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Be Content.

It may not be our lot to wield
The sickle in the ripened field;
Nor ours to bear, on summer eves,
The reaper's song among the sheaves.

Yet where our duty's task is wrought
In unison with God's great thought,
The near and future blend in one,
And whate'er is willed is done.

And ours the grateful service whence
Comes, day by day, the recompense:
The hope, the trust, the purpose stayed,
The fountain, and the noonday shade.

And were this life the utmost span,
The only end and aim of man,
Better the toil of fields like these
Than waking dreams and slothful ease.

But life, though falling like our grain,
Like that, revives and springs again:
And early called, how blest are they
Who wait in heaven their harvest day.

—John G. Whittier.

"Success With Small Fruits."

"I just rolled out here from the grocery," said the little green apple as it paused on the sidewalk for a moment's chat with the banana peel; "I am waiting here for a boy. Not a small, weak, delicate boy," added the little green apple, proudly, but a great big boy, a great hulky, strong, leather-junged, noisy fifteen-year-old, and little as I am you will see me double up that boy to-night, and make him wail and howl and yell. Oh, I'm small, but I'm good for a ten-acre field of boys and don't you forget it. All the boys in Hamlet 'soll' the little green apple went on, with just a shade of pitying contempt in its voice, "couldn't fool around me as any one of them fools around a banana."

"Boys seem to be your game," drawled the banana peel, lazily; "well, I suppose they are just about strong enough to afford you a little amusement. For my own part, I like to take somebody of my size. Now here comes the kind of a man I usually do business with. He is large and strong, it is true, but—"

And just then a South Hill merchant who weighs about 231 pounds when he feels right good came along, and the banana peel just caught him by the foot, lifted him about as high as the awning-post turned him over, banged him down on a potato basket, flattening it out until it looked like a spint door mat, and the shock jarred everything loose in the show-window. And then while the fallen merchant picked up his property from various quarters of the globe, his silk hat from the gutter, his spectacles from the cellar, his handkerchief from the tree-box, his cane from the show-window, and one of his shoes from the eaves-trough, and a boy ran for the doctor, the little green apple blushed red and shrunk a little back out of sight, covered with awe and mortification.

"Ah," it thought, "I wonder if I can ever do that? Alas, how vain I was, and yet how poor and weak and useless I am in this world."

But the banana peel comforted it and bade it look up and take heart, and do what it had to do, and labor for the good of the cause in its own useful sphere. "True," said the banana peel, "you cannot lift up a two-hundred-pound man and break a cellar door with him, but you can give him the cholera morbus, and if you do your part the world will feel your power and the medical colleges will call you blessed."

And then the little green apple smiled and looked up with grateful ban-lies on its face and thanked the banana peel for its encouraging counsel. And that very night an old father, who writes thirty hours a day, and a patient mother who was almost ready to sink from weariness, and a nurse, and a doctor sat up until nearly morning with a thirteen-year-old boy who was all twisted up in the shape of a figure three, while all the neighbors on that block sat up and listened and pounded their pillows and tried to sleep and wished that boy would either die or get well.

And the little green apple was pleased and its last words were: "At least I have been of some little use in this great, wide world."

Hearty Old Age and the Cause.

There was a glimpse of gray darting up the steps, a quick, light latch rattling and a slam of the door, and the plain front of a small office on one of the chief thoroughfares in the city had resumed the quiet, modest air which day in and day out suggests nothing but repose and almost entire inactivity. Yet through that door had just passed a splendid specimen of old age and a magnificent example of pluck and perseverance, while over the door was his name; a name known in every city, village and hamlet around the chain of great lakes; a name the owner of which was been a leader in the great business interests of the northwest, a person who less than five years ago was a millionaire and a worker.

Then his office was not one room plainly fitted, but a handsome suite of apartments elegantly finished and furnished; then he had stenographers, accountants, telegraph operators, clerks, messengers and porters; now his books are kept, his errands are done and all details of his work are performed by himself.

