

J. E. Reunick

Independent Herald.

"THE TROJAN AND TYRIAN SHALL BE TREATED BY US WITHOUT DISTINCTION."

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Independent Herald.

DAVIS BROS., Editors and Proprietors.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Brief communications of an interesting character respectfully solicited. Write on but one side of the paper and always send real name with the article intended for publication.

We are not responsible for the views expressed by correspondents.

We go to press on Thursday evening, therefore, all matter intended for publication in a given week's issue must reach us by Tuesday noon of that week.

Address, INDEPENDENT HERALD, HENDERSONVILLE, N. C.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

BAPTIST.—Rev. D. B. Nelson, pastor. Preaching every Sunday at 11 o'clock, a. m. Sunday School at 9 o'clock, a. m.; Peter Stradley, sup't., A. J. Dodamead, Ass't. Sup't. Prayer meeting every Thursday night.

METHODIST.—Rev. W. D. Akers, pastor. Preaching on 2d and 4th Sundays at 11 o'clock, a. m., and at 8 o'clock, p. m. Sunday school at 9 o'clock, a. m.; J. G. Waldrop, Sup't. Prayer meeting every Tuesday night.

PRESBYTERIAN.—Rev. S. T. Martin, pastor. Preaching on 1st and 3d Sundays in every month at 11 o'clock, a. m. Sunday School at 9 o'clock, a. m.; J. A. Woodburn, Sup't.

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REST.

BY FATHER SEAN.

My feet are wearied and my hands are tired;
My soul oppressed,
And with desire have I long desired
Rest—only Rest.

'Tis hard to toil, when toil is almost vain,
In barren way;
'Tis hard to sow and never garner grain
In harvest days.

The burden of my days is hard to bear,
But God knows best;
And I have prayed—but vain has been my
prayer
For Rest, sweet Rest.

'Tis hard to plant in spring and never reap
The autumn yield;
'Tis hard to till and when 'tis tilled to weep
O'er fruitless field.

And so I cry, a weak and human cry,
So heart oppressed;
And so I sigh, a weak and human sigh,
For Rest—for Rest.

My way has wound across the desert years,
And cares infest
My path, and through the flowing of hot tears
I pine for Rest.

'Twas always so; when still a child I laid
On mother's breast
My weary little head—e'en then I prayed,
As now, for Rest.

And I am restless still; 'twill soon be o'er,
For down the west
Life's sun is setting, and I see the shore
Where I shall Rest.

The North in the South.

Among the business men at least the broad-brained, energetic, progressive men who look upon life as too short for the world to be living always on 'funeral baked meats,' sectional prejudices engendered by political differences in this country have been put away in the past; and northern citizens are coming in force into the South. They are warmly welcomed everywhere, and in every way.

The South offers inviting fields for investments of northern money and for the exercise of northern energy and intelligence. And the North, with characteristic quickness of perception and sagacity, sees the great opportunity, and is earnestly making use of it.

In a great country like this, under such a system of government, and with resources palpitating like life with a latent wealth and strength almost too boundless to be described, it is absolutely barbaric for citizens of separate sections to be estranged by remembrances of things that have long ago been borne away on the tide of time to return no more forever. Other peoples in other lands have had the same or similar troubles to divide and distract them too. In truth, all history teems with political and social storms and their consequences. But history is a great burial-ground in which passions and prejudices as well as the men whose breasts they agitated, are buried beneath the tombstones that tell posterity of the virtues rather than the animosities of those in whose memory they are

erected. And it is creditable to human nature that it should be so.

The North in the South—by which we mean northern men and northern means on southern soil—is a noble exhibition of that high exercise of high virtues on both sides, which gives assurance to the world that the men of America are worthy the great blessings bestowed by the hand of Heaven on this, the greatest, the grandest, the most glorious and most favored of all the lands of the earth.

At the Insane Asylum.

There is one man at the insane asylum in Raleigh who fancies himself Napoleon Bonaparte. He gets out early in the morning and with a corn stalk in hand charges across the grounds crying, "Charge! Bring up the right wing!" and tires himself down at it before he returns to his room. Another imagines that he is to be hung by the sheriff at 1 o'clock unless he can wind up a spider web by that time; and there he sits going through the motion with all his might, and cries if spoken to, "Hush! don't bother me! I must have this done and it is most one." A lady who wears a trailing dress shaped like a peacock's tail imagines herself the Virgin Mary, and to every visitor she says, "Touch but the hem of my garment and all thy wounds shall be healed." DeJarnette is allowed the whole grounds but stays with stony gaze in his room, indifferent to everything, and considered by all clearly insane. He scarcely ever leaves the room, brooding, brooding all the time.—Reidsville Times.

Hard to Understand.

Verily, events in this world are hard to understand. Lewis R. Redmond, the poor mountaineer and outlaw, was the target for six riflemen, and six bullets were lodged in his body. Subsequently exposed, shut up in jail, with the care of obscure country physicians, and unskilful nursing, he stands to-day a sound man, with the clear red glow of health in his cheeks. James A. Garfield President of the United States, was fired at by a single assassin and struck by a single pistol bullet. Tenderly cared for, ministered to by the most celebrated masters of surgery, and scientifically nursed every moment, he lies hovering between life and death, with the probabilities favoring the latter. Redmond lives to go to Albany prison. The man who is needed and prayed for to govern fifty millions of people will probably die.—Greenville News.

A LITTLE WISDOM.

Change seldom, for changes are inconvenient.

Books alone can never teach the use of books.

Converse not upon subjects which lead to impure ideas.

Consent to common custom but not to common folly.

The best way to circulate a story is to try to keep it secret.

Quarrels would be short-lived if the wrong were only on one side.

Agriculture has not only given riches to a nation, but the only riches she can call her own.

The worthiest men are most injured by slanders; as we usually find that to be the best fruit which the birds have been picking at.

Good temper is like a sunny day; it sheds a brightness over everything; it is the sweetener of toil and the soother of disquietude.

To pronounce a man happy merely because he is rich, is just as absurd as to call a man healthy merely because he has enough to eat.

Let us be what we are, and speak what we think, and in all things whatsoever keep ourselves loyal to truth and the sacred professions of friendship.

Confucius said: "In all things success depends upon previous preparation, and without such preparation there is sure to be failure."

The business of life is to go forward; he who sees evil in prospect meets it half way; but he who catches it by retrospection, turns back to find it.

Affectation in any part of our carriage is lighting up a candle to our defects, and never fails to make us to be taken notice of, either as wanting sense or wanting sincerity.

I am persuaded that many persons say more about their sins being too great to be pardoned than they either believe or feel, from a supposition that it is a token of humility to talk thus.

All useless misery is certainly folly, and he that feels evils before they come may be deservedly censured, yet surely to dread the future is more reasonable than to lament the past.

It is not ease, but effort, not smoothness, but difficulty, that makes men. There is no station in life in which difficulties have not to be encountered and overcome before any decided measure of success can be achieved.