COLD HARBOR FIGHT.

REPLY TO CRITICISM OF BRECKINRIDGE'S MEN.

FLAG OF THE FIFTY-THIRD VIRGINIA.

Carried to Farthest Point on the Ill-Fated Field of Gettysburg on the 3d of July, 1863—Tributes to Lee and His Men—The Tunnelling of the Libby Prison and Escape of 159 Prisoners Recalled in the Recent Death of General Hobart.

I have before me an account of the memorable battle of Cold Harbor, June 3, 1864, written by a gentleman named E. A. Shiver, of Alabama, wherein great injustice is done to Breckinridge's Division. Mr. Shiver says: "With his division occupying a summit on open ground, he (Breckinridge) was assailed in heavy force, his mountaineers, like the noble red men, being used to nothing larger than a squirrel rifle, could not stand the racket of big and little guns, with the accompaniment of shells, grape, and canister; so, they, too, made a run for the rear."

Upon general principles, I regard charging Confederate soldiers with cowardice as unwarrantable; or, for that matter, charging them with any other unsoldierly conduct; but this writer is most unfortunate in the selection of a subject for adverse criticism, as well as in the criticism itself. There were no "shells, grape, and canister" used by the enemy on that occasion. Nor did the enemy use their "little guns" till they stood on the top of our earthworks. They simply deluged us with infantry, and that is nearly all there was in it.

So far from it being true that the division fled out of battle, the whole line, with a small exception, remained intact throughout the battle. The exception was at the vertex of a salient, about the centre of the Twenty-sixth Virginia Battalion, where the enemy killed, wounded, or captured a section of our line. If a single man ran from that, or any other section, I do not know it. The enemy captured about 185 of our men, and the severed wings of that battalion, with its adjutant, Hugh Brown Craig (brother of our late secretary of Home Missions, Rev. J. N. Craig, D. D.) killed; Colonel George M. Edgar badly bayonetted while fighting with his sword, and without a regimental officer, were in the trenches fighting with all their might, when General Finnegan's Brigade came to our assistance.

I want to put on record deeds of valor wrought that morning by men who perished in battle there or elsewhere. Adjutant Craig mounted our breastworks and walked back and forth, urging the men to push the battle, until the enemy came to him and shot him. Chap Woodrum, from Monroe county (now West Virginia), our color-bearer, emptied "a revolver" into the oncoming mass of humanity; then, taking the flag from where it stood on the works, he partially furled it, and then dashed the spear of the staff through a Yankee. While in the act of repeating this performance he was shot dead. C. B. Humphreys, of Greenbrier county (now West Virginia), seized the flag to complete Woodram's purpose, whereupon four Yankees seized him. He was not a large man, but was an athlete in power. After a tremendous tussle, the enemy wrested the flag from him, and he stood weeping, watching his loved flag passing from man to man, till it went out of sight. His gun was loaded, but not capped, lying at his feet. Seeing a Yankee bayonetting a comrade, he picked up his gun, slipped a cap on and shot the Yankee dead, easing his fall by holding him on the muzzle of his gun. He was disarmed, and with the others ordered to the enemy's rear. Finnegan's men just then came like an avalanche. The enemy broke back and drove their prisoners with them. Humphreys fell, as if shot, till the Yankees had all passed him, then sprang to his feet, waved his hat, came running back, got his faithful gun, and did them some more damage. These men were samples of that battalion, and their work samples of the work it did.

As already stated, this battalion was in a salient. It was assaulted from the front and on both sides of the angle. Hancock's whole corps was there. Our line was in one rank, with one man to three feet, and gaps for the artillery. When that vast host of Yankees came in sight, there was not a soldier that did not know that we should be overrun. We did not know that Finnegan's men were lying in line behind us. Our battle was fought in the face of defeat, so far as we knew, and the dead lying everywhere showed that the mountaineers knew how to shoot.

Plainly some one was to be blamed for our disaster. There were two errors:

1. There should have been no exposed salient. General Lee straightened his line as soon as he knew of the situation; and that is all the proof I need to offer.

