



# FULLER'S GLEANER.

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ASHEVILLE, N. C.

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Vol. II.

ASHEVILLE, N. C., AUGUST, 1896.

No. 16.



Having passed through the changes since the first paper went out, D. E. is now traveling in his vacation. Having some very remarkable papers and various numerous papers since his departure from Asheville, N. C. since July, we know he can give a graphic account of his adventures about by this time. His stay over the 10th at his sisters at Far Hills for over a week is not more very enjoyable. It was a country home for the summer, quite in accordance and somewhat shut in a fine place to rest quiet and a home for the little ones. D. E. made his headquarters here and then set out to larger places and go and come as he liked. He tried to be as easy on the family as it was the best he could do. Having made several trips to New York he was caught up with another sister who had him remain with her, she having a motherly feeling for all who enter her doors. Was well taken at her brother, that she kept him to go on to Glenside Park, New Jersey. This was a quiet little resort for children, for fresh air and there was a lonesome place for grown folks. Having remained about three days the editor thought he better remove out and return to Far Hills where he was first and no happier man was ever glad enough to get away than him. In a few days he went to South Orange and spent the night with a friend. Here he felt better but his time was limited before he would soon be bound for his old hunting ground in the Adirondacks, at Rainbow Lake, which is the best place he has found yet in the State of New York.

Picture a man in his hunting suit, boot, tan shoes and tramping around with a guide with no care nor even responsibility, free as a bird, having a good rest in my mind and body and I state could we not all wonder many who are not so fortunate would be only too glad to be in the same boat with our editor and have the love and freedom that he is now having. D. E. has some great times since he left and his experiences are worthy of notice.

One day he bought some cigars in a store and he forgot to get them while talking to a business man and went out of the store without them. He had a pipe to take with him on his journey and while packing he left the coat and pipe at home. One day while fishing he had a bottle of fly oil in his pocket and when for a cigar in his pocket he found a river of oil, the cork of the bottle came out and he found the waves of the oil in floods in his pocket. The guide played washwoman and washed out his pocket in the mighty deep but

opinion of two lovers which is as follows:

There you have fishing  
And think of happy times  
Which far away in fishing  
You will be sure some day  
The fish will catch you  
And give you a soft fall eye  
Through your own eye  
Forgetting the things that  
Thoughtless of the things that  
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Such illustrations seem the most of the earth seems to me a life of suffering and pain unless there are some things that give us hope and comfort. This is the general idea of the day of the world is simply to pretend but not extend.

Time will not permit me to go further on this line and I have a great deal more to write. I shall have a chance to see you next but a short time and we will have a good talk. I am an admirer of your work and I am sure that you will be successful in your efforts. I shall have a chance to see you next but a short time and we will have a good talk. I am an admirer of your work and I am sure that you will be successful in your efforts.

It has been very pleasant to see D. E. and his family. He has some very interesting experiences. His story with the fish and their adventures is quite an interesting story.

When the present of things would be brought and made for longer notice. D. E. says he never took much notice at this before that fish was so deep waters a refreshment some down for them to feel upon. He went out with a guide and it was amusing to see what enjoyment was to D. E. as his guide made several amusing points as the fish come into the boat, the guide what is this I see as the editor pulled in the fish, out comes in a Bullpout of an enormous size. I declare what fun, let me put on another bait. Editor on your line says the guide. Soon done and a big fish has taken the whole bare down in one gulp. The guide looks to wonder as I pull in a trout. What next will some say the guide laughing. Oh dear, laugh the D. E. you give me a pain guide. I am afraid you won't be able to fish guide. I don't care this is what I am here for to look after the guest's interest. I know said the D. E. but I like to see you bring in some fish. Never had me, said the guide—I am never having so much fun for many a day and can have as much fun as you be. It seems nice to have a man like this to wait on a guest and yet so remarkable. D. E. can always wait on himself, but the guide won't let him. They carry your poles, bare your hooks, carry your lunch and baggage—so one has only to look after themselves. In entering a boat the guest always goes in first and gets seated while the guide sets at the head of the boat to keep in balance and then all is ready he shoves off and a fine row to show water you wish to enter for fishing, some days fish will bite fast, well and then again they won't, but yet editor goes in good spirits and expects his reward—while at times he comes back after all days fishing and none to be had; out he goes again another day full of life and hope and his catch is better than the last. Fish must know he is a D. E. for unless they know his line they are very particular about getting on, but some old sucker gets there for bait is very tempting and he is caught.

