



Theriaki:

A TREATISE ON THE HABITUAL USE
— OF —

Narcotic Poison.



How the Habit is Formed,
Its Consequences and Cure;

— BY —

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THERIAKI:

A Treatise on the Habitual Use of Narcotic Poison.

A DECADE OF TRIUMPH.

Nineteen years have now elapsed since the discovery of my Painless Cure for Opium Disease, or, as it is more commonly called, the Opium Habit. This period has been a decade of triumph for the medicine. It has triumphed over the suspicious obstancy of the ignorant, the rooted prejudices of the conservative, the distrust of the timid. The bigotry, jealousy and hostility of the "regular profession" have not arrested its progress. It has more than maintained itself against that stupid old cry and shriek of "humbug," which is fiercely proclaimed against every new development—especially in medical science. It has steadily won its way against all opposition, and amid a mob of impudent pretenders who are cursing the country with vile, poisonous imitations, has finally established itself as the original, genuine and only true and sovereign cure for the most body-destroying, brain-consuming, soul-damning ill that afflicts humanity.

It has stood the hard, sharp, decisive test of time. Hundreds of men and women redeemed from miseries and horrors unspeakable—snatched from the very abyss of woe and despair—testify to the efficacy of the Antidote. To these witnesses, representing all classes of our people and scattered all over our broad Republic from ocean to ocean, from the "Sides of the North" to the great Gulf, I refer all doubters—all scoffers. The free, unbought testimonials of some of the many who have been saved, may be read on subsequent pages of this book. To them I invite the close, candid attention of every victim of the Opium Habit and of every investigator who seeks the truth.

In viewing the work of the past decade, I should be somewhat more (or less) than human, did I not feel some degree of pride at the solid, brilliant success achieved by my Antidote. I can sincerely say that I derive the highest gratification from the reflection that I have been instrumental in delivering not a few of my fellow beings from the captivity and torture of a veritable "body of death." My aspiration and hope are that in the time to come, I may largely increase the list of those redeemed from this terrible slavery.

Respectfully Yours,

DR. SAMUEL B. COLLINS,

LAPORTE, INDIANA.

REVIEW OF THE REPORT

Of the Massachusetts State Board of Health.

IMPORTANT PRACTICAL FACTS IN WHICH THE PEOPLE ARE INTERESTED.

The Massachusetts State Board of Health, in their report of 1886, make some startling statements, not the least of which in real interest to a large portion of the community, is that bearing upon the Opium Habit, and the exhibition of their attitude toward its treatment.

The purpose of the people expressed through the legislature, in the creation of such a Board, we have no reason to question. That it was in the interest of truth, and in honesty of purpose to do good, to ameliorate distress, to check fraud and piracy, we are ready to believe and extend hearty concurrence.

The value of any efforts looking to the accomplishment of such purpose must of course depend upon the knowledge, skill, integrity, and breadth of comprehension of those into whose hands the trust may have been committed. The final arbiters must be those in whose name and interest it was created. To them, the people, therefore, as the highest court, we now offer some facts involving this report. They are of a character adapted to consideration and judgment by the people in a practical and business sense, not involving the necessity of professional skill, but requiring the weighing of plain testimony in matter of fact, and common honesty between individuals and community.

We will discuss consecutively the questions and answers raised and treated by the said State Board of Health in reference to the use of opium and the means of cure of the confirmed habit.

The report with which we now have to deal is numbered the seventh and bears date 1886. It opens by reference to the, "Third Annual Report of the State Board of Health, of Massachusetts" fourteen years previously, and specifically to a report therein upon the use and abuse of opium, treating of the two following questions, to-wit:

1. The use of opium by the people; whether it is much used except to relieve pain?
2. Has it increased of late years? If so, what is the cause of such increase?

In reference to these questions this seventh report states that "The inquiry was directed to physicians and druggists and does not appear to have been answered in a very satisfactory manner; that "The general opinion among well informed druggists was to the effect that it was increasing;" and further, that "At this date (fourteen years later) this opinion appears to be confirmed." The report continues with table of importations of "the drug" into the U. S. for the years 1870-1885 inclusive, and aggregating almost six millions of pounds of crude opium, and recognizes "evident proofs of an increase in the consumption of opium."

We make these quotations to show that the important facts were before the Board and were recognized, and that the demand for thorough investigation of all essential questions and propositions bearing upon the inquiry were impera-

tive. They have assumed to give the people the information, in so far as they are presumed to be interested. The result, as shown further on in the report, is before the public, whose province it now is to review the work of their servants.

It might be of interest to the general public to be further informed as to the extent of the opium habit, the proportion of the population directly and indirectly affected, and the character and seriousness thereof.

To give answer in any reasonable length, no details can be indulged. It is sufficient to say that in the State of Massachusetts not less than one in twenty of the entire population is addicted to the habit of taking opium or some of its products. The disposition of both victim and friends to conceal the fact, prevents any general knowledge of this terrible and alarming misfortune. When it is considered, as is known to those directly interested, that the confirmed opium or morphine taker is a living death, with the sensibilities increased ten thousand fold, and that every member of the family and every intimate friend shares the burden, the measure of the calamity may be numerically approximated. Those who would know something of the reality of their torments must see them, nurse them, or study cases in detail.

From what has been said, in connection with the report, we think the interest will be intensified to the extent that the people of the Old Bay State will feel that a matter is before them worthy their full and earnest consideration. That not only must they consider the subject as one vital to the health and prosperity of the people and state, but that the course and acts of those whom they have appointed to guard their interests be critically reviewed. In this it may be expected that the facts as to whether a truthful, just and intelligent report has been made, or whether law, honor, and the noble profession, have been prostituted to mercenary ends be clearly shown.

We do not deem it necessary at this stage of the inquiry to determine the character or relations of the individuals composing this Board created by the state, with all the attendant prominence and claims to attention and respect. This we trust will be sufficiently apparent in the unfolding of the general facts without personality.

That among the evident proofs of increased consumption of the drug, the Board have found a multitude of so-called "cures" or "antidotes," with circulars and endorsements, is in evidence that they did not speak without the means of information as to the value of their claims and at least a measure of investigation.

The sum of their report as to these "antidotes" is that with one exception "the active ingredient is opium;" that "the purchaser of such preparations thus becomes the victim of a cruel fraud, the article which he receives being simply the enemy in disguise against which he is bending his energies to obtain relief," and that "This shameful practice deserves nothing but the severest condemnation."

The Board next put themselves on record in an assertion which should be kept in mind, especially in connection with their knowledge of facts ascertained, and of the evidences at their command and in their possession. The assertion alluded to—made by the Board, evidently "*professional*," is, that "The cure of such cases, as is well known, especially of such as are of long standing, cannot be accomplished by mere medication, nor has any specific been discovered, which will successfully relieve the sufferer from the opium habit. A cure must of necessity combine a treatment which deals with the

entire physical and moral nature of the sufferer, and must be more thorough and far reaching than any mere system of therapeutic drugging can possibly accomplish."

We quote this assertion in full, that in the review which we present, it may be remembered as a "professional" statement, made by members of the medical profession, evidently in good standing in the "regular medical fraternity; next that it may be remembered as an *official* statement of a board of regular M. D.'s, under appointment by authority of the state to report truthfully upon important matters involving the happiness or misery of several thousand of her citizens.

Now while it is my desire to avail these official reports and statements in co-operative effort with all proper agencies to force to the wall and out of every state the small army of fraudulent pretenders who have copied from my methods of advertising, and all of whom so far as I have learned have utterly failed to cure or afford any permanent relief, it is necessary to examine in close scrutiny the course of this Board in the use made of the evidence and the deductions presented.

To do this we have no occasion to go outside the report. We find first as the basis of all their work, the statement of Dr. Davenport, that "he had examined twenty samples of opium cures, for morphine alone, and found the usual reaction." No further analysis was attempted. Upon this, the Board reports that with one exception, "the active ingredient is opium;" and "the article which the victim receives is simply the enemy in disguise;" and recommend that the sale be prohibited by law.

We have thus gone into a detail of statement, that the exact ground and warrant of the Board's action may be understood—not only as to the character and claims of "antidotes" or "cures," but also with reference to their recommendations and relations.

We might quote also from the report of Dr. B. F. Davenport, the State Analyst, to the said Board: "As the point sought to be ascertained was simply the presence or absence, in the opium cure itself, of morphine, the active principle of the opium," "the several preparations were uniformly tested only in regard to this one particular, and not as to their other constituents."

The entire ground of the report of this State Board of Health thus appears to be a qualitative test for morphine. No quantitative test for morphine; no test of any kind in any other particular, and no distinction attempted or noted between any of the "cures," and so far as indicated, absolutely no knowledge of the properties, character or effect of their use. The wholesale assertion as to the "active ingredient" of twenty preparations without discrimination, offered as cures for a most distressing affliction affecting directly or indirectly not less than half the people of the state; with the recommendation that their sale be prohibited by law is thus shown to rest simply upon nothing.

We have given the amount of attention to the report of the State Board, found in the preceding pages, not for its merit, but in view of the official relations of the Board to the State and to the medical profession, and the credit likely to be given to the report of such an honorably created body, without question or examination.

It now becomes in order to present facts of greater interest.

As to the composition of the twenty cures; what they do or do not contain; whether any particular article does or does not constitute a part, in large or small measure, we have no concern beyond the claim which for nineteen years we have made and supported not only in every State of the Union but in every

civilized country; that I, Dr. S. B. Collins of LaPorte Indiana, do painlessly cure the opium habit, without regard to the duration or amount used, and without inconvenience, or interruption of business, and without impairment or disturbance of any function; that I am the original and only discoverer of this cure and that I do not believe it to be known to any other person; that during all these years I have kept these facts before the public and especially before those interested; and have constantly associated this information with full, reliable and incontrovertible evidence of every claim and assertion; and that this testimony includes many of the most reputable and honored citizens and members of the medical profession; that this testimony is still in easy reach of all who feel sufficiently interested to examine for themselves; that it was in reach of the Massachusetts State Board of Health when upon the strength of a qualitative analysis for a single article, they made their groundless declarations that "the habit could not be cured by medication" and that "no specific had been discovered which would successfully relieve the sufferer from the opium habit." No testimony that I have presented has ever been impeached nor impugned, nor can it be. I hold the original statements over the signature of every certificate ever published by me.

If these facts were not known to the Board while making up their report it was not from lack of opportunity. No analysis was required to find them. In fact it is fair to presume that the evidence and character of the testimony were fully known to them, as they make reference to and pass judgment upon its value. It is equally plain that I am the great offender, at whom this exceedingly attenuated qualitative report is officially hurled, and that instead of any disposition to ascertain and report facts obtainable from evidence at command the purpose was to bury my just claims with the rubbish of impostors, without allowing a consideration upon their merits, at least without permitting a knowledge of the facts to come to the people through their action.

Several mysteries begin here to exhibit and numberless queries are suggested.

How is it that in the face of these facts, published and supported as they were, and which might have been, and may still be corroborated at almost every turn; they have been so utterly ignored by this Board in a matter so seriously affecting so large a portion of the people? Why has the effort been made to bury my well supported claims, in the horde of twenty in passing upon the merits of the lot by a qualitative analysis for the presence of a single constituent? and upon what scientific ground, medical or chemical, was this assumed qualitative constituent officially reported to the legislature and people of the State of Massachusetts as "the active ingredient?"

The field temptingly opens to discuss many possible or probable interests, prejudices and influences, tending to sharpen vision in one direction and to draw the curtain of darkness in another; but we have too many interesting and important facts to offer to permit them to be crowded by the embellishment of even the best warranted inferences. These the reader can draw as he may incline. The further evidences and references will enable all interested parties to settle any issues that may arise, upon as good evidences as is required by courts or deliberative bodies.

It requires no stretch of mental vision to see that the report based upon the "two questions," propounded fourteen years before, is made the instrument, and the questions the occasion for an attempt to discredit through official action and professional immunity, the only means of relief yet discovered for

the most distressing malady known; and for the false assertion that no specific has been discovered which will successfully relieve the sufferer from the opium habit; and for the recommendation—which is simply infamous, that the sale of “antidotes” be prohibited by law—thus invoking the power of the state to deprive the sufferer of its benefits.

The vital part and point of the second question, viz: “What is the cause of the increase” of the opium habit? is not answered—not even noticed.

The correct answer we will supply from data no less definite than the written statements of more than ten thousand patients, ninety-five per cent. of whom voluntarily affirm that the habit was contracted in the use of opium or morphine prescribed by a regular physician.

We can further give the name of the prescribing physician in every instance, and stand ready to do so, in so far as not involving betrayal of professional confidence.

No further comment upon this appears necessary than the fact that with the evidence before them of an infallible cure for this curse, the work of their own hands, this representative body of officially constituted regulars, have attempted to officially conceal the remedy and bury the author in oblivion by a prostitution of trust made specifically to enlighten the people and afford the victims the means of relief.

This plain statement of facts, which we have aimed to make as full and concise as the space will permit, leaves room for no other conclusions than indicated, nor warrant for milder form of expression.

With this Board of medicinal men as individuals we have no argument. We judge them simply human and but the successors of the *orders*, which ever since history has recorded the doings of men, have failed to see the possibility of any good coming out of Nazareth—have failed to recognize that the earth revolved, that blood circulated, or that a ligature was preferable to the red hot knife and boiling oil, that calomel and bleeding could be dispensed with. As the direct progeny of those who thought it necessary to execute several hundred reputable citizens in the actual belief that they were witches, a plea in mitigation may be admissible.

Meanwhile the people come to recognize the fact that *THERE IS A CURE* for the OPIUM HABIT; that it is a specific; that it is a perfect and painless cure, causing neither inconvenience nor interruption of business, nor disturbance of any function. They believe that the world does move, and that science and discovery are not of necessity restricted to doctors; and that they have the right to accept and enjoy the benefits of facts demonstrated, without the intervention of priest, professor or guardian.

The genuineness of this seventh report, *as a report*, is open to further criticism in that it is a mere rehash of statements of interested regulars, who about the date of the first named report, attempted to enter the field as curers of the habit, and to use their professional relation in their own interest, and to discredit my claims. It need hardly be said that they miserably failed. These facts are also fully attested by original letters and documents.

Whatever may be said by opponents the evidence is sufficient to convince any reasonable person that my treatment is uniformly successful, and that no sufferer from the habit with any real desire to be free need longer continue its slave.

We may assume that sufferers from any malady are more interested in being cured than they are in the constituents of the remedy that cures.

The question is—can I be cured? The answer, clothed with all authority accorded to human testimony may be found in the testimonials I have published from time to time for the past nineteen years and which are on file in my office, a small portion of which are herewith given in this number of THERIAKI; and with the evidence before you there need be no questionings as to cure.

OPIUM AND ITS EFFECTS.

The chemical constitution of opium is a matter of considerable interest, both to the victims of the fearful habit, and those who in their practice prescribe this "double-edged dagger." Morphia, the chief active principle, is an alkaloid obtained by treating gum opium with ammonia and alcohol. By still further treatment with sulphuric acid, the drug known as sulphate of morphia is obtained. This is the form in which it is best known to those who have chained themselves to the car of this Juggernaut.

In its narcotic action, sulphate of morphia is identical with the gum from which it is extracted, but from its concentration its sedative effect is the quicker realized, and on that account is preferred by physicians. Like many another of Nature's agents, "it is a good servant, but a terrible taskmaster." When once the habit of opium or morphine eating is fully formed, no person can describe, nor pencil paint the torments of the devotee.

Could the names be inscribed upon a monument, of those who have been cast down and slain "from the days of the son of the Shunamite," by this ogre; could there be a record made of those whose cold, ghastly forms are witnesses to the fearful verdict, "Dead by their own hand," driven to desperation by this transforming Circe, Heaven itself might well shrink in horror, and the terrified inhabitants of earth cry aloud.

Still physicians daily prescribe the drug in all its forms, with reckless hardihood, hoping for impunity from its consequences. Letters from all parts of this country are pouring in upon us, invoking the dire vengeance of Heaven and a just God upon a profession who deal out this terrible poison, without a hint as to the fearful consequences that may attach to its use.

The utter despair and woe of those who groan and writhe under their clanking chains, is well expressed by one who writes:

*Oh! life, thou art a gallant load,
A long, a rough, a weary road,
To wretches such as I.*

It is not enough that adults who are of "lawful age" are entrapped into the foul den of this monster, reeking with the blood of millions, but mothers whose pitiable ignorance or culpable indifference are equally criminal, stupify their helpless infants and stultify both their physical and mental organisms with soothing syrups and other nostrums, whose efficacy depends on that sheet-anchor to the doctor—OPIUM.

There may be cases in which this drug, properly prescribed, like strychnia, belladonna, nux-vomica, and many other virulent poisons, acts charmingly on vital action. They should always be prescribed with the greatest caution, with a full knowledge of their effects and the precautions necessary in their use. Especially is this true in the case of opium, which seems as if it were the hiding place of some hideous fiend who is always seeking to devour whomever he may.

In closing this article, I wish to say a few words directly to my patients, calling attention to the fact that all atmospheric changes are likely to produce in your peculiar, nervous sensations, which are seldom, if ever, felt by one who has not suffered the torments or the fires through which you have passed. But please bear in mind that the healthiest people in the land do not always enjoy a full flow of vigorous vitality and constant physical happiness; consequently, it is not strange that those who have become wonderfully impressible to every change, should keenly feel the action of barometrical and electrical changes. It were worse than useless to expect that after rushing down hill

for years, you should be able to retrace your steps without going over some rough ground and being obliged to exercise some strength of will in climbing to your former position. In addition to this I can guarantee that you will have no suffering while undergoing the entire cure, but what is easily bearable, provided you follow directions strictly. This is essential, as on this will depend the rapidity of your cure. As the poison is eliminated from the system, the nerves emerge from under the iron grasp of the fiend; the mind, rousing from its paralyzed condition, becomes clear and the brain active; all the tissues of the body assume their normal condition; you feel that you are in a new world; you can lie down and sleep the sleep of youth and infancy. The one thing over which I grieve hopelessly is that some will not reach the haven of perfect cure. They know so much better than the doctor about what is necessary for their treatment. They experiment at the RISK OF THEIR LIVES. After the cure is perfected, there is but one safety—one hope for the hereafter. Touch not, taste not, handle not the unclean thing, and you will be safe.

HEREDITARY OPIUM HABIT.

The opium habit, besides being acquired by use, can be transmitted by mothers to their children, as well as any other physical defect or passion.

The physical improvement or regeneration of the race can come only through the mothers. Do you wish children that shall be happy, even tempered and handsome, surround the mother with pleasant and beautiful scenes during the whole of the pre-natal state. Do men wish development in a certain line in a variety of stock, they select the animals that have the requisite "points" and cross. But in the human family, no attention is paid to this. They are not even as wise as the wild beasts; for among them the strongest wins the day, and so the breed improves. Why men and women should blush to speak of crossing for breed purposes, passes all comprehension. How long before this matter will be viewed in a rational light? How long before simple lust and license shall be the sole provoker of conception? It is terrible to know how many children come into the world undesired and misbegotten, because they must, as a consequence of brutal gratification, and with not one thought of what should be the sole object of the act, the improvement of the race. But we fear we are wandering from our subject. We urge upon you ladies, who are about to become mothers, to shun opium in all its forms as you would a loathsome contagion. Think for a moment of a child less than a month old, crying from the agony it has brought with itself into the world, and pacified only by the administration of the horrid drug opium. Opium Eaters, by the name of all that is pure and holy in this world, we conjure you do not impress this frightful wrong on the innocents you summon into the world. Either cure yourself of this terrible habit or forego connection. We write strongly on this point, for we have several cases of this kind now under treatment, to say nothing of the thousands of patients who acquire a taste for the accursed poison from the soothing syrups and other nostrums, so freely administered to the poor babies, who must be put out of the way, for the present, by some quietus, without regard to the future. The appetite is formed, lies dormant, perhaps for years, then suddenly springs to life as the result of the administration of opiates, and in an incredibly short space of time the unfortunate finds himself or herself chained in adamantine bonds, wondering how this can be. Once manacled, without relief from some friendly hands, the only release is death, at the end of a protracted agony, which both pen and brush have failed to portray.

DR. COLLINS' ANTIDOTE

Furnishes a speedy and sure relief for the opium-eater—a certain and perfect cure accomplished without pain and without inconvenience.

There need be no interruption of the usual transaction of business during the treatment—the Antidote serving, for the time being, as a perfect substitute for opium—and finally removing entirely any desire for the drug in any form.

Nor does the Antidote in any manner induce a habit of relying upon its sustaining power for a single instant after the need of opium has disappeared.

In short:

It entirely, and without pain, removes the desire for opium in any of its numerous forms, and for any substitute for opium whatever.

It builds up the system, no matter how low it may have been brought by the use of opium.

And, it leaves the patient as nearly as may be in a healthy condition without the desire for the deadly poison.

It is not a *patent medicine*, but is compounded expressly for the patient for whom it is prescribed, and upon a full statement of his case

It is not a panacea. It is designed and adapted only for the cure of the opium habit, and is not represented as curing any other disease or habit.

And, it is not, in the common acceptance of that word, a substitute for opium—it is an *entire cure*.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS.

Questions regarding the Opium Antidote are constantly being asked by correspondents from all parts of the country. To avoid, as far as may be, the necessity of answering these questions in each individual case, the following questions and answers are given:

Question. Is the medicine an *Antidote* or merely a substitute for opium?

Answer. It is a perfect Antidote. It takes the *place* of opium until the poison of the drug is entirely eradicated from the system.

Q. Does the use of the Antidote induce a *habit* of its use—that is, is it not substituting one habit for another?

A. No, it is not. The moment that the opium is expelled from the system, the necessity or desire for the Antidote ceases.

Q. How shall a patient know when he is cured?

A. By his being able to discontinue the use of the Antidote.

Q. Does a patient taper off by lessening the doses or their number?

A. Neither. A patient should take the medicine exactly as prescribed, until the Doctor advises a change.

Q. How long does it take to effect a cure?

A. That depends upon the amount of the drug used, the length of time it has been used, and the health of the patient. In no instance can the exact time be given.

Q. Does the Antidote have a tendency to constipate the bowels?

A. For a time it usually does, but after a short time the action of the bowels become regular and natural.

Q. Will the disease, for which the patient first took opium, return upon its discontinuance and the substitution of the Antidote?

A. Not as a result of the use of the Antidote. The disease *may* return, but is no more likely to do so than if morphia were still being used.

Q. If the stomach of the patient is peculiarly weak and sensitive, will any difficulty be experienced in taking the Antidote?

A. No. The patient has only to state the fact to the Doctor, and the medicine will be compounded with a view to avoid the difficulty.

Q. If the Antidote fails to sustain the patient, should the doses be increased or a little opium be used?

A. When a correct statement is given the Antidote will not fail to perfectly sustain the system. No opium should be used, and doses should never be increased. When the Antidote does not sustain, the patient may rest assured that he has made some error in his statement, and should discontinue the Antidote and write at once to the Doctor.

Q. Does the price given per month include anything but the Antidote?

A. It includes an amount of the Antidote sufficient to last the patient *one month*, when directions are followed. In case the patient should need a prescription or advice during the treatment, no extra charge whatever is made.

Q. Is any medicine sent out upon trial?

A. No. The merit of the medicine is no longer an experiment, but an indisputable fact, and too much time would be consumed in sending samples.

