

MARRIAGES PARTIES
SOCIAL ACTIVITIES

GOSAMERS BEFORE THE SUN.
Our lives are gossamers before the sun.
Drifting on wind-swept heights in
colored play
And vanishing before the ebb of day.
A tangled web of dreams forever
spun
And vows like leaves when autumn's
light is done.
Fall ghostly in the last November
grays.
We come like wind; like mist we
slip away.
The gleam is quenched before it is
begun.
I tell you, dear, we have no part in
this.
Forget the whirling wheels which
tossed us free
To flare a moment in delicious bliss.
Love is a bird that darts in eager
flight.
Racing to reach its bower before the
night.
Tomorrow is too late for you and
me.
—Ignace M. Inganni in Skyline.

Away On Visit
Miss Emily Mae Thompson is spending a week in Cary and Fuquay Springs.

Return From Raleigh
Miss Dorothy Thompson has returned to the city after a visit to friends and relatives in Raleigh and Cary.

Spend Day in Richmond.
Miss Martha Pope, Douglas Draffin, Miss Joyce Whitehead, and John Cartwright are spending the day in Richmond, Va.

Visitors from Beaufort.
Miss Jessie Arrington, and Miss Anne Mae Childs, of Beaufort, spent Tuesday in the city as the guests of Mrs. J. M. Burnett on Davis street.

Visiting At Middleburg
Mrs. J. W. Mayfield, Jr., of North Carolina, and little daughter, Margaret Ann, are visiting Mrs. Edward Hollaway at Middleburg.

Attending Education Meet
Miss Edna Garlick left Monday for Atlantic City to attend the annual convention of the National Education Association. Miss Garlick goes as one of the representatives of the Greensboro city schools.

**Miss Jackson Is
Bride Mr. Bowling**

In the presence of a few friends and relatives, a wedding of much interest was solemnized Wednesday, June 22, at 11 a. m., at the home of Rev. E. R. Nelson, pastor of the church on Gary street, who officiated, when Miss Willie Grey Jackson became the bride of Garland Howard Bowling.
She is well known to a host of friends and is the attractive daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. P. Jackson.
Mr. Bowling is the son of Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Bowling, of Townsville, and is a prominent farmer of that community.
Immediately after the ceremony, the young couple left for a short wedding trip, and upon their return will make their home in Townsville.

**June Cotillion
To Be Tonight**

With all arrangements complete in every detail for the annual June Cotillion at the West End Country Club tonight at 10:30 o'clock, one of the best June dances given here for some time is expected to be had, with a large number of out-of-town guests to be present.
Members of the club have issued cards to a number of people in neighboring cities in North Carolina and Virginia, and many are expected to attend.
A very special feature of the dance will be the club figure, led by John H. Zollieffer with Miss Mary Duke Lyons, of Durham; Waddell Gholson with Miss Betsy Cooper, and B. H. Hicks with Miss Carolyn Watkins, with each active member of the social organization taking part.
Whitney Kaufman and his orchestra will play at the dance this evening.

HEAD COLDS
VICKS
NOSE DROPS
AMAZING RELIEF

STEVENSON
LAST TIMES TODAY
DANCERS IN THE DARK
—with—
Jack Oakie
and
Miriam Hopkins
Also
Charlie Chase
Comedy
"Ship the Maloo"
Admission
10¢
THURSDAY AND FRIDAY
WARNER BAXTER
—and—
MARION NIXON
in
"AMATEUR DADDY"
Added Comedy and Novelty

SOCIETY NEWS

TELEPHONE 610 : : : : : HOURS 9 A. M. TO 12 NOON

CHURCH SOCIETIES
ANNOUNCEMENTS

ETTA KETT



**Mrs. E. G. Dorsey
Hostess at Club**

Mrs. E. G. Dorsey was the charming hostess at an informal dance given at West End Country Club last night honoring her house guest, Miss Sallie Peachie Booker, of Halifax, Va.
Dancing was enjoyed during the evening, with light refreshments being served the guests.

DABNEY NEWS

By MRS. B. A. SCOTT
Mrs. J. C. Glover very charmingly entertained at dinner last Sunday, honoring her birthday. The dinner table was very pretty with its centerpiece, which was a birthday cake decorated with tiny pink rose buds and green leaves. Covers were laid for eight. Those enjoying the evening were Mr. and Mrs. S. F. Crews of Henderson, parents of Mrs. Glover, Miss Jereldine Crews of Henderson, Mr. and Mrs. Fuller and small daughter, Elizabeth Ann of Bobbitt.
Mrs. Julian Wyche and daughter, Sarah Bridges have returned home after having spent several days visiting Mrs. Wyche's father, J. G. Bottoms of Marysboro.

