatment. Such matter as this and what the cured say, I regard as better testimony and truer evidence in favor of myself and remedy than aught I could say. You are at liberty to enter into correspondence with any therein mentioned, or to any one in this city where I live. (Always enclose a stamp for reply and if you don't get an answer, write again.)

I believe that experience will show that my ideas on these subjects are correct. To restore to full and vigorous health a person whose entire economy has succumbed to the baneful effects of opiates or of spirituous drinks is what must be done in treating these habits or diseases, as they should more properly be called. This is a task that requires no small amount of previous study and research to be enabled to accomplish. I claim to so have studied as to accomplish this, and consider it but a just reward for such an effort that I be thus granted the permission of so stating my claims.

I am aware of the fact that there are a number of persons claiming to cure these diseases, some propose to do so in a very short while, many professing to have the only known remedy. For my part, I am only too happy to refer to my record for the past fifteen years, which I have devoted to the treatment and

cure of so many of these unfortunates who have, alas, so few to sympathize with them in their affliction. If, however, anyone is more successful in treating these diseases than I have been, and still am, I would be glad to know it, for I do not believe that my motives are entirely selfish in my efforts to relieve suffering humanity, and, therefore, I have nothing to say against those who may be successfully directing their efforts to so noble an end. It is truly a good and great field of work.

If you are interested in this subject, I solicit your correspondence, which, let me assure you, shall always be guarded with strictest confidence. It will be gratifying for those who are anxious that I leave my mode of treatment to some competent person, to know that Dr. F. L. Dennis has been associated with me in my practice several years.

Yours most respectfully,

B. M. WOOLLEY, M.D.,
Atlanta, Ga.

Dr. Woolley is a gentleman of standing and intelligence, strictly reliable and respectable, and worthy the confidence of any who are afflicted or may have friends afflicted with the Opium Habit, and desire privacy and fair dealing.—*Rural Southerner, Atlanta, Ga.*

Personal Comments.

Dr. B. M. Woolley, for many years a prominent business man of Selma, now of Atlanta, Georgia, advertises in today's paper his Opium Cure, which has been subjected to an analysis and examination by the State Chemist of Georgia, Dr. Land, who unreservedly pronounces it superior to any other remedy offered for the terrible disease for which it is recommended. Dr. Woolley is a gentleman of great intelligence and high character, to whom Opium eaters may address themselves with the assurance that he will neither violate their confi-

dence, nor undertake their treatment unless he believes he can effect a cure.—*Southern Argus.*

I was born and raised near Selma, Alabama, and did business in the city of Selma for nearly ten years.

B. M. W.

Dr. B. M. Woolley is a gentleman of high standing in the community, and of unimpeachable veracity.—*Marietta Journal.*

I married in Marietta, Ga.

B. M. W.

Dr. B. M. Woolley advertises in another column a cure for Opium eating. This medicine has undergone a thorough analysis by Dr. Land, State Chemist, who unreservedly pronounces it superior to anything yet offered for that terrible disease.

Dr. Woolley is a citizen of Atlanta, whom we have known long and intimately. He is a gentleman of intelligence and high social position, is honest in purpose, prompt in execution, and reliable every way.

Opium eaters may address Dr. Woolley with the assurance that he is too high-toned to abuse their confidence, and too conscientious to take a case where there is no hope of cure.—*Sunny South.*

I now live in Atlanta, and have done so for about fifteen years.

B. M. W.

Dr. B. M. Woolley is a gentleman in every sense of the term.—*Christian Index, Atlanta, Ga.*

We have known B. M. Woolley for many years. He has sold many a bale of cotton for us and our friends, and a more honorable man does not live in the South.—*From the Atlanta Commonwealth, then edited by Col. B. F. Sawyer.*

It was with great pleasure that we noted among the recent graduates of the Atlanta Medical College, the oldest in Atlanta, the name of B. M. Woolley. Our readers for a number of years have read of him in our columns, both as procreator of a medicine, the Opium Cure, which is a blessing to mankind, and as a most excellent gentleman. He is now a regular educated and diplomad M. D., and Dr. Woolley has our heartiest wishes for his professional success.

To the statement of Col. McKee we are ready to add our endorsement to the character of Dr. Woolley and to add our sincere congratulations upon his most remarkable and well-merited success. We have long known Dr. Woolley—knew him in Alabama when years ago he stood prominent as a commission merchant in Selma, and was esteemed for his many social virtues, as well as for business capacity and sterling integrity. He is doing a good work, and we do most heartily rejoice in his success. Read the cure of Doctor Riddle, and if you know of a friend similarly afflicted, show it to him.—*Rome (Ga.) Weekly Tribune.*

DR. B. M. WOOLLEY,

President of the B. M. Woolley Co.,
Atlanta, Ga., the Discoverer of
Woolley's Opium and Whisky Cure
—An Interesting Sketch Concerning
a Wonderful Man and a Wonderful Remedy.

