

The opium habit and its cure, and what others say of his cures / by B.M. Woolley.

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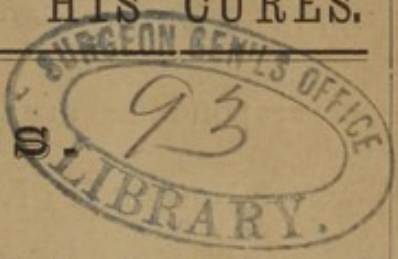
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Woolley (B. M.)

THE
Opium Habit
AND
ITS CURE.

BY **B. M. WOOLLEY,**
AND
WHAT OTHERS SAY OF HIS CURES.

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Reel; 71-49-9

TO ALL.

SPECIAL ATTENTION is called to the fact that no communication or box of Medicine is sent out with anything on it by which the "curious" could know the contents. All correspondence are held strictly confidential, except in cases where consent is given for publication of letters, certificates, etc., etc.

ERRATA.

- On page 28, last column, 14th line, should read "Who can read 'of' them."
- In 43^d line, same page, the word "with" should read "before."
- On page 36, heading "Comments of the Press," Woolley's residence should be "177."
- On page 45, in article headed "Startling Opium Statistics," 1st line, the word "transportation" should read "importation."

P R E F A C E .

IN presenting this little Pamphlet to the public, my purpose has been, and is, to set forth facts, demonstrated by well-attested results, as proofs that I HAVE a successful cure for the Opium Habit, or that peculiar disease produced by the long and continuous use of opiates in excessive quantities. Whether or not I am successful in sustaining these points before the Judge and Jury of an intelligent Public, I leave it for that Public to say, after they shall have read and duly weighed the nature and power of the evidence.

It is only upon the basis of true merit that I have striven to attain any success in the past, and it is upon the same basis alone that I hope for it in the future.

Honor or money procured by any other means would be too dearly bought and too evanescent to be desirable.

This little Book will, I trust, be of interest to the general reader, inasmuch as it presents statistical information, and shows many fearful features of the evil resulting from the use of opiates. It will, too, I hope, be a warning to those who may never have been so unfortunate as to have become enthralled in the meshes of this "Fell Destroyer," while it will cheer the hearts of the afflicted, and point them to a sure and certain way of escape from their fearful bondage.

B. M. WOOLLEY.

February 1st, 1879.

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THE FELL DESTROYER.

From Life in The South.

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 the most 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 odor. 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 incipiency 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 when 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 disenthralment have perished out of their reach, and the gates of egress closed behind them; and it is here that their 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 toward 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 spring hope, insight into excellences, 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 of promises—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 leers, 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, and even are they provoked to curse themselves and the heinous drug for destroying the noblest powers of their nature—those powers which it may have been, in earlier and better days, it was their great ambition to strengthen, to nourish, to enable, enlarge and clarify. Then, as one who has had peculiarly favorable opportunities of learning of the insidious character of this drug in the incipiency of its use, as well as the terrible and most appalling effects of its long continuance. I would say to all who are but as 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 daring the

brink of a cataract. The music now enchanting you, instead of heaven-born origin, is but Demon's 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 a moment see what multitudes of victims, composed of both sexes, of every class, from every station of life, are gradually approaching, while others are writhing in, the torments 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 Opium Cure 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 for but one day actually see the numerous throng of the Opium-afflicted of this land—realize their torments, hear their cries of suffering and earnest entreaties for help—could you but 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 fountains of sympathy and the springs of charity had not forever dried up. Could you but draw aside the curtain of secrecy that so universally veils this sad, evil habit and direful consequence 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 host who perish unknown—could you be made aware of the number of homes darkened and made hapless 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 very 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 this 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 dead night-shades 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.

T H E
MYSTERY of HELEN BIRNE,

AS

RELATED BY HARLEY STUART, M.D.

BY MARY E. BRYAN.

A July night, with glorious moonlight silvering the bay and just a breath of air stirring the cedars as I took my way down to the sea-shore to pace the sandy beach and hear the lapping of the in-coming tide, while I smoked my after-supper cigar and mused in the quiet fashion I liked. I had run down to Silver Beach to freshen up my health, somewhat worn by a tussle with a typhoid fever epidemic in my circuit of practice. I felt I would be one of the attacked myself unless I got a few days of rest and of forgetfulness of patients and potions. So I came to the sea-side, took lodgings in a quiet cottage and enjoyed the bathing and the boating without any desire to participate in the gayeties of this fashionable summer resort.

The Mermaid Hotel that crowned the cedar-planted slope behind me was to-night a blaze of light, and the sound of music and laughter floated out at the open windows, across which I could see figures flitting continually. Down to the beach from the hotel strolled a couple of young men, one of them an old chum of mine. They chided me for what they called my selfishness.

"Come up to the Mermaid and look in, if no more, old fellow. There's a ball to-night, and I will show you all we have recherche in the way of femininity—our beauty, our blue-stocking and our Sphinx."

"The beauty, a pink and white doll-baby; the blue-stocking, a high-nosed female with ink on her fore-finger and Swinburne forever on her tongue; the Sphinx, a woman-adventurer, who wears paste-diamonds, talks Spanish and hints of the secret-service, sings naughty French songs, yet carries a prayer-book and is prim and prudish on occasion."

"You're no wizard at guessing, though you've hit the truth in your description of all but the Sphinx. Come, let me

show her to you, and read me the riddle if you can."

I went with him, entered the lighted ball-room and looked at the languid dancers and the promenading couples. Everywhere fans were moving, light dresses floating and voices murmuring or chattering. My friend, remembering that he had an engagement for the next waltz, left me to find his partner. Presently he touched me, as he whirled by to the Strauss music, and whispered in my ear:

"Look in the bay-window; there's the Sphinx. She is in one of her mute moods to-night."

I looked and saw a slender girl with dark hair framing a face colorless except for the scarlet of the close lips and the darkness of her eyes and their arched brows. She was dressed in some kind of ashen-gray gauze over scarlet, and wore carbuncles pendant from her small ears and at her throat. Fire under ashes seemed to be symbolized by her dress. Was it expressive of her own nature? It was a strange face and drew me by its magnetic intensity, though her eyes gazed fixedly out of the window, and seemed to take no note of what was going on around her. Her hands were folded together on her lap. Watching her, I saw the fingers clasp each other spasmodically once and again, while the waltz was playing. Was some scorpion of memory awakened in her by the music, or the moonlight, or the murmuring of the sea?

"No Sphinx is she," I said to myself; but a woman who has a history—a secret one, maybe—a sad one, surely."

Five minutes later I heard what this history was—at least, as much of it as the world knew. A lady acquaintance spied me out and bore down upon me. She was one who prided herself on her liveliness, and as she fluttered her fan her tongue fluttered faster from topic to topic.

"I saw you looking at that silent girl

at the window just now; do you know her?"

"I do not; do you?"

"Of course. It is Helen Birne—old Judge Birne's only daughter. I wonder she is here; she never goes out anywhere. She is queer; her mother was so before her, though she was nice enough as a girl. Your mother knew her, Harley. Judge Birne has married again—a gay young wife, who has no use for Helen. But for that matter, there are few who do like her."

"Why, Miss Westervelt?"

"Oh, because she's so strange, and, 'inter-nous,' so imprudent. She does such queer things. For instance: she is here alone. Then at home she is up all night and walks about over the grounds like a ghost. She takes long rides on horseback alone, or worse, with a miserable little hunchback—a kind of servant about the place, the son of her father's housekeeper. She is not bad looking, and they say she is very smart. Some time ago—just a year I think—she was to have been married to Willis Grantham—a model gentleman—in business where she lives. Time was set, wedding dress made and all, when suddenly the match was broken off; no one knew why, but of course the blame rested upon her. It always does rest upon the woman. It was said that such a man as Grantham would never have broken off his marriage unless for good reason. Her few friends began to cool towards her. She did not wait for them to avoid her. She was too sensitive for that. She kept away from them—secluded herself and was seen only on rare occasions when she came in unexpectedly, and was sometimes over-gay and at others bitter and scathing. When her father married, she was not at the wedding, and soon afterwards she left the house and moved into her father's office, a little two-roomed building somewhere in the yard. There she lives by herself and never visits or attends church. Is it any wonder people talk about her?"

While she was rattling away, a young man approached the object of her comment, and, bowing before her, seemed to prefer some request, which she refused with a bend of the head and a movement of the lips, and turned again to her window, while he walked back to the group who had commissioned him to ask the favor.

"She will not sing," I heard him say.

"I told you so," declared one of the ladies. "She is in one of her ways to-night, and will not uncloze her lips. But she may change in ten minutes; I have seen her do it. Another proof that she is —"

She tapped her forehead significantly

with her jeweled finger, and the other smiled.

A strong rush of pity filled my heart. Was this the secret of the "Sphinx's" strangeness? Were the fine chords jangled in her brain? There was no indication of it in her eyes or in that broad, white forehead. Presently she arose and left the room quietly, and with a slow, gliding step that had in it none of the elasticity of hope.

In half an hour she returned, so changed she seemed almost transfigured. Her eyes shone with a strange lustre—spots of vivid color burned on her cheek, subtle grace was in every movement and lineament as she placed herself without a word at the open piano and began to sing the Lorelie. A thrill went through me with the first tone of her voice—the first words of the song—

"I cannot tell what it meaneth
That I am so sad to-day."

Never can I forget the song, or the manner of the singer. Hers was the witchery of genius, uttering itself in the magic of a look and a voice.

She remained for a moment after the song was ended with hands resting on the piano and eyes gazing forward as if at some object insensible to all but her. Then she rose with a sudden transition of manner.

"Let us walk to the sea-shore; the night is glorious," she cried; and at once, and singular enough, there was a response in sympathy with her wish and a movement in the direction of the door. I was standing near her. Some one introduced us and I offered her my arm. We led the way to the beach. She seemed in brilliant spirits, but I had a feeling that the gayety was unnatural. The tide was in, the waves breaking in low murmurs at our feet and lapping against the stout live-oak posts that upheld the dock built out at least a hundred yards into the bay.

"Let us go out upon it," she said. "We will have a better view of the sea."

We went, leaving the others to stroll along the white beach and along the cedars higher up. Reaching the terminus of the plank-way, we stood and looked out upon the expanse of moonlit water. On one side, a little boat, tied to a post of the dock, was rocking softly on the waves. She looked far over the bay, her eyes gleaming, her face unearthly white in the moonlight.

"Silver-gray sea meeting silver-gray sky," she said, "blending each with the other so softly one can hardly tell where they meet. If it were so with life and death; but no, there must always be that black, dividing line of pain and terror. And

yet" after a pause, "it does not seem hard to die on such a night."

I did not half like her look and words. I said quickly, "It seems harder to die on such a night, because earth is so lovely and peaceful."

"But if you are not in sympathy with its loveliness and peace—if there is that within you which is an alien to peace and harmony forever—a fire that consumes."

How intense was the whisper in which these last words were uttered! Then she looked down in the water below us.

"It is deep here." She said low: "The water must be ten feet deep at least." A pause—then looking up suddenly, she said:

"I dropped my glove as we walked along. It is somewhere on the platform near the beach, I think. Will you look for it for me? I will wait here; I like to look at the water."

I answered "certainly," and walked away—a few steps only. I stopped and stood watching her; while thinking me gone, she leant over the water, absorbed in what was passing in her mind. I heard her murmur: "I have fought a hard fight—a long fight; it is useless. I am tired. It shall end." I stepped back softly. I saw her shudder, her limbs and shoulders move as if the muscles contracted as for a spring. I threw my arm around her before she could make the leap. It was not a moment too soon; the whole weight of her body fell against my arm. That weight and the impetus of the spring made me stagger and lose my balance. I made a desperate effort to regain it, still holding her fast, but in vain. I fell with her—not into the water, but into the boat that, fastened to the pier, floated below us. It bounded up and down violently for a moment, and voices from the shore cried:

"Halloo! what's the matter?"

I could not have spoken had my life depended on it; but to my amazement, her voice rang out clearly:

"We have jumped into the boat and are going to take a moonlight row; that's all."

I took my cue from her. I undid the fastening of the boat, took up the oars and pushed away from the pier. She sang a merry boat song as we floated off. Then she was silent. At last, holding out her hand, she said:

"Thanks; you did what you thought was best."

"It was lucky I was near. I was afraid if you looked into the water so steadily you would grow giddy and fall."

She looked at me keenly. Was she deceived into supposing that I thought her act an accident only? It might have been, for she presently began to talk of

indifferent things—talk so quietly, so intelligently that I was almost ready to believe that I had been mistaken.

Cold looks met her on her return to the beach. The moonlight ride on the bay was evidently regarded as another of those imprudent things that Miss Birne had the reputation of doing. Another girl might have done this and more without provoking adverse criticism, but Helen Birne was set apart as strange; the finger of suspicion had been pointed at her, therefore she was a legitimate prey for scandal.

CHAPTER II.

The next day Miss Birne left Silver Beach. I was so haunted by the thought of her and of the mystery that surrounded her that the place became no longer restful and improving to me, and I went back to Stenton, and found there a letter that made a change in my life. It was an invitation from several leading citizens of Bloomsbury—a considerable county town about fifty miles away—for me to come and fill the place of Dr. Bilsby, the chief physician of the town, who had died. Bloomsbury was larger and richer than Stenton. I would have a better paying practice and more intelligent and appreciative patrons, and then, as I glanced at the names signed to the letter of invitation, I saw that "Judge James Birne" headed the list. This decided me. I might yet solve the enigma. I would go to Bloomsbury.

I went, established myself in pleasant rooms and made a number of acquaintances, among them Judge Birne and his wife—a handsome woman, but shallow and vain, while the gentleman was pompous and polished with a great show of politeness and affability, but his blue eye was cold and hard as an icicle, and there was a look on his face when in repose that I did not like.

I made their acquaintance at a social party, and a day or two afterwards was called in professionally to see the Judge, who had a touch of vertigo, but was sitting up sipping sherry in his library, while the madame sat near him, netting soft Berlin wools with her plump ringed fingers. I saw nothing of Miss Birne until after I had left the house. It was dusk. I had mounted my horse and rode round the paling to the rear of the house, as I had a patient living in that direction. The Judge's mansion, I forgot to say, was about a mile from town, with an oak wood in the rear of the broad shrubbery and tree-planted yard that enclosed it. Among a cluster of cedar trees, I saw a small white out-house in which I felt sure that Helen lived; and as I rode opposite to it, I suddenly saw Helen herself leaning over the paling talking to a boy on the

outside. A clump of altheas hid her from my sight until I was close upon her. She started in confusion and turned off quickly without any sign of recognition. The person she had been talking to turned his head to look at me, and I saw he had a man's face—large, melancholy eyes in a sallow face and an unpleasant, querulous look. His limbs were slender, his stature small and his body slightly misshapen, his breast-bone projecting with a small, corresponding protuberance of the spine between the shoulders; yet his features were good, and his long, wavy dark hair and large eyes gave a certain charm to his appearance.

I looked at him closely. This was the person with whom scandal had connected the name of Helen Birne. She had taken solitary rides with him; she was seen conversing with him secretly, receiving letters from him in a mysterious manner. I had heard these things more than once. They made my blood burn with indignation. As if that girl, with the proud, pale, sensitive face could stoop to an intrigue. And with that misshapen creature! And yet, had I not seen her just now hanging over the paling talking to him in the shadow of twilight and the covert of thick-foliaged shrubbery? And had I not seen the embarrassed start she gave, and how quickly she turned her face and walked away?

Two days afterwards I saw Miss Birne face to face in a way quite unexpected to me. An entertainment—a church benefit—was projected. Among other attractions, the programme announced two scenes from a favorite opera. But at the first rehearsal, it was found that the "leading lady" had seceded from the club and given her voice to a rival society. The members of the club, to which I belonged by invitation, consulted about the matter, grouped under the great trees that shaded the velvet-green enclosure around the Episcopal Church.

"Indeed, there must be several of you ladies who can fill Miss Keenan's place," said a young gentleman with a waxed moustache. "Miss Pinkney is not afraid to try it, and you, Miss Madge," turning to Margaret Walker, the acknowledged belle, "would sing it amazingly, I am sure."

"Oh, yes; I would sing it amazingly, no doubt," cried the beauty scornfully. "I haven't voice enough to half fill the part, and you know it. As for Maude Pinkney, she has assurance enough to try anything. Geese cackle where swans fear to sing, to alter an old adage for her benefit. No, there's only one voice in this town that can sing the part, and sing it, too, in a way to throw Miss Keenan in the shade. And that voice belongs to Helen Birne."

"But would you ask her to take it?" asked a chorus of surprised voices.

"Would she take it?" That's the question. "As for giving it to her, I'd give it to Beelzebub's wife rather than let that spiteful Miss Keenan think we had broken down because she had withdrawn. Somebody must go at once and ask Helen Birne. I'll write a note and sign the committee's names. Who'll take it? Katie Simms, you visit her, don' you?"

"She came to see me when I was sick so long," said a pale, slight, consumptive little girl. "I have liked her ever since. I'll take the note."

"And I'll go with you," I said.

We went. We found Miss Birne alone in her tree-embowered cottage, feeding her birds, whose cages hung in a perfect bower of tall-flowered box plants and blossoming vines. She flushed slightly at seeing me, but did not lose her composure of manner. She read the invitation to take part in the opera, a slight smile, half sad, half scornful, flitting across her mouth. She declined gently but firmly.

"I dislike to refuse a request to you, Katie. I will sing the part any time for you here at home. I know all the prettiest airs of that opera. But I cannot sing at this entertainment. And I don't think you blame me, Katie."

I did not. I respected her for her spirit, and I felt more than ever drawn to her. I carried away a picture of that little room with its flowers, its birds, its cool-tinted draperies and that slender figure in the loose, flowing robe of black silk, bound at the waist with a scarlet cord, a scarlet flower in her hair, whose intense blackness was such a contrast to the marble face.

When I met Helen Birne next it was at the bedside of her one friend—Katie Simms, the orphan-consumptive, who was attacked by a severe hemorrhage a few days after the meeting of the Sappho Club. She came often to her friend's humble home, bringing flowers and delicacies prepared by herself. My interest in her grew stronger until no face on earth seemed worth watching for, worth living for, except that changeful eerie face. In spite of all I heard of her strange conduct—in spite of what I had myself seen at Silver Beach and here—in spite of the mystery and misery, perhaps guilt, that shadowed those beautiful eyes, I loved her, and one night, as I walked with her home, my love burst forth in passionate words I tried vainly to keep back. I plead for her love—I asked her to be my wife. For a moment she did not speak. Then she drearily echoed my last words:

"Wife! My friend, I wish you a better fate than to have me for a wife."

"And why?" I cried. "You are all

my heart craves. I ask no other happiness than your love."

"You are ambitious in your profession. Popularity means success to you, and you would take me for a wife—who have no friends? You would take me to your fireside to bring with me a cloud of doubt? Have you forgotten that night on Silver Beach? You pretended to think that fall was accidental, but I knew it was only in pity. Do you not see that I live isolated, even from my family? Will you take me with all this shadow of mystery about me? Will you?"

She turned to me eagerly, almost fiercely. I was tempted to clasp her to me and say: "Yes, I will trust you wholly," but reason interfered, and, taking her hands in mine, I said:

"You will explain all this to me; you will have confidence in my love; you will trust into its keeping your secret, sad and strange it may be, but not guilty. That I can never believe."

She drew her hands away; she turned from me.

"I knew it," she said, a slow, sad scorn in her voice. "You could not stand the test. I cannot explain, and we must part. We must not see each other again."

"Helen, you do not love me."

She turned to me. The strange pathos of those hopeless eyes haunted me ever after. "Love you!" she said, in low, intense tones, and then more loudly, "I have no right to love. Love is not for me. No good thing is for me. I am doomed forever—doomed to a horrible bondage. There is no hope for me but in death. Oh! Harley, if you love me, pray for me to die."

And with these wild words she broke from me and ran through the dew-drenched shrubbery into the little house she called her home.

I heard the door close and turned away, my heart torn by conflicting emotions. What did she mean? Was she, could she be guilty? I could not admit the suspicion. Yet what bondage was this she had spoken of? Did it have any connection with him—that misshapen dwarf? Only the day before, I had seen her meet him in the oak-wood walk back of the Birne mansion and receive from his hand a letter or some white-looking package that she hastily hid in the folds of her dress. It was late in the evening, as I was returning from a visit to a patient, that I had seen this. I was just turning a bend in the road, and in her haste and eagerness she did not see me. She turned as soon as she had received the white parcel and hurried back towards the yard, while the young man looked sullenly at me as I passed.

Doubts assailed and harrassed me as I

lay on my sleepless pillow that night. I determined next day to solve the mystery. I would see her. The stress and earnestness of my love should force an explanation. Day broke at last. As early as I dared, I went to the little cottage. I had never entered it but the single time when I had been commissioned by the Sappho Club, and I had heard that visitors were interdicted, but I had made up my mind to see her now. My knock received no answer. I repeated it, and a pale, careworn woman—the housekeeper at the Birne mansion and the mother of the hunchback boy—came to the door.

"She is gone," she said in answer to my inquiry.

"Gone? When did she go and where?"

She shook her head; I could get nothing more from her, and the note she put into my hand told me nothing but that she had gone. It ran:

"Good-by, my friend. It is best I should not see you again. I do not blame you that you could not stand the test I imposed upon you. I would not have taken advantage of your love had you done so. For your own sake I never would have married you. It was the best kindness I could do you to refuse your love. Think of me as one who might have loved you, have made you happy perhaps, had not a curse been laid upon me before we met.

HELEN."

Filled with misgivings I hurried up to the mansion and asked an interview with Judge Birne. He had heard of his daughter's flight and was agitated, but was more indifferent than I had expected him to be. He seemed anxious chiefly to keep her disappearance from provoking public comment.

"Say nothing of it," he said to me. "I will give out that she has gone to visit relatives. She will return. It is only one of her strange freaks. When she is in one of these moods it is impossible to control her, either by love or authority. Ah! Dr. Stuart, you know not the responsibility of a father."

He pressed my hand and wiped his eyes as though to dry a tear, though I could see no trace of one in his frosty eyes. I left him and went straight to the town depot, and, without using Helen's name, made inquiries of the ticket agent and others employed about the place as to who had left by the trains, two of which passed through Bloomsbury at night. If she had taken passage on either of them, however, it was secretly and unknown to the employees at the station.

Days went by and she did not return. Restless and unhappy, I longed for more work to keep me from useless brooding, and I responded with alacrity to the cry for more nurses and physicians that came

from the seaport city of S., which had been stricken by a malignant and infectious fever. I went, offered my services and soon had my hands full enough of work. Day and night I went from house to house hearing sounds and seeing sights of horror that will live in memory till death palsies my brain. On the third day of my coming, as stooping my head, I entered one of the hovels of dying poverty, I caught sight of Helen Birne's remembered figure. She was bending over a sick babe; one hand was under the little one's head, the other held a cup of water to its lips. I stood beside her; I took the drained cup from her hand, and, as her eyes met mine and I saw the quick joy leap into them, I said.

"I have found you; I will not lose you again."

After that I saw her often. She was faithful and tireless in her work. She seemed utterly without fear, as though she placed no value upon her life. She took no rest, used no precaution to save herself from the deadly pestilence. It was in vain I pleaded with her to spare herself. Her eyes answered me with that hopeless, intense look that went to my heart. One day I missed her. I inquired for her everywhere. Not until next day did I find her, alone in a house from which the former occupants had been carried away in the dead-cart. There she lay, so marble-like and still I thought her dead, until she opened her dark eyes and held out her hand to me. She was prostrated, but not, I thanked God, with the fever. She was weakened and her nervous system shattered by over-work and watching. Giving her a quieting potion, I went out to procure a nurse, and having found one who promised to come in an hour, I returned to watch by her bed. As I gently straightened her pillow, a package fell from beneath it. I picked it up; it was a vial of morphine, half emptied of its contents. As I looked at it, a light broke upon me.