TO PATIENTS.

Persons of all ages and conditions of life—strong men and weak women—persons afflicted with almost every ill to which flesh is heir, have been treated and cured, and so very many of the questions which patients would be led to ask may be anticipated in these pages.

There are some who, when they find that from the first dose of the Antidote all desire and necessity for opium in any form disappear, become fearful that they are still using in some form or other, the drug from whose baneful influence they would escape.

If the fact that opium does not antidote itself be borne in mind, and the patient remembers that no painless process of gradual diminution has ever been discovered, the idea will be at once dismissed.

To bring the patient from under the power of opium *without pain*, requires that the undue tension of the nervous system be not too suddenly lessened, and so, as the drug is suddenly withdrawn, the Antidote supplies for the time being, its place, at the same time expelling the poison from the system, and restoring its nervous energies.

The Antidote holds the nervous system in the same condition of rest or unrest in which it finds it—lessening its tension so gradually as to be imperceptible to the patient.

Local and transient causes have their effects upon the strongest—there are times when we all feel languid and despondent—and to no person do these uncomfortable feelings come oftener than to the confirmed opium eater.

A patient while undergoing treatment most generally watches with the greatest anxiety the progress of the cure—is particularly sensitive to every change of feeling—and so is very apt to give great prominence to a symptom which at other times would pass unnoticed.

It is not strange that in the great process of elimination, and before the

organs of the body have resumed their functions, the patient should feel at times a sensation of weariness—a lack of ambition.

But as no actual pain is felt, and as such symptoms are always transient, the patient should by no means lose confidence in the efficacy of the Antidote.

There has been two instances where an over-sensitive patient, experiencing this feeling of lassitude, has laid aside the Antidote and again resorted to opium. A most unfortunate combination of circumstances has at once appeared—for while the Antidote is a perfect substitute for opium, opium is *not* a perfect substitute for the Antidote.

It sometimes happens that patients, feeling under the invigorating influence of the Antidote an increase of nervous power to which they have long been strangers, labor or exercise beyond their strength, thus bringing on a relaxed condition of the nervous system. At such times they occasionally complain that the Antidote has not sufficient *sustaining power*.

Dr. Collins wishes it understood that while the ordinary affairs of every-day life need not be interrupted during treatment, the medicine is not designed to furnish strength for unusual labor.

While Dr. Collins guarantees a cure in every case in which all directions are scrupulously followed, he wishes it distinctly understood that he neither guarantees a cure, or holds himself *in any way* responsible for any evil effects which might result from a violation of his explicit directions. He wishes here to warn patients from allowing any parties, whether opium eaters or not, to take, or even taste, the medicine prepared for another.

To save a multiplicity of questions, and that patients may never be at a loss to know what is expected of them, it is thought best to give the following

DIRECTIONS:

Opium in every form must be entirely discontinued from the first dose of the Antidote, and never, under any circumstances whatever, be resorted to again.

All acids—including, of course, fruits that are sour, and all spirituous or malt liquors, must be entirely avoided.

The use in any form whatever of Mercury, Strychnia, Arsenic and Belladonna, is strictly forbidden.

Mineral Waters, Sedlitz Powders, Hydrate Chloral and preparations of Indian Hemp, are also forbidden.

Should it at any time become necessary to employ the services of a physician the patient should particularly warn him against the use of any article above mentioned.

The doses are to be taken with regularity, and exactly as directed upon each label—and should never be increased or diminished except by direction of Dr. Collins.

Should the patient be troubled with constipation, the action of the bowels may be regulated by the use of from one to three of Parke, Davis & Co's Improved Cathartic Pills. Where the Pills cannot be obtained, the patient may use any mild cathartic which does not contain calomel.

LENGTH OF TIME NECESSARY FOR A CURE.

It is impossible to foresee the exact time necessary for a cure, because the complications that may occur are countless. The best the Doctor can do is to

give average time. If the patient is vigorous and in good health, it will be less; if weakened by disease, the time will run over. The cases are very rare, however, where a cure is effected in less than six months. This depends upon the functional activity of the absorbents of the body, and their power to carry off the poisonous deposits from the cellular tissue.

PATIENTS

Must bear in mind that it is absolutely necessary that they should give their own names upon the blank statements furnished them, and then should always order in the name thus given. Of course medicine will be sent to any address, but this precaution is absolutely necessary to prevent errors in a business so large and so rapidly increasing as is the Doctor's.

Letters and telegrams must sometimes pass between the Doctor and his patients, and a message of any description rarely reaches a fictitious name. Parties have even forgotten their assumed names thus causing vexations but easily avoidable delays.

No name is ever betrayed where secrecy is enjoined, so patients may rest easy upon that point.

Patients should ALWAYS use their own name in filling out the blank sent them.

All letters should be written in ink—letters written in lead pencil being very liable to become erased and illegible during transmission through the mails; and great care should be used in giving plainly the name, post-office address, nearest express office, county and state.

EXACTNESS ESSENTIAL.

Patients in making out the amount of daily dose are very apt to think that a grain or two of morphia, more or less, will make no difference, in the treatment. BUT IT DOES MAKE A DIFFERENCE. All the complaints of the Antidote come from this one cause. Patients give a false account and then when the medicine does not act as it should, they blame the Antidote, the Doctor, anybody and anything but their own carelessness. Another class who have used morphia for years, and paid out a small fortune, if one bottle of the Antidote does not cure, begin to fuss and fume, and think that there must be something wrong somewhere. They forget that in the use of opium there would be constant drain on their purses until the grave closed over them. But when the end is reached and they are cured that drain stops forever. This, without any consideration of their restoration to health and real life. One other point, patients complain often that the bottle they are now using is not so strong as the last, AND THEN CONTRARY TO EXPRESS DIRECTIONS they increase the dose. Those who know anything of the action of medicines in the treatment of opiates understand how far such a statement is from the truth. If it were a SUBSTITUTE as are most of the spurious opium cures which are put upon the market in imitation of the Antidote, this idea would be true, but in an ANTIDOTE the action is reversed and it must be given in such quantities as the system can appropriate. Now one final word to patients: NEVER INCREASE the dose.

PRINTED BLANKS.

When patients write to the Doctor the first time, they very often complain that the answer is wholly or partly printed. This is the result of his immense correspondence. Questions for information are of the same general tenor, and to lighten the labors of his private secretaries he resorted to this plan to save time. He can give in this way all the information that is sought for in a first letter. If any one seeks "farther light" he can obtain it by further correspondence. The Doctor wishes all to understand that this is done, not from any discourtesy to the person addressed, but because it has become a necessity from the extent of his business.

A SEARCH FOR THE ORIGINAL DISCOVERER.

Some time since a discussion arose among the students at a Medical College relating to an Antidote for opium and the Discoverer of such a remedy.

I had a dear friend afflicted with the opium habit, who was using an enormous amount of the deadly poison daily, and I felt more than a common interest in this subject and inquired for particulars of those about me, but, receiving no definite information, decided to write to all who advertised to cure the opium habit, with the hope of learning more about the Discoverer, and when I was satisfied on this point, to place my friend under treatment. I soon became the recipient of numerous letters, circulars and pamphlets, and I thus learned that there were many claimants for priority in the matter of discovery, that all claimed to have a remedy superior to all others, and that they had all spent years of research in bringing their discovery to light. Some dated back to 1872, 1873 and 1876, and others were of more recent date.

I gave them a careful examination and my attention was more particularly attracted to the accusations and abuse heaped upon a Dr. S. B. Collins, of LaPorte, Ind. It carried me back to the days of Jenner, Harvey, Sir Chas. Bell, Sir Wm. Herschel and others who made such important discoveries and received in return nothing but abuse.

I finally decided to go and see Dr. Collins and have a personal interview with him. I left my home Aug. 20th, arriving in LaPorte Aug. 28th. After resting for a few days I called upon Dr. Collins at his office Sept. 1st, 1886.

Here let me picture to you a man fifty years of age, five feet ten inches in height, powerfully built, long brown whiskers and mustasche, light hair and complexion, and a light piercing eye—a deliberate thinker and speaker—self made and positive, and you have the picture of the man who has solved the greatest of all medical problems—the discovery of a remedy which, in its power of benefitting humanity, is without a rival.

After introducing myself, I began conversation with the Doctor by asking: "Dr. Collins, how long have you resided in LaPorte?"

He replied, "Twenty-six years."

"Did you practice medicine before you made your discovery of a Painless Opium Antidote?"

"Yes, some six or seven years."

"Who was your first patient treated for the opium habit?"

"It was A. P. Andrew, Jr., of this city."

"How much of the drug did he use daily?"

"The amount of laudanum used daily equalled from four to five grains of morphia."

"How long did it take you to cure him?"

"His cure was accomplished in a little less than five months."

"In what way did you let opium eaters know of your discovery?"

"By advertising in newspapers—principally the Chicago Times, Tribune and Evening Journal—in the years 1868 and 1869. But since my discovery 19 years ago, I have paid to printers alone \$300,000, not including the cost of circulars, pamphlets and quarterly magazines which I published for years."

At this juncture the Doctor handed me three little pamphlets called "Theriaki and their Last Dose," dated 1870, 1871 and 1872, also a dozen or more magazines, every one a different number. In looking through one of the magazines I saw the name of Fitz Hugh Ludlow. I asked, "Is this communication from the eminent Fitz Hugh Ludlow?"

The Doctor replied, emphatically, "*It is.*"

He immediately arose and going to a large safe took from it a package of letters which he handed me. I looked them over and saw they were dated from Nov. 25th, 1869 to Jan. 14th, 1870.

This was to me unmistakable proof that I had found in the person of Dr. Collins, the Original Discoverer.

The Doctor then handed me an eight page paper called "The Test of Time." It contained many testimonials. I found among them some familiar names, and it seemed incredible that those persons had ever been addicted to the opium habit, I read their testimonials with great interest for one in particular was, and had been a correspondent of mine for several years. Informing the Dr. of this fact he said "I suppose you wish to see their original testimonials?" He stepped to a vault and brought out a large book filled with testimonials which he handed to me saying "you will find them all there." I found those published were bona fide copies of the originals. I then questioned further:

"Who is Dr. D. Meeker? Parties have spoken of him since my arrival here."

In reply Dr. Collins handed me a small yellow covered pamphlet, published by Dr. Meeker, in the year 1872, saying, "Dr. Meeker has been dead a number of years."

After looking it through I asked, "What induced Meeker to attempt to cure the habit?"

Doctor Collins replied, "I do not know unless it could be attributed to my success in treating and curing the opium habit. He applied to me in the spring of 1870 for treatment for his two daughters, Mrs. C. J. Weatherby, and Mrs. Sheldon. He reported that one of them used 10 grains and the other 12 grains of morphia daily. He procured one month's treatment only, and in 1871, the year following, Meeker began advertising to cure the habit. Further than that, I have nothing to say about him."

"Dr. Collins, have you ever had any correspondence with Dr. Marsh?"

"Yes, I treated and cured his wife, in the year 1871. I did not get her testimonial, I presume Dr. Marsh felt a little delicate about having his wife's name used as he embarked in the business himself in 1872, or thereabouts."

"Do you know anything about P. B. Bowser?"

"Yes, he was also a patient of mine in 1871, and in the year 1873 he began to treat the habit."

"Can you give me any information about B. M. Wooly?"

"Yes, he applied to me in 1873 for treatment for his wife whom I cured in 1874. Wooly acted as my agent throughout the South, for nearly two years. In 1876 he advertised a cure for the opium habit."

"Is this man Weatherby, who now advertises a cure, the C. J. Weatherby, formerly of LaPorte, whose affidavit Dr. Meeker published?"

"Yes, I think so."

"Then he is Meeker's son-in-law?"

I then asked, "Doctor Collins have you ever told anyone what remedies you use, or how to compound your Opium Antidote?"

He replied, "No, sir, I have not. What others know was guessed at, from

tasting or smelling, or from taking the antidote when they were patients of mine."

"Doctor, do you know anything about J. L. Stephens' mode of treatment?"

"Yes, what I am told by those who have given him a trial. An Ohio lady writes me that his treatment in her case has nearly ruined her eye sight. A gentleman from Nashville, whose wife was under his treatment at two different times, and was in such a deplorable condition the last time she was there that her husband had to give her whisky under Stephens' advice to enable her to return home. Another one, a gentleman from Illinois was treated by Stephens, and at the end of thirty days pronounced cured; he returned home a living skeleton, unable to walk after the effects of the stimulants wore off, and to save his life he was forced to resort to opium, after suffering all the torments of an opium hell. These are not isolated cases. Some opium eaters become very reckless about their treatment and cure. A gentleman applied to me a few days ago who had, within the past fifteen years, tried every so-called cure advertised, and yet he was consuming the enormous quantity of sixty grains of morphine daily."

"Dr. Collins, I am at a loss to understand how so many people could so suddenly lay claims to cure the opium habit, when this disease has baffled the skill of the most learned physicians of all ages up to the time of your discovery in 1868."

"As you say you have guarded your secret so closely, not even having written it out in the shape of a prescription, and never having divulged the names of the remedies used, I am convinced that your rights in the matter of the opium cure are entirely disregarded, and that the honor of your discovery has not been generally admitted by the profession as should be done and that all who now claim to cure the opium habit and those who may follow in the future are imitators, and their remedies worthless imitations."

"By the way Doctor, here is a little pamphlet about a cure called 'Tokolon,' do you know anything about it?"

After looking over the pamphlet the Doctor said "Yes, here are the directions for taking Tokolon." (We give below an exact copy of these directions.)

"Unless otherwise directed always **take a Teaspoonful of TOKOLON**, commencing on bottle "A," three times a day, in a little water, about one half hour before or after meals."

1st Day	"A"	Take three times, and usual dose of Morphine.
2nd Day	"	Take three times, and 19 grains of "
3rd Day	"	Take three times, and 18 grains of "
4th Day	"	Take three times, and 17 grains of "
5th Day	"	Take three times, and 16 grains of "
6th Day	"	Take three times, and 15 grains of "
7th Day	"	Take three times, and 14 grains of "
8th Day	"	Take three times, and 13 grains of "
9th Day (Full Course.)	"	Take three times, and 12 grains of "
10th Day	"	Take three times, and 11 grains of "
11th Day	"	Take three times, and 10 grains of "
12th Day	"	Take three times, and 9½ grains of "
13th Day	"	Take three times, and 9 grains of "
14th Day	"	Take three times, and 9 grains of "

"NOTE. In order that the reductions may be made with accuracy, I desire that you have the drug put up in proper size doses to suit the above schedule;

or, if it is not convenient, you can have the drug put up 5-3-1- $\frac{1}{2}$ - $\frac{1}{4}$ grain powders, and by the combination of the different amounts, you can make your reductions accurately and without any trouble."

"You will make the reductions exactly as I have indicated above, commencing on the Trial Course "A," and as soon as exhausted, take up Full Course "A." After the fifteenth day you will reduce your dose of opiate $\frac{1}{2}$ grain a day for 16 days, then reduce $\frac{1}{4}$ of a grain a day until you run the dose out entirely."

"You see by these directions that this treatment is upon the reduction plan. This theory was advanced three hundred years B. C. Let an opium eater try to reduce his daily dose of morphine one grain, accompanied by the use of Tokolon three times daily and he will discover that a glass of water or a dose of Godfrey's Cordial would cure him of the habit as easily as this treatment.

Dr. Collins, any one reading the circulars with which the country is flooded must notice how closely they resemble yours.

Yes, they have all had my circulars before they began to treat the habit, and a party in this state wrote me that he had a friend who was addicted to the habit, and desired my paper, "The Test of Time," and all other printed matter of interest. I promptly complied with his request, but soon after, he associated himself with a party for the purpose of treating the opium habit. I could cite many more things which would prove what has been previously stated, but think this will suffice.

Doctor Collins, I have decided to place the treatment of my friend's case in your hands, as the evidence you produce is beyond all controversy. My friend has used morphia a number of years, and now uses a large amount daily, and I judge from what your patients say, whose testimonials I have read, that it will take a long time to cleanse the system of such an amount of the deadly poison; but what is time spent in being freed from this slavery compared with a lifetime of enslavement to opium? Think of it, a few years ago the habit was considered as incurable as hydrophobia, and nearly as dangerous to life.

If Dr. Collins' success only awakened honest emulation and quickened to honorable rivalry, this would be commendable. But envy, detraction and double dealing are called into life by his success, just as the sun that ripens the corn gives luxuriance to the weeds between. Now Dr. Collins is the pioneer in the cure of the opium habit, his merits are recognized and rewarded, and it is wonderful to see how the country is astir with philanthropists, who have given years, if not whole ages, to the discovery of an antidote for the great enslaver of the human race, to-wit: opium, and have succeeded. Pamphlets with as many pages as there are days in a fortnight come out like leaves in spring, proclaiming a year of jubilee to the hopeless victims abroad, forgetting all the while that "charity begins at home," forgetting, if not the injunction "physician, heal thyself," at least the homely counsel, "physician, heal THINE OWN!" One comes reluctantly before the public, clothed with modesty as with a garment, at the earnest solicitation of friends who have impertuned and worried him outright into rescuing poppy eating mankind.

Antique professors come to resurrection, agents, clerks and servants all declare the new salvation. You can hardly turn over a mossy stone without finding a philanthropist under it. They all bleed for suffering humanity, and shall not suffering humanity bleed a little in return? They extend *bottles* of

belladonna, *stramonium* and *morphia* to the human race with one hand, but they throw boulders at Dr. Collins with the other. One man with a title at both ends, like an elephant, asserts that Dr. Collins is "not reliable" to which Dr. C. replies that such imposters cannot be surpassed for *relie*-ability. All persons are not alike gifted, but Dr. C. is content. He is glad the old fashion of sacrificing a cock to Æsculapius is obsolete, else the philanthropists of this country each claiming a bird for his special offering would be fatal to the poultry of some states.

But Dr. Collins has work much too serious and important to trifle by the way with philanthropists, who have nothing to do but save mankind, while Dr. Collins has not only to cure opium inebriates but also to make money. He only wonders how whole life times of profound research for the discovery of an opium cure should have ripened simultaneously and only after Dr. Collins' success was fully assured. But there being no pecuniary advantage in the solution of this mystery, Dr. C. leaves it altogether to the philanthropists themselves.

Dr. Collins will be glad to welcome his friends, and if he can render the philanthropists any services, they need only drop the boulders outside the door, while they extend to him the empty and friendly hand, and he will do any neighborly thing for them except disclosing the composition of the ONLY Painless and certain remedy ever discovered—DR. COLLINS' OPIUM CURE.

"THE GOOD OLD TIMES."

How many people there are who think the world was best as long ago as they were born, and has been growing steadily worse ever since! They fail to tell us how much they themselves have contributed to bring about this deplorable result.

When clergymen play Lot's wife and look over their shoulders to see the way this wicked world is going—as clergymen sometimes do—we are sorry for the church. When moralists tell us that the world is full of crime and ripe for judgment, we are sorry for the world; when physicians tell us there are twice as many assorted ways to die as there were fifty years ago, we are sorry for the patients; when politicians tell us the State is so corrupt that if you have the least regard for the public health, the rights of burial should not be deferred an hour, we are sorry for the parties. That is, we *should* be if we believed any of them.

There were more murderers in proportion to the earth's population when "Adam delved and Eve span," than have cursed the world in any succeeding age. Cain, in his day, out-numbers all his red-handed brotherhood in any other day.

There are not so many deaths in this year of grace, proportionately, as there were in the time of Josephus, but the causes of mortality are as minutely meandered as the map of Europe. You cannot die indefinitely if you try. Fifty years ago, if you *burned* out, it was a fever—"only that and nothing more;" now you must die specifically—it must be typhoid or typhus or bilious or intermittent or nervous or rheumatic—there's a flock of fevers—"you pay your money and you take your choice." So with every other malady.

The fact is, you can hardly die twice alike, and if you happen to make your exit without the aid of a doctor, a jury will make a sofa of you and sit upon you, and ten to one if they do not declare that you died of "heart disease;" that heart difficulty is a God-send to the disciples of Galen. If they are at fault, and cannot precisely decide how you managed to get out of this world, they lay it to the heart and let you go scientifically. The heart in your left breast and the adverb in Grammar are alike. If nobody knows what part of

speech a word is, it is tumbled in among the adverbs. If nobody is sure how you happened to die, it is laid to the heart—the ace of hearts takes the “frick.”

There was more corruption in the State when Cicero was blazing away against Catiline, than there has been since Columbus discovered America. There was more corruption in France when the guillotine was the busiest, than there was all through the new world during the late war. Now, if anything happened yesterday we know it to-day. A crop of murders, or arsons, or rapes, or wrongs of any kind, is harvested the minute it is ripe. The telegraph lines and the daily newspapers do the business for us. We know anything as soon as it happens, and sometimes before.

Thus the world from everywhere comes to a man's threshold all at once. Tidings that used to troop slowly in like a laden caravan through a wilderness, is now plumped down at our doors in whole cargoes. We see the evil of the world at a glance. An Arkansas horror, an Australian outrage, a Connecticut roguery, all come by the same flash, and so some people wonder the world is growing so wicked, and other people deplore it; and then comes in the mellifluous whine about “the good old times,” to the disparagement of the better new times.

The truth is the world is *not* growing worse; on the contrary it is waxing better year by year. Had the globe been crowded with its present population five hundred years ago, there would have been no living on the planet in peace, for the wrong and outrage that would have rioted on the continents and prowled upon the seas. Now a woman can go from Maine to Oregon unprotected and unharmed. She can do what the Irish girl did in Tom Moore's song, in the time of some good old Irish king—traversed all Ireland on foot and alone, and nobody to molest or make her afraid.

“On she went and her maiden smile,
In safety lighted her 'round the Green Isle.”

What woman but an Amazon or a fright could have done that an hundred years ago? Could have done it at all? What brought this about? Not preaching, for preaching is an ancient institution. It began *before* Noah went to sea; it was not eloquence, for eloquence is an antiquity, and Athenians heard it of such quality as Americans never did, and now Americans are everywhere and Athenians nowhere.

The locomotive has done it; the telegraph has done it. We look beyond the simple play of valves and mere stringing of wires; they are the product of a thought—they *are* a thought, and that thought has bettered the world. They too have answered a question that has always puzzled mankind, “who is my neighbor?” and the answer is, “EVERYBODY;” it is as good a piece of christian doctrine as you can hear in any sermon from the text to the “finally, my brethren.”

Another agent and good angel of the better new times is *light*; They aimed Orthodox knocks at highway robbery and assassination and all sorts of rascally roughness in our thoroughfares by night: but the mischief went on. They rigged out fellows in a perfect ripple of capes to their overcoats, and armed them with bludgeons and trimmed them with lanterns, as Diogenes was, when the surly old cynic was looking for a man, and the thefts and the murders and the brutality thrived in the darkness like Canada thistles. Then somebody fell to stewing coal, laying pipes and mounting lamps along the streets, and let in *light* upon the highways and by-ways, and it streamed into gloomy courts and dark thoroughfares, and played upon the rascals like a park of artillery upon an enemy, and behold, the streets were as safe as the garden path to the currant-bushes.

