

# FULLER'S GLEANER.

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NO. II.

## The Royal Fovers.

### CHAPTER II. FACING FATE.

Today we see Carl Dane plodding onward—onward to a land unknown. Tears of shame stream down his face as he ponders over the past. "Luetta," he cries, "if you was here to share my thoughts and tell me what is best; but no, the only thing one desires in life will never be granted," and the poor fellow laid himself down to rest by the side of a beautiful spring. He, like others, had been thrown out upon the world—a heartless world, to share the fate, whatever it might be.

As he sat there something very strange happened. A gentleman that was passing shot him in the arm, giving him a severe wound. (The cause was, he believed him to be a bandit). Oh, how Carl did yearn for home. "What am I to do," he sighed, "surely all is against me. I would I were dead," and the poor fellow turned from the officers, sobbing as though his heart would break.

When Carl awoke next morning he was at Mr. Dorrice's, a friend of his father's. His son, Sidney Dorrice, was a great friend to Carl. He and Sidney were school chums, and to Carl's surprise, as well as delight, he stood beside his bed.

"The only one, Carl," said Sidney, stooping down and kissing the briny tears from his cheeks, "you have happened to sad accident, I fear, but I hope you will soon be able to start on your journey."

Carl's face paled and Sidney continued, "But, I'd rather you'd not go. Why?" asked Carl, hoping to gain some information. "Well, you know you and I will have a good time; you know Eugene went to Brazil, and I am sure I can't spend my life here alone."

"Why, your parents are here; I'd think it very pleasant to be alone with them."

"Oh, I am sure I'd rather be with you," mused Sidney, catching his breath for the next word, and the color rushing in his face, as he bent low and said, laughing, "you know they want me to marry Esme Romi, and to save my life I won't do it." Carl listened breathlessly, and Sidney continued: "You know we are cousins and it agrees with both sides for me to marry her, I can't do it—I can't." The word cousin shocked Carl, and to stay where he could see Esme Romi would be impossible.

"Carl," Sidney said in a voice that surprised Carl, "to tell the truth, I don't love Esme; it's her cousin Luetta I love." And at these words Carl's eyes filled with tears.

"Isn't she a dear girl?" asked Sidney, but Carl could not answer him and Sidney left him alone.

As Carl lay in agony, he never heard Esme singing a beautiful hymn of long ago, for he was lost in day dreams; only wishing

to kneel at Luetta's feet, asking her if she still loved him. "Oh, if I could but kiss the tears from her cheeks—the tears that were streaming down the day we parted, but were they tears for me or for some one else? Were they of sorrow or of joy for my parting? How can I read other hearts? That is impossible—all is impossible," and he raised his head from his pillow, breathless, but it was only to see if he was alone. Ah, if he could have believed her to be a girl that was true, what would he care for pain? What would he care if all scorned at him? "Ah me," he sighed again and again. I am unloved, uncared for—a useless boy," and the poor fellow buried his face in his hands and to him all seemed new and desolate.

Years seemed to pass before Carl realized what was best. He hushed himself to sleep several times by his own tears, forgetting all but Luetta. Louder and louder sang a voice and Carl knew then that it was Esme Romi singing a Thanksgiving hymn, and Carl sighed a mournful sigh.

"Mr. Dane has had a severe wound," said the girl known as Esme.

"Yes," said Mrs. Dorrice, "he is a boy that seems very tender-hearted, and I fear he will meet his death if something isn't done for him. I can't see why some of his folks does not visit him. Sidney has told them of his accident, but they don't seem to care."

"I think he is known by all as a useless boy," said Esme scorning.

"I don't," said Mrs. Dorrice, but I can't see how he was shot under such circumstances."

"Yes, and what do you think," said Esme, "Luetta has nearly lost her mind over his fate, but I think it is no more than he deserves," and she laughed a scorning laugh that awoke Carl. "Is Sidney loving Luetta?" asked Esme in a harsh voice. "I don't know," said Mrs. Dorrice, "but I think Luetta is a girl none can help loving; I can't help it myself."

"I think she almost makes people love her," said Esme scorning, and they both turned and saw Sidney enter the room.

"You have come, Cousin Esme," he said, "but I did not expect you. Luetta is sick with fever, and did you leave her while she was sick?" "I didn't know she was sick," said Esme, "and more than that, her sickness is worse than nothing. She always appears to be sick when I leave home; especially, if I come here," and she gave Sidney such a smile that he turned breathless from her to visit Carl. When Carl held out his hand to welcome Sidney, he turned from him speechless. "You are dearer to me than a brother," said Sidney smiling. "I hardly know what I'd do in the condition I'm in," said Carl. "Nor I either,"

and Sidney. "And I want to tell you. No, I want to ask you a few questions, but you look so pale that I can't ask you." "Oh, do," said Carl, "I'd rather help you out of a difficulty than myself." "You must look and listen," said Sidney, laughing heartily. "I am engaged to a girl and I don't love her—I love another, and to save my life, I don't know how to make another step. Nothing could have shocked Carl more. He knew too well the betrothed girl was Esme, and he knew well that he

