

MONTHLY GLEANER.

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MONTHLY GLEANER.

J. M. FULLER, Proprietor,
W. WARD, Editor.

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REPORTS FROM COMING PAPER AS FOLLOWS:

The Business Manager has covered himself with honor, and has personally mailed many copies of said work of 1,000 copies of paper and now about to enter the second copy of his paper, which will soon appear, the coming month.

Preparations are a foundation to clear up the mass of the old and make a clean record for the second production. Having called upon leading men who desire a communication, it has been decided to wait upon them, giving the Business Manager time to his paper longer as some of the prominent subscribers are writing for the paper. It is desired for an article to be written to ease the pain on the Manager with as much relief as possible.

No cause to complain says the Manager, for my actions will speak louder than words. It seems, however, many papers and other reading matter have been written in many generations. How are they conducted as a rule. Simple, but little satisfaction to our estimation. Know it is hard to compare less when once fixed both for writer and reader, it can be understood.

Don't buy unless you can have the money, for delays are dangerous. Our Gleaner says so if you do not.

J. M. F.

THE WORLD PRAYER.

Oh, Almighty Dollar, our acknowledged governor, preserver and benefactor? We desire to approach thee on this and every other occasion with the reverence which is due to superior excellence and the regard which shall ever be cherished for exalted greatness.

Almighty Dollar without thee in this world we can do nothing, but with thee we can do all things well.

When sickness lays its paralyzed hand upon us thou are there to provide for us the tenderest of nurses, the most skillful physicians, and when the last struggle of mortality is over and we are borne to the last resting place of the dead, thou canst provide a band of music and a military escort to accompany us thither, and at the last but not least erect a monument of a magnificent structure

over our graves with a living epitaph to perpetuate our memory. And while here in the midst of misfortune and temptations of life we are perhaps accused of crime and brought before the magistrate, thou Almighty Dollar, canst secure us and feed the lawyer or bribe the judge, or pack a jury and we go scot free.

Be with us we pray thee, all the decimal parts for thou art the one altogether lovely, and the chief among the ten thousands.

We feel that there is no condition in life when thy patience is not felt in absence. How gloomy is the household, and how desolate is the hearthstone.

But then Oh, Almighty Dollar is with us how gleeful the beefsteak sings over the grilliron; how gentle and genial is the warmth that of anthracite coal or the hickory wood diffuses throughout the apartments, and what an elixir of joy continues to swell in every bosom. Throughout the joy of our youth and the solace of old age thou canst adorn the gentlemen and feed the jackass; thou art favored of the philosopher and the ideal of the lunk head. When elections are to be carried, Oh, Almighty Dollar, thou art the most potent argument of politicians and demagogues, and the umpire who decides the tests. Almighty Dollar thou art worshipped all over the world; thou has no hypocrites in thy Temple or no false hearts at the altars. Kings and Courtiers bow before thee and all nations adore thee; thou art loved by the civilized and the savage alike, with unfeigned and unflinching affections. We can lean towards thee as hand maid of religion and the twin sister of Calvary, as well as charity.

Oh, Almighty Dollar, be with us we beseech thee; attend by an irrepressible number of thy ministering Angels made in thy own image, even though they be but silver quarters and dimes, whose gladdening light shall illuminate with Heavenly radiance which break forth in the exclamation of joy.

Almighty Dollar thou art the guide of our footsteps and the goal of our living, guided by the silvery light we hope to reach the golden gate and triumphantly enter while hands gently sweep the golden harps as we enter the golden streets.

Almighty Dollar, thy shining face, bespeaks thy wondrous power. In my pocket make thy resting place; I need thee every hour.

And now, Almighty Dollar, in closing this invocation, we realize and acknowledge that thee was the God of our grandfathers, the two-fold God of their children, and the three-fold God of their children.

Permit us to possess thee in abundance, and all the various excellence, is our constant and willing prayer.

J. M. F.

Friends, if you are satisfied with the GLEANER, and wish to help a good cause, send in your subscription.

