S.S.S.
CURES SCROFULA
... Rowell, Medford, Mass., says he has been cured of Scrofula by the use of S.S.S. after having been pronounced incurable by other medicines, and being reduced to quite a low condition of health, and thought she could not live.
Cured my little boy of hereditary scrofula which appeared all over his face. He was worse when I had given up all hope of his recovery, when finally induced to use S.S.S. This cured him, and no signs of the disease remain.
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Our Book on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

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to consumption are ailments we often deem trivial—a cold and a cough. Consumption thus acquired is rightly termed "Consumption from neglect."

Scott's Emulsion

not only stops a cold but it is remarkably successful where the cough has become deep seated.

Scott's Emulsion is the richest of fat-foods yet the easiest fat-food to take. It arrests waste and builds up healthy flesh.

Prepared by Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All druggists.

A Family Affair
Health for the Baby,
Pleasure for the Parents,
Joy Life for the Old Folks.
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THE GREAT TEMPERANCE DRINK
It is a family affair—a requisite of health. A 25 cent package makes 5 gallons of healthening, refreshing, invigorating beverage.
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Save Paying Doctors' Bills
B.B.B. BOTANIC BLOOD BALM
THE GREAT REMEDY
FOR ALL BLOOD AND SKIN DISEASES
Has been thoroughly tested by eminent physicians and the people for 40 years, and never fails to cure quickly and permanently
SCROFULA, ULCERS, ECZEMA, RHEUMATISM, PIMPLES, ERUPTIONS, and all manner of EATING, SPREADING and RUNNING SORES. Invariably cures the most loathsome blood diseases if directions are followed. Price $1 per bottle, 6 bottles for $5. For sale by druggists.
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Our Mammoth Catalogue of BANK COUNTERS, DESKS, and other OFFICE FURNITURE for 1893 now ready. New Goods. New Styles in Desks, Tables, Chairs, Book Cases, Cabinets, &c., &c., and at matchless prices as above indicated. Our goods are well known and sold freely in every country that speaks English. Catalogues free. Postage 12c

MISCELLANEOUS.

MONEY TO LOAN—On improved Asheville real estate. Apply to
sept29dtf NATT ATKINSON & SON

DRESSMAKING—The Misses Killam of Boston are prepared to do dressmaking, millinery, fancy painting, etc., at 145 College Street dec1d1w*

TO LOAN—Money to loan in sums of $200 to $500 for one to six years, on real estate, with buildings in city of Asheville. Rates of interest low. R. COFFIN,
nov23d1m No. 1 East Court Place.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.
Mayor's Office, Asheville, Dec. 3, '92.
Sealed proposals will be received at this office until 3 p. m. Friday, December 9, 1892, for putting on the roof, etc., of the new city pump house. Plans and specifications can be seen at the office of the City Engineer.
C. D. BLANTON, Mayor.
B. M. LEE, City Engineer. dec3d5t

DISSOLUTION NOTICE—The firm of W. P. Blanton & Co. is this day dissolved by mutual consent. J. K. Cowan having purchased the interest of W. P. Blanton, the business will in the future be conducted under the firm name of Cowan & Doggett. W. P. Blanton & Co., will settle all debts and accounts contracted by them prior to this date. This October 23, 1892.
W. P. BLANTON & CO.,
no27d30d COWAN & DOGGETT.

OFFICE 39 PATTON AVENUE, - - -
- - - - AT WEAVER & MYERS' STORE

CAROLINA COAL COMPANY
—DEALERS IN—
COAL AND COKE
JELLICO, LUMP AND ANTHRACITE.
FORKED COAL CLEAN.
GOOD WEIGHT.
DAY 130—TELEPHONE—NIGHT 144.

DUNDER DISTURBED.

HE CAN'T ALWAYS MAKE OUT HIS BOY JAKE.

Jake Makes Use of Some Modern American Terms That Are Not Exactly Plain to His Father, Who Promises to Interview Him in the Barn.

