

MONTHLY GLEANER.

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MAGGEE MURPHY'S GLASS EYE.

BY EDITOR.

Maggee Murphy is a lovely girl,
And she has an eye on me;
The other's made of French glass
As natural as can be.
I called upon her Sunday night;
As I paused upon the stair
She turned a loving eye on me,
The other was elsewhere.
Maggee's teeth are made of cornhorn,
Two lovely rows of pearl;
The sweetest thing in life I know
Is once to see her smile.
The lateness of the hour of leave
Occasioned her to gasp;
I thought her lid was coming off
Or else she'd set a trap.
Just 'neath her gown her tiny toes
(Of number ones, I guessed);
A gust of wind revealed
The shoes sewed to her dress,
And just behind (I hate to tell,
The tale to circulate),
When stood in perfect innocence,
A pair of number eight.
The trifling little blemish
Can not destroy my love;
I trust the list is quite entire.
Should I discover other things,
I won't regret I close
Sweet Maggee with the shekels
bought;
I'll content myself with those.

EDITOR'S EXPERIENCE AT A COLORED MAN'S HOUSE.

It was in November of 1887 as he was passing the house of Mr. Black, who asked our editor in, which he did, and after an hour of social call, the editor upon leaving was again asked to remain over night. As there was no other house near by and night was fast approaching, editor deemed it wise to be made at home and remained over night. The room was small where he slept, not much furniture—a bed, a chair and a bench, but however, did very well. The eating table in the dining room was composed of one ironing board over which was spread a sheet big enough for a bed and they used it for a table cloth, and on top of this was the scanty meal known as bread, cake, pie, rice, tea, milk, and anything else to make a meal for. Very good and not much at that.

The ornaments around the room were one clock, two pictures, pin-cushion, hair brush and comb, a mouth organ and many other little nic-nacks were laid carelessly around.

The furniture was old, rocking chairs and empty soap boxes for seats, a few benches to sit on, as the old man was poor and is not accustomed to American articles. Laughable it may seem, that the editor could not be use to, but yet was happy and stood it very well and paid fee and left. We have read of some Americans, as any other people, who get caught out in a mountain district who would be glad enough to seek any house, after a day's tramp in the woods so long as they were sheltered from a night's encampment, no matter where you are. But I found a great contrast between the life of a darkey to that of a white man's house and his surrounding that had my friends seen me they'd laugh.

The next thing of the adventure was a dance, given by the distinguished editor to the man of color. The ball began with about sixteen couples led off after the writer got permission to use the house which was granted. I then donated the refreshments, gave orders how to arrange the dance, bought a hanging lamp to suspend from the ceiling to give light to all that was in the house.

The music was furnished by the family and of all the fun it was a sight. Many people came from all parts of the earth and at 7 p. m. the ball was in full motion. No strong drinks allowed, about sixteen couples on the floor at my command and very select, and no breaks till 10 p. m., when supper was ready and all were ushered in to partake such as it was: Biscuits, tea, coffee, griddle cakes, sweet cake, with icing all around on top, and all pitched in to eat. Our editor was placed in an arm chair and look very commanding over his flock. After these retired others come. After all had finished editor was shown respect and how he did eat while the party of dancers waited upon him in the parlor, and when he had finished the dance went on at his command until daylight in the morning.

The crowd seems to scatter and I was asked to lie down awhile for a few hours. When I awoke had a light breakfast and went to my headquarters, had a nice bath and was dressed as neat as a pin, that one could never expected me being in a home Africanism.

OBJECTIONAL DEBT.

It is not for the editor to intrude too often for a dur on no man, but if they knew one thing, it is to pay debts, Mr. C., while waiting upon our editor a few months ago while ordering a shirt from his store, a very amusing coincident occurred. As the shirt could not be seen, as the count of stock had not been taken, yet our editor was told to call again and in a few weeks he could be accommodated. Weeks roll on and Mr. C. taking but little notice about the remarkable shirt, until one day when trade was not at its best and buyers were scarce than common, Mr. C. saw that his only chance to sell his goods to editor of MONTHLY GLEANER and he address him thus: "Sir, we have those fine shirts on hand and would be glad to have you call any time as we have now reduced our stock and price, and we are oblige to sell at reduction." Editor smiled at the remark and his consideration was so justifiable to such an extent that he did not deem it necessary to buy the shirt from a man who at one time could not pay for a copy of the GLEANER of a small sum of 2 cents. Mr. C. had an sauvity of manner for his style as salesman, but it has taught him a lesson never in the wide future to dabble upon a head of brain power that is so beholden of one who is gifted with high intellect than himself, and with that power of mind so wonderfully cute as our noble and distinguished editor.

AN INTRODUCTION TO MISS GLEANER.

She has availed herself in grand success in last issue to many minds from one famous editor who thinks he some account of ability but of course needs to try himself to become a memba of practice and responsibility in which he has to some extent and we wish him great success upon the threshold of life as he and Miss Gleaner pay tribute to us who are not quite educated as they are but yet we can all learn something from them as we read their life thro' their paper. Their mark is to be seen moulded from start and show by personal observation and experience to conquer.

As Miss Gleaner has met with many friends while sojourning with partner and the outlook is gaining every day it has been deemed necessary to increase the paper to five cents a copy and not two as it is much easy and men don't object and so I take notice to inform my customers to please pay five cents for copy instead of two. With thanks for all, I am

Respectfully, EDITOR.

THE GIRL THAT ALL ARE PRAISING.

The girl that all are praising
Is not the girl for me,
Too many eyes are watching
On that Divinity.
She may be all that's lovely
And worthy to admire,
But she can never my homage win,
Nor set my heart on fire.

The eyes that look in language
With soft engaging art,
And send a throeb of anguish
Through many a trusting heart
That casts bewitching glances
Around, below, above,
In spite of their language
They are not the eyes I love.
The lips too free with kisses,
Too ready to bestow
A generous need of blushes
On either high or low,
Though rich as ripened cherries
And as tempting they may be,
With all their dewy honey sweet
They are not the eyes for me.
Let others win the goddess
And bend before her shrine,
The heart beneath the bodice
Does not accord with mine.
Of quite a modest presence
My chosen must be,
For the girl that all are praising
Is not the girl for me.

FACTS ABOUT SILVER.

The amount of silver dollars coined before 1873 in the United States as near as I can remember from my note book \$3,031,000; and gold at the same time was 795,091,000. Silver in 1873, was dollars 419,000 made of ore while 152,000,000 of silver at coinage value at or has been used on the Sherman treasury notes. Why we ask had we not some of it in Asheville for the benefit of the improvement of our working classes, give them a chance. All this reads well, but we would have been better pleased if we could see some of the results upon our pathway in life. For what is the use of living if we cannot have our rights, our wealth and our sacred honors. We are not any the wiser by reading these things that happen in years gone by, but we must have a place what the doings of to-day and not yesterday.

The man you love yourself. Not much love can be gained by others. It is easy to love some people than to agree with them. It is easy and foolish to try to reason what we do not know. What is it, we ask? Simply about girl's talk of man.

He is looking for a collar button they say, while dressing. Yes he takes after you.