"My God!" I exclaimed aloud. "Is it possible that this is the curse of my darling's life?"

While the words were on my lips, she opened her eyes. She heard them. She saw the vial in my hands, a faint color rushed into her face, she stretched out her arms to me with a deprecating, despairing cry:

"You know all. Oh! do not hate me, for I am dying. Pity me: let me pass away with kind looks from you at least."

I caught her hands to my breast.

"My darling, can you judge me so? I thought you knew I loved you. Your misfortune only draws me nearer to you. I will help you struggle against it."

"Struggle!" she cried. "Ah! Harley,

you do not know of what you speak. You do not know the terrible, the fiendish power of the Opium habit. It is a chain of iron that will eat into the very soul. Struggle? Oh, my God, have I not struggled, prayed, fought against it till flesh and blood gave way and death stared me in the face. Prayer, resolve, struggle are all in vain. I am the Opium slave. I will be so to the bitter end. Give me the bottle, Harley, and go from me. I am a thing accursed."

I gave her the bottle and walked to the window, my soul filled with the bitterness of anguish that was almost despair. For did I not know the power of this fatal habit? Had I not seen too many of its victims in the course of my practice? too many lives wrecked and homes ruined through its agency?

A deep, quivering sigh aroused me. I turned and went hastily to the bed-side. She lay back, white as death, her eyes closed. I bent over her. I pressed kisses on her cold lips.

"My love, my own; look up: this shall not part us. I swear to you —"

"Hush!" she interrupted. "Swear nothing Harley; promise nothing to me, for you could not, must not perform it. If I should live, I tell you again, I would never, never be your wife. I could not give myself to you—I belong to another, to a demon more cruel than the grave. Listen to my story: I learned this fearful habit from my mother. Do not blame her; she did not know I was contracting it—was ignorant of it when she died. She became an Opium-eater through stress of misery. She was unhappy with my father. He ceased to love her. A chronic disease settled upon her; she grew pale and thin, and was no longer attractive in his eyes. He was neglectful, contemptuous, unkind. She grieved herself to a shadow. She would weep until every nerve was quivering, and her physician gave her opiates to quiet her. So she gradually came to look upon it as her only relief, and to take it habitually. 'Give it to me, my daughter, it is my only comfort,' she would say when the pain of disease or the anguish of her wounded heart grew too bitter to be borne. I thought it then a drug of blessing—a very balm of Gilead, and yet I felt as if intuitively that it was something to be secret about. I would take it unseen sometimes when I was weary with long vigils or sick with the fear that I should lose her—my only friend. For I loved my mother with an intensity that was almost morbid—a passion made up of pity and tenderness and a feeling as if I was her only protector and defender. I knew her weakness both of body and of will, and it filled me with ineffable compassion. We were all

to each other, for I had no young associates and confidants like other girls. I was a shy child, and seclusion and early association with sorrow had made me grave and uncompanionable. All the more closely I clung to my mother, and cherished resentment against my father because of his indifference to her. Others thought him a model husband. The world pitied him as an agreeable man, bound, unfortunately, to a sickly 'queer' and dull wife, for there were none except the housekeeper and myself, who knew my mother's real trials and her true worth. Looking back dispassionately now, I see much to excuse in my father's conduct. It was the Opium curse that helped to work division and woe in our home. It engendered suspicion and jea'ousy, and these provoked accusations, complaints, tears and morbid gloom that alienated the husband. At the same time they augmented the disease whose pains had first sent the sufferer to opiates for relief.

"But when she died, life became a dreary void to me. Her love, her caresses, talks and readings with her had made up my world. In the days that followed, the loneliness, the aching grief were insupportable. I turned for relief to the drug that had been my mother's bane. I did not dream what fearful chains I was riveting upon me. I was unhappy, unloved in my home. My father never cared for me. He was disappointed that I had not been a boy, and my coldness and shyness towards him confirmed his indifference. Neglected, forlorn, unadvised I went deeper and deeper into the fascinating labyrinth from which there is no returning. I became at last what you see me, the most hopeless thing under God's heaven—a confirmed Opium-eater.

"Too late I realized the misery of fate. Too late I found that this kindly comforter was a relentless tyrant. I tried to shake it off. I summoned all the strength of my will. In vain. It was while I still had hope that I promised to marry a man in whose strength I trusted to save me. He was kind and true; he was a Christian. I hoped he could help me struggle against this fearful habit if should return upon me after I was his wife. I had determined to break its thrall before I took the marriage vows upon my lips. Yes, I would break it, or break my thread of life in the attempt. The housekeeper was in my secret. Her son—the poor hunchback—had always procured the Opium for me. I did not lack means to buy it, for I had an allowance paid me monthly from my mother's property. At last I realized how weak I was; I would call in the aid of another to help me fight against myself. I called in Agnes. I made her lock me in my room and promise me on no

account to listen to my entreaties for Opium.

"Oh! the torture of the days that followed the days when I strove to do without the destroyer. My poor enslaved system cried out for it in pain that grew in intensity until it became a consuming fire, a wild beast's fangs gnawing my heart and brain. I prayed half blasphemous prayers. I walked the floor like a mad animal. I bit my lips to suppress the screams of torture until the blood gushed from them. I turned with loathing from the food that Agnes brought, and implored her to bring me morphine, opium, laudanum—anything to still the raging torture within. She remained firm even when I knelt to her. I still held to my determination not to leave the room, but the torments grew fiercer—the consuming fire seemed to reach a vital point. Strength gave way, and Agnes found me stretched insensible upon the floor. An hour after, my fingers were clutched with the eagerness of a drowning wretch around a vial of morphine, and I had resigned myself to my doom. I had one more interview with the man who expected me to be his wife. I told him my secret—told him that the habit was fastened upon me beyond all hope, and released him from his promise to marry me.

"I made one more struggle for deliverance. It was just a year after. I had read that change of scene, salt-water bathing, exercise and gay company would help to break the Opium habit. I tried it. I went to Silver Beach, where you saw me. I had been there a week, and by a desperate effort had refrained from the drug entirely for three days. I rode, danced, walked, laughed and talked incessantly to quiet the torture that grew stronger and stronger until it culminated that night you saw me first, when I sat in the midst of the gayety and music with my lips locked and my hands clenched in repressed agony. At last I was forced to succumb. I went to my room, unfastened the box in which I had locked the drug, poured my palm half full of the potent powder and took it all. Soon the blood was rushing madly in my veins; my spirits rebounded from the depths, and with kindled eyes and burning cheeks I went back into the drawing-room. You know the rest. That effort to destroy myself was the yielding to an impulse that often assailed me. Don't blame me, Harley. What is life worth when it is weighted with such a curse?"

She was silent a moment. I could not speak. I lifted her hand to my lips and held it there. She continued:

"I think few if any suspected my secret. I led such a secluded life, aloof

even from my father and his wife. Since his marriage to a woman whose manner plainly showed her dislike of me, I had quitted the house and lived in that little out-building where you have seen me. I had no friends—nothing to look forward to. Suspicion and scandal fastened upon me, and made my days yet more bitter. Every aspiration, every energy was repressed and crushed by the enervating power of the terrible drug. I gave myself up to it in numb despair; yet still I kept it secret. The housekeeper's son brought it to me secretly, and the true clue to my strange, erratic conduct was unknown."

She ceased speaking and lay back, pale and motionless, on the pillow, tears glistening on her dark, closed lashes. The mystery of her life was plain to me now. Oh! the sadness and despair of the story she had told! She went on:

"The bitterest of all was, after I knew you and loved you—yes, loved you from the first—I had not loved before—I would have married that man in the hope that he, so good and strong, might help me to wrestle with the demon of my life. But when I knew you—Oh! Harley, I felt what a paradise of happiness was shut out from me forever. Yes, forever; for there is no hope, Harley—none."

Raising herself on her elbow, her hand buried in the dark waves of her hair, she looked at me—a look half despairing, half imploring. My own soul seemed looking at me through those eyes, calling me to its rescue.

"There is hope," I cried. "There must be. We two will join hands and struggle against the demon, my Helen. Courage, dearest."

Yet, while I spoke, my heart gave no echo to the hopeful words.

The nurse came in, and knowing that Helen was in no immediate danger, I left her, promising soon to return, and went to attend to the urgent duties that called me. As I went out into the gloomy street, lit with sickly lamps, and pervaded with the odor of death, those eyes haunted me; painted themselves everywhere on the twilight, and in them I seemed still to see my own soul, calling on me to rescue it.

That night I sat up with a grand young fellow—a co-worker, who had been stricken down in the midst of his noble efforts to save and soothe the fever-smitten. With me at the bedside watched a man whom I had but lately known, yet had already learned to look upon with a deep interest. Slender, pale, with a quiet manner and a low voice, he had yet shown himself capable of the most heroic self-sacrifice, and his strength of nerve and calm, cheerful patience were things at which I daily wondered. To-night he watched me narrowly as I sat quiet, while

our comrade slept. At last he approached me.

"Your bosom's lord sits heavily on its throne to-night, my friend," he said. "Why is it? You are naturally a hopeful, cheerful fellow, sanguine in your temperament, but to-night there is some heavy burden upon your mind. If I knew what it was, it may be I could suggest something to lighten it."

I looked up into his kindly eyes. He was one to inspire confidence. I determined to confide in him now. I told him the secret of my melancholy, and ended with the words: "And I know as well as she that the habit so firmly established cannot be broken. So, you see, there is no hope."

His face had gradually brightened as he listened till it shone with a benign joy, such joy as might have shone in the eyes of Christ when he looked into the tear-wet face of Mary and knew he could comfort her wholly by raising her brother from the grave.

"Let not your heart be troubled," he said in his thrilling voice, laying his hand on mine: "Yes, there is hope. There is certainty of breaking this bondage. Go and take your beloved to your heart, make her yours without fear, for she can be delivered from this death in life. Take her to some healthful place; let her have rest and quiet, then begin to give her the cure I shall put into your hands."

"The cure; is there one?"

"There is; when the seed of the poppy was planted in the breast of earth and given its power for good, and, alas! for evil, be sure there was another influence implanted in Nature to counteract the evil. It is thus Nature works, thus the balance of good and ill is preserved. So he told me—the man who gave me this Cure. It was like a saving hand stretched out to rescue one who is drowning, whirling in a wild maelstrom of waters. I had contracted the fatal Opium Habit in trying to alleviate bodily anguish. The war left me a legacy of pain—a wound outwardly healed, inwardly inflamed and burning. My physician gave me Opium to quiet the pain that was sometimes intense. I soon came to taking it habitually. I thought I could not live without it, although I felt it gradually destroying my health, changing my disposition, undermining my moral nature, clouding my perceptions of right and wrong until, from a kind husband and an honorable man, I became irascible, morose and unreliable, capable of doing almost anything to procure Opium and to conceal from others the hold it had upon me.

"I suffered in my business relations; I estranged the affections of my family; I stood at last on the brink of crime and

ruin, when chance, or rather Providence, rescued me. The man I spoke of sought me out at a moment that was the crisis of my life. He told me what I have just said to you, that there was hope for me; that the Opium Cure could counteract the Opium Habit—the Opium Cure which it had been the proud work of his life to discover and perfect; which, in hours of patient experiment in his laboratory, he had wrought up to a potency strong and sure, yet gradual as the force of the habit with which it wrestles. That it had not only power to cure the habit, but also that diseased condition of the system produced by long use of the poisonous drug—Opium; that it would re-establish the harmonious workings of all the organs and enthrone reason and the will-power. I laughed at him at first. I had no faith in any nostrums. My own will had failed me, and I counted nothing else in nature so powerful to help me. But something in this man's face commanded faith, almost obedience, though his voice was soft as a woman's, and in his blue-gray eye shone a gentle kindness—a winning sympathy. Yet there was magnetic earnestness in that look and voice. It compelled belief. I took the Opium Cure. It was all that had been claimed for it—a gradual, sure cure for the terrible habit that had so nearly wrecked my life. The Cure restored me to what I had lost—friends, family, honor and self-respect. Since then I have seen numbers so restored. Nothing gives me such happiness as being enabled to say to the despairing, as I say to you to-night—that there is hope."

Hope! How the word thrilled me! Hope beat wildly in my heart as, with a vial of the Cure clasped in my hand, I hurried to the house where my darling lay. She was awake. She looked up wondering into my glowing face. I bent down and kissed her, whispering against her lips the word that was burning in my breast:

"Hope, dearest," I said, "there is hope for us. Listen!"

Then I told her what I had heard. At first she shook her head, with a dreary smile of unbelief. But my own faith and hopefulness inspired her. Her eyes brightened, her little pale hands were clasped fervently as she said:

"I will try it. God grant it may be all you hope."

Two days afterwards the White Angel of the Frost brought relief to the fever-smitten city. The disease abated, and one bright morning there was a marriage in one of the smaller churches of the city. No bells were rung, no organ pealed, and the bride's only attendants were two of her sister nurses and the mother of some

little children she had saved. Yet never was marriage more earnest; never was faith more solemnly plighted.

I took my wife to a quiet spot among the hills—the home of an old-time friend. Here we began the test whose sequel meant hope or despair for us. With my own hands, I administered the Cure. Anxiously I watched the effects. Hopefully, I noted its gradual mastery of the enslaving habit; saw color and roundness coming to the pale cheeks, healthful, steady light taking the place of the fitful, Opium-kindled lustre that had shone in those beautiful eyes. The warped mental and physical being was regaining its normal symmetry. Oh! what happiness to see her—the beautiful, the gifted, come out of the cruel cloud that had obscured her noble graces! To see her radiant, happier than she had ever been through her life. Not until she was fully restored did she return to Bloomsbury. Letters had preceded our coming, and our arrival was expected. But Helen's looks, Helen's manners were a total surprise to all. No more strangeness and mystery—no more bitter, wild or reckless ways. Instead, sweet calmness and dignity, a radiant and happy loveliness, whose charm none who saw her could resist. We made no secret of the cause of this change, and, that known, the mystery of her former life was plain, and the shadow of suspicion was lifted from her name.

Most amazed and gratified of all was Helen's father. We found him in low health and spirits, and Helen called in use her rare power to soothe and brighten him. He watched her changeable face; he followed the motions of her graceful figure and listened to her sweet voice with almost eager intentness. One day he said, as he drew her to him and kissed her:

"I feel as though I had suddenly found a long-lost daughter. Helen, I have been blind; I have been cruelly unkind. Will you forgive me?"

Two years have passed. We are seated in our own cheery home. A glowing hickory fire throws its ruddy reflection over crimson carpet and lounge and ruby-colored vase of snowy camellias; over the fair face of my wife, as she sits in her low sewing chair, holding our baby boy and watching him as he gravely examines the contents of a rosewood box, clutching pearl paper-cutter, ivory thimble box, silver card-case and pearl and velvet portmonee. Suddenly, the dimpled fingers lay hold of something which she draws quickly and gently from him, saying low:

"Not that. You will break it. Mamma keeps it as a souvenir of what she owes to God and two good men."

I catch the whisper, half smothered as

it is in a kiss on baby's pink palm, and, looking up from my book, see in her hand a vial labeled:

"WOOLLEY'S OPIUM CURE."

TO THE READER.

For the special benefit of any who may yet be in doubt about there being a safe and sure cure for the Opium Habit, and for the general information of all, I publish, by permission, a few of the many testimonials I have from cured patients. Read them with care.

To these evidences I add the certificate of Prof. W. J. Land, Georgia State Chemist. I would most respectfully ask the medical profession, as well as all other friends and relatives of the suffering Opium afflicted, to give this sheet, or summary of evidence, due notice, and govern themselves accordingly. I can give, when necessary, many other references to physicians here and elsewhere, and will take pleasure in doing so when requested. Respectfully,

B. M. WOOLLEY,

35 Whitehall st., Up Stairs, Atlanta, Ga.

STOP, READ, REFLECT AND ACT
BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE.

B. M. WOOLLEY'S

PAINLESS

OPIUM

ANTIDOTE OR CURE

Is a Painless Cure for the Habitual Use of Opium in any of its forms, whether as Morphine, Laudanum, Elixir or Gum Opium.

It is strange, yet true, that as a rule, it is the brightest intellects, the best members of society, that become addicted to this diseased appetite—a habit which

makes them slaves, beclouds their minds, ruins their dispositions, and gives them in their more natural moments a hatred of self as well as a feeling that everybody despises them, to such an extent that society has no charms. But, thanks to the Giver of all good, this morbid, terrible habit and degraded condition, as well as all of the desire or necessity for the use of opiates in any form, is removed by this remarkable Antidote or Cure, and the weakened body and mind are invigorated, is given renewed health, and love and hope take the place of despondency and doubt. Though you may not be afflicted with the habit of using Morphine, Laudanum, or any of the forms of Opium, some friend may be, and you know it not; therefore, let me ask you, in the name of suffering humanity, to pass this on. By so doing you may reap the reward of those who do good. Delay not.

All correspondence strictly confidential.

The best of reference given when asked for to physicians and others of the highest standing, here and elsewhere, who have tried and witnessed the effects of this remedy and are sufficiently magnanimous and have too little fear not to speak the truth, especially when suffering humanity may be benefited thereby. Write and investigate for yourself. Test and judge by your own observation.

I offer this remedy, not as a humbug, but a remedy that I know will cure the habit beyond all doubt when directions in its use are followed, and a proper and correct statement of the case has been given. And this I do at Reduced Rates. And to satisfy all of my confidence in my preparation, and that I do not want their money for nothing, I will send you the remedy prepared expressly for you, based upon your statement of your case, and if it does not sustain you and give satisfaction after your using it, say two or three days, as directed, you can securely cork up the bottle and return it and contents to me by express and I will at once return your money, or prepare you another bottle, as you may prefer and make known.

If you need the Antidote send at once for it. Try it; you will not regret it. Write me Further information given on application, if necessary. Correspondence confidential. Respectfully,

B. M. WOOLLEY,

Office 35 Whitehall street, Up-stairs.

Write or come and see me, and while here ask RELIABLE, DISINTERESTED PHYSICIANS AND OTHERS, who have no SELF-INTEREST to serve in speaking anything but truth and honest convictions about my remedy.

What Professor Land, Georgia State
Chemist, Says:

“ATLANTA, GA., July 26, 1876.

“This will certify that I have made a thorough chemical examination of several of the best ‘Opium Antidotes’ now offered to the public, and among these a superior preparation submitted by Captain B. M. Woolley, of this city. The latter antidote I find equal—and, in some respects, superior—to any which I have analyzed. Indeed, I have been agreeably surprised at the excellence of his preparation. It is compounded in a scientific manner, and it is a perfect cure for the ‘Opium Habit,’ where the directions are duly observed by the patient. The numerous cures that he has made leave no doubt on this point; hence I do not hesitate in recommending his remedy to the afflicted. Captain W. deserves credit for the ingenuity and perseverance displayed in getting up the best remedy of this class. Most respectfully,

WM. J. LAND,

“Analytical Chemist.”

A REMARKABLE DOCUMENT

Who Can Now Doubt?

When A Physician of 35 Years’
Practice

AND GOOD STANDING COMES
FORWARD

And Testifies Under Oath to the Fact
of His Deliverance from Bondage,

AND IS NOW ATTENDING TO HIS
DAILY BUSINESS,

And is a Happy and Prosperous Man?

From the Southern Enterprise.

CITY OF ATLANTA,
STATE OF GA., FULTON CO.

To all whom it may concern:

The following is a true statement of facts concerning my case and its treat-

ment by Major B. M. Woolley, of Atlanta, Ga., viz:

In 1866 I was severely wounded, and under treatment the physicians gave me Morphine constantly. The result was that it became necessary for me to continue the use of Opium thereafter, although I tried faithfully to break the habit by decreasing the dose. Being a physician of thirty-five years’ practice (having graduated at the Philadelphia medical college in 1841), I appreciated the disastrous effect produced by the use of opiates. I tried half a dozen so-called remedies without the slightest benefit. With all the power of will and the free use of other stimulants, I struggled to keep the habit from growing stronger, but without success. I became a mere walking skeleton, weighing but 109 pounds in January, 1878.

The quantity of opiates that I consumed daily is said to be greater than any one else has ever been known to take, and is so extraordinary that I have written this statement after a careful estimate, and verified the same under oath, in order that any person interested may know that this is not a patent medicine certificate, gotten up for advertisement, regardless of truth, but a genuine, reliable statement for the benefit of other sufferers.

For six months before I began Woolley’s Antidote, I used morphine and hydrate of chloral alternately as follows:

Thirty (30) grains of morphine in the morning.

One hundred (100) grains hydrate of chloral at noon.

Thirty (30) grains of morphine at sundown.

One hundred (100) grains of chloral about ten o’clock.

NEXT MORNING.

Sixty (60) grains of morphine.

Fifty (50) grains of chloral at noon.

Sixty (60) grains of morphine at sundown.

Fifty (50) grains of chloral about ten o’clock.

Amounting in all to one hundred and eighty (180) grains of morphine and three hundred (300) grains of chloral in forty-eight (48) hours. I was obliged to augment the action of the morphine with the chloral in this irregular manner for the reason that the morphine lost its soporific effect if taken in regular doses for two consecutive days. It has been eight months since I began the Opium Antidote; from the first day I ceased to desire opiates of any kind; I experienced no pain nor inconvenience. I have not taken opiates of any kind since January 7th, but simply adhered to the antidote, until about four weeks ago, when I left off the treatment without the slightest difficulty.

I don't desire either opiate or antidote, have no hankering or uneasiness—in fact, I seldom think of either. I am completely cured. I sleep well, my appetite is good, and, although I am nearly 57 years old, I feel like a man of 25, and weigh 165 pounds.

I am well known in Marengo, Dallas, Wilcox, Perry, Sumter and Greene counties, Alabama. My post-office is Linden, Marengo county, Alabama. I will cheerfully answer correspondents who may desire further particulars upon the subject. I respectfully refer (without permission) to any prominent citizen of the above named counties for my status, general reputation for reliability, integrity, etc.
A. A. J. RIDDLE, M. D.

Subscribed and sworn before me, this 2d day of October, 1878.

DANIEL PITTMAN,
Ordinary Fulton Co., Ga.

I am well acquainted with the above named gentleman, Dr. A. A. J. Riddle, and know that the facts are true to the letter.

(Signed) F. T. RYAN,
City Clerk of Atlanta, Ga.
Atlanta, Ga., Oct. 1st, 1878.

Having seen the county seal to the above, being personally acquainted with all the parties, and knowing Mr. Woolley to be strictly reliable, we cheerfully publish the above in the interest of humanity.—[Ed.]

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., Nov. 8, 1878.

Mr. 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 remedies have wrought cures too marvellous 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 Mr. 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 health and a model of perfect manhood. His flesh is hard, his nerves are steady, his eye is bright, his steps are firm, his bearing is erect, his sleep is sweet and sound, his appetite is good, and his digestion is perfect. This is the picture of a 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.

From the Rome Weekly Tribune, Nov. 24, 1878.

We publish as a matter of scientific interest, in which the general public shares as well as for the benefit of those of our readers who may be suffering from the same unfortunate habit, the story of a remarkable cure effected by Mr. B. M. Woolley, of Atlanta, upon Dr. Riddle, of Alabama. The history of the cure is prefaced by a pleasant statement by Colonel Robert McKee, the accomplished editor of the Selma Argus, who, being personally acquainted with the subject, was in a position to appreciate the importance of the cure. To the statement of Colonel McKee we are ready to add our indorsement to the character of Mr. Woolley, and to add our sincere congratulations upon his most remarkable and well-merited success. We have long known Mr. 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 Dr. Riddle, and if you know of a friend similarly afflicted, show it to him.

Patients, Read This.

After you begin using the Medicine, always order again when you have at least ten days' supply on hand. 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. If sleep is sound and refreshing. Appetite and digestion good—or not. Bowels regular. Mind cheerful, or otherwise. Do not simply say, doing well, but give particulars. My great aim is to cure, and to do so in the quickest time practicable, always having due regard for the safety and comfort of the patient.

