Cancer of the Nose.

In 1875 a sore appeared on my nose, and grew rapidly. As my father had cancer, and my husband died of it, I became alarmed, and consulted my physician. His treatment did no good, and the sore grew larger and worse in every way, until I had concluded that I was to die from its effects. I was persuaded to take S. S. S., and a few bottles cured me. This was after all the doctors and other medicines had failed. I have had no return of the cancer.

MRS. M. T. MABEN.
Woodbury, Hall County, Texas.

Treatise on Cancer mailed free.
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Plans, specifications and estimates furnished. All work in my line contracted for, and no charges for drawings on contracts awarded me.
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Teeth extracted without pain, with the new anæsthetic, and all cases of irregularity corrected. feb13d1y

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Scientific Shoeing in all its branches.
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All mechanical ocular defects of the eye corrected.
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ABSOLUTELY SAFE!
PERFECTLY ODERLESS!

Burns in any Lamp without danger of Exploding or taking fire. See that you get the genuine. For sale by

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Give the Children a Chance.

There is something radically wrong with the health of a child when it seems listless, has poor or no appetite, eyes sunken and with dark skin beneath. In most cases showing these symptoms the child has worms, and all that it needs is some simple remedy, such as Hart's Worm Cream, to expel the worms, and the child will soon be in perfect health again. Parents, try it and let your little ones have a fair chance for life.

On board ship the ropes should do as they are taut.

FOR DYSPEPSIA and Liver Complaint you have a printed guarantee on every bottle of Shiloh's Vitalizer It never fails to cure.

A NASAL INJECTOR free with each bottle of Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. Price 50 cts.

The following is an extract from a real composition written by a small schoolboy in New Jersey:

The subject given by the teacher was the extensive one of "Man."

Here's what the small boy wrote:

"Man is a wonderful animal. He has eyes, ears, mouth.

"His ears are mostly for catching cold in and having the earache.

"The nose is to get sniffles with.

"A man's body is split half way up and he walks on the split ends."

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box For sale by F. L. Jacobs. daw

"What's the outlook in Rhode Island?" asked a Pittsburgh man of a friend who had just returned from that State. "The outlook?" he replied. "Why, that's all there is in Rhode Island"

THE REV. GEO. H. THAYER, of Bourbon, Ind., says: "Both myself and wife owe our lives to SHILOH'S CONSUMPTION CURE."

ARE YOU MADE miserable by Indigestion, Constipation, Dizziness, Loss of Appetite, Yellow Skin? Shiloh's Vitalizer is a positive cure.

No doubt sthe porting man always hopes to go to a better land.

If you are suffering with weak or inflamed eyes, or granulated eyelids, you can be cured by using Dr. J. H. McLean's Strengthening Eye Salve.

When he has a cold in his head is the only time Bob Ingersoll is on his sneeze.

If you are all run down—have no strength, no energy, and feel very tired all the time—take Dr. J. H. McLean's Sarsaparilla. It will impart strength and vitality to your system.

The blood must be pure for the body to be in perfect condition. Dr. J. H. McLean's Sarsaparilla makes pure blood and imparts the rich bloom of health and vigor to the whole body.

The man who gives the shortest measure in this world will want the longest harp in the next.

WHY WILL YOU cough when Shiloh's Cure will give immediate relief. Price 10 cts., 50 cts., and $1.

SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY—a positive cure for Catarrh, Diphtheria and Canker Mouth.

A New York waiter says his work reminds him of a large eagle. It is so long from tip to tip.

If you feel "out of sorts," cross and peevish—take Dr. J. McLean's Sarsaparilla; cheerfulness will return and life will acquire new zest.

The man who is brimful of irrepressible conundrums is very frequently an unwelcome guessed.

Don't irritate your lungs with a stubborn cough when a pleasant and effective remedy may be found in Dr. J. H. McLean's Tar Wine Lung Balm.

Poet—Suppose I read one of my poems? Hostess—For heaven's sake, don't do it! how will I ever get the guests awake when it is time to go home?

"HACKMETACK," a lasting and fragrant perfume. Price 25 and 50 cts.

SHILOH'S CURE will immediately relieve Croup, Whooping Cough and Bronchitis.

Aged pauper (in New York)—Can you tell me the shortest way to the almshouse, sir? Lambkin—Wall street!

"How shall we move the masses?" asked the temperance orator. Just then somebody in the outskirts of the crowd remarked: "Come up and take a drink, fellows," and the masses moved.