2. Our line was too thin. This, I know, was reported to brigade headquarters the evening before. I want to put on record a conversation had in my presence. The speaker was a brigade official, one of General Echols's staff, a man named ———, I think, from Richmond, Va. I hope he is alive, and that he will see this article. Said he: "The weak and scattered condition of the line was reported to brigade headquarters, and I was sent to report it to General Breckinridge. He had moved his headquarters, and it was very dark and drizzling rain. I hunted for him till I got tired, and, not expecting an attack so soon, went back and went to bed." I stood near Lieutenant ——— and looked into his face, while he made this statement, substantially quoted correctly. It is now nearly thirty-eight years ago, but, from that day to this, I have blamed that one man for our misfortune. If our line had been as strong at first as it was after Finnegan's joined us, Hancock's corps would have been destroyed and our loss next to nothing. I do not wish unjustly to add a feather's weight to any man's responsibility; but the Twenty-sixth Virginia Battalion, from that day onward, felt resentful toward Lieutenant ———, and often jeered at him. Later, in the lower Valley, under General Early, these men brought down on themselves a severe reprimand in a general order for jeering at him.

These men whom Mr. Shiver holds up as cowards were the same men that, on the 15th day of the previous month, while numbering only 3,200 men, fought the prettiest, gamest battle of the war, at Newmarket, Va., putting to rout two divisions of the enemy under Sigel. His front division they attacked behind a barricade of fence-rails, &c., and drove back on the rear division, and then drove all together, causing them to burn the bridge across the Shenandoah at Mt. Jackson. The battle elicited the most beautiful tribute to gallantry and courage I ever read from an English officer, who was an eye-witness and a participant on the other side, concluding with the statement: "Were it not for breaking this glorious Union (sic!) I could not but wish that men of such devotion and courage might have that for which they are doing battle." This battle was fought to a finish by courage. Our line advanced under fire for two miles, never wavered, except once, and then only for a moment, came close up to the enemy's line, fired into it, and tried to give them the bayonet. We struck the whole line at once, and broke it at once.

These same men were, by General Early, thrown on the flank of the enemy at Kernstown, and they, led by General Breckinridge, swung from our right to our left, breaking their line from end to end. Forward they went, charging, yelling, shooting, scattering, reorganizing, through streams of water, over fences, up hill, down hill, facing now infantry, now cavalry, now a storm of artillery, now all that the enemy could hurl upon them; on they went, until not an organized enemy could be seen. Cowards? Never!

Still later (October 19, 1864), fought to a frazzle, numbering only 1,100 men, the old division made its last charge, having been hurled upon the Sixth Corps, led by General Wharton, where, I may say, it crushed itself and died trying to do the impossible. The bodies of some of those Virginia mountaineers were found at the feet of the enemy! And in many a hamlet, vale, or plain a lamentation was heard, Virginia's daughters weeping for their children, and would not be comforted, for they are not.

C. W. HUMPHREYS,
Company B, Twenty-sixth Virginia Battalion.
Jackson, Ga.

The Flag of the Fifty-Third, Virginia Regiment, on the 3d of July, 1863.

(For the Dispatch.)

We bivouacked on the night of July 2d, in a woods near Gettysburg, and early next morning were ordered to our position in front of Cemetery Ridge, where we took shelter on a road, remaining there till about 3 o'clock. About 1 o'clock the heavy artillery fire commenced, which lasted until about half past 2; it was during this fire that Colonel W. R. Aylett was wounded and retired from the field, the command of the Fifty-third Virginia Regiment devolving upon Lieutenant-Colonel R. W. Martin.

When the cannonading ceased, the brigade advanced to the top of the hill, where a halt was made for a short time, and at that time General Armistead came up to Color-Sergeant Blackwell, of the Fifty-third Regiment, which was the battalion of direction of Armistead's Brigade, and pointing to the enemy's breastworks, said: "Sergeant, I want you and your men to plant your colors on those works. Do you think you can do it?" The Sergeant replied, "Yes, sir; if God is willing." Then the General, taking out a small flask, told him to take some, which he did. I hoped he would pass it to the guard also, but he did not.

