Dr. Sieber's Serum Toxin

THE ONLY SURE AND PERMANENT CURE FOR

BLOOD POISON

AND HOW WONDERS ARE WORKED BY

The Int'l Serum Toxin Co.

A week ago last Sunday a man 35 years old, in the full vigor of perfect health, was skating at Humboldt Park. Nothing remarkable about that? Oh, yes, there is:

Three months ago this man's right side was entirely paralyzed, he was blind in one eye and nearly so in the other, as a result of one of the very worst cases of BLOOD POISON we ever saw. To-day he is entirely cured, as a result of the sub-cutaneous Sieber Serum treatment administered to him by the International Serun Toxin Co.

From helplessness—absolute, total *helplessness*—to the strength of body and *nerve control* required by the skater is a wide gap, yet we bridged it over! This man, too, actually gained in flesh during the treatment. As a rule, patients lose more or less flesh during the first 3 or 4 weeks of the treatment, after which they almost invariably begin to gain flesh, and in every case they regain what they may have lost within a month after the treatment is completed. But the *cure begins* at once, and the delighted patient feels and knows even after a few injections that at last he has struck a treatment that will make him well. He loses his despondency and soon regains his spirits and nerve, and a month or so after the cure has been complete is the happiest man on earth.

We have repeatedly warned persons afflicted with BLOOD POISON against the waste of time and money in taking the Hot Springs Treatment. Mercury and Potash never did cure BLOOD POISON and never will. Now we want to add another warning: Don't waste your money or time on the fakirs, swindlers and quacks, with their lying promises contrary to nature and reason. Your own family physician or any conscientious doctor, if you consult him, will surely endorse this warning of ours.

Every doctor, on the contrary, who is honest enough to investigate our work (we are even now treating doctors at some of our offices) is obliged to certify to this fact.

The International Serum Toxin Co. cures BLOOD POISON to stay cured. The Sieber Serum Treatment (administered by our trained medical corps) actually drives every vestige of POISON from the BLOOD, never to return.

There is no reason why all persons afflicted with BLOOD POISON shouldn't come to us, and there is this strong, conclusive reason why they *should* come:

The guarantee of the International Serum Toxin Co. to absolutely cure every case of BLOOD POISON they treat is signed by

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Daily—9 a. m. to 4 p. m.
Evenings—7 to 8.
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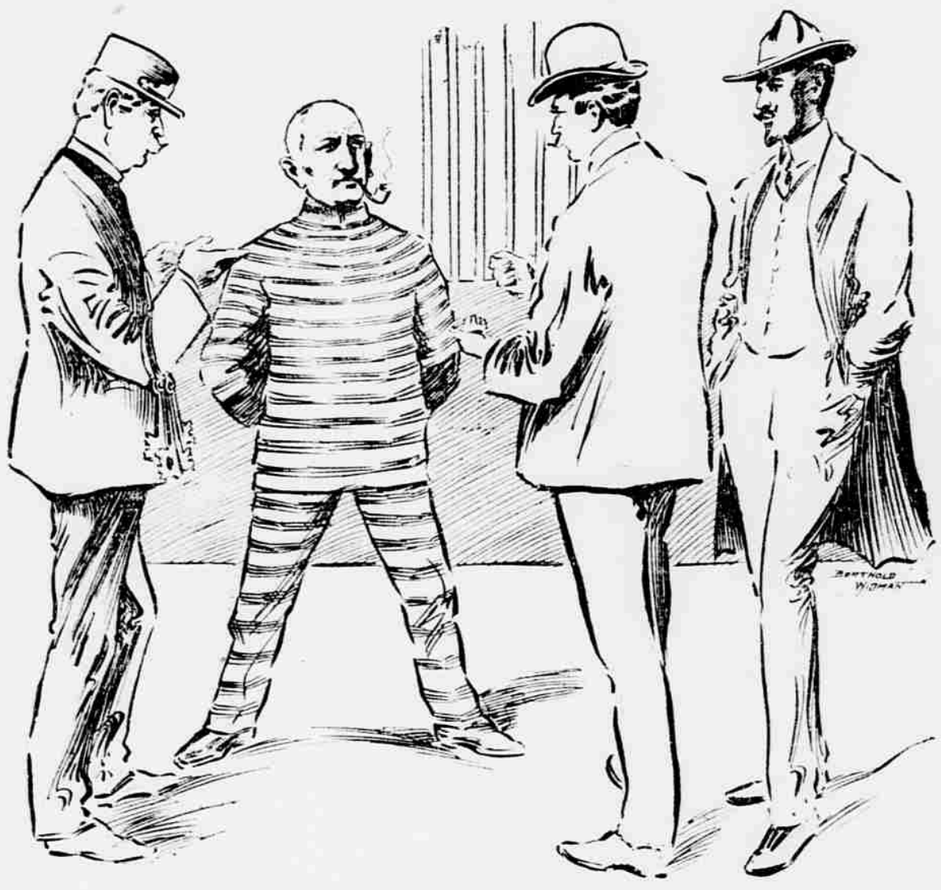
SHORTY.