The world is growing better day by day; there now is Chicago—a few years ago it was wrapped in a winding sheet of fire; that fire was a local damage, but a “universal good.” It consumed no end of mansions and treasures, but it warmed the whole world; it was worth all it cost; it unlocked the doors of rusty old hearts, as if they had been prisons, and let out incarcerated charity—that “greatest of the three.” It revealed the universal sentiment of brotherhood there is in men, and mark! without the thing of steel and iron and steam we call the locomotive, and the unwound nerve of human hearts we call the telegraph, the revelation would have been a sealed book.

Take the nation of newsboys and boot-blacks—sharp, wiry, shrewd fellows, ground down like little hatchets on the gritty grind-stone of necessity; wear-

ing the old clothes of mankind, making their toilets on curb-stones, dancing on the frosty pavements to keep their toes from freezing, and sleeping in stairways curled round and round like a ragged door mat—who cared for them twenty years ago? Who cared, beyond the “shine” they gave your understanding at one end, and the information they sold your understanding at the other end, if the tattered waifs of humanity were eaten up by bears as the forty children were of old, and as they surely *would* have been, had they lived in the time of the bald-headed Prophet, and the two bears would have died of surfeit, perished from too much fresh meat. How is it now? Look at the princely subscription set on foot by the “*New York Times*” newspaper, to give these small Bedouins excursions into the country—glorious holidays to date from, as Christian date, *anno Domini*, from the birth of Christ. See the same noble duty nobly done by a Chicago Hotel—the Briggs House—and eight hundred of the Ariels and Pucks of the boot-brush and the damp daily going out to the green fields and the grateful groves in a train of their own, all flags and music like a miniature Fourth of July. We tell you it was the question of the catechism, unanswerable, through all the ages, replied to as eloquently as Paul could have done it in his palmiest days, when he stood on Mars Hill and fulminated like a quartette of articulate thunderstorms, “*who is my neighbor?*” And the answer comes at last, the boot-black and the newsboy—they too are my neighbors. It was “the one touch of nature that makes all the world kin.” Do you think this phenomenon would have been possible in any age of the eighteen, since Christ shed the Beatitudes like the dew from the top of the mountain till now? We tell you no. The world was not wrought up to it. “The good old times” did not utterly yield to the better new times, until this day, and we thank God we have lived to see it, and to glorify it, and to be glad in it.

In our childhood—and that is not such a dreadful while ago—in our native village, there were two drunkards and one opium eater. One of the drunkards was a brilliant lawyer, and the other was a Senator; they both were regarded as criminals, and boys were emboldened to insult them in the streets. “Who is my neighbor?” had not yet been answered. How is it now? The passion for stimulants is deemed as much a disease as inflammatory rheumatism, and Asylums and Retreats have been endowed for the treatment, comfort and possible cure of these deplorable unfortunates. They are no longer brutes and outcasts; they are suffering neighbors and brethren.

The opium eater was a woman. Her name was not Smith but it was Jones. She was the terror of all the boys in the village. Her eyes had an unearthly light in them. She took crude opium and everybody knew it. She took snuff and that was Scotch, and yellow; the opium was yellow, she lived in a yellow house, and she had a yellow skin. She was auriferous all the way through. A poor miserable woman, nobody befriended her; nobody thought she was anybody's neighbor. She lived and moved and had her being a hopeless mystery. The good shunned her, the bad ridiculed her, nobody helped her. She died. Nobody mourned her. With “the better new times” sympathy came, aid came, rescue came—too late for poor forlorn Mrs. Jones, but not too late for the mighty host of unfortunates who are swelling the procession bound to the one grave, digged for those whose life is delerium and abject slavery, and whose epitaph is a poppy. A way of rescue is wide open. DR. S. B. COLLINS has made it straight. Let who will walk in it and be saved. “The good old times” have passed away, and behold all things have become new.

NOTICE.

The names of my patients are not used on the boxes of medicine shipped from my Laboratory. All publicity is thus avoided, which meets a long felt want of patients and others desiring treatment.

A DOCTOR'S CONFESSION.

A young St. Louis doctor said to a reporter: "You frequently see funny expressions in print about doctors killing their patients. Well, the thing is often true. I, myself, acknowledge to having killed two patients. I killed them outright, and make no bones of confessing the fact. One man I killed by prescribing morphine at a time when his system was not strong enough to stand the dose. He left an estate, and there was some excitement about dividing the estate. His wife was charged with having poisoned him. The remains were exhumed, and there was a great to-do about the matter, but I pulled through it all right. The other man was suffering from a prolonged spree, and I gave him chloral which killed him. It was an out-and-out murder, but the coroner held an inquest, and attributed his death to jim-jams. These two people I know I killed, and, as I am yet young, and there are more poisonous agents than those I have so far experimented with, I expect to kill more people before I die.—*N. Y. Med. Advocate.*

THE STORY OF A TERRIBLE BONDAGE, AND A COMPLETE DELIVERANCE.

The following may seem to the reader to be a medical advertisement. It is not. It is written by a highly respected clergyman, known to us, and is a record of facts. As such, and for the benefit of others in like desperate straits, we make the statement public.—[*Ed. Detroit Tribune.*]

I am moved to write this for two reasons, gratitude for a mighty deliverance, and a desire to warn others.

"He jests at scars who never felt a wound."

Some will read this with a passing interest—it touches not them; others with a thrill in the soul which will express longing, hope, doubt—every word is theirs.

WHAT IS OPIUM?

The ooings of a poppy which grows in the East; a gum compounded marvelously of seven different poisons; a drug of inestimable use in many diseases; a narcotic indulged in as such by millions of the human family. All this conveys nothing. Opium has its uses; I am to speak of its abuses, and might say it is always abused when not used medicinally. But the easiest step ever taken and the most perilous, is from use to abuse. Not stopping to argue nice distinctions of use and abuse, and whether use must not have and abide its offsetting perils, let a living experience speak for itself.

In the winter of 1846, after having received at different times in the previous two years, opium as medicine from regular physicians, I was on a desolate voyage, homeward bound. Coming from the tropics, all sun, and flowers, and smiles, I found myself ice bound on the Father of waters. A dreary voyage overland for a long distance was before myself and fellow passengers. One of these latter was a prominent physician. I was telling him how pleasing and wonderful the effect of morphia was upon me. "Ah, then your system is adapted to its use." Unfortunate words; costing a million times more than their worth afterwards. I would willingly have cut off my right hand, or plucked out my right eye not to have heard his words, or heeded their hint.

That night I swallowed a grain of opium. No pen or tongue can begin to describe the delicious and marvelous effect; every nerve was put to delightful repose; every sense was lulled into luxury. The brain was quickened to an extraordinary capacity; eloquence, argument, poetry was unlocked from its embrace, and reveled in their new fledged powers; the imagination suddenly unfolded angelic wings and soared to Paradise. Was it sleep or dream? Neither. The body all of a sudden needed no rest; it was lapped in a luxury of new life. And to show how the mind can take us above the body—the inner absorb the outer—what to me now was the desolation about us? Less

than nothing. I was really in another place. "The winter of my discontent had given place to a glorious summer." What a secret was revealed here! the very elixir of life, sought by philosophers so long in vain, was put right in my full possession.

I wish, at this point, to speak of other effects of opium; for 20 years after that night this marvelous gum gave me wonderful endurance of body and immunity from disease; what time opium does not become master it is a faithful and jealous guardian. In time you translate its language: "This subject is mine." To other evils it says—"Come not near to interfere with my future purpose."

After about 24 hours from that first experience, there was a back swing of the pendulum, a complete letting down and unhinging of the system which, in my greenness, I could not understand. On my commenced overland trip, the cold pierced me; my nerves were unstrung, bowels disordered. At length, in mere wantonness, I took a bite of opium. Presto! what an entire revolution! Weariness, cold, pain gave place to their opposites. The whole secret was mine, and from that time for 24 years I could no more forego the use of opium than of food; one was just as regular as the other. As for the daily amount to whose use I grew, it matters not; it was large enough.

For about twenty years all went tolerably well, but decreasingly well. It was not many months before the witchery of the drug was gone. It less and less gave that delicious inspiration to the brain, by imagination, which so enlarged it at first. It continued to soothe the nerves and act as a tonic to the system. Under its influence one went about secure from colds, miasma and infection. I traveled everywhere, and under all circumstances during these years.

Let me say here that the marvelous effect of opium does no extend beyond itself, so to speak: i. e., though it enlarges the imagination and logical powers, it is but for the time, and does not extend into action. It excites the brain, but does not develop it; a fire is lighted (*ignis fatuus*), and goes out. It revels in itself, and dreams it "dwells in marble halls."

I feel how little I have said, and how exceedingly inadequate as to the pleasures of opium. My purpose is more with its pains, and I hasten to speak of that wretched counterpart which always and certainly makes reprisals on illicit pleasure—pleasure against or beyond the moderation of nature.

One offset was felt from the first I carried about a secret which I instinctively kept covered, and made painfully burdensome. A voice in the soul cries out against any wrongs being done it. My secret was tinged with a sense of guilt, or why hide it?

The next draw-back was that feeling of servitude and chains which began to oppress me. Here I was fast bound, not my own; a feeling that I had sold myself to another who had got hold of me. I grappled to throw him off occasionally. But he knew his power or would not yet have taunted me. I was in the hands of a coming enemy. At length I began to ask, in something of a terror—what is to be the end? Am I to realize Charles Lamb's picture—bound fast at the root of a tree, my right hand being nailed to a strong limb, and then a beautiful being, but as cruel as hell, applying a serpent to my side? I read DeQuincy's terrific experience, and his superhuman efforts at deliverance. I read Coleridge, and those sorrows of hell that got hold upon him. I trembled, but thus far I only trembled. My experience was to come. And come it did. It would have come sooner and severer had not my habits of life been much out of doors during fifteen years. When I settled down more to quiet, I heard some one tapping at my chamber door." Poe's raven has an awful realness to me.

At first a dark cloud began to let down upon me; a pall of desolateness to settle upon things. The aims of life became flat and stale; motive was being lost; life grew mechanical; company had no charm; change of scene no freshness. No pains of body yet, but worse. Opium is less sensual than wine, affecting mind and body—soul more than body. I divined the cause of my condition, and made so many desperate and fruitless efforts to remove it by the roots, that I finally sank down into the conviction that no self efforts are equal to the difficulty to be met. DeQuincy said, "it is a chain that is to be unwound link by link, coil by coil, back to the beginning." Fitz Hugh Ludlow

tells of one—perhaps himself—who said, "God helps in every trouble but this; here one must claw his way through living fire."

Opium troubles extend to dreams and night visions. What an idea, that just where it gave most delight, it turns to rend you and exult over its ruin. The nights, as soon as the narcotic begins to lose its virtue, become terrible and long. Time loses its element of computation; minutes become hours; nights know no ending, but stretch out toward the crack of doom.

Why not take morphine? This brings me to the bodily effects of opium. In one year all the fresh complexion of youth had given place to an ashy pallor. Meeting a lady in New York whom I had not seen within the year, her sudden exclamation, which a sense of politeness was not sufficient to prevent, spoke volumes. In due time paleness settles into a parchment condition of the skin; the pupil of the eye contracts; the eye loses expression. And now the time comes when you can neither go forward nor backward. Your usual amount of opium does not touch the spot, but increase it the value of a hair and you are met by instant pains and penalties, which are efficient in keeping you at bay for the future. Then decrease the amount! Try it, and in an hour you have such twitchings and wrenchings of the nerves, such cold sweats, and anguish of spirit, that you are glad to resort to the old remedy, or do anything as a possible relief to your condition.

At length came a crisis, in 1867. My physical manhood was a wreck, a shell. The mind was worse; memory had become treacherous, and hopelessness took possession of the soul. I came across Fitz Hugh Ludlow's book, "The Opium Habit," and devoured it to see if I could find some way of escape. I opened a correspondence with the author. Nothing came of it except that I resolved to reduce myself to the very minimum of the accursed drug, and submit to fate. There was no return over the long track. The gates were barred. I felt it, knew it. I had no dream there could be a balm in Gilead to meet the case. I saw nothing, as the army before me over the same road had seen nothing, but self-reform, by a main lift that would head the ruin. And this would be like a wrecked, broken ship gathering itself to a new voyage.

Reducing myself to a minimum was coming down to a wretched state of being, taking away the aim of life; therefore making success in anything impossible. Added to the trouble were the vain regrets, the lashing of self-reproach, the secret surgings of a nameless sorrow. Visiting at this time the scenes of my free youth, my soul would moan and heave with unaccountable weeping, albeit unused to the melting mood. Opium, unlike wine, does not weaken or make maudlin—better perhaps if it did. But it makes perception wide awake, and hardens it there. Life is strung up, but its juices are sapped.

How long can this go on? There is no help! When, what will be the end? So far as I have ever seen or read, the record fails to show any one reliable instance of self-recovery from the habit of opium, once formed.

Sitting in the office one December evening in 1870, the mail came in, and I opened a blue covered pamphlet—"Great discovery; a sure remedy for opium." Barely glancing at its pages, I saw the usual number of certificates. "Quack!" I exclaimed in indignation, "miserable comforter!" and I opened the stove door. About giving it to the flames, my eye caught the name of Fitz Hugh Ludlow attached to a letter from him. Ah! then I will at least read. Perhaps here is a clue how this happens to be directed to me.

I need not detail now, but only state facts and results. The pamphlet circular was from a Dr. S. B. Collins, of LaPorte, Ind. As soon as I began to read, my attention was fastened as by a fascination. For the first time a hope began to dawn that there might be something that would "minister to a mind diseased," and breathe a soul beneath the ribs of death. I wrote to Dr. Collins, and then followed my letter bodily. In an exceedingly interesting interview, he stated how he fell upon the discovery. A 20 year opium victim, a near friend, was at the point of death, unless help could be found. Dr. Collins set himself to this one thing—to find the help. He claims that he did; read the pamphlet.

I visited at once the cured patient, a man of prominence and character at LaPorte. He confirmed every word. Can this remedy heal me? "Yes, sir; there is no doubt of it." At once I procured a bottle, and on the morning of December 21st, that day on which the sun begins to leave its summer for winter—the long day for the long night—I took a teaspoonful of mild, pleasant

something, (I know not what) instead of the drug. I trembled, feared, hoped—hoped—feared. How could a miracle be performed? For just 21 years, and every one of its days, I had been literally chained to opium, and could not forego it for a few hours, except at the price of terrible distress.

Groundless fears, all. The simple liquid not only completely took the place of the old tyrant, but left a most pleasing impression upon body and mind. But it did last, has lasted, and will last. I have waited for full conviction. Almost one year has passed since that December morning; and not only has not one particle of opium in any of its forms ever passed my lips, but not the least desire for it or need of it has been felt.

But have you not substituted one thing for another? No, sir. For five months only I used Dr. Collins' preparation with less and less occasion for it. At the end of that time I laid it aside without the slightest difficulty, and for five months have used no stimulus or tonic of any kind whatever, nor felt its need. That is not all. My appearance, health, hopes, prospects are all transformed. How it is, or can be, often holds me with surprise and unspeakable gratitude. But the thing remains. I am "free as a bird upon the mountain."——, Mich., Oct., 25, 1871.

TO PHYSICIANS.

No physician, prior to the year 1868, ever claimed to be able to cure the opium habit, or ever believed that there was a cure for this terrible disease.

Ordinarily speaking, the disease is considered as a habit, purely, and few physicians pay much attention to habits of any description.

It is a fact that physicians generally seriously object to the use of any specific, the component parts of which they know nothing, yet eminent physicians in all parts of the country, have, with a wonderful unanimity thoroughly investigated the matter, and have cordially recommended the antidote to their patients.

I here submit to your examination the evidences of the efficacy of my antidote, and request, that if in your practice there are any opium eaters, you will investigate the matter by communicating with any of those whose names are used as references, and if, after such investigation you are convinced of the fact that the antidote is really as represented, painless, permanent and certain, that you will refer such sufferers to me.

OPIUM.

BY A. A. PATTESON, M. D.

I have written at the top of this article the word opium. It is not a very formidable looking word, and yet it is the most formidable drug in all the materia medica. It stands alone as the most potent for good or evil. When indicated in the treatment of disease, and used judiciously, it is the most beneficent of all medical agents, but on the contrary when abused it is capable of becoming the agent of most terrible ruin and destruction. Soul as well as body may be laid in ruin by it if once it lays its grip upon the abuser. We wonder at the fact that so many fall into its lures, when we consider the many warnings against its enticements. It is the insidiousness of the devilish serpent that gives it its power. Like unto the serpent which beguiled mother Eve, is this drug. It lulls your conscience, it quiets your fears, it enchains your will-power, and before you are aware of it, enslaves you more abjectly far than the most absolute despot on earth can do.

Let me write down here a little personal experience. Will those whom it may concern profit by it, or will you try for yourselves?

I implore you to take my experience as a warning, and not try for yourselves. There are depths of misery to which such a trial may lead you, of which you can have no adequate conception. I am a medical man and have been for many years—more than forty and six. During the time of which I shall write I was a practicing physician. I like all other physicians employed opium in all its various preparations for the treatment of diseases. Gum opium, Tr. of Opium, Paregoric, Elixir of Opium, Dover's Powders, Morphia, etc. I was dispensing it in every form every day.

I fell insensibly into the habit taking occasionally a little paregoric which has only the eighth of a grain of the drug to a teaspoonful (not morphia, which is many times stronger) I began to do this about the year 1864 or 1865. Sometimes I would not take any for several days together. However the habit gained imperceptibly upon me, until instead of paregoric I began to take a little morphia. It made me feel comfortable and helped me in my arduous duties, as I thought. It never occurred to me that I was by degrees contracting an opium habit. No indeed! If any one had made such a charge I would have repelled it with indignation. I had considered myself particularly conscientious in respect to intemperance of any kind. I had always been a total abstainer from intoxicating liquors, and a worker in temperance reform. The use of morphia continued to grow until I began to use it daily. No one but myself knew anything about it. No one saw me take it. It was a secret habit, and I was unconscious of any harm in it. In this secrecy lies one of the greatest dangers for upon that fact is founded a course of deception, which leads to the lying with which opium eaters are charged, and which is a source of demoralization.

The use of opium deadens by degrees the moral sense, and renders the mind incapable of judging correctly. The use of the drug in the form of paregoric at first, and then morphia went on for five or six years, growing stronger day by day until I was a confirmed slave to the habit. But I was not aware of this fact. I had been lulled into a state and feeling of security. But I experienced an awakening, and a dreadful shaking up it was! It was on this wise. My attention was attracted to the reading aloud by a friend, a powerfully written article by Fitz Hugh Ludlow in Harpers Magazine. It made such an impression on me, that like the Prodigal son in the parable, I came to myself. I was appalled, my conscience was aroused. I was in a terrible state of contrition. I determined on the spot to quit it. I immediately set about to carry out that determination. I had reconed without my host, I did not succeed. Language will fail to describe the agony the effort cost me. I consulted a medical friend. The remedies he prescribed were worse than useless. I recollected the article by Ludlow in Harpers. I referred to it, and happily found in it a mention of Dr. S. B. Collins' Cure. I wrote to him and in answer received a pamphlet entitled "Theriaki" or "Their Last Dose." I sent for his medicine, and on receipt of it immediately began taking it, and I found it to be a perfect antidote to the opium, not only taking the place of it but doing far more. It gave comfort and strength, and soon restored the lost tone of the system, and caused me in a little time to feel like a new man.

Dr. S. B. Collins, LaPorte, Ind., certainly has a painless cure for the opium habit, as I can testify in my own case, as well as what I know of other cases. His treatment will never fail if carried out faithfully by the patient.

The treatment of the opium habit by physicians almost always results in failure. The gradual reduction plan which is generally resorted to is full of difficulties, and is exceedingly painful, and besides the patient finds it impossible to co-operate with his physician in a way to make it successful on account of the temptation to relieve present despair, that he may as it were be translated to a state of comparative comfort and happiness. Dr. Collins' treatment on the other hand affords perfect ease and freedom from pain while the system is ridding itself by elimination of the poison that has taken possession of every tissue in the patients body.

I see from time to time advertisements in the papers of persons claiming to cure the opium habit in a few days time. I have no faith in them. The drug must be eliminated, and the length of time to do this is in proportion to the length of time the drug has been used. In the meantime the patient must be supported, and the general health restored, and it may require months. Now, I was never addicted to the use of opium to the extent that many others are, but I had the habit sufficiently fixed upon me to prevent my being able to overcome it without help.

I do however, know enough about it to declare that it is agony unutterable to leave it off unaided. And I do know moreover that Dr. S. B. Collins, of LaPorte, Ind., can cure the habit painlessly and without inconvenience to the patient, and that his remedy will in the meantime build up the general system, and restore it to health and vigor.

In what I have written I have no interest but that of humanity.

A. A. PATTESON, M. D.,
Douglass Avenue, West Springfield, Ill.

A Physician's Verdict.

Dr. Patterson is a graduate of the University of Aberdeen, Scotland, has been a practitioner of medicine for many years, and his statements regarding the opium antidote come well authenticated.

While the profession as a rule is strongly opposed to secret remedies, and constantly at war with their originators, it is no mean argument in favor of the opium antidote that physicians with a wonderful unanimity accord to it all that its inventor claims, and pronounce it the most wonderful discovery of the age.

ROCKPORT, IND., May 12, 1871.

DR. S. B. COLLINS:

Dear Sir:—Since I left the army I have suffered with rheumatism. Dr. Milner a medical friend, used on me the Hypodermic syringe. It relieved me. I used it until I became a victim of the opium habit. After the use of the syringe about two years, it required 10 to 12 grains per day. I could not sleep until an injection was administered. My wife would get up at all hours of the night and use the syringe on me. My health was so poor that I was confined to my room, and at last to my bed. I could not eat until I used the morphine. My nervous system was a total wreck. I had but one operation from the bowels in seven days, and then by the use of Davidson's bowel syringe. I was a walking skelton; no appetite; low spirits. I tried everything as an antidote—at one time poisoned myself with belladonna.

A friend, knowing my ultra views in regard to secret remedies, sent me your pamphlet. A drowning man will catch at a straw. I sent for a bottle of the antidote; took one dose; followed directions blindly; and have never used morphia since; and, what astonishes me, *have had no desire!*

I have not yet taken two bottles. My health is good. I get up in the morning and eat my breakfast. I sleep well, gaining in flesh. My friends are all astonished to see me. I have now resumed business, and have no desire for morphia whatever.

During a practice of twenty years I have seen the strong-minded become the slaves of this unfortunate habit. I have known some of the best minds in Europe and America destroyed by its use; but I thank God to-day that I can say Eureka!

Doctor, you can use this testimony if you wish. If it should be the means of saving some poor soul from the terrible opium habit, I shall be truly glad.

You, my dear sir, have my sincere thanks for your promptness in sending me the medicine. The profession owe you a debt that we can never pay.

Respectfully Yours, JOHN J. PATTERSON, M. D.

State of Indiana, Spencer County, ss.

I, J. W. Laird, Clerk of the Spencer Circuit Court, do certify that the above named Dr. John J. Patterson, whose genuine signature appears to the foregoing instrument, and with whom I am personally acquainted, is a respectable physician of Rockport, in said county, and that he is entitled to credit as said physician and as a private citizen.

SEAL OF
CIRCUIT COURT
OF
SPENCER COUNTY.

In testimony of which I hereunto set my hand and affix the seal of said Court this 12th day of May, 1871.

