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## The Loyal Lovers.

### CHAPTER I. A SAD PARTING.

May sun is filling the land with beauty. Daisies sing lullabies to other flowers that toss their heads back and forth, trees reel and rock under their foliage, eye fields smile upon the azure-blue, the land grows picturesque. A girl stands upon the summit of a low hill with this world's beauty before her. She is lost in imagination, only the humming of bees, and the lowing of herds tells her she is not alone. The birds and flowers were her companions, and some said the angels were her sisters, though from her childhood she had been thrown out upon the world as in a desert. Her mother and father had died when she was quite young and she was forced to live with her aunt Margaret, who was her uncle Ezra's second wife. Margaret Romb had but one child, Esme who was known as a "dangerous girl."

Little Luetta Romb was taken to her aunt's at her father's and mother's decease. Ah, me! the long days she spent there can never be recorded, the tears she shed could not be numbered, and in all of this she had had no bright hopes of the future. But to-day we see her grown to womanhood. She sits under the shade of a weeping willow.

Men of art would call this a sad picture. Heavenly ages of long ago were looking upon her, and perhaps had named her beauty. Sitting thus toward the close of this beautiful May day the world of beauty became solitude as all know she was alone, fatherless and motherless, no one to console her, no one to tell her what life was. Surely her thoughts had changed to visions.

"Some day I'll be buried here," she sighed "and this tree alone would be weeping for me: would aunt Margaret weep?" Tears came to her eyes and she buried her face in her hands. Little did she dream some one was standing over her and was weeping-weeping because he had also met the cares of life. Both were lost in meditation.

The world had then grown dark. We doubt if the sky had turned to blood and the whole had been wrapped in flames it could have made them sadder. The sun sank lower and lower in the west, the cattle of the fields fled homeward and a flock of frightened doves fled northward but they were left all alone. The trees whispered innocence and bowed their heads toward those that had met solitude. It seemed that all was sighing. Just then the girl raised her head again to behold her future resting place and lo! behold! there knelt beside her Carl Dane with large tears upon his innocent face. "Forgive me" he said "but I could not help interrupting you. I know the history of your life, ah! I know it all and if

it was in my power I would deliver you from your enemies. They are naught else but your enemies but heaven knows it is not in my power. I, to-day, must flee from this country. I must go where I am not known."

"What under heaven can be the cause?" sobbed Luetta.

"It is because I am not loved. I am called a useless—" and the poor fellow broke down.

"Carl!" she said, "it seems you and I have always had the darkest side of life."

"And it will always be that way," he sighed again.

"Oh, Carl!" she said, "as you depart forget the past."

A smile played upon his innocent face and he sat motionless. Then with a husky voice he said "That is impossible. I can never forget you while I live." And he turned to Luetta almost speechless and Luetta blushed crimson. Who could have witnessed this scene? Who would have two young lovers parted in the face of life? Though it seemed that fate should have doomed them to live and die together, but such never came true.

How long they sat there they never knew. A long silencing loved and neither spoke. A loud crack of thunder broke the silence. Then he arose extending both arms and said, "we must part Luetta, but it is like breaking my heart. Perhaps we will never meet on earth again. This may be our last, but will you remember me Luetta as— He could never finish the sentence. It seemed his life was at an end. "Oh, Carl!" she said, "I will remember you as my true love."

This was an hour that neither of them forgot. No one could have pictured it but those who endure. It was just then the great revolving wheel of fate turned its darkest side to these two young lovers. Just then was the beginning of a sad story that has been long forgotten by the world. Luetta fled homeward unheeded by her tears. As for Carl, he stood looking, as he thought, for his last time upon the dear old hills—the hills his boyhood days had been spent upon. He and Luetta had gathered flowers upon these hills. He knew where all the bird nests were and where Luetta and himself played hide and seek, but it was years ago. It was true he had entered into a new life and he now stood utterly unconscious of what was going on around him.

The thunder roared and the lightning played zigzags on the north-western horizon, trees were struck by lightning and shivered to the stump, the ground shook under his feet and it was beginning to rain in torrents. The night was closing round and a dense fog gathered and he was left in total darkness. Poor Carl, with no one to care for him was left a sad fate,

but the darkest night will wear away. Gray dawn broke at last but Carl was unconscious. He had swooned being frightened by the storm and it had not been for the cooling rain in his face he would have died in a critical condition.

Just as dawn broke Luetta felt a pang of grief in her heart that made her shudder. She knew the night had been a dreary one and she asked herself the question, "where is Carl?" She was sure he did not return home. She knew, too, he had said he was a useless boy, but where was he now? If Carl was dead she could never forgive herself for it but, indeed, she must go and see. When Luetta stood beside Carl she believed him to be dead. Evidently he had been wooed to slumber by the whispering of angels beckoning him to the throne above. She gazed at him for an instant and fainted at his feet.

The birds in the green trees sang long and mournful songs. A few drops of rain fell from the clouds that seemed to Carl as tears. "The angels must have been weeping. Who could have helped it?" "Is it not Luetta?" Carl asked her passionately as he lay on a grassy meadow. "Yes," and again he asked Luetta if the rain and the dew only answered his prayers. Hours passed before Luetta spoke and she did not tell Carl what was true. Now Luetta's heart was torn. "You know my mother," he said, "is a thoughtless, selfish, but fate has brought us together that we may part in peace, only go with me" he said "to you weeping willow that we may part. Oh! will it be forever as I start to death and you to a cruel life?" Silently they walked to the brave old tree gazing into one another's faces.