Dr. B. M. Woolley was born in Perry county, Alabama, in the year 1834. His father was a substantial farmer who enjoyed the highest confidence of all who knew him, and taught his children, by precept and example, lessons of industry and integrity. The subject of this sketch helped on the farm with willing hands, proving at all times a dutiful son and a strong support to his father.

His education was obtained in his native county. Having passed through the primary instruction imparted in the neighborhood schools and the academy, he entered the office of the clerk of the Circuit Court, as assistant. During this period he studied the higher branches of education at night and recited to the professors of Howard College, in Marion, Ala. His reputation for strict integrity and unflagging industry was so well established that from the day he entered the clerk's office the labors of the position were to a great extent placed upon him.

He went from the Circuit Clerk's office into one of the largest dry goods houses of the town of Marion, and so great were his business talents and so implicit the confidence of his employer, that in a short time he was the leading and confidential clerk of this establishment, to whom the keys of the safe were

confided, and to whom all other employees were required to report.

By strict economy he saved the greater part of his salary, and having the confidence of all who knew him he engaged in the business of a bookseller, with a handsome and costly stock of books and stationery. This afforded him an excellent opportunity for reading and storing his mind with useful knowledge. Being naturally studious he made the best use of his opportunities, and while in the business mentioned not only gained a fund of knowledge, but acquired a handsome independence.

In 1859 he was married to Miss Hattie Leake, of Marietta, Ga., an educated and accomplished lady. Glancing down the coming years he could see nothing but unalloyed happiness, yet this dream was soon dispelled by the tocsin of war calling him as a true son of the South to gird on his armor for the coming conflict. He promptly obeyed the call, leaving his home and the wife of his bosom, exposed himself to the constant peril until the flag of the "lost cause" was forever furled at Appomattox.

The war being over he returned to his home bankrupt in fortune, but with honor untarnished and his credit unimpaired.

Possessed of a nature, which, even in the darkest hours, was full of hope and resolution, he spent no time in useless grief, but went to work at once to rebuild his lost fortune.

His known integrity, superior business qualities and persistent energy availed him in this emergency. A gentleman having abundant capital furnished him the means, and he established himself in the wholesale grocery and cotton commission line, at Selma, Alabama. In a short time he enjoyed an immense trade with the planters on the Alabama river.

It does sometimes appear that our course in life is influenced by unseen and unknown agencies. Whether this be Providence or guardian spirits friendly to our interests, who, by Providence, are permitted to impress and control us, we cannot tell.

By some means he became forcibly impressed with the great increase in the number of people who were addicted to the use of opium in the various forms, and whisky, and realized the ruinous consequences of these habits. His mind being directed to the subject he sought information thereon from

every available source until he was convinced that a remedy for these evils would not only prove a boon to mankind, but a fortune to the discoverer.

When his friends were informed of his plans and intentions, many were astonished and predicted failure, but one who knew him well declared that he would succeed, for, said he, "if he were placed on a barren rock in the midst of the sea, he would find some pursuit by which to gain a fortune and bless mankind."

The achievement of this desideratum was the result of a variety of expedients. He delved deeply into the constitution of man, studied closely the effects of the poppy and alcohol, as well as the power of various substances, in overcoming their results and eliminating their poisons from the system.

Assured that he had found the great secret, and that he had a reliable and safe cure for the opium and alcoholic habits he proclaimed it through the press and was soon gratified by wonderful results. Many who had been slaves to these habits were thoroughly cured. Their certificates to this fact were published in all portions of the republic, and the fame of his remedy spread to every State and Territory. The mails came daily freighted with orders for his remedy. Numbers came or were brought to Atlanta by their friends, to be treated for the opium and alcoholic habit, and though the cases of some had long been regarded as hopeless, they were cured and returned to their homes to herald the fame of Dr. Woolley and his medicine. For fifteen years he has devoted himself to this splendid work, and while he has cured thousands—a majority of whom he has not seen,—not one has been known to die from ill effects of his medicine. This is a rare result in the treatment of any disease of so serious a character for so great a period. Even in the infirmaries, where these habits are treated specially, occasional deaths are reported of those who are undergoing treatment. His remedy is not, as some imagine, a mere palliative, but a strictly rational, absolute and permanent cure, which, when the treatment is complete, may be left off entirely without inconvenience—the patient desiring neither the remedy nor the opium or alcohol. There are numbers in Atlanta who are ready, from personal experience, to attest this statement.