A TRUE STORY OF SING SING.

BY ROLAND BURNHAM MOLINEUX.



Principal keeper came with an interpreter and explained many times over that it was for a trial, lawyer 'rial. Don't you see, Shorty?

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

Had I been the Governor of the State of New York I would have pardoned Shorty.

There was universal sorrow in the "Death Chamber" when he died.

We knew his story, and every one of us felt that justice might have been satisfied in another way.

Each of us had learned to respect this stupid-faced little fellow of five feet one inch, who walked with such heavy feet, and whose stooped shoulders were the result of a long life of excessive hard work, yet Shorty was only 22 years old.

On arriving among us, there was something very like an animal about him.

He could not read or write; he learned to do both while there.

Larry, an Italian member of our guild, taught him.

At that time, when he was not drawing pictures for "The Murderer's Home Journal," which the editor had to suppress, he was catching flies; he did this almost as well as a monkey—and why not?

How the flies loved Shorty! But this was at first.

So was his feud with our colored brother, Benjamin, which was renewed daily.

Every morning Shorty told Benjamin that his face was black, and urged him to wash it. Benjamin replied; Shorty responded; Benjamin observed, and then the keeper interfered.

What trivial things bring about misunderstandings among friends.

A mere nothing at all will start a quarrel in the "Death Chamber."

We had cookies for Sunday dinner, "the kind mother used to make," all dotted over with dried currants. She gave them to me when I was a good boy; she gave them to me incessantly.

Shorty replaced the currants with dried flies and sent them in the twilight to Benjamin with his compliments.

Benjamin was in a dark cell; it was a dark day.

Benjamin—my pen refuses to write it. I shall never be hungry again as long as I live when I think of what happened.

"I doan' think much of dem currants," said Ben.

Shorty replied: "No-a-currant—heap a"——

My pen again refuses its task. No; I cannot tolerate the thought, can you?

Don't ask me to write that word, and then I need not repeat Benjamin's reply, for Ben's reply was awful to hear.

This started the feud, and a little pleasantry of Ben's not long afterwards added kerosene to the flame.

Benjamin bided his time. One evening he challenged Shorty to a game of checkers for a paper of chewing tobacco a side; best two games in three, the winner to take all.

Now, in the "Death Chamber" each of us had made a checker board, and the squares of each board were numbered alike; so, when an important match is made we can follow the game as the combatants call off the moves by numbers to each other.

It is just like a chess match "by cable," and we are almost as far away from each other, although in the same room. The stakes were put up in the keeper's hands. Shorty won the first game.

Benjamin the second. Shorty the third, and took the tobacco.

Shorty was jubilant; he declared that "Ben knew nothing from the game what he is about."

It became strangely silent in Benjamin's cell. Benjamin was waiting until Shorty should regale himself with the victor's spoils.

For worlds Ben would not have lost a word of Shorty's remarks.

The noises which proceeded from "Little Italy" later were worth waiting for.

There were two dead mice hidden away in the interior of that package of tobacco.

"How does yer like dem kurrents?" asked Ben. "Doan yer be afeared to chaw dem; dey's perfectly tipe."

They were.

No more presents were exchanged after that. It is sad when friends lose confidence in each other.

Shorty spoke a language of his own. It was English in sound and accent, but the grouping of the words was according to his own sweet will. For Shorty the rules of syntax had no terrors.

One day he told me his story.

"I did was from Italy six year. All the time mostly work the railroad on. So much big, heavy carry ties.

"That don't make me any never mind. I get the mon. Ah! that is altogether something—three hundred dollar.

"I will go home. Ah! a prettyful of a girls is there to marry."

Then Shorty told me how he came to New York to take the steamer.

Here he met some friend who invited him to the Italian colony across the river in Jersey.

"He did went." Every one said how foolish he was. "Such a nonsense. You don't know what's no good. You talk like a many goat." Why not marry the beautiful daughter of the house at which they were calling, "ain't yer?"