[Copyright, 1892, by Charles B. Lewis.]

"I shust like to spheak a few more words about my son Shake," said Mr. Dunder as he softly entered the station to find the fat police sergeant chewing a Michigan toothpick and reading a newspaper prediction that this will be the coldest winter for the past ten years.

"About Jake, eh?" queried the sergeant in reply.

"Yes. You know Shake. He vhas seexteen years old pooty queek und awful shmart. He vhas a good poy, but I can't make him sometimes oudt. One day I hears him shpeakin mit a poy, und he says: 'Doan' you be afraidt! Some flies doan' roost on me!' Sergeant, vhas dot American?"

"I think it is."

"Dot's vhat Shake said. He said it meant dot he shump aroundt so lifely dot no fly can shtay on him. How does it hurt you if some flies roost on you? I see flies on you, but you doan' shump aroundt, und Shake, he vhas so fat he can't be lifely. Can you explain her to me?"

"Why, I understand it to mean that a person is sharp and shrewd."

"Oh! Vhell, a few days ago Shake he calls me 'guf'ner.' I took him by der collar pooty queek, but he explains: 'Dot vhas all right, fadder—dot vhas der American way of it. If we vhas going to lif' in America we must do like oddr folks. In Shermany you vhas 'fadder;' in dis country you vhas 'guf'ner.' How vhas dot, sergeant?"

"I don't allow my boys to call me governor?"

"Eh? I see! Und two deeferent times he says he vhas no clothespin or spring shicken. How could any poy be some clothespins or hens? It doan' seem possible to me, but I like to ask you."

"I think Jake has fallen into the use of slang terms, like many other boys. Did you ever hear him say he was up to snuff?"

"I haf, two or three times, und it makes me full of troubles. I doan' like Shake to have some snuff at his age."

"Did you ever happen to hear him remark that he tumbled to the racket?"

"Only two or three days ago he said dot. I doan' see him fall down, und I doan' hear no racket, und I can't make it oudt."

"Did you ever hear him tell any one to cheese it?"

"Vhy, he tells me dot last week vhen I say he must be home by 9 o'clock in der eafenings! I haf some Limburger sheese on de counter, und I bellef he means dot."

"Perhaps he did!" dryly observed the sergeant. "What does he call money?"

IN THE BARN WITH JAKE.

"Vhell, he calls it 'sugar,' 'ducats,' 'cases,' 'wealth,' 'scrap iron,' 'needful,' 'rhino,' und so like dot."

"I see. I suppose he tells of somebody talking through his hat, eh?"

"Sergeant, he shpeaks dot very way to me only last night vhen I blows him oop aboudt spending so mooch mooney!"

"It made him tired, didn't it?"

"Dot's vhat he said—it made him tired to hear me talk through der top of my hat. How vhas it, sergeant?"

"Well, I think Jake is getting a little too fresh for a boy of his age."

"But only last night he tells me he vhas all salt! I doan' like to shpeak aboudt my own poy, you see, but maybe you can tell me how I shall do? Do you think he should keep on?"

"If he was my boy I should stop him right where he is."

"Um! It vhas my duty?"

"I think so."

"Und it vhas good for Shake?"

"First rate. Are you going?"

"Sergeant, goodby! I haf some peesness at my place dot I must attend to right off queek! Vhen I get home my son Shake vhill haf his hat on his ear und be walking aroundt as if he owns dot earth. I shall beckon mit my finger like dis und say:

"'Shake, I like to see you in der barn aboudt two minutes!'

"'All right, guf'ner—how vhas it?'

"'Vhell, it vhas clothespins und sugar und hats und spring shickens und scrap iron und rackets all mixed oop, und I guess we go oudt und cheese some snuff und make us tired?'"

"I understand!" smiled the sergeant.

"Und so vhill Shake, und if some flies doan' roost on him tomorrow it vhas because no flies can find him."

THE ARIZONA KICKER.

Bringing Colonel Kelso Around—Warning An Exhorter.