B. A. Scott spent several days last week in Washington, D. C. He was accompanied home by J. F. Hill of only he spent Tuesday night with him.
Mrs. Anna Hunt who has been visiting friends and relatives in Townsville for the past week has returned to Dabney to be with her sister, Mrs. Sue Burroughs for a while.

Mrs. I. T. Nutt and Mrs. Hight of Oxford were guests of Mrs. Nutt's parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Parrott last Wednesday. They will leave there for Richmond, Va. to spend a few days.

Mrs. B. A. Scott and son Benjamin, Jr., and Mrs. Nannie Bridges spent several days last week in Marysboro, guests of friends and relatives.

At this writing H. B. Hicks is on the sick list. His many friends wish for him a speedy recovery.

On last Thursday afternoon the Dabney Woman's club met in the home of Mrs. B. A. Scott, with Mrs. A. G. Parrott, Mrs. W. T. Greenway, Mrs. L. F. Floyd, Mrs. J. C. Glover, Mrs. Florence Gooch and Mrs. Victoria McCann as hostesses. The meeting was opened promptly at 3:00 o'clock with Mrs. J. K. Plummer in charge. The attendance was very good. The subject for discussion was ironing to the best advantage. Mrs. Plummer gave some very interesting points on the best way to iron, also dry clean. After a round table discussion was enjoyed by the members of the club. Canning was discussed for the first time since last canning season. Plans were made for canning demonstrations in the near future.

After the business meeting a social hour was enjoyed. During the hour, the hostesses served delicious refreshments in two courses. The first course was a salad course followed by ice cream and cake.

Those present were: Mrs. W. T. Greenway, Mrs. J. C. Glover, Mrs. L. F. Boyd, Mrs. Victoria McCann, Mrs. Raymond Wyche, Mrs. Florence Gooch, Mrs. A. G. Parrott, Mrs. Dorsey Hart, Mrs. Tom LeMay, Mrs. J. K. Plummer, Mrs. Julian Wyche, Miss Bess McCann, Miss Grace Gooch, Miss Willine McCann, Miss Ruby McCann, Miss Dorothy Clark, Mrs. L. W. Dorsey, Miss Jewel Barnes, Mrs. O. H. Parham, Miss Evelyn Parham, Miss Minnie Lou Parham, Mrs. C. D. Wyche, Mrs. Nannie E. Bridges.

Women's Leader



Mrs. Margaret Durham Robey, of Beuna Vista, Va., who was graduated from Trinity college in 1917, has been elected president of the Duke university alumnae association for the ensuing year. She is head of the English department at Southern seminary, of which her father, Dr. Robert L. Durham, is president.

**SUNDAY SCHOOLS
MEET TOMORROW**

**All Denominations Invited
To Attend Exercises At
Baptist Church**

W. C. POE, PRESIDENT

**Program Is Announced for Night
Service, Which Will Be Given
Over to Young People's
Work Discussions**

Sunday school workers from churches of all denominations in all parts of Vance county, as well as Henderson, are to gather here tomorrow for the annual convention of the Vance county Sunday School Association, which will be held in three sessions at the First Baptist church.

W. C. Poe is president and Miss Annie Leigh Puckett is secretary of the association. Rev. Shuford Peeler, of Salisbury, secretary of the North Carolina Sunday School Association, is to be present and speak during the day's session. A number of Sunday school workers from various parts of this county are also on the program for discussions.

There will be three sessions, the first of which will open at 9:45 a. m., and continue through the morning. At noon a basket luncheon will be held at the church, and all who participate are asked to bring a lunch with them. An afternoon session will follow the luncheon, and in the evening at 7:45 o'clock a special program for the young people will be held.

The public is invited to attend, and Sunday school workers in general are urged to be present for all of the sessions. Officers will be elected and the place for the next convention will be chosen.