A conscienceless tenant and a tramp with a ragged coat are very much alike—they are each oblivions of the back rent.

A Lady in Texas Writes:

My case is of long standing; has baffled many physicians; have tried every remedy I could hear of, but Bradfield's Female Regulator is all that relieved me.

Write The Bradfield Reg. Co., Atlanta, Ga., for particulars. Sold by all druggists.

He—And to-morrow is our wedding day, dearest. She—Yes, and it is bargain-day at Silkman's, too. Isn't that aggravating?

Advice to Mothers.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pains, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.

"Been sawing wood?" inquired the caller. "Worse than that," panted the bank president, wiping the perspiration from his brow and throwing himself exhausted into a chair. "I have been talking to a lady depositor. Whew!"

Merit Wins.

We desire to say to our citizens, that for years we have been selling Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Dr. King's New Life Pills, Bucklen's Arnica Salve and Electric Bitters, and have never handled remedies that sell as well, or that have given such universal satisfaction. We do not hesitate to guarantee them every time, and we stand ready to refund the purchase price, if satisfactory results do not follow their use. These remedies have won their great popularity purely on their merits. F. L. Jacobs, druggists.

The dignity of labor is all right, but it is the dig night and day of labor that many people complain of.

Poor Widow Redott!

She tried to write love poetry to the deacon, and could frame only—

"Affliction sore
Long time I bore."

Had the lone creature used Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription—the sure remedy for the weakness and peculiar ailments of her sex—she might have secured the deacon's favor by the cheerful character of her verses.

Good News.

Murphy Bulletin.

Prof. Wm. Beal showed us a letter a few days ago from Gen. Logan, president of the Western North Carolina railroad, that contained the glorious news that he hoped to have this road completed to Murphy by the first of January, 1890. This statement somewhat surprised us, but when we made a trip up Valley river a few days ago, our fears and doubts were relieved at the sight of so many cross-ties along this line. We have strong hopes of giving a New Year's barbecue on the arrival of trains from the East.

Don't hawk, hawk, blow, spit and disgust everybody with your offensive breath, but use Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy and end it. 50 cents, by druggists.

Presents in the most elegant form
THE LAXATIVE AND NUTRITIOUS JUICE
—OF THE—
FIGS OF CALIFORNIA,
Combined with the medicinal virtues of plants known to be most beneficial to the human system, forming an agreeable and effective laxative to permanently cure Habitual Constipation, and the many ills depending on a weak or inactive condition of the

KIDNEYS, LIVER AND BOWELS.

It is the most excellent remedy known to
CLEANSE THE SYSTEM EFFECTUALLY
When one is Bilious or Constipated
—SO THAT—
PURE BLOOD, REFRESHING SLEEP
HEALTH and STRENGTH
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Every one is using it and all are delighted with it.

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR
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MILLINERY.

Go to MISS LANCE if you want cheap Millinery. Next door to Postoffice.
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FOR SALE!

The cheapest property in Asheville. I offer my place, No. 311 South Main street, on the following terms:

Price, $7,700.

Terms—$1,000 payable in 1½ years at 8 per cent. interest; $300 cash; the balance, $200 in 6 months and $200 in 12 months, with interest from date. The house contains 9 rooms with basement and cellar, and new stable. Purchaser required to keep the property insured until the last payment is made. Enquire on the premises.
oct30 d1w J. W. PATTON.

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Anglo Nevada, of California	$2,497,833
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Orient, of Hartford	1,667,692
Phœnix, of Brooklyn	5,054,179
St. Paul Fire and Marine, of Minnesota	1,541,061
Southern, of New Orleans	439,684
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FINEST FARM IN NORTH CAROLINA

FOR SALE!

The Lowndes Place,

In Transylvania County.

One of the finest and best located farms in Western N. C., 5 miles from the thriving town of Brevard, the county seat of this, Transylvania county. The buildings are all in good repair, consisting of a large two story dwelling house, with 13 rooms, carriage house, ice house, and, in fact, all necessary outbuildings. Storage room for 250 tons of hay and stabling for 100 head of cattle A very substantial and convenient mule stable, with accommodation for 10 mules.

This farm contains 880 acres, of which 300 acres are bottom, lying on the French Broad river, and in a very high state of cultivation. 110 acres of this is well set in meadow—red top or herds grass. Of the remaining 530 acres, 100 acres are in upland pasture finely set with a mixture of grasses. Plenty of handsome oaks for shade in pasture land. Bright running streams of pure water in every field. The remainder is in woodland, with all the different varieties of timber—locust, chestnut, oak, poplar, etc. Convenient to good schools, churches and postoffice Daily mail. Fifteen miles from Hendersonville and 25 miles from Asheville, and on or very near the line of the contemplated Atlanta, Asheville and Baltimore railroad.