HAD TO COME DOWN.—When we find a man within thirty miles of this town who is not a subscriber to THE KICKER we feel that there is something wrong somewhere, and we proceed to interview him. When a subscriber lets go of the paper without what we consider a reasonable excuse—such as death or removal to Alaska—we interview him some more. Last week the copy sent to Colonel Jim Kelso, whose postoffice is at Bitter Creek, was returned to us marked, "Refused, and be durned to you!" We telephoned over for the colonel to come in, and he told us over the wire to go to. We then wrote him for an explanation, and he returned our letter unopened. Saturday morning we strapped three days' rations and 250 cartridges to our saddle, mounted our regular canvassing mule and set off to find out what was the matter with Colonel Kelso. The colonel is no spring chicken. He knew what would follow his action and was expecting us. He had laid in 200 cartridges, a week's provisions and a barrel of water, and was barricaded in his adobe. We sheltered our mule in a ravine and opened fire. We bombarded the colonel from every point of the compass up to 9 o'clock in the evening and then went into camp. We were after him again at daylight and kept it up till noon. Then the wind came around right, and we prepared to set fire to a haystack on the north side of the house and burn him out. The colonel called our hand and surrendered. He had refused our paper, he explained, because we devoted so much space to politics and so little to accounts of murders and executions. It didn't take us five minutes to demolish his arguments and make him come down with three years' subscription in advance, and he took it as a great favor that we allowed him to accompany us part way home. We have several other cases on our books and shall attend to them in regular order as soon as possible.

YES, WHY NOT?—Our esteemed contemporary down the street publishes a letter this week from an alleged subscriber asking why he does not take the law into his own hands and "remove" us to a more balmy clime. Our esteemed replies that it is because he is an advocate of law and order, and that if let alone justice will sooner or later pull us up to a limb. Bosh! Our diaries for the past three years give the dates of fourteen different attempts on the part of our esteemed to accomplish the removing act. Why he hasn't done it and

THE TWO OFFICE DEVILS.

will never be able to do it unless he gets us in front of a cannon is because he can't shoot. He has fired at us at all sorts of distances, from five feet to twenty rods, and the only damage he ever did was to our hat, and that was accidental. We have a standing offer to let him have ten shots at us from a distance of fifty feet and give him $100 for every bullet coming within earshot. As to his advocating law and order, where does he do it? His editorial page is set up with eight 8-ounce tacks and barbed wire fencing, and is absolutely unreadable. However, we do not wish to complain. When there are no cowboys in town and no terror dodging about for a shot at us we can always count on a little fun with our esteemed. All we have to do is to send our office devil over to tell his office devil that THE KICKER is expecting a whole keg of ink at once, and ten minutes later our esteemed is blazing away at the front door of our office and hitting the shingles on the roof.

AS AN EXPERIMENT.—We have a letter from a man over in Utah who says he is a greater exhorter than Sam Jones or Sam Small, and he wants to come over here and have a shy at our population. We shall neither encourage nor discourage him in making the experiment. As mayor of the town we have its best interests at heart. As editor and proprietor of THE KICKER we have always worked for moral improvements. As a private citizen, however, we are inclined to doubt the success of the experiment referred to. We don't doubt that most of the boys would attend the meetings, and perhaps the majority of them would remove their hats and become more or less interested, but the chances are ninety-nine to one that an emergency would arise. All of a sudden old Bill Bradshaw would remember that Pete Davis sold him a one eyed mule on the square, or Colonel Jenkins would recollect that Dan Simmons got the drop on him last Fourth of July, and in less than ten seconds forty critters would jump to their feet and begin shooting. It's just possible that it might not turn out this way, and that some of the boys might be led to see the error of their ways, but if the exhorter shows up he must take the chances. If we attend the first few meetings we shall take two guns along with us and try to get a seat with our back to the wall.

THE DIAGRAM MAN.

He Tells of the Love of De Lisle for Arthusa.