THE GUESTS OF THE "VAN GILDER HOUSE."

TO J. MALCOLM FULLER, ESQ.

To you, our worth editor.

We address these simple lines,

To congratulate a writer,

The greatest of the times.

Upon the marvelous success

Of the recent publication

Of his paper, "The Monthly Gleaner,"

Now read throughout the Nation.

'Tis wonderful to think of it.

'Twas published a week ago

With a circulation of fifty.

It has charmed the public so,

But why should we express surprise.

When stamped on every page

Is the eloquence of poetry.

The wisdom of the sage.

Besides, think of the Manager

His powerful depth of mind

Also, his able assistant.

Are they not "two of a kind"?

We wish this paper much success.

But suggest to these great men

They publish this sheet quarterly

And the public says Amen.

But to you, our generous friend,

With gratitude we turn,

To express in words the feelings,

Which in our hearts doth burn.

Thy puns, orations and music,

These never fail to charm.

Though we delight to cause thee,

Of course we mean no harm.

Thou art the gayest of us all.

And when we pensive seem,

Thy presence and bright remarks

Bids each forget his theme.

And lastly, noble editor,

So say the ladies all,

Thou art divinely handsome

If thy comely head is bald.

ANOTHER MYTH.

Nero was a singer with a baritone voice, which was weak and hoarse. He could play on the kithara, hydraulic organ, chone flute and bag-pipe, but was never a fiddler.—*Suetonius.*

The female parts in our theatres are often taken up by men, and so the ridiculous ideas of beauty are in part a simple deception.

It is impossible for any artist in the United States to get good results in the study of nature, for the whole atmosphere of the country is against true art. The only hope is for those interested to go abroad to live.—*Hubert Herkomer.*

In the Georgia penitentiary of the 2,168 convicts now serving sentences 375 are below the age of eighteen years; thirty-six per cent. of the whole number are below the age of twenty years; eighty under fifteen; forty under fourteen; twenty-seven under thirteen; fifteen under twelve; two under eleven, and one ten years of age.

ANECDOTAL.

Some years ago a gentleman very conspicuous in literary circles said: "that no library was complete without a copy of *John's Gazette*," and so in the hope that paper may be more pleasing and profitable, we propose to cull from this field some few items, that peradventure may leave it some grains of wheat and even now and again a confectionary plum.

WE ARE ALL CZARS HERE.

The Czar of Russia was guest to queen Victoria, England, and must needs visit the world famous Billingsgate fish market. A porter stumbled against His Highness, soiling his clothes. A pompous attendant scolded the man, and asked him if he knew that he had insulted the Czar of all the Russians. To which the porter bluntly replied: "We are all Czar's here."

CURIOUSITY.

A good story is told by H. Moore of a lady ever in great complaint as to the worries of the household, laying all the blame on mother Eve. Her husband, a shrewd, generous-hearted man, told her that the next day he was going to have some special friends to dinner, and that did not matter, as he was going to have all prepared and sent over from a neighboring restaurant. She must not, however, touch one of the dishes. Just before the guests entered the room there was quite a noise in the dining-room, and in came her husband and all to find that as she lifted the forbidden cover out flew twenty-four veritable black birds, that were being chased all round the room, to the confusion of everything, including the breakage of china, and the tearing of curtains. We trust this cured the good dame's grumbles, and made her a wiser, and we trust, not a sadder woman.

DEATH-BEDS.

Samuel Johnson was once taken by David Garrick over his luxurious home. After he had had the several parts pointed out, he replied: "David, this is all very well, but such sights and scenes only tend to make death-beds terrible."

A POET'S WIT.

Once Nicholas Longworth, of Cincinnati, was introduced to H. W. Longfellow, of Cambridge, who replied in Pope's famous line: "Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow." This is supposed to be the best repartee on record.

A QUERY ANSWERED.

"If Eve had sinned and Adam had not," asked a little girl of her pastor, "what would God have done?" "I suppose God would have given him another wife," was the reply.