My position, that day, was on Blackwell's left with General Armistead and Colonel Martin immediately in front of me.

Then we continued to advance, moving forward in two lines, Kemper and Garnett forming the first line, with Armistead for support. We advanced under a heavy fire of both artillery and small arms, and when about seventy-five yards from the stone wall, General Kemper, on a handsome bay horse, rode up to General Armistead, who was not five feet from me, and said to him, "General, I am going to storm those works and I want you to support me." Armistead said that he would, and calling General Kemper's attention to the perfection of his line, asked him if he ever saw anything better on parade. Kemper saluted and replied: "I never did." Then Armistead placed his hat on the point of his sword, and waving it around, gave the command, "Forward, double quick!" The sabre soon cut through his hat, which slipped to the hilt, but he continued to wave it and urge his men forward. I can see him now.

Blackwell, the color-bearer, was now shot down. I seized the colors, but Color-Guard Scott snatched them out of my hands, and ran about fifteen feet out ahead of the brigade, and waved them. He was instantly shot, and Robert Tyler Jones ran forward and picked them up. I was wounded here, a piece of shell wounding me in the head. Up to this time our brigade had not fired a gun.

When Jones took the colors he was wounded in the arm, but continued to advance until he reached the stone wall, where he leaped on top and waved them triumphantly, but was again shot, and fell forward, severely wounded.

When the brigade reached the wall there were very few men left and Armistead, turning to Lieutenant-Colonel R. W. Martin, said, "Colonel, we can't stay here." Colonel Martin replied, "Then we'll go forward!" And over the wall the remaining few went, but there were only seven or eight men left—General Armistead, Colonel Martin, Lieutenant H. L. Carted, Thomas Treadway, Lieutenant J. W. Whitehead, James C. Coleman, and some others. When Jones fell from the wall, Lieutenant H. L. Carter seized the colors and ran forward among the artillery, which the enemy had now abandoned, and fled from. But reinforcements coming up, they returned, retook the guns, there being no one to hold them, and opened fire again on our line. General Armistead was killed while trying to turn one of the guns on the enemy. Colonel Martin was wounded, his left leg being shattered by a ball; his friend, Thomas Treadway, who ran to his assistance, was shot and fell across his body, dead.

The others fell also, and Lieutenant Carter, finding himself alone in the enemy's lines, surrendered, and was sent, a prisoner to the rear, leaving the flag among the guns. He had seventeen bullet holes in his clothes, and yet was without a wound.

The flag of the Fifty-third Virginia Regiment had been carried to the farthest point in the enemy's lines that day. Of its ten guards, eight were killed outright—Jones and myself severely wounded.

Last winter, on learning that Congress would return old Confederate flags, I wrote and tried to get that of the Fifty-third Virginia Regiment, but on investigation it was found to have been lent out soon after the war closed to adorn some festival in the North, and it had never been returned.

COLOR CORPORAL.

Fifty-third Virginia Regiment, Armistead's Brigade, Pickett's Division, Longstreet's Corps, of Army of Northern Virginia.

A Very Stiff Fight.

Gala, Botetourt county, Va., Feb. 6, 1902.
To the Editor of the Dispatch:

I have read with much pleasure and gratification the communication of Colonel Paul B. Means, of the Fifth North Carolina Cavalry, printed in the Dispatch of January 27th, taken from the Charlotte Observer, in reference to the Brook Church and Kennon's Landing, or Fort Powhatan, fights on May 21, 1864. I was interested more in the description and detail of the Kennon's Landing fight, as we (Fitz Lee's Brigade) were on the right of the Fifth North Carolina Cavalry. There was a detail of ten picked men from each company of our brigade. I suppose there were about 400 men. The detail from Company C, Second Virginia Cavalry, was commanded, as well as I remember, by Major William A. Graves, or Captain James Breckenridge. Our regiment being in front, we charged the fort before dismounting, the detail from our squadron being at the head of the regiment. Afterwards we dismounted and formed the line of battle, and charged through a piece of woods up to the breastworks on the right, and was repulsed. As we fell back four of our company carried back Joseph Grayson, of Company K, Albemarle Troop, who was mortally wounded. Color-Sergeant Peachy Gilmer Breckinridge, who commanded the detail from Company B, Wise's Troop, from Lynchburg, was also wounded in the right arm in this first charge.

