

SONOLEY LIBRARY
ASHEVILLE, N. C.

MONTHLY GLEANER.

VOL. I. NO. 8.

ASHEVILLE, N. C., SEPTEMBER 26, 1894.

SINGLE COPY 2 CTS.

DEDICATED

To Edgar W. Nye, Esq.—of Buck Shoals—familiarily known as "Bill."

Solemn, bald, and specs a shining,
Conscious of his funny art,
Stands the man who, letters signing,
Writes B. N., and thinks it smart.

And the chandellers' lights glisten
On his bare skull like a star,
And the folks who to him listen
Blink at Fawcett's Hoopstar!

Jokes a-cracking, ribs a-splitting,
Yarns diluted, yarns retold,
Coming, going, standing, sitting,
Well are worth their weight in gold.

His the peck which most amuses
Village girl and country swain,
He's the darling of the Muses,
He, forsooth, and Mark are Twain.

When a tale his public tickles,
His the glory, his the price,
If it pays, he never stickles,
But just tells it over twice.

Who could count the countless pages
Scribbled by his fecond quill?
Chestnuts have been known for ages
What then, Bill's bill if they fill?

Come what may, 'e'en things terrific,
Chimneyfires on Frenchbroad bend;
He's as brave as Le's prolific;
His hair will not stand on end.

Buncombe! Gem of Mother Nature,
Shrine of woods and views and hills,
Pride thyself on such a feature,
He's the Nighest of the Bills.

Keep and honor him forever,
Pet him, Buncombe, 'live or dead,
It will pay thee, but look never
For a crop on such a head.

Rather let thy sun's bright glory
On its polished surface shine,
Or to shade its glaring Ivory,
Mountain laurel do entwine.

Goldenrod and periwinkle,
Flowers plenty, flowers more,
And,—'twill make the Bard's eye
twinkle,—

Just a sprig of Hellebore!

Asheville, N. C., Aug. 14-94.

Mr. William Nye:

DEAR SIR,—It is with pleasure to write you a vote of thanks, upon your heartfelnness to a young editor who has lately sprung up in ways of distinctness of character, while my pen and paper is ever reaching to the manly art of fame and fortune, ease and comfort that the world has not seen yet.

While many a young man has not the gift of editorship, as they don't know how, nor even care to learn, like I did? To think of me being classed and so distinguished and known as a first class journalist, under you is remarkable! What knowledge I have has been taught

by myself, alone; and as to how I am to express words enough to cover the most sincere thoughts or become a writer like yourself, for what you have done for me.

To think for a moment of becoming before the New York World is beyond what I had never expected! I take it with joy to know that you hail the advent of my becoming known to the world as the editor of the Monthly Gleaner, published here in Asheville, and that you commended it highly, and while reading which I thought it a very great compliment.

Please accept my thanks as an editor, as well as stranger to you, and may be in years to come and I am willing to learn from, and conceive of you as my ideal friend, having the knowledge in such a manner found in works of Nature, thoughts and responsibilities to become a leader of the times. Once more permit me to thank you and say: "I have a feeling for your sincerity in me as a stranger, knowing I am weak man but will no doubt, strengthened in years to come and learn to know many beautiful words of expression that may simalize to such an extent as to a question than do the two Editors rival? of this generation? to be compared to some of those who were before us, now dead and gone. Now in closing my invocation, sir, in a word, allow me to say, if the paper gets on with as much interest as she does now, and we are spared by him who is above all, allow me to commend my heart and hand, to the most devoted editor known as William Nye, of today.

Very resp. yours,

J. M. Fuller,

Ed. Monthly Gleaner.

THE BATTERY PARK DANCE.

The Battery Park Dance of Aug. 17, 1894; was visited by one of our distinguished writers known as an editor of today.

Numerous people from all over the state seem to flock in heaps from every place Carolina and her southern brethren and maids that could be found.

About sixty couples in the dancing array were on the ball room floor and decked in the highest colors of dress trimmings found in

dry goods stores of the ladies departments in many cities. The large proportion of the dancers were availing themselves in many fancy motions with the heel and toe had to take many a weary traveler many a weary mile around and across the room in which the exhausted traveler was glad enough for a chair at the conclusion of the dance.

Our dance was opened by a hen party most all elderly ladies though married were hissing to a great, troubling goose in their midst who had strayed away in the wrong house. It was very amusing to merry making party as well as the bystanders and side hall rooms as a sight anywhere from one end of the world to the other, but yet, it is not an uncommon thing for fresh roses of our ladies who resemble them of brilliant at night must soon fade away in the sprinkling hours of midnight when they should go home to have a night's rest. The contrasts of the many colors of dresses that night which was dazzling to our editorial eye, while the great Northern lights of electricity above him outshone him so that he had difficulty in remembering his mind to take notes.

The number of dresses worn were none alike in shades of color but each lady had some color of the rainbow. The fair skin and gloves along side of square necks and low back of our fair ladies there were points of scissor marks that could be traced to perfection. Yet ladies as well as old ladies know how they want their toilet to keep up in height of fashion and pride there can be but little said but any judgement can say that high neck costumes for ladies is preferable to a man of good taste than so much exposure of the cuticle. It does not make any woman handsomer as it would if she were clothed properly.

The German Dance was an art by by-standers and to our editor was a curiosity as he had never seen one before. Just think of the number of miles one has to travel for a simple dance, which is equivalent to a walk from the public square in Asheville to the depot and back by short cuts at a rate of several miles an hour. As an illustration show me a man or a woman out for a walk for pleasure

trip and go from Court square to the end of Patton Ave. How many would do it? When before we got half way, our mind would become given up and we return. But let us have a dance at the Park and you will soon have a crowd.

Battery Park dance as a Mustard is a success no doubt like most other places as people know they can have a good time as there will be eating which everybody likes to go for especially and also social enjoyment. But let us leave having nothing to eat and the men without segars and drink, what a time there would be on the part of both.

Our editor says that he can not give but a few remarks but we think he has made the best report, or we have ever had yet. People have a way, says the editor of availing themselves after becoming warm after dancing they seek for fresh air, catch cold and no doubt become sick. In dining rooms they become unconscious while eating and talking so much to their friends, especially to men of times while eating and dancing, get through and go right to dancing, and is it a wonder they are sick next day, simply because our digestive process have not a chance to work. Why does a man or woman go for a window seat in a draft when warm and then catch cold and may be either little aches and pains set in. Was it not from dancing? Yes.

Dancing no doubt was a success but like all pieces it is like the following

Of all who dance at Battery Park,
I rather dance with him,
None like that evening spark—
As her.

You have so many men in th' world
But none they say like me,
Our women at the Park alike,
With all their colors on,
But whom can man set apart
Is not the girl for me.

Men they say are well liked
But Battery takes the cake,
For all I've seen 'tween man & boy,
There's not a girl left for me.

Our editor took his stand
And run his eyes o'er and o'er,
But to his dismay she went
He could not find her