

# MONTHLY GLEANER.

VOL. I. NO. 4.

ASHEVILLE, N. C., JUNE 29, 1894.

SINGLE COPY 2 CTS.

## THE LOVELY MARRIAGE.

This lovely marriage of Mr. McDowell and lady Miss Maggie Stockton was solemnized by many happy faces and friends from the Presbyterian church, Asheville, N. C., at 1 p. m. of June 14th inst 1894, by Rev. Mr. Campbell pastor. And among the throng of witnesses was Editor J. M. Fuller of New York, and his friend Mr. A. Roberts, Mr. F. is editor of the Monthly Gleaner, published in that city, and by special request he was asked to publish the wedding which was quite a compliment to the editor no doubt as he was a rising young man in our midst, and from a birds eye view, he gathers a few notes in which he says the happy couple united in holy wedlock, the knot well fastened, never to be unfastened between God and man as long as they live.

The young couple were well matched and looked very fine. The groom somewhat taller and well proportioned in his size. The wife rather slight, with medium height, prettily dressed and in good taste for travel, nothing gaudy or loud, but a nice brown dress, hat, gloves all to match, as near as the editor could see from the back part of the church as he was a little late, but saw enough to gather a few notes for his paper. The happy couple left for Washington, D. C., on the 2 o'clock train, where they will spend their honeymoon trip, and doubtless will return to Asheville, where they will make it their home. Never have I seen a time on the start says our editor, of a new married couple that was more real than a marriage life, and if I could have but one request, I should be happy, and that is to have all marriageable days ended right and bye and move on as sweetly as the day I look her. But there is one thing lacking and that is readiness, in all its perfection, that goes to make up a lovely marriage through life. Madly capital, good report, reputation and true women. Not for their money merely, but mine. For women should have their own, and does they like, for man it is understood is to keep life agoing as long as he lives and give to their wives the surplus. Man has an idea that all is required of them, for woman comfort is love and her money alone. Not so. We must consider health, support, and loving friends, then money. A general idea have we not seen in our notice of writers of the age that men may hold the reins, but it takes the women to drive them. This is so these days, for were it not for the realms of society, and talk, and flowers, or parties, or courtship, or marriage as we have seen today. What would man do without women, or women without man. Have we not found either sex lone some without each other's society.

Women ought never go out alone at night, not even with number-

less of women. Man is not content alone, and some times feel tired with his fellow man and has a deficiency for woman's company. A writer of the times says, if compelled to give up his daughter, I rather bestow her to man without money, sooner than money without the man. And so would any other one. Yet editors says cases are different in the starting point of young couples of today, and yet it appears easy to say, yes I'll take you for my own, not stopping there, for things will come up in life of a married home that was last expected.

First a home, next taxes, church, idios, we and our neighbors, and last but not least, baby arrival. We are then ready to live.

Oh men and women, be careful and watchful, now have we come before the world for every minute counts to the end of time in life, and when our last day on earth shall come, may we be found ready to lay down and die. May the blessings be upon all the newly married couple, rest on Mr. and Mrs. McDowell.

Best man, W. R. Heston.  
Names of ushers: Mr. A. Rankin, F. Smith, L. Alexander, J. Wagner.  
No brides maids.

The church was distinguished by friends and acquaintances of bride and groom; some unknown to the editor who saw it all.

Wedding now,  
Wedding no more.  
I have taken her, that world never new before.  
She is his, I asked no more.

## OUR NEW CITIZEN.

Here is a man from Pittsburg Penn. by birth, but moved to Philadelphia in his young days of boyhood and is now in our midst with wisdom from an high to lower world in such a manner as to write for our lady paper only three months old on the behalf of his father who is an editor, and help bring into circulation beyond his power.

Our child Mr. C. was lately come among our midst for health and air of this delightful climate that has helped him so much, and he has now settled down after a month's duration, and taken a position known as the Asheville Milling Company. He spends his leisure hours as a writer from my back beyond my nature, and I as an editor with due respect for his highly success commend him to the Gleaner, and hopes he may have every advantage of success for the good cause while in our midst.

Very Truly,  
MONTHLY GLEANER.