We were afterwards marched under heavy artillery fire from the gunboats. The shells looked like turkey gobblers flying over. There was also heavy infantry musketry around to the left of our line, adjoining the Fifth North Carolina Cavalry, behind a high rail fence. Several hours elapsed before we made the last charge on the fort through an old field with fallen trees, with limbs sharpened, stakes, and abattis. When the signal gun was fired for the charge over the fence we went up to the breastworks, but were repulsed. At this point Major Peachy G. Breckinridge was killed. Of the ten men detailed from Company C, Second Virginia, two or three held the lead horses; the rest were wounded—viz., Samuel White, wounded and taken prisoner, his life being saved by giving the Masonic sign; Sandy White, James Denton, George Denton, Cephus Switzer, and Haslet Kyle.

I was lucky not to be hurt. Sergeant John A. Biggs got a trucker's wagon and took our wounded back to Richmond under a flag of truce.

The description of the fight given by Colonel Paul B. Means is the first I ever saw in print. The few of us who are left can testify as to this being one of the worst fights of the war. It had been reported by the Charles City Troop that there were not more than three or four companies of negro troops at the fort, but we found when we reached there they had heavily reinforced by the gunboats and infantry to about 6,000 troops.

Very truly yours,
CHARLES T. PRICE,
Company C, Second Virginia Cavalry, Munford's Brigade.
Gala, Va.

WOLSEY'S TRIBUTE TO LEE.

What the Great British Leader Said of Our General.

To the Editor of the Dispatch:

I beg leave to enclose you herewith Lord Wolseley's tribute to General R. E. Lee. You are doubtless familiar with the visit of Lord Wolseley to General Lee at his headquarters during the war, and was his guest for some time.

As you are also aware, Lord Wolseley was at that time commander-in-chief of the armies of Great Britain, and held that high office until succeeded by Lord Robert Roberts ("Bobs") recently.

A tribute from such a distinguished military chieftain should afford interesting reading to those pure and unadulterated patriots who did not consider General Lee's picture worthy of a place in the so-called "Hall of Fame." I copied this article many years ago from some paper (probably the Dispatch), and in looking over some papers to-day came across it. It is too good a thing to be lost, so I will send it to you to be filed for future use.

W. H. P.,
3019 Broad street.

Richmond, Va., February 3, 1902.

General Garnett Joseph Wolseley's Tribute to General R. E. Lee.

"The fierce light which beats upon the throne is as a rush light in comparison with the electric glare which our newspapers now focus upon the public man in Lee's position. His character has been subjected to that ordeal, and who can point to a spot upon it. His clear, sound judgment, personal courage, untiring activity, genius for war, absolute devotion to his State, mark him out as a public man, as a patriot to be forever remembered by all Americans. His amiability of disposition, deep sympathy with those in pain or sorrow, his love for children, nice sense of personal honor, and general courtesy, endeared him to all his friends. I shall never forget his sweet, winning smile, nor his clean honest eyes, that seemed to look into your heart, while they searched your brain. I have met with many of the great men of my time, but Lee alone impressed me with the feeling that I was in the presence of a man who was cast in a grander mould and made of different and finer metal than all other men. He is stamped upon my memory as being apart and superior to all others in every way, a man with whom none I ever knew and few of whom I have read are worthy to be classed. When all the angry feelings aroused by secession are buried with those that existed when the Declaration of Independence was written; when Americans can review the history of their last great war with calm impartiality, I believe all will admit that General Lee towered far above all men on either side in that struggle. I believe he will be regarded not only as the most prominent figure of the Confederacy, but as the greatest American of the ninteenth century, whose statue is well worthy to stand on an equal pedestal with that of Washington, and whose memory is equally worthy to be enshrined in the hearts of all his countrymen.