Dr. B. M. Woolley has for many years

been a close and constant student of medicine. When he commenced the sale of his remedies he met with opposition from the medical fraternity, but this was modified by the unanswerable proofs of his wonderful success and his manly bearing towards this honored profession. He graduated in medicine from the Atlanta Medical College, one of the oldest allopathic schools in the State, having been subjected to a rigid examination and found worthy and well qualified.

From abundant evidence contributed by men and women, in all portions of the republic, who have been permanently cured by this remedy, we are convinced that Dr. Woolley's opium and alcohol cure is the most effective medicine of that kind ever offered to mankind. Thousands who would have been ruined in mind, body and estate by these terrible habits have been thoroughly redeemed from their power by Dr. Woolley's wonderful discovery. These may be found in almost every neighborhood, and whenever met are gratified witnesses of its efficacy.

The world is indebted to Dr. B. M. Woolley for one of the most useful and beneficial discoveries of the century, and his fame will go down the ages as the friend and benefactor of mankind.

There are few men who have given closer study to the diseases of the nervous system, and more especially as affected by alcohol and opium, and the physiological effects of alcohol and opium upon the system when used in large quantities and for a great length of time. He has published quite an interesting book on these subjects which he sends free to any interested parties who may apply for the same.—*From the Atlanta (Ga.) Journal, of May 1st, 1889.*

[From the Atlanta Constitution, the leading paper of the South and here at my home.]

A GREAT REMEDY.

The Opium Habit and Dr. Woolley's Wonderful Antidote.

There is no habit as enslaving as the habit of eating Opium or Morphine. It is stronger than any other. It holds its victims in an iron grasp, and crushes them slowly but inexorably. It destroys not only the body but the mind

and conscience of its victim. Next to it is the habit of drinking. It is now settled that these are diseases, just as much as any abnormal condition that affects the body. Anything that will relieve those who are afflicted with either of these diseases is a public benefice, and the man who invents it a public benefactor. Such a remedy is Woolley's Opium and Whisky Habit Cure. Such a man is Dr. B. M. Woolley, of Atlanta, Georgia.

The Constitution is careful about giving its endorsement to advertised remedies. They are too often nostrums of little value and dangerous effect; but for ten years we have watched the course of Dr. Woolley's Opium and Whisky Habit Cure, and we give it our heartiest endorsement. It has effected cures within our knowledge of Opium eaters, Morphine eaters and Whisky drinkers that were simply miraculous. We have seen it snatch men and women from the very edge of the grave and restore them to intelligence. We have been amazed at its work. We speak thus earnestly, because we know whereof we speak, and if we felt that our voice could reach every wretched man or woman who suffers from either of these habits, we would speak with still more earnestness. So much for our duty.

Now, what is yours? Are you afflicted with either the Opium Habit or Whisky Habit? If you are, write to Dr. B. M. Woolley, Atlanta, Ga., about your case. He is a man of strict integrity, and will hold your correspondence confidential. He will write you frankly, and tell you just exactly the truth. If you have neither of these habits yourself, if you know anybody who is afflicted, put this in their hands in a delicate way, and have them write to Dr. Woolley, or write to him yourself in their behalf. There are thousands upon thousands of brilliant men and good women who are sacrificed year after year, miserable victims to Opium, Morphine or Whisky. Once in the grasp of these habits they are helpless to resist. They can no more, by their own will, stand up against the temptation than a man who is sick can prevent his fever rising. The remedies of Dr. B. M. Woolley will rescue him. They will restore tone to the system, vigor to the impulses, health to the body, strength to the will, vitality to the heart and joy to the life. These are no idle words. They are spoken in sober-

ness and truth. You can get a book of testimonials from people all over America. Address, in confidence, B. M. Woolley, and ask any question you wish answered. You can deal with him in confidence and be sure of honest treatment. Remember, address B. M. Woolley, Atlanta, Ga.

The *Journal* has no hesitancy in adding its testimony to the foregoing as to the absolute reliability of Dr. Woolley, and the proved efficacy of his remedy. Dr. Woolley stands high among our best citizens, and there are numerous persons in our city who are living witnesses and examples of the extraordinary curative powers of the medicine, which has been before the public.—*Atlanta Evening Journal*.

Take No Chances.

Life is God-given, and it is, therefore, every man's duty to take the best possible care of it. But selfish motives are alone sufficient to impel most people to this course. Sensible men never make dangerous experiments when life or health is a stake. There is a general disposition to demand the strongest testimony before a trial of any new means or method for the arrest of disease or restoration to health. In this matter the rule is all-powerful—first be sure, then go ahead.