## ECHO.

So great is the echo in one of the rooms of the Pantheon that if one strikes his hands together it will make a noise equal to a 12-pound cannon.—Scientific American.

## IN A LUMP.

To our remembering Hunt,  
We come in a lump,  
On the threshold of life,  
We need her in life,  
As the same young girl Mamie Hunt.

With Eve of Branch,  
She cherishes Blanch,  
To help at her sides,  
With men of such pride.

This irresistible Miss Hunt,  
The wheels of her carriage,  
How merely they explore,  
As a wheel within a wheel she ignores.

But when at a time,  
Like fashion divine  
And branches to divine,  
We are sure to see Mamie Hunt,  
Attached on behind.

It is not an uncommon thing,  
To her on the wing  
From her merry mouth spring,  
Young chap that the thing.

At Evering Branches,  
Eye has bewitching glances,  
When the soda water dances,  
Right beside the gents wing.

Fear never discover  
By some way or other  
Which hunt up the spring,  
With the soda fountain spring.

The wheels of Mamie Hunt,  
Coming on a spring to  
Tush away the moon,  
Which is generally seen,  
On Asheville street scene.

A charming Mamie,  
Your critical mean.

J. M. F.

The chopping up of this great world into so many insignificant and distinct nationalities is a gross injustice, and really places into the hands of the greater part of humanity. It fosters hatred, jealousy and other of our baser passions. The rather contingent upon good behavior how much wisdom would be to agree to settle on more essentials, and be mutually helpful on the auspicious future that may soon dawn upon an expectant and faithful world. Were this done the great heart of humanity would be soon revolutionized and each moment would enormously rapid and advances in this many-sided and progressive life. True this would destroy much of hero worship, but on its nearer approach to the truth, as being the greater good for the greater number, the better times already here would bring bigotry and dispel any excuse for ignorance as to either duty or knowledge.

Provincialisms and local habitations are fast leaving us, as the brotherhood of man is insisted on. When this is proved to be desirable and practical then must come to pass a general yearning for that happier time when in the federation of a united world, under the great Creator, law-abiding citizens shall find that really earth and heaven are one.

## OUR POSITION.

Last February the initial number of the Gleaner was issued when a generous public, not knowing our purpose, questioned the wisdom of the new venture, but our improved numbers since then has made it plain that in our desire to instruct and amuse, we had a right to live—hence our increasing success.

With commendable promptness Mr. J. M. Fuller has thrown time and money into the enterprise and looks for a suitable return in both the advertisers who have patronized his paper, and also the subscribers, that shall be more than benefited for the small price asked.

Address, J. M. Fuller,  
Box 46, Asheville, N. C.

## A SIGN OF THE TIMES.

A few years since general attention was called to the gross immorality of the Louisiana lottery and very soon amidst general reprobation it fell, just the hope of being again resurrected and today an attack is being made upon the gambling that accompanies every horse race, so much so that Lord Roseberry winner of this year's Derby has decided to quit the business, because of his unwelcome character. We gladly note that morality in the world of John Gaspar, the earth does stand.

## THE NEW SOUTH.

The increased demand for iron and iron, both for home and foreign manufacturing purposes, has placed the industrial center of the United States, in New York, in a position of a country, the increase of which is land improvements, and a general moral south of freedom and progress, because the iron trade of the country, so much so that the settlement of iron, and the position of capital and labor, in that most interesting and profitable, and the most important.

What a sorry history of the States, because of Mr. F. J. Ryan, who has been in our midst, with honor on June 14th 1894, specially for Albion, Bucks, Phil Smith, and other manufacturers. We don't care much if he can here away from the Sunny South to long, and hope his mind will be favorably impressed to come back on the impulse of the moment for another winter season. We will miss you, Will come back, come back and retace your state.

## FOREIGN COMPETITION.

The prices on Japanese yarns at Shanghai and Hong Kong are below Manchester and Bombay rates. The Mikado's country is doubling its machinery every year. It has now nearly as large an output as Massachusetts. Male operatives get 16.2 cents a day and female 8 cents.—Boston Commercial Bulletin.