

CONSUMPTIVES.

READ WHAT DR. SCHENCK IS DOING.

DR. J. H. SCHENCK,

DEAR SIR:—I feel it a duty I owe to you, and to all who are suffering under the disease known as Consumption, to call your attention to what great benefits I have received from your Famous Serum and Seaweed Tonic, so short a time. By the blessing of God it has cured me thus far.

Dr. Schenck's Serum and Seaweed Tonic is good to you, however.—About eighteen months ago I was stricken with a severe cough, and it settled on my lungs. I could not retain anything I ate, and suffered with evening fevers and night sweats, and was very much reduced. The weight of my eyes were very heavy, and I could not open them. My appetite was unable to digest what I did eat; bowel's swollen, irregular and evictive. I was very low spirited, and had such violent spells of vomiting when I lay down at night, that I could not sleep in the morning that they could last one or two hours.

I then would be nearly exhausted, and was entirely fatigued on my left side. I could scarcely move my wretched suffering arm, and it ached with pain. Every organ in my body was diseased, and I was unable to stand upright at this time, and I was confined to my bed from the first of February, 1852, and able to sit up. I had the best of medical attendance the whole of the time. My health was so very bad that it rarely left me, and I was compelled to give up a large quantity of flesh, yellow, offensive smelling sometimes with blood, and it was generally accompanied by nausea and a fevered and thick coated tongue. At the time of ceasing to eat, I was so weak and feeble, sharp, short, rapid, and irregular heart beats, and seemed to go all through my whole chest; and much inward fever, pain in my back and under my shoulder blade, and in the small of my back, and at times so severe that I could not sleep, and that was the cause of my extreme debility.

Others I had, and the best of them, but they could do nothing for me, and at that time I was nothing but skin and bones. I was in the western part of Missouri. In June, I was left there for the East, and I had no money. My wife and I had to go to work, that I could, only take a little with my husband's help. After I had been here a short time the salt water breeze made me feel much better for a time and then I began to call a physician for advice. We were told to go to the physician, and to speak to the doctor of the lungs and doctors of all kinds, but of no avail. They said I was past cure, and that my lungs were too far gone for any one to cure me. But at this time I was on my way to New York, and had no money to pay a physician. In November last I grew worse, and the consumption, starting in and lasted about eight weeks. We had tried all and everything that I could at this time, living person for person, consumption and liver disease, but of no avail.

In January, 1853, I was brought down again on my bed, and was not expected to live the night out.

My husband stayed at my side, and other friends, and they all did their best to help me, but the time was short, and nothing could be done to save me.

The first night I was attacked with spasms, and was delirious most of the time. A friend, Mrs. Harris, came to see me the first of the week, and having a few moments to speak with me, said, "Don't be afraid, I am a good man, and so much like my own disease that I asked my husband to go and see him for me. At this time I had given up all hope of ever getting well again, and made my peace with God, to be ready when He called for me."

On the 27th of January, 1853, my husband called on Dr. Schenck, 32 Broadway, New York, and stated to him my case, with the request for him to examine me. Dr. Schenck said, "I will do what I can to help you, but you must have a physician to help you with the respiration." When he was about to go I asked him if he could cure me? His reply was, "I can not tell, but both lungs are diseased, and the bronchial tubes are affected with a violent cough." And yet he seemed to think that we were in enough distress to fear a cure if the physician could be stopped. He said in order to do this, he would have to give many drams. This I did at first, to carry off the morbid matter, and then, with the help of Dr. Schenck, and the respiration, he was soon well again.

He said, "It is now well, and it was so much like my own disease that I asked my husband to go and see him for me. At this time I had given up all hope of ever getting well again, and made my peace with God, to be ready when He called for me."

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