The night program for young people is to be in charge of Howell Steed and the general theme will be, "Youth and Christianity." The program, as announced today, is as follows:
7:45 p. m.—Song Service, led by W. B. Harrison.
8:00 p. m.—Worship Service, F. M. Harward.
8:15 p. m.—Address, "Youth in the Sunday School", G. B. Blum.
8:35 p. m.—Special Music—Quartet.
8:40 p. m.—Hymn, "Jesus Calls Us Over the Tumult."
8:45 p. m.—Address—"Youth and Christian Stewardship", Rev. R. A. Whitten.
9:05 p. m.—"The State Young People's Work", Rev. Shuford Peeler.
Hymn, "Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me."
9:15 p. m.—Benediction.

The cent was proposed in 1782 by Robert Morris, and was named by Jefferson two years later. It began to make its appearance from the mint in 1792.

FEEL FINE FOR 10¢

Quick relief from headache
If you have a headache or any of the little nagging pains that make you feel unwell, go to the drug store and ask for Stanback. It will "pick you up" at once. Only 10 cents! Ask your druggist for STANBACK, by name and get what you seek.

The Sacred Eye BY BRUCE E. GRIGGS
A Story of Mystery and Love in The South Seas

CHAPTER 40
"WHAT'S THAT LONG black ark that is waving up through the hole in the deck house door—it isn't coral? It's black and waving." Pilly had the water glass at the moment. She was excited.
Pauo reached for the glass and looked down. "That's the arm of a big devil fish," she announced quietly. "The body and the rest of the arms are lying under the deck flooring. It has probably taken up its residence there. They generally live in caves."
"Devil fish?" Pilly asked.
"Octopus," Pauo explained. "They have eight arms like that one you can see."
We took the glass in turn, and as we looked, the great, ugly creature moved slowly out of hiding and into full view, its long arms waving hideously. We watched with the fascination born of dread. We had seen small ones. This one was big.
"I want you to see as much of the temple as you can here from the water," Pauo said. "Both sides of it."
Tom stepped on the starter, engaged the clutch and spun the wheel over. The boat began describing a long arc.
"Stand out about a quarter of a mile off shore in the lagoon here, just off the cove," Pauo directed. Tom followed instructions, headed her in, checked the forward rudder with the reverse, and cut the switch. Our own waves died down and we lay idly on that glassy surface.
Pauo again got the glasses from the locker and passed them around. The powerful lenses brought the temple down to us. It was a gigantic room cut out of solid rock. From the angle we were viewing it we could see the great doorway here on the western side and we saw that the room had light, seeming to come from an opening on the opposite side.
"That door must be thirty feet wide," lone said as she studied it through the glass.
"It is all of that," Pauo answered. She handed the glasses to me. I adjusted them to my eyes. "Look at the carvings on the ceiling," I said. "I could plainly see intricate designs worked in bas relief in the high vaulted part of the ceiling which was visible from here. There were carvings on the outside of the doorway. Suddenly I made out what seemed to be winged canoes, with human figures in them."
"That looks distinctly like an Egyptian influence," I commented. "Look at the position of those wings."
From this western door there seemed to be a path leading down the face of the cliff. I handed the glasses to Tom.
"That is absolutely Egyptian," he declared after a moment's study. "Look at the way those wings lie flat along the sides. The hawk wings of Horus." he added.
"You'll find Egyptian influence all through the Polynesian islands," Pauo informed us. "The Mayans of South America have that same legend of Horus."
"Darwin, you know, traveled here extensively, and he believed these islands were mountain tops of the great Lost Continent of Mu, which once stretched from the Americas north and south to Asia."
"The Naacal Tablets found in Burma, support this theory of the continent that drowned in the sea, as well as legends in totally different parts of the world—but I am off riding my pet hobby, Sorry."
"Go on, tell us more about that," Pilly pleaded.
"Not now," Pauo answered briefly. I want you to see the eastern side of the temple.
The winged canoe recalls the Biblical story of the Ark. Tom offered us the motor to life, and we began moving out to open sea, taking the ground swell with a gentle rising and falling motion. Once outside the reef, he "revved" up and the white wake began boiling behind us.
"Do you mean to tell me that the temple goes all the way through that peak?" Larry called to Pauo.
"Yes, it does, but the peak is only about a hundred feet through up there."
Tom was gradually bearing to port now that we were at the south end of the island, to bring us up on the eastern side.
Then we saw it—that great eastern door of the temple and the wide, flat plaza which ran out from it to the edge of the cliff, which overhung at that point just slightly, leaving a sheer drop of hundreds of feet to the water which lapped the base.
"That was nothing but the back door we saw around there on the other side," Holmes ejaculated.
"But this is the EASTERN side," Pauo said quietly.