"Will you be mine?"

"Yep!"

"Then may I never sit down on another bumblebee if I am not the happiest man in the world!"

They were standing under the dear old pear tree in the back yard, according to the following diagram, which is drawn to a scale of three miles to the inch:

On the right is Farmer Johnson's barn and on the left the Widow O'Brien's only cow, both toned down somewhat, but full of business and patriotism.

De Lisle had loved Arthusa for years and years, but never until this evening had he spoken his mind. He dasn't for her father was a school trustee and owned the only pay scales in town, while his father was simply a millionaire, though considered quite respectable for one of that class.

"Then you will be my angel, Arthusa?" he whispered as he strained her to his heart.

"I guess!" she replied as her skull cracked him on the eyebrow.

Ha! What's that? As her languishing eyes are cast upon the earth to see if there are any bugs around, a folded note attracts her attention. While De Lisle continues to strain she calmly and quietly possesses herself of the note and proceeds to read it. At the first words a shiver shook her frame. At the second a shook shivered her from head to heel. She gasped for breath. Her eyes rolled. Her hairpins fell like raindrops on the grass. Then the scene suddenly changed, according to the following diagram, drawn upon the same scale as the other, but exhibiting more activity in real estate:

The note bore the odor of a delicate perfume (trial size for a nickel), and the chirography was unmistakably and undeniably and unqualifiedly the fist of a female. It read:

MY DEAR BOY—When you come up tonight bring the "sugar" to pay the rent, which is overdue. MAIME.

"Unhand me, villain!"

"What's the matter?"

"Proofs of your perfidy, sir!" she gasped as she waved the note around her head.

"But, Arthusa, let"——

"Ignoble man! Son of a millionaire! Not another word! Here is written proofs of the tarry blackness of your villainous heart! If I had a regulation baseball bat in my hands I would strike you dead at my feet!"

"But, Arthusa, you don't catch on! Maime is"——

"Villain, shut up!" she almost shrieked as she waved him away. "My life is blasted like the blasted oak! I go to my death!"

And she went to her death, according to the following diagram, which covers a great deal of land worth fifty dollars per acre:

With the swiftness and grace of a gazelle Arthusa made for the well, in which hung an old oaken bucket. De Lisle pursued, but before he could overtake her she had vaulted lightly over the curb and was properly and fashionably drowning in the water below. Her body was never recovered, having probably been drawn down by the quicksands. De Lisle was taken to a raving asylum, where he raved for twenty-two years and then died with Arthusa's name on his lips. The note, as you have probably suspected, was from his widowed sister Maime, and if he had been granted two minutes' time in which to explain all would have been well. Let this be a great lesson to us never to act on sudden impulses. Any note found in any man's pocket, married or single, can always be satisfactorily explained if he is given time.

Not a Champion.

It was agreed among the dozen of us in the passenger coach that the woman occupying a seat near the middle of the car with her husband was the homeliest female we had ever seen. She was ten years older than the man, was cross eyed, had a hair lip, was almost toothless, and her nose had been seemingly mashed flat. The man himself was at least common good looking. Three or four of us in the front end of the car were sympathizing with him in a soft and gentle way when he rose up and came over to us and said:

"Gentlemen, you have been wondering if that woman is my wife. She is. You probably look upon her as the homeliest woman on the face of the earth. You are mistaken."

"YOU ARE MISTAKEN."

"Well," observed the Chicago man, "it isn't just the thing to criticise a man's wife before his face, but if"——

"Oh, you can speak your mind without offense," interrupted the man.

"Then I would remark that if she isn't the homeliest woman on this terrestial globe I should like to see the other one."

"Very well; come into the next car back."

We followed him in, and there sat four females, ranging in age from twenty to thirty, who discounted her by 50 per cent.

"They are five sisters, and I had my pick from the lot," quietly remarked the man. "And now if any of you have a drop of whisky about you I'll"——

Every man of us handed him over a full flask, and told him he was welcome to every drop and the bottles besides.