The mother slipped away while the father and firends argued with Shorty; they were all so kind and cor ivial.

Yes, their new friend must marry Agnes. The $300 should set them up in housekeeping, the prospective father-in-law, who was in "publictics," would obtain a brilliant position for Shorty; only a fool would do anything else.

And then the mother brought in the girl, dressed as every mother's heart would prompt for the occasion.

Shorty looked into her eyes; at the borrowed plumage; he had, alas, already looked into the cup.

"Ah," said he to me, overcome by the mere remembrance; "Ah, there was something not to believe it."

"Did you like her?" I asked.

"You have good talk; the same thing is to me," said Shorty, and there was a sob in his voice.

Then he went on to tell how the mother took care of the $300; how they, Shorty and the girl, signed a paper.

This made them man and wife, he explained, and then they celebrated—"Make th' congratulate."

Then came the tragedy. "It was 1 o'clock after 12—I feel awfully worse—I don't know what isn't—I want my wife," explained Shorty.

"You must be drink," said the mother.

"Why don't you say what you are telling about?" cried the father.

"I want de mon!" demanded Shorty.

"Lie business!" screamed the father.

"Throw away! No believe!" said the friends.

Shorty was trembling as he went on with the story.

"That's a fearful, what I see? A sharpa wire (stilleto). Ah, this is a different something!"

Shorty was magnificent now.

No words were necessary to tell the story, his face and gestures showed me all that happened. Tearing back his shirt, he showed me a long, jagged scar from shoulder to waist.

"Quicker, quick into hall. Light no more. What you have? It is to fight. Right away quick off. Bigger man throw down on me. They kill. I shoot—just the same like this—Dio! Madre de Dio!—on the floor, the mother! So, little, small hole in face. I do be arrested."

As the French say, figure for yourself what justice poor Shorty received at his trial against these witnesses and without his money—a paper man in hell would get a fairer chance.

So it came to pass that Shorty arrived in the death chamber at Sing Sing and deported himself at first as I have described.

But there came a time when Sister Xavier brought him an Italian Bible and catechism and Larry Priori taught him to read them. Then Shorty was a different creature.

He became a man—quiet, considerate, industrious, and we respected him.

About this time came a letter and photograph from Italy—from home.

They read the letter to Shorty—he could not read writing yet—they gave him the photograph because it was not a tintype.

You may not possess a tintype in the death chamber.

A man once cut his throat with a picture of his mother.

They have been more careful since. The picture had been taken by a rural artist in some little mountain town.

Shall I ever forget it? On a gilt chair—no, a throne—sat his mother in peasant dress. I only remember that she had on white stockings and congress gaiters and that the elastics on the sides of them were worn out.

She must have weighed a ton, and evidently she was frightened to death.

Always the camera was an "evil eye." The father on one side looked a hundred and fifty years old.

He must have toiled every moment of it. On the sister on the other side of the mother, how hideous she is!

Yes, sister; that the good saints might be pleased to look with pity upon her brother at the other end of the earth (the letter said this), his sister walked to and from church every day—barefooted.

"It's about eight miles away," sobbed Shorty. "Let me see the picture again. It looks different to me now."

Shorty wept; Shorty howled; Shorty prayed to the picture.

He covered the back of it with soap, pressed it against the wall and knelt before it.

Humor and agony are near neighbors in the death chamber.

From Italy had come $100, all his family possessed. This was to be used in arguing the appeal.

It was forwarded to an Italian banker in New York to Shorty's credit.

It was then, and not till then, that Shorty's brother appeared. All Shorty had to do was to sign the paper.

The brother had the paper all ready, and the keeper brought a pen. Well, I guess not! Have you forgotten about the $300 and the other paper Shorty signed?

Shorty hadn't. While there was breath in his body he would not sign another paper. It was "lie business."

Then the brother explained it all over again, the keepers explained and the "P. K," meaning principal keeper, came with an interpreter and explained many times over that it was for a trial, lawyer; trial, lawyer. "Don't you see, Shorty?"

Shorty stood with his short legs apart, hands behind him, pipe in the corner of his mouth and eyes half closed, listening to all they had to say.

"Throw way lawyer," remarked Shorty.

"Yes, yes, Shorty, but he'd see it to get you a new trial."

"I had trial. See?" urged he of the small stature.

"No, no, Shorty; a new trial—new! new!"

"They give new trial? Yes?" Shorty was delighted.

"I don't know," said the P. K.

"I wait," said Shorty, and dismissed them all.