J. W. LAIRD, Clerk.

ROCKPORT, November 30, 1871.

J. H. Houghland:

MY DEAR DOCTOR—In regard to Dr. Collins' Opium Antidote—it is all I could desire. Nearly a year since I abandoned the use of morphia. You knew my condition then, you see what I am now. You also know the case of Dr. — of Evansville, and poor Mr. —, of our place, who, on taking the first dose of a bottle I had received for Mrs. Grubb, exclaimed "Doctor, give me a vial of the preparation I took last night, it is the most wonderful thing I have ever taken."

In regard to your fear that the antidote contains opium in some form, I have only to say, that Dr. Swan, Jr., of this place, whom you know as a chemist and practical pharmacist, worked for nearly a week with the simple and some of the most subtle tests for opium. His tests were from Christison of Edinburgh and Baron Liebig. You can see at my office a list of the various tests. We did this not to try and get the Doctor's secret, but I wanted to know if I were still taking opium. In regard to your objections, that his mode of putting up the preparation is a violation of ethics, I have only to say—that you know my views on all subjects connected with medical ethics. Raised in a Scotch school according to the "strictest sect" of regularity, I have got beyond the lines of conventionalism, and can say in the language of Meg Mereles to Domine Sampson, "gag sinner and swallow." Dr. Collins has a right to the fruit of his labor. That is my position in medical morals. When we collect carefully the statistics of opium eating in the United States and Great Britain, we must hail with God-speed any antidote so certain, and class the name of its inventor high in glory's niche with Jenner, Harvey and Simpson. Doctor, you know me as no visionary enthusiast, but as a plain Scotchman of twenty years' plodding practice. I say to you on the honor of a man, send and get a bottle of Dr. Collins' Antidote, and I feel confident you will become one of his advocates.

Respectfully Yours,

JOHN J. PATTERSON, M. D.

Cured After 15 Years Exclusive Use of Morphia.

FAIRBURN, GA., Oct. 9, 1878.

Dr. S. B. Collins, LaPorte, Ind.

DEAR SIR:—I take pleasure in saying to you that, after fifteen years exces-

sive use of morphine, I am now, and have been for the last two years, free from its effects. I took the last dose of your antidote two years ago, about the 10th day of September last; since that time I have had no appetite for morphine, and though I carry it in my pocket all the time and handle it, yet I have no desire to taste it.

Yours, Very Truly,
P. M. TIDWELL, M. D. ✓

Re-affirms His Testimony.

OFFICE OF THE SURGEON-IN-CHARGE,
PORT OF ST. LOUIS, MO., Aug. 8, 1876.

Dr. S. B. Collins, LaPorte, Ind.

SIR:—Since the report of my case in your journal, I have been the recipient of hundreds of letters from invalids distributed throughout the United States, and, it seems to me, residents of most of the cities and counties of nearly every state in the Union. The writers are usually intelligent and educated persons, who, through disease and the doctors, have fallen martyrs to the opium habit. In these letters to me they, very inconsistently, say they have read my communication published by you, and they desire to know from me, directly, if the said article be authentic and true, and that, if I will so inform them by letter, they will have confidence in your cure, and apply to you for treatment. I am a stranger to all the above sufferers, male or female, and cannot understand *why* or *how* they can confide more implicitly in a mere letter to a person unknown to me, than they can rely upon one more carefully prepared for the press, and intended *pro bono publico*.

Nearly every one who thus unreasonably taxes my time desires a minute history of my case, and a statement of all the cases I have known to be treated by you. Until last week, my sympathy with the afflicted had induced me to answer all of said letters; but one then received capped the climax of unreasonableness by questions, the answers to which would require the space of a dozen sheets of foolscap, and it wearied me into the vexation of spirit that exacts this epistle as a retreat from further intrusion, and a *dernier resort* for relief from unreasonable questions and importunities. The letter you so long ago published over my name was written in good faith by me, and was a faithful description of my case, and a full history of the cure effected by you, and it should fully satisfy any stranger who could be convinced by letter.

The relief your medicine afforded me, and the complete cure accomplished in my case, and, also, in the instances of numerous friends, and multitudes of strangers referred by me to you, placed me under obligations that money could not, in my estimation, fully satisfy. My published letter was, therefore, volunteered as a sense of gratitude, and not in compliance with any previous promise from me, nor in response to any request from you, for you had not, nor have you now, made one.

In conclusion, I desire to say through you to your patrons that I never have seen you, and that our only acquaintance with each other is through our correspondence relative to your treatment. Very Truly, Etc.,

GEO. T. ALLEN, M. D.
Surgeon-in-Charge.

Some months after the above letter was received, Mr. Allen passed beyond this to a better world.

"Your Remedy is a Success."

CALHOUN, GA., August 18, 1874.

Dr. S. B. Collins, LaPorte, Ind.

DEAR SIR:—The case of Mrs. Katie Kiker is finally cured. "Two bottles, and about one-third of a bottle on hand."

I am fully prepared to say that your remedy is a success. No worse case

than Kate Kiker's can apply for relief. To my certain knowledge she had been eating opium for the last seventeen or eighteen years, and consumed from one to two drachms daily.

She has not taken any of the antidote in three weeks, and has no disposition for opium.

Yours Truly,

W. J. REEVES, M. D.

St. JOSEPH, Mo., Jan. 20, 1870.

EDITORS HERALD:—Will you please, for humanity's sake, give this letter one insertion in your valuable and widely-circulated paper?

I have been a practicing physician in the city of St. Joseph for nearly twenty-three years, during which time I have done a very large practice, and I would say, (not flattering myself,) have some reputation as a physician in Northwest Missouri. About four years ago I fell into the unfortunate habit of taking opium. After using the drug that length (four years,) it began to tell on my health considerably. I would at one time have given thousands of worlds to have got rid of the miserable habit. I tried some half a dozen times to break off the habit, but failed in every instance, so I had pretty much given up all hopes of recovery.

About this time, December, 16th, 1869, I learned, through my friend Gen. Bassett, of this city, that there was a physician in LaPorte, Ind., Dr. S. B. Collins, who put up a substitute for the opium habit, and like a drowning man catching a straw, I resolved to try the remedy at once; and I do declare, before God and man, that from the first dose of the remedy, I have not had the least disposition or desire to take opium in any form whatever, nor did I suffer any of those indescribable, horrid, melancholy feelings which an opium eater experiences after stopping the use of the drug. I have now been using the remedy six weeks. When I first commenced the use of it, I was under the necessity of taking from five to six teaspoonfuls a day; now I only require one teaspoonful in the twenty-four hours, just before going to bed, and I have no doubt that in two or three weeks more I can dispense with the remedy altogether. I look upon it as one of the most remarkable discoveries of the age, and the greatest boon that God ever gave to the unfortunate opium eater. If there are any opium eaters in this city or its vicinity, (and I doubt not but there are a few,) if they will call at my office, I will take pleasure in telling them all I know about this wonderful remedy, and how promptly it has acted in my case.

I would here most positively state and affirm that I have no interest, pecuniarily, in this medicine, never having seen Dr. Collins in my life.

The reason, and the only reason in writing this letter is, that it may be the means of saving some poor unfortunate person who has become a slave to the accursed thralldom of the accursed opium habit. I would to God that all the newspapers in the city, yea, in the United States, would publish and copy this letter, if it would thereby be the means of saving one poor unfortunate person of the habit of opium eating.

JNO. B. HOWARD, M. D.

P. S.—It might be proper to state that when I began the use of the drug, I weighed 220 pounds; during the use of the drug I lost forty pounds in weight, but now, thank God, I am gaining rapidly in health, strength, and flesh. My appetite is good, my digestion is perfect, and I rest well of nights. J. B. H.

What Generally Follows.

JERICHO CORNERS, VT., June 16, 1872.

Since the discovery of a painless cure for the opium habit, made by Dr. S. B. Collins, of La Porte, Indiana, in the summer of 1868, many claimants for the distinguished honor have arisen in all parts of the country. Some of these claim to have the identical formula of Dr. Collins; some to have a compound more speedy in its results—but all claim to have discovered a painless and per-

manent cure for the direful habit—all claim that their several compounds are as efficacious as that of Dr. Collins.

Once in a while a man may be found who has the audacity to claim his "discovery" as the *first* and *only*—and to publish one of the letters of Fitz Hugh Ludlow as having been addressed to himself, and having reference to his supposed remedy.

The facts in the case are, that no man ever made any pretensions to curing the opium habit painlessly, until after Dr. Collins had demonstrated the fact that a painless cure was possible—and that the *original* of every one of Mr. Ludlow's letters that was published in "*Theriaki*," is now in the possession of the Doctor.

The attempt has been often made to closely imitate the Doctor's medicine, in color, taste and consistency, as to lead patients into the belief that it was genuine.

It is not until several days have elapsed that the patient finds that the medicine is a failure, that its effects are injurious, and sometimes even dangerous to life. The patient becomes debilitated, loses his appetite, vomiting ensues, and finally he is compelled to again resort to morphia.

My own experience, having been an opium eater, and having tried several of these so-called cures should not be lightly thrown aside.

I was treated by one of the parties whose names appear in this article, and though for a short time the preparation took the place of morphia, I gained no strength. Finally, discovering that I was gradually, but surely *losing* appetite and strength, suffering intolerably for want of sleep, the medicine producing severe paroxysms of vomiting; I laid aside the "Cure," and resorted again to morphia.

Before experimenting with this medicine, I had been under the treatment of Dr. Collins, whose medicine had a most remarkable and beneficial effect upon me. During the time I was taking treatment of Dr. C., a draft which I had sent him was lost, and so I got out of his Antidote, and was compelled to return to morphia. Just at this time I heard of the "Cure" prepared by another man, and, feeling discouraged, I commenced his medicine. After being fully satisfied with the experiment I had made, and firmly believing that there was but one cure of the opium habit, I went to La Porte to consult with Dr. Collins.

Again I began treatment with him, and from that time to this I have steadily improved.

Believing that the victims of the opium habit should be put upon their guard against those who seek only their money, and who are at best but poor imitators, I give a list of such names as have come under my notice. Prof. M., Ind.; Dr. C., Ohio; Dr. S., Tenn.; Mr. B., Ind.; Dr. M., Mich.; Dr. K., Ohio; Dr. S., Mich.; Dr. B., N. Y. Undoubtedly there are many more, but I have not seen their advertisements, or had any correspondence with them. In conclusion, I would say that no matter what others may *claim* to do, I know that Dr. Collins' Opium Antidote will *cure*, painlessly and permanently, any case of the habit, when directions are carefully followed.

DENNISON BLISS, M. D.

"Redeemed from the Accursed Habit."

MT. EVA, WHITE CO., ARK., Oct. 9, 1879.

Dr. S. B. Collins, LaPorte, Ind.

We should have written you ere this, but have neglected it. In this we have not treated you just right. Mrs. Woods is well and, thanks to God and Dr. S. B. Collins, is in better health than she has been for five years past. Language is inadequate to express our deep, heartfelt gratitude to you. I got a letter from a "Doctor" at Lebanon, Ohio, a few days ago, who pronounced you a humbug, at which Mrs. Woods became very much incensed. I will see if I can find the letter and send it to you.

Doctor, Mrs. Woods wants to give you a testimonial, but fears she cannot make it forcible enough. She stuck firmly to your medicine against the croak-

ings of two M. D's who cried "humbug," "Yankee trick," &c., and she came out triumphant—redeemed from the accursed habit. Could she assemble all the opium-eaters in the world in one crowd and mount to some high place where she could be seen and heard, she would point confidently to La Porte and urge the sufferers to avail themselves of your Antidote as a sure and speedy remedy. I asked her this morning if she had any desire for the drug and she replied "none whatever."

Your remedy should be world-wide in its usefulness and I should like to see every victim have a chance for salvation.

Yours Truly,

W. H. WOODS, M. D.

"Clearly an Interposition of Providence."

GREENVILLE, ILL., March 19, 1874.

Dr. S. B. Collins, LaPorte, Ind.

DEAR DOCTOR:—I take great pleasure in informing you that I have no further use for your Opium Antidote, or opium either, for the simple reason that I am *cured*, sound in body and mind, appetite good, sleep soundly, and have gained my usual weight in flesh. You recollect I made a mistake, when I first wrote you, in the amount of morphine used daily, and consequently the first bottle did not answer at first, but did well afterwards. That mistake corrected, and receiving the second one about January 1, 1873, I commenced its use according to directions, and have felt no desire for opium from that day to this, no ill effects from its use, and no inconvenience from its discontinuance. I used in all ten or eleven bottles, I disremember which. I am persuaded that the use of tobacco prolongs the treatment, as well as alcoholic stimulants. I judge that five or six bottles would have sufficed in my case, had I not been addicted to the former. I would say that it is of prime importance to be exact in the amount of opium used in a given time—not guess at it, but weigh the amount; this I know from experience. If we had a specific for all diseases as perfect as your antidote for opium, what a glorious calling the physicians would have.

I had been using morphine occasionally for ten years—for the last six, three times per day, increasing the amount, but had not gone beyond six grains. Could not keep awake during the day if I took it, nor sleep at night without it; no relish for food, emaciation, constipation of the bowels, paralysis of kidneys and bladder, in fact, all the secretions of the body arrested, except that of the skin, and that was *profuse*. But you have in former letters my condition more fully explained, when applying to you. That I ever heard of, or was induced to try your remedy, I think was clearly an interposition of Providence, or accidental—if you prefer it. At all events, I feel as though I had been rescued from a course whose alternate end was more dreadful and appalling than death itself.

It is now nearly three months since I have taken any of the Antidote, and have waited this long to be sure, before writing, that I was *cured*. I shall always take great pleasure in recommending it to others, as opportunity offers. In conclusion, let me say that if you deem anything in my case worthy of publication, I have no objections to its being made.

Yours most Respectfully,

WM. P. BROWN, M. D.

Amount of opium used per month, 1440 grains; cured since Jan., 1874.

"Am Myself Again."

DETROIT, ILL., Dec. 17, 1879.

Dr. S. B. Collins, LaPorte, Ind.

DEAR SIR:—By request I send you these lines stating my case and adding my testimony in favor of your opium cure. For three years I was in the habit

of using morphine hypodermically. I commenced by taking about ten drops each day, for a pain in my back. The prescription was as follows: sulphate morphia 10 grains, soft water one ounce—mix. When dissolved I used it by putting it under the skin in my right arm over the deltoid muscle. It began to grow on me, until I took two drachms and fifteen grains to the ounce of water, before it would begin to feel right again. Finally I became alarmed about my condition, sent to Dr. S. B. Collins for medicine, have taken it as directed and can say, am myself again. To his treatment I give thanks and to my Creator, for health regained. I have not used morphine hypodermically, or otherwise, since last May. Feel better all the time. Please receive my thanks.

WM. COBEL, M. D.

"A Physical Wreck" Restored.

CLARINDA, IOWA, August 14, 1878.

Dr. S. B. Collins, LaPorte, Ind.

DEAR SIR:—Mrs. Brubaker, of Montgomery county, Iowa, has long been afflicted with uterine disease; her nervous system was entirely shattered. After long treatment by physicians she was left with her disease unimproved, with the addition of being made heir to the terrible opium habit (morphia.) When she discontinued her customary dose, at the usual time, her sufferings were intense. Horrible convulsions were the result of her going two hours without her dose; her sleep was unrefreshing, her digestion bad. Indeed, during a thirty years practice, I never met with such a physical wreck. About this time I told her of your sure and painless cure. She did not believe me, but, by much persuasion, she permitted me to send for a bottle of your antidote, and, from the first dose of the same, she improved. She slept well at night, and did not suffer one half of the pain she did while taking the morphine. Two bottles completed her cure. Now, digestion is perfect, and she has gained, in three months, seventeen pounds of flesh; in fine, she is a well woman.

Make what use you please of this statement.

J. L. BARRETT, M. D.

A Great Skeptic Healed.

MARIETTA, COBB CO., GEORGIA, NOV. 6, 1873.

Dr. S. B. Collins, LaPorte, Ind.

DEAR SIR:—Sometime during the year 1855, I contracted the habit of taking opium, it having been prescribed by the two medical men attending me during a protracted and aggravated attack of cystitis and inflammation of the rectum. I soon became a complete slave to the habit. My allowance from year to year was one ounce per week. How many efforts I made during those eighteen years to leave off, I cannot at this time call to mind, but I well remember the fearful suffering and agony inexpressible during the time I was striving to quit. In '69 I made my last unsuccessful attempt, and waged war with my cruel task-master for nine long months, and succeeded in cutting my dose down to a quarter of a grain, taken at night only, but could never leave off that small dose; no sir, strive as I may, when the regular time rolled around I had to take it.

In about two months after the battle began, I had reduced the amount from 40 grains twice a day to one-fourth of a grain once a day, and my old enemy had said as plain as language could speak, "thus far and no farther shalt thou come." What I have suffered during the contest, no person can describe, no language can express, so I at last in utter despair gave up the contest, as one lost, not caring a fig how soon my worthless existence was cut short. I prayed to die, and frequently found myself meditating on taking the matter into my own hands. Excuse me for dwelling on this page of my life any longer. I would much rather write of the pleasant days and nights I had while carrying

out your treatment; but it was in that utter, dark, damnable state of despair that a notice of your wonderful Antidote reached me, now about one year ago. I did not immediately put myself under your treatment, being a great skeptic in regard to opium antidotes. You see about a year and a half before, I fell upon a notice of an opium antidote prepared by one Dr. Clark, and immediately communicated with him. After receiving his answer, with which I was not well pleased, not liking the jingle of it, I dropped him.

Doctor, I must confess, when my wife called my attention to your advertisement about one year ago in one of the Atlanta papers, (*Constitution*, I think), I pronounced it a humbug, but after so long a time she prevailed upon me to communicate with you. I received your THERIAKI, which I carefully perused; it led me to hope, and I sincerely wish it may have the same effect upon every poor opium eater who may chance to light upon it, for God knows they have my heartfelt sympathy. On the fifth of last February I received your first bottle of the Antidote; that night I took my last dose of opium. On the night of the sixth I had taken the first dose of the opium Antidote, but I must confess it was with fear and trembling, by the next night I was so well convinced of its efficacy that I surrendered to my little daughter my ounce of opium, with which I furnished myself on the same day I received the Antidote. Have had opium in my hand but one time since, and then I had occasion to administer it to a sick lady, then living on my place. I had not been taking the Antidote but about two weeks before I felt like a new man; in fact, I hardly knew myself. You remember I have never received but three bottles from you; of the first I have about one-third on hand yet, of the second about one-half, and of the third and last bottle about one-fourth, considerably diluted with common syrup. I would not advise others to do as I have done, but, on the contrary, take the Antidote as you prescribe, for I really do not think you could find one in a hundred who could have the determination to succeed that I did. Again, I have a head of my own, and would never bear the idea of being so completely under the control of another person.

This is Thursday night. Monday night last—two weeks ago—I took my last dose of the Antidote, and I seldom think of it, and never feel the need of it. Last February my weight was 130; now I weigh 154. While I was taking opium I left my pillow about eight o'clock of mornings, and spent about three-fourths of the day resting on my lounge; now I am up by the crack of day, and go all day long without thinking of lying down, and the only regret that I have is, that Dr. S. B. Collins did not make his truly wonderful discovery many years sooner. I will close by asking you to furnish me with one of your THERIAKIS occasionally. Now, you have not only my permission to publish this, but I hope you may find it worthy to be noticed. With great respect,

JAMES J. BUTTS, M. D.

Amount of opium used per month, 1680 grains; cured since Oct., 1873.

Analysis.

PORTLAND, OREGON, Feb. 10, 1886.

Dr. S. B. Collins, LaPorte, Ind.

DEAR SIR:—After an elapse of twelve years I will say that the cure in my wife's case remains as permanent as it did the day you pronounced her cured.

I read recently an expose of opium antidotes, and your name and remedy was the center figure of that expose.

I can say this much, some years ago I read in a Medical Journal published in New York an analysis of your remedy. At that time my wife was a confirmed morphine eater, and it occurred to me to prepare an antidote for her after this analysis, which I did, hoping thus to break her of the loathsome habit. The morphine had paralyzed her intellect and made almost a physical wreck of her. She was a great sufferer from neuralgia of the stomach, and that together with the habit emaciated her so that she weighed but ninety pounds. I began to administer the remedy which I had prepared from the analysis, not appre-

hending any serious results. One evening my servant came to my office in great haste and excitement requesting me to go to my wife who was very ill. I hastened home, and found her suffering from a severe attack of diarrhea with cramping pains in stomach and bowels. I immediately applied the usual remedies, but they had no perceptible effect. At last I gave her opium, half her usual dose, and awaited results, but no relief. I then gave her more of the narcotic, continuing to give her a dose every half hour until she became comparatively easy. This course I pursued rather than return to the remedy which I had prepared from analysis. In the meantime I corresponded with a number of my brother physicians who were in charge of sanitariums for the treatment of nervous diseases, asking their advice with reference to my wife's case. Their only advice was, for the patient to abandon the use of the narcotic at once, confining them in a room until they suffered it out, which could be done if the patient possessed vitality to endure the suffering. At this time came a letter from Geo. T. Allen, M. D., Surgeon in charge of U. S. Marine Hospital, of St. Louis, Mo., advising me to put my wife under treatment of Dr. S. B. Collins, of La Porte, Ind., who had cured him permanently of the morphine habit. He gave a glowing description of the treatment. I disliked to expend money for a treatment which I believed I knew how to prepare so I delayed the matter until I saw that something must be done, for my wife was slowly but surely fading away. There now remained but one of three things to do: Let her continue the use of morphine, which was sure death; send her to some hospital where she would be confined in a room, cut off from all means of procuring her accustomed drug, which would certainly end in death, or, give Dr. Collins a trial. I decided and ordered a two month's supply of his Painless Opium Antidote for which I paid \$20. The medicine came. It was a clear red, wine color, with a bitterish sweet taste, when left in the mouth a copperish pungent taste, only slightly so, however, to the most sensitive, otherwise it was pleasant to take. I read the directions and administered the first dose. I watched the effect very closely. I thought there was a slight improvement in my wife's symptoms in the brief space of five days. At the end of ten days there was indeed a decided change for the better. Her appetite and strength had both improved quite perceptibly. I was encouraged and continued to administer the medicine four times daily. At the end of thirty days she was able to walk about the house and also to ride out, which she had not been able to do for many months. I began on the second month's supply with fear of the results, but said nothing about it for several days when I asked my wife if she felt any change in her symptoms. Her reply was, "Yes, I begin to feel like my old time self." My fears quickly vanished for she continued to improve from month to month. At the expiration of the third month's treatment I had my wife weighed, and we found to our astonishment that she had gained 15 pounds. She continued the treatment for eleven months. At that time Dr. Collins wrote me that if directions had been followed my wife would require no more antidote, for her cure was completed. When the last dose was gone to our surprise and happiness, no desire for either the drug or the antidote was felt. Dr. Collins, believe me, I felt like falling upon my knees and offering up a prayer that your life might be spared a hundred years, that when you were called from this world that you would leave this most wonderful discovery in the hands of some competent person who would do your name honor for all time. Now, one word in conclusion to my Medical Brethren; until you can give to us a remedy which will cure the Opium Habit quicker than Dr. Collins' Remedy I feel that you as men of honor have no just right to attempt to prejudice those suffering from the habit against Dr. Collins' Remedy. Let it be what it may, so long as he does what he claims, and in so doing does what you admit you cannot do. I say let him alone in his noble work. The analysis may be correct, but if so, he has a secret in changing the medical properties to such an extent that its action upon the nerves is different from any other narcotic preparation ever compounded. One thing which cannot be denied, there is no other man but Dr. Collins who is able to take a confirmed opium or morphine eater and cure him without pain either with or without morphine. His is a Discovery which every physician who prescribes opium should hail with delight, as ninety per cent of all the opium or

morphine eaters become so by physician's prescriptions, and at this time there are over 650,000 opium eaters in the United States.

