

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 distressing Affections of Consumption, and Liver Complaint, to let them know that your great Medicine have received from your Pulpit, the great Seal of the Lord, Confirmed, in a short time. By the blessing of God it has cured me thus far.

Dr. Schemke, I will now make my statement to you, as follows:—About eighteen months ago I was attacked 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. I was very much reduced. The whites of my eyes were very yellow; likewise my skin; my appetite all gone, and unable to digest what I did eat; bowels swollen, irregular and costive. I was very low spirited, and had such violent spells of coughing when I laid down at night and when I arose in the morning that they would last one or two hours.

I then would be heavily exhausted, and was unable to rise from my bed on my left side. I cannot describe my wretched condition any longer. I was so deranged. Every organ in my body was diseased and deranged. Such was my situation at this time that I was confined to my bed from the last of February, 1842 to June, 1842, not able to sit up. I had the best medical attendance the whole of the time. My cough was so very bad that it raised the blood to the face, and I was obliged to spit up a large quantity of blood, yellow, offensive, and sometimes with blood, and it was generally accompanied by nausea and a stuffed and coated tongue. At the time of coughing so badly I would have sharp, shooting pain in my left arm through my chest, night sweats, and screams all through my whole body, and I was obliged to hold my hand to my back and under my shoulder blades, and in the midst of my back, and at times so severe that it would throw me into spasms. Now, my physician gave me up to die. Others had, and the best of them, but they could do nothing. At this time I was nothing but skin, bone, and blood, and I then said to myself, "I will die."

Missouri. In June last we left for the Eastern States, and in August last we came to New York. My condition was so reduced that I could only walk a little, and 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 had again to call a physician for aid. We had four of the best physicians of New York on the diseases of the lungs, and doctors of all kinds, but to no avail. They said I was past hope, and that my lungs were too far gone for any one to cure me. But at this time I was on my feet about the house, not able to do much of anything. In November last I grew worse, and the consumption diaphanous set in and lasted about eight weeks. We had tried all and everything that could grasp at like a dying person for my disease—congestion and liver complaint—but of no avail.

In January, 1863, I was brought down again on my bed, and was not expected to live through the night out. My husband stayed at my side, and other friends, and they all gave me up to die. At this time every one who saw me, did not think I had a chance to live, and I was a dying woman. The first night I was attacked with delirium, and I deranged most of the time. A friend, John Kerridge came to see me the last of the week, and brother-in-law, John Sunday Mercury, to it was an account of the great one performed by Dr. Schenck. She read the book, and I was much like my disease that time. I asked my husband to read the book, and I read it. At this time I had given up all hopes of ever getting well again, and made my peace with God to be ready whenever he called for me.

On the 21st of January, Tuesday, my husband called on Dr. Schenck, 32 Bond Street, New York City, and told him my case, with a request for him to call and see me, which he did, and examined me with the rectal mirror. When he was about to go I asked him if he could cure me. His reply was: "I cannot tell, both lungs are diseased, and the bronchial tubes are affected on both sides." And yet he seemed to think there were lungs enough left to effect a cure. If, therefore, diarrhoea be stopped, he said to order, I could do this, he would have to give me Maudsake Pills in small doses at first, to carry off the morbid matter, and then, with astringents, he hoped to check it; which he did, but the constant coughing

night sweats, and diarrhoea had prostrated me, so that he was afraid my vital powers were so much prostrated ever to rally, and yet he seemed to think if I could live to get enough Pulmonic Syrup through my system to cause expectoration there were lungs enough left for me to breathe. He wished me to try the Pulmonic Syrup and breathe it at once, saying it would do me no harm if it did me no good. The first week seemed to give me strength, and on the Sunday after I sat up in bed and ate a hearty breakfast; but the next week I lost all hope and with my husband took to just all kinds of medicine. But the doctor had warned him of this, and when the medicine was clearing out, he

system it made them feel somewhat restless, and to persevere; and he insisted on my taking it; and now I feel the benefit of it. For after eight days I began to gain my strength, and, with the exception of a cold that put me back some, I have been gaining strength of body, my cough is going away, and all my pains are gone; no soreness of the body, my bowels are regular, and my breath is sweet, and I thank God that I am now going about, and sow and read as well as ever could. I have taken sixteen bottles of the medicine, eight of each. I now have a good appetite, and rest well at night; my doctor does not intend to let me sit up, or lying down, but to let me stay in bed, and to try to get some exercise, and to take his walks, and to use his arms as he can.

MRS. MARY F. FARLOW.
We, the undersigned, residents of New York
are acquainted with Mr. Farlow and know his
statement to be true. We also know that she
used Dr. Schemk's Pulmonic Syrup and Seaweed
Tonic, and have reason to believe that, to this
medicine she owes her preservation from a fatal

mature grave.

B. FARLOW, 117 West Houston st.
EUGENE UNDERHILL, 675 Greenwich st.
MRS. EUGENE UNDERHILL, 675 Greenwich st.
AUGUSTA UNDERHILL, 675 Greenwich st.
F. HARRIS, 117 West Houston st.
EMILY FLOVER, 117 West Houston st.
J. L. COLE, 23 Cottage Pl.
M. A. LEIGHTON, 484 Broadway.
MRS. BENJAMIN CLAPP, 19 Unity st.

I am well acquainted with Mrs. Mary F. Farlow, and with her husband, Mr. B. Farlow, they having, for a few months past, attended, as a

which they might make may be relied on as true
JOHN DOWLING, D. D.,
 Pastor of Bedford St. Baptist Church, N. Y.
 Nov. 23, 1866.

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