An illustration occurs to us. The press in the country is now rife with reports of insanity and sudden death resultant from treatment for the opium habit. For a quarter of a century we have been hearing of so-called cures for this disease. But we know only one that really cures, and instead of leaving seeds in the system to develop into some different disease, if not into insanity or sudden death, builds up the whole man. It is worse than folly—it is madness, to run risks when entirely unnecessary.

The treatment to which we allude, that of Dr. B. M. Woolley, of our city, Atlanta, Ga., is so widely known that it is really inexcusable for anyone to incur risk with questionable remedies or remain a victim of the terrible drug when speedy and absolute cure is within his reach. Dr. Woolley's Opium and Whisky Treatment is not a new one—he has been practicing it among us for a great many years.—*From the Presbyterian, Atlanta, Ga.*

LIGHT AFTER DARKNESS.

An Experience Which Thousands Have Realized—Great Rejoicing Takes the Place of Sorrow and Despondency.

Life's greatest and most triumphant success is found in living and doing for others.

The greatest joy the human soul can experience is brought about in doing something that has brought happiness to another, that has changed the darkness of midnight into the light of noon-day brightness.

The life of an honest, upright, conscientious, progressive, ambitious and sympathizing physician is filled with opportunities for doing good, and how often they, in the hands of God, become the means of not only relieving the afflicted, but of restoring to almost perfect health those whose lives had been blighted for years by habit and disease.

Only those who know what it is to be in bondage to the terrible opium or whisky habit, and who have been rescued, as it were, as a brand from the burning, and made new mentally and physically, can fully understand the rapturous enthusiasm of a person thus set free.

Certainly our well-known townsman, Dr. B. M. Woolley, has not lived in vain.

His remedies for the cure of the opium and whisky maladies have cured thousands and have brought sunshine into the hearts and homes all over this broad land.

To read some of the letters from grateful patients who have been led to try Dr. Woolley's scientific treatment, and who after a fair trial have been permanently cured, is a heart-stirring experience.

These letters, overflowing with love, with thankfulness, with joy, are worth more than millions of this world's wealth.

Dr. Woolley's efforts in behalf of the afflicted have certainly met with their reward, and who is there with so little appreciation and with so little love for humanity but that can rejoice with the doctor and his thousands of cured patients on the success of his remedies.

It is the writer's pleasure to know Dr. Woolley personally, and the *Journal* is proud to recognize in him a citizen of our own great city and State.

Dr. Woolley's Private Life.

It is proper that we should say a word or two concerning Major Woolley, as many desire to know something of the character of the man by whom they are healed. Dr. B. M. Woolley is a Southern man by birth. He removed to Atlanta ten years ago from Selma, Ala., where he bore the highest character as a public-spirited citizen, a fine merchant, and a man of unquestioned integrity and honor. This high and stainless character has been sustained by his residence in Atlanta, and we feel sure that under no circumstances would he deceive any man or misrepresent in the slightest the effect of his medicine. There is nothing of the quack about Major Woolley. He is plain, decorous, a gentleman of quiet, modest habits, making no pretensions and claiming no superior knowledge. He is a settled citizen of Atlanta, owns property here and continues to invest the reserve surplus that his matchless remedy brings him. He has two sons, both men of education and promise, who have made this their home and who will succeed him. They inherit their father's steadiness and honorable character. We have said this much simply to show that Dr. Woolley is not only a Southerner, but a responsible man, and a fixture here, with two sons, to whom he is just as ambitious to leave an unsullied name as to leave the fortune that is involved in his Opium Cure.—*Atlanta Constitution*.

COMMENTS ON THE ANTIDOTE.

See what the Editor of the Southern Argus says—He has Known Dr. Riddle for Years, and while in that Terrible Condition, an Opium Slave.

[From the Southern Argus, Selma, Ala.]

Dr. B. M. Woolley, a native of Perry county, was for many years a prominent citizen and business man of Selma, where he has many friends who will be glad to hear that he is meeting with a grand and deserved success, in his new home in Atlanta, Ga., and glad, too, to know that his success is mitigating the sufferings and relieving the afflictions of his fellow-men. He is devoting his entire time (and it is all occupied) in treating the Opium Habit, and his rem-

His memory will never die, so long as there is need in this broad land for the remedies which have made him famous by the wonderful results which they have wrought for humanity.—*From Atlanta Journal*.

Indorsement of Our Position.