I remain, Yours Fraternaly,

"HYDRARGYRUM."

TOUCH NOT, TASTE'NOT.

The chemical constituents of opium is a matter of considerable interest, both to the victims of the fearful habit, and those who in their practice prescribe this "double edged dagger." Morphia, the chief active principle, is an alkaloid obtained by treating gum opium with ammonia and alcohol. By still further treatment with sulphuric acid, the drug known as sulphate of morphia is obtained. This is the form in which it is best known to those who have chained themselves to the car of this Juggernaut.

In its narcotic action, sulphate of morphia is identical with the gum from which it is extracted, but from its concentration its sedative effect is the quicker realized, and on that account it is preferred by physicians. Like many another Nature's agents, "it is a good servant but a terrible master." When once the habit of opium or morphine eating is fully formed, no person can describe, nor pencil paint the torments of the devotee.

Could the names be inscribed upon a monument, of those who have been cast down and slain, "from the days of the son of the Shunamite," by this ogre; could there be a record made of those whose cold, ghastly forms are witnesses to the fearful verdict, "Dead by their own hand," driven to desperation by this transforming Circe, Heaven itself might well shrink in horror, and the terrified inhabitants of earth cry aloud.

Still physicians daily prescribe the drug in all its forms, with reckless hardness, hoping for impunity from its consequences. Letters from all parts of this country are pouring in upon me, invoking the dire vengeance of Heaven and a just God upon a profession who deal out this terrible poison, without a hint as to the fearful consequences they may attach to its use.

The utter despair and woe of those who groan and writhe under their clanking chains, is well expressed by one who writes:

Oh! life, thou art a galling load,
A long, a rough, a weary road,
To wretches such as I.

It is not enough that adults who are of "lawful age" are entrapped into the foul den of this monster, but mothers whose pitiable ignorance or culpable indifference are equally criminal, stupify their helpless infants and stunt both their physical and mental organisms with soothing syrups and other nostrums, whose efficacy depends on that sheet-anchor to the doctor—OPIUM.

There may be cases in which this drug, properly prescribed like strychnia, belladonna, nux-vomica, and many other virulent poisons, acts charmingly on vital action. But they should always be prescribed with the greatest caution, with a full knowledge of their effects and the precautions necessary in their use. Especially is this true in the case of opium, which seems to mask some hideous fiend who is always seeking to devour whomsoever he may.

In closing this article, I wish to say a few words directly to my patients, calling attention to the fact that all atmospheric changes are likely to produce in you peculiar, nervous sensations, which are seldom, if ever felt by one who has not suffered the torments of the fires through which you have passed. But please bear in mind that the healthiest people in the land, do not always enjoy a full flow of vigorous vitality and constant physical happiness; consequently, it is not strange that those who have become wonderfully impressible to every change, should keenly feel the action of barometrical and electrical changes. It were worse than useless to expect that after rushing down hill for years, you should be able to retrace your steps without going over some rough ground and being obliged to exercise some strength of will in climbing to your former position. In addition to this, I can guarantee that you will have no suffering while undergoing the entire cure, but what is easily bearable provided you follow directions strictly. This is essential, as on this will depend the rapidity of your cure. As the poison is eliminated from the system, the nerves

emerge from under the iron grasp of the fiend; the mind, rousing from its paralyzed condition, becomes clear and the brain active; all the tissues of the body assume their normal condition; you feel that you are in a new world; you can lie down and sleep the sleep of youth and infancy. The one thing over which I grieve hopelessly is, that some will not reach the haven of perfect cure. They know so much better than the doctor about what is necessary for their treatment. They experiment at the *risk of their lives*.

After the cure is perfected, there is but one safety—one hope for the hereafter. Touch not, taste not, handle not the unclean thing, for out of over ten thousand cases that I have treated in the past nineteen years, ninety-nine out of every hundred were made opium and morphine eaters by the prescriptions of physicians, and seventy-five per cent. of this number by the allopathic or old school practitioners. I have ever found the latter most numerous where the opium habit is most prevalent. Indeed it may be written of the allopaths and the victims of the drug, as one of old said of Deity: "If I take wings, &c., and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea," thou art there. They seem to go together everywhere, like cause and effect.

Is it not high time that there should be not only State legislation, but a United States law, making it a crime, a felony, punishable by the sharpest, severest penalties, to stupidly or recklessly prescribe opium or morphia in any form?

HOW TO ORDER MEDICINE.

A blank containing questions to be answered is sent to any address upon application, to be filled out and returned. Upon receipt of this blank by the Doctor the price per month for treatment will be given.

The money must accompany each order, to insure prompt attention. No medicine sent C. O. D. without part payment.

Nothing less than one month's supply of the Antidote is ever shipped to any address, and patients should always remember that when the full price of one month's supply is not sent to the Doctor they must invariably pay the balance to the express agent from whom they obtain the medicine.

In all cases where it is possible, however, the patient should remit the full amount of the bill, thus saving the very heavy charges for the return of the money—the charges in many instances being twice as large as the original bill.

All medicine is sent by express, and in no other manner.

Money sent by *Postoffice or Express Money Order* is always safe. When that cannot be done the letter should be Registered.

All bills are payable monthly in advance.

Patients should always give County and State plainly.

The words "Opium Habit Cured by Dr. S. B. Collins, LaPorte, Ind.," appear blown in the glass of each and every bottle sent from the Doctor's laboratory.

Patients residing in England, France, Italy, Germany, South America, etc., should order not less than from two to six months' supply at a time, as it will be to their advantage to do so. The medicine is securely packed and sent by express to any of these points with full and explicit directions.

In conclusion would say that it has been, as it will continue to be, the object of Dr. Collins to give his time and attention to the manufacture of his Antidote, assuring all that the same care in its preparation, which secured to it the just reputation of being the Only Perfect and Painless Cure of the Opium Habit ever discovered, shall always be observed.

All Communications are strictly Confidential.

For further information address the Discoverer and Sole Manufacturer of the Collins Painless Opium Antidote.

DR. S. B. COLLINS,

P. O. Box 1141, LaPorte, Ind.

R. K. Polk & Co's. Medical and Surgical Directory gives the following :

The United States has 83,239 male physicians, 2,432 female, total, 85,671. Population of United States, 1880, 50,155,783 or 585 persons to one physician.

READ THESE.

They Tell of Hearts and Homes Made Happy by Dr. Collins.

 [IN WRITING TO THOSE WHOSE TESTIMONIALS ARE HEREIN PUBLISHED PLEASE INCLOSE A STAMP TO PAY RETURN POSTAGE.]

Dr. Collin's First Patient.

A. P. Andrew, Jr., of La Porte, La Porte County, Ind., deposes and saith :

That he is sixty-eight years of age ; that previous to July, 1868, he was twenty years addicted to the use of opium, the last eighteen years of which he was confirmed in the habit ; that on the 18th day of July, 1868, he commenced taking a substitute compounded by Dr. S. B. Collins, of La Porte ; that he continued to take the substitute according to the directions until the 13th of December following, when he was pronounced cured ; that since which time he has not taken opium in any of its forms, nor any substitute therefor ; that he feels no desire for the use of opium ; that he feels entirely cured of the habit, with good appetite, sleeps well, and his general health is as good as he could expect at his age ; that he published in the Banner of Light, Boston, March 13th, 1869, a more particular statement of his cure—and that he has no pecuniary interest whatever in the cure, but makes this deposition voluntarily, for the benefit of humanity.

Sworn and subscribed to before me, the undersigned Justice of the Peace, this 10th day of August, 1869.

A. P. ANDREW, JR.

HARVEY BROWN, J. P.

A. P. Andrew, Jr., passed from this life to the one beyond, Feb. 27, 1887, at the age of 85 years. His generous acts of charity will ever remain a monument to his memory

Seventeen Months Cured and no desire for Antidote or Stimulants.

ARTHUR, ILL., April 1, 1886.

Dr. S. B. Collins, LaPorte, Ind.

DEAR SIR:—I can report that your antidote has cured me of the morphine habit. It is now about seventeen months since I have taken either your antidote or any stimulant whatever, and I know that I am cured of that dreadful habit. I formed the habit through the well meaning doctors who gave it to me to relieve my misery. It seemed to me the only thing they could do. You have rightly named your antidote for it is a "Painless Cure" for the morphine habit. I will answer all letters of inquiry from persons in that dreadful habit and tell them what your antidote has done in my case. It cured me and I believe will cure any one who will follow your directions. You may use this as you see fit, in part or all, for it is true, every word of it, and I want those who are chained with morphine as I was to read this and be benefitted. I wish you success in restoring others as you have done in my case.

Very Respectfully Yours,

A. H. DOLAN.

 It Beats the World.

RUTLAND, MARSHALL CO., IND., March 31, 1886.

Dr. S. B. Collins, LaPorte, Ind.

DEAR SIR:—Yours at hand and found me well. It is with the greatest of pleasure that I testify to your great opium cure discovery. I have used opium for nearly five years and thought there was no cure for me but the grave, until I saw your advertisement in the history of Marshall county, Ind. I wrote you and received a satisfactory reply, then I thought I would try your godsend antidote. It will be four months the 9th of April since I took the last dose of your antidote and have no appetite for either opium or antidote and feel as well as ever I did. If there is any one who doubts Dr. S. B. Collins' Opium Cure write to me and I will testify to its merits. Please use this where you think it will do the most good. I hope it will be the means of saving at least one poor opium eater. Thank you for the interest you took in curing me. With much respect for you and your antidote I remain

Your Most Humble Servant,

THOMAS J. FRESHOUR.

 Entirely Cured.

SURRY, MAINE, April 5, 1886.

Dr. S. B. Collins, LaPorte, Ind.

DEAR SIR:—I am entirely cured of the morphine and opium habit. Have not had any appetite for it since taking your antidote and have not taken any of that since last September. I cannot express my thanks. May you live to a good old age and cure many more and not leave this world without letting some one have the recipe. May God bless you is my prayer.

SUSAN B. STOVER.

 Husband and Wife Both Released from Bondage.

EAST BERKSHIRE, VT., Sept. 28, 1884.

Dr. S. B. Collins, LaPorte, Ind.

DEAR DOCTOR:—Our family feel that words will not express our thanks to you for your valuable remedy. Two years last March father and mother commenced taking your antidote and neither of them have taken any opium. Father's cure was complete after taking six bottles. Mother took ten bottles and would have suffered much less had she taken two more. Mother has gained at least 40 pounds. They both have left off taking snuff much easier through the use of your remedy. Address, MRS. HERMAN SYKES.

 Dr. Collins' Treatment did me More Good than All Others.

MONROE CENTER, OHIO, Jan. 1, 1886.

Dr. S. B. Collins, LaPorte, Ind.

DEAR SIR:—In the year 1878 I was taken dangerously ill, and after one year's treatment, morphine (used hypodermically) was said to be the last resort. Six months afterwards a leading physician of Cleveland, Ohio, was called. He, after six month's treatment, called to his aid another physician of the same city who made a specialty of the "Morphine Habit," yet after reducing the amount one-half I found I could not go below that and I suffered intensely all the time. Then a great wave of sorrow swept over us in the death of our two only children, and I was back to double the amount used before treatment for cure. After this I speedily grew worse for some time, and had nearly given up all hope, when a lady living near who had used morphine for years, died a most horrible death after passing beyond its relieving her at all. I was aroused. At last I was led to hear of your antidote, and I was so impressed with courage that I began the use of your antidote in May, 1883. Everything appeared difficult to render a cure. Notwithstanding my

surroundings, I never had to use morphine after commencing your treatment and was painlessly carried along, with great improvement of health. I had nearly all the distressing diseases peculiar to my sex, also scrofula, so that it required more time to effect a cure in my case, yet I am happy to say, to-day I can attend to all household duties, in fact am a being once more, capable of enjoying the good things of life, and that since the first of October, 1885, I have not used the antidote—I am cured. I can safely say Dr. Collins' treatment done me more good than all others. Please accept my sincere thanks.
S. ROSALIE SILL.

A letter taken from the ["Golden Censor,"] Rockford, Ill., from Mrs. S. R. Sill, Monroe Center, Ohio.

A Little Talk About Faith Cure.

MR. EDITOR:—I know of some who argue that if we only look to God, we shall be cured of all disease, and that if we are not, there must be something wrong with our faith. Yet are there not some whom we call the very best, who are invalids nearly a lifetime? Perhaps God has a mission for some to perform that can only be accomplished through the ministry of suffering; that is being in sympathy with others suffering through direct knowledge of it themselves. Again, some hold that no remedies should be made use of but a direct looking to God through faith. Why did our Savior spit upon the ground, making salve to anoint the eyes of the blind? or why was Naaman sent to lave in the river Jordan! Could he not as well have said; "Be thou healed?" If some are healed by the simple act of faith, does it necessarily imply that there is no other way right?

I was for years an invalid myself, and passed beyond all reasonable hope of recovery; having my name sent three times to the Fulton St. prayer meeting, yet there was only a slight change for the better, although I tried to exercise faith, and once was sure I had enough to bring a cure.

During this illness one of my physicians had deemed the only way to save life was through morphia and for years I was a terrible sufferer in consequence. At length I thought I could bear it no longer, and sent to Dr. Cullis for prayers. As a kind Providence ordained, the same mail which brought Dr. Cullis' letter, also brought one from Deacon Gage, of Coldwater, Mich., telling of his cure of "morphia habit" through the use of Dr. S. B. Collins' Opium Antidote, made at LaPorte, Ind. God granted me faith to believe that would cure me, and it did. Now, I wish to ask my readers if that was an answer to the prayers of good Dr. Cullis—my being led to the means of cure? I am quite sure it was.
MRS. S. ROSALIE SILL.

A Complete Victory is Won.

SAN JOSE, CAL., NOV. 13, 1885.

Dr. S. B. Collins, LaPorte, Ind.

DEAR DOCTOR:—In justice to yourself, and for the benefit of suffering humanity, I write to tell you that I have been entirely cured of the opium habit by your antidote—a complete victory is won. My case, as you well know, has been no ordinary one. I am glad to state right here that I tried all the other advertised antidotes for the opium habit and yours is the only one worth giving a trial. It is now over three months since I quit taking the antidote and I have had no cause to return to the opium habit. I feel truly grateful to you for what your antidote has done for me, and I pray God to bless you for it.
Truly Your Friend,
H. VAN SYCKLE.

"You have Rescued Me from a Death in Life."

FORT SMITH, ARK., July 6, 1886.

Dr. S. B. Collins.

DEAR SIR:—I would have written you before this but waited to see if I was

permanently cured. It has now been over two months since I dropped your antidote.

Seven long weary years I was addicted to the morphia habit, innocently contracted, by physicians prescribing it for a life long disease. Time and time again had I struggled to release myself from this bondage, worse than death, and to no purpose until I heard of your opium antidote, which I began the use of last January, since then have been entirely cured. To give you a testimonial for publication is but a small recompense. My gratitude to you cannot be expressed—language is too feeble. I feel as I imagine the prodigal son must have felt, or as the dead restored to life, for you have rescued me from a death in life, and can I ever forget it?

I care not for publicity now that I am saved from a doom too horrible to contemplate, and so whatever you may see fit to publish about my case you have my free consent to do so. Hoping that you may live long to bless poor opium sufferers, I am, Your Grateful Friend,
MRS. L. DUNN.

“A Slave to the Habit for Thirteen Years.”

HAMILTON, MARTIN CO., N. C., Sept. 20, 1886.

Dr. S. B. Collins, LaPorte, Ind.

DEAR SIR:—This is to certify that I have been entirely cured of the morphine habit by using your Antidote. I had been a slave to the morphine habit for about thirteen years, and was at the time using 20 grains of morphine in 24 hours. After using the third bottle, I had to use three or four grains of morphine a day until I could get another, which I commenced June 3. When it gave out, I am truly thankful to say I was no longer the slave that I had been so long, for which I shall always thank you, and do feel that in you I have found a true friend.

Yours Truly, LAURA E. WATTS.

“A Perfect Antidote and Painless.”

HOLLISTER, FLA., Oct. 20, 1886.

Dr. S. B. Collins, LaPorte, Ind.

DEAR SIR:—I am ashamed of my neglect in not sending to you long ago an acknowledgement of the great benefit I received from the use of your wonderful Painless Opium Antidote. I become addicted to the use of opium by a severe case of dysentery—opium being the only thing I could get to relieve the pain—I used it until I became addicted to it and could not quit; I used it for six years. By accident or Providence I happened to get hold of your pamphlet and sent to you for your Antidote which I found to be all that it was recommended to be, a perfect antidote, and painless. It cured me 14 years ago, and I have had no desire for opium since, so I am cured.

I have recommended it to many others since that time.

Very Truly Yours,

F. T. BUCHANAN.
Hollister, Putnam Co., Fla.

An Interesting Letter from a Highly Respected Citizen of Boonville, Mo.

BOONVILLE, Mo., Sept. 27, 1886.

Dr. S. B. Collins, LaPorte, Ind.

DEAR SIR:—From the treatment by a good physician I began the use of hypodermic injections of morphine, in *very* small quantities, to allay what seemed unbearable pain (Sciatica,) which pain hung to me for months. I increased the amount until I found myself its slave. My doctor protesting that its use was ruining me, and of which I was conscious and often resolved to quit its use, but found myself as but an infant in the hands of a giant—I was helpless to resist. I will say that I began the use of your Antidote more than 12 months ago, and I found that without any effort on my part I was relieved entirely of a desire for morphia, and now more than one year has passed and not an atom do I, or have I used in that time, nor do I have any

desire to use it. I am robust in health, in my normal condition in weight and would not hesitate to say that if a patient will honestly observe your directions after giving an honest diagnosis of the case, a cure *will* be effected. It was a God-send to me.

Yours, Etc., JOHN L. O'BRYAN.

A "Heaven Bestowed Blessing."

PLATTSBURGH, N. Y., Dec. 9, 1883.

Dr. S. B. Collins.

DEAR SIR:—With indebtedness and exceeding gratitude to you, I commemorate and hold sacred this day, it being four years to-day since I received your first bottle of (that Heaven-bestowed blessing) your Antidote. I had been addicted to the habit of using morphine for a good many years, and had become so enslaved to it that, after several trials to break off the habit and always failing, both myself, friends and neighbors had about despaired of all hopes of my recovery from it; but on the day I received the Antidote I dropped morphine, and with pleasure and consolation inexpressible, I can say that I have not taken a dose of morphine from that day to this, which fact and blessing I am enabled to say is the result of using your Antidote. I tender you my most hearty thanks for the good you have done me and wish you all success in restoring others as you have done in my case. Yours very Respectfully,

MRS. E. A. TAYLOR.

Husband and Wife both Testify.

GRAFTON, W. VA., Oct. 31, 1881.

Dr. S. B. Collins.

DEAR SIR:—You wrote me requesting my wife to give you permission to use her letter acknowledging her cure of the opium habit by the use of your Antidote. She has no objection to your using it if by so doing any other person might be induced to try the same, who is a victim to this distressing habit. We all feel grateful to you for the cure, and believe it to be our duty to universally recommend your treatment to all persons needing it. My wife has not needed your Antidote since August 1. She feels in better health than she has before for years, and her appearance has also improved. We all feel that you have been the means of restoring a wife and mother to her family. We hope you may long live to enjoy the fruits of your discovery, and that you may be the means of saving many an opium victim from despair is my heartfelt desire.

Yours, &c., W. D. MAKIN.

GRAFTON, W. VA., Oct. 9, 1881.

Dr. S. B. Collins.

SIR:—We feel it a duty as well as a pleasure to inform you of the fact that your Antidote has effected a cure for which we offer our heartfelt thanks. We are all truly grateful to you for having been the means of this. I am,

Very Respectfully, MRS. EMILY MAKIN.

"The Best in the World."

RED SHOALS, N. C., Feb. 17, 1887.

Dr. S. B. Collins, LaPorte, Ind.

DEAR SIR:—I would have written to you some time ago, but I did not know what had become of you. I was cured by you of the opium habit some twelve or fifteen years ago well and sound. I then lived at Mt. Airy, N. C. I have no doubt but that your Antidote is the best in the world. I will always recommend it to all my unfortunate friends. Respectfully,

J. W. DAVIS.

"God Bless Dr. Collins."

BRISTOL, TENN., March 3, 1887.

Dr. S. B. Collins, LaPorte, Ind.

DEAR SIR:—I don't doubt but that you have long since come to the conclusion that I was either dead or still a slave to that accursed drug, morphine. I am neither one. It has been about sixteen months since I have taken a dose of opium in any shape, and nine months since I stopped taking your opium Antidote. * * * * I hadn't done any work scarcely before taking your Antidote, for nearly two years, but after I commenced taking it I went to work and have been working almost every day since. My wife says God bless Dr. Collins, and I say so too from the bottom of my heart.

Good Night, JNO. R. McCRAREY.

"The Greatest Benefactor of my Life."

CORNICANA, TEXAS, Jan. 5, 1886.

Dr. S. B. Collins, La Porte, Ind.

DEAR SIR:—As this is the beginning of a new year, I thought to write you once again for I look upon you as one of the greatest benefactors of my life. Your morphine Antidote still stands the test of time and trial with me.

Respectfully Yours,
LUCY J. MAYS.

Opium Smoker Cured.

FORKS OF ELKHORN, KY., (Post-Office, Frankfort, Ky.) Jan. 3, 1887.

Dr. S. B. Collins, LaPorte, Ind.

DEAR SIR:—I will probably reside in Kentucky this winter. You may use my name in your paper. I am known in all the large cities of the U. S. by most all OPIUM SMOKERS as I was one of the first who started the use of the drug in the way of smoking it. That was in 1871, in the state of Nevada. I wish to call your attention to one thing; that is this: if parties will try your Antidote they want to send their pipe away where they can't get hold of it and in four days they are all right. Doctor, I am feeling right new—better than I have for seven years. I have no desire whatever for opium. I may take a trip away in a few days and I will advertise your remedy to all who are smokers of opium. Use my name and there will be 500 who will know me. Hoping to hear from you again, I am,

Yours Very Respectfully,
WM. L. KENNEDY.

Restored to his "Former Health."

TYRO, TATE Co., MISS., March 26, 1887.

Dr. S. B. Collins, LaPorte, Ind.

DEAR SIR:—Your Antidote is all that you claim for it. I shall always feel grateful to you as being instrumental in restoring to me my former health. I am now entirely relieved of the morphine habit. I should have informed you of the result in my case sooner, but failed to do so. Wishing you well, I remain,

Yours Truly, L. G. BARNETT.

"Cured by Dr. S. B. Collins' Valuable Medicine,"

FREDERICTON, NEW BRUNSWICK, CANADA, Feb. 13, 1887.