An Italian lawyer came, engaged in a conversation lastine hours, which sounded like a battle royal between ten thousand enraged parrots; he departed in tears.

An Italian priest came, prayed strenuously and went away. The one hundred dollars remained in the bank.

Shorty would not sign a paper to save his life. It's bad luck to put your name to a paper, very bad luck, indeed.

In the course of time (a very long time), Shorty's case reached the Court of Appeals, and the Court of Appeals decided against Shorty.

This made Shorty furious.

He explained that he had been convicted again; that he had not been present, an outrage; that no witness had spoken for him; that no one had "said the word." Why didn't they send for him, for the witnesses? Why? A thousand whys?

No one was ever able to make him understand.

Again the brother came. Shorty was going to the "good heaven," he would not need the one hundred dollars, but his "loving brother" could use it in his business; would he sign the paper?

"No! no—no!" said Shorty. Beads of rich perspiration stood out on "loving brother's" forehead. "Loving brother" had spent much money, there was the Italian lawyer, the priest, the car fare, the paper.

Loving brother's grief was piteous to see. For the sake of the dear Dio, would Shorty sign the paper?

No! no—no! Then Shorty might go to the eternal bad place. Loving brother left and came no more.

Benjamin asked Shorty why he did not give the money to his brother.

"No!" said Shorty.

"What in hell is yer going to do with it?" asked Benjamin.

"No-a hell," replied Shorty. "Heaven! Go wash your face."

Larry's time drew near.

Shorty's chum and teacher was to go out through the "little door" and be killed. How Shorty prayed for him! But prayers are not always answered in the Death Chamber. Larry said good-by to us and departed; seven others have bidden me good-by. And now here was no one for Shorty to talk to in his mother tongue.

Shorty's time drew near, the day was fixed. Loving brother wrote to him; there was much news in the letter. The girl over in Jersey, whom Shorty always spoke of as "my wife," had married another. The couple, her father, and the mutual friends who had brought Shorty to call so long ago, and Shorty's brother, were going to buy a keg and have a picnic on a certain day, the same day that Shorty looked ahead to on his calendar, and——. The picnic was to be in honor of that event.

It was just after this letter that Shorty's eyes went way back into his head. Shorty ate little or nothing. Those terrible prison lines began to cut into Shorty's face. Every day they grew deeper, starting at the eyes, carrying furrows to each end of the mouth and extending to the chin.

They divided Shorty's face into three ghastly panels. Shorty's skin was turning clay color—and why not? Shorty will soon be—dust. He got thin; you could almost see through Shorty's hands.

Shorty prayed night and day, crawling up and down his cell on his hands and knees, kissing the floor, licking the feet of the crucifix they had given him. All night long, all night long he did this. We who lay awake and tried to read heard him mumbling as the beads dropped through his fingers; heard the tap, tap, tap of his forehead on the floor, repeated hundreds of times before each of the many pictures of the saints which were stuck on the walls. In front of each of these pictures were little fly-covered heaps of decaying food—Shorty's votive offering to the good saints. The saints never accepted the offerings, but the flies and roaches did. They came by millions, flying and crawling to devour it; they covered the walls of Shorty's cell; they covered Shorty. The saints, in gorgeous crimson and blue robes, with their mitres, crooks and uplifted fingers, regarded Shorty. Their eyes followed him about wherever he knelt. Perhaps they will save Shorty's soul, but they do not drive away the flies.

Shorty's brown knees came through his trousers, the toes of Shorty's slippers turned up like cotton hooks from kneeling, kneeling all day long, all night long.

The priest noticed these things, heard the account of Shorty's nocturnal devotions and told him to stop them, for he realized then—what we had known long before—that the strain had been too much for Shorty's intellect—that Shorty was insane. But Shorty prayed on harder than ever. The good sisters and the priest did all they could to moderate his devotions. During those final weeks we noticed that they besought him to do something; what, it was a mystery to us. Finally the morning came—the last morning.

The priest blessed him, and as they opened the cell door in the early morning for the last time, asked him, "Do you forgive your enemies?" then pleaded, "you must do it. Say 'yes,' for God's sake, say yes. You must, or God will not——" The priest was weeping now.

"No! no—no!" screamed Shorty, as they marched him away.

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AWARDED A PENSION, BUT REFUSED TO ACCEPT IT.

Soldier Explains That He Merely Wanted to Establish Right to Have His Name on Roll of Honor.

REPUBLIC SPECIAL.