Some time ago the *Constitution* gave a strong indorsement of the Woolley Opium and Whisky Cure. We were very careful in investigating the matter fully before we gave it our indorsement. We have seen its work for years. We had read thousands of testimonials from grateful patients who had been rescued from worse than death by its miraculous influence. We had personally seen cases that doctors had given up as hopeless, and left to despair and death, cured and made whole and sound and saved by Woolley's Opium Cure. Still we waited until evidence had accumulated and cases had multiplied so that it was impossible to doubt any longer, and then we could safely put our indorsement on it. There are many cases supposed to be hopeless that recover through nature's own methods. Consequently a few cases do not establish a rule with a medicine that deals with desperate diseases; but when the testimony is universal, when it comes unbroken from every State in the Union, from persons of different temperaments, living in different climates, taken in different stages of the Opium Habit, and often when other diseases complicate the case, when the testimony comes in this shape, and from clouds of witnesses, the truth is so plain that the wayfaring man, though a fool, may see it.

We print this morning a letter from the original written from the distant State of California and dated February 25th. It explains itself fully. Here is a man who tried two practicing physicians who had tried the reduction system, and whose mania for Opium was so complicated with other diseases that it had a firm hold upon his system. He accidentally saw an advertisement of Dr. Woolley's antidote. He tried it, and in a few months it had not only rescued him from the Opium Habit, but it had cured the diseases that sprung from the habit, and left him a free, happy and healthy man. Read what he writes and heed his words.—*Constitution*.

edies have wrought cures too marvelous to be believed, if the evidences were not sufficient to dispel every doubt.

One of the most remarkable cures of any kind on record is that effected by Dr. Woolley in the case of Dr. A. A. J. Riddle, of Marengo county, in this State, a planter of large means, a gentleman widely known in this part of the State, and a physician of prominence in his profession, who deems it his duty to suffering humanity to publish the facts relating to his afflictions and his rescue from the grave.

Dr. Riddle, on his way to his home from Atlanta, where he had been since last December, called on us Saturday last, and furnished us with a sincere statement of his case and cure, and, in addition, gave many interesting details too voluminous for publication. He now weighs 171 pounds and is a picture of perfect manhood. His flesh is hard, his nerves are steady, his eye is bright, his sleep is sweet and sound, his appetite is good and his digestion perfect. This is a picture of the man who, eight months ago, weighed 109 pounds, whose mind was impaired, who could scarcely walk across his room, whose appetite was gone, whose sleep was broken and disturbed, and who was incapable of transacting any business, and to whom death seemed the only gate of relief from sufferings more intolerable than the pangs of dissolution.

Opium Habit.

Editors Observer:

I have been glad to see you advertising the now famous antidote of Dr. Woolley. I ask your permission to testify to several cures it has effected in my personal knowledge. One valuable ruling elder of the Presbyterian Church, and a prominent physician, was a nearly ruined victim of this habit, and now thanks God for his escape and walks the earth a free man. I know Dr. Woolley as a benevolent practitioner, and cordially commend his remedy.

A GEORGIA PRESBYTER.

Opium and Whisky Habit Cured.

What joyful news this is to know that those who are slaves to those fearful habits can be permanently cured and

made new men. There is not a particle of doubt about it whatever. Dr. B. M. Woolley, of Atlanta, Ga., is the very gentleman who can accomplish it. Some may say that he is a quack; whoever says that does not know what he is talking about. This gentleman is a distinguished physician and citizen of that go-ahead city, having the confidence and esteem of her people. The physicians of Atlanta say that his remedy is a good one, and the State chemist approves of its ingredients. Should there be an unfortunate or unfortunates among our readers, and no doubt there must be some, don't say to your friends, "Can I trust this man?" but write immediately to him and describe your case, when he will prescribe for you. The representative of this paper found the doctor a most polite, courteous and accomplished gentleman. Delays are dangerous, so remember to consult him at once.—*From the New Orleans Weekly Picayune.*

The Opium Habit.

For centuries science failed to discover a remedy for the fearful opium habit. A few years ago Dr. B. M. Woolley, of Atlanta, Ga., discovered a sure and permanent cure, which has proved a great blessing to thousands, who gladly testify to their cure, and bless their benefactor. The writer has known Dr. Woolley personally for six years. He is a gentleman in the strictest sense of the word, whose integrity cannot be doubted, and if this article should be read by one suffering from this dreadful habit, we unhesitatingly assure him that Dr. Woolley's Antidote is no humbug, but will accomplish all that he claims for it. He regards all communicative with the strictest secrecy.

The writer has knowledge of a prominent Alabama physician's cure, who, when placed under Dr. Woolley's treatment, took habitually 180 grains of morphine and 300 grains chloral in 48 hours. This physician began taking morphine under treatment for a severe wound in 1866, and increased the dose until the habit of 12 years had so fastened its fangs upon him that the above named stimulants became necessary to his life. In seven months' time he was a well man, and is now prosperous and happy, and attending to his daily business.—*Pike County News.*

Prof. W. J. Land.

[From the Monroe Advertiser, Forsyth, Ga.]