Dr. S. B. Collins, La Porte, Ind.

DEAR SIR:—I send you my testimonial as one of the cured. I was in the habit of using morphine for nearly three years, and am cured by Dr. S. B. Collins' valuable medicine.

MRS. CHAS. LOGAN,
Regent St., Fredericton, N. B.

“Dr. Collins’ Opium Antidote is a Certain Cure.”

COLFAX, VANZANDT CO., TEXAS, Dec. 28, 1886.

Dr. S. B. Collins, LaPorte, Ind.

DEAR SIR:—Six months ago I sent to you for a two months’ course of your opium Cure or Antidote. On the 26 day of June last my wife commenced the use of the Antidote and has not since used a particle of opium in any shape and she asks me to extend to you her heart-felt thanks. I cannot express to you the gratification that I feel for the perfect cure effected in her case, as I take all the blame on myself for her getting into the habit of using morphine. She suffered six years ago with some painful effection of the eyes and I administered doses of the drug for temporary relief until the habit was confirmed and she could not do without the drug. The doses had to be constantly increased until she took one-eighth ounce per week. I corresponded with several parties who had advertised cures for the habit, but I was not satisfied with their replies. I then met with your advertisement in the “Courier Journal” of Louisville, Ky. On writing to you you referred me (in your paper) to several with whom I was personally acquainted, and among the number to an old school-mate (Mr. J. J. Watkins, of Douglas, Nacogdoches Co., Texas.) On receipt of your Antidote my wife for the first month strictly followed your directions, but the next month’s course she lessened the dose until it lasted for two months. She has never taken a dose of the drug since she took the first dose of your Antidote, nor has she wanted any since that day, and her general health is now much better. I hope that every victim of the habit may consult you and be released of their bonds. I will say to all that Dr. Collins’ Opium Antidote is a certain cure and will do all that is claimed for it. You have the life-long gratitude of my wife and myself, Your Friend, J. C. Rusk.

P. S.—Make what use of the above that you please. If the publication of it or any part of it will be the means of even *one* slave to the habit obtaining relief I shall be happy to have done that much. I will answer letters from any victim of the habit who will address me at Colfax, Vanzandt Co., Texas. J. C. Rusk.

BEFORE AND AFTER TREATMENT.

“You know how it is yourselves.”—Job.

VERY ILL.

Name, Oh doctor ! name your fee !
 Ask—I’ll pay what’er it be !
 Skill like yours I know comes high ;
 Only do not let me die !
 Get me out of this, and I
 Cash will ante instantly.

CONVALESCENT.

Cut, Oh doctor ! cut that fee !
 Cut, or not a dime from me !
 I am not a millionaire,
 But I’ll do whatever’s square ;
 Only make a bill that’s fair,
 And I’ll settle presently.

WELL.

Book, Oh doctor ! book your fee !
 Charge—I’ll pay it futurely.
 When the crops all by are laid,
 When every other bill is paid,
 (Or when of death again afraid)
 I’ll pay it—grudgingly.

—F. L. J. in St. Louis Med. and Surg. Journal.

INTEMPERANCE.

Alcohol in some of its numerous forms, claims its victims by thousands, and in its terrible work of ruin ranks second only to opium.

While the chains which bind the inebriate are never so strong as those which bind the opium eater, they are nevertheless galling, and heavy, and strong.

An antidote that would destroy the desire for the stimulant and remove all necessity for its use, has long been looked for, and the discovery, in 1868, of the Painless Opium Antidote opened the door to its discovery.

In no instance has the Liquor Antidote of Dr. Collins been known to fail in performing the work designed for it to do—and hundreds of persons in all parts of the country have been entirely cured by its use.

The Liquor Antidote is put up in bottles each one of which contains a supply sufficient to last one month, and is sold at the low price of five dollars per bottle.

Not long ago a lot of chests of tea were seized in San Francisco on their arrival from China, and in the chests were found 3,003 five-tael boxes of opium and 456 pounds of partially prepared opium. This was sold at auction and fetched over \$25,000.

The American Pharmacist says that the title of doctor was invented in the twelfth century, at the first establishment of the universities. William Gordenia was the first person upon whom the title of doctor of medicine was bestowed. He received it from the college at Asti, in 1329.

IMPORTANT DISCOVERY.

It has long been suspected that the presence of leaves and sheaths enveloping cane has hindered the successful production of sugar from sorghum by the diffusion process. But no careful effort to estimate the extent of this hindrance was ever made until a series of tests was undertaken under supervision of the New Jersey agricultural experiment station. The results of this study, just published in a station bulletin, are of unexpected importance. Not only has it been demonstrated that sugar from cane worked without leaf or sheath is of superior quality, but the expense of evaporation is so notably lessened that some cheap method of stripping the cane seems to be the only thing needed to insure financial success. A machine for this purpose has already been prepared, and the experiments will probably mark an era in the history of this industry. By the old method of pressing the juice from the cane the best equipped mills secured only 70 pounds of the 145 pounds of sugar in a ton of cane. By first getting rid of the leaves and sheaths the diffusers secure 130 lbs.

Lady (to applicant).—"What wages will you expect as nurse?"

Applicant.—"How old is the baby, mum?"

Lady.—"Seven months."

Applicant.—"Without laudanum, mum, two dollars an' a half a wake; wid laudanum, two dollars."

DOES THE CURE STICK?

The following are both the old and the new testimonials from a few of my patients. The first is their testimonial received in a reasonable length of time after their cure was effected, and the one following is in reply to my recent inquiry, "Does the cures 'stick?' or have you returned to opium?"

KINGSTON, R. I., Feb. 1, 1874.

Dr. S. B. Collins, LaPorte, Ind.

DEAR SIR :—I used 3,600 grains of opium per month; have been cured since Aug., 1872.

ELISHA C. CLARKE.

KINGSTON, R. I., Nov. 8, 1886.

Dr. S. B. Collins, LaPorte, Ind.

DEAR SIR:—In reply to yours of the 21st ult. which would have been more promptly answered but for my absence from home, I beg leave to say that the cure in my case remains permanent. I am, Respectfully Yours,

ELISHA C. CLARK, Attorney-at-Law.

NASHUA, IOWA, Feb. 21, 1874.

Dr. S. B. Collins, LaPorte, Ind.

DEAR SIR :—I used 960 grains of opium per month; have been cured since Aug., 1873.

JOSEPH COLER.

NASHUA, IOWA, Nov. 16, 1886.

Dr. S. B. Collins, LaPorte, Ind.

DEAR SIR:— * * * You cured me in about eight months, which has stood the test—a good test—which is about fourteen years. I have not taken a particle of morphia since I left La Porte. One dose of morphia I took just before I saw you. I went to the drug store and got ten cents worth of morphia and took it at one dose—enough to have killed three men not in the habit. My wife has been showering a thousand blessings upon your head for the cure you have performed upon me. You did it up so nice and sure. May God bless you in all your undertakings. Yours Truly,

JOSEPH COLER.

ST. JOSEPH, MO., Jan. 20, 1874.

Dr. S. B. Collins, LaPorte, Ind.

DEAR SIR :—I used 360 grains of opium per month; have been cured since Nov., 1871.

JOHN B. HOWARD, M. D.

ST. JOSEPH, MO., Dec. 24, 1886.

Dr. S. B. Collins, LaPorte, Ind.

MY DEAR SIR :—I received your note of Nov. 10. I am happy to inform you that I am entirely relieved of the opium "Hell" and pray God that I may remain so during my natural life. Please forward me a copy of your late publications.

Yours Respectfully, DR. JOHN B. HOWARD.

PIERCETON, IND., March 17, 1874.

Dr. S. B. Collins, LaPorte, Ind.

DEAR SIR :—I used 360 grains of opium per month; have been cured since July, 1873.

DR. W. HAYES.

PIERCETON, IND., NOV. 12, 1886.

Dr. S. B. Collins, LaPorte, Ind.

DEAR SIR:—I received your kind note and would say that your opium Antidote was a final cure for me. I never have been addicted since I took your Antidote.

Yours Truly,
DR. W. HAYES.

IRONTON, MO., NOV. 11, 1872.

Dr. S. B. Collins, LaPorte, Ind.

I used 840 grains of opium per month; have been cured since July, 1872.

J. DONALDSON.

IRONTON, MO., OCT. 20, 1886.

Dr. S. B. Collins, LaPorte, Ind.

DEAR SIR:—Yours of 21st inst. at hand and contents noted. You ask whether the cure in my case "sticks." I answer, yes, I have no desire for opium or morphia.

Respectfully,

J. DONALDSON, IRONTON, MO.

September 6, 1874.

Dr. S. B. Collins, LaPorte, Ind.

I used an equivalent of 1,440 grains of opium per month; have been cured since August, 1874.

E. H. SPAULDING.

LOS ANGELES, CAL., 636 HILL ST., (formerly Kansas City, Mo.)

In a letter from Mr. Spaulding bearing date October 16, 1886, he writes:

"My health is and has been very good ever since I received the benefit of your treatment, and have no desire for the morphia; for which I shall ever be thankful to you that you treated me so successfully."

SHELBYVILLE, IND., MARCH 16, 1879.

Dr. S. B. Collins, LaPorte, Ind.

DEAR SIR:—Mrs. Robertson was taken sick in 1871, when she began taking morphia, continuing the use of the same until I ordered and she obtained your medicine, last September. She has never taken any morphia since. Used five bottles of your Antidote and says she is entirely cured of the habit. These are the facts in the case. You can condense this letter and use my name, the above being a true statement. We feel thankful for trying your medicine.

Yours Truly,
SIDNEY ROBERTSON.

SHELBYVILLE, IND., NOV. 12, 1886.

Dr. S. B. Collins, LaPorte, Ind.

DEAR SIR:—Your note is at hand and I say in answer to your inquiry that Mrs. Robertson is permanently cured, and we are very thankful for it and we can cheerfully recommend your treatment to any and everybody who wants a permanent cure. Mrs. Robertson has never used morphia or opium in any form since she was cured some ten or twelve years ago.

Respectfully Yours,
SYDNEY ROBERTSON.

FAIRBURN, GA., NOV. 19, 1886.

Dr. S. B. Collins, LaPorte, Ind.

DEAR SIR:—I am happy to say that I am still free from the use of opium in any of its forms. I have never had any desire for opium or morphia since I left it off several years ago, after taking your Antidote. * * *

Respectfully,
P. M. TIDWELL, M. D.

COLUMBIA, TOULUMNE CO., CAL., NOV. 2, 1886.

Dr. S. B. Collins, LaPorte, Ind.

DEAR SIR:—Your note just received and in answer to your question, "Does the cure in your case stick?" *It does.* I am as free from the use or desire to

use *opium* in *any form* as ever I was in my life or any other man who never used it. Am sixty years old, in good health, and weigh 170 pounds as against 130 pounds while using morphine. Am free from rheumatism—the first cause for using opium—and am grateful to you for the cure of both. Can get a hundred witnesses to the truth of this statement. Use this as you like.

Gratefully Yours,
J. L. R. BOWEN.
Justice of the Peace for 2d Tp., Columbia, Toulumne Co., Cal.

SAN JOSE, CAL., Nov. 17, 1886.

Dr. S. B. Collins, LaPorte, Ind.

DEAR SIR—I am glad to hear from you, and in answer to your question whether the cure in my case remains permanent, I can say it has. My general health is better than it has been for twenty years. When I commenced your medicine I weighed 120 pounds, now 184 pounds.

Hoping to hear from you again, I remain,
Respectfully Yours,
MRS. GEO. HOBSON, 83 Hobson St., San Jose, Cal.

“It Has Entirely Cured Me.”

CORRECTIONVILLE, IOWA, Nov. 24, 1886.

Dr. S. B. Collins, LaPorte, Ind.

DEAR SIR:—I received your letter two weeks ago, but the railroads have been blockaded with snow since. Now as to your medicine, I will say it has entirely cured me, and I never had better health in my life. I can heartily recommend it to others. I will look for your book soon.

Yours Respectfully,
SARAH J. SARGENT.

A Test of Seven Years.

CHICAGO, ILL., March 16, 1886.

Dr. S. B. Collins, LaPorte, Ind.

DEAR SIR:—If you will look back on your books nearly seven years ago you will find that I was under treatment, and was cured. And the best of it is, it is PERMANENT. God bless you, I only wish all opium eaters knew of your medicine. Use my name if you want to, and if any one will call on me or write, I will tell them how easy it was for you to knock opium out of me.

U. F. LINDER,
Residence, 378 South Robey St., Chicago, Ill.

BOISE CITY, IDAHO, Oct. 25, 1886.

Dr. S. B. Collins, LaPorte, Ind.

MY DEAR SIR:—In answer to your inquiry if the cure in my case “sticks,” I am most highly gratified in saying *it has and does “stick.”* After eleven years of sublimated Hell I was, through your Antidote, raised to comparative elysium. This may seem to the uninitiated, or rather uncured, a strong simile, but it is not. In January, 1873, when I commenced taking your Antidote, I had been a victim of the opium habit for eleven years, had tried everything I could hear of for cure, and found no relief until I applied to you. You proposed to cure me in eight months. You did it in less than six months, and during the time I was taking your Antidote I was traveling a large portion of the time by stage, my duties as U. S. Attorney requiring me to ride from 4,000 to 6,000 miles yearly by stage, and I never lost a day nor an hour from sickness during the whole time I was taking your medicine. When I commenced taking your Antidote, in January, 1873, I was taking about forty grains of opium per diem. From the time I took the first dose of Antidote to date there is nothing in the shape of opiates got inside of me to my knowledge. I cannot say too much in favor of your medicine in view of what it has done for me. I have recommended it to several.

Yours Very Truly,
Jo. W. HUSTON, Attorney-at-Law

EVANSVILLE, WIS., Oct. 27, 1886.

Dr. S. B. Collins, LaPorte, Ind.

DEAR SIR:—I am glad to know you have not forgotten your old patient. Shall be glad to receive a copy of your pamphlet. I still remain cured of the opium habit. If I ever get the habit again you will be sure to hear from me. I am receiving circulars and pamphlets from the "Tokolon party," but I pay no attention to them. I think they will get tired of it after awhile.

SOPHRONIA PALMER, Evansville, Rock Co., Wis.

HART, MICH., Nov. 12, 1886.

Dr. S. B. Collins, LaPorte, Ind.

DEAR SIR:—I have never had to take any opium or had the least desire for it since I was cured by you. Again thanking you, I remain

Respectfully Yours, MRS. CARLIE EDSON.

BRISTOL, VERMONT, Oct. 27, 1886.

Dr. S. B. Collins, LaPorte, Ind.

DEAR SIR:—Your letter received. Send book to this place. After taking the drug opium ten years I cured the habit by using Dr. S. B. Collins' Opium Antidote, *wholly and entirely*. The cure "sticks." I have not a particle of call for the drug. Hoping your Antidote is curing thousands of the terrible habit of opium taking,

I remain, Yours Truly, JAS. WHITNEY.

GRAND HAVEN, MICH., Nov. 12, 1886.

Dr. S. B. Collins, LaPorte, Ind.

SIR:—My cure was complete and permanent. Have had no desire for opium since.

H. JONES.

DIXMONT, ME., May 6, 1884.

Dr. S. B. Collins, LaPorte, Ind.

DEAR SIR:—Yours of April 26th, is at hand, and in reply to your inquiry as to whether my cure from the morphine habit in 1869 and 1870, through your treatment, proves permanent and still holds good? It is with pleasure that I can say to you that the cure "sticks fast," and during all this time, now most fourteen years, I have had no more desire for opium in any of its forms any more than though I had never used it. Judging from my own experience, and what I have learned from correspondence with others who have been cured, I am frank to say (in fact feel it a pleasure) that I cannot help believing that any person suffering from the morphine habit who will answer the questions you propound correctly and follow your directions to the letter, will receive a permanent cure therefrom. Wishing you great success in relieving others and curing the unfortunate from that most slavish habit, I am

Yours Most Sincerely, DANIEL B. HALL.

Seventy-five cases, taken at random from the books of this office, show an average consumption of six and a quarter grains of morphia (or its equivalent) per day, on the part of the patients—the opium, laudanum, &c., being reduced to morphia. As there is a strong tendency in opium-eaters to underrate the amount of the drug used, it would probably not be far out of the way to put the average at fifty grains per week; equal to about 48 bottles yearly—or nearly $5\frac{1}{4}$ ounces, which would be equivalent to 44 ounces, or two and three-quarter pounds (avoirdupois) of opium, per annum.

"Do you rectify mistakes here?" asked a gentleman, as he stepped into a drug store. "Yes, sir, we do, if the patient is still alive," replied the urbane clerk.

Puck says that a wise St. Louis physician cured a case of alcoholism by prescribing opium. He then cured the opium habit by giving cocaine. Now he is searching for a cure of the cocaine habit.

[For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.]

THE OPIUM HABIT.

A Graphic Picture of the Misery Resulting From Its Use.

BY DR. J. F. BABCOCK.

In relation to one who takes morphine as a habit, and to one who having taken it, and abandoned it after years of its indulgence, there is as wide and marked a difference between the two conditions—I speak as one having authority—as there is popularly supposed to be between those of heaven and hell. Having taken opium in any form, for any length of time, one's normal condition or nature becomes utterly changed—undergoing a complete transformation, both physically, mentally and morally. If naturally gay, gravity takes its place. If social pleasures were extravagantly enjoyed, solitude becomes their substitute. Mental stupidity gives way to mental activity, and even brilliance. If taking the keenest pleasure in the presence of the opposite sex, the utmost aversion is the change. If naturally convivial, the quiet of one's own room gains the ascendancy. If averse to reading, writing or study, the exact reverse becomes a passion. If given to late hours, early ones assume their place. If a spendthrift, care and economy become prominent virtues.

Such are a few of the ordinary contrasts, as effected by the habitual use of morphine, which are rendered apparent to the student studying from an actual experience, and for a short time the mental stimulation, and physical exhilaration, afforded by the opiate is a source of the keenest enjoyment and happiness; harassing cares, with their concomitant mental anxieties, become a thing of the past, but only for a short time, for after the unfortunate has been lured by morphine's charms to a point where it becomes only just short of impossible to abandon the use of the drug, reaction sets in and the devil lurking therein thrusts forth a claw. The exhilaration is found to be but temporary, and despondency—withstanding strenuous endeavors to push it aside by an ever-increasing dose—becomes, in the course of time, chronic; despondency not alone as the primary result of the drug's action *per se*, but through its indirect manifestations upon the physical and mental systems. The sufferer finds himself gradually growing thinner, and lighter in weight. His face assumes a peculiarly pallid and unpleasant appearing hue. His eye loses its brilliancy, and he sensitively finds himself looking upon his appearance with the utmost regret and aversion. Permanent constipation of the bowels, of an otherwise almost impossible character, sets in, and a movement of them can only be secured by the use of such powerful cathartics that their indulgence cannot be justified oftener than once every five or six days, which period indicates the frequency of movement as obtained, and only to be obtained, by their use.

Physical ailments of numerous descriptions follow as a natural matter of course. Animal food becomes repulsive to the stomach and the anticipation; while sweets of all descriptions are craved in its stead. As a consequence the appetite is scarcely ever sufficiently keen to enjoy a single meal. The sexual instinct is for the time being entirely obliterated, and the sufferer's mind dwelling upon these results and effects, from which he knows there is scarcely a chance of escape, assumes a morbid, extraordinary unhappiness, such as the ordinary person can have not even the remotest conception of. The fact that the realization of the victim's slavery is always present, and the constant fear

in anticipation of some accident which shall deprive the taker of his accustomed drug in some manner, makes of one's life a continual series of anxieties, such as are, in themselves, almost nothing less than torture.

A CRUEL EXPERIMENT.

I once knew a young man from whom his friends—though enemies would prove a more appropriate term—had surreptitiously abstracted, during a serious illness, all the morphine that he could control, and, under a mistaken sense of kindness, destroyed it; they took his clothing at the same time, and locked him while asleep into his room,—all of which was the most infernal idiocy—to say nothing of its cruelty—upon the part of those who thus sought to restrain his indulgence—nay, his overwhelming necessity. The result was that after midnight the young man awoke restless and feverish, from a more than ordinarily prolonged abstinence, and heated with impatience he proceeded to secure his accustomed dose of morphine. Discovering the trick which had deprived him of the opiate, and his inability to leave the room, he became simply desperate and frantic in the extreme; he stormed and cursed, and pleaded; crying like a child to be released, but his captors—who thought themselves his friends—were merciless, because they loved him, and because they had no conception of his agony. Suddenly a crash was heard in the room. Alarmed and anxious his jailers hurriedly entered, but the prisoner had flown; the room was empty, and the broken sash indicated the manner of exit.

In a frenzy of despair and indignation at the horrible cruelty of those professing to be his friends, that young man had adopted, and carried into execution, a most desperate design to end his agony and life at the same time. He had thrown himself with one determined rush through sash, glass, and all that would impede his progress, to the ground below, some fifteen feet distant, and when these friends entered that room he lay outside senseless, bruised, cut and bleeding, with a badly fractured leg. Sadly and tenderly, with their consciences lashing them as with a whip of thongs, they picked him up, and when too late they opened their hearts to mercy. That young man lived, and two years later entered upon all the horrors of abandonment of his own free will, passing through them successfully, but neither he nor any other person living who takes morphine as a habit, can be successfully forced to stop taking it. The desire to abandon the habit; to be free from all its accompanying ills, and regain what one can always recall as their normal condition, with all its natural pleasures, is ever present; but the very hopelessness of a successful issue to the attempt, generates a grim despair such as death would at any time be a most welcome relief from. Business ability is gradually weakened, and a morbid indifference assumes the place of former ambition until the despondent brain too frequently tries and hopes to find relief in an "overdose." But ere such an irrevocable step is taken, numerous unsuccessful attempts to abandon the drug have been made, and in proportion to the strength of the persons will power is the agony of the trial prolonged. If of naturally weak will a few hours of fearful suffering will disastrously terminate the struggle, and a sense of despair, such as no human mind can fathom, will become ever present; but if of a naturally powerful will—and in the grades of strength of will there is as marked and palpable a difference as in strength of muscle—the effort will be of a giant character; such a one will enter the wide open jaws of hell itself and battle there until physical endurance gives way, or holding strong by the strength thereof he triumphs for at least a time; such a result is, however, but one of the successful issues among hundreds of thousands of trials which are failures.

A VIVID PICTURE OF SUFFERING.

Those who are in health can never have the remotest conception of what it means for the sufferer, in the throes of abandonment, to feel as though his stomach was literally full of white heated coals, burning, scalding and sizzling without cessation for days at a time. To feel for hours at a stretch as though some steel-fanged hand were clutching and trying to drag the stomach from the body. To have every nerve in your body seem for day after day as if it were being seared by a red-hot iron along its entire length. To have as an ever constant companion, the sensation in one's mouth that it is full of red

pepper stinging and burning. To endure physical and nervous prostration until in a frenzy of agony and discouragement the hand can scarcely be restrained from opening a gash in one's throat. To be wholly without sleep, save a single hour, for thirteen days and nights, though mercifully finding a certain relief in the delirium which ensues. To endure the mental stress and constant agony of mind, with never an instant's diversion, which results as the natural effect of such suffering. To be compelled to live upon the sole diet of lime water and milk as the only possible nourishment the stomach can bear, and again I say that if you in health, or otherwise, can have adequate conception of what such agony means, then you can partially appreciate the horrors of an attempt to "swear off" the morphine habit, ever aggravated as such attempts are with the absolute knowledge that if you will only relax your grip for a single instant of time, and take but the slightest portion of the poison—only just once—that a heaven of ineffable bliss—in contrast with the present hell—is just within your grasp; but no that cannot be for "just once;" there can be no half-way measure in such a matter, for that "just once" means utter and ignominious failure.