B. M. W.

THE OPIUM DISEASE OR HABIT.

Much has been written and said of late on the use of Opium and its different preparations—Morphine, Laudanum, Pargoric, Elixir, etc. Perhaps some are ready to say that facts in the case do not justify the assertion that Opium, in a quiet way, is bidding fair to do a greater work of destruction in our country than

any other evil. The pulpit and the press are thundering their anathemas against alcohol, which is all well enough, but little notice do they seem to take of the blighting effects of this pernicious drug. Could they but one moment behold the numerous throng of Opium diseased, helpless, suffering creatures in the land, and learn something of their unutterable anguish, and indescribable torture and suffering, surely, oh! surely, they would at least utter words of warning to those who have not as yet got woven into the web and meshes of this insatiable monster, this king of tyrants!

WHAT IS THE OPIUM DISEASE?

I will not call it a "Habit" in the general acceptation of the term. Habit may be natural or acquired. Acquired habit may become second nature. And such is the habit of using Opium. The whole inner man is changed—diseased. There is no class of sufferers who receive less sympathy than this class, and none who actually deserve more. The masses know and seem to care but little about this thing. They look upon what is usually termed an "Opium-eater" as a besotted, God-forsaken, hell-deserving automaton—going about with a chunk of Opium or a bottle of Morphine, eating and feasting on it as one would on the fruits of the land. All such notions are wrong, both in theory and in practice, and if all who are so uncharitable would stop a moment and examine into and learn something of the causes of the habit and effects of Opium, they certainly would cease their false criticisms and embrace the truth. If they would but take time to examine into the literature of the day on this subject, and read and listen to the melancholy tales of sorrow narrated by Coleridge, DeQuincy, Blair, Randolph, Robert Hall and others, they might let fall the mantle of charity and, to say the least, forbear their hasty opinions. Could they to-day behold the throngs of great, good and useful ones under the enchained spell of this monster, embracing statesmen, divines, physicians and all classes, from the least to the greatest, even from the nervous, canker-poisoned, withering, nursing babe, imbibing the poisonous drug from an afflicted mother's breast, or from some "soothing syrup," to the gray haired sire with one foot upon the grave, while the other is chained to time by this monster, which forbids his dying, but holds him in the chilling grasp of a living death, they assuredly would stop, think and consider. Tobacco and whisky drinking, as a general thing, are brought about by voluntary action without any pre-existing cause. Hence I assert and believe most emphatically that the slave to

tobacco is a greater sinner in the sight of God than at least seven-tenths of the Opium users of the land, and why?

Because the use of Opium is almost invariably brought about by taking it as a relief for painful diseases, nervous affections and so on, and frequently by advice and prescription of physicians. It is the sheet-anchor of the profession, and a great remedy it is when rightly prescribed and used. But unfortunately its soothing, calming and quieting influences are so charmingly and seductively complete, that after innocently repeating the dose, time and again, the patient finds at last that a serpent-like something has wound around him coils he cannot sunder, but still tampers on and on by an impulse as irresistible as the tide, hoping against hope, until he finds himself in a condition worse than death itself. There are, I suppose, cases where the habit is brought about from no cause, save its exhilarating effects. Such, however, are comparatively rare. Still let the motive for taking be what it may, the results are virtually the same, but sympathy for this class may be less.

Now, as to the physiology and pathology of this disease: As in everything else, opinions differ. The most reasonable and satisfactory theory, to my mind, is that Opium produces a contraction of the brain vessels and a paralyzed condition of the nerve centers, which becomes chronic, and when the patient leaves off the drug, this chronic congestion and paralyzed condition (now a second nature) endeavors to resolve itself back to a normal standard. Hence all this terrible irritability of the whole system that none can describe. Symptoms arise that will and have produced death. But the great and important question is:

Is there no remedy for this terrible disease?

I answer emphatically, **THERE IS.** Yes, thanks be to Heaven, there is a painless and certain cure for this unfortunate class. A remedy thoroughly and most scientifically adapted to the treatment of this disease, and it is in my power, as a physician, and as one who knows all about the sufferings incident to the Opium afflicted, to give an opinion, having been one myself for fifteen years.

Whilst on duty as surgeon in the army, I, by the advice of eminent medical men with whom I had the honor to be associated, had to take opiates for quite a complication of formidable and painful diseases—in a word, it was death or Opium. I very naturally preferred the latter, but could I have seen six years into the future, would gladly have embraced the former. I took Opium, and Opium wound and bound me up with

words that God only knows how often I tried to break, and as many times failed. I consulted learned physicians North and South—tried every expedient I could hear of—"gradual reduction," "quit right square off"—everything, only to be mocked by my failures. Sent for several so-called "antidotes" to no purpose, until I at length gave up all hopes of emancipating myself, when gloom and despair haunted my very soul.

About this time I heard of B. M. Woolley, of Atlanta, Georgia. I ascertained that he was a scientific, high-toned Christian gentleman, and had had more experience with this class of sufferers than, perhaps, any man living, and had made it a special study for years, and could undoubtedly cure. I applied to him; he assured me I could be cured, and said he, "Follow my directions and I will cure you." I did just as he said. I was at that time compelled to use fifteen grains Morphine a day, and from the first day I commenced treatment I improved, never suffered inconvenience, felt I had a new lease on life, and to-day am in perfect health, rejoicing in perfect freedom as to medicine of any kind; have gained thirty-seven pounds in weight. In eight months I left off the cure without any difficulty. In fact, just as soon as that diseased condition of my system was removed, I had no further use or desire for the medicine or opiates.

This American Opium Cure is compounded and applied by Mr. Woolley for each individual case. The amount of Opium used, length of time, sex, age, general health and temperament, are all considered in the treatment, and upon a fair and honest statement of the facts to him, he gives a candid opinion, and if he says he can cure, it is certain to be that way, if the patient rigidly obeys instructions, which are simple. The medicine is not unpleasant to take, and fits the patient for business at the outset.

I am not pecuniarily or otherwise concerned about this remedy, only that I do want every poor Opium afflicted creature in the world to know of it and get it and be cured. I feel that the very rocks and hills would cry out against me did I not speak up for it. Yea, I feel I would like to write it in words of fire, and hang it in the heavens, that the world might read it.

There are many antidotes going the rounds of the press, some of which I used, and found, from bitter experience, to be vile humbugs.

Mr. Woolley's Antidote is indorsed and recommended by eminent physicians, and others of high standing in all the walks of life. The ingredients of this remedy are not unknown to all except Mr. Wool-

ley. Professor W. J. Land, Georgia State Chemist, has been thoroughly posted on the subject, and as an able chemist and experienced pharmacist, testifies to its efficacy and efficiency as a scientific remedy for the cure of the Opium habit.

Mr. Woolley has documents and letters from cured men and women, and other papers, that would convince the most skeptical. Write to him, or come to see him, and be convinced. He holds all correspondence strictly private and confidential.

I write this, not as an advertisement, but solely in the interest of humanity. Any one wishing to know further of me anything on the subject, can address me (with stamp) at Greensboro, Georgia, and it will afford me the greatest pleasure to correspond with them, and impart any information in my power.

Very respectfully,
A. W. HENLEY, M.D.,
Greensboro, Ga.

From the Greensboro Herald, Sept. 19, 1878.

The alarming extent to which the use of Opium as a habit has obtained is engaging the serious attention of physicians and others throughout the whole country. That it is a matter of grave consideration, and one that should engage the attention of every right thinking mind, it is not only necessary to examine the sales books of druggists and other dealers to show that it is used to a fearful extent. Many persons are absolute slaves under its power—tied hand and foot, with no more power to extricate themselves. The expense, too, is fearful, costing the sufferer from fifty to one hundred dollars annually, and in many cases five hundred. Is it not, then, a matter of the greatest moment, and one that should claim the attention of physicians, philanthropists and all good people? We have been led to these reflections by a conversation, a few days ago, with Dr. Henley, of Fork District, in this county. Dr. — has been a slave to the use of it himself, and now that he has been cured, as he believes, is "clothed and in his right mind," he is willing to act the Good Samaritan to suffering humanity, and to put the means within the reach of all who are willing to make a trial. It is worth a trial, and a long and faithful trial, if the poor sufferer can be cured of his habit. It is worth an effort at least, and all who desire can consult the Doctor by seeing him, or writing him, at Greensboro, Georgia.

Read what an intelligent Physician says of the "Antidote or Cure" after trying it upon himself. RESTORED AFTER HAVING USED AS HIGH AS 60 GRS. MORPHINE A DAY. It will pay you to read his elegant letters, whether you are afflicted or not.

B. M. W.

MOSCOW, FAYETTE CO., TENN.,
March 27, 1877.

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

DEAR SIR—I have been using the medicine, bottle No. 1, you sent me, for nearly two weeks, with perfect success. It acts like a charm—indeed, I had not hoped to find such relief. I have been practicing medicine for twelve to fifteen years, and in all my experience have never seen so complete a remedy. I do not say this to flatter you, but to tell you how much real happiness your medicine is capable of rendering to suffering humanity. The profession know no remedy for this disease, and when I got it first it was without any confidence—in fact, it was the last hope, and even after I got it, I did not use it for several months, not wishing to destroy the delusion. Then, my dear sir, you cannot imagine my surprise and happiness to find it fully equal to all claimed for it. I have no desire whatever for Morphine.

With kindest regards for the relief given me, and best wishes, etc., I am truly your friend,

R. B. STOVER, M.D.

The above speaks for itself; but read the following letter and learn more.

B. M. W.

MOSCOW, FAYETTE CO., TENN.,
July 10, 1877.

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

MY DEAR SIR—Your kind letter of the 2d instant, with inquiries concerning my health, received by me in due time. I would that I had the power to express my gratitude, or in some way prove to you how much I am indebted for my almost complete restoration to health. But a few months since I was a most complete wreck of my former self; my condition was positively the most deplorable that a human being can be subject to. I most earnestly believe that if a man could be

cursed with all the ills to which the whole human race is heir at one time, his condition would be comparatively happy compared to the lost, wretched and most bitter misery resulting from the disease produced by the use of Opium and its alkaloids. This may be strong language to you, but the poor, lost, wretched being who is thus afflicted will tell you, in all sincerity, that the picture is not overdrawn. This curse afflicts (strange to say, seemingly), the brightest and most gifted minds. The grandest and most towering intellects of the world have been among those who have had this blight to wither and crush their best efforts, and they have gone down to premature graves, with an aborted life, the hopeless and helpless victims of this poison. Samuel Taylor Coleridge, though gifted with the brightest talent, rendered his life in this way a most miserable failure. His language in a letter to his friend, Joseph Cottle, was: "Conceive a spirit in hell employed in tracing out for others the road to that heaven from which his sins exclude him—conceive whatever is most wretched, helpless and hopeless, and you will form as tolerable an idea of my state as it is possible for you to have. My case is a species of MADNESS, only that it is a derangement, and utter impotence of volition, and not of intellect." And when advised by the same friend to break loose from the habit that had fastened upon him, and warned that it would destroy his usefulness, and even his life, his characteristic answer was: "Bid a man paralyzed in both arms rub them together! Go bid the dead to walk! It is as possible for either as for me to obey your injunction, and yet I know that this poison is eating out daily my very existence." Fitz Hugh Ludlow, a man of brilliancy, and whose young life opened upon fairest fields of gladness and joy in the world of letters, was accursed by the same withering power, and his star of hope went down in darkness and gloom; and how many others of our greatest and best men have thus suffered, none but God can know. These victims are numbered by tens of thousands, else what goes with the enormous amount of Opium that reaches the different markets of the world? And what is this demon that has the power to wreck and utterly destroy the happiness of its votaries? It can be told but in few words; its history is short (except in the misery it has brought upon the human race), no titled lineage follows its ancestral line—yet of all the race of cruel and beastly conquerors the world has ever known, its slavery has been the most abject, and degrading, and ruinous. It is prepared from the white poppy. (*Papaver Somniferum*) a plant indigenous to

the south of Europe—however, Asia is supposed to be its native home. It is grown for commerce in the Levant, Hindoostan, Egypt and several other countries, and has been recently cultivated successfully in the south of the United States. A short while after the flowers fall, an incision is made in the unripe capsule, from which a concrete juice exudes, which is scraped off with a blunt spatula, and moistened with saliva to a consistency to be rolled in balls, after which it is wrapped in leaves, and in this shape it is found in the market, under the name of crude Opium, the chemist preparations. Opium is composed of Morphine, Narcotina, Meconic Acid, Codeia, Narcein, Mecoline, Caoutchouc and numerous other constituents, with like properties. The varieties in commerce are known as the Smyrna, Constantinople, Egyptian, Persian and the Indian. In small doses it is a stimulant to the great nervous centers; in large doses it is a sedative, anodyne and narcotic; it operates entirely through the nervous system. It has been used in medicine since the days of Æsculapius, and is of incalculable value in a very great number of diseases. To the surgeon, especially on the field of battle, it is as much his sheet-anchor, and of as much importance in his armamentarium, as is chloroform. When first given, its effect is to lull and to quiet, but gradually it translates, as it were, the person from the world of reality to the Elysium fields of dreamland, romance and imagery, until the mind, the soul, is completely possessed, and revels in grand, glorious and boundless worlds of joy and gladness beyond the conception of the poet's most glorious thought. The hallucination is absolutely beyond the power of man to describe or convey to the senses. To appreciate it, it is positively necessary to be under the influence of the intoxication, and the dose must be increased to reproduce the same effect, and in a short time the habit of taking the drug is formed, from which it is as much impossible to break loose as it is for the parched, thirsty and worn traveler through the barren, burning, waterless desert to pass by a cold, pure spring that bursts from the gravelly bed of the green oasis, and not quench his thirst—as much impossible as for the blind to see, or for the dumb to speak, and this continued indulgence invariably produces the disease, Opiumania, in which each nerve in the whole system is unstrung, pangs more bitter than any imagined horror rack the poor sufferer, its misery is beyond the power of language to convey, and yet it is not pain—it is a nameless dread of some unspoken, unreal kind, from which the helpless victim strives and writhes in vain to escape,

until he brings to his relief an increased dose of poison, which only gives a short respite to return with renewed intensity, and thus the poor sufferer drags out his miserable existence until he soon mercifully finds a premature grave, frequently deserted by his friends, who are worn out, and whose patience is exhausted by what they ignorantly think his self-inflicted torment. What a picture this of human suffering, and no isolated one, either, and true to the very life. This miserable condition, my dear sir, three months ago was mine; since then I have been taking your Cure or Antidote, and from the first dose was relieved from the terrible bondage—to-day I am fully restored to my former self, to my family, to happiness and to usefulness. I have had in the past to take hypodermically 60 grains Sulphia. Morphia in the 24 hours, to save me from the above-described suffering—this is the worst way it can be taken, and the hardest to control, but your Cure or Antidote did its work; and I repeat, that it is the most wonderful remedy ever known! What do I owe you? Let those who have suffered as I have answer, for they only are competent. Let me assure you of my best gratitude. Would to God that every Opium-afflicted creature could be brought within "the length of your cable tow," and your life-restoring influence.

Very respectfully your friend,

R. B. STOVER, M.D.

From the Atlanta Daily Constitution, February 10, 1878.

MORE EVIDENCE.

IRREFUTABLE, REMARKABLE.

Astonishing Facts—The Testimony of an Intelligent Physician, Cured by Woolley's Opium Antidote—He Used as High as 60 Grains (One Bottle) Morphine in 24 Hours—Is now Cured—Has Abandoned the Remedy as well as the Morphine, and has no Desire for Either—Read, He Gives His Name and Address—Can any yet Doubt?

MOSCOW, FAYETTE CO., TENN.,

January 21, 1878.

Capt. 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 intellect-

ual 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 that 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, and also by producing 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 anesthesia, as shown by the great Nelon 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 hyperesthesia, 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 effect, 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 this 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 also 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 communication 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 pinions 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—this 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 is their memory, and that of wives, sisters, mothers and husbands, fathers, brothers 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 poisoned vapors, a sad and dismal monument of former greatness, this, too, the fruits and work of that

incubus, Opium, which has fastened, with such dreaded 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 Morphine 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,
R. B. STOVER, M.D.

WHAT ANOTHER M. D. SAYS—CASE COMPLETELY CURED.

SMITHVILLE, GA., February 28th, 1877.

Major Woolley, Atlanta, Georgia:

DEAR SIR—The last bottle of Antidote was duly received, and has been taken strictly according to directions. Our patient is doing well. Appetite and sleep good, and bowels now move regularly. I am satisfied your medicine will cure him. Send another bottle, as he is about out. Yours truly,

L. A. PEACOCK, M. D.

The following refers to the same case as the above. B. M. W.

SMITHVILLE, GA., July 9th, 1877.

Major Woolley:

DEAR SIR—I write to inform you that the patient I have been treating for Opium eating with your Antidote is cured. This has been one of the worst cases I have ever seen, and I am now entirely satisfied that your Antidote will cure any case of Opium or Morphine eating. This patient used 8 grs. Morphine per day, and had been using it for years, and had tried two or three other Opium Antidotes without being

cured. If I am ever called on to treat another case of Opium eating, I shall certainly use your Antidote. With many thanks for your fair and manly dealing, I am, yours truly,

L. A. PEACOCK, M. D.

Patients, Read This.

After you begin using the Medicine, always order again when you have at least ten days' supply on hand. 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. If sleep is sound and refreshing. Appetite and digestion good or not. Bowels regular. Mind cheerful, or otherwise. Do not simply say, doing well, but give particulars. My great aim is to cure, and to do so in the quickest time practicable, always having due regard for the safety and comfort of the patient.

B. M. W.

Editorial from the Atlanta Daily Constitution, Jan. 27.

WHAT A LADY AND HER HUSBAND HAVE TO SAY.

We have frequently, when called upon, given our

HEARTY AND EMPHATIC INDORSEMENT

to the Opium Antidote prepared by Mr. B. M. Woolley.

The time has come, however, when the Woolley Antidote does not need the indorsement of any newspaper. The people have taken it in hand, and indorse it in the very highest manner. The facts al-

ways vent the opinion of a newspaper, no matter how valuable or weighty that may be. And Mr. Woolley has the amplest line of facts right to his hands.

We called at his office on yesterday, and he showed us literally a bushel of letters received from all parts of the United States, and all indorsing his remedy in the very highest of terms. And these letters were only from the comparatively few who permit their cases to be made known. We read several, picked up at random from this supply, and found that they were from persons who had been addicted to the Opium habit, and who were now either totally cured, or on the road to a cure. Such plentiful and voluntary indorsement is enough to convince the most incredulous.

We present this morning

ONE OF THE ORIGINAL LETTERS,

and we earnestly commend it to the attention of those interested. Every Opium-eater, and every one who has a friend addicted to this fearful habit, should read the letter and give heed to its utterances. It is the voice of one who knows, and one who has tried it. We repeat that it is but one of hundreds of letters of similar import, and, if possible, of stronger indorsement.

For the benefit of those interested, we shall publish every Sunday morning a letter from some testifying to the virtue of this remedy. Mr. Woolley asks the people to give these letters a fair hearing. He submits nothing but facts, and he asks that these be carefully considered. It will benefit those interested to read this letter. It is a wonderful statement.

From The Atlanta Daily Constitution, Jan. 27, 1878.

A CHANGED PERSON.

THE WONDERFUL EFFECTS OF WOOLLEY'S ANTIDOTE.

Testimony of Mrs J. C. Ford and Her Husband
—New Life and New Energy.

JANUARY 24, 1878.

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

DEAR SIR—I feel that in justice to you and the opium sufferers I should give a statement of the success of your remedy in my case.

I had become addicted to the excessive use of Morphine, given me by a physician while I was a great sufferer from pain, in-

cident to afflictions not necessary here to mention. When I applied to you for your remedy, I was using from eight to ten grains of Morphine daily. I was an invalid, confined most of the time to my bed, a great sufferer. I began the use of your remedy on the 28th day of February, 1877. It sustained me, and in a few days I began to improve in feelings and general health. It never failed to meet the wants of my case when directions were followed. I gave myself some unnecessary suffering a time or two by eating or drinking forbidden articles. I also suffered once or twice trying to leave off the use of the remedy entirely, before you assured me it could be done. But when you made me the last small four ounce bottle, and said to me, you are now well, and can leave off the use of the medicine at will, without pain or material inconvenience, I found it no trouble to do so. I quit its use before using the contents of the small bottle. I first made my dose smaller, and found no bad effects. I then took three instead of four doses a day, then skipped a day and did not use any. The second day I took two doses again; I then used only one dose a day or two, and then stopped that. My rest at night remained as tranquil and sleep as sweet and refreshingly as though I had never been afflicted. I left off the use of the Antidote in this way about the 15th or 20th of November last. I have not used, or had any desire or necessity for using an opiate since, making about two months since I stopped its use.

My appetite and digestion are good, and in fact I am now a healthy woman. I weigh about thirty-five pounds more than I did when I began your remedy. You have not only cured me of the use of Morphine, but restored most remarkably my general health. The facts I have herein stated can be verified by my husband, and as to the restoration of my general health and freedom from Opium, my appearance can testify to all who knew me in my affliction, and who know me now. The joy I feel in my freedom—only those who have experienced a like bondage and are now free—can appreciate. I have found your remedy all and even more than you claim for it, especially in its good influence upon the general health, and its power to remove the cause of, as well as the Opium habit. And allow me here to bear witness to, and to thank you, for your great patience, gentlemanly bearing and kind sympathy during my treatment. I shall ever cherish your memory as a true friend and benefactor. If you think what I have stated will benefit you or your cause, or even influence one Opium-afflicted per-

son to use your invaluable remedy, you are at liberty to publish the same.

Yours, very truly,

MRS. J. C. FORD.

I cheerfully testify to the truthfulness of the above statement of my wife. She is a completely changed and restored person, to the great comfort and happiness of not only herself, but to me also. She is now as healthy, fresh and cheerful as a school girl. If any afflicted one, wishing to ask any questions in regard to the case, will address me at Atlanta, Ga., inclosing stamp for reply, I will take pleasure in giving information. All interested can confidently rely upon Major Woolley's Opium Cure being all he represents it to be. Respectfully,

J. C. FORD.

Atlanta, Jan. 26th, 1878.

From the Atlanta Daily Constitution, Feb. 3, 1878.

TEXAS HEARD FROM.

MORE GRATITUDE EXPRESSED
AND EVIDENCE GIVEN IN
REFERENCE TO WOOL-
LEY'S OPIUM CURE.

CERTIFICATES OF CURES.

PERMANENTLY CURED WITH FOUR MONTHS'
SUPPLY OF THE ANTIDOTE.

BONHAM, FANNIN COUNTY, TEXAS,
December 17, 1877.

Major B. M. Woolley:

SIR—I avail myself of the present opportunity of writing to you, since I have experienced a permanent cure with your great Opium Cure or Antidote. I am perfectly restored to health once more, after using the enormous amount of thirty grains of Gum Opium per day, upon which I know my whole system rested. You have no idea what a great satisfaction it is to me to relate to you that I am perfectly cured. When I commenced using your remedy, I weighed 137 pounds, and yesterday I weighed 154 pounds. I have quit all stimulants except coffee, which I think is an advantage to a man of a morning. I and my family will always remember you. You may publicly refer to me any time you see proper.

Yours truly,

R. S. Doss.

From The Atlanta Daily Constitution, Feb. 17,
1878.

THERE IS HOPE IN IT.

Let the Opium-afflicted and their Friends
Read.

ATLANTA, GA., January 29, 1878.

Major B. M. Woolley, 35 Whitehall street,
up stairs, Atlanta, Georgia:

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 grs., 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 all 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 burthen 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. Yours, very truly,

E. D. CHESHIRE.

From The Atlanta Daily Constitution, March 3,
1878.

WOOLLEY'S ANTIDOTE STILL CURES AND THEY ARE GRATEFUL.