In another column will be found the advertisement of Dr. B. M. Woolley, of Atlanta, who is offering to the public a sure and perfect cure for the use of Opium. We would not feel called upon to commend this Antidote but for the fact that Dr. Woolley has had it thoroughly analyzed by Prof. W. J. Land, who says it is a perfect cure for the Opium Habit, and that he does not hesitate to recommend it to the afflicted.

We know Prof. Land, know him to be, without doubt, the best analytic chemist in the South, know that he is so very conscientious and honest that he would utterly refuse to recommend anything unless he knew it to possess great merit, and consequently we feel satisfied the medicine is what it is claimed to be. Prof. Land was born and raised in Forsyth, and often visits his native town now, and no one enjoys the confidence and esteem of our community to a greater extent than himself. His recommendation will do, for the people believe every word of it.

Opium and Whisky.

[New Orleans Times-Democrat, Dec. 24, 1882.]

There is no curse to the human family as great as the intemperate use of either Opium or Whisky, nor is there a habit formed as difficult to remove; in fact, it cannot be classed as a habit after certain stages, as it then becomes a disease as marked in its characteristics as the most deadly of maladies, and requires the most skillful treatment. Dr. B. M. Woolley, of Atlanta, Ga., recognizing the ravages that were being made by these two destroyers of peace, home and happiness, some years ago commenced to devote his whole study to the peculiarity of the condition of sufferers from these two habits, and after much labor made two important discoveries, which have enabled him to treat successfully all who have been fortunate enough to place themselves under his charge, and he has been philanthropic enough to issue a book upon the subject, which he sends free to all applicants. Dr. B. M. Woolley's address is Atlanta, Ga., and we have no hesitancy in commending him, as we know him to be not only a very skillful man, but an honorable gentleman.

See What the Atlanta (Ga.) Constitution of Sunday, February 3d, 1889, Says of My Treatment—My Home Is In Atlanta, and Has Been For the Past Fifteen Years.

A Strong Statement that Carries Conviction, and that is Unsolicited and Voluntary.

We have had frequent occasion to commend the Opium Cure manufactured by B. M. Woolley & Co., of this city. We were careful not to commend this remedy until we had seen it tried, and it had, so to speak, worked out its own salvation. We realize that one of the great curses of the world is the Opium Habit, hitherto considered incurable. We felt that if there was a cure for this horrible, but worse than a disease, it would be a benefaction to spread the news of its work, to widen the field of its usefulness, and carry it as a helpful aid to the helpless, and a relief to those who are despairing. It worked its way slowly. A cure of the Opium Habit is not efficient unless it is permanent, so that time was necessary to develop the efficiency of Dr. Woolley's wonderful remedy. Month after month went by, year after year, and still the victims were saved. Then we commended this medicine to our friends. Since that time we have had literally thousands of certificates laid before us indorsing what he had said. Here is one that reaches Dr. Woolley on Saturday, and it is so clean and definite, and evidently truthful, that we print it. It is not an effusive affidavit. It does not aim to make an effect at words, but it does go to the heart of things with the power of statement. Read it.

OMEN, SMITH Co., TEX., Jan. 26, 1889.

Dr. B. M. Woolley, Atlanta, Ga.:

DEAR SIR—By seeing your advertisement in the Atlanta Constitution, I was induced to try your remedy for the Morphine Habit. On January 4th, 1888, I began taking your medicine. I used three parcels, and on November 15th, 1888, I quit your remedy. I have not used your remedy or Morphine since, and do not want either. When I began with your remedy I used a drachm of Morphine in about two weeks, and I did not feel that I could live without it. I then weighed about 135 pounds. I

now weigh 175 pounds and feel better than I have since I got into the dangerous Morphine Habit some twelve or fifteen years ago. I do not seek publicity, but feel it a duty to my Southern sisters to let them know that your remedy is sure to cure with will and perseverance. You may use this (unasked by you) if you desire.

Yours respectfully,

MRS. R. E. ARNOLD.

This is to certify that I am personally acquainted with R. E. Arnold, she being a near relative, and have felt great interest in the result, and unhesitatingly say that Dr. Woolley's remedy is all and more than he claims for it, and that Mrs. Arnold does not now appear to be the same woman she was twelve months ago, so great has been the improvement. Given under my hand and seal of office.

JOHN O. COLLIER.

Notary Public, Omen, Smith Co., Tex., State of Texas, County of Smith, Jan. 25, 1888.

The two affidavits are useful. Mr. Collier testifies to the cure from an outside standpoint, because there are skeptics who say that Opium eaters do not know when they are cured. Mr. Collier's affidavit, therefore, is good evidence. By the way, he writes in a private letter that he saw Dr. Woolley's advertisement in the *Constitution*, which he considers the best paper in the country.

