

FULLER'S GLEANER

Vol. 2, No. 6.

ASHEVILLE, N. C., JUNE 1, 1895.

SINGLE COPY, 5 CENTS.

LEADY
ASHEVILLE, N. C.

NEW RULES FOR FULLER'S GLEANER.

No I. It being impossible to conduct business without capital.

Why we ask? Because if our paper is to be kept in good reading matter our paper and its readers must be convinced by the following rules of business.

Fuller's Gleaner by the year is 50c.
For three months rates are 15c.
For six months rates are 25c.

The rates of advertisement which pay for the paper will be done up in good shape, and offer to all special inducements are arranged by those who are interested in the ads alone and before the new arrangements get too far ahead person who has a lively disposition according to his works for our interest as well as for his own.

His many obligations to us all cannot be too highly expressed and for the deep interest in which we take in him who is the author and finisher of our faith. His remarks to the old subscribers would say of the Gleaner let it be understood they will not be charged any more from which they have already paid till their bill has run out this they will be expected to pay fifty cents a year instead of twenty.

Please understand this and give the D. E. no chance to recall this again after once seeing it in the great paper known as Fuller's Gleaner.

Deep consideration on the part of the Editor is carefully considered so to meet all requirements as easy as possible on the part of the subscribers alone. Plans are being laid for and new office and a position of the Editorial staff is expected in which D. E. will be nominated after which all business employment will be open in the dispart future. Editor does his work well and why do school boys of our modern times find fault that D. E. does not get on fast enough in his line of business.

Thanking you all four kind patronage. I have the honor to be your imitable and Distinguished Editor.

P. S. write the above on in full.
J. M. FULLER.

Albert Dempsey, Esq., has achieved the mechanical mark of art as one of the most hand painter-decorating ever known. The way the youth of mind culture in handy work is beyond any conception in the eyes of D. E. Never doubt D. E. is man of good judgment; but still the lack of interest is doubtless beyond human endurance. Give us a call. Box 316, Asheville, N. C.

RECONCILIATION OF MEMORY LIVES.

Ah, how sweet it must be to love!
How gay is young desire!
And what pleasing we prove
When we first approach love's fire.

Pains of love is sweeter far
Than all other pleasures are
But alas! my fate may be
Fetters single to all eternity.

POETRY OF D. E. MANIFESTATION ON BILL NYE

Ah! Bill has a name
And I cannot deny,
In regard to the same
What other name could imply.
His smiles are child-like,
As frequently been remarked,
The same World's Hero—Bill Nye.
Last year, about this time,
A d. quite soft was the sky.
When a founded the home of Bill Nye.
The dinner I betook, with action and grace,
When goawin' a bone to embrace
The simple same and William Nye.
The bone I could not eat, while in raptures
In store from boundless bottle
I had to laugh all the more,
A small game of mumps taken
It was carried out all the same
And highways leading to other noted
summer resorts within a radius of a
few miles are in good condition.

STICK TO YOUR MOTHER, TOM, WHEN I AM GONE.

How well do we remember,
Though many years ago,
We had journey'd down to Portsmouth
With my relatives you must know.
The ships were in the harbor,
With flags and banners dressed,
And weeping men and children
Were waiting with the rest.
My mother was a sailor
On board a man of war,
Who once again was going
To leave us on shore.
He kissed us all good bye,
While standing on gang plank
And as he bade us both good bye,
The words he said to me
"Stick to your mother, Tom, when I
am gone.
Don't let her marry bad—
Don't let her mourn.
Remember that she miss me
When I was far away.
Don't leave your mother, Tommy,
When her hair is turning grey.

THE SPIRITUAL RAILWAY.

BY D. E.
The way to heaven by Christ was made
With heavenly truths the rails were laid;
From earth to heaven the lines extend
To life eternal where it ends.
The Bible is the Engineer,
Which points the way to heaven so clear
Through tunnel dark and dreary here
It doth the way to glory steer.
From earth to heaven the line extends
To life eternal where it ends
And all who to glory ride
Must come to Christ, in him abide.
When on the moun of Sweet Repose
This brain will slip, the door will close,
The passengers will cease to ride
And dwell around the Savair side.