Captain B. M. Woolley, No. 35 Whitehall
street, (up stairs) Atlanta, Georgia:

DEAR SIR—While the nineteenth century has been exceedingly prolific of inventions, discoveries, etc., many of them claiming to be benefactions to mankind, allow me to place, without reservation, at the head of the list of remedial agencies, "WOOLLEY'S OPIUM CURE," a claim not founded on man's prejudice or woman's whim, but on a close observation of passing events and the condition of society generally. Has not the wailing cry of thousands come up to you of "help, or we perish?" Besides, great numbers of others, who are held back, some by the want of means, many more by the terrible cry of humbug!

It is said, by good authority, that the amount of Opium consumed annually in the United States is fearful. I, as you know, have been one of its victims, and it is with great pleasure that I say also, you know, I have been cured by your remedy. The habit was fastened on me about ten years ago by its being given to me by physicians, because of a severe hurt received, which they could do but little for, but try to alleviate pain. They were intelligent, good men—some now in heaven—but I was left the helpless victim of a great misfortune, and was told by every physician I consulted that there was no help for it; that the whole *Materia Medica* had been ransacked and exhausted, but there was no substitute for it, and I well knew from experience the utter hopelessness of quitting it unaided. Having seen your advertisement, I should have consulted you long since, but that the fierce slogan of "humbug" was sounded in my ears against such a daring innovator of the established dictum of the profession; and will you, sir, here permit me to express my surprise that so many of those who, as a class, (physicians) are high-toned, honorable gentlemen, full of sympathy and good deeds to suffering humanity, should oppose so earnestly a remedy that would undoubtedly benefit so great a number of helpless sufferers, simply because he, the producer or manufacturer thereof, doesn't claim his professional lineage back from *Æsculapius* himself! As to my evidence as to the humbuggery of your remedy, allow me to quote (reverently) the sentiment of one of old who, when he was asked if He that had healed him were not thus and so, replied, I know not if he be this and that. "I but know that I was blind,

and that now I see." Testimony incontrovertible.

I am perhaps better qualified to judge of the efficacy and painlessness of your cure than most of your patients, from the fact that a physician undertook to break me of the habit about three years ago by reducing the dose, and that rapidly. He succeeded in taking it away, but instead of a cure left my system in a condition too terrible to contemplate even now without a feeling of horror, and will probably take years to eradicate, and while I give due credit for the kind motive, must ever enter a protest against such severe cruelties practiced on human beings, especially while there is an antidote that is a cure, at once safe, sure and painless.

Although I have never experienced the horrors and terrors of opium as so vividly described by many, yet I feel a joy indescribable in being free from the inexorable power of habit, and that my system is entirely free from that intolerable pain and demand for it that has no earthly name, and can be conceived by none, except those who have been in its toils. Although I don't expect to take your advice so coolly given to your patients, to die rather than take another dose, yet I feel that being free from the power of the habit, I am satisfied that I can steer safely between Scylla and Charybdis. The great mistake that most people seem to labor under who blame opium-eaters so unmercifully, is that it is an appetite, and subject to the will, whereas it is a diseased state of the mind and body. If my evidence can be of any service to you or benefit to any who are still hesitating, almost hopeless, you are welcome to use it any way you deem best, as I have never felt that I did wrong in using it, have never felt any of the "shame" and "torture" some writers refer to. I care not who should know of it, and would that my voice could reach every sufferer from this terrible power. With all due reverence for the name of the Deity, allow me to invoke the benediction of Omnipotence on your enterprise, that you may continue to spread the blessing in your power, and that many voices now held in thralldom may, when emancipated, rise up and call you blessed.

Respectfully,

Mrs. J. B. PUCKETT.

Athens Street, Gainesville, Ga., Feb. 22d, 1878.

Kind words are the bright flowers of earthly existence; use them, and especially around the fireside circle. They are jewels beyond price, and powerful to heal the wounded heart and make the weighed down spirit glad.

From the Atlanta Daily Constitution, February 24, 1878.

ANOTHER LIVING WITNESS.

Read, Doubt no More, or Call for Further Evidence—The Supply is Abundant and Daily Accumulating.

GRAVE'S MILL, B. & A. R. R.,
WORTH COUNTY, GA.

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

DEAR SIR—Thinking that an account of my case may have some influence on some poor wretch suffering from the Opium habit, or on some doubting friend of the same, I am induced to give it to you and the public. Four years ago I was taken with rheumatism while sawing at a mill. To keep from losing time and thereby my situation, I began to take small doses of laudanum at daylight in the morning. It would deaden the pain and I would be able to go to work. I soon began to take it at bed time to enable me to get some rest from pain and so I could sleep—not once thinking it would become a habit, binding me in stronger chains than could be broken by duty, or affection for a good and kind wife (God bless her), or the call for protection and support of five loving children.

When the spring came of the same year, rheumatism left me, but alas! I was under and a slave to that terrible curse, the Opium habit. The dose had increased by this time from 40 drops once a day to one and a half ounces of Laudanum per day. I found my health and strength failing. I changed to Morphine, and began to try to reduce dose or quantity taken each day, but soon found my will-power too much impaired, and the disease too firmly fixed for me to carry out successfully what I so much desired. I know I tried as hard as afflicted human nature could try to reduce the dose and get rid of it in that way; but, as all will do who try it, I failed. It increased instead of decreased. I lost health and strength, and finally, my situation, which was paying me one hundred dollars per month. I then had to support my family as best I could on odd jobs as I could get them, and as my health would permit. While I was in this deplorable condition, my devoted daughter saw an advertisement of yours, and at once wrote to you, appealing for help in behalf of myself and those dependent upon me. Through your kindness and with the aid of a small amount of money, I obtained five months' supply of your Opium Cure or Antidote. When I began the use of

your remedy, I WAS USING ONE BOTTLE, OR SIXTY GRAINS OF MORPHINE A WEEK. This five months' supply completely cured me. Thank God and you, Capt. Woolley, I AM NOW A CURED MAN. It is now eight months since I took any kind of an opiate, and THREE MONTHS since I left off taking your Antidote. I can say that I am perfectly cured of that physical, mental and soul-destroying curse, the Opium habit. My general health is greatly improved. I have no desire for Morphine, and would as soon think of taking strychnine or arsenic as Morphine. You can use what I have here stated as you please. I am desirous of doing what good I can to those who are suffering as I was, and to you for my deliverance. You can publish my name and post-office address, and if there is any one who would like to correspond with me on the subject, and will enclose stamp for reply, I will give them facts such as I have stated, and try and do them all the good I can. I remain yours under many obligations,

JAMES B. PORCHER,
Grave's Mill, Worth County, Georgia,
B. & A. R. R.

Patients, Read This.

After you begin using the Medicine, always order again when you have at least ten days' supply on hand. 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. If sleep is sound and refreshing. Appetite and digestion good or not. Bowels regular. Mind cheerful, or otherwise. Do not simply say, doing well, but give particulars. My great aim is to cure, and to do so in the quickest time practicable, always having due regard for the safety and comfort of the patient.

B. M. W.

POSITIVE EVIDENCE

Of the Efficacy of B. M. WOOLLEY'S OPIUM CURE as shown by Testimonials from Reliable Cured Patients with the name and Post-office address of Each Given.

BONHAM, TEXAS, June 18, 1878.

Major B. M. Woolley, 35 Whitehall street
(up stairs), 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 with the Antidote. No interference with my business, and no difficulty in quitting the Antidote.

Yours very truly,

W. H. GILBERT.

PRESTON, WEBSTER CO., GA.,

July 3, 1878.

Major B. M. Woolley, 35 Whitehall street
(up stairs), 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.

Another Doctor Freed from the Bonds
of Opium.

ATLANTA, GA., July 30, 1878.

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

MY DEAR SIR—While I do not presume to think that I am able to write or say any-

thing 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 am now taking none of your remedy, nor have I taken any for eight weeks, nor no 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 59 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 was 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 appears 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 kind." A very remarkable fact is that when I was compelled to discontinue the use of your remedy for a while it only required $\frac{1}{4}$ 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 growing 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 the 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.

ATLANTA, GA., December 20, 1878.

Major Woolley:

DEAR SIR—As it has now been eight

months since you cured me, I write to say I am still well and sound. Have no desire for opiates of any kind and no need for any stimulant and have not used any since I was cured. May all who are afflicted with the terrible habit apply to you and be cured is my sincere wish.

Yours truly,

DR. W. M. GARRETT.

Another Grateful Heart Testifies of Her Cure.

ATLANTA, GA., September 24, 1878.

Mr. B. M. Woolley:

DEAR SIR—As I am under such obligations to you for my cure of the Opium habit I feel that I should tender you my thanks; but for your skill and kindness I cannot repay, but hope you will be rewarded in the future. When I came to you I had lost all hopes of being cured. Now that I am cured I write this for the good of others. Wishing you success in breaking the fetters of Opium which binds so many to a life of misery and woe, you can use this as you see proper if it will benefit others, and also yourself for your wonderful cure. With many thanks, I am respectfully yours,

MRS. E. BETTY.

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.

Half the failures in life may be attributed to the want of faith, patience and perseverance.

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 that 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 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 in the carefully drawn character of John Jasper, the fearful consequences of an indulgence in this body and soul-destroying practice. Marred 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 eight 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 today. 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 Poboieski. 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 as John Jasper could so degrade himself as to seek out and then frequent nightly 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, so will you gradually and imperceptibly to yourselves, it may be,

lower in time to a depth of moral degradation, the mere memory of which will, (should you ever by God's Providence be rescued from this curse), haunt you with its ghastly visions so long as your life shall last. Indelible are the scars left upon the souls of the men and the women who have yielded to the weird grasp of the Opium fiend. 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 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 or reverence for his God. At the point where this story, which was destined never to be finished, leaves us, Jasper was an insane man. The confirmed devotee to the Opium habit CANNOT be a 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 with 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 of 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 dregs of the hideous cup
I have drained so long. And the light of day
Has shown 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 fiends that bar their 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 in my desolate way;
And the voice of the night winds seems to cry,
With 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 waves 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 the 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.

From the Atlanta Daily Constitution, May 5,
1878.

A STRONG LETTER FROM A PRACTICING PHYSICIAN.

It seems as if Mr. Woolley, of this city, was determined to never stop in his course of triumph.

For a long time we have been indorsing his wonderful Opium Cure, and day after day accumulates evidence in its favor. If ever there even was a medicine that was firmly established in the confidence of the people, and has won its way to favor, it is Woolley's Antidote.

It has never met with a piece of adverse criticism. It has

DONE ITS WORK QUIETLY AND HURRIEDLY, and given more than was promised for it every time. We have been very much gratified that it has so abundantly sustained all our predictions and promises, and we now feel no hesitation in giving it our strongest personal and professional indorsement. We wish that we had the power to bring every victim to this terrible habit into Mr. Woolley's office and read some of the letters that he has on file there from hundreds and hundreds of grateful patients who have been thoroughly and permanently cured by this unequalled remedy. We do not hesitate to say that such a thing would do more to kill the habit out than everything else that could be done. We know that the Antidote will cure.

A REMARKABLE CURE.

We heard on yesterday of a most remarkable cure that had been effected upon a practicing physician of this State, having been rescued from the terrible habit. Feeling interested in the matter, we called upon him for the purpose of interviewing him.

We found him willing to talk and full of gratitude for the remedy that had effected his cure.

"But," said he, "I am just finishing a letter here to a gentleman who is afflicted as I have been. You may know that I would not sit down and advise a man in this condition to adopt a remedy unless I knew positively that it would give him relief. This letter, then, I write simply as a piece of earnest and sympathetic advice to a sufferer, I never intended for publication; but it expresses my views. They are honestly put in this letter, and you may use them if you wish."

Feeling that this letter, written as it was, would be the best testimony that could be given, we copied it off, and present it herewith entire to our readers.

It is a letter that it will do to depend upon. Dr. H. is a man of high character and fine attainments. Read the letter:

ATLANTA, GA., May 4, 1878.

DEAR SIR—I arrived in Atlanta yesterday for the purpose of visiting Maj. B. M. Woolley, who is the manufacturer of Woolley's American Opium Cure, and as I am one of his cured ones, and having been a regular practicing physician for twenty years, and having seen and experienced personally all of the terrible sufferings peculiar only to those who are under the galling yoke of that relentless and terrible task-master, Opium, my very heart yearns after them.

I was in Major Woolley's office this morning, when, knowing the deep interest I felt in such cases, he told me he had received a note written by you making inquiries about the "Collins Antidote," etc. He did not inform me whether you sought information in regard to yourself, a friend, or who, as all these matters he holds strictly private and confidential, but I take the liberty of saying to you that Mr. Woolley's Opium Cure is just what it is represented to be in every respect, and if any one afflicted with the Opium disease will make a fair and full statement of his or her condition to Mr. Woolley, get his remedy and adhere tenaciously to his directions they can and will be cured, no matter of how long standing the case.

Whilst a surgeon in the army, I had to use opiates for a complication of painful diseases. It was with me Opium or death. In short, it fastened its iron grip on my very vitals, and held me enchained and enslaved for near fifteen years. I made desperate efforts to rid myself of the cruel bondage; tried two or three antidotes, so-called, until I had well nigh sunk down in hopeless despair.

I never met Major Woolley until yesterday. I was satisfied, however, as to the character of the man; that he would scorn to engage in any business that had the least taint of humbug in it. I wrote to him, telling him all in regard to my deplorable condition. He said he could cure me in about nine months. He sent me the medicine. I followed his directions to the letter. Never had the least desire for opiates from the first dose. Improved every day, was cheerful and never failed to attend to my business in the least, and in a little over eight months I left off the medicine entirely, which has been six weeks ago, and to-day I can rejoice in being once more a free and happy man, and was cured without suffering and am still gaining ground, weighing thirty pounds more than when I commenced treatment, and have no desire whatever for any kind of medicine, but

can eat any and everything, bowels and all the functions acting harmoniously. As to the Collins antidote, I never used it. Mr. Woolley's experience as his agent, and in the manufacture of his own, has enabled him to improve on it, and to-day I sincerely believe it stands at the head of the list. There are many, even right here to-day proudly and independently walking the streets, who have been cured by Woolley's that failed to get relief from Collins's.

Major Woolley is a high-toned, clever, genial gentleman, sympathetic to his own detriment. His character and his medicine is established beyond a doubt, and I to-day am a living witness. Write to him or come to see him and you can but be convinced. You can make any inquiries of me by writing to Greenesboro, Georgia. At the time I applied to Mr. Woolley for treatment I was compelled to use, at the very lowest calculation, about fifteen grains morphine per day, and was truly in a most pitiable condition. If what I have written will be of any advantage to you or any of your acquaintances I shall be amply remunerated. No other motive prompts these lines than to do good, and, hoping that every one in the land who has been and is now using opiates will apply to the fountain and be cured, I am, very respectfully,

A. W. HENLEY, M.D.

From the Atlanta Sunday Gazette.

A STRANGE STORY.

HOW MR. WOOLLEY PLUCKED A MAN FROM THE GRAVE.

A Gentleman takes 180 Grains Morphia, and 300 Grains of Hydrate of Chloral in 48 Hours, and Yet Lives, and is Restored to Health.

We copy this morning from the Constitution a most wonderful story of how a gentleman was rescued from death by an Opium Cure prepared by Mr. B. M. Woolley, of this city.

A stranger story was never put in print, and we feel that nothing could interest our people more. It is a story of real life, with the actors all living in this city to-day. It is true to the very letter, and we commend it to our readers. It is a story

that will go the length and breadth of the country.

A LATTER-DAY MIRACLE.

For some years past Mr. B. M. Woolley, of this city, has been preparing a Cure for the Opium habit.

This remedy was introduced to the public with the startling announcement that it was not an "Antidote," but a "Cure." In other words, that it did not simply assuage the pains of abstinence from the fatal drug, but that it absolutely cured the patient of all desire for it. He claimed that it remedied the deficiencies of all other "cures," and instead of leaving the patient with a craving for the antidote quite as fatal as the craving for the drug itself, restored him absolutely to his usual condition of health and appetite.

A remedy that

PROMISED SO MUCH

was received by the public with many misgivings. But all doubts were soon cleared away by the prompt success of the remedy. Certificates from all classes of the people came pouring in, and Mr. Woolley was justified. There were papers from clergymen, practicing physicians and professionals, all testifying to the absoluteness and permanency of the cures worked by the remedy, under their own personal knowledge.

But, as seldom happens, there is one test that covers all the points of the rest in the Opium cure. If Mr. Woolley had never received a single certificate but this—if he had never effected a cure but this—his medicine would stand as the best in America, accredited by this one case.

THE HISTORY OF THE CASE.

Years ago, Dr. A. A. J. Riddle, of Alabama, received a terrible wound. While suffering from this he was forced to use morphine in very large quantities. Before he was aware of it the awful habit had enslaved him, and, unable to resist it, he sank deeper and deeper into its power. He neglected his business, become wholly unfit for the attention of his large property, and fell into a fearful condition. He rested in a deep stupor for month after month, and gave up everything in life. He was a wealthy man, prominent in his State and surrounded by friends. Of course they tried everything that was possible to break the dreadful habit. He tried remedy after remedy, but of no avail. The habit only settled the closer about him, and held him more helpless in its embrace. Hundreds of dollars and months of heroic endeavor were spent in the effort to reclaim himself, but all hopelessly.

At length, in desperation, Dr. Riddle

came to Atlanta, determined to try once more and finally to be cured or die in the effort. When he reached the city he could not walk. He had to be carried up and down stairs. He was then taking morphine and chloral as follows:

Thirty grains of Morphine in the morning.

One hundred grains of Hydrate of Chloral at noon.

Thirty grains of Morphine at sundown.

One hundred grains of Chloral about ten o'clock.

NEXT MORNING.

Sixty (60) grains of Morphine.

Fifty (50) grains of Chloral at noon.

Sixty (60) grains of Morphine at sundown.

Fifty (50) grains of Chloral about ten o'clock.

Amounting in all to one hundred and eighty (180) grains of morphine and three hundred (300) grains of chloral in forty-eight (48) hours, and was in a truly pitiable and critical condition. He went to a most excellent institution in the city and applied for relief. The managers received him doubtfully, telling him with admirable candor that they believed his case was hopeless. After a few days of trial, and intense suffering, they told him they could not hope to save him. He was then lying at the very point of death. Every condition of his life was abnormal and artificial, and it seemed impossible that human skill could restore all the jarred and shattered forces of his system to their natural and harmonious action. It was thought that the fitful flare of life would flicker out at every moment.

In this condition he (Woolley) took charge of the case, feeling that at last his medicine was put to its supreme test. Almost immediately Dr. Riddle began to yield to his treatment. The worn and broken system responded promptly to the magical remedy. It is not worth while to follow him through all the stages of recovery. It is sufficient to say that to-day he is perfectly sound, healthy and vigorous, and has left off the Antidote, and now has no desire for either. We could hardly believe it if we had not ourselves seen it, the marvellous change effected in Dr. Riddle in so short a time. From the trembling, helpless imbecile of a few months ago, then weighing 109 and now 165 pounds, he is a sturdy, steadfast man—strong, clear-headed and eager. His old ambitions, hopes and energies have come back to him, and he is anxious to get at his work. He says the last ten years seem to him a horrid dream, blurred and dim. He looks back on them with aversion, and has no more desire to return to them than a traveler, standing, revived

and refreshed in bracing air and sunshine, would go back into a murky cave in whose foul vapors he had well nigh lost his life and reason.

It is a strange physiological fact that the cure has not only restored Dr. Riddle's system to its normal working, leaving not a single organ out of harmony, but has restored even his old-time habits. For instance, it was his invariable habit to arise at 4 o'clock in the morning and go at once to the supervision of his farm work. After years of stupor and oblivion, he finds this old habit restored, and after a night of calm restfulness he wakes every morning at 4 o'clock. In short, Mr. Woolley has built up a new man out of the helpless and inert mass of nervous tissue that came to him a few months ago.

Dr. Riddle is a prominent citizen of Linden, Marengo, county, Alabama, and is well known all over the State as a man, Mason and physician of high character and absolute integrity. Those who doubt the truth of the above statement, or any part of it, can write to Dr. Riddle and learn that we have told but half the truth. This cure has been witnessed by many of the best physicians of Atlanta.

Dr. Riddle desires to express his everlasting gratitude to Mr. Woolley and his hospitable family for their unwearied and tender kindness to him during his days of helplessness and suffering. He was taken to their home and given all the kindness and sympathy that he could have had from his own people.

As for us, it has given us pleasure to record from Dr. Riddle's own lips the story of this wonderful cure. Mr. W. is an excellent man, one of our best citizens, and the cure he has effected in this case is simply miraculous.

Dr. A. A. J. Riddle can be seen for the next ten days in Atlanta, at B. M. Woolley's office, 35 Whitehall street (up stairs), during the day, and at 177 Whitehall during the night, after which time his address will be Linden, Marengo county, Ala., his home.

DESPONDENCY.—The most perilous hour of a person's life is when he is tempted to despond. The man who loses his courage loses all; there is no more hope for him than of a dead man; but it matters not how poor he may be, how much pushed by circumstances, how much deserted by friends, how much lost to the world; if he only keeps his courage, holds up his head, works on with his hands, and with unconquerable will determines to be and to do what becomes a man, all will be well. It is nothing outside of him that kills, but what is within, that makes or unmakes.

DR. J. W. PEARSON'S Scientific Cure and Experiment

On the Diseased Condition Produced by

Continued Use of Opium.

MONTICELLO, S. C., Feb. 1, 1879.

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

DEAR SIR—The habitual use of opiates in a protracted case of dysentery, coupled with a temperament naturally inclined to favor the influence of any artificial feeling, such as that produced by Opium, alcohol, etc., was the origin of the disease which, under your treatment, I was cured of the past summer and fall. I can assure any one who may be skeptical as to the efficacy of your cure, that its work is as certain as anything depending upon human development or management can be. After I had stopped the use of your remedy for three weeks, having nearly a full bottle left, I tried the effect of morphine on my nervous system. I took nearly half a drachm without realizing any of the pleasurable feelings incident to its use before using the Cure, and left it off without having to touch the Antidote. I would not be afraid to assert that in no case, where there was vitality sufficient to act on, no matter what quantity of Opium was used, that your cure would relieve the habit. It is besides a painless and permanent cure—one of the best nerve tonics I ever met with. I am glad Dr. Riddle was restored to perfect health through the use of your remedy. He was certainly a pitiable object when I traveled with him from above Selma to Atlanta. I roomed with him in Selma, and was astonished at the quantities of morphine and chloral he used. I am glad I was instrumental in bringing him within the influence of your truly great remedy. You can use my statement as you choose.

Very respectfully yours,

J. W. PEARSON, M.D.

There are a few of the many good points in the above excellent letter that I call the reader's especial attention to. Dr. Pearson first takes, as I think, the true view of what is usually termed the Opium Habit; and that is, that it is a diseased condition, and must be treated as such to be cured. He then gives his opinion of the remedy, after testing it thoroughly, that it does cure the disease efficiently,

painlessly and permanently. And, also, that it will, in his opinion, cure any case where there remains sufficient vitality to build upon, no matter what the amount of Opium used; and he might also have said, or the length of time it has been used.

I have ever endeavored to show, in my writings and conversations on this point, that the probability or possibility of a cure, and the length of time necessary to complete it in any given case, depends far more upon the vitality, the recuperative forces remaining and a strict observance of instructions than on the quantity of opiates used, or on the length of time they have been taken. While I would advise patients against such experiments as he made with morphine after he was cured, yet this test does develop an important fact, which is this: that the Cure or treatment does cure—eradicate this disease produced by Opium, which is really the true force or influence inclining or propelling the diseased victim to desire, to insatiably long for, the continued use of opiates. But do not experiment as he did. It is too dangerous. Once relieved, ever after shun the use of the drug as you would a deadly, poisonous viper.

The editor of the "Atlanta Medical and Surgical Journal" seems to differ from Dr. Pearson, (excuse me Dr. W. if I do wrong in advertising your journal; as you are so much opposed to advertising I MAY owe you an apology). He seems to think it is a mere habit, and nothing more, and to cure it, all that is necessary is to gradually reduce the dose of Opium.

