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## Edith and Raymond.

HOW THE WOMAN IN THE MOON FOUND HER HUSBAND.

BY ROWLAND HOWARD.

CHAPTER IX.

One month has passed away since Henry Dupont and his daughter were landed on the "Moon." The last week in July, 1861, has arrived.

No friendly vessel has appeared to carry the father and daughter again to the habitation of civilized people. They have watched in vain for human relief.

The father had been daily declining with that deceitful disease consumption. The affectionate daughter Edith had nursed him and done all in her power to improve his health, but he grew worse and worse. He had several hemorrhages of the lungs and seemed weaker after each one. Miss Edith began to feel that her dear father could not live many days, but she would not whisper it to him, but always appeared as cheerful and hopeful as she could.

On the last day of July, 1861, Henry Dupont was suddenly attacked by a severe bleeding of the lungs which was followed by congestion of these organs; and in a few moments he lay a corpse in his tent. And there knelt the heart-broken Edith weeping and praying over the cold form of her dear father.

Who can imagine the deep sorrow and desolation that overwhelmed the loving daughter? But she despaired not. This fearful ordeal brings out her dormant courage. She rises to perform sacred duties. The father is dead. To bury him from her sight was an awful thought but it must be done. Poor Edith. The following extract from Edith's diary tells the story in her own words:

"I have done everything I could to revive my dear father. I have tried to get him to open once more his loving eyes and to get him to speak one more word; but he is cold and dead."

"Alas! alas! what shall I do." All day long I have been feeling his cold temples and wrist hoping to catch a new beat of his heart. "Night has come, and I am here alone with my dear father's lifeless body. O! merciful Father in heaven, pity me." After passing the dreadful night with the corpse of her father she prepared next morning for the funeral. She wrote in her diary. "I knew there was no other course for me to take but to bury my dear father in the best manner in my power."

Just back of my father's tent measured off the grave, and with such tools as I could find I began to dig the grave. The soil was easily dug,

being of a white sandy nature. When I had got the grave sufficiently deep, I laid over the bottom of it a thick blanket. I then dressed my dear father's body in the best suit of black I then got the prayer book and read over his body the funeral service, which was read by the minister at the funeral of my dear mother, at San Francisco.

"I then raised the cloth of the tent and spread on the ground blankets from the tent to grave, and gently drew the body of my dear father, who was a small man, to the open grave, into which I lowered his precious form, I kissed his cold lips, wrapped the blanket close over him, and crying, "ashes to ashes," "dust unto dust," I drew the white sand over his body, heaping up a mound, on which I placed a cross made of native flowers from the island; and all was ended as the sun sank behind the waves on the evening of the first day of August, 1861." How great must have been the desolation of poor Edith's heart during the night following the burial of her father! But she bore it nobly; for she wrote in her diary the day following: "I know now what the Bible means when it says "I will be a father to the fatherless"—"If my father and mother leave me the Lord will take me up"—The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want."

Circumstances have brought to light the noble traits of Miss Edith Dupont. She is a pious Christian girl.

She will not continue alone on "The Moon."

Angels will watch over her. And that is not all.

CHAPTER X.

The next day after Miss Edith Dupont had buried her father, she began as it were a new problem of life. There was the poor girl, a lone orphan upon an uninhabited island in the great Pacific ocean.

For more than a month after she and her father had been cast on this island, "The Moon," she had enjoyed the loving company of a kind and doting father. During this time no ship or human being had made an appearance in sight of that island; and Edith Dupont had not failed to calculate how slim her chances were of being rescued.

Her father had been suddenly stricken down by cruel death, who navigates all seas, and takes up his abode, as the king of terrors, where ever mortal man wanders over land or water.

But the noble daughter will not be frightened to madness by the king of terrors, nor cheated out of that sweet life which had been given to her by her Maker.

As mentioned above, Edith Dupont began anew the problem of life as soon as she rose up from new made grave of her father.

The next morning she arose early and after preparing her breakfast and putting the tents in order, she dressed herself as neatly as ever, and was soon out in the flowery lawn gathering the most lovely wild flowers that grew on the island to be placed as a morning sacrifice on the grave of her father.

And this order of morning service she regularly kept up day after day. Of course her private devotions, with her prayer book in hand, were never neglected.

After this routine of morning duties were over, and the fresh flowers had been placed upon the grave of her father, she would to a favorite spot, in a cool shade about two hundred paces from the tents, and there upon nature's little grassy mound, Miss Edith would meditate for hours, and with pencil and diary in hand, write down her thoughts and feelings.

I now have the original diary of Edith Dupont just as it was written by her own lovely hand. Here are the pages she wrote during those sad days in which she freshly mourned the loss of her dear father. Those lonely days in which she was training herself to accept serenely the sad situation of a lost orphan girl, cast off on an uninhabited island.

If these spots and soiled pages I see on the pages of this well preserved diary were caused by big drops of tears, that strayed down her lovely cheeks and dropped unawares on the pages whilst she wrote, who can wonder at it? Who would not weep in such a condition.

But these pages of her diary contain golden words, more precious than gold to her. They are the sentiments of the young Christian philosopher and heroine.

I wish it were so that I could publish more or all of this diary. May be it will be done some day.

I must content myself, and I hope my readers also, with the brief story I am writing.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

COMMON SENSE VIEW.

Concerning the probably successful workings of the new Liquor law in South Carolina, the Abbeville Press and Banner comments as follows:

"It seems that the whisky dealers of Charleston have concluded to take a practical common sense view of the dispensary law, and with very few exceptions the three hundred liquor dealers of that city have determined to change their business after the

first of July, or else go elsewhere to follow the whiskey trade.

The dealers in other sections, it seems to us, will gracefully yield to the inevitable.

There can be no question that the State has as much right to sell the liquor as it has to forbid its citizens to sell it, except upon license from the State. In acknowledging the right to control it by license, the whole principle is yielded. Even if the courts in their wisdom, should decree that the bill was passed irregularly, the Governor could assemble the Legislature, and remedy the defect.

As far as the public is concerned, we do not believe that three hundred men could be found in Abbeville county who prefer the open bars to the dispensary.

The fact is, that a vast majority of our people want prohibition, pure and simple, which the dispensary gives us, unless we choose, by petition, to set aside the prohibition guaranteed to us.

It is idle for anybody to attempt to charge prohibitionists with hostility to Governor Tilman in refusing to sign a petition for a dispenser, and we hope the Governor will recognize the condition of affairs, and not use his official power to force the dispensary upon us.

With ninety per cent, of our people opposed to the re-opening of the bars, and with perhaps eighty per cent, in favor of absolute prohibition, is it unreasonable to hope that the Governor and sixty of the citizens of the town of Abbeville may not unite to override the clearly defined wish of four-fifths of our people."

PROSPECTS BRIGHTENING.

With the incoming of the sunshine and the gentler breezes of approaching spring; with the inauguration, to-day, of Grover Cleveland as President of our great Republic; with the growing sentiment now pervading the air, that reform must speedily take place in the management of individual and corporate business affairs, in our city and the country at large; with the growing determination of the progressive people to crowd out of the civic hive the troublesome drones and monopolies that are devouring the life and prosperity of the commonwealth; with a thousand signals ringing and blazing in the atmosphere, telling the wise and the patriotic sons of toil to be more industrious, economical and charitable. The good and the watchful are becoming inspired with new hope and righteous ambition.

What a privilege for such people to live and work in these closing years of the nineteenth century!

R. F. Patton  
J. F.  
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