TESTIMONIALS

Of coming letters to Gleaner.

One from Mrs. Gram, one of the finest singers in New York, with a wide world reputation, writes as follows:

Star: The Gleaner was received and I have thoroughly enjoyed every word, and am anxiously waiting to see next number. I have even sent the Gleaner to Chicago to my friends and they also were enthusiastically about it. Many thanks to my friends of Asheville for placing the paper in my hands. I remain yours,

Mrs. GRAM.

Mrs. Z. Balcher, of Newark, N. J. writes to D. E. that: The paper was read with interest and all enjoyed very much, and prose is far superior than poetry in her estimation; but yet all is good generally to that extent, it keeps the eyes in laughter that sorrow cannot come in and if doubts appear they all run for the Gleaner which dries every weeping eye.

Very sincerely yours,

Mrs. Z. BALCHER.

CHICAGO, ILL., No 2 State St, May 16, 1895. My friend, Mrs. Gram of New York has been sending me copies of "Fuller's Gleaner" for the past two months, knowing that I am interested in all progressive and intellectual literature.

After reading three or four of the numbers I am so impressed with the articles contained therein, that I felt that I must thank you personally for your work and add my compliments to the editor which you must receive.

The originality of your ideas I consider remarkable, and the imitable style in which you present them to your readers, the fearlessness with which you handle all subjects must call forth their warmest admiration.

I gather from some pages in the later editions that there is some rivalry on the score of superior editorship between yourself and Mr. Nye. Permit me to express the opinion that neither Bill Nye, Lindley Murray nor even Horace Greeley himself are your peer.

In conclusion I humbly beg to offer the following lines which feebly express my impressions of your distinguished editorship and subscribe myself,

Your enthusiastic admirer,

WALTER G. WEIL.

A cold heart is slow to distinguish the voice of love. That is why God seems to speak to us so much more distinctly at one time than at another.

LETTERS TO A GREAT EDITOR.

What sounds are those that greet my

marking ear,
What light that flashes in Atlantic

skies
Has sent its rays bright meteoric

shower
Downcast humanity and bids it rise

How soon a ray of glory
Like to an eagle's stream that soaring

high
Leaps down to glory radiant without

war
Resolved that coast shall ne'er be

Rocked

Had I LITERATURE, the greatest of our

time
A giant of voluminous culture
I care to more to meet a man of

Bill Nye.
While people's signatures from his

start
Why should we be gotten give our and

mind.
When pity thoughts gleamed from

your brain are sent
To all who to your wit are not confined

But that they see the beauty of its

sent

Lead on, great head, nor let a edious

error
Deter you from the mission that is

thine
Inspire us with thy pen to follow you

To happyland where dwell thy Miss

mine.

Write on, great hand, long live and

never cease
When those the dust strikes rise up

and tread
You are a man that's never afraid to

live.
With FULLER'S GLEANER all our

wants are met

AN ACCIDENTANCE

One of the D. E. special friends, Mr. F. N. McClosky of Virginia, Va. having been on a visit to our city was left us and with politeness the Editor's part, as friendship has the spirit distributed for he would have to have gone down May 1st, 1894 at 2 p. m. train.

Mr. Mc. has many friends, but none so well thought of as D. E., from what little acquaintance he had with him. He seems to admire D. E. in many ways and if he could would do all he can for him for his good and social intercourse, but as time has its changes and faces are hidden from our view from separation possible may see them again. I have never found a friend who was with me in trouble, as the one who has just left—the fine, intelligent man, our brother, friend, Mr. McClosky, of whom the writer addresses.

Men have hobby and taste, and no two men are alike in disposition and character is from a point of view in social standing. Some like and low society; some like cards and drink; some like a love of temptation and never consider the consequences in latter years and sure of unrighteous principles. While others shun all these things.