No such farm for its size can be found in this State or any other State, for value, beauty and desirability every way.

For price and particulars apply to or address

Natt Atkinson & Son,

Asheville, N. C.

P. S.—Also two other small but very desirable tracts near by at low figures.
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A NEW DEED, carefully prepared by leading members of the Asheville bar (on finest parchment and heavy flat paper), covering all necessary points, just out and now on sale at the office of the CITIZEN PUBLISHING Co., No. 8 North Court Square (Sentinel Ot.

A WOMAN OF EXPEDIENTS.

"Everything in?"

Mr. Pierce gave his brown leather traveling bag an interrogatory shake as he took it up.

"Certainly, Dave."

"Well, good-by, then! I'll be back on Wednesday I hope you and Myrtle won't be nervous."

"Oh, no!" replied Mrs. Pierce. "We'll fasten all the doors and windows securely."

She was a little, wiry, energetic, brown skinned woman of about 35. She had snapping black eyes, a good deal of gold filling in her teeth, and was evidently possessed of the most complete self confidence.

"But the kitchen window won't fasten, Miranda What is worse, it won't even close. I pushed it up this evening, to throw a lump of coal after that dog of Bruce's, that was in our back yard, and it stuck fast. I tugged my best, but couldn't get it down. We will have a carpenter fix it. Be sure you send for one to-morrow. But to-night"——

"Now don't you worry, Dave," advised Mrs. Pierce, briskly. "I'll fix that window. You know I am a woman of expedients."

"Well, good-by, Miranda!"

He bobbed his sandy head and gave her the brief, business like kiss which expresses about as much affection as a dig in the ribs.

"Good-by, Myrtle!"

"Good-by, pa!" said Myrtle.

She was an angular child of 12, with a pale, hatchet face, a pair of round, watery blue eyes, and an air of alert timidity.

"And now," said Mrs. Pierce, bristling with expedients, "we will see to that window."

She was locking the door after her liege lord.

"How, ma?"

"Come and help!" was the terse and indirect reply.

The house was a framed dwelling, which stood in the meager grounds allotted to the majority of even those city houses which are not rigidly "blocked."

The kitchen window looked out on a narrow strip of back yard, which ran directly to the alley in the rear.

Mrs. Pierce lit the gas, revealing myriads of water bugs scuttling around the room.

"Oh, ma!"

"Well?"

She was exerting all her strength to put down the perverse window.

"I'm so afraid of the bugs. Let's go upstairs!"

"It's burglars, not bugs, you'll have to be afraid of if we don't get this window fixed," gasped Mrs. Pierce with grim emphasis, as she realized her efforts to persuade the obdurate frame were futile, as her husband's had been.

"We'll have to go down stairs and bring up a couple of washtubs," she added.

Her particular ability was beginning to exhibit itself.

When they had brought the tubs upstairs and placed them before the window they filled them from the kitchen faucet.

Between them she placed a chair, and thereon balanced frying pans, bread pans, gem pans, jelly cake pans and pie pans.

Then she produced a hammer, a string and a couple of double pointed tacks.

The tacks she drove in lightly at each side of the window casing and ran the string through. One end of it she tied to the handle of the dinner bell and the other around the neck of a bottle of ammonia.

Directly in front of the sill she placed a large mustard can, with the lid very lightly laid on.

It did not contain anything so mild as mustard, though. It was filled to the brim with cayenne pepper—Natal cayenne at that.

"Now," declared Mrs. Pierce, stepping back to view the result of her labor, "if any burglar gets in there without our hearing him, it's a queer story. He's certain to flounder into the water, knock down the tins, ring the bell, break the bottle of ammonia and get the red pepper into his eyes into the bargain. And serve him right, too!" in aggrieved anticipation of a possible intruder.

Myrtle's round eyes were rounder than ever.

"Oh, ma, it's worse than dynamite, ain't it! Oh, ma, you're an awful smart woman! Ain't you, ma?"

Miranda Pierce smiled the smile of appreciated supremacy. But she only answered modestly:

"I have a genius for expedients, Myrtle."

When, after having made a final reviewing round of the house they went up stairs to bed, the spouse of David Pierce produced a revolver, which she tucked under her pillow.

"Now if we hear the crash in the kitchen Myrtle, I'll just open the window, fire off the revolver, and yell, 'Police!'"