Now he is upward of sixty years of age, a poor man in dollars and cents, but in good health, good spirits, energy and ambition he is a Cæsus. Five years ago scores of superintendents and managers reported almost hourly to him for instructions; then he insured his own property, risked thousands of dollars daily in business enterprises; paid out thousands daily for wages and made profits amounting to thousands. Then he was a genial, energetic millionaire; now he is a sociable, who-ese-need, industrious and ambitious man. Then he was—but here he comes, let's follow him.

With his gray and well-shaped head leaning in advance of a slightly stooping but firmly knit frame, he walks quickly up the street and is just going to turn the corner when, "How are you? Anything new to-day?" and he has stopped to speak to a new acquaintance. The answer is given, the old gentleman smiles, turns lightly on his heel as he says, "Good day," and passes on, having made a firm and old friend of the new acquaintance. To gain a few seconds' time he loses his dignity and runs several steps to get ahead of a street car. Just then he spies a customer three or four rods away and actually shouts, "Hello." This from an old man and one who was once a millionaire results in a business transaction which brings in something like \$1.50 to the one who shouted.

So he goes through rain, wind and sunshine, always on the qui vive, always sociable, pleasant and with his eye on the main chance. His loss of wealth—honorably lost—does not seem to weigh on his mind an instant. He does not appear to realize that he is old; he is alike to all, young or old, rich or poor, and, in brief, his condition is pithily described by himself as follows:

"You see, my boy, I have a good stomach and take care of it. Never had the dyspepsia or any other ailment in my life."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Willing to Give Way.

On the Jefferson avenue line recently a woman of arms got up to look about twenty-five seats and got aboard at a crossing to find every seat occupied. She stood for a moment, and then selecting a poor-dressed man about forty-five years of age, she observed:

"Are there no gentlemen on this car?"

"Indeed, I donna," he replied, as he looked up and down. "All there ain't, and you are going clear through. I'll let you sit here at the end of the line."

There was an embarrassing silence for a moment, and then a light broke in on his soul of a sudden, and he rose and said:

"You can have this seat, madam. I am a us perfectly willing to stand up and give my seat to anybody older than myself."

That decided her. She gave him a look which he will not forget to his dying day, and grabbing the strap she refused to sit down, even when five seats had become vacant.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Wild Fruit in the Black Hills.

A correspondent, writing from the Black Hills country to the Chicago *Western Rural*, says: We will begin with the strawberry, by saying that they are found here in liberal abundance, the quality being a little above the common wild strawberry in the Western States. Then the grape comes in about the same proportions. They are of the same variety as those of the West with a noticeable prolific vigor a little in advance of those of the States. The wild plum is very common in the foothills, and of several varieties. The Oregon grape is very abundant in the mountains and some places in the foothills. It is a small plant or shrub not much larger than a strawberry plant, the roots being much larger than the top. It holds its leaves in winter the same as evergreens. It is not prized so highly for its fruits as for its medicinal qualities. The roots when steeped in water, yield a tonic which, though very bitter, is powerfully invigorating. The June-berry is quite common though not abundant. It grows on a shrub from one to four inches high, is about the same size as the goose-berry, is black when fully ripe and very palatable. We have two kind of currants, the black and the clove currant. These I believe are only found in the valley among the foothills. The goose-berry is very common, embracing three varieties, the leading one being exactly the same as was introduced from the Western States twenty years ago for cultivation and which proved a success. The only disappointment that I know of to growing these fruits here is that they are not represented in the market state (that is the raspberry).

There are several other varieties of fruits in a small way that I shall not mention now, but the crowning fruits of this region is the raspberry and buffalo-berry. The raspberry is very abundant and of the finest quality, superior to anything of its kind that I have ever seen under cultivation. The vine is a moderately fair grower, the berry red, of fine flavor and uncommonly large. Although they are plentiful and free for all, yet we have known pickers earning from three to four dollars per day gathering them for the market. Then comes the buffalo-berry. Perhaps you think he is going to be a lusty fellow, but I can best describe it by saying it is in size, shape, color and appearance (when gathered) nearly exactly the same as the common red currant. It grows on a bush or shrub, is in size and appearance very much like the crab apple, which begins to bear at three years old, and remains in bearing for many years. The berries are of fine flavor, very acidulous and excel the red currant for table use. They are a very prolific bearer. A bush not larger than an ordinary wild crab apple bush will yield from two to six quarts of these berries.