(Signed) "WOLSELEY."

THE BOYS IN GRAY.

A Tribute to Their Devotion, Heroism and Fortitude.

While life's transient drama is borne fleetingly on the ever-revolving wheels of time, and the years have consecutively intervened since the sons of Dixie made their last assault on the brave boys in blue, the halo that hovered o'er the soil of their latest struggle and lingered around the spot hallowed by their now serene repose, has magnified into effulgent splendor, and now its resplendent glow, like a guardian angel, keeps vigils o'er the fallen braves of the Sunny South, and the Fates and Time are rapidly garnering in the, alas, few who are now remaining with silver lock and furrowed brow to tell the tale. And it is no wonder that when we look upon those who have not as yet pitched their tent across the silver strand, and with blanched cheeks and bent form are still listening for the splash of the boatswain's oar, we should cherish their memory, and permit our ever-restless mind to revert to the pathetic and tragical days of the sixties, when they responded to the roll-call and rallied around the flag when the drum called them to the conflict. I say, then, it is a pang of sorrow that steals o'er us and fills our eyes with tears, for they, too, must soon be lulled to repose in the gentle embrace of the angel of mortality, when they are beckoned to come up higher and be reunited with beloved comrades of long ago.

Therefore, be not surprised that the pages of history, song, and poetry should [illegible] valor which were enacted at Manassas, Gettysburg, Richmond, and numerous other fields of blood, where the boys in gray acquitted themselves with honor and rendered illustrious their great achievements, and made themselves eligible to wear the golden spurs of knighthood.

They were not clad in armor of gold, as was the bodyguard of Darius, nor were they commanded from a golden throne, as those of Xerxes, but it was their unexcelled example that has crowned them with an immortal wreath and obtained for them never dying fame. Their phalanx was not so heavily armed as that of Alexander, which made him great, but it was their prowess and devotion that elicit our respect and esteem.

When the Southland sounded to arms her gallant chevaliers obeyed her behest, and with majestic tread hastily bade adieu to fond mother and fair maid, and with patriotic step hastened to the front, where their life blood ebbed away for those they loved at home. They did not plume their brow with the French cockade of the Napoleonic period, but perhaps some of them were as worthy to obtain the marshal's baton.

Lee, Jackson, Ewell, and Johnston were opposed to secession, but deemed it just and loyal to shape their course according to their State's sovereignty, and this attitude of allegiance none can impugn nor censure, and from Fort Sumter to Fort Steadman, where they made their last attack on the Union centre, were marked by deeds of greatness. So let us see that their graves are kept green.

E. M. GRIFFIN, M. D.
Salem, N. C.

GEN. HOBART IS DEAD.

Remarkable Career Closes in the Hospital at the Milwaukee Soldiers' Home.

(Chicago Record-Herald.)

General H. C. Hobart, sole survivor of Wisconsin Constitutional Convention and the last survivor of the five daring men who planned the famous tunnel escape from Libby prison, died at the hospital of the Soldiers' Home at Milwaukee recently.

His death marks the close of a most remarkable career. The hero of numerous bloody battles during the civil war, the target of Southern prison guards, surviving fevers and other ailments contracted in the Southern swamps, General Hobart died peacefully of old age.

He was a native of Massachusetts and was born in Ashburnham in 1820.

When the civil war broke out Mr. Hobart organized a company called the Calumet Rifles, and, as its captain, went to the front as part of the Fourth Wisconsin. He was advanced in command until at the battle of Chickamauga he was in command of the Twenty-first Wisconsin.

During this battle his regiment became detached from the main line, and Colonel Hobart, with others, was made prisoner. They were taken to Atlanta and thence to Richmond, where they were confined in Libby prison.

At that time there were no exchanges of prisoners, and the men in Libby planned to gain their freedom. A few of the daring and resourceful leaders finally hit upon the plan of digging a tunnel. The scheme was confided to twenty-five men, who could be trusted not to talk, and the work was begun. A table knife, chisel, and spittoon were the tools. But two persons could work at the same time. One would enter the hole with the "tools" and a small tallow candle, dragging the spittoon after him with a bit of string. The other would fan air into the passage with his hat, and, with another string, would draw out the spittoon when loaded and conceal the dirt beneath the straw and rubbish of the cellar.

