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Piedmont Press

CHALLENGE THOSE WHO BERATE PROGRESSIVE NORTH CAROLINA OF TO-DAY.

VOL. X.

HICKORY, N. C., SATURDAY, JULY 10, 1880.

NO. 28.

Our Job Department

IS COMPLETE

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SMOKING TOBACCO. Mild, Pleasant and Sweet. 50 Cents per Pound.

Morning light revealed to us the metropolis of the Northwest. We saw a broad main street bordered with high wooden sidewalks...

Sea sick All Night. A timid-looking individual was among the passengers on Boston steamer...

Are you a stranger? The timid-looking man was considerably flustered by the mysterious person's strange manner...

The richest woman in America is said to be Mrs. E. H. Green of Bellows Falls, Vt. Her estate is valued at \$25,000,000.

THE WAYSIDE INN. I halted at a pleasant inn. As I may say was wending—A golden apple was the sign...

A Night in New Orleans. There were two of us chatting and smoking cigarettes at the corner of Canal and St. Charles streets...

Where shall we go to-night? Morlan asked me. "Grand Opera-House," I suggested.

We smoked a while in silence, and finally decided to see Mlle. Mathilde at Le Petit Theatre Francaise...

We turned up St. Charles street to Common, down Common to Baronne and the college. Crowds were beginning to gather...

A parapet about twelve inches high was all that could have preserved us from the morgue, if the treacherous slash had broken...

"I was looking for you below," she said. "I was afraid, but I am strong now. You don't think I'll fall do you?"

shook our hands pleasantly. She had a rather agreeable face, though we could not see distinctly...

"What is the matter, pet?" "Oh, nothing—nothing whatever," she laughed again merrily.

"I didn't know that," he said, calmly and resignedly. He resumed his old position, and watched the girl with intense interest...

"Did it kill him?" "No, not quite, but he was delirious for several weeks. When they picked him up the blood rushed from his nose, and eyes, and ears...

"You are not well to-night, Zoe," said the man of science, examining her pulse attentively.

He picked up the cumbersome balancing pole and placed it in her hands. She found the centre, shook hands with Golson, threw a smile, rained a shower of kisses upon the crowd...

right arm over it at the elbow, and twisted the right hand around underneath to secure a firm hold...

"You are burning it too fast," she said. "Good-bye, Goldy," and she picked her way over the narrow bridge that spanned the yawning chasm beneath.

"No," she can beat that. I think she's in the sulks." Golson paid no attention to the insult, and watched her with fascinated gaze.

"I will take him to my house and care for him for a month, anyhow." "And then I will take him," added another.

The best of the cream globules rise soonest to the surface, because they are the largest, and favoring oils rise with them because they are the most volatile.

"Hold fast, my child," we could hear him say to the fainting girl. "Hold on, for God's sake, and I will save you!"

The "Front Yard." The old style front yard, with its immensely high fence, and its sweet birch, southern-wood and morning glories...

"Did I ever live next to a borrowing neighbor?" I had that pleasure once and am not liable to forget it.

"I will take him to my house and care for him for a month, anyhow." "And then I will take him," added another.

They looked at each other a long time without speaking. A vision of a poor old man battling with the fierce winter gale came to either and stood between them...

"Come, Uncle William, you shall have the warmest place and the biggest dish." There was no response, and when they were alone...

"Oh! he's dead—poor old grandpa is dead!" cried the children. "How glad we are that God will let him have a big warm corner and loss of everything to eat!"

And The Door Banged. He came into Columbus with the fast line from Leadville, Colorado. The first he struck Columbus a few minutes behind it, having had but two hours the start from Newark...

"How must have suffered," cooed Minnie. "I am glad to see you safe again. Ain't you awful rich now, Edward?"

"I don't know what I did," he said, as he looked fondly at her. "I don't know what I did," he said, as he looked fondly at her.

Uncle William. A year ago there was a quiet funeral on Wilkens street, Detroit, and when it was over an old man called on Uncle William.

Queen Caroline. The Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV., was married in 1795, much against his will, to Caroline, Brunswick, his cousin.

"I haven't a dollar left," mused the man as he glanced at the cupboard. "But he can only a very little," protested the wife.

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