Yesterday nothing troubled them. To-day was the turning point in their young lives.

"We stand now where two roads part."

Yours stretches far from mine But oh, fate be kind When two roads part."

Luetta was sure Carl's road stretched far from hers, but she could not—would not believe it. Luetta then began wondering. "Life will be dreary since Carl has left" she sighed. "I don't know how I will spend my life." Now she crept wearily down the path she had years ago played over. Tears glistened in her eyes as she looked at the beautiful landscape stretching away as far as her eyes could see. She looked at the beautiful wild flowers but Carl was not there to share them. The trees were waving their boughs with delight. She saw raindrops upon the grass which seemed to her as tears. A bird sang a sweet song on the bough of a tree that drew Luetta's attention. "You are Carl's birdie," she cried, and the voice frightened the bird until it flew down at her feet.

"There must be a nest here" she said to herself and forgetting what had just passed, she set to hunting for a bird's nest.

The birds sang a sweet and joyful song as she bent the bushes to and from, in searching for a nest. The mother bird

chirped in such a tone that it confused Luetta, but after long searching she found that where the old bird was, was the nest, but to Luetta's grief the birds had been killed and the poor mother bird bemoaned the death of her babes. "Ah, me!" sighed Luetta, "it must be as Carl said he had nothing on earth. Even the nest had been destroyed and I am sure it was done by human hands, and if I ever see Carl again I will tell him what became of his dear little birds. I am sure it would be joy for him to know I loved his birds so dearly," and she laughed in her same goodnatured way. "You are my bird now" she said, getting a glimpse of the old mother bird in the tree. "I will take you home and tame you for Carl." She hardly knew how she ever caught the bird, but it almost fell in her hand.

When Carl had Luetta goodbye he stood meditating. Was it right for him to stand there watching Luetta? He was determined to see it she wept the cause of his parting, and when he saw tears streaming down his face he could hardly start to his feet. "What a tragedy and this is, indeed, a tragedy," he thought, "though I am a selfish, thoughtless, and I am one of the low-downs in the newspaper kingdom."

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"How is it?" he said "that others are loved, others are praised, others have pleasures in life, but what will become of me? Oh! if I could but fly to Luetta and take her with me, but I know she will not go."

Carl stood upon the summit of the hill meditating until it was growing dark. He watched the rose as she wreathed her head; the lilies as they bent and kissed the ground; the ferns he trampled under his feet. He heard the katydids singing about Jack Frost, but none seemed to be weeping for him. He did fully believe none was weeping except himself. Hours passed, but they seemed to lengthen into years, and tears streamed down Carl's face that seemed to be icicles. Oh! if the fleecy clouds that hang to yon blue sky; the birds that sing in yon green tree had only whispered to Carl what was next. Though as short as life is, no one knows what is next.

To be continued.

### EDITOR'S DIARY 1878.

The manuscript was laid out in New York City on a Thursday morning at 10:30 a. m. in the month of April of this date. The following comments are as follows: Wrote letters with the understanding never to tell an untruth, for it will be bad on 26 next day it rained all day. As I am boarding 6135 Ave. at Mrs.

Rushnell's who is the landlady who has taken the house for 3 years. Mr. Pike the former owner had died and his family had gone abroad. The house is well furnished. Next I went to school to a governess and she was a Miss Spurling who had a mind so easy that the smallest child could learn from her and I was one of them children who learn well and readily. The next day I was sent on a call to Newark, N. J. to Miss Brown to dine and then the next day see the Buckingham hotel in New York and see the sleeping beauty I next took my music box to be fixed on 29 1878. On the following Monday I went to a colored entertainment called "The Fools' Revenge." It was very fine. I then went to have my watch fixed and was using Papa's while mine was away. On the following Saturday I went to the theaters at 9:30 being in May 1878. On September 12 1878 I went in business with my brother-in-law but was soon down sick for a week until the 1st of September. The election was very great for me to go so violent into the playground in the midst of life but yet what one cannot be observed and to-day I am one of the low-downs in the newspaper kingdom.

### A ROMANCE OF TRAVEL.

Good morning friend, said a man in a train, I hope you have had a good rest in the sleeping car, replied porter to his passenger at the breakfast table. Oh, said the young man, I have been on trains before and I am no baby even at this spot about 4 years ago and of all the storms of the 20th of December of snow that men had to dig paths for foot passengers.

Excuse me sir, said the porter, I'll take it all back. If you want to know more, you may come as it is not my will but His that overrules the world's earthly ideas in life of a traveler as missionaries, ministers, doctors and lawyers, this would ought to be governed by instinct and thought and learn all one can in foreign countries people with little education are not expected to be up to us Americans who pretend to know so much yet with some exceptions we must learn wisdom to teach.

Look in Mexico, I find myself up as it were Mexicans and became discouraged and unfortunate, he was walking near a river and fell in, as to drowning he was never heard of to my knowledge, but I guess he was drowned all the same. Is there no hope of seeing him? replied the porter. There might be, but no one seems to venture the risk. Well boss, I'll have to leave you now as we are nearing Philadelphia, so good bye. Readers, this is a general idea how travelers talk on the road when taking trips north, south, east or west.

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