WORKED FOR THIRTY DAYS.

Each morning the working party would carefully replace the bricks in the fireplace where the tunnel started and remove all evidences of the work. Through a mistake of the "engineers" of the tunnel the scheme nearly failed, for the first opening on the outside was within ten feet of some sentinels. This was plugged up and the work continued.

After thirty days the hole was completed, the twenty-five men in the plan were marshalled under command of General Hobart, and at 7 o'clock on the evening of February 9, 1864, the men began crawling through the hole. In order to bewilder the guards a dancing party with music was extemporized in the room. One by one the men emerged from the hole, passed the sentinels, and mingled with the crowds on the streets.

The subsequent perils of these men, some of whom reached the Union lines in safety, form one of the most picturesque and thrilling chapters in the history of the civil war. After the original twenty-five men had escaped through their tunnel they were seen one hour's start by the remaining prisoners, when there was a wild scramble for liberty.

FIFTY-SEVEN ESCAPED.

One hundred and nine men passed out through the hole that night, of whom fifty-seven eventually reached the Union lines, the others being recaptured or dying of privations while hiding in the swamps.

After recovering from the effects of prison life, Colonel Hobart was given command of a new regiment, and, at the head of this, he went with Sherman on his march to the sea, and up through the Carolinas. He had the grim satisfaction of marching his regiment into Richmond and around the prison from which he had escaped. After the war, having been advanced to the rank of a general, he returned to Milwaukee, his residence up to his death.

He was honored with many positions of trust, filling all with great credit to himself. He was deeply interested in the work of the public library, and was one of its trustees until compelled to retire on account of his growing debility.

PROSPECTING FOR OIL IN PRINCE GEORGE CO

Northwestern Men Examining the Soil With a View to Sinking Wells Near Carson.

Petroleum experts are now prospecting for oil in Prince George county, and with bright prospects of success. Such is the information brought to the city yesterday by Judge Timothy Rives, of that county, who has been at home holding court. A party of well-known prospectors from Ohio and Indiana are now examining the soil and making experiments, with a view to sinking wells near Carson, in the southern portion of the county.

Judge Rives stated yesterday that the prospectors were very much encouraged by the indications and are still prosecuting their investigations. In the event of striking a gusher a revolution would be wrought in that entire section of the State.

It has been known for some time that prospectors were seeking petroleum in Augusta and adjoining counties of the Valley, and, in fact, that a charter had been granted to the Shenandoah Valley Oil Company, but this is the first intimation that the valuable fluid fuel might be struck in Eastern or Southside Virginia. Capitalists with expert oil men are now at work in Augusta county, and the prospects are considered most promising of success.

Another Large Power-House.

A power-house, furnishing power to the following big plants, will be built by Lane & Co. at Warren, on the James river: The Soapstone-Works, at Warren; the Cobble- and Slate-Works, at Esmont, and the Slate-Works of Mr. A. L. Pitts, at Arvonia. Efforts will be made to make a contract with Messrs. John R. Williams & Son, owners of another slate-works, not far distant from the site of the plant.

Hanover Pickle Factory.

A pickle-factory is to be built at Ashland, Va. There will be a meeting very soon of substantial business men who will be the leaders in the new enterprise. They are E. L. C. Scott, Charles Stebbins, T. R. Scott, Gillie Bankard, Charles Blount, and others.

SALES OF THE WEEK.

Total Aggregates Nearly Six Hundred Thousand Pounds.

The week's sales of loose leaf tobacco, which closed Friday, were among the largest of the season. In few other weeks, if any, have there been more than 500,000 pounds sold. Last week's sales, estimated approximately but with practical accuracy, aggregate 581,810 pounds, divided among the warehouses as follows: Shockoe, 182,755; Shelburne's, 176,325; Crenshaw's, 170,045; Stonewall (approximated), 52,685.