While on this point, it may be well enough to say a few words in reference to some editorials in this Journal referring to the Opium Habit and to Opium Antidotes. As I cannot procure, after trying to do so, both from the author and the publisher, the number containing the first editorial I would refer to, I cannot quote verbatim, but as the main points I wish to notice are also contained in the second, it is not material. They are both decidedly interesting documents to me, when properly analyzed.

The second editorial may be found in the January number of 1879. I have not space to quote it all, although I would like to do so. It is an answer to the following note, addressed to the editor:

"—, GEORGIA, January 8, 1879.

Dr. J. G. Westmoreland:

MY DEAR SIR—Please publish in the next issue of your Medical Journal, the treatment for the Opium Habit, or give the antidote for the same. Give the full treatment for the cure of those who have been using Opium for a number of years. Yours,

"—, M.D."

As I have said before, through want of space I cannot give his answer in full, but

I propose to touch the essential points. The good old doctor (for I do think he is a good man, and reverence him as a useful member of his profession), says, in speaking of the Antidote Proprietors, "that the cure, when made, is effected by the the reduction system." He admits that some of us cure. He calls them in the same article "ALL numbugs." He herein also advises his professional readers that there has been discovered a "very ingenious mode of honest cure by gradual reduction of the dose." For fear that there might possibly be ONE Opium-diseased victim in the whole universe (you will hardly find more than one), who has never heard of, or tried, the remarkably new and "ingenious" plan of curing the Opium habit by the reduction system, I here give it in full, as stated by this Journal: "Let a quart solution of morphine in water be made so that a tablespoonful contains the amount of morphine the patient usually takes at a dose, and let a tablespoonful of the solution be taken at the usual time the habit requires, but after every dose have a tablespoonful of pure water poured into the bottle containing the solution." Further on he says that, "some suffering may be expected, . . . and the more suffering patients endure, the more speedily they will be freed from the habit."

Now, I wish to direct the attention of the reader to a few points in the above. First, as to the ingenuity of the plan, as THEY may discover what I confess I have failed to do, just wherein the ingenuity consists, unless it is in the water—BE SURE YOU HAVE PURE WATER. Secondly, that it is a newly-discovered plan, the curing the Opium habit by the "reduction system;" and, thirdly, when this plan is adopted, as he says it is, by the Opium antidote vendors, whether it be so or NOT, it is "all a humbug;" but is eminently wise, ingenious and efficient when adopted by him, or any other regular professional who is allowed to write for this Journal. That privilege was denied me, except upon condition that I make known to him how I cure the "Opium Habit," as he terms it. In answer to this, in order that I may have the great privilege of hereafter replying to such covert attacks in the same journal they appear in, I will simply say right here how I cure it: I do so by my remedy and mode of treatment, and I think THAT is certainly sufficient, as far as HE is concerned, as he professes to know what that remedy and mode of treatment is. As to the other and more vitally interested class, the Opium-afflicted victims, I have usually found them mainly anxious to know, can you cure me? Can you deliver me

from this living death and restore me to my natural self again?

This editor seems to think that some of the antidote vendors possibly use other remedies beside Opium in their cures, but doubts that any real benefit is derived from any other remedy that may be given in order to lessen the necessary quantity of Opium. He evidently is a firm believer in the reduction—the simple reduction system. Theories are often beautiful—even fascinating, but as Dr. E. P. Hurd, in the beginning of his article on "THE PHYSIOLOGY OF SLEEP," published in the same number of this Journal, giving this new discovery of the reduction system—this "ingenious" plan—says, "It is well to be cautious how we accept theories, for one stubborn fact, as Tyndall has said, will upset a whole freight-train of theories." (A professional said this—AHEM!!)

Now, seriously, if there ever was a theory more often put to a practical test, and more universally unsuccessful than that one of reducing the dose of Opium to cure the Opium habit, I know not where to find it—at least in the histories of the last hundred years.

I had thought I would not notice in this little, unpretentious, unprofessional, unethical pamphlet of mine, anything like this not very fair attack of the Journal here referred to, as I have usually found it best to attend strictly to my own business alone, but inasmuch as this Journal seems to desire a special notoriety on the subject of treating the Opium habit, and as the Journal is an Atlanta enterprise and I am now an Atlanta man, I thought it might be ungenerous not to help it out in its evident struggle. It must have cost it a great deal of labor to produce two such editorials and invent such "ingenious" plans of curing the Opium habit as that of doing so by the "reduction" system.

According to my old doctor friend's theory, were he called to see an Opium-diseased victim, he would proceed about as follows: He would look into the dim or unnaturally brilliant eyes of his patient, feel of his pulse, and then perhaps look at his tongue, but I may be wrong as to the TONGUE part, for I am not sure that he fully favors the tongue theory—rather think he said as much not long since. "Don't believe in the tongue; can't tell anything from the tongue; don't think any one else can," or "words to that effect." But, to do him justice, did he not say at a later date, "be careful, gentlemen, about giving typhoid fever patients turpentine when the tongue is red; you might kill your patient." Now, my good doctor, I don't wish to misrepresent you on any point, more especially on theories, and will you not sometime tell

us upon which side of this subject you really are? Do you, or do you not, believe in a tongue? And you may answer this in my next book; don't care whether you tell me how you cure or not. But for argument sake, we will suppose you looked at the tongue in this case; then you say your tongue is very dry; you look very woe-begone, pale and sallow; have you not been using Opium or Morphine? "Oh, yes, sir," replied the patient. "That's just what I thought." "In large quantities?" "Yes." Well, you ARE in rather a bad condition. I presume your bowels are out of order, your liver is torpid and your nervous system seems to be greatly deranged. It amounts to but very little after all; you have simply used too much of that poisonous drug, Opium, and all you have to do is to quit it. "Yes, just quit it—that's all." All you need do is to reduce your dose—take a little less of the Opium every day. "Yes, reduce your dose—THAT'S ALL; and remember, the more you suffer, the quicker you'll get well. You don't need any other treatment; not a thing; you'll soon be all right, well and happy."

Now, we'll suppose our friend is called to see a typhoid fever case, and to be consistent, we presume he would simply say: "Yes, you've got typhoid fever, caused by bad, poisonous water. Pretty bad fix; but, then, don't amount to much after all. You are only using too much of this poisonous water. All you have to do is to stop it. Better not stop it all at once, however, it might kill you. Just reduce your dose—that's all. Don't need any other treatment. Just get up your bucket of poisoned water; and, as you take a drink out of it, put in same quantity of pure water; be sure it's PURE water. You need no other treatment; you'll soon be well and happy. Do this and nothing MORE, and don't listen to any of these "HUMBUGS," who would treat you as a diseased man. "They are all humbugs." Now I submit if this is not a fair comparison. If a man needs no special treatment when he is poisoned or diseased by Opium, why should he need it if poisoned or diseased by bad water?

Before closing this article I would simply add, that my great object has ever been in my work to CURE THE OPIUM HABIT AND THAT DISEASED CONDITION PRODUCED BY ITS LONG AND CONTINUED USE. The success I have heretofore been blessed with in this purpose, the lights of happiness that I may have been the humble instrument of creating, where shadow and sorrow dwelt before, the many apparently human wrecks worthy of a better fate than an Opium grave that have been rescued, are far more satisfactory and encouraging to me in my work than the

privilege of writing for, or being indorsed by, all the medical journals in the universe. Yet, far be it from me to convey the idea to any that I would reflect in the least upon the medical profession as such. But some of the best men in the noblest causes are not free from error. I have always had the utmost respect for physicians as a class—their noble mission who can fail to admire? Where are there more devoted and self-sacrificing men to be found than among the true, big-hearted physicians? This is a point my feelings would incline me to enlarge upon would space permit, for among my best and truest friends physicians are the most prominent class. I have more orders for my Cure from physicians, and more physicians as patients than I have in any other class. But I must say it does not look very well—it does seem to me exceedingly small and illiberal in any editor of a medical journal, who would make any pretensions to fairness even, not to say liberality, to cast reflections upon any remedy or course of treatment that had proven its virtues so decidedly as this Cure of mine has, even right here in our city. Here, without any effort can be seen, day after day, living witnesses after living witnesses of its success in the persons of the cured. This is why I am astonished at, and why I call the attention to, the nature of these editorials. I trust it springs, not from any bad feelings or animosity, and certainly not from any fear that such articles could injure my business at all. I never have desired, nor do I now or ever hereafter expect to solicit, any one's confidence or patronage, unless they are convinced from the evidences of others, and not from anything I might say, that my Cure or treatment will accomplish all, if not more, than I have ever claimed for it; and that it is worth every dollar and more than I ask for it. It is certainly much cheaper in the end than a continued use of opiates, to say nothing of the restoration to health. I have cured many cases for one hundred dollars who had spent more than five hundred dollars for opiates and consequent doctor's bills. This much for what the editor says of the cost of such remedies.

I hope that no one will suppose that I believe there are no humbugs engaged in the antidote business. I do not wish to at all apologize for those who deceive the public and get the trusting and unsuspecting sufferers' money without giving value received.

As to who are, or are not worthy, let every one judge for themselves. If any readers are afflicted with the Opium curse, or have friends so afflicted, let them read and note carefully the nature and peculiar power of the evidence I give as to

whether or not my remedy is all I claim for it, and "govern themselves accordingly." Is it better to listen to mere theories or at once grasp facts when we are in need of immediate help? Oh, what unenviable spirits are those that are ever protruding their unsightly, cold, ghost-like visage upon us with a purpose to pull down or depreciate where they have not built, nor can rebuild to better purpose, simply because the structure was not made by their own hands, or according to their own peculiar theories. But enough here. I hope the reader will pardon me for saying so much about so little, to-wit: those Journal editorials.

B. M. WOOLLEY.

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

Patients, Read This.

After you begin using the Medicine, always order again when you have at least ten days' supply on hand. 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. If sleep is sound and refreshing. Appetite and digestion good or not. Bowels regular. Mind cheerful, or otherwise. Do not simply say, doing well, but give particulars. My great aim is to cure, and to do so in the quickest time practicable, always having due regard for the safety and comfort of the patient.

B. M. W.

COMMENTS OF THE PRESS.

From Derby's Guide to Atlanta, 1878.

Woolley, B. M., 35 Whitehall, (up stairs) residence 117 Whitehall. Mr. W. is one of the best known men in Georgia. As proprietor of the great Opium Cure, Mr. W's name is familiar and blessed to thousands throughout the land. There are men and women in every State of the South who have been saved from a living death by the Opium Cure. It is the only Cure for Opium-eating that we know of, and as a complete radical Cure, we recommend it in the strongest terms. It is backed by thousands of testimonials. It is indorsed by the daily press, the religious press, by State Chemist Land, by regular practicing physicians, by scientists and, best of all, by years of successful trial, without a single failure. Mr. W. is a man of high character, of integrity, of strict truthfulness. He will deceive no man. What he says may be relied on. Any citizen of Atlanta will testify as to his worth.

From The Atlanta Daily Constitution, July 4, 1877.

B. M. Woolley *Strikes their Shackles Off!*

There is no point that a newspaper should more sacredly guard, or that carries more responsibility with it, than its recommendation of articles advertised in its columns. What is often a merely careless or ill-advised "puff" misleads thousands of readers, who, taking it for a deliberate indorsement of the article advertised, are led into purchasing what is really worthless, or worse than worthless.

ESPECIALLY CRIMINAL IS THIS PRACTICE of undeserved puffery, where the article advertised is one upon the worthiness of which depends the health, life and happiness of the person who tries it. No more reprehensible crime can be committed than that of giving the commendation of a great journal to a quack medicine or treatment, that will not only fail to give the relief it deludes the patient into hoping for, but will even fill his system with poison and bring him to the grave.

The Constitution is fully aware of the responsibility that rests upon the indorse-

ment of a medicine upon which depends the health and even lives of many of its readers. It would not lead even the humblest of them to devote their money to the purchase of a trifling nostrum, and wreck their lives in the delusion that they are curing themselves. We do not hesitate, however, to indorse to those who need such a thing as the

AMERICAN OPIUM ANTIDOTE,

advertised by Mr. B. M. Woolley, of this city. We have exhausted every possible means of determining its efficacy, except the one test of giving it a personal trial. Mr. Woolley has been selling it for some time, and has, of course, received thousands of letters direct from parties who are using it. We spent a morning with these letters, selecting specimens at random from the mass that was submitted to our inspection, such as the authors of them would permit to be examined this way. Mr. W. was quite particular on this point, as he said many letters were perfectly sacredly private. We found that they come from all the States of the Union—from men in high position and men of no position at all—from physicians, scholars, women and unlearned men—from all sorts of people, in fact. The stories told in those letters are truly wonderful. They record unanimously cures effected in a marvelously short time, and with permanent effect.

THEIR UTTER SINCERITY AND TRUTHFULNESS cannot be doubted. They come direct from persons who testify of their own knowledge and experience. They are filled with an expression of gratitude that is as honest, as it must be pleasant to Mr. Woolley. The record they contain is, as we have said before, truly wonderful. If these letters could be published to-day, they would convince beyond cavil, any man, woman or child, that is suffering from this terrible habit. Many of them give the story of often repeated trials of nostrums advertised to perform what Mr. Woolley's Antidote really does perform. The record of failure, disappointment, crushed hopes, sometimes death resulting from the use of their preparation, is truly sickening. We left Mr. Woolley's room after reading a score or so of the letters he submitted to us, feeling perfectly safe in indorsing to the last degree the marvellous Antidote that he is now offering to the world.

A STILL STRONGER PROOF.

But if the above did not satisfy any one, Mr. Woolley offers still another proof—a proof that is simply perfect.

There are certain so-called chemists throughout the country whose knowledge

is limited, whose pretensions are false and whose indorsement can be purchased with a small sum of money. These quacks are often resorted to by medicine vendors, and their indorsements paraded, with a string of titles to which they are not entitled, of a preparation of which they know nothing.

Mr. Woolley, confident of the virtues of his Antidote, and scorning such methods as this, did not pursue such a course, but, going directly to the best and most famous chemist in the South, laid his Antidote before him. Professor W. J. Land, the Chemist consulted, is a man whose name is familiar to scientists everywhere in America, and is respected in Europe. His learning is profound. He is the State Chemist. All the money in the world could not buy of him a false opinion. He is an earnest, devoted, conscientious scholar, and a gentleman without reproach. Read on another page what he says of this Antidote.

But beyond all this

MR. WOOLLEY'S PERSONAL CHARACTER

is such as to give confidence to those who need the medicine he advertises. He is a man of unquestioned character.

There is nothing of the imposter or the careless man about him. He is honest, sincere and fully acquainted with the subject that he treats. He would not mislead any man living. We have known him for years, and have found him always a high-toned, honorable man. His word is good with those who know him.

As an evidence of Mr. Woolley's perfect fairness and independence in the matter of his remedy, we append a letter that he was writing to a correspondent, while we were in his office. It is worthy of transcription here:

[This was a letter I was writing, and did write, in reply to one from a party who, it seemed, was being influenced by what some friend or physician told him more than by the good effects of the remedy, which he admitted was good. He, in his letter of the 29th, had requested me to tell him whether the remedy had any Morphine or Opium in it, or to be candid with him and tell him in CONFIDENCE WHAT IT HAD IN IT—he would never say anything about it, etc. That he must know this before he would receive a bottle (second supply) he had ordered.

I say this much in explanation, as the letter was not intended for publication, nor was the name of the party addressed given to the reporter or any one else. He (this reporter) thought it a letter suited to his purpose, and one worthy of publication, and I furnished him a copy, leaving off address, etc. I had read him the let-

ter as a direct reply to questions he had seen fit to propound.

B. M. WOOLLEY.]

DEAR SIR—Your favor of the 24th inst., and also one of the 29th inst., just received, are before me. The nature of the contents bear strange contrast. In the one you give a favorable account of the action of the Antidote or Cure upon your friend, while in the other it is intimated, though not explicitly expressed or defined, that it is having quite a contrary effect. Colonel, I try to be candid in my business with my fellow-men, and am, no doubt, too liberal in many cases to be strictly just to my self-interest.

I saw from your report that he had continued to use spirituous liquors while using the Antidote, in direct opposition to POSITIVE instructions. I felt so annoyed at this that I had not prepared any more medicine for him; hence his discontinuance will not discommode me materially. I do not wish or intend to prepare any more without a more perfect and positive understanding between us. If he thinks he knows better how to treat the case than I do, then it is better for himself as well as for me that he spend no more money on my remedy. I want no one's money for nothing, nor can I encourage any one to spend his money with me, if he has physician friends at home who, with the patients' co-operation, can tell him BETTER than I can what is best, and what not best, for him to use to get well. I want no trifling in the matter. I cannot afford it, nor do I think it best for either party. If your or his physician friend knows so well what is in the remedy, or what should not be in it, then why not get him to treat the case, and not me? I am sure I want no patronage from those who doubt my integrity or the efficiency of my cure.

As to what ARE the contents of the remedy, mode of combination, process of treatment or cure, this is, of course, my secret, which has cost me a large amount of money, as well as many days and nights study to perfect, and hundreds of dollars and numerous efforts and tests to establish. On this point I would refer you and your friend to my printed matter. My experience has long since taught me that it results in no practical good to be any more explicit upon the subject than I have been in the printed matter I furnish to the public. If you should tell a man it had no Opium in it, the next question he would probably ask, has it no caffeine; If no caffeine, has it calabar bean or stramonium? If not these, has it hyoscyamus? If not hyoscyamus, or any of the above, then what has it got in it? Now, this is about the result of such a course. And whatever was or had been my replies,

he would still, most likely, believe what his previous prejudices inclined him to, or what some physician guessed or said it contained from smelling or tasting of it; or what some old woman, perhaps, was sure it had in it, as she could tell from the taste, color, etc. Of course, what it is, is my SECRET. But whether it is a humbug or a scientific preparation—one calculated to accomplish the end aimed at or not—these are the questions I concede or claim are the ones the public (the afflicted, at least), should be most directly interested in. And as answers to these I begin, not by giving some obscure or unknown man or doctor's opinion on the subject, but by giving my whole secret to your State Chemist, supplying him with all the facts in regard to the contents of the remedy which, without such facts, it would be out of the power of analytical chemistry, even, to discover, as many vegetable compounds are not within the scope of analytical chemistry. I give him these and those—all the particulars. He then analyzes the whole remedy, finds the various ingredients, as stated by me, and as science proved them to be. He then makes some of the preparation, and sees it thoroughly tested, and gives the public the enclosed certificate. He does not, nor do I, tell you what it has or has not in it. But he does tell you that which is far more important, and that is, it is compounded in a scientific manner, and is A PERFECT CURE FOR THE OPIUM HABIT, WHEN THE DIRECTIONS ARE DULY OBSERVED BY THE PATIENT; and he, under these circumstances, recommends it to the public without hesitation. I then give, and can give, many more if necessary, what a few say of its action upon themselves. Among these are ladies and gentlemen, physicians and ministers. Physicians who have not only witnessed its action upon others, but some who have tested it upon themselves as well. Many of these will permit me to refer to them privately, parties interested who will not allow the use of their names publicly. I also give some evidences of who I am, as stated by those who have known me from boyhood up. Now, has any doctor or Opium Antidote manufacturer, or others who pretend to cure the Opium habit, ever given, or do they propose to give, such an array of real evidence of the virtues of their remedies or modes of cure? If they have or do I am not cognizant of it. Who among them ever submitted their remedies for analytical tests and official testimony?

If such evidences as all these facts combined are not satisfactory to you and your friend, or other parties who may be interested in the subject, I am at a loss to know how to satisfy, and beg to be excused from further discussion of the sub-

ject. But if I do present my remedy fairly and my propositions as to terms suit you and your friend, and he will agree to follow directions, if he is truly in earnest and wishes to be cured, and not merely to be experimenting and vaguely guessing at the contents of the remedy, then I would be pleased to serve, not otherwise. But if he expects to do only as he thinks for the best, and to be disturbed and influenced continuously by the suggestions or guesses of this physician or that friend; if he proposes to become mere drift-wood, drawn aside by every little eddy, or tossed here and there, as influenced by this one's and that one's opinion, or like Mark Twain in curing a cold, to take all remedies every old woman or physician suggest, then I beg to be excused from having anything further to do with the case—do not wish to have myself mixed up in any such nonsense. If, also, his object is MERE SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH, and he simply wishes to learn the ingredients of this remedy, its nature of combination, etc., he will again please excuse me; but if he wishes to be CURED OF THE OPIUM HABIT, and will follow directions perfectly, I will take great pleasure in curing him, as I have others. The use of spirituous liquors must be abandoned while using the Antidote if the party wishes to be cured, and avoid unnecessary trouble, expense and danger. But enough. Should be pleased to hear from you and your friends when you shall have received this and duly considered its contents.

Respectfully,

B. M. WOOLLEY.

A FAIR PROPOSITION.

In conclusion, Mr. Woolley now has over 2,000 correspondents in this and other States. There are thousands of people in Georgia alone who should to-day be using his wonderful remedy. He does not ask any of these to take his word or the word of his friends, on the merits of his medicine.

But this is his proposition: The convention will soon assemble here bringing delegates from every county in the State. He asks that if any person in any county is afflicted with the Opium habit, that he or she will ask the member from the county in which the afflicted person lives to call at his office in Atlanta and make personal inquiry and personal investigation into the merits of the Cure. Mr. Woolley will take the greatest pleasure in welcoming all such persons, and making the fullest and most exhaustive showing for their benefit. He will submit them letters from all parts of the State and from all the States—from all classes of people, giving the history of precisely what the Cure has accomplished in scores of cases,

Instead of shunning investigation, he earnestly invites it. If his cure cannot stand all legitimate tests, whether practical or scientific, then he is anxious that its deficiency shall be discovered. He invites everybody to call and look into the record that it is making for itself. Nothing could be fairer than this, and we heartily commend him to the public.

From the Central Methodist, Catlettsburg, Ky.,
June 8, 1878.

While in Atlanta I was the guest of Major B. M. Woolley, whom I favorably knew on the first circuit I ever traveled. He has an Opium Antidote of undoubted excellence. I conversed with a number of his cured patients who give uniform testimony as to its merits. Among those with whom I conversed was Dr. Riddle, of Linden, Marengo county, Alabama. Five months ago he was using 180 grains of morphia and 300 grains of hydrate of chloral every forty-eight hours. He is now a cured man and weighs fifty pounds more than when he began Mr. Woolley's treatment. I write this in the interest of suffering humanity. The Opium habit is a disease. The patient CANNOT break away from it without assistance. It's useless to try it! Woolley's Antidote sustains the patient until the injury done by the poisonous drug is repaired. I conversed with leading physicians of Atlanta concerning Mr. Woolley's treatment and they said, he had a good remedy, was doing great good, and had their perfect confidence. I have persuaded several afflicted persons to try Mr. Woolley's Antidote and they are already improved in appetite, digestion, spirits, etc. If I did not believe I was doing humanity a great service I would not thus call attention to this great constitutional remedy. But Mr. Woolley is no humbug. The State Chemist approves the ingredients, the regular doctors commend the medicine, and hosts of grateful patients bless the hour when they were introduced to the knowledge of the agent that has released them from the worst slavery.

From Homeward Star, February, 1878.

A Slave to Opium.

The Staunton (Va.) Vindicator, in an article on the Opium habit, says one physician tells us of a case in which a lady, a confirmed Opium-eater, sent two horses to a neighboring city to sell, the proceeds of one to be invested in morphia. By some difference in price the sale miscarried, and in two or three days the man returned. When she saw him coming down the road leading both horses, she

fell to the floor in an agony of disappointment and died in a few hours.

This sad event might have been prevented if the lady had been a reader of the Homeward Star. In our columns she would have found the advertisement of Mr. B. M. Woolley, offering a sure Antidote to those who are slaves to the Opium habit. We know nothing experimentally of the Antidote, but the certificates are from gentlemen of high standing. It is remarkable that physicians are a unit in indorsing this Antidote. We know Mr. Woolley to be a reliable gentleman in every respect.