Washington, Jan. 10.—The Pension Bureau has discovered an old soldier who has refused to accept a pension from the Government after applying for it, and Commissioner Ware doesn't know exactly what to think of it.

The veteran who has taken the unusual course is John A. Dailey of Topeka.

But the next mail after the pension was allowed came a letter from the old soldier, in which he stated that he didn't want a pension after all.

He didn't care for it, he said, and asked Commissioner Ware, as a personal favor, to remove his name from the pension list.

When Commissioner Ware received this communication he was dumfounded. He concluded that Dailey was not of sound mind.

So a special examiner was sent out to Kansas to make a thorough examination into Mr. Dailey's sanity, and the most remarkable part of the whole affair was then brought to light.

The examiner discovered that the veteran was really in need of assistance from Uncle Sam, and that, instead of being weak-minded, he was particularly bright, in spite of his advanced age. Mr. Dailey, the examiner reported, was bent nearly double from the effects of a disease contracted on the field of battle. He could not stand upright, and his entire form was twisted with pain.

Mr. Dailey gave a peculiar reason for refusing to take the pension, which had once been his, although for a few days only. He said he wanted to prove to people that he had been a soldier for the Union, and didn't care about the Government's money, as the Government already had to spend millions of dollars annually in pensions.

When Commissioner Ware received the report of the special examiner he was at a loss how to proceed. There was no precedent for such a thing, and considerable time was taken in determining what action should be taken.

At last Commissioner Ware wrote Mr. Dailey a personal letter, in which he told the veteran that as a special favor his name would be removed from the pension list, and no money would be sent to him.

In relinquishing his pension after it had been allowed, Mr. Dailey wrote to the pension office as follows:

"I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of pension certificate No. 1,049,955. The award is generous, and the result prompt.

"My purpose in filing my application was to establish my claim, which, being done by the issuance of the certificate and payments made in accordance therewith, may easily be said to be accomplished.

"You are hereby directed and empowered to remove my name from the pension list and to discontinue the issuances of any funds for payment of any claims under and by virtue of the above numbered certificate."

Dailey was a soldier in the Fourteenth Indiana Infantry. The pension which he refused to accept amounted to $12 per month.

Commissioner Ware says he will not be allowed to apply for an accumulated pension later, although he can again make application for a pension to begin from the date of the application.

I NEVER DISAPPOINT MY PATIENTS.

Fulfill Every Promise and Never Hold Out False Hopes.

THE FEAR THAT YOU COULD NOT BE CURED may have deterred you from taking honest treatment or you may have been one of the unfortunates who have been treated in vain by inexperienced physicians, FREE TRIAL SAMPLES, ELECTRIC BELTS and other similar devices. When I offer you a cure, and am willing to risk my professional reputation in curing you, and have such FAITH AND CONFIDENCE in my continued success in treating these diseases that I WILL NOT ACCEPT A DOLLAR UNTIL YOU ARE PERMANENTLY CURED, and subject with a lasting cure, what fairer business proposition can be offered to the sick and afflicted? This should convince the skeptical, as I mean what I say and I do exactly as I advertise, as I am sure of SAFE AND POSITIVE CURE in the shortest possible time without injurious after-effects. My charges will be as low as possible for conscientious, skillful and successful services, and my guarantee is simple and true. NOT A DOLLAR NEED BE PAID UNTIL CURED.

MY BEST REFERENCE IS, NOT A DOLLAR NEED BE PAID UNTIL CURED

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I Cure Loss of Manly Vigor, No Stimulant, but Permanent.
I Cure Varicocele Without Operation and No Loss of Time.

CONSULT DR. KING FREE Before Placing Your Case Elsewhere.

LOSS OF MANLY VIGOR—If you are [illegible] these essential elements of vitality come to my office and consult me privately. I have cured safely, quickly and permanently cases which have been abandoned by family physicians and specialists, especially cases which have both impaired and made worse by the use of Bulbs, Free Samples or Oil Plasters. I will remove the evil effects of such treatment and restore to full vigor [illegible] have lost your manhood. My cure for manhood makes the blood pure and free, flushes the muscles full and the nerves strong and steady. It enlarges the brain, gives vigor to all departments, in a word, it builds up the physical and mental man.

STRICTURE—I have suffered from stricture and am familiar with the many annoying and painful symptoms which accompany this disease. My cure for Stricture is safe, painless and permanent and free from surgery or any form of cutting, dilating or burning. It cures immediately and directly along the channel, dissolving it completely and permanently, and restoring the parts affected to a healthy condition. I will take pleasure in explaining the many advantages possessed by my method of treatment over the old methods, which have been and still are employed by others in treating Stricture. The treatment occasions no pain, does not unman the boy and vigor is manifest from the first treatment.