M. QUAD.

Doing All She Reasonably Could.

"If," he murmured, as he gazed up into her eyes (they were sitting on the front steps), "if I had only a little more money to count on"—then he stopped.

"What would you do?" she asked. Deem her not bold, gentle reader. The summer, she felt, was over, soon the cold winds would put a stop to these front step sentimentals. No fellow ever would propose in the winter time with pa and ma in the sitting room listening to everything, and she felt she must jog him a little.

He turned a little pale and asked if her pa was dealing at the same grocery as last year.

"Yes, he is; what would you do?"

"I—I would have a home of my own. I would, there!" This seemed like business.

"How much have you got?" she said, and her voice sounded firm.

"Fifteen dollars a week." He hung his head.

"How much do you give a week now for your room?"

"Five dollars."

"Stuff; we can get a room plenty good enough for both of us and a pantry to cook in for that. How much do your meals cost?"

"Five dollars a week.

"Pooh; we can both live for that, cooking at home. What do you do with the other five dollars?"

"Well, I—I smoke, you know."

"Well, you can quit that right off, anyhow, you don't spend five dollars a week on smoking."

"No, oh, no. Of course there are expenses; other fellows and such"——

"Well, you can stop those too. What else?"

"I try to save a little."

"That is talking. How much have you saved?"

"Eleven dollars and a half."

"That's plenty for the minister and moving and some to spare for a necktie or something for you to stand up in. Well?"

"Well, Mary?"

"Go ahead, I can't do everything, you know. You've got to ask me."—Washington Star.

He Didn't Know French.

The gentleman from the west pulled himself up to the hotel table, tucked his napkin under his chin, picked up the bill of fare, and began to study it intently. Everything was in restaurant French and he didn't like it.

"Here, waiter," he said sternly, "there's nothing on this I want."

"Ain't there nothin else you would like for dinner, sir?" inquired the waiter politely.

"Have you got any sine qua non?"

The waiter gasped.

"No, sir," he replied.

"Got any bon nuts?"

"N-no, sir."

"Got any semper idem?"

"No, sir, we hain't."

"Got any jeu desprits?"

"No, sir, not a one."

"Got any tempus fugit?"

"I reckon not, sir."

"Got any soiree dansants?"

"No, sir."

The waiter was edging off.

"Got any sine die?"

"We hain't, sir."

"Got any e pluribus unum?"

The waiter's face showed some signs of intelligence.

"Seems like I heerd ob dat, sir," and he rushed out to the kitchen, only to return empty handed.

"We ain't got none, sir," he said, in a tone of disappointment.

"Got any mal de mer?"

"No-o, sir."

The waiter was going to pieces fast.

The gentleman from the west was as serene as a May morning.

"Got any vice versa?" he inquired again.

The waiter could only shake his head.

"No? Well, maybe you've got some bacon and cabbage and a corn dodger?"

"'Deed we has, sir," exclaimed the waiter in a tone of the utmost relief, and he fairly flew out to the kitchen.—Detroit Free Press.

Quite Different.

Holmes—By the way, Wander, where do you live now?

Wander—I don't; I board.—Life.

To Advertisers.

To insure change of advertisements running on regular contract, copy must be handed in by 10 o'clock a. m

FOR DYSPEPSIA,
Indigestion, and Stomach disorders, take BROWN'S IRON BITTERS.
All dealers keep it, $1 per bottle. Genuine has trade-mark and crossed red lines on wrapper.

Dissolution Notice.

Leicester, N. C., Nov. 5, 1892.
Notice is hereby given that the copartnership heretofore existing between Geo. R. Jones and Jno. Carpenter under the firm name of Carpenter & Jones is this day dissolved by mutual consent, Jno. Carpenter continuing the business, assuming liabilities of same and receiving all monies due the firm. JOHN CARPENTER,
nov11d30d GEO. R. JONES.