From the Sunny South, September 7, 1878

Major B. M. Woolley and His Opium Cure.

That people will ruin themselves completely by the use of Opium is a most astonishing fact, and the practice seems to be on the increase. That complete ruin, mental, physical and financial, is the inevitable result from a habitual use of the drug is established by the experience of every one who has tried it. The use of it begets a demand or a craving in the system which finally becomes a veritable disease, and for a long time it was thought there was no remedy for it, but our fellow-citizen, Major Woolley, has a perfect and complete Antidote which is really effecting marvellous cures all over this country. We begin this week the publication of a series of astonishing testimonials from responsible and reliable persons giving the name and post-office address of each.

From the Columbia (S. C.) Christian Neighbor
July 11, 1878.

New Advertisement.

It is with pleasure that we call attention to the remedy advertised by B. M. Woolley, of Atlanta, Georgia. Any afflicted with the habit of using Opium can address him with confidence. We have seen several articles from the first paper of his home indorsing his remedy in the highest terms. With his remedy he is evidently doing great good for the suffering. We hope none who need his assistance will hesitate to correspond with him.

From The Atlanta Daily Constitution, Feb. 24,
1878.

Woolley being a rather modest and unassuming kind of a man, makes little boast of his great ability to cure the Opium habit, but the accumulating testimony of his many cured patients looms up and, as a star of hope, invites the

afflicted everywhere to call with confidence on him for a power that breaks their chains of bondage and makes them free and happy. He cures without a doubt and makes but little fuss about it. Few have an idea of the extent of his correspondence, or the number of patients he has under treatment.

From The Atlanta Daily Constitution, Feb. 24, 1878.

Woolley seems determined none shall remain in doubt of his ability to cure the Opium habit, unless they reject all human evidence. See testimony.

From the Atlanta Daily Constitution, Feb. 24, 1878.

Woolley still brings in another witness, who testifies that he was using a bottle, or sixty grains of morphine a week; had been in the habit of using opiates for four years, and has been completely cured by a five months' supply of Woolley's Opium Cure or Antidote. Read the testimony and call for more if you still doubt.

From the Greensboro Herald, Sept. 5, 1878.

Opium Disease or "Habit"

Those who are sufferers from the terrible and unfortunate diseased condition produced by the use of opiates may rejoice to know that there is an Antidote and genuine cure for it. Dr. A. W. Henley, a practicing physician of this place, is a living proof of this truth. Having been a sufferer for about fourteen years, he was cured by an Antidote prepared by Dr. B. M. Woolley, of Atlanta, Georgia, and to-day is in the enjoyment of perfect health and freedom from drugs of any kind.

We are personally acquainted with both these gentlemen, and believe them to be incapable of stooping to any fraud or encouraging it in any way whatever.

From the Elberton Gazette, February 29, 1878.

One of the great successes of Atlanta, and that seems to excite the universal wonder, is the Opium Cure. Major B. M. Woolley, the genius of this great wonder, has made some cures that are considered simply miraculous by the denizens of Atlanta, and his reputation is rapidly spreading over all parts of the country. Major Woolley stands high among the physicians of Atlanta, rather an anomaly as far as experience goes, and speaks volumes for him. If you need his services, open correspondence with him.

From the LaGrange Reporter, January 10, 1878.

Opium-Eating.

The prevalence of this pernicious habit is increasing to such an extent as to cause serious alarm to all thinking persons. It is a disease—just as the uncontrollable love of ardent spirits is a disease—and when the habit is once formed, the human will is apparently powerless against it, and the use of medical skill should be resorted to. We publish on the second page an advertisement of a remedy which is said to be an Antidote to the Opium habit, and many testimonials from those who have tried it confirm the assertions of the proprietor.

Mr. W. J. Land, the Georgia State Chemist, who could not be imposed on, and would not recommend an undeserving article, testifies to the merits of the Antidote, which he has professionally tested. His testimony, added to that of patients who have used the remedy, certainly makes it worthy of a trial.

Any one who will write to B. M. Woolley, Atlanta, Georgia, can learn the full particulars of the treatment, and obtain specific directions as to the particular plan to be followed in his case. Those who have fallen into the Opium habit, or whose friends have, should not delay, but write to Mr. Woolley and give his remedy a fair trial.

From the Columbus Times, August 4, 1878.

Woolley's Opium Cure.

The greatest panacea for the afflicted is found in B. M. Woolley's Opium Cure, 35 Whitehall street. The doctor showed us a letter just received from a gentleman whom he had treated. It was the most beautiful and touching letter we ever read, detailing his sad trouble, and going into ecstasies over his radical cure, and recommending it to the balance of the human kind, similarly afflicted. Mr. Woolley has hundreds of just such testimonials.

From the Atlanta Daily Constitution, November 29, 1878.

"Cheap Debauches!"

In your issue of yesterday appeared an editorial under the above heading. I trust every Opium-afflicted person and their friends have read or will read it. For several years have I been sounding the claims as to this growing evil. I differ, however, on several points made in your article. In the first place, I do not believe there are more ladies than men who indulge in or become addicted to this habit. My observation is that it is about

equally divided between the sexes, and as to the classes, I find the largest number among physicians, and the next largest among literary characters. Another material point upon which I cannot agree with your druggist friend is, that there is NO CURE except upon the reduction system. It is my opinion that there are few, if any, theories or plans of curing a disease or habit which has been tried oftener or succeeded less frequently than this. If any of your numerous readers who may be afflicted, or have friends afflicted with this fearful habit, will call upon me or write me, I will give them the very best of evidence of the fact that this habit or disease can be cured by a much safer, less painful and more permanent plan in its results than the old-time one of reduction of dose. That I HAVE A SUCCESSFUL CURE FOR THE OPIUM HABIT I can give the most irrefutable evidence to any and all who will call on me and take the trouble to investigate. I will give all such personal reference to parties, ladies and gentlemen, who have been, and are now, perfectly free from the use of opiates, and my remedy also. I will refer to physicians and ministers who have tried it upon themselves and the best of physicians here and elsewhere who have tested it in their practice successfully. Then may I not be allowed to urgently invite every Opium-afflicted person, or their friends, to call and see me? And if your reporter wishes to bring out more facts—powerful facts—as to the incursion of this withering curse, the Opium habit, send him around to my office and I will take pleasure in giving him some "more light"—further information for the general good.

B. M. WOOLLEY,
No. 35 Whitehall street (up stairs),
Atlanta, Ga.

From the Atlanta Times.

Mr. B. M. Woolley, of Atlanta, Georgia, has in this issue an advertisement of a Cure for the Opium habit. Mr. Woolley tells us that his medicine will most effectually cure any one of the use of this most terrible narcotic. He has cured hundreds already in this State, and will cure you if you will be cured. We know Mr. W. personally, and know him to be a man of his word—perfectly responsible, and if you will write to him, your communication will be held strictly private, and you will hear from him all the particulars necessary to commence a cure.

From the Atlanta Daily Post, Jan. 20, 1879.

A Welcome Fact.

In the Post some days since was an article showing the great consumption of

Opium in Atlanta. A few days later appeared among our news items the following paragraphs, evidencing the general increase of Opium use:

Opium dens are well patronized in Portland, Oregon. The morphine habit is increasing in New York.

To these paragraphs might have been added a supplemental one to the effect that the slavery of an awful disease was extending itself, and the human death rate increasing; for there is nothing more sure, as the public now generally know, than that Opium-eating, in any of its forms, leads straight down to the grave. Another appalling fact which has made the disease more terrible, has been the utter hopelessness of the victim's escape from a death, whose dying begins long horrid years before actual dissolution. But a beneficent Providence has mercifully interposed to relieve the disease of this last feature. It has been said that somewhere in nature there is a remedy for every bodily ill. Whether this be true or not, it is certain that an absolute cure has been discovered for the Opium habit. Some faint idea of this inestimable blessing to mankind may be realized, when we consider that the appetite for Opium is often acquired from its necessary medical use. As the death of the victim was in the first instance the sure result, the Cure discovered is equally sure. It is true that many remedies so advertised have proven but mockeries to the poor victim. But there is one of whose absolute efficacy the public has been given unquestionable proof, and it is right here in Atlanta, where the facts are under our immediate personal observation. We refer to WOOLLEY'S OPIUM CURE.

From Life in the South, Atlanta.

Opium Cure.

And we mean just what we say—CURE. As we are issuing a very heavy edition of Life in the South, we feel it our duty to say, in behalf of suffering humanity, as well as for the benefit of a gentleman who has accomplished so much for it, that Woolley's Opium Cure is a cure. There are three species of conclusive LEGAL proof:

1. Testimony from knowledge or personal observation.

2. The opinion of EXPERTS based upon testimony or stated facts.

3. The greatest of all human proof—the testimony of experts upon facts within THEIR OWN KNOWLEDGE OR EXPERIENCE.

Either one of these proofs is considered sufficient evidence in the courts. Now Woolley's Cure has not only one, but EACH and ALL of these proofs. We, our-

selves have testified from our personal observation; thousands testify from experience and observation both; and lastly, physicians, regular and of high standing, publicly affirm the unquestionable efficacy of the medicine in curing. Mark the word—CURING! The medicine is not simply a RELIEF—it is an ABSOLUTE CURE. These words are written without the slightest knowledge or expectation of Mr. Woolley, and we write what we know to be true.

From the Homeward Star, June, 1878.

It is with pleasure we call attention to the article from the Life in the South, and to the card of Major B. M. Woolley, in another column. We know Major Woolley personally, and have witnessed the effects of his medicine in curing some of the very worst cases of Opium habit, and can heartily indorse what is said in the article referred to.

We to-day talked with an old physician who has been under Major W's treatment for several months. This physician we found to be an intelligent gentleman from Alabama. He says he used as high as three bottles of morphine (180 grains) in forty-eight hours, and as much as 300 grains hydrate of chloral during the same time. He assures us he has been cured by Major W.; that he has been able to leave off the use of the Antidote, and has no desire for opiates; takes neither now; that he has gained fifty pounds in weight since he began with the Antidote or Cure. It is useless to say he is a happy man. Many other remarkable cases, evincing success of this remedy, but if it will cure such an extreme case as the one mentioned, none need fear to try or longer doubt. Major W. is a gentleman of good standing in this city, and is recognized as a man doing great good to the suffering.

From the Atlanta Independent, July 17, 1878.

Opium Cure.

The following from Life in the South is all true and so well-deserved that we republish it with an unqualified indorsement:

OPIUM CURE.

And we mean just what we say—cure. As we are issuing a very heavy edition of Life in the South, we feel it a duty to say, in behalf of suffering humanity, as well as for the benefit of a gentleman who has accomplished so much for it, that Woolley's Opium Cure is a cure. There are three species of conclusive legal proof:

1. Testimony from knowledge or personal observation.
2. The opinion of experts based upon testimony or stated facts.
3. The greatest of all human proof—

the testimony of experts upon facts within their own knowledge or experience.

Either one of these proofs is considered sufficient evidence in the courts. Now, Woolley's cure has not only one, but each and all of these proofs. We, ourselves, have testified from our personal observation; thousands testify from experience and observation both; and lastly, physicians, regular and of high standing, publicly affirm the unquestionable efficacy of the medicine in curing. Mark the word—curing! The medicine is not simply a relief—it is an absolute cure. These words are written without the slightest knowledge or expectation of Mr. Woolley, and we write what we know to be true.

Opium.

If there is a living picture to convey the idea of a hell above the earth's surface, it surely must be the abode of the Opium diseased and depraved being who has advanced to that stage of the habit where all moral sensibility is lost; where all the finer feelings are blunted, or perverted, and the sunshine of hope is overshadowed by gathering clouds of despair; when all is made desolate by the presence of want, and the memories of lost wealth, light and happiness; when the gray hairs of companions, or the sad countenances of deploring friends, or it may be (which is still more heart-rending), the dwarfed and withered form of a would-have-been happy and healthy child is ever flitting by, and yet ever present with them to remind of the terrible curse entailed; when life is a living death; when existence continues and life flickers in the darkness of despair, but seems ne'er to go out. To make happy such homes and to avert such evils is the great mission of B. M. Woolley, the proprietor of Woolley's Opium Cure. Call and see him while in the city. Office, 35 Whitehall street, up stairs.

From the Atlanta Daily Post, February 14, 1879.

Interesting and Suggestive Letters.

We have seen a letter from a physician, who was cured about a year since of the Opium habit by the use of the now famous remedy of B. M. Woolley. The letter is interesting in the statement that since his cure he has passed through the yellow fever epidemic of last year, losing members of his own family, but his health is now as good as it ever was, and he weighs more. He once used a bottle or 60 grains or morphine a day. He said he had no more desire for Opium or any stimulant than if he had never used any.

We have seen another letter, however, which more particularly attracted our

attention. The writer says that the disease (which he properly denominated it) is certainly cured by the remedy, for he effectually tested the fact by using Opium. After doing so, he experienced no indication whatever of a returning desire for the drug. We presume that Mr. Woolley would counsel against any such experimenting, but it proves beyond question that the remedy is a cure, thoroughly eradicating the diseased condition.

When reading the letter, it occurred to us that Mr. Woolley deserves great credit in placing a remedy before the public which has demonstrated that the Opium use is more than a habit—it is a disease; and this has brought about a development of thought on the subject in a new direction, which may enable the medical profession to discover yet other remedies for a disease which has been so terrible in its consequences.

From the Opelika (Ala.) Observer-Locomotive
February 13, 1879.

Woolley's "Opium Antidote."

Indubitable evidence has been furnished us of the wonderful efficacy of this remedy. We now know that it will do just what it is recommended to do. Rarely, indeed, does the Observer notice EDITORIALY any of the medical nostrums or "cure-alls" that flood the land. This remedy is not of that species, but it is an article of sterling worth, and its value to the Opium-afflicted cannot be measured by mere dollars and cents; it is to them a priceless boon, and if they will only put their cases unreservedly in the hands of Major Woolley, WE KNOW HE CAN CURE THEM, and that, too without pain or inconvenience. This is strong language, we know, but we have the evidence at hand to substantiate every word we say, and which will be gladly and gratuitously given to any one who will inquire at this office.

Major Woolley, the originator of this Antidote, is a native Alabamian, and is "to the manor born" a true Southern man. That he will deal honorably with you, every patient of his from the Potomac to the Rio Grande and numbers even north of the Ohio will bear willing testimony. Address B. M. Woolley, P. O. box 389, Atlanta, Georgia.

The wind is unseen, but cools the brow of the fevered one, sweetens the summer atmosphere and ripples the surface of the lake into silver 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.

PERSONAL COMMENTS.

Mr. B. M. Woolley, for many years a prominent business man in Selma, now of Atlanta, Georgia, advertises in to-day'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. Mr. 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 confidence, nor undertake their treatment unless he believes he can effect a cure.—Southern Argus, March 3, 1878.

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

Mr. B. M. Woolley is a gentleman of high standing in the community, and of unimpeachable veracity.—Marietta Journal, April 10, 1874.

I married in Marietta, Ga. B. M. W.

Mr. 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.

Mr. 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 Mr. 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 a cure.—Sunny South, March 10, 1877.

I now live in Atlanta, and have done so for about six years. B. M. W.

"Dr. Woolley is a gentleman of standing and intelligence, strictly reliable and respectable, and worthy of 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, Georgia, May, 1875.

Mr. B. M. Woolley is a gentleman in every sense of the term.—Christian Index, Atlanta, Georgia, September 17, 1874.

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, July 22, 1875. Then edited by Colonel B. F. Sawyer.

From the Washington Post.

OPIUM IN VIRGINIA.

Accounts of an Opium contagion in the Shenandoah Valley, Virginia, are so circumstantial and so alarming that they deserve notice. At Staunton, Virginia, several sudden deaths from overdoses of Opium have brought to light the fact that during the last three years, the habit of Opium-eating has spread among the people to an alarming extent. A public meeting was recently held and resolutions passed requesting druggists to refuse to sell the drug, but they decline to acquiesce. It is stated that in that city, of about 9,000 inhabitants, the druggists sell 100 pounds of Opium a week. There are more Opium-eaters among the ladies than among the gentlemen, and it is stated that six dollars a week is not an unusual sum for a young lady to spend in this sort of dissipation. The mania has spread into the country, and farmers have not been able to resist its insidious advances. One Staunton druggist states that he has over fifteen female customers who take two drachm doses of morphine regularly, and twelve men who vary from two to six grains in their regular doses; and it is a common thing for persons to pawn their clothing and personal property to gratify their appetite in this deadly direction. Unless these are much overdrawn, this becomes a matter of more than local importance.

From the Atlanta Daily Post, October 23, 1878.

STRANGE BUT TRUE.

(See "A Strange Story," page 30.)

We republish elsewhere, under the title of a "A Strange Story," the facts of a most remarkable case. We give them because we happen to have had personal observation of them from the moment the case came under treatment, and we are therefore able to add our indorsement in the hope of benefiting our common humanity. This is, however, not the first remarkable cure of Mr. Woolley's medicine which the writer has personally observed, and it will be remembered by some

that he chronicled in "Life in the South" the facts of a former case.

In the present instance it is only necessary to add that the editor incidentally witnessed an interview between Dr. Riddle, Mr. Woolley and one of our regular physicians of high standing. The case was such a desperate one that Mr. Woolley was not willing to undertake its treatment unless a capable physician thought it safe for him to do so. After consultation he concluded to take the patient, though there was but slight hope of a favorable result. From that day to this we have watched the case in its various stages, and are therefore able to testify of absolute cure from a personal observation, dating back to the very moment when Mr. Woolley began the treatment. It is true, Dr. Riddle is a free man, disenthralled by one of the most wonderful remedies of this or any other age.

From the Atlanta Post, November 27, 1878.

ASTONISHING, BUT TRUE.

Startling Prevalence of the Opium Habit in Louisville, Kentucky.

A few years ago, when Mr. Woolley, of this city, began writing of the fearful prevalence of the Opium habit, he was accused of wild exaggeration. But read the following from the Louisville News.—Eds. Post.

"Do you observe anything peculiar about the appearance of the lady in that carriage?" remarked a prominent physician to a News Reporter this morning. The lady in question was a well known and influential member of society, and, owing to her wealth and accomplishments, has for many years wielded no inconsiderable influence in her distinguished sphere in Louisville society. She was passing in her elegant carriage, and to the casual observer presented only the pleasing aspect and surroundings of innate refinements, wealth and good breeding. A more critical observance of her face and manner prepared the reporter for the startling rejoinder to his expression of surprise: "Morphia, that's all!" This elegant woman was drunk! She was in the servile bondage of absolute slavery to that moral auto-cracy which controls its victim in the quickest and surest paths of wretchedness and despair. A talk with this doctor upon the subject, suggested by the sad illustration of the deep-rooted and widespread disease upon the social fabric of the city, led the News man to interview

quite a number of our leading doctors and druggists in order to ascertain something of the practice in Louisville and its effects upon society.

The habitual use of the various preparations of Opium as a means of intoxication is an evil the extent and consequences of which are certainly not appreciated. The great number of men and women in the city—ladies and prominent business men—who would shrink from the use of whisky and kindred beverages, and yet enslave themselves to a most potent and deadly stimulant, is certainly not appreciated by the public.

It was found upon a reasonable approximation, that there is consumed in Louisville about two hundred thousand dollars' worth of Opium annually. Over nine-tenths of this bulk is used for purposes of intoxication.

The press and pulpit may inveigh against the number of bar-rooms, and their licensed patronage, but this appalling habit escapes public censure because its practice has the veil of obscurity and a deeper degradation. Men get drunk and are warned; they repeat it too often and are kicked out of society. Men and women blot out their mental and moral faculties and consciousness, and escape opprobrium through the deceptive peculiarity of this drug in its metaphysical rather than its physical manifestations. The victim or morphia, excepting when deprived of its use, does not stagger in the streets, indulge in small breaches of the peace, nor get in the station-house, but betrays its indulgence in the indescribable visage, the muscular decay, revolting tragedies, and those evidences of the absence of the moral sense so often observable in society and business affairs.

So common is this article of trade that even children are supplied with it on application, and many of the drug stores find it the main revenue of their principal merchandise. A leading Fourth-street druggist informed the News that many of the suburban dealers sell this deadly poison to their poor customers at half the usual price, and that the extent of its consumption among this class is alarming. Whole families use it—husband, wife and children—and when their scanty means will not supply it, they pawn their more valuable household treasures, and even sell their beds, clothing and food to buy it. The great evil is possibly no less exacting nor destructive in its effects upon the numerous victims found in the best society. The latter class can cover the many sins under the soft and elegant "purple and fine linen" of wealth in the soft and gloaming and senseless chatter of their drawing-rooms, and in the bustle of the counting-room. But the

big defalcation, the unprovoked murder, the sacrifice of a husband's honor, the dethroning of social idols, often betray its presence. Instances of ladies who take as much as a drachm of sulphate of morphia every few hours, even awaking in the night to satisfy the horrible craving, were mentioned by a fashionable Fourth-street druggist; also, of prominent professional business men who have habitually indulged in the habit until they require an ounce of Opium per day. Attention was called to the enfeebled beggar women on the streets, and loitering wrecks of manhood who lead a precarious existence even upon the verge of starvation and crime, who have been brought to this moral state by Opium.

STARTLING OPIUM STATISTICS.

In the year 1800 the transportation of Opium into China is estimated to have cost not over \$3,500, so sparingly was it then used. Yet by 1839 it had increased to such an alarming extent and had become of such magnitude as to provoke an edict upon the part of the Emperor, who proscribed and condemned to destruction all the Opium then in the ports of China. This caused the well-known Opium war of 1839. Yet, notwithstanding all this opposition and bloodshed to check its use in the empire, such is the tenacity of the drug when once it has taken hold of a people, as early thereafter as the year 1867, the quantity consumed in the empire reached the enormous amount of 14,750,000 pounds, of which more than 10,000,000 pounds were imported. Even in 1840 the East India Company realized the sum of \$4,000,000; in 1850, \$15,000,000, and 1858, \$30,000,000.

Mark not only the immense sums, but the fearful increase. It is stated on good authority that in the year 1854 the amount paid by the Chinese government for Opium to the East India Company exceeded in value the total exports of their silks and teas combined. And it is estimated that at the present the commercial value of the Opium consumed in the empire exceeds in value that of their exported silks and teas—more than 15,000,000 annually.

The importations of Opium into Great Britain, in excess of exportations (according to parliamentary documents) in the year 1830 was only 2,200 pounds, and yet as early thereafter as 1867, it had reached 125,000 pounds.

It 1842, the cost of all the Opium imported into the United States did not exceed \$35,000, yet the cost of the same

drug in 1873 was over \$3,000,000, and now about \$4,000,000.

And so has ever been the history of this enchanting, body and mind-wrecking, soul-withering, debauching and happiness-destroying drug, whether among civilized or uncivilized people. If its use is not checked, how long will it be before it will cost the United States as much as our exported cotton is worth? Make the estimate, based upon past history, and see.

In view of the above summary of facts, as well as the indescribable, demoralizing, degenerating effects of the drug, is not the question how to remedy the evil one worthy of thought, even the most serious consideration of every good citizen who has any ambition for the safety, prosperity and purity of his race, or the pecuniary and moral welfare of future generations?

THE OPIUM HABIT AND ITS CURE.

By reading and observation since I engaged some years ago in the sale of a Cure for the Opium habit, as well as from the many disclosures made by more than two thousand afflicted ones with whom I have had correspondence, and those of the number who have been cured, but still occasionally let me hear from them, I am convinced that the habit is curable, and that I have a remedy that will cure it painlessly, at home and without inconvenience. Yet I look upon the excessive use of opiates and the increase of the habit in our midst as decidedly one of the most appalling evils now upon and threatening us as a people, not even excepting that of whisky-drinking. To those afflicted I would say, get the American Opium Habit Cure, which I am now having manufactured in this city, and be happily relieved. And to those who have once been afflicted but are now free, as well as to those who have as yet never been subject to the tyranny of the drug, I would say, Beware of the seductive influence of this terrible master. Shun it as you would a pestilence. "Touch not, taste not, handle not the unclean thing." This is the only perfectly safe plan.