RUPTURE—It is an escape from the bowels from the lower part of the abdominal cavity. Tissues might not be worn, as they usually are, in a few days. I have the only positive cure for Rupture. It is free from pain and does not interfere in any way with your business duties. It makes no difference how long you have had Rupture, in no way [illegible] you and will guarantee a cure satisfactorily.

CHRONIC DISORDERS—Those suffering from Nervous Prostration, Unnatural Discharges, Impotency, Loss of Energy, Emissions, Sexual Exhaustion, Bladder or Prostate Troubles should consult me at once. No case should be thought incurable until I have diagnosed it and given my opinion free.

VARICOCELE—I cure Varicocele by my new and original method of treatment, which is free from surgery and is a safe, painless and permanent cure. Under my treatment every trace of weakness and distress quickly disappears, the stagnant blood is driven from the dilated veins, a healthy circulation of pure blood to the parts affected is established, you are strengthened in every way and soon will possess that confidence, power and sense of well-being which accompany good health and robust vitality. I have the very quickest, safest and most reliable cure for Varicocele known to medical science. Normal circulation is re-established and perfect manhood is restored.

CONTAGIOUS BLOOD POISON—It may be either hereditary or contracted. Once the system is tainted with this disease it may manifest itself in the form of Scrofula, Rheumatic Pains, Stiff Joints, Eruptions, Copper-colored Spots on face and body, Little Ulcers on the tongue, Sore Throat, Swollen Tonsils, Falling out of the Hair and Eyebrows, etc. It gradually consumes the vitality and reduces the victim to a complete wreck. By my perfect method of treatment of this disease I thoroughly check its progress and remove all outward manifestations in every stage. I do not compromise with this disease by mere patchwork, my treatment positively and completely eradicates from the system every vestige of poison and prevents any possibility of transmitting the taint to others.

PILES—Are small vascular tumors, and they have a most degrading influence on the general health. I cure Piles without cutting, nor do I use any ligatures or carbolic acid injection, which treatment has ruined many rectums. My treatment is safe and painless, causing no detention from business, and when you are dismissed by me you are cured for life.

HOME TREATMENT—One personal visit is always preferred, but if you cannot call at my office write me your symptoms fully and I will mail you a complete set of improved symptom blanks. I make no charge for advice or diagnosing your case. Hundreds are cured by my improved methods of home treatment.

WRITE for a copy of my latest book, "Man's Main Maladies Mastered." A limited number will be sent absolutely free in plain sealed envelope upon request.

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Dr. Meyers & Co. conduct the largest and best equipped medical institution and have the most extensive practice in the world. They avoid the use of all mineral, poisonous or dangerous drugs and electric belts. All their remedies are carefully compounded from the extracts of buds, bark, berries, gums, roots, leaves, plants, etc., in their private laboratory, without cost to their patients.

BETTER THAN A WRITTEN GUARANTEE.

As a guarantee Dr. Meyers & Co. will let the patient deposit the price of a cure in any bank in St. Louis, to be paid after he is entirely well. If it is not convenient to do this, payments may be made in monthly installments. It requires confidence backed by ability to make such an offer. No other doctors will undertake a cure on these conditions.

DANGER SIGNALS.

If you have any of the following symptoms you need help at once:

Despondancy, Loss of Flesh, Palpitation of the Heart, Pain in the Back, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Loss of Vitality, Annoying Dreams, Aversion to Society, Lack of Ambition, Drowsiness After Meals, Dizziness, Bad Breath, Sunken Eyes, Paleness, Etc.

Nature does not give these warnings without a purpose. Hearken and seek the proper medical assistance, and you may be rescued, but delay usually means disaster, a wrecked constitution, chagrin, mortification, social, mental and financial failure, dethroned reason or an untimely death.

THESE CELEBRATED SPECIALISTS CURE

Lost Strength
Premature Decay
Wasting Drains
Nervous Debility
Special Diseases
Stricture
Rupture
Tumors
Varicocele
Eczema
Cancer
Sleeplessness
Rheumatism
Neuralgia
Kidney Diseases
Bladder Diseases
Spine Diseases
Liver Diseases
Heart Diseases
Blood Diseases
Skin Diseases
Stomach Diseases
Eye Diseases
Ear Diseases
Lung Diseases
Rectal Diseases

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