HOW TO ACHIEVE VICTORY.

If you possess the will to bear it—and there are such wills—you can suffer to the end so long as you maintain that will unbroken, but yield to a single relief voluntarily and the end has come in the form of absolute failure; and what is more the sufferer knows the fact at the time; discouragement and loss of self-respect result, and after a cruel but gallant fight the battle has ended in naught save the determination never to try it again; but where one can be faithful to the bitter end a certain degree of victory will be the reward; absolute victory so far as the taking of morphine is concerned, but yet a victory—as will be seen later on—which still retains many questionable elements. From the beginning to the end, wherein active and acute suffering must be endured, will ordinarily constitute a period of eighteen or twenty days. To endure this one must—and I say *must*—be able to command the services of warm, constant, and supremely faithful friends; friends by their unfailing sympathy; friends who will patiently endure your ceaseless petulance, and seeming ingratitude; friends who will love you and encourage you constantly, but without fail you must be the possessor of sufficient means to release your mind from any added care of a financial nature.

No poor man or woman can ever hope to succeed in abandoning the use of morphine as a habit. Money is essential because you have got to have comforts which money alone can secure, but more especially is money necessary because you have got to live for months unable to fix your attention in the slightest degree upon any business requiring personal supervision, since long after the period of acute suffering is passed a nervous, homesick restlessness, which cannot be shaken off, and which is in itself a torture, constantly pursues you. The mind cannot be fixed upon anything whatever in a business way; reading, writing or study, before so agreeable, now becomes utterly loathsome; and the solitude and quiet of the morphia life, then so desirable, are now replaced by a great and overwhelming passion for excitement; excitement of any name or nature, it matters not what, so long as it suffices to prevent one's thoughts from dwelling upon one's self and thus relieve that constant restlessness before alluded to. So essential is some form of excitement that I venture to say, in the absence of it, that within one year nine out of every ten of those who have successfully fought the fight will relapse into the old slavery again, and this, too, notwithstanding a vivid recollection of all they have suffered to be free. Pleasant and convivial companions are invariably sought after; the sexual desire returns with overwhelming force. In fact the functions of the entire body—both mentally and physically—become buoyant with new life, new blood, and physical exhilaration, and it is just here that the extremest danger lies in excessive indulgence of all that may be included under the head of dissipation. The craving of the reclaimed morphine taker is almost overwhelmingly irresistible for continuous action and excitement, and if he be of a sensitive, analytical turn of mind, with a conscience, and with the capacity to be cruelly hurt by the gossip which will inevitably circulate concerning him, it will not be long before he will reason himself into the belief that his last condition is worse than his first,

and that with all its miseries his former life, which he endured so much to break away from, was the preferable one—especially if complications arise because of a slender purse—and after a long and anxious mental struggle he will then do one of two things; resume the habit deliberately, or if his aversion is strong enough, he will just as deliberately commit self-murder, since in any event he can see nothing but unhappiness in store for him.

HEROIC TREATMENT.

I once knew a talented and successful physician whose home was in a small town in Massachusetts. He had made many fruitless efforts to release himself from the exactions of the morphine habit, but his sufferings were too great in proportion to the strength of his will, and yet this man's nerve was simply superb, for he went to Philadelphia, sought out his old hospital friends, related to them his morphine history, and then deliberately said: "I want you to place me under proper restraint; take my morphine away from me, and under no account yield either to my entreaties, commands or threats. If my life pays the penalty, promise me that you will let me die rather than give me any of the drug." They promised, and placed him in a padded room with all its windows properly secured. In forty-eight hours he was almost a raving maniac,—one moment pleading piteously for relief; the next raving and blaspheming because they would not permit him to change his mind and go free. They gave him the best of attendance, and kindest care, but they were useless—no morphine did he have that he knew of, though upon several occasions while in delirium it was injected into his arm in order, as they believed, to save his life. At the end of thirty days he returned home, as he considered, a free man.

This man's will power was weak, but his nerve and courage were marvelous in placing himself under such restraint, knowing full well just what he was doing, and just what such restraint meant. Well, for a year that man sought every species of excitement and conviviality. His physical system became a sort of human volcano ready to break forth upon the slightest provocation. He did not drink to any marked excess, but his methods of life were so different, and the metamorphosis was so complete that the staid citizens of his town gossiped so much in their wonderment, and told such infernal lies in connection with him, that his practice began to desert him and he to make an analysis of himself. Sensitive and, to others, incomprehensibly restless, he finally, after long mental travail, determined to return to morphine, regardless of its results, in order to subdue the irresistible longings of his new nature for excitement, but no sooner had he done so than a species of remorse and regret took possession of him; discouragement overwhelmed him, and one afternoon he was found lying in his bath tub—dead from an opened artery.

THE UNFORTUNATE VICTIM.

In condemning him, let those who are without sin cast the first stone. Can the term "unfortunate" be more appropriately applied than to this man? And I say unfortunate because it is the only term to apply to those who habitually take opium in any form. No person ever enters upon the habit deliberately. Who ever knew of such an instance? Upon the contrary, the first step is nearly always the result of using the drug as a means—and a blessed one if used understandingly—of alleviating pain, and the unpleasantness of an illness; but I strenuously maintain that if physicians would be less reckless in its use, or if large quantities are necessary, keep their patients in ignorance of what they are administering; there would be vastly fewer cases of the "opium habit," for where a patient is kept under the influence of morphine for any continuous length of time—and a few days are all that is necessary—informed of what they are taking, then when it is withdrawn and the resultant unpleasant effects occur, which even then seem like suffering, they will in some manner procure the drug for themselves, sincerely thinking that when they once more regain their natural strength, their will-power will then enable them to cease taking it whenever they desire. Alas! that time will never, never, come save through the travail of soul, the agony of mind and the suffering of body, which it has been the effort of this article to faintly describe, hoping that it may serve to enlighten some who may be tempted but who in yielding to such temptation go down into the valley of the shadow of death not knowing what they do.

BANGOR, ME.

A REMEDY THAT HAS STOOD THE TEST OF TIME.

Some referred to in the following list may have changed their places of residence. others may have died, and it is possible a few may have returned to the drug. But in every case the original, *bona fide* testimonial of the individual mentioned is on file in my office and open to the inspection of any person honestly seeking a knowledge of the facts.

Address all Orders and Communications to

DR. S. B. COLLINS, LaPorte, Ind.

Alabama.

- B. F. Cannon, Marion, October 26, 1874.
 Frank A. Hervey, Montgomery, July 10, 1875.
 J. W. Morland, Brush Creek, Sept. 6, 1875.
 George W. Foster, Florence, 1877.
 J. J. Gibson, Moulton, 1877.

Arkansas.

- A. P. Scarlett, Atkins, 1877.
 Adam Cloninger, Atkins, 1877.
 Mrs. B. W. Carter, Holly Springs.
 Mrs. Aliva Campbell, Benton.
 Maria C. Woods, Mt. Eva, White county.
 James Copland, Bay Village, Cross Co.

California.

- Mrs. George Hobson, San Jose, Nov. 6, 1875.
 G. A. Townsend, San Francisco, 1871.
 W. H. Farwell, Saratoga, 1873.
 Miss Ella Moran, Sacramento, 1873.
 J. L. R. Bowen, Columbia.

Colorado.

- Mrs. Elizabeth A. Polk, Denver, 1877.

Connecticut.

- J. B. Blair, 28 Crown Street, New Haven, December 9, 1874.
 George Howard, New Haven.
 Andrew Bristol, New Haven, 1877.
 James Bradley, New Haven, 1876.
 Mrs. A. C. Hastings, No. 99 William St., New Haven.

Georgia.

- Jas. J. Butts, M. D., Marietta, Nov. 6, 1873.
 Mollie E. Duke, Franklin, Jan. 20, 1875.
 R. C. Roberson, Atlanta, March 1, 1876.
 J. T. Allen, Carrs Station, Jan. 7, 1877.
 Mrs. Katie Kiker, Calhoun, 1874.
 J. B. Churchill, Yellow River, 1874.
 Mrs. J. T. Couch, Grantville, 1875.
 Mrs. Dr. A. I. Brown, Atlanta, 1873.
 Judge James D. Russ, Butler, 1877.
 W. P. Caldwell, Butler, 1877.
 Mrs. J. W. Ragland, LaGrange.

- P. M. Tidwell, M. D., Fairburn.
 Lucy J. Mayes, Preston.
 Mahala Malcolm, Rocky Mount.

Illinois.

- Wm. T. Brown, Greenville, March 10, 1874.
 H. J. Clark, Grayville, Oct. 27, 1873.
 S. P. Guin, Jacksonville, Nov. 29, 1872.
 Charles Green, Tallula, Jan. 8, 1877.
 Amy R. Green, Dwight, Dec. 26, 1876.
 George C. Howe, Knoxville.
 Thomas Moss, Grayville, Aug. 20, 1872.
 W. Sanderson, Prophetstown, Dec. 5, '72.
 Mrs. B. P. Sanderson, " " "
 E. G. Creal, Creal Springs, Dec. 1877.
 J. A. Beals, Piper City, April, 1871.
 Mrs. M. J. Yearling, Arlington, Oct. 1871.
 Mrs. Lucinda Evans, Chandlerville, Oct. 1870.
 D. S. French, Griggsville, Feb. 1871.
 James Hanley, Altoona.
 Lawrence A. Hudson, Springfield, 1877.
 Mrs. Sarah Maitland, Sycamore.
 L. A. Potts, Charleston.
 Geo. A. Jones, Metamora.
 Mrs. Sarah Hudspeth, Prentiss.
 Dr. William Coble, Detroit.
 U. F. Linder, Chicago.
 Henry Church, North Henderson.

Indiana.

- T. M. Endicott, Shelbyville, Jan. 31, 1874.
 Dr. W. Hayes, Piercetown, March 17, 1874.
 Luman Jones, Marietta, Nov. 26, 1872.
 D. J. Jackson, Reusselaer, July 30, 1873.
 John McLain, Union Mills, June 1, 1872.
 Robert McNeal, Piercetown, Nov. 7, 1873.
 Harriet Townsley, Crawfordsville, Jan. 20, 1874.
 T. M. Worthington's child, LaFayette. Dec. 20, 1876.
 William Thomas, Butler, 1876.
 William C. Mullin, Rockfield.
 Dr. J. J. Patterson, Rockport.
 James Miller, Elkhart, 1874.
 S. Layton, Indianapolis, Jan. 13, 1873.
 A. P. Andrew, Jr., LaPorte, 1869.
 Chas. A. Smith, LaPorte, 1877.
 Frederick West, LaPorte, 1878.

Mrs. Sidney Robertson, Shelbyville.
Sarah Parker, Elkhart.
Mrs. Elizabeth Nelson, Anderson.

Iowa.

Martin Neff, Clarinda, April 14, 1874.
D. B. Reynolds, DeSoto.
L. S. Spittle, Danville, June 3, 1876.
Joseph Coler, Nashua, February 21, 1874.
Chas. D. Manning, Comanche.
Mrs. Callis Canada, Montezuma, April, 1872.
Mrs. Mahala Long, South English, 1878.
Sarah J. Sargent, Correctionville, 1874.
John and Barbara Whisler, Danville, 1876.
Mrs. S. E. Brubaker, Clarinda, 1878.
Samuel Scott, Clarinda.

Kansas.

Mrs. S. H. Cummings, Topeka.

Kentucky.

Susan A. Bibb, Greensburg, Jan. 6, 1876.
M. H. Cofer, Elizabethtown, 1874.
E. T. Sturgeon, Louisville, August, 1873.
Rev. R. B. Trimble, Mayfield, 1877.
Mrs. Darius Jones, Peach Grove.

Louisiana.

Jacob Hardy, Cotile Landing, Red River,
February 4, 1876.
Mrs. S. Spann, Harrisonburgh.

Maine.

Daniel B. Hall, Dixmount.

Massachusetts.

R. A. Norcross, Worcester, 1876.
Joseph Cooper, Braytonville, 1872.
Mrs. M. E. Stanford, Worcester, 1878.

Michigan.

Joseph C. Darrow, Medina, April 18, '69.
Carlie Edson, Hart, Dec. 12, 1873.
Daniel Munger, Grass Lake, Oct. 29, '75.
Hamilton Jones, Grand Haven, 1877.
Mrs. Frankie Winslow, 31 Caledonia St.,
Grand Rapids, 1878.

Mississippi.

W. L. Towner, Lake Station, Nov. 21,
1872.
Joshua R. Smith, Meridian.
Mrs. M. E. Gresham, Forest, 1876.
Mrs. Winfred Bryant, Shannon.
F. Harrington, Goodman.
T. K. Miller, Carthage.

Missouri.

John Donaldson, Ironton, Nov. 11, 1872.
J. B. Howard, M. D., St. Joseph, Jan.
20, 1870.
E. H. Spalding, Kansas City, Sept. 6, '74.
Dr. George T. Allen, St. Louis.
Miss Ann T. Tyler, St. Joseph.

New Hampshire.

C. Booth Smith, Lemster.

New York.

Julia A. Caster, Rochester, Aug. 6, 1874.
Nash Dyke, West Bangor, April 30, 1874.
R. C. Hall, Groton.
D. McClure, Franklinville, Dec. 30, 1875.
Mrs. Levi McNall, Alleghany, Dec. 29,
1876.
Charles H. Leonard, Brooklyn, 1876.
M. Brandon, Hornellsville, 1876.
Charles W. Hubbard, Watertown, 1877.
Lizzie J. Farrell, AuSable Forks.
Mary Ream, Rochester.
Sarah J. Hewitt, Mechanicsville.
C. L. Kinney, McGrawville, March, 1871.
H. Sargent, Rochester.
George Knowlton, Syracuse, 1877.
James Chase, Ischua, 1875.
Peter Cooper, Franklinville.
Mrs. Jane Bradley, New York city.
Sarah V. Saxton, South Westerloo.
John Burlingame, Franklinville.
Mrs. William McNall, Franklinville.
Mrs. S. D. Pottle, Rochester.
Anna West, Hales Eddy.
Mrs. L. M. Sharp, Red House.
Mrs. Phebe Carpenter, Yates.

Ohio.

B. B. DePeyster, Kent, Jan. 20, 1874.
Wm. Sheffield, Napoleon, Dec. 10, 1874.
J. Jay Will, Piqua, Oct. 28, 1875.
Thursa Rice, Marblehead, 1876.
J. H. Hoffman, Bucyrus, 1875.
Mrs. J. W. Crouse, Lima, 1875.
James U. Stewart, Dayton, 1873.
Mrs. D. B. Alger, West Richfield, 1877.
Mrs. L. N. Lott, Newark, 1877.
Jacob Ambrosier, Sulphur Springs.
A. E. Langart, Piqua.
M. J. Clark, Tiffin.
Samuel Fisher, Convoy.

Oregon.

Janette H. Campbell, Portland, 1877.

Pennsylvania.

Mrs. H. S. Brown, Factoryville, Sept. 8,
1873.
Mary Ebenhouse, McKean, April 11, '76.
Mrs. E. A. Hamilton, Brookland, May 19,
1875.
Cornelius T. Swift, Edinburgh.
Hannah Brown, Berwick, 1876.
Dr. Chas. H. Hoessler, 2009 Arch street,
Philadelphia, 1871.
Jno. S. Gibson, Philadelphia, box 1848.
Henry Kyle, Pulaski.
Mrs. Frances Cross, Kendall Creek.
Mrs. W. H. Evans, Cannonsburgh.

Rhode Island.

Elisha C. Clark, Kingston, Feb. 1, 1874.
John G. Bond, Pawtucket.

South Carolina.

Phil P. Pearson, Monticello, 1875.

Tennessee.

T. R. Leonard, Jalapa, 1870.
H. Zeller, Brentwood, April 10, 1874.
Mrs. Louise J. Dodson, Colliersville, 1876.
C. P. Gordon, Franklin.

Texas.

W. A. Tuttle, Canton, Nov. 18, 1875.
Benjamin W. Webb, Marshall, Sept. 9,
1875.
Jesse J. Watkins, Douglass.
Mrs. W. A. Tuttle, Marshall, 1875.
J. C. Roberts, Corsicana, 1877.
Mrs. R. M. Graham, Edom.
Wm. W. Ingram, Waxahashie.

Vermont.

L. Fassett, West Enosburg, May 25, '76.
James Whitney, Bristol, Jan. 1, 1876.
Martin P. Rice, Westford.
Zelpha S. Brooks, St. Johnsburg, Aug., '71
B. F. Haswell, Enosburgh.
Mrs. B. H. Rice, Enosburgh.
Mrs. Eli Sherman, Newport Centre.

Virginia.

James S. Brown, M. D., Suffolk, 1872.

C. H. Williams, Portsmouth, Sept. 6, '75.
J. T. Patton, Fairfield, March, 1876.
B. J. McDonald, Winchester, Jan. 1878.
C. C. Strayer, Harrisonburg, July, 1871.
Mrs. J. C. Watton, Richmond.
Judson M. Kent, Harrisonburg.

West Virginia.

A. G. Pickett, Grafton, July 25, 1876.
H. C. Bartlett, Parkersburg.

Wisconsin.

Sophronia Palmer, Evansville, April 8,
1874.
J. W. Carhart, Appleton, 1874.
Calvin Robertson, Beloit.
C. R. Tyler, Green Bay, Jan., 1872.
L. Mosher, Eu Claire.
Mrs. Mary B. Munson, Baraboo.
Mrs. I. Link, Leon.

District of Columbia.

J. S. Delano, Washington, 1877.

Idaho Territory.

J. W. Huston, Boise City, Aug., 1873.

Indian Territory.

James S. Price, Tahlequah, Cherokee N.,
1873.

Canada.

Jno. Darling, Wallaceburg, 1873.
Agnes Leckie, Almonte.

Besides the above I have hundreds of testimonials from patients who will not permit their names to be brought before the public.

"See here," said an angry citizen to a quack doctor, "that 'wonderful discovery' of yours for preserving the scalp is a fraud."

"Why so?"

"Look at that," he went on, removing his hat, "since using it I have lost all my hair."

"Oh, it doesn't pretend to preserve the hair," replied the doctor, "Only the scalp. You've got your scalp left. You musn't expect too much of medical science."

"I Owe my Life to You."

DERBY, VT., March 7, 1887.

Dr. S. B. Collins, LaPorte, Ind.

* * * I came home with the expectation of dying, and had it not been for your Antidote I would have died. I owe my life to you, and I hope you will be the means of saving many more. Anything that I can do for you will do with pleasure.

Respectfully Yours, C. S. KELLEY.

From La Porte, Ind.

LAPORTE, IND., May 31, 1887.

Dr. S. B. Collins.

MY DEAR SIR:—I have known of your successful treatment of the opium habit since 1869, and am glad to know that you are still treating the foe with your old time energy. If the physicians would give more attention to the investigation of the causes of disease and to appropriate remedies, there would be less seeming necessity for the administration of opiates, and of course fewer habits for med. Wishing you continued success, I am,

Very Truly Yours,

GEO. M. DAKIN, M. D.

Extracts From Letters of Fitz Hugh Ludlow.

In response to the many and ever-recurring inquiries of patients and others, I give, below, extracts from the letters of Fitz Hugh Ludlow. I am also moved to this publication in vindication of myself, and of my claim as the original sole discoverer of the Painless Cure of the Opium or Morphine Habit. Fitz Hugh Ludlow deceased some years ago, but his death did not in the least impair his testimony in behalf of my Antidote. It only remains to add that his letters to me are all in my possession, and that only a small portion of the correspondence is given in the following extracts.

18 WEST FOURTEENTH ST., N. Y., Nov. 25, 1869.

DR. S. B. COLLINS, LaPorte, Ind.

Dear Sir:—It is possible you might know me by name, and have read some of my published writing upon the subject of the opium habit—perhaps you have even read the book of that name published by the Messrs. Harpers, in which you will there have a good chance to become acquainted with me. I will only here say that I have, for many years, made this most painful subject a specialty, both of study and treatment—have had, perhaps, a larger circle of acquaintance with opium eaters than any one else in this country, and have been so happy as to cure a considerable number of the worst cases on record.

None of these cures have, however, I frankly acknowledge, been effected without severe and long-protracted suffering, although I have been able to mitigate the horrors of the trial by the bringing to bear of every faculty upon the judicious selection of palliatives, to an extent which made the agony far less than without my aid it would have been.

But I have all my life been seeking in *vain* for some remedy that would act as a substitute, and bring the patient out painlessly. Last spring I was almost ready to give the search up in despair, when two of my large circle of opium correspondents wrote me, within a few weeks of each other, that you had succeeded in making the discovery, at least that your circular positively announced the fact, and that several persons who had recourse to you had found your assertions remarkably corroborated by their experience.

I can assure you that my heart leaped for joy at the bare possibility of such a

thing. I own I should have been glad to have discovered for myself an agent, which, if it does all that you claim for it, is one of the *grandest, most beneficial, glorious discoveries ever made in medicine*, but God knows that my pity for the terrible sufferings I have seen is such that all professional pride sinks out of sight, and I would most gratefully to both God and the discoverer come to learn of any one who could confer such an estimable boon as your remedy purports to be.

If it does all I understand to be claimed for it * * * * *
 * * * then you have a *right to the thankful praise, the respect, the honorable tributes of every man who loves his race; you have made a discovery not one whit exceeded in importance by Jenner's discovery of vaccination*—one which will quite as justly entitle you to *applause, living, and monuments when dead.*

Out of a sincere heart I say this—high praise as it may seem, for the suffering from opium, in unnumbered cases, I have seen to be greater than that of any other disease or physical torture whatever.

A few weeks ago, one of your patients, (who corresponded with me for the first time after he had taken your remedy,) sent me a two ounce phial, knowing from my writings that I should feel the truest interest in trying the effect upon opium eaters. I happened to have one case in particular just then under my charge, which seemed sometimes almost hopeless from the complication of other difficulties with the habit of opium, and I used the small portion of your remedy, which had been sent to me, on that case alone, beginning with very small doses, and at several days interval apart, and not attempting to cut off the patient's opium altogether, because I knew I had only enough of your tincture for a very short and incomplete experiment. My experience of it, however, as far as it went, showed me that it possessed some quite remarkable powers. I was able, by its aid, to greatly diminish the doses of morphine, and increased the intervals between them.

I am Yours Truly,

FITZ HUGH LUDLOW.

But the value of a remedy which does as yours is declared to do *is in the salvation of the opium eater, without the suffering and the absolute cessation from all labor, which are necessary with all means and plans of cure.*

I know that I can cure opium eaters, and eradicate the habit thoroughly, but I *frankly acknowledge that I cannot do it without its creating more or less suffering—sometimes even severe suffering to the patient, taking him for a considerable length of time from his vocation.*

* * * I have sought in all our communications to deal with the utmost fairness and courtesy, myself, and I beg that you will not disappoint me.

Yours Truly, FITZ HUGH LUDLOW.