BRADFIELD'S FEMALE REGULATOR
CURES ALL DISEASES AND IRREGULARITIES PECULIAR TO WOMEN
Have used and recommended it to my friends. All derived great benefit from its use.
MRS. MATILDA LARSON, Peoria, Ill.
Best remedy I have ever used for irregular menstruation. MRS. G. JETT,
November, 1888. Selma, Col.
I have suffered a great deal from Female Troubles, and think I am completely cured by Bradfield's Female Regulator.
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WANTED—To hire for an hour, two or three times a week, a good riding mule. Address B. C., Citizen Office. tf*

WANTED—Young man 24 years old wants situation as storekeeper in hotel. Also understands florist's trade and general gardening. Best of references. Address "G. C.", care Citizen office. dec1d1w*

WANTED—By Miss Edith Wynne Young, of New York State, a limited number of pupils on piano or organ. Terms fifty cents per lesson—three quarters to an hour. Given at your residence. Address, Oakland Heights, Asheville, N. C. n8d1m*

WANTED—A New York custom tailoring house, doing an agency business exclusively, and offering the best paying line in the market, desires to secure an agent, who can furnish a bond, to handle their line in the City of Asheville; to proper party will consign sufficient pants patterns to make a showing as merchant tailor. For further particulars, address S. J. B., No. 633 Broadway, New York City. D e2eod2t

FOR RENT.

FOR RENT—Small store room, No. 66 South Main street. Address
WM. JOHNSON, JR.
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FOR RENT—Five room cottage, at junction of Oak and Woodfin streets. Apply to
dec2d3t* S. H. REED,
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nov12d1m

PASTURE FOR RENT—75 acres near the city, splendid grass, plenty of water and shade. Ample for 40 or 50 head of cattle. Price $2 per month per head. Apply to
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IF YOU ARE BUILDING don't fail to put in Watson's Fire Grate. For sale by
BALLARD & RICH.

FOR SALE—A house and lot at Biltmore, near Vanderbilt's brick yard, on river road. Price $550. Apply to
WALTER S. CUSHMAN
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FRENCH BROAD LUMBER CO.,
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FOR SALE—The Melke house, western part of the city; one of finest residences in Asheville, containing 18 rooms, 3¾ acres in lot, fine oak grove and beautiful lawns and shrubbery magnificent view that cannot be obstructed. For further information address W. P. SOUTHERN,
Executor, 421 West Haywood St.
july27dtf

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A—Private home for invalids. Terms on application to MISS DENNE,
o15tf The Melke House, Asheville, N. C.

BOARD—Comfortable rooms with good board in good location.
MRS ALICE REYNOLDS,
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MRS. J. A. LEE,
nov1 tf No. 26 Flint street.

BOARDING—Delightful board can be had at Col. J. M. Ray's, in Ramoth, 1¼ miles north of Asheville, near end of Lookout Mountain street car line. Terms reasonable. nov26d1m

41 SPRUCE STREET—Large handsomely furnished rooms, with board, on 1st and 2nd floors; table accommodations and location excellent, two minutes' walk to court house; terms moderate. Table boarders accommodated reasonably. nov29d1m

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Littell's Living Age, one year, postpaid, $8 00, Ridpath's History of the U. S. of America, $5 00—for $8.50.
This history has received the emphatic endorsement of leading educators and of the press of America.
The publishers of The Living Age are having prepared for their use a special edition of this great work, which, by the addition of new matter appearing in no previous edition, will bring the history down to the present time. It will be printed in bold, clear type, on heavy, white, book paper and bound in extra fine cloth, making one large royal octavo volume of over 800 pages.
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To new subscribers for the year 1893 will be sent gratis the two October issues containing a powerful story by Frank Harris, editor of The Fortnightly Review, entitled Profit and Loss, and also the numbers of 1892 published after the receipt of their subscriptions.
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Only the finest Bavarian Hops and Malt used in its manufacture.
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TELEPHONE CALL NO. 139, P. O. BOX 688, ASHEVILLE.
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