The Whisky Habit.

In addition to his Opium Cure, Dr. Woolley offers to the public a sure cure for the dread curse of whisky. Like his other remedies, it has stood the test, and has never yet been known to fail where the directions were carried out to the letter. How many thousands there are who have this dread habit fixed on them, and which, try as they may, it is impossible for them to throw off. Yet there are thousands who have been cured by Dr. Woolley's remedy. He has testimonial on testimonial from many people who are known and whose words are unimpeachable, which bear witness that they have either been cured themselves or have known friends to be cured. This cure of Dr. Woolley's is perfectly harmless in its nature and certain in its curative effects. For what he has done already in relieving thousands of sufferers is deserving of highest

praise. What he will yet do upon this same principle of humanity cannot be estimated.—*From the Greensboro (Ga.) Herald.*

The Opium Cure.

It was our pleasure to have a recent interview with one of the world's successful specialists, Dr. B. M. Woolley, of Atlanta. A few moments' conversation with him will convince one of his thorough knowledge of the Opium Habit and cure for that dreaded destroyer whose march is so insidious, whose prevalence physicians dare not acknowledge, and whose spreading influence, if made known, would be as a revelation to the public. The fame of Dr. Woolley's treatment and antidote for this disease has reached every State and nation of earth and found its way into the home of prince and peasant.

The cure which Dr. Woolley presents to the world has been time and again weighed in the balance of actual experiment. It has not been found wanting in true merit, but its efficacious and efficient properties have received unbounded approval from the thousands of sufferers who have obtained relief. When it is inconvenient for those afflicted to visit him in person, Dr. Woolley would gladly furnish by mail a copy of his pamphlet or other information. The work in which this gentleman is engaged renders him a public benefactor.—*Americus (Ga.) Recorder.*

LIFE AND HEALTH.

The Terrible Whisky and Opium Habits be Permanently Cured. The Wonderful Remedies Discovered by Dr. Woolley.

Will this issue the *Herald* completes its first volume and it is a source of gratification to the men who made it, in turning over its leaves, to find every page devoted to the encouragement of the good and true, and the condemnation of the bad. The *Herald's* eyes have been wide open and quick to discern the efforts made to help frail humanity, and ever quick with words of commendation for the noble hearts that prompt such efforts, and few there are

more deserving of such than our fellow citizen, Dr. B. M. Woolley.

Many are the ills that human flesh is heir to and others the results of habits thoughtlessly contracted, yet stronger than bonds of steel, against which the hapless victims struggling, unaided, wear their lives away; and it is to this latter class that Dr. Woolley has been a benefactor. Into many a home blighted by the baneful influence of liquor or shadowed by the insidious and brutalizing Opium habit, has he brought the sunshine of prosperity, and many are the wives and parents throughout the land who bless the day they invoked his aid.

A reputable practitioner of the Allopathic school keenly sensitive to the fearful ravages of these terrible diseases, for diseases they are, though contracted in the careless pundering to human weakness, fifteen years ago he devoted himself to their study and the result of his investigations is the remedy which he has since offered to the public. Simple but effective, without danger and never deleterious in its effects, but when taken according to direction, certain in the permanent eradication from the system of all desire for Opium or Whisky.

Dr. Woolley has in his office thousands of testimonials from happy-hearted men and women who have been freed from these baneful habits, and there is no record of a single case in which the patient relapsed into his old habits. His cures are permanent.

The doctor has published a little book entitled "The Opium and Whisky Habits and Their Cure," which should be read by every victim of either habit, as its perusal would nerve them to make one more struggle for freedom. These books will be furnished on application to Dr. B. M. Woolley, 104½ Whitehall street, Atlanta, Ga.

This remedy has stood the test of time, and the fact that the demand grows for it every day is one of the best evidences of its merit. Orders for it come to the Atlanta office from every quarter of the globe, and every beneficiary of its healing power loses no opportunity to place its merits before suffering humanity.

Of late considerable solicitude has been expressed by the friends and patrons of Dr. Woolley lest the secret of his cures, in case of his demise, should perish with him. But we are glad to state that in that event the business

would still be continued by Dr. F. L. Dennis, who graduated with distinction several years ago from the Southern Medical College, and is associated in practice with Dr. Woolley.—*Evening Herald, August 18.*

A GREAT SPECIALIST

Dr. B. M. Woolley, the Noted Physician whose Fame extends Throughout the World.

Perhaps the most celebrated and most successful specialist in America for the treatment of the opium and kindred habits, is Dr. B. M. Woolley, of Atlanta. He has an international reputation, having treated successfully several of the royal families of Europe.