Myrtle shuddered reverentially at such a heroic resolution.

"Oh, ma, you're awful brave!" she whispered, as she got into bed and covered her head up tightly in the clothes.

The night wore on—a warm, moist, dark August night. Mrs. Pierce, profoundly confident of the success of her barricade, should an entrance be attempted—or rather assured in such a case she would be aroused, and brimful of other equally clever expedients—went placidly to sleep. But wide awake, half suffocated, shaking with terror, Myrtle cowered by her side.

Eleven!

How could her mother sleep when those terrible burglars might even now be creeping up the back yard? Another hour of agony dragged by.

Twelve!

There was the clink of a bell as it clattered to the floor, an appalling rattle of falling tins, and then a series of yells and groans and howls.

"Oh, ma!" quavered Myrtle, as a tremendous sneeze from the floor below terminated in a bellow of pain.

"It's the pepper getting in its work, my dear!" explained Mrs. Pierce, as she grabbed her weapon and sprang out of bed.

Across the room she rushed, flung up the window, fired off the revolver as she had resolved, and shouted, "Police! burglars! patrol!" at the very top of her shrill, sharp voice.

From the houses on either side heads popped out.

"What is it?" cried the neighbors.

They were still rather dazed by their rude awakening.

"It's burglars, burglars, burglars!" screamed Mrs. Pierce.

A half garbed male figure went flying down the steps of the adjoining house, and ran rapidly toward the patrol box on the corner.

And still the floundering, noisy, sneezing stampede in the kitchen continued.

"We never would have caught the scoundrel—never!" cried Miranda Pierce, her black eyes glittering with exultation, "if I had not happened to be a woman of expedients!"

The neighbors were flocking up the steps now.

Mrs. Pierce was not reckless, if extraordinarily prompt in emergencies. She did not rush down to meet them. She threw the door key out of the window, and told them to open the door.

When she did so, she slipped a wrapper over her night gown, and joined them.

Behind her, holding to the tail of her gown, slunk poor little Myrtle, her teeth chattering like castanets, and the great big frightened lumps in her throat almost choking her.

"Where is he?"

"Oh, the rascal!"

"Is Mr. Pierce out of town?"

"What keeps the patrol?"

"Can he have escaped?"

"No, I hear him."

"Just listen to that!"

"That" was a perfect fusillade of groans, kicks, oaths, sneezes.

Despite the excited chatter going on around her, Mrs. Pierce was cool, Mrs. Pierce was collected. Indeed, she was actually beaming.

What did men do, who, unlike Dave, had incapable and brainless wives?

Her burglar alarm had been effective. The scamp was most likely so blinded by the red pepper he could not find his way out.

Who was it said a woman had no inventive genius?

She would be praised for her brilliant prudence. Perhaps—ecstatic thought!—she might even be written up in the papers under the caption of "Heroic Mrs. Pierce," or "A Brave, Brainy Woman."

"Hark!" some one said; "here is the patrol wagon!"

And there it was, to be sure, dashing up to the door with a great flourish.

The officers leaped out—entered the Pierce residence.

All the crowding, half clad individuals in the front hall commenced proffering clamorous explanations.

"Which is the lady of the house?" demanded an officer.

"I am," modestly proclaimed Miranda: "and if it were not that I am a woman of expedients, this contemptible law breaker would not be so neatly trapped."

And she positively grew as she uttered her laudatory remark.

"Oh, come on!" growled the officer.

Hurt but uncrushed by his brusqueness, she held the kerosene night lamp over her head, and, followed by Myrtle, the policemen and the ever increasing group of neighbors led the way.

"There he is!" she cried, as she flung open the kitchen door.

Myrtle gave a howl of terror.

"Yes, there he is!" corroborated the neighbors.

The officers advanced; so did Mrs. Pierce; so did those following.

And this they saw: A room littered with scattered tins and broken glass—a room flooded with water—the air unbearably pungent with the odor of ammonia and floating particles of cayenne pepper; and in the midst of all, seated on one of the overturned tubs, his elbows on his knees, his head held in his hands, groaning and moaning at an agonizing rate—the intruder!

"The bloodthirsty wretch!" exclaimed Mrs. Pierce.

"Hush up; he might shoot!" murmured a cautious neighbor.

"Officers, do your duty!" loftily commanded the young man who was studying tragic recitations.

But they all were now sneezing in such a convulsive manner that an attempt to secure the midnight marauder was necessarily spasmodic.