Illustrations thinks the D. E.

that fish are in a way something like a party off for a picnic and before the wagon comes every one is getting ready for to be one of the selected ones for the picnic, while others are a Bullpout in their preparations as they did not consider the fact that in this case, instead of a picnic, they are in a boat with a guide and a fish.

The general history of the class statement was taken from a paper published in Missouri some time back and it was so accurate as well interesting, the editor has established herself in Missouri.

EDITORIAL LETTERS.  
FROM THE SUBSCRIBERS.

Dear Mr. Fuller,  
Editor Gleaner, Asheville, N. C.  
I have just received the 15th issue of the Gleaner and am very glad to see it. It is a very interesting paper and I am sure that it will be a great success. I am an admirer of your work and I am sure that you will be successful in your efforts.

It seems sometimes as if nature in a rage at man's laches out in fury and destroyed him and all his works. When we read the tornado that struck Western Illinois and even Eastern Missouri was perhaps the most widely destructive known in history of the country. All the elements were brought to bear—wind, water, flame. No class of condition was spared or any work of human hands. On the Mississippi river great steamers were hurled beneath the waves with their crews and passengers. On land railway trains were blown off bridges and splintered into ruins.

Look at East St. Louis, a church was utterly wiped off the face of the earth. There a school house was blown from its foundation and fell upon the bright happy children who studied their lessons within, unconscious of the nearing doom. Next we hear of an almshouse with 2,000 inmates collapsed under the power of the wind, there the vast Standard Oil tanks were struck by lightning and millions of dollars went up in flames in less time than it takes to write the words. The lightning too seems to have struck in half dozen

places at once, or even more.

At the final test of the noble Katie bridge across the Wisconsin at St. Louis, July 2, 1874, it bore without a quiver a weight of 4,000 tons. It seems, however, strong as the foundation of the earth itself, yet part of this massive structure was torn away by the great storm of 1895. While in the great presence of such disaster on such power as this with an only stand silent and unbroken.

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HENDERSONVILLE, N. C.  
July 28, '96.

Please place my name on your list to the Gleaner, address as above. While traveling as I do for the Charleston News and Courier, I may get you some numbers. Yours in haste,  
E. L. Eubank.

E. B. Wenton writes as follows from School Lane at Germantown:  
Dear Sir—I hope you will send on my GERANER as I miss it awfully.  
Yours in haste,  
E. B. Wenton.

WASHINGTON, D. C.  
Dear Sir—Please send 50¢ copies of GLEANER, unique the pleasure for friends I know, even one will subscribe and myself also.  
Yours in haste,  
Frank Seifert.

So we see these and many others are in the favor of the Gleaner. She is doing very well as ever and no doubt will grow nobly.

Letters are coming just like the above statement as we see, but here is another from Washington, D. C., dated April 10th, 1896, in which the writer says:—“Would like very much to see a copy of your last edition.”  
Yours in haste,  
E. L. Lewis.

Shout at a clock—What you do that for son, said a father. I do it to kill time so I went have to go to bed so early, my Pop, replied the son.

Egg shells by the quantity will keep hens from eating their eggs, says a celebrated woodman of the Adirondacks.

They call those balls fowls, said a lady watching a game of base ball and why? she asked. Because the pesky things are flying over the fence, you know, was the answer.

Adam must have been looked upon as an admirer when he planted his foot in the Garden of Eden, while poor Eve was evenly matched for him.

The disposition of the young is manifested by engagements, but when the ring is shown they dick or to divorces.

Fishing in American Waters are generally trouted out.

General Lee favors the fore quarters of a horse more than the hind, as there may be some kicking.

As to the question of the gold and silver question there is no use arguing they will melt.

D. E. has been an coach driver. D. E. has been complimented of opera-ticket.

It seems queer that two pigs will make more noise under a gate than ten, but it seems to be the case nevertheless.

A pipe is handy when left in the suit you took off and went away on a trip like D. E. did in his last place of abode a few days ago.

He also does the same thing on cigars and fly oil, forgot them that they were anywhere around and left them behind.

A little French boy upon being asked by his teacher where he lived, replied that he lived “in a little log house built out doors, two by twice three foot on the front side, abingled with grass, and clap boarded with buck-wheat straw.”

Another little boy in the same school in telling his teacher about his pet cat said, “She da bongge ole stooler-cal you never saw my life.”

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