B. M. WOOLLEY,
Atlanta, Georgia.

I wish to call special attention to the fact that in this pamphlet I give you **WHAT THE STATE CHEMIST SAYS OF MY REMEDY, WHAT THOSE SAY WHO HAVE TRIED IT UPON THEMSELVES; that among these are physicians, minis-**

ters and others, males and females. I also, for the benefit of those who do not know me personally, give a few extracts from the press referring to my personal character. Then I tell you what the remedy will do if directions are followed, and how to order and how to use it. I make my proposition so as that you can try it for yourself with but little expense. Can I do or say more? If so, write me and suggest, and if in the bounds of reason, consistent with equitable rules of business, and in my power, "within the length of my cable tow" I will try to satisfy.

Respectfully,

B. M. WOOLLEY.

Patients, Read This.

After you begin using the Medicine, always order again when you have at least ten days' supply on hand. 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. If sleep is sound and refreshing. Appetite and digestion good or not. Bowels regular. Mind cheerful, or otherwise. Do not simply say, doing well, but give particulars. My great aim is to cure, and to do so in the quickest time practicable, always having due regard for the safety and comfort of the patient.

B. M. W.

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.

[Though this has been published before, it will bear presenting again.]

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 centre of a gay and happy crowd. The first sensation 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 were 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 half 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 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 toward a fathomless abyss. In a few moments we'll be there, and 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 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 dead.

It was a horrible dream. A long train of glass cars gliding over a glass railway, freighted with youth, beauty and music, while on the other 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 effect of the habitual use of opiates; how much like it in its inviting and exhilarating pleasures and its unhappy final results! Reader, if you are not afflicted with this fearful habit, will you not avail yourself of the happiness offered you in the act of doing good, by directing some erring weak one who is so afflicted to the way of painless relief?

B. M. Woolley's Painless Opium Anti-

dote or Cure has the "air brake" power to arrest this "glass train" in its fearful speed, and with its precious freight, without so much as a shock to endanger the Opium-victim. Then, friend, apply—apply quickly—the powers of this brake before it is too late! too late!

B. M. W.

**TO PERSONS WISHING TO ORDER
B. M. WOOLLEY'S OPIUM AN-
TIDOTE OR CURE.**

It is necessary to have the following questions plainly and truthfully answered. Be very exact in giving the amount of drug used in 24 hours, or some given time; state in what form and how used—whether taken directly into the stomach or used by hyperdermic injection. If you are not positive of the amount, have some druggist weigh it for you. Never state the amount by guess; by so doing you are liable to cause yourself unnecessary trouble and, perhaps, suffering.

QUESTIONS TO BE ANSWERED.

Age,
Sex,
Married or single,
Occupation,
Present state of health,
Have you palpitation of the heart?
Do you use spirituous liquors?
Do your bowels move regularly?
What caused loss of health?
Length of time you have used Opium?
Cause of habit?
Have you ever taken an Opium Antidote?
If so, whose, and how many bottles or length of time you used it, and the result?
How much opiates were you taking when you began use of antidote, if used?
How long since you quit antidote?
How much Opium, if any, it took to sustain you when you stopped its use, and how much now?
State the exact amount 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.)

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.)

Amount Morphine,
Amount Gum Opium,
Amount Laudanum,
Amount Elixir,
How used,
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 near as possible every symptom, disease or habit each and every patient has been or is now afflicted with should be made known to me, as they are all considered in compounding the medicine for each patient, and are important.

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 of.

B. M. WOOLLEY.
P. O. Box 389, Atlanta, Ga.

THE OPIUM HABIT.

IS THERE TOO MUCH SAID UPON THE SUBJECT?

Some persons, and many of apparent conscientious principles and enlarged views, will even scoff at there being any great danger in the habit, and are inclined to speak lightly, if not derisively, of any attempt to check its spreading influence. This is doubtless mainly due to a want on their part of a more perfect knowledge of the figures and facts relating to the subject.

Could the good people of our country for but one day actually see the numerous throng of the Opium-afflicted of this land—could they realize their torments, hear their cries of suffering and earnest entreaties for help, as some have done and are doing—could you but 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 a sound of alarm would go forth as would resound throughout the land, and it would be fraught with such tones of terror, intermingled with sighs of pity as would certainly be heeded where the human heart had not become callous, or the fountains of sympathy and the springs of charity had not forever dried up. Could you but draw aside the curtain of secrecy that so universally veils this sad, evil habit and its direful

consequences but for a moment, and behold the wretchedness within; could you but know one-half the secret distress of the Opium-afflicted of our country, (yes, our country, not China nor Turkey), and realize fully the fearful increase of the habit; could you know of the number of suicides incident to it, or the still greater number, it may be, who fill places in our asylums from its effects, or the host who perish unknown: could you be made aware of homes darkened and made hopeless by its baneful influence; could you know the many secret heart-aches and soul-shadows caused by it; could you see its fiendish, fiery tongue of destruction spreading demon-like damnation among the flowery paths of human affections, and mysteriously putting its cold, clammy, poisonous grasp upon the very vital cords that bind fond heart to heart, destroying the cohesion that cements into a harmonious, happy oneness, souls made for the complete happiness of each, you would not think too much is said, or could be said, in reference to this evil.

Reader, is there not one sufferer you can point to a way of rescue, and, if needed, give a helping hand? Is there not one dark, hapless household you can make happy. Think! If there be one, get B. M. Woolley's Opium Cure or Antidote for such. In such cases it is worth its weight in gold.

WHISKY DRINKING AND THE OPIUM HABIT.

Whisky drinking and drunkenness are terrible, and by many, are thought to be more potent in the production of evil consequences than the excessive use of opiates, but the writer of this is inclined to look upon the increased use of Opium, which is creeping over the people of this country with a gentle, but threatening to become a deadly night-mare influence, as being the master curse upon, and now afflicting and further threatening our people or nation. Is it not becoming a grave question as to whether the evil effects of this drug do not far over-balance all its good? Are there not, in nature's great storehouse, other efficient remedial agencies for relief of pain, etc., in the use of which there would be less lurking danger, immediate as well as remote?

Whether there is or not, it is well for every one to know that B. M. WOLLEY'S OPIUM CURE OR ANTIDOTE, now manufactured in Atlanta, has proven to be one of the best remedies for the cure of the Opium habit and for re-establishing such

afflicted to a healthy state of mind and body, now known to the world. What is money or large possessions of varied wealth? What is life itself worth without health? To be afflicted with the Opium habit unfits for the duties of life or for the realities of death. He who can liberate such victims becomes indeed a true benefactor. Is there not one known to you, reader, whom you can save or aid in saving by pointing out the way, and if necessary, lend pecuniary aid? Do Good. May not you or yours at some time need a friend?

SPECIAL INSTRUCTIONS TO PERSONS ORDERING OR TAKING B. M. WOOLLEY'S AMERICAN OPIUM CURE OR ANTIDOTE.

You should give your name plainly written, and your post-office, county and State; also, your express office.

The medicine is a liquid, put up in bottles and packed in wooden boxes, and can be sent by express to any part of the country. Full instructions are sent to each patient. Money sent by post-office money order is always safe, and we recommend this plan of remitting; but when this is not convenient, send by registered letter or express. A remittance of say three dollars (\$3.00) should be sent in advance, as a guarantee that the medicine will be taken out of the office. It will save an express charge for collecting and returning money, if you will remit full amount in advance, but on this point you can act as you prefer. The medicine is always sent C. O. D. for any balance not paid in advance.

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. 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 put in 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 especially prepared. Now, if from some error in this statement, the remedy was not to sustain, you see at once you dare not try to remedy this by taking more than the regular quantity, as you risk taking too much of

certain articles 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 short-comings of this one. Generally, reducing the dose will correct any trouble. **MORE** than the prescribed dose **NEVER WILL**. Remember this. 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 the remedy, how the appetite, bowels, temperament, etc., are. The 8-ounce bottles contain sufficient to last fifteen to eighteen days, when taken as directed, and an order for another supply should be sent in ample time for it to reach you before getting out. Give at least ten days' time in which to have medicine made and shipped. 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. While taking the remedy, you should use nutritious food that agrees with you, and take moderate exercise in the open air.

Do not fail in this latter particular. Bathing frequently in tepid water, in which you have cast a handful of common table salt, you will find of 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 remedy, and then less frequent; just before going to bed is a good time. Wipe dry quickly. Plenty of sleep is necessary, but the hours should be regular, and early rising important. Breakfast before taking much exercise. When the bowels are inclined to be slightly constipated, especially if stomach be sour at same time, an occasional dose of magnesia or bicarbonate of soda—say a teaspoonful to a tumbler of water—taken as soon as you get up in the morning, will prove beneficial. It acts admirably upon the acidity of the stomach. Or put off taking your morning dose until your bowels act, and in a short while they will become regular. You may suffer a little inconvenience for a morning or two, but bear it with patience and it will soon pass away and you will be much benefited. It is well to keep busy at something, but never overwork body or mind to a state of exhaustion.

If you wish to get well and stay so, you

should entirely discontinue the use of opiates in any form from the first dose of the Antidote, after you once get it properly adjusted to your case, 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 that 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.

Acids, so far as practicable, should be avoided. If acid fruits are used, use them with plenty of sugar. **ALL SPIRITUOUS OR MALT LIQUORS SHOULD BE ENTIRELY AVOIDED**. The use, in any form, of Mercury, Strychnine, Arsenic, Belladonna and preparations of India Hemp and Seidlitz powder, should be strictly avoided. No more Quinine should be used than is indispensable in cases where it may be needed for other diseases, and not then to be taken in too great quantity. Some mineral waters are objectionable, and, as a rule, it is best to avoid them while taking the Antidote. In fact, generally, other medicines should be abandoned, as far as possible, while using this remedy.

Should it be necessary to employ a physician, he should be warned against the use of the above mentioned articles. It would be well to show him these instructions and cautions.

The dose should be taken with perfect regularity and exactness—say 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.

Should the patient be troubled very greatly with constipation of the bowels, some simple cathartic, not containing any of the above prohibited articles, can be taken, or I will send you a preparation to act on liver and bowels, when ordered, and I think it necessary. But simple warm water enemas, frequent salt-water baths, and drinking water with soda or magnesia before breakfast, and, if necessary, the eating of a little rhubarb, with proper diet and exercise, will, as a general rule, prove all that is necessary.

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 want 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 have done you but little permanent good.

I wish to be candid in this matter, whether it curtails my sales or not. I claim no supernatural or extraordinary, special or spiritual interposition in my behalf in the manner of my discovering this remedy, or in its sale or use, 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 patients, and I hope they will be candid, frank and confiding with me. I desire no flattery as to its effects, but simple facts, pointedly stated. Let us try to do each other good. I sympathize with every Opium-afflicted creature. I have had experience with more than five hundred cases, and more than fifteen hundred correspondents among such afflicted, and in other ways 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.

A word as to the contents of this remedy. I give you the certificate of a well-known chemist of high professional character, (a thing that I do not think any other Opium Antidote maker has yet done) 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. Read all the printed matter I send you with care and FOLLOW DIRECTIONS.

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 more than five hundred cases, I have yet to see a failure where directions were followed, and there was no 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 functional disorganizations that were so materially impaired are re-assuming their natural actions and control, 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, acid, 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 the bright stars of hope, shining on your pathway, so late in perfect darkness, while it should serve to encourage, should not be allowed to deceive. 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 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. If a smaller dose will perfectly sustain and keep you comfortable, there may be no impropriety in adopting a smaller dose, but under no circumstances is a larger dose admissible. 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., etc. Never reduce your dose so low as to make you extremely nervous or to cause depression. Keep me posted as to any reduction. Write me often and particularly how you take the remedy, quantity, hours of taking, if varied from directions, 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 parts occupied by that fearful and insidious foe, Opium. By slow, stealthy steps, 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 have done, 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 regain 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 actions 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 constitution and being has, by a 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 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 eternity, 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.

OPIUM WORSHIPPERS.

Light in the Midst of Darkness.

The number of slaves to Opium which this country affords is alarming and it is a sad fact that they are on the increase. Many of the pallid cheeks, listless eyes and spiritless figures in our midst may be accounted for by secret indulgence in the drug that insensibly enthralls and enslaves. Usually it is taken as a panacea to pain—perhaps with the sanction or advice of a physician—but the habit grows upon the victim—the spell deepens. It is a very “shirt of Nessus” that clings closer with each effort to throw it off. Researches into history show us that Opium slavery is not a modern curse. Homer is believed to have known the virtues and the evils of the patent drug. Tarquinius Superbus cultivated the poppy, as did Sextus. Tarquinius, who, by striking off the heads of the poppy blooms in his garden, signified his answer of death or exile to the messenger, who had come from his rebellious but repentant son to ask what should be done with the leaders of the conspiracy he had originated against the throne.

In more modern times we see Coleridge dissipating his glorious genius by the encervating spell of Opium; we see DeQuincy, one of the closest thinkers and most admirable writers, fettered as to achievement by the power, that while it give him spasmodic brilliancy, permitted no great and lasting work. He is best remembered by his confession of an Opium-eater, a history of the brief pleasures and fearful pains entailed by the weird drug.

It has been thought that Opium slavery was almost devoid of hope; that to those upon whom the habit had fastened itself so fully as to paralyze the will and weaken the energies, there was no alternative, but an existence full of shame and torture, and a certain but lingering death.

Upon the door of the Opium idol's enchanted palace was thought to be written

as on the gates of “Dante's Inferno.” “Those who enter in, leave no hope behind.”

So long a time has this soul-slavery existed, and there was none to break the sceptre of the enslaver. There were panaceas and remedies for everything else, but there was no benefactor of the human race who could bring forward a cure for the terrible habit of Opium-eating. Money that could ill be spared from poverty-pinched households, was spent for the innocent-looking white powder called morphine. Among the highest as well as the lowest circles of society were found, the victims of the fearful habit. It not only depleted the purses of its victims and sapped their health, but demoralized them mentally and morally, blunted their consciences, and obscured the lines of difference between right and wrong.

At last, however, a hope has dawned for the Opium slaves; a speedy and painless cure for the habit is offered to the public. Hundreds already bless Mr. B. M. Woolley, of Atlanta, as their benefactor and deliverer. His Opium Cure is no nostrum; it is all it purports to be. It has been analyzed by the distinguished chemist, W. J. Land, who pronounces it a pure and excellent preparation—calculated to do only good. It is also painless in its effects, rapid in its cure and (no small consideration in these days of broken fortunes), it is so cheap as to put it within the reach of all. Major Woolley's high character for moral worth and intelligence make it impossible that the epithet charlatan could be applied to him, even by those who have not tested his wonderful Cure.

This is no advertisement. It is written solely in the interests of society by one who loves her fellow-beings, and who gladly sees in this discovery a means of removing a portion of the misery that blights their lives in this world and clouds their prospects for a happy and useful existence in the next.

MADLINE J. BRYAN.

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?

“Let-alone” is almost the universal remedy of the animal creation, and would prove grandly effectual in many of the accidents and diseases to which humanity is liable, if sensibly applied.

ALMOST A MIRACLE.

It is the duty of the journalist give to give to the public any matter of personal knowledge that will tend to succor suffering humanity. We are personally cognizant of a case which certainly furnishes one of the most remarkable escapes from a dread death of which we have ever heard. In fact, to use the language of the saved man, it was, "almost a miracle."

The gentleman in question, (from whose own lips we have our facts), is a man of high moral and social position in another State, and a fiduciary officer. Under the pressure of official and other duties, which were numerous, from a public spirit leading him to the espousal and building up of public enterprises, his nervous system began to give way, and it became necessary, under the advice of physicians, to use, temporarily, stimulants and opiates. But alas! as too many thousands in this land can mournfully testify, when he came to leave off the remedy the opiate habit had fastened with a death-like grip, and the cravings of its fierce appetite could not be resisted. Several years passed, and at last a telegram came to Mr. Woolley, of this city, inquiring if he could confine and treat a desperate case of mania from Opium. He was brought to this city on his way to a New York asylum, unless help could be had. He had tried physician after physician, and this was the last resource. In the TWENTY-FOUR hours preceding his arrival in Atlanta, he had taken FOURTEEN GRAINS of morphine and a QUART OF WHISKY. Delirium tremens had attacked him; his stomach would retain no food; a week had passed since action of the bowels, and fourteen hours since urinal action. In this condition he would have committed any violence to have obtained an opiate or stimulant, and in this condition he was seen by physicians and others of this city. Nine out of ten would have pronounced speedy death a certainty. But we have now to state the astounding fact that this gentleman, in three days, was walking about the city of Atlanta, conversed intelligently with the writer, and felt not the remotest desire for either opiate or stimulant. On the sixth day from his arrival he went home, as grateful a man as ever breathed the breath of life, believing, as he himself assured us, that his rescue was almost a miracle. And, now, how was this miracle worked? By the use of Woolley's Opium Cure. We give our personal voucher for all the facts stated, and, in view of them, no sane man can deny that this Opium Cure is not only a most remarkable remedy, but

will absolutely rescue the poor victim of opiate when all else has failed, and his very grave seems yawning to engulf him.

If anything else were necessary to convince the most skeptical of the power of this medicine, the letters of the gentleman and his friends since his return would certainly do so. But it is not necessary. To show, however, the completeness of the cure, and, in addition, the restoration to general health, we append one letter:

HOME, September 23, 1877.

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

MY DEAR FRIEND—As I predicted, my presence brought sunshine and happiness to a home that had long been darkened and blighted by the most deadly, withering curse, and this morning we have the most pleasant, cheerful fireside that we have had for many long months. The roses are returning to the cheeks of my wife. She meets me with a confiding smile and the old confidence is restored, while the merry, ringing laugh of my sweet children attest the fact that your Opium Cure has power over households as well as over individuals. Men and women are astonished at the result—at the wonderful transposition. But the facts are so plain and patent that they cannot doubt them—they can only wonder; and none are really more astonished than myself. I have had but little depression since I left you; have had no nervousness, no palpitation, no dullness or stupidity about the head, no aching of the head, back or legs, and in every respect my general tone is highly satisfactory. My bowels are regular. They called me at Macon yesterday morning at 7, and here at the same hour this morning. My appetite is good—not morbid; and in every sense my condition is satisfactory. My mind is more tranquil, because I met the kindest reception on my return home, not only from family and friends, but from everybody.

With my kindest regards to Mrs. Woolley and children, I am, my benefactor and friend, sincerely and fraternally yours,

We have read a letter one week later, dated September 28, in which he states that, "Notwithstanding all my engagements—and they are numerous—I continue to improve—in fact, I feel better than I have felt for years, and really seem to have resumed my youth. I have no earthly desire for stimulants and opiates; could not use them if I would, and would not if I could. My appetite is good, digestion fine, general health all I could desire. My head is clear, mind vigorous and body free from a single pain."—Prospectus.

HOW SHE REDEEMED HIM.

A Leaf from a Pastor's Journal.

The mist of a dull November day had settled upon the frosted vegetation without, and the cool, moist air was exceedingly disagreeable to pedestrians. On entering the door of my study I saw the marks of a slender foot, that had waited some time apparently for my arrival. The fire was soon burning in the cheerful fireplace, and I had just settled myself to my day's work among my books, when a soft, hesitating rap was heard at my door. It opened, and a lady closely veiled entered.

"I came to see you rather early this morning, Mr. Hughes," she said; "but I was in great distress, and, really, I have no friend to counsel me."

"Indeed, madam," said I; "and in what way can I serve you."

"First let me tell you my story, sir, and then if you can help me, I know your nature too well to doubt your assistance." She drew aside her veil, and I saw before me a countenance not singularly beautiful, it is true, but nevertheless possessing absorbing interest. Lines of deep sorrow were written in her young face, and her eyes were eloquent in their imploring earnestness.

"I have been married, as you know, nearly four years," she said; "and I am now scarcely more than the wreck of the woman you saw on my wedding night. You did not know, perhaps, the terrible risk I ran in accepting Mr. Eaton as my husband."

"I remember well the occasion, Mrs. Eaton," I replied, "and I thought then that you formed the handsomest couple I ever saw upon the floor."

"Ah, sir, there were many to say the same thing then, but such compliments did not make my married life agreeable or happy. I knew that Mr. Eaton had been very intemperate before our marriage, but I entertained that flattering hallucination which has deluded so many young girls into ruin. I thought my influence over my husband would be so potent that I could break the spell that bound him. My society and presence would not only be a restraint, but for my sake, rather than see me unhappy, he would sign and keep the temperance pledge. The day before we were married he took a solemn oath of abstinence from all intoxicating liquors. I believed then, and I believe now, that he was sincere. He loved me devotedly, and nothing could exceed his kindness and attention to me. The first few months of our married life flowed quietly and happily away, and he

remained true to his pledge. There was no effort on his part to deceive me. I saw him tried again and again, and I had settled down into the conviction that I had triumphed, and reclaimed my husband. He owned an interest in a large commission business that yielded us a very fair income, and we lived comfortably, but with economy, for I desired to be a helper and not a drawback to him. About a year after our marriage, he came home from his business one night and I fancied that he walked unsteadily. My suspicions were aroused in a moment, for on his breath I detected the scent of cloves or spice of some kind, and I knew too well what that indicated. At once I challenged him if he had broken his pledge. He looked me full in the face and solemnly swore that he had not.

"Ah, sir, that look I shall never forget! There was a peculiar expression in his eye. I know not how to describe it—but something resembling the glassy expression we see upon the eyes of a dead person. Yet there was a fierceness and fixedness of look so entirely unlike him that I shuddered beneath his gaze. He seemed to understand that I doubted his truthfulness, and he set down by me, resumed his tender and affectionate manner, and assured me that he had kept his pledge. I observed, that he afterwards avoided me when I sought to catch his eye, or looked fixedly at him. I suspected—I knew not what. Yet I saw it would be folly for me to charge him with untruthfulness, or to doubt his word.

"Two years passed away. Our little Ella was beginning to stand alone, and he was so proud of our beautiful little child, and so constant in his attentions to me, I felt that it was cruel to suspect him. His evenings were always spent at home, reading to me, and I remembered afterwards how often in those evenings his voice became strangely thick and hoarse; I cannot describe it—'twas not a cold, nor the effects of reading aloud, but a peculiar, harsh, grating tone—"

"I see—I see—madam. He was using —"

"Let me tell you how I discovered the truth—terrible truth it was to me. He had fallen asleep in his chair after reading to me for half an hour, and, as I had some needlework to do, I sat patiently at my work, when he roused up suddenly and retired to bed. His vest pocket, I noticed, needed a little darning at the corners, and, placing my finger in the pocket, I found a paper packet which, woman that I am, it is needless to say, I examined. It was morphine!"

She stopped, shuddered and resumed her story:

"At a single glance the truth dawned

upon me! I had redeemed my husband from spirituous liquors and driven him to Opium! Oh! sir, the horrors of that night to me! No tongue can describe what I felt. What should I do? What could I do? To charge him with it would do no good; to pretend ignorance, was to encourage him in the use of a drug which would soon unfit him for business, wreck his health and destroy his life! I sat up the whole night, and near the dawn of day he arose from the bed, surprised to see me awake and at work, and I saw him take the packet to the water-stand and drink the soul-destroying drug! He was at once aware of my knowledge of his secret, and he pretended no disguise afterwards.