"Come! (a-chew!) You are under arrest! (t-t-chew!) Help here, boys! Confound that pepper!"

The man on the tub raised his head. He looked around.

Mrs. Pierce gave a shriek of dismay.

"Oh, pa!" yelled Myrtle.

The officers fell back. Those of the neighbors who could speak between sneezing began to question and explain.

The man they had come to capture rose—spoke.

"I missed the train (t-chu-u!) I went to the lodge for a couple of hours. I thought my wife might have failed (a-tchew—oo-oo!) to fix this widow, and I—ah"——

He went off in another paroxysm.

A ludicrous and yet pitiful appearance he presented.

He was dripping from a tumble in the tub, dirty from a stumbling collision with the coal hod, cut by the battering shower of pots and pans, perfumed with ammonia, and evidencing every symptom of a most aggravated case of hay fever.

"Why didn't you use your latch key, Dave?" asked Miranda.

"Because I left it behind in the pocket of my old (chu-hu-ooo!) suit!" with an angry glare.

"Or—or," more faintly, "ring the bell?"

"When the bell is broken?" he inquired, with crushing sarcasm.

"Oh!" murmured Miranda.

She quite wilted.

Never again did she dare refer to herself as a woman of expedients.—Kate M. Cleary in Philadelphia Saturday Night.

The Power Of Ink.

"A small drop of ink, falling, like dew, upon a thought, proclaims that which makes thousands, perhaps millions, think," wrote Byron. The inspiration of his pen might give the dusky fluid such a far-reaching power, and we wish we were possessed of such an inspiration, that we might, through a like medium, bring into such extended notice the matchless virtues of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets, those tiny, sugar-coated granules which contain, in a concentrated form, the active principles of vegetable extracts that Dame Nature designed especially to promote a healthy action of the liver, stomach and bowels.

Chestnut burrs, like milliners, have fall openings.

Is Consumption Incurable?

Read the following: Mr. C. H. Morris, Newark, Ark., says: "Was down with Abscess of Lungs, and friends and physicians pronounced me an Incurable Consumptive. Began taking Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption; am now on my third bottle, and able to oversee the work on my farm. It is the finest medicine ever made."

Jesse Middlewart, Decatur, Ohio, says: "Had it not been for Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption I would have died of Lung Troubles. Was given up by doctors. Am now in best of health." Try it. Sample bottles free at F. L. Jacobs' drug store.

The adages of the Indians are all Chickasaws, doubtless.

MISCELLANEOUS.

—WHITLOCK'S,—

THE OLD ESTABLISHED

DRY GOODS STORE,

Corner Eagle Hotel Block and S. Main St.

We announce to the public that we have just returned from the Northern markets with an

IMMENSE STOCK OF NEW DRY GOODS,

And are better prepared to supply our customers than ever before. Having disposed of a majority of last season's goods, we respectfully invite you to call and examine our Entirely New and Elegant Stock before buying elsewhere. We offer the latest styles in

DRESS GOODS and DRESS TRIMMINGS,

Silks, Velvets, etc. A complete line of Notions and Fancy Goods. We are agents for the Celebrated Centemeri Kid Gloves, and Dunlap Riding Hats and Caps. We call special attention to

OUR NEW CLOAK DEPARTMENT,

Which we have stocked with the latest styles and designs in Ladies', Misses' and Children's Cloth and Plush Cloaks, Newmarkets, Jackets, Wraps, etc.

Remember that the

ORIGINAL ORIGINAL WHITLOCK'S STORE STORE

Is in the Eagle Block only, and has not been moved.

Our only Branch Store is a very

COMPLETE CLOTHING DEPARTMENT,

Two doors below, where all are invited to examine stock and compare prices.

We have polite and attentive clerks, who will show goods whether you are prepared to buy or not.

Respectfully,

A. WHITLOCK, Agent.

FULENWIDER & BRO.

Have the largest and most complete stock of Men's, Ladies' and Children's

BOOTS AND SHOES

To be found in Asheville.

FINE SHOES A SPECIALTY.

Try us before buying.

NO. 18 PATTON AVENUE.

BRICK! - BRICK! - BRICK!

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GIRDWOOD & LEE, Proprietors

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ASHEVILLE, N. C.

For the reception of patients suffering of diseases of lungs and throat, and conducted upon the plan of the sanitariæs at Gœrbersdorf and Falkenstein in Germany. Ours is the only such institution in the United States, and endorsed by the leading members of the medical profession. Terms reasonable.

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COLD STORAGE.

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