Prices for the week have been well up. Shockoe leads with a sale at $28, with Shelburne following close behind with sales at $25. Crenshaw's did almost as well. Many high averages are reported.

Altogether the week has been a very satisfactory one, both to the warehousemen and the farmers. It is hardly probable that the aggregate sales will reach so high a figure again during the season.

CURES BLOOD POISON.

Eruptions, Eating Sores, Bone Pains, Scrofula, Cancer, Ulcers.

TO PROVE IT, MEDICINE FREE

Blood poison, producing pains and aches in the bones, joints or back, ulcers, offensive form of catarrh, eating sores, eruptions, pimples, sore mouth or throat, swellings, scrofula, boils, itching skin, and falling hair, or even where the disease has produced rotting bones, and the body is a mass of boils and festering sores, or deadly cancer, can be permanently cured by taking B. B. B. (Botanic Blood Baim). It is the only remedy that can master this terrible disease, after all

else failed, as thousands of permanently cured patients have testified. Unless a person was cured of Blood Poison they would not send their photo, hence L. C. Coward, of Aden, Miss., sent his picture as above, and states: "I suffered untold agonies from contagious blood poison. I had eruptions, swellings, bone pains, and aching joints, itching, scaly skin, with blotches. Sometimes the disease was better and then again worse. Doctors failed to do me any good, but Botanic Blood Balm (B. B. B.) acted on me like magic. Every sore or pimple healed perfectly, aches and pains left me, and I am completely restored to health. I advise any sufferer to try this grand cure." BOTANIC BLOOD BALM (B. B. B.) drains the poison from the blood, bones, and the entire system, leaving the patient in fine condition, all the sores healed, and giving the skin the rich glow of perfect health, makes the blood pure and rich, and builds up the broken-down constitution. Druggists, at $1 per large bottle. Trial treatment sent free by writing BLOOD BALM COMPANY, 134 Mitchell street, Atlanta, Ga. Describe trouble and free medical advice sent in sealed letter. Medicine sent prepaid. Botanic Blood Balm (B. B. B.) composed of pure Botanic ingredients.

IF YOU HAVE A COUGH

IT IS YOUR OWN FAULT.

Why? Because you have neglected to kill the germs causing the disease. They still remain in your throat and lungs, and will continue there until destroyed. Not only this, but by using cough syrups, expectorants, and morphine mixtures, your stomach, liver, and kidneys have become disordered, and the germs of either bronchitis, pneumonia, or consumption firmly implanted in those inflamed spots on the air passages, caused by cough germs—all through your own fault.

Had you kept abreast of the times and read the opinion of the best medical authority in the land, published regularly, you would have known that coughs are caused by germs, and that all the stomach medicines in the world cannot reach them. If you had read the United States Health Reports, and looked up government statistics, as every man and woman ought, you would have known that there is but one remedy which will destroy these germs, and that this remedy has reduced the death rate from such diseases 34 per cent. during the past year. This is not newspaper talk, but facts from the highest authority in the land.

Hyomei, the new treatment, cures because it kills the germs of coughs, croup, catarrh, bronchitis, and consumption, and all you have to do is to inhale it for a few moments daily.

Now, if you wish to keep your cough all winter and run the risk of contracting more serious diseases, continue as you are with stomach medicines. If not, send to the R. T. Booth Company, Ithica, N. Y., for a free sample of Hyomei, or purchase an outfit from your druggist. The little inhaler will last you a lifetime, and 50c. a month will protect yourself and family from such diseases. If your druggist does not keep Hyomei, we will send you a complete outfit, postage prepaid, for $1.00.

CURSE OF DRINK

Cured by White Ribbon Remedy.

Can Be Given in Glass of Water, Tea or Coffee Without Patient's Knowledge.

White Ribbon Remedy will cure or destroy the diseased appetite for alcoholic stimulants, whether the patient is a confirmed inebriate, "a tippler," social drinker, or drunkard. Impossible for any one to have an appetite for alcoholic liquors after using White Ribbon Remedy. ENDORSED BY MEMBERS OF W. C. T. U.