"In my poor way I told him all I had ever heard or read of its effects—of the ruin that was ahead of him—but he seemed utterly indifferent to the caution. Alas! I did not know how weak and worthless are human resolutions against this despotic, this almost omnipotent monster! From the time of this discovery he grew worse. He neglected his business. His partner admonished him, and finally dissolved copartnership. The firm had already suffered much from his inattention and neglect. The books, which he kept, were so confused and tangled that in the final settlement he received only a few hundred dollars, where he ought to have had as many thousands. He was now out of business, with his good name imperilled, if not destroyed. A kind friend gave him a place in his counting-house, but he soon lost all taste for labor of any kind. He would sit for hours looking into the fire, or upon some object, without uttering a word. He lost his place in the counting-house, and then came to us the real pinch of poverty. I took in a few articles of wearing apparel to make, and, as we owned our little house, by hard toiling and painstaking economy, we managed to live. At last, sir, the severest blow of all came; he had secretly mortgaged our little home to Mr. Blair, the druggist, and two months ago our little cottage was sold, and now we are without house or home! I have two little children—my work will not feed them, my husband and myself; and to-day the last article of my furniture—my mother's gift to me—is pawned for the rent of a single room! He is almost a maniac. The drug he must have or die, and his death—O, my God!"

She buried her face in her hands, and although I have seen almost every form of human suffering, I do not think I ever saw one that moved my compassion more.

"Madam," said I, "yours is indeed a

sad, sad case, I admit, but do not despair. There is yet hope."

"Hope! sir?" she exclaimed, and I verily thought that her dark eyes gleamed upon me almost with the madness of despair; "hope? O, sir, can you have the heart to tantalize me with hope? Have I not hoped and labored and prayed until it seems that the Father in heaven mocks me!"

"Be quiet, calm yourself, my dear friend," I replied; "listen to me. You know that I would not deceive you. I am sincere. I am in earnest—you shall yet be happy; your husband restored, and your little one shall have a home!"

"O merciful Father!" she exclaimed, and falling on her knees, she prayed with that intensity of earnestness which only a heart tried in the crucible of deepest sorrow can. I waited until the paroxysm of anguish had passed away and continued.

"Madam, you know that I have made a character in this city for truthfulness at least. I will not speak extravagantly when I say that I know your husband can yet be saved. If it were necessary I could give you proofs which would satisfy you, as to the ground of my confidence. Let me ask you one or two questions and if you can answer them correctly I will undertake the case. Do you know what amount of morphine he uses in a day?"

"I do not know precisely, sir."

"Then I will give you a slip of paper upon which are written a number of questions; please obtain the answers to them and bring them to me immediately.

"It will be necessary to see him first, sir," she replied, "and I will go this moment home—no, not home, but to my miserable room, where my hungry little child is crying now for bread."

I need not say she was no beggar, nor that I slipped a bank bill into her hand as she left my study. I had known some of the particulars of her story, for she was a member of my charge, and a true, earnest Christian. Men never give money to the needy—they lend to the Lord of all.

She returned within an hour.

"Now, madam," said I, "you may return to this office next Saturday morning—this is Tuesday. By that time, I will pledge my honor to you, I will obtain a remedy that will bring back your lost husband, and restore you to happiness."

"God bless you, sir," she replied, "and may our Heavenly Father reward you—I cannot. If, as you say, —"

"Trust me, madam," said I. "There CANNOT BE a doubt about his recovery. Meantime, let him have his usual supply of morphine. Treat him with kindness. Inspire him with hope. Do not let him see or think that you have any doubt in

the case, and return to me on Saturday."

That afternoon I called upon Biggs, the real estate agent, paid the month's rent, sent a package of flour and a few articles of provisions and a few delicacies to the distressed family. Well, my reader, I did not pay for all these things myself. A few kind ladies had made me their almoner, and I had some money for charity purposes in my hand; so Mrs. Eaton was comfortably provided for, and I doubt not, there was more than one thankful heart in her cheerless apartment that night.

Saturday came, and promptly Mrs. Eaton entered my study. It may have been a fancy, but I thought her step was lighter, and her voice more cheerful that morning.

"Take this," said I, "and follow the directions. Upon no account allow your husband to touch the drug again, and report to me on Monday."

The Sabbath with its labors was past, the work of the pulpit had been more than ordinarily trying to my nerves, and I had taken my needed rest on Monday morning. It was late in the day before I reached my study. On the way I met my friend, Mrs. Eaton. Her face was glowing with a healthy excitement. I saw, at a glance, that she had good news for me. And so it proved. He had taken the medicine as directed. He slept well on Saturday night for the first time in months—he slept through the whole of Sunday night. He had not tasted—had not asked for the morphine. This morning he was evidently better.

"O, sir," said she, as we entered my study, "I shall never be able to thank you for your kindness. You have saved us all! But for you he must have died; as for me and my little ones, death stared us in the face. Ten thousand thanks, sir. O, words cannot express my gratitude. What can I do for you? O, what can be a sufficient thank-offering for this miracle of mercy?"

"My dear friend," said I, "give God the praise, because for every disease that flesh is heir to there is somewhere a remedy. It has pleased God to reveal to industrious, earnest men the means of cure for this terrible disease of Opium-eating. We treat it as a vice merely, and blame, rebuke or abuse the poor sufferer—we only exhibit our own ignorance. It is as much a disease as typhus fever, or the cholera. Do we abuse and despise people because they contract malarial fever? True, people ought not to place themselves in the way of contracting the disease of Opium-eating, but frequently it is done unwittingly, unconsciously, and no sin attaches to the unfortunate person. Now, when we regard it as a disease, and treat it as

such, we encourage the sufferer to nerve his own will, and furnish him with a motive for restoration. In the name of reason, let us treat these nervous sufferers with common charity, as we hope for mercy ourselves."

I gave her some directions, and a few days afterwards visited the patient myself. There was a marked change for the better, but many weeks passed before his restoration to health. But it came at last. The day in which he walked into my office with his grateful little wife upon his arm and placed his hand in mine, with his clear, sparkling eyes flashing their gladness into my very soul—well, it was a happy day to me!

And to her—it was like a bridal day, and the honeymoon is like to last forever! The little cottage has been bought back, and little Ella has just been playing in my study, and trying to spell out the big letters on my books, and wondering if she could ever learn to read them. Dear little child! she does not know what terrible peril her own life has passed, and the story of her mother's first visit to "Uncle" Hughes, she will never learn, perhaps, even if her young eyes should read this record, for her name and mine are given here under a disguise, but the paper which saved his father from ruin and brought hope to her own young life—the paper which I gave her mother in that bleak November day contained these words: "ADDRESS B. M. WOOLLEY, ATLANTA, GA., STATE YOUR CASE, AND FOLLOW DIRECTIONS."

OPIUM.

To secure any good in life, almost any valuable, health, knowledge or moral excellence, requires persevering and, sometimes, self-denying efforts. To combat and overthrow serious obstacles—to surmount almost insurmountable difficulties—time and patient perseverance is always requisite. These remarks are applicable to those who are endeavoring to repair the damages wrought by the tyrant, Opium, during its reign, to their physical, as well as to their moral being.

Where Opium has been used to excess, creating what is called the Opium habit, or as it may be more appropriately termed, the Opium disease, it is not alone necessary to stop the use of all opiates, or simply quiet the nervous system, but a suitable hygiene, proper alimentative and restorative agencies, are necessary to the making of a perfect cure in all such cases.

When you are well, let yourself alone—you can never be better than well.

THIS OPIUM ANTIDOTE OR CURE

Is a painless cure for the Opium Habit. It has been thoroughly tested, without a single failure where instructions have been carried out. It is no patent humbug, but is a sure remedy, carefully prepared by myself, or an experienced physician, or chemist, for each particular case, in accordance with the instructions furnished by the patient. It is now used and indorsed by many of the best physicians in the country.

HOW TO GET THE ANTIDOTE.

See index "How to Order," which refers you to a page containing questions to be answered, and for your order for your Antidote. Fill carefully. In answering the questions, be full and accurate, especially on the following points: 1. Give the FULL AMOUNT of the drug necessary to keep the patient entirely comfortable for say twenty-four hours. 2. The length of time used. 3. Mode of using—whether into the stomach, hyperdermically or otherwise. The success of the Antidote greatly depends upon these points. Accurately given, cure will be certain, if directions are followed. When the blanks are thus filled, return them to the undersigned, accompanied by THREE DOLLARS, in P. O. Money Order, or in a registered letter, and in ten days or sooner the Antidote will be sent you by Express C. O. D., for balance of charges, if any. Remember one of the most important points in the answers is the FULL QUANTITY of the drug used per day. It is absolutely useless to expect a cure when failing to give this. Where you have a doubt, you had better get a full supply carefully weighed, and test the matter fully.

WILL THE ANTIDOTE SUSTAIN ?

It certainly will, if you answer as above requested. As soon as you begin with the Antidote, throw your fears away, continue the medicine until cured.

HOW LONG SHALL THE ANTIDOTE BE USED ?

It is impossible to answer this definitely. Much depends — 1. Upon the quantity of Opium used. 2. The length of time it has been used. 3. The general condi-

tion of health, obedience to instructions, etc. We warn patients that, they often feel so WELL, they imagine they are cured when not. Beware of this, and follow directions. The Antidote must be taken long enough to thoroughly eradicate the narcotic poison from the system, and to give nature time to re-establish the system to a healthy or normal condition. I will always complete a cure as soon as practicable with 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. (See testimonials.)

HOW MUCH WILL IT COST ?

By reference to the Price List (page 59), you will be able to find the probable cost per month, which is regulated by the amount of Opium taken per day. This may seem high, but the ingredients of this remedy are very expensive. Then, remember, 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 immediately fitted for usefulness, relieved from suffering, and ere long can lay it aside also. It is not unpleasant to take.

We propose to furnish this remedy as cheap or cheaper than any one else who makes a genuine and pure article, and when a patient receives a bottle, and tries it three or four days and is not satisfied, they can securely repack and ship it to me and I will return their money, or make another to suit their case, as they may wish. This is fair, is it not? We do not want your money for nothing.

This medicine should at all times be kept in a secure place, away from children or others who might taste or take it who should not. NO ONE, EXCEPT THOSE FOR WHOM IT IS PREPARED, SHOULD EVEN TASTE IT, MUCH LESS TAKE A DOSE OF IT. While innocent and beneficial to those for whom it is prepared, when taken in prescribed doses, IT IS DANGEROUS for any one else. It must be made powerful to do its work properly.

Joy is a prize unbought, and is freest, purest in its flow when it comes unsought. No getting into heaven as a place will compass it. You must carry it with you else it is not there. You must have it in you as the music of a well-ordered soul, the fire of a holy purpose, the welling up out of the central depths of eternal springs, that hide their waters there.

PRICE LIST.

PRICE FOR A 16-OZ. BOTTLE, OR 2-8-OZ. BOTTLES, A MONTH'S SUPPLY.

Two Drachms Laudanum or Elixir,	OR	Eight Grains Gum Opium,	equal	One Grain Morphia.	\$3 00
2 to 4 $\frac{1}{4}$		8 to 16		1 to 2	4 00
4 $\frac{1}{4}$ "		16 "	24	2 "	5 00
7 $\frac{1}{8}$ "		24 "	32	3 "	6 00
8 $\frac{3}{8}$ "		32 "	40	4 "	6 00
10 $\frac{3}{8}$ "		40 "	48	5 "	7 00
12 $\frac{1}{2}$ "		48 "	56	6 "	8 00
15 "		56 "	64	7 "	9 00
17 "		64 "	72	8 "	11 00
19 "		72 "	80	9 "	12 00
21 $\frac{2}{8}$ "		80 "	88	10 "	13 00
23 $\frac{1}{2}$ "		88 "	96	11 "	14 00
25 $\frac{1}{2}$ "		96 "	104	12 "	14 00
27 $\frac{3}{8}$ "		104 "	112	13 "	14 00
30 "		112 "	120	14 "	15 00
32 "		120 "	128	15 "	15 00
34 $\frac{1}{8}$ "		128 "	136	16 "	15 00
36 $\frac{1}{4}$ "		126 "	144	17 "	16 00
38 $\frac{1}{2}$ "		144 "	152	18 "	16 00
40 $\frac{1}{2}$ "		152 "	160	19 "	17 00
42 $\frac{3}{8}$ "		160 "	200	20 "	17 00
53 $\frac{1}{8}$ "		200 "	240	25 "	19 00
64 "		240 "	280	30 "	20 00
74 $\frac{2}{8}$ "		280 "	320	35 "	23 00
85 $\frac{1}{8}$ "		320 "	360	40 "	24 00
95 "		360 "	400	45 "	25 00
106 $\frac{2}{8}$ "		400 "	440	50 "	26 00
117 $\frac{1}{8}$ "		440 "	480- 1 oz.	55 "	27 00
				60-1 dr.	

By remembering that 60 Grains make 1 Drachm, 8 Drachms make 1 Ounce, and 120 drops of Laudanum or Elixir make 1 Fluid Drachm, the above table will be very easily understood.

Patients using Gum Opium, Laudanum, Elixir of Opium, or other preparations of the drug, must state explicitly the amount of either, and they will be charged according to its equivalent in Morphia.

AN IMPORTANT POINT.

Every patient will please write me, when ordering a second supply, just what day they began use of the first.

TO PATIENTS UNDER TREATMENT.

Let me say to patients now under treatment, and to any who may hereafter try this treatment, be sure that YOU READ AND RE-READ CAREFULLY THE ARTICLES HEADED "SPECIAL INSTRUCTIONS TO PATIENTS" AND "WORDS OF ENCOURAGEMENT TO PATIENTS;" READ AND FOLLOW INSTRUCTIONS IMPLICITLY if you wish to be cured.

LENGTH OF TIME REQUISITE TO COMPLETE A CURE.

It is a question difficult to answer, as to 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 the 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 a persevering use of efficient remedies to repair the damages done to the entire system by the poisonous salts of the drug; so that every organ can act in healthy harmony with each other, thereby restoring the will-power, and every other essential power of the body, and so 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 different cases, that it is difficult to approximate the time with any degree of certainty. Opium affects different persons in very dissimilar ways. Some are damaged much more rapidly and seriously than others. Some have more native recuperative powers than others. Some obey instructions implicitly, while others will insist upon taking the advice or suggestions of outsiders, or try various experiments of their own.

I would just here suggest to all interested in this subject, that it is in my opinion, of paramount importance that every one should determine for themselves whether they believe the manufacturer of this remedy to be an honest and reliable person. If you believe that he is both,

then trust him to advise you wisely and unselfishly. If you CANNOT trust him thus far, then have nothing to do with HIM OR HIS REMEDY. 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 and 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 happiness to me, as well as to themselves. I can, however, only say, what I HAVE said in reference to this subject in other printed matter, with this addition alone, 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. 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.

B. M. WOOLLEY,

A THRILLING INCIDENT.

It was a dark and gloomy night—just such a night wherein ghouls are said to walk, and disembodied spirits meet in nocturnal conferences. The clock had tolled the solemn hour of 12, 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 out while all along the questions 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 horrible dream. A man in an unguarded moment, had fallen overboard from one of the steamers anchored at the wharf just above the town. He could not swim, but had caught some trash, 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 has 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 ferrymen), nearly a half mile above, has heard the cries, and is coming to the rescue, halloaing 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! I have him! Let go that twig and get into my boat, and do as 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! O! 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. The water is soon gotten out of him, and he is a saved man, restored quickly to comfort and physical strength.

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 this 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 at large are 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 sufferings the world at large are as little sensible. We refer to the unfortunate men or women who, from various causes, have gotten into that most distressing and fatal of all bad habits, the constant using of Opium in any of its shapes or forms. Their most intimate friends, while perhaps moved by a vague pity, will at the same time stand by, not having the knowledge of means, however willing they may be to use them for the rescue of the unfortunate, for it is only a recent discovery, this boat into which the unfortunate drowning men and women of this class may be drawn, and their precious lives rescued.

Yes, afflicted children of the Opium habit, there is a new era dawning for you. It has dawned. There has been discovered, and, then by hard study and careful experiments, perfected so as to meet each and every case, a cure—a painless cure for those who now groan under the bondage of a constant use of Morphine, Gum Opium, Elixir of Opium or any other of the forms in which this fatal drug is concealed. Give this matter your immediate attention. Lose not a moment in hesitation. This painless Opium Antidote so wonderfully perfected and offered to the public by Mr. B. M. Woolley, of Atlanta, will in an incredibly short space of time prove to you that you may be rescued from a physical and from a moral death. A perfect cure is promised, where directions are followed in the use of this Antidote. By getting the drug out of your system that has so poisoned your blood, it sets you free—puts you on dry land—just as surely as Dick, the ferryman, landed the drowning man whom he found clinging to a twig in the Alabama river, and sent him on his way rejoicing. Now, whether after being rescued from this awful habit that is drowning your soul and body now, as sure as the turbid river waters were engulfing the man saved by the ferryman, we cannot tell you—neither could Dick have told you—whether the unfortunate man he had just pulled from a watery grave would ever fall into a river again, but we think it is less likely that it should be so than if he had never been so near destruction before. But, now, to those who are slowly drowning by a far worse element than muddy waters, we wish to say: You can be saved if you will. Help lies at your door.

Either write or come in person to Mr. Woolley, at Atlanta, place yourself in his hands just as trustfully as the man whose story you have just heard yielded to Dick's strong grasp and was drawn out of the icy wave into the safe little boat. If you whose eyes meet these lines are not ad-

dicted to the use of Opium, thank God for it, and then look around and see if you can find among your list of acquaintances some poor drowning man or woman, and go to them and awaken them, and help them to reach this boat. If you can do no more, send them this article, and then send to Mr. Woolley their names and address, which will be held strictly confidential.

NO FURTHER NEED FOR THE AN-TIDOTE.

MILLTOWN, CHAMBERS CO., ALA.,

March, 1, 1879.

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

DEAR SIR—I hereby certify that about seven years ago I contracted the habit of using Morphine for toothache and neuralgia. I commenced by using a small quantity, but the habit grew on me until I could not do with less than one bottle of sixty grains per week, and sometimes more. I tried every way I could to quit the habit, but could not. I commenced using your Antidote the 23d day of January, 1878, and left it off on the 9th of February, 1879. I have no disposition now to use Morphine, or any other opiates. I feel that my health is greatly improved, and feel under a thousand obligations to you and your Antidote. I am sure it will cure any person who will use it as directed. Yours gratefully,

MATILDA A. CLIFTON.

P. S.—You can use this certificate as you please, and may direct any person to me for any information they may desire.

M. A. C.

I hereby certify that the above certificate from my wife is correct and true.

G. W. CLIFTON.

Milltown, Chambers Co., Ala., March 1, 1879.

HE FURTHER WRITES.

Major Woolley:

MY DEAR FRIEND—I seat myself this morning to drop you a few lines in regard to my wife. She has left off the Antidote. She is doing finely, and is more lively than she has been for six or seven years. She says that there is nothing on earth that would induce her to return to the use of Morphine again. Our home is a pleasant home now to what it has been for the last six or seven years. The children are all highly delighted at the thought of their mother's release from the bondage of Opiates. Our neighbors and friends are expressing their gratitude for the gift of a Woolley and his Antidote. And now accept the heartfelt gratitude that I feel due you and your great remedy. May you live long and continue to do good to suffering humanity.

Yours truly,

G. W. CLIFTON.

GENIUS RUN TO SEED.

[The New York correspondent of the Detroit Free Press furnishes the following particulars concerning a well known newspaper writer:]

Terence Brady will not haunt the newspaper offices of New York any more. In an up-town street the other day he dropped to the pavement, and when taken up by a policeman he was found to be dying. He was hurried to a hospital, but life had departed before anything could be done to relieve him. Brady was a man of superior literary talent, and had done some excellent work in odd jobs on the New York press, but owing to a confirmed habit of Opium eating, which he had contracted, he could not get steady employment anywhere. He received a good college education in Ireland, and came to this country several years ago, making his way to San Francisco, where he began newspaper work, and finally became the editor and part owner of a prosperous weekly paper. An unfortunate marriage brought trouble, and he then began to use the insidious drug that ultimately destroyed him. About eight years ago he appeared in New York as an applicant for newspaper work, and the occasional jobs he was able to pick up served to keep him in the absolute necessities of life. The Opium appetite seemed to increase day by day, and his indulgence of it incapacitated him more and more for responsible employment. He finally lost all interest in himself, and all regard for his appearance. Those who met him in the streets, or encountered him in the newspaper offices, supposed him to be merely a tramp of the better class. But the poor fellow had once possessed the fire of true genius, and had he not extinguished it with his own hand, he might have made an honorable name. The sad ending of his life recalls that of his unfortunate countryman, the brilliant and erratic Clarence Mangan, one of the best of Ireland's poets, who, like Terence Brady, became a confirmed Opium eater, and went down to the grave an obscure, self-condemned outcast. Hear the terrible despair that moans through one of Mangan's last poems, "The Nameless One." Appealing to the spirit of song, he says:

Tell me now, amid reck and sorrow,
And want and sickness, and houseless nights,
He bides in calmness the silent morrow
That no ray lights.

And lives he still, then? Yes, old and hoary
At thirty-nine, from despair and woe,
He lives, enduring what future story
Will never know.

Him grant a grave, O ye pitying noble,
Deep in your bosoms let him dwell,
He, too, had sorrow for souls in trouble,
Here and in hell.

The True Objects of Testimonials and Certificates.

As a closing to this little pamphlet of evidence and advice, I wish to say that I trust there is nothing in it, either from myself or others, that will be calculated to mislead. I present CERTIFICATES AND TESTIMONIALS, WITH NAME AND POST-OFFICE ADDRESS ATTACHED. I prefer a few such to thousands I could give without names. I give these for the benefit of the afflicted, and for the establishing of faith and confidence in the minds of their doubting friends. Note carefully what is said by the cured patients and profit by their experience. Is *your* case worse or more hopeless than any of these? Think of it, and write to them, inclosing stamp for reply, and if one does not take time to answer you, write to another. I know that it is said that half of the testimonials are fictitious and false. I have the original copy of every one I publish. Note the nature of mine; how can they be else than true? Note what is said of my remedy and of myself AT HOME. Write, if you wish, and ascertain for yourselves. I will take it as a favor on the part of doubting, yet interested parties, if they will write to these cured patients, and be convinced. The fact is SETTLED and ESTABLISHED that my remedy does CURE, and that IT RE-ESTABLISHES THE HEALTH OF THE PATIENT. Then let speculation alone as to how it is done, or what my remedy is composed of; and also entirely ignore comments or advice from the uninformed.

I have made no effort at literary merit in this little book, though there *are* productions in it from other pens worthy of your attention, even upon the ground of literary merit, namely: the story by Mrs. MARY E. BRYAN, of the *Sunny South*, the authoress of some of the purest and most fascinating and forcible fictions of this age. Also, the story from a "PASTOR'S SKETCH BOOK," BY ONE OF THE ABLEST AND MOST CELEBRATED DIVINES of our country—this narrative being, as he informs me, founded upon facts. The essay, too, on the MORAL RESULT OF OPIUM MANIA, is from ONE OF THE SPRIGHTLIEST AND MOST TRULY GIFTED PROSE AND POETRY WRITERS OF ANY AGE. These and other articles are very worthy as literary productions.

I have tried to confine the matter mainly to such facts as might be of interest to THE OPIUM-AFFLICTED AND THEIR FRIENDS, and I would, therefore, ask THEM to read it ALL. There is not an article in it that would not pay such interested persons to read. IT IS ALL intended for YOU. Take time and read it. Weigh each point well. Reflect, and act for yourself.

B. M. WOOLLEY.

FAMILY

LIVER MEDICINE.


ONE OF THE BEST FAMILY MEDICINES IN THE WORLD
TO PROMOTE AND REGULATE THE
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VEGETABLE COMPOUNDS.
SIMPLE, INNOCENT AND EFFICIENT!!

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 Price 75 Cents a Bottle, Packed in Wooden Boxes. Can be sent to any part of the country by Express.

B. M. WOOLLEY'S

LIQUOR ANTIDOTE.

I HAVE FOUND that a modified combination of the Vegetable Compounds I use are most excellent for the relief of Mania a Potu (Delirium Tremens), resulting from excessive indulgence in Alcoholic Liquors. It is a sure relief in such cases, and often proves a complete restorative agent in making sober and useful men out of habitual drinkers.

B. M. WOOLLEY,
Atlanta, Georgia.