wrecked my life—my hopes—and her voice failed so she could not get the rest of her sentence. "She loves him," he said at length, "and I am sure he does not love her as she says. I can tell her Carl does not love her. Would she believe it? But I am sure it would be her death. Oh, how could Carl tell her false—something he knew was not true? How could he in the presence of heaven say he loved her; when, if he had judged his own heart, he would not have wrecked his life—surely Carl Dane was

but love is divine. "Oh, I can't help but love her—" and his voice lowered to a whisper. Ah, at the tears Carl shed must have been enough to have blotted out his untrodden deeds to Luetta. "Sidney," he cried; when he saw Sidney stand gazing at him through the bows of the apple trees, "what did Luetta say about me?" "You needn't care to hear," said Sidney, "because she does not care to hear from you." Carl listened breathless, and Sidney continued: "But I hardly think she will die, but I can't say she'll live. She said she had wrecked her life by loving you." Heaven help me," cried Carl, "I did not mean to wreck her life." "Let me tell you what is best," interrupted Sidney, "write her a letter, telling her you are willing to break the engagement, and then I think all will be well." "I can't do it," said Carl, "I must have the words, 'I don't love you' from her own lips." Can't you believe me, Carl, when she told me she had wrecked her life by loving you? You know I have never told you lies, and besides that, can't you, to a dying girl, say you are willing to break the engagement. Haven't you no heart? Will you hold her to what she said, when I told her I would try to break the engagement that she might die in peace, and now you say you don't believe me. Surely your heart has turned to stone, and I see you are determined to hold Luetta to what she has said, and if you don't write I'll do it myself, for I think it is the only way to save her life. Then when she is well, if she loves you, can marry, but for her sake write the letter, and if you don't do it, I say again I will write it myself. If the letter is not written you will be the cause of her death and I will have you punished for it. If there is no law for such a criminal, I'll make a law myself. Now, Carl, for the sake of her who is dying write the letter."

"Oh, Luetta," he cried, "are you untrue?"

"Write the letter, you have no time to refer to goneby days. You have only today and not tomorrow, and the letter must be written or you will be rushed into eternity."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A REQUEST.

Prof. Fuller, D. E., of Fuller's Gleaner, Grand Plenipotentiary and Envoy Extraordinary of Fuller's 400.

Greeting:—Will you kindly condescend to honor the Georgia Steam Laundry with your very valuable and renowned paper. We find that it is utterly impossible to make a success in business without the intensified condensation of your gigantic ideas. When we first beheld the wonderful magnitude of your editorials in the GLEANER, which were as thick as the bristles are in a blacking brush, we were bewildered, and our brains whirled round like a bumble-bee under a glass tumbler. After reading your inspired inspirations we feel as though we could lift ourselves up by the boot-strap to the top of a church steeple and pull the bell rope for a Buncombe singing school. Dear D. E., our tongues refuse to wag. Please send us the GLEANER.

GEORGIA STEAM LAUNDRY.



was loving Luetta.

"Luetta," he cried; forgetting all but her pleasant face. "Have you forgotten me? Has another won your heart?" and the words shocked Sidney so he gazed at him like a wild man.

"Oh," said Sidney, "I did not know she was promised bride—forgive me for speaking to you about her." "No," said Carl, "she does not love me. I—I don't—love—her," and the words he uttered choked him so Sidney turned away from him to summon a doctor. After the case had been examined he declared it was almost incurable, and further said he had a slight attack of brain fever. Carl grew paler every day. Sidney sat by his bedside day and night, believing he made the case worse by asking the question about Luetta and the thought grieved him so he sat breathless with excitement, believing he would be the death of Carl. Sidney sat by Carl's head and each day seemed to him as years, but he said it was his duty. "Duty," he would say. "Is it duty for me to sit by Carl's bed when Luetta is believed to be dying?" "No," he said, and he turned from Carl's bed and brushed the tears from his eyes and started to Luetta. Oh, how he counted the hours until he reached her, and as he stood beside her he bent and heard her whisper, "Carl," and he could not help but listen to the rest: "You are untrue. You have told one thing you don't mean—you don't love me. I can't believe it; oh, I can't. Oh, if I could only forget you, but I can't. You have

dreaming," and Sidney Dorrice fell down upon his knees in sympathy for Luetta.

"Oh, I knew he was coming," said a voice, "and I never shall forgive him for causing me to lose my whole heart on his smiling face." Sidney listened attentively for a few moments, then he turned and kissed Luetta's pale lips and left her bedside.

"Ah me," he sighed, as he saw Esme facing him. "She will ruin my life, and I can't believe otherwise." But he could not help but bow himself before her dazzling young beauty, and it was there he wrecked his life. It was there he said his future was at her feet. Oh, at the words he said that should have bound them together forever, but it only made them father apart. Oh, if those words had only died on the balmy October air, his life would not have been blighted with failures, but words cannot be called back, but they will be referred to in the future.

Shall we again visit Carl—one that should have had all the honor the world could give, but all loved honor too well to bestow it on him who had almost ended the battle of life; he who was wearing his life away, believing Luetta was untrue. "Will Sidney never return?" he cried. "Can Luetta be dying?" But just then he thought of the question Sidney asked him, and the poor fellow prayed for death. "Oh, if death would only come," he sighed, "I would not be troubled, and Luetta would be free to love and win Sidney Dorrice, but no, I shall not give her up; I love her and I hate myself for it,