Mrs. Moore, superintendent of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, writes: "I have tested White Ribbon Remedy on very obstinate drunkards, and the cures have been many. In many cases the Remedy was given secretly. I cheerfully recommend and endorse White Ribbon Remedy. Members of our union are delighted to find a practical and economical treatment to aid us in our temperance work."

Mrs. West, president of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, states: "I know of so many people redeemed from the curse of drink by the use of White Ribbon Remedy that I earnestly request you to give it a trial. Druggists or by mail, $1. Trial package free by writing Mrs. A. M. TOWNSEND (for years secretary of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union), 218 TREMONT, BOSTON, MASS. Sold in Richmond by the TRAGLE CUT-RATE DRUGSTORE, 817 east Broad street. oc13-Sun&Wly

HERE IS HEALTH FREE

EDITOR'S NOTE.—The Slocum system of Treatment for the cure of Catarrh, Bronchitis, Lung Troubles and Consumption is medicine reduced to an exact science by America's foremost specialist, and our readers of the Richmond Dispatch are urged to take advantage of Dr. Slocum's generous offer.

These four remedies represent a **New** system of treatment for the **Weak** and those suffering from **Consumption, wasting diseases,** or inflammatory conditions of the **Nose, Throat,** and **Lungs.**

The treatment is **Free.**

By the new system devised by DR. SLOCUM, the great specialist in pulmonary and kindred diseases, all the requirements of the sick body are supplied by the **FOUR** remedies constituting his Special Treatment known as **The Slocum System.**

Whatever your disease, **one** or **more** of these four preparations will be of wonderful benefit to you.

According to the needs of your case, fully explained in the Treatise given free with the free remedies, you may take **one,** or any **two, or three,** or **all four,** in combination.

A cure is **certain.**

The remedies are especially adapted for those who suffer from weak lungs, coughs, sore throat, **Catarrh, Consumption** and other pulmonary troubles.

But they are also of wonderful efficacy to the building up of **weak systems,** in purifying the blood, **making flesh,** and restoring to weak, sallow people rich and healthy constitutions.

The many ailments of women and delicate children are speedily relieved.

The basis of the entire system is a flesh-building, nerve and tissues renewing food.

Every invalid and sick person needs **strength.** This food gives it.

Many people get the complete system for the sake of the perfected **Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil,** which they themselves need, and give away the other three preparations to their friends.

The second article is a **Tonic.** It is good for weak, thin, dyspeptic, nervous people. For those who have no appetite, who need bracing up.

Thousands take only the Emulsion and the Tonic.

The third preparation is a **medicinal healing Ozojell,** in a patent Ozojell nasal tube. It cures catarrh. It heals all irritation of the nose, throat, and mucous membranes. It gives immediate relief. It is also a splendid application for sore lips and rough skin.

Perhaps many readers of the Richmond Dispatch need the Ozojell cure for catarrh.

The fourth article is an **Expectorant** and Cough and Cold cure. The only expectorant that can positively be relied upon. Is absolutely safe for children. Goes to the very root of the trouble, and not merely alleviates, but **cures.**

The four remedies form a panoply of **strength** against disease in whatever shape it may attack you.

THE FREE TRIAL.

To obtain these four **Free** preparations, illustrated above, all you have to do is to write to

DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 98 Pine St., New York,

giving full address. The four **Free** remedies will then be sent you, direct from the laboratories, in the hope that if they do you good you will recommend them to your friends. When writing the Doctor please tell him you read this in the Richmond Dispatch, and greatly oblige. ia 28-Tu4t & fe 2-eoSun2t

RIPANS.

I use Ripans Tabules for periodic headaches, always with quick relief. Only last evening a lady asked me what I thought good for pain in the stomach from eating rich food, and I gave her a Ripans Tabule. To-day she tells me she has bought a package, the one I gave her helped her so much.

At Druggists.

The Five-cent packet is enough for an ordinary occasion. The family bottle, 60 cts., contains a supply for a year.