18 WEST FOURTEENTH STREET, April 4, 1870.

* * * Your life is now too precious to be lost. I don't wish to appear even to preach, but I must say that I think you possess the most tremendous responsibility which can belong to any man upon the earth, in being the possessor of a remedy which wisely administered, can do so much for the human race. * * *

FITZ HUGH LUDLOW.

99 CLINTON PLACE, N. Y., June 14, 1870.

Dr. S. B. Collins, LaPorte, Ind.

SIR:—Our mutual friend has just been paying me a visit, and consulting in regard to some arrangements by which we can work together for the remedy and the opium eater. * * * * *

I have now put into the Harpers' hands, to publish in the very first magazine that there is room for it, an article recommending your discovery that every body who has seen it says it is one of the finest things I ever wrote. Harpers' Magazine is always printed over a month ahead, so it cannot come out in any shorter time. * * *

Truly Yours, FITZ HUGH LUDLOW.

OPIUM SMOKING IN SAN FRANCISCO.

The opium dens of San Francisco are few, and kept by Chinese only. No whites under any circumstances, at present, and for three years past, have been allowed to smoke in any of them, on account of a very stringent city ordinance prohibiting whites from smoking under penalty of fine and imprisonment. If no whites are allowed to smoke, then the dens or joints as they are called, are unmolested. One can walk through Chinatown any day or evening and see from two to three hundred Celestials smoking in full view of the street, and nothing is thought of it. The police disturb them not. But should there be one white man among them the entire establishment is seized, and all of the inmates taken to jail and dealt with summarily.

Of the smoking dens a short description will suffice. Always located in a basement—bunks—a double tier generally, not unlike those used in soldiers' barracks, running as a rule around three sides of the room. In the center of each bunk is the "layout," or apparatus for smoking, consisting of a tray fifteen inches wide and about two feet long—in the center of which stands the lamp (specially made for the purpose), a pair of scissors, a sponge (to wipe off the bowl after each pipe has been smoked), a "*yen hauck*" or steel needle, resembling in length and appearance an old-fashioned darning needle, a box for the ashes or refuse that comes from within the bowl after being used for some time; also a small dish or two for the smokers to put cigar or cigarette ashes in. When one or a party desire to smoke, they buy what opium they want of the proprietor, who weighs it out with great deliberation and precision from a can or jar into the smoker's box. All who smoke carry their little horn box (hop toy) with them. He then takes a pipe, the stem of which is a joint of bamboo about twenty inches long, near one end of which the bowl is fastened by means of a hole being cut in the bamboo and surrounded by a plate made of white metal, brass or silver, to fit the neck of the bowl, and indicates to the smoker which bunk he can use. They are allowed the use of the pipe and outfit free of charge, and can stay as long as they please, so long as they buy the opium there. Outside of these smoking dens every store has its pipe and outfit for the accommodation of friends and customers. When a customer or friend enters he is invited to take a drink of tea (which is always kept hot on the counter) and to regale himself with an opium pipe before commencing business. The pipe and outfit are always kept in a small room directly in the rear of the store, and the lamp is kept burning always. If any two friends desire to have a talk, they (if smokers) always go and recline along side of the pipe.

All of the arrests that have been made by the police for opium smoking have been cases where some adventurous Chinaman would allow whites to come to his room to smoke—paying him say twenty-five cents or more each time for the privilege. In the face of all this there is not more than ten per cent. of the Chinese of San Francisco who smoke opium. They all regard it in its true light—as no good. Something in the manner in which the Caucasians look upon liquor—but continue using it in a strikingly similar manner.

Among the Chinese generally and merchants in particular, there are many "occasional smokers," *i. e.*, one who smokes two or three pipes to make himself agreeable and pleasant, but never contracts the "habit"—in other words they are not obliged to have it, only using it occasionally. I have known many of this type. So long as one abstains from using it every day he can let it go and suffer no inconvenience. No matter how small the amount if used daily for any length of time they must have it or suffer when the time for smoking arrives.

J. F. M.

Opium Smokers can be treated and cured as successfully as those who take opium by the mouth or hypodermically. Full particulars given upon application to

DR. SAMUEL B. COLLINS, LaPorte, Ind.

THE FIVE GREAT STIMULANTS.

OPIUM.

Opium is the thickened juice of the poppy, being obtained from incisions in the capsules or seed-pods of that plant. It is imported into this country chiefly from the East; British India being the great opium-producing country of the world. It is also extensively cultivated in Asiatic Turkey, Persia and Egypt. The opium of commerce and pharmacy is classed as a gum; is generally formed into cakes of from six to twelve ounces; is heavy in proportion to bulk, dense of texture, brownish-yellow in color, not quite dry, and has a faint, disagreeable odor, and an acrid, bitter taste.

The virtues of opium, as a medicine, have been known from the earliest ages. Its true, beneficent function, is the quieting of pain or the allaying of nervous excitement—as a sedative or anodyne in extreme cases. Applied in solution, externally, to bruises, ulcers, tumors, &c., it is almost as efficacious as if taken into the stomach. Administered hypodermically, the effect is very marked and powerful—much greater than when taken internally, in the ordinary way. This drug, the gentlest and best of servants when kept in hand, is, when its use becomes a habit, the most uncontrollable and merciless of masters. It is a medicine which must be employed with the utmost care and caution. Its reckless prescription by physicians has been, and continues to be, the cause of untold misery. The following are the chemical constituents of the juice of the poppy, as developed by analysis:

ANALYSIS OF OPIUM.

Meconic (poppy) acid.....	about 7
Meconine (poppy).....	nearly 1
Morphia (sleep).....	about 11
Narcotine (stupor).....	" 9
Narcei (stupor).....	" 11
Resin and India rubber.....	" 10
Mucilage, gum, &c.....	" 48
Other alkaloids.....	" 2

100

From the crude opium various preparations are made. Morphia is an alkaloid or powder obtained by treating the gum with alcohol and ammonia. It has about eight times the strength of the raw drug, and its effect on the system is sedative rather than narcotic. Laudanum is a solution of opium and alcohol—a tincture. Elixir is deodorized and denarcotized laudanum, prepared with ether for a menstruum or solvent. Wine of opium, as the name imports, is a solution of opium and wine. Black Drop (or Quaker Drop) is made by combining the drug with alcohol and vinegar. Paregoric is an aromatized elixir, composed of opium, diluted alcohol and camphor, with clarified honey and oil of anise. Opium, in conjunction with alcohol, let it be remembered, operates with renewed energy in every case. The relative strength of the fluid preparations mentioned, is shown by the following:

Laudanum, tincture of opium, 13 drops equal 1 grain of opium. Elixir, or deodorized tincture, 11 drops equal 1 grain of opium. Wine of opium, 8 drops equal 1 grain of opium. Black drop (opium vinegar) 6½ drops equal 1 grain of opium. Paregoric 272 drops equal 1 grain of opium.

But it is the habitual use of opium as a stimulant which is beginning to arrest and alarm public attention. Its consumption in the United States is enormous—and enormously on the increase. Theriak, or the opium eaters, indulge in the "accursed juice" in every form, from the crude gum and the morphia powder, through all the fluid preparations, down to paregoric; taking it into the stomach and taking it hypodermically—as well as, occasionally, by smoking and mastication. This matter will be farther alluded to and discussed in another column—suffice it to say here that the opium habit is one of the most ghastly and growing evils of the age.

ALCOHOL.

Of the great stimulants which inebriate or exhilarate mankind, alcohol is truly king, in some respects. It costs more money and works a more widespread and impressive ruin than any of the others. It is imbibed in every form, from the fierce, fiery spirit itself, down to the mildest beer. The following table, from a trustworthy authority, shows the per centage of alcohol in the drinks most commonly in use:

Rum.....	60 to 70
Brandy.....	54 " 60
Brandy (French).....	50 " 55
Gin.....	48 " 58
Port Wine.....	14 " 24
Sherry.....	14 " 27
Claret.....	9 " 14
Hungarian Wines.....	9 " 15
Rhine Wines.....	7 " 15
Champaign.....	7 " 13
Burgundy.....	8 " 12
Cider.....	5 " 9

Of the alcohol family, beer is the beverage most in request, and its popularity seems every year increasing. In 1878 Germany consumed eight hundred and fifty-one millions of gallons.

ANALYSIS OF BEER.

The analysis, by Hoffman and other celebrated chemists, of fifteen of the most noted brands of European beers, including Burton ale, London porter, Munich bock, Berlin weissbier, &c., gives the following average results:

Water.....	88.3
Alcohol.....	4.1
Malt extract.....	7.3
Carbonic acid.....	0.3

100.0

It is estimated that there are 600,000 drunkards in the United States, of whom 60,000 annually go down to the grave. In 1871 our people paid from eight hundred to nine hundred millions of dollars for liquor. In 1874 the drinkers of Great Britain paid six hundred and fifty millions. These tremendous sums exhibit only a fraction of the tax which King Alcohol levies on Christendom.

TOBACCO.

Tobacco is perhaps the most universally diffused of the stimulants. Indigenous to America, it is now as widely grown as the grape, and is chewed or smoked in every clime, by every nation and tribe from Iceland to Hindostan — the civilized and savage, the Christian, Heathen and Mohammedan being all alike its votaries. The essential principle of tobacco is a volatile oil called *nicotine*, which is a most active and deadly poison. The Cuban leaf contains about two per cent. of this oil, the Virginia weed about 7 per cent. The plant which yields this soothing narcotic, is too well known to need description. Whatever the effects on the adult—and this is a subject of much heated controversy—there is one point upon which all are agreed; the use of tobacco by boys is certain to be followed by "stunted growth and premature decrepitude."

TEA.

Tea is the dried leaves of a shrub of the same name a native of China and Japan. It grows to the height of five or six feet, and dies usually at the age of about thirty years. The best leaves are gathered from the shoots or sprouts, which are caused to spring up by cutting down the main stock, when the same is seven years old. Tea was introduced into Europe by the Portuguese in the early part of the 17th century. During the first half of the 17th century, it was known in England as an aristocratic, rare and very expensive refreshment. After 1657 its use began to become general. The following is the analysis of tea:

Theine.....	3.00
Tannin.....	25.25
Fiber.....	20.00
Gum.....	18.00
Caseine.....	15.00
Water.....	6.00
Ash.....	5.00
Fat.....	4.00
Sugar.....	3.00
Aromatic oil.....	.75

Tea is the favorite beverage of those who live in the higher, colder latitudes, just as coffee is the prized drink of the dweller in the equatorial and tropical regions. Tea, like tobacco, is pronounced decidedly injurious to children. It is the stimulant most valued by aged people.

COFFEE.

Coffee is the bean or seed of an evergreen tree or bush, which bears beautiful white flowers of delicious odor. In its native state it will attain a height of twenty or even thirty feet; but when cultivated it is pruned down to from six to eight feet. It grows wild in Southern Abyssinia and Western Africa, whence it has been introduced into and cultivated in most tropical countries—especially in Brazil, Java and Ceylon, more than half the entire product of the world being raised in Brazil. The first coffee-house in England was established in 1651, and at the end of the century only one hundred tons *per annum* were imported. The United States, Great Britain, France and Germany are the great coffee-consuming nations. The following is the analysis of coffee:

Caffeine.....	0.800
Fiber.....	34.000
Caseine.....	13.000
Fat.....	13.000
Water.....	12.000
Gum.....	9.000
Ash.....	6.700
Sugar.....	6.500
Caffertannate.....	4.997
Aromatic oil.....	0.002
Viscid essential oil.....	1.001

100.000

Tea and coffee differ from opium, alcohol and tobacco, in this: they are stimulants without being narcotics. So far from inducing sleep, they—especially coffee—are *anti-soporifics*. The increased activity and pleasant exhilaration they impart, are not followed by any reaction or depression. Both aid digestion—particularly coffee. The latter also is believed to contain nutritious properties—in a large measure absolutely supplying the place of food. Both confer a more “sustained power of endurance” than the other stimulants. Both taken to excess, are injurious to certain temperaments, oftimes producing a most obstinate sleeplessness.

The following figures will give some idea of the tremendous appetite for stimulants among the sons and daughters of men: The amount of opium consumed yearly is *twenty-five millions* of pounds in a population of seven hundred millions; eight hundred and sixty-five million pounds of tobacco *per annum* are distributed among eight hundred millions of people; *three thousand* million pounds of tea to six hundred million individuals, while two hundred and twenty million pounds of coffee and cocoa are required for two hundred millions of population. As for the consumption of alcohol it almost defies calculation. There is produced every year, says a writer, “enough, if collected into one sea, to float the united navies of the world.” Are these statistics not startling?

ASSISTANCE NECESSARY.

The remark is often made by those who know but little of the action of opium that nothing can be easier than to shake off this vile habit. They say: All one has to do is simply to decrease the dose gradually, and by and by stop. On this principle some of our pretended, scientific (?) preparations for the cure of the habit are founded. One can stop breathing voluntarily, until he becomes unconscious. So the victim can unwind the chain until he comes to a certain point—the place where the end is bolted and riveted, as it were, into the physical system. The universal testimony of sufferers is that cure by reduction to a minimum quantity is simply impossible. We quote Thomas DeQuincey whose experience is corroborated by the statements of thousands who have come to us and received the required aid:

“It will occur to you often to ask: Why did I not release myself from the horrors of opium, by leaving it off, or diminishing it? To this I must answer briefly: It might be supposed that I yielded to the fascinations of opium too easily; it cannot be supposed that any man can be charmed by its terrors. The reader may be sure, therefore, that I made attempts innumerable to reduce the quantity. I add, that those who witnessed the agonies of those attempts, and not myself, were the first to beg me to desist. But could not I have reduced it a drop a day, or by adding water have bisected or trisected a drop. A thousand drops bisected would thus have taken nearly six years to reduce, and that way would certainly not have answered, but this is a common mistake of those who know nothing of opium experimentally; I appeal to those who do, whether it is not always found that down to a certain point it can be reduced with ease and even pleasure, but that, after that point, further reduction causes intense suffering. Yes, say many thoughtless persons, who know not what they are talking of, you will suffer a little low spirits and dejection for a few days. I answer, no; there is nothing like low spirits; on the contrary, the mere animal spirits are uncommonly raised; the pulse is improved; the health is better. It is not there the suffering lies. It has no resemblance to the sufferings caused by renouncing wine. It is a state of unutterable irritation of the brain, and great sympathetic system of nerves, (which is surely not much like dejection), accompanied by intense perspirations, and feelings such as I shall not attempt to describe without more space at my command.”

TO PATIENTS.

The Antidote is not a patent medicine as some would have you believe, nor is it compounded from a standard formula, but, as each bottle of medicine is ordered, a prescription is made for that case, taking into consideration all the facts as stated by the patient, and from month to month he (or she) is prescribed for, until the cure is completed. The remedies that are used are as numerous as the diseases which caused the habit, and the long experience of the Doctor warrants him in saying that there is no case of opium or morphine eating which cannot be cured painlessly.

Those who are troubled with constipation should regulate the action of the bowels by taking a one fourth grain mandrake pill every day or every other day. Those who suffer from dyspepsia or sour stomach should avoid all kinds of sweets, also tea—and take occasionally a mandrake pill. For neuralgia, quinine and tincture of iron are the best specifics.

Do not increase the number of doses of the Antidote, without notice and permission, as it is not safe for you to do so, without instruction from the Doctor.

There is occasionally a patient who complains that he or she cannot rest more than half the night. There are thousands of causes why people cannot sleep; but of all these, mental labor distress has the most powerful effect to destroy or impair this great blessing—the natural, sweet sleep which gives refreshment and new vigor to the mental and physical man. The stupor produced by paralyzing the nervous system with opium, gives little rest or invigoration to mind or body. If those who are suffering from this difficulty, will

take plenty of active out-door exercise, in the open, pure atmosphere, taking frequent hot salt baths, they will rest well after their walk, labor or bath (as the case may be) without taking any of the drugs which stupify the brain and break down the health. If you have a pain, distress or sickness, avail yourself of some remedy that will remove the *cause* of the same. If you know of a physician who does not carry morphia with him, to dose his patients for every ache and ailment, call him in, state all the facts in your case—do not deceive him in anything—and ask him to prescribe for you, at the same time warning him not to give you opiates of any kind.

And here let me add, that there are thousands of good-meaning physicians, who have prescribed opium in thousands of cases, honestly believing they were doing what was for the best; but who, on that mature judgment, which comes from a wide experience, have utterly discarded the use of morphia for the relief of ordinary pain—whom nothing but a decision of a council of physicians will induce to administer the deadly, insidious drug. All schools of medicine are guilty of making opium eaters; and that school which will cast the “juice of the poppy” out of the practice, altogether, will be most thanked and blessed by future generations.

The Allopaths once employed calomel in the most reckless manner, but since the English practitioners have denounced its use in any and every form, there are few physicians in this country, who prescribe it. To salivate is not now considered essential.

What the Press Think of Us.

“Historical Sketch of Opium Antidotes” is the title of a pamphlet recently issued by Dr. S. B. Collins, of LaPorte, Ind., giving an account of the discovery of his Antidote (from a reporter’s interview,) with a number of testimonials from those who have used the medicine. It is 18 years since the Doctor began to send out his Antidote, after curing our old friend, Capt. A. P. Andrew, of LaPorte. In the preface to this pamphlet he says:

“It has stood the hard, sharp, decisive test of time. Hundreds of men and women redeemed from miseries and horrors unspeakable—snatched from the very abyss of woe and despair—testify to the efficacy of the Antidote. To these witnesses, representing all classes of our people and scattered all over our broad Republic from ocean to ocean, from the ‘Sides of the North’ to the great Gulf, I refer all doubters—all scoffers. The free, unbought testimonials of some of the many who have been saved, may be read on subsequent pages of this pamphlet. To them I invite the close, candid attention of every victim of the Opium Habit and of every investigator who seeks the truth.”

Address Dr. S. B. Collins, LaPorte, Ind., who will mail you paper and pamphlet, if you are interested.—New Church Independent, Chicago, Ill., Aug. 1886.

It has been generally considered that the habit of opium eating was incurable, and eminent physicians have united in the expression that the victim could no more break away from his habit than the paralytic could throw off his lethargy. It had apparently been left to an American physician to discover a positive antidote. Dr. S. B. Collins, of LaPorte, Ind., has for seven years been treating the evil with a preparation which accomplishes a cure without either pain or inconvenience. The antidote serves at the start as a perfect substitute for opium, and as its use is continued all desire for the drug becomes gradually exterminated.—Frank Leslie’s Illustrated Weekly, New York, Sept. 11, 1875.

* * * * It is with real joy, then—and this editorial expression has not been asked—we announce to the miserable, powerless slaves of a surely life-destroying habit that an infallible remedy has been discovered—a remedy that not only eradicates the effects of the disease, but kills and removes the appetite for it. Such a remedy is the Opium Antidote of Dr. S. B. Collins, of LaPorte,

Ind. We know it, because we have seen its cures. Georgia to-day has many a sound, hearty and happy man, who has been snatched from the very jaws of death. We, therefore, commend this remedy unreservedly, and in so doing render the public a true service.—Atlanta, Ga., Constitution.

A Hundred Years.

For a hundred years the best intellects have been employed to discover an antidote that would rescue the opium eater from his degrading bondage; for no man has ever lived whose will was equal to the task of abandoning this habit, when once confirmed; but until recently research has been in vain.

A few years ago, however, an article appeared in Harper's Magazine, announcing the discovery, at last, of a remedy. The writer was the eminent Fitz Hugh Ludlow, a patient of Dr. S. B. Collins, of LaPorte, Indiana. That article sounded the key-note of salvation to suffering thousands.

Buffalo Courier: The remedy of Dr. Collins has been tested in hundreds of cases, without a single failure, and Fitz Hugh Ludlow, after thoroughly testing it, declared it to be the most wonderful discovery of the nineteenth century.

Chicago Journal: Dr. Collins, as the discoverer of a painless cure for the opium habit, has conferred a great blessing upon humanity as did Jenner in his discovery of vaccination, or Guthrie in his discovery of chloroform.

THE TEST OF TIME.

For all time previous to 1868, the habit or, more properly, the disease of opium eating had been considered, as indeed it was, utterly incurable at the price of any suffering.

The *ipse dixit* of the medical profession had gone forth; the disease was incurable; for the opium eater there was no relief this side of the grave; and so hundreds of thousands had given themselves up to a fate more terrible by far than that of Prometheus.

Dr. Oppenheim had said the influence was a "fatal fascination never to be broken by any wily stratagem or open force whatsoever."

Dr. Pidduck had said of the opium eater "that he can no more break away from the habit than the paralytic imbecile can throw off his lethargy."

Dr. Ellitson declared "after diligent and extensive inquiry he could not find the first instance of voluntary renunciation,"—and Dr. Palmer, of Ontario, had never known, not even by hearsay, of the first instance of permanent reformation after the habit had been confirmed."

Such is the encouragement that during all these long years had been given to that large and rapidly increasing class of unfortunates, who had been allured into the power of the gentlest of servants, but most tyrannical of masters.

No hand had ever pointed the way out of the labyrinth of woes unutterable; no tongue had ever uttered one word of hope to cheer the desponding sufferer; no skill could avail to mitigate the horrors of their terrible servitude until the year 1868, when DR. COLLINS made known his discovery of a PAINLESS CURE for the OPIUM HABIT.

Against the tide of popular prejudice, and over obstacles apparently insurmountable, the fame of the medicine has won the right of way, and is known to-day in almost every home upon the Continent.

From the smallest of beginnings the field of the Doctor's work has extended all over this broad land, reached across the great waters to other lands and compassed the islands of the sea.

So the work to which Dr. Collins has set his hand is no holiday labor, it is as laborious as it is ceaseless, as serious as it is glorious.

And for this labor, requiring, as it does, a mature judgment, and a vigilance unremitting, the Doctor demands only that of which every laborer is worthy, and, what no one can deny he has a perfect right to demand, the credit of having discovered the only painless cure for the opium habit the world has ever known. As to the merits of this Antidote the Doctor is both willing and anxious to have them tested in the light of such evidence as he here produces, aided by such investigation as he always invites. The test of time has already been applied,—how well the Antidote has withstood the crucial test the reader must decide.

Observe the directions strictly, follow them closely, and you are sure of being radically and permanently cured of the habit of taking opium or morphia.

Avoid every mixture advertised and sold as an opium "cure" while taking my Antidote, for a dose of it will retard your cure the same as if you took crude opium.

IN CONCLUSION.

It has been the design and the earnest endeavor of the writer to present to the reader the *facts* which so nearly concern so many thousands; to point out to the sufferers the *sure and only road* to happiness and to health, and by setting *right* what has been *designedly set wrong*.

In order clearly to do this and to point out to the unwary those against whom every honest man should be warned, it has seemed to the writer that the only way open to him was the one he has taken—to present *facts*.

With the utmost candor and fairness the writer has endeavored to present these facts. And, if in the publication of them, I shall have convinced one opium eater that out of the literal hell in which he is writhing there is a sure and an easy road—if to the roll of those earnest souls who have been saved to themselves I shall have added one name, my object will have been achieved, and I will be content.

Thanking my patients one and all, and, especially those whom I have cured, who have kindly given me their testimonials for publication, and wishing you all abundant success, I remain, Faithfully Yours,

S. B. COLLINS,
LA PORTE, IND.