He looks at his specialty in a practical light, viewing the afflictions of the opium eaters, not as a habit, but more properly as a disease. He is the highest authority in America on all subjects pertaining to this subject.

The old saying that "a prophet is not without honor except in his own country," does not apply to Dr. B. M. Woolley, for where he is best known he is more highly appreciated. Clear in his conceptions, unerring in his judgments, conservative in his actions and persistent in his researches and labors, he has accomplished a work that few men accomplish in this day and generation. To bring back life, to restore to full consciousness intelligent people, who have, often through accident, fallen into the habit or disease that is loathsome and deplorable, is a work that should be gratifying to every lover of humanity. It is a work in which Dr. Woolley delights. There are many individuals in different parts of the world who owe their restoration to manhood and womanhood to the care, thought and labors of this celebrated specialist. He does his work well, and those who have been under his care daily evidence that fact by their restored manhood and by their upright conduct. A great and wise man once said:

"To relieve suffering and scatter gloom should be the highest aim in life." This is true. Dr. Woolley, with a faith centered on things that are high above this world, feeling the responsibility he owes his Maker, is doing a work that will outlast all time.

It is gratifying to the citizens of Atlanta to know that in this age of humbuggery and quacks there is one specialist treating the opium and whisky habit in their midst who stands far above reproach, and whose character received the endorsement of all good men.

A gentleman who has extensively traveled, not only on this continent, but in many foreign countries, once said: "Atlanta is one of the best advertised cities in America when you consider that it is scarcely fifty years old." There are many living in Atlanta whose fame is known throughout the civilized world. The city has been greatly benefited in this manner. Dr. Woolley is one of Atlanta's and America's great specialists, and is known nearly everywhere.

If those who are afflicted with the opium and whisky habits will write to Dr. Woolley, Atlanta, Ga., describing their condition exactly, he will give them a faithful interpretation of their cases, and will tell them candidly what he thinks of their chances for recovery. —*From the History of Atlanta.*

Opium and Whisky Habit Cured.

Are you a slave of either of those fearful vices? If so, we can recommend you to Dr. B. M. Woolley, Atlanta, Ga., an eminent physician of that city. Patients need have no hesitation in putting themselves under his treatment, as he is a gentleman of reliability and standing at his own home. Write and get one of his books, which will convince you that he is no charlatan. See his card.—*From New Orleans Picayune.*

A NATION OF DRINKERS.

Americans Spent \$600,000,000 Last Year For Whisky.

WASHINGTON, December 17.—(Special.)—Although we are counted a fairly sober people in the hurly-burly of nations, the figures of the internal revenue commission for the last fiscal year on the amount of whisky and beer we drink and the number of cigars and cigarettes we make, and the quantity of tobacco we chew are simply amazing.

They make the head reel. The preacher who peruses them will hie to the pulpit to tell his congregation that we are a nation of drunkards, stupefied with drink half of the year and drug-

ged with tobacco the other half; that each year we recklessly squander upon these inventions of Beelzebub three times as much money as is required to keep this government in operation, and more than is represented by the circulating medium of the United States. And when the preacher does this he will be throwing an armful of facts at his congregation.

We consumed last year, according to this report of Commissioner Miller, and it tells the story as detailed in hard cash over the counter of the internal revenue office, 87,000,000 gallons of whisky, brandy and distilled spirits, or in other words we drank 6,090,000,000 glasses of whisky for which we paid over the bar the enormous sum of \$609,000,000, or \$50,000,000 more than the annual appropriations of congress combined. This represents a consumption of 100 glasses of whisky each year for every man woman and child between the rock bound Pacific and the storm tossed Atlantic, or counting only male adults, 500 glasses for each.

Of beer the figures are equally astonishing. The consumption was 81,982,943 barrels, that is 12,785,169,200 glasses, representing an expenditure for this mode of Teutonic hilarity of \$617,258,460, or about \$10 for each inhabitant. In the neighborhood of 280 glasses are charged up in this circulation against each of us as our annual allowance. If we do not average our daily glasses with our daily bread we may be sure our neighbors get the benefit of our abstinence.

Altogether, not taking stock of the money we expend for champagne, whose sparkling bubbles burst about the brimming goblet, and the other and imperted native wines which drive away carking care, the people of the United States spend annually for drink and tobacco the almost incomprehensible sum of \$1,641,903,460. The mind is incapable of grasping the largeness of this total, but when it is remembered that this is more than the circulated medium of the United States; that is \$27 per head more than the per capita circulation, that it proves that the head of every family, supposing he handles the purse strings, pays out \$195 annually for drink and tobacco and that every dollar in the United States goes each year over the bar or a counter of some tobaccoist, some idea of its magnitude can be obtained.—*E. W. B., in Atlanta Constitution.*