Words of Wisdom.

Never be ashamed of employment that earns an honest living.

Good health is a blessing that few think of being grateful for.

Envy is destroyed by true friendship, and coquetry by true love.

Somplements of good can be found in the most depraved characters.

When love begins to sicken and decay, it useth an enforced ceremony.

Justice consists in doing no injury to man's decency in giving them no offense.

The pendency of pleasure is as transient as the foam that mantles round its brilliant group.

As a general rule, remember how long you will live, and take what care you wish, for you will not stay long as it were.

True friendship has a double aspect; it looks upon the present with a weeping eye, and upon the future with a watchful eye.

What is it to dread the thought of throwing away life at once, and yet have no regard to throwing it away by parcels and piecemeal.

What would be the state of the highways of life if we did not drive our thought-springers through them, with their wheels open, sometimes.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

A sun shade—An eclipse.

Out on the fly—Various fish.

Road to matrimony—A bridal path.

A four in hand is worth two in the bush.

Electric lights are talked of for London streets.

There are nine tenant-farmers in the British parliament.

The individual who points with pride is the woman with a handsome ring.

The State of California has 50,000 people less than the city of Philadelphia.

France has 36,000,000 people and \$600,000,000 revenue—the largest ratio known.

The cattle bells in the Harz mountains are made so as to harmonize with one another.

One-half of the household, says a critic, does not know how the other half lives.

A barber is not always a wise man if his labor is mostly head work.—*Waterloo Observer.*

It was the man caught by a prairie fire on his own section of land who ran through his property rapidly.

An amateur farmer sent to an agricultural society to put him down on the premium list for a calf. They did so.

No man, says the *Oil City Derrick*, is capable of gracefully licking a postage stamp in the presence of a pretty post-mistress.

When two young men meet they address each other as "Old Man;" and when two old fellows meet they say "My boy."

We do not know as green apples belong to any secret fraternity, yet they seem to have the grip.—*Marathon Independent.*

It is a contradiction of natural philosophy but cold, cold ice cream will warm up her heart.—*New Haven Register.*

Beware of the grocer's scales, for they're lightning, and it often strikes more than once in the same place.—*Waterloo Observer.*

The Territory of Montana has already produced upward of \$147,000,000 in gold, and \$6,000,000 in silver.

The ancient black glass of the Venetians is now so closely imitated as to defy detection. The process is to use a mixture of sand and sulphur, with an addition of fifteen per cent. of manganese.

Protestant Episcopal Sunday-school scholars in New York city number 24,000.

It is estimated that there are 500 florists establishments within a radius of ten miles of the New York city hall, and that the capital invested in land, structures and stock is not less than \$20,000,000.

A very simple model enables us to realize in some degree the vast size of the sun, as compared with the earth. When the sun is represented by a ball of three inches in diameter, a minute ball of 3-100 of an inch in diameter must be placed at a distance of thirty feet from it to represent the earth and its distance from the sun.

The Sioux held their annual sun dance in Dakota recently, and the usual scenes of cruelty were enacted. One young warrior held out for fifty-six hours and then fainted. He was hanging on, that time by a stick run through the flesh of his back. He fainted before the flesh gave way. He was so grieved over his failure that he tried to kill himself.

A California heroine, who lives upon her father's ranch in Shasta county, was recently introduced to a bear in the absence of her father. She did not flee and beat the doors and take refuge under the bed. She summoned the family dogs, and turned them loose upon her visitor. Bruin made a masterly retreat to the nearest tree. Miss Jennie took down her father's Winchester rifle, and was king to the foot of the tree, took deliberate aim and fired. Fortunately, the first shot proved a mortal one, and the bear fell from his perch dead. Miss Jennie is said to be a young lady of diminutive physique and unusually quiet demeanor.