"Facing the rising sun?" lone asked.
"That's the answer." I remembered that all through history man has instinctively worshipped something bigger than himself, and that the great flaming ball, giving warmth and life, had been a logical target for this universal adoration and devotion since man learned to walk on his hind legs, and human history dawned. Its daily rising signified new life, and so the temple faced the east.
"That must have taken centuries to build," Tom said slowly, musingly. "Imagine cutting that great cavern out of solid rock by hand with crude tools—why, it would be a big task today even with pneumatic drills and blasting powder."
"There has been a lot of time lived up," Pauo told him meaningly. "These islands are very old."
The magnitude of the thing seemed to have struck us. For a time no one spoke as we passed the glasses around, sitting there in that bit of 20th century polished mahogany, on the gently rising and falling ocean.
"Look," Tom said finally. "There are seven pillars on either side of that great doorway. SEVEN. That's the perfect number of the ancients."
"The Biblical story brings down the seven day week from creation," Pilly stated. "Seven has been a mystical number for a long time."
"That doorway must be at least fifty feet wide," lone guessed.
"Nearer sixty," Pauo told her. I was studying the carvings. No only those which covered the front of the temple, but also those which were worked in on the smooth face of that perfectly perpendicular cliff. There on the cliff face were winged human figures, again the winged canoes, together with cabalistic signs, as well as simple and intricate geometric designs—all laid out in a neat pattern. There was artistry in the thing.
"That looks like an altar there on the plaza in front of the temple," I said. From the angle at which we were viewing it, the cliff's edge cut off the lower view.
"It is," Pauo told me. "It is the old altar where the human sacrifices were made," she added quietly. "What was done with the bodies?" Pilly wanted to know. I caught her eye and passed her a 15-pound look, but later she said she had no idea of posing as a "lack-lust" Pauo was so much one of us, that the story of the island blood in her veins entirely slipped her mind.
However, Pauo answered quietly and without hesitation: "Some were eaten, and some thrown over the sea—depending on whether they were enemies captured in battle, or whether they were sacrifices."
"That I remember distinctly, was Pauo's first reference to the old custom of cannibalism."
"You can't see Nu from here, can you?" I asked.
"No, he sits too far back in the temple."
"Do you know how high that is?" lone asked.
"A little over 400 feet from the water to the plaza."
I noticed that at the base there was absolutely no beach. The water was breaking directly on the foot of the cliff. It was quiet and calm now, but I could picture what it would be like with a heavy sea running on.
"I wouldn't relish hanging on a back rope to do that carving. It is too far down if the rope broke," Tom said, adding: "The face of that cliff goes up just as straight as a plumb line. Is the water deep there at the base?"
"Yes, very deep," Pauo told him quietly. I happened to be looking at her when she spoke and I thought I caught a strange expression in her eyes for an instant.
"Suppose I go down and come through the south pass in the reef." Tom suggested. "I'd like to study it closer."
Now I was positive I saw that peculiar light in her eyes, and her next words confirmed it:
"I would rather you didn't." Her voice was pitched low. "My father fell from the temple plaza, and I haven't been inside this reef since we pulled his broken body from the water. That's how Nu got him!" Her face was white. She was seeing again things we couldn't see.
"Sorry," said Tom, softly, briefly. "I didn't know." He dropped into his seat behind the wheel. "Shall we go?" he asked and kicked the starter.
(TO BE CONTINUED)

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PAIN
because—
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2. Being liquid, it acts quicker than pills or powders.
Sold at drug stores in single dose, or 10c, 30c, 60c sizes.

NOTICE OF SALE

Under and by virtue of the power and authority conferred upon the undersigned trustee by a certain deed of trust executed by Golden Belt Bus Line, Inc., W. A. Watkins and Florence Watkins on January the 28th., 1931 and recorded in the office of the register of deeds of Vance county, in Book 168, page 3, default having been made in the payment of the indebtedness thereby secured as therein provided and having been requested by the holders of the said note, the undersigned trustee, will on Thursday, June the 30th, 1932 at 12 o'clock noon at the courthouse door in Vance county offer for sale and sell to the highest bidder for cash the following described property:

The franchise certificate held by Golden Belt Bus Line, Inc. and issued to it by the North Carolina Corporation Commission, the same being franchise No. 203, empowering the parties of the first part to operate a bus line for transportation of passengers, light express and freight from Durham, N. C., via Oxford to Henderson, North Carolina, over Highway No. 75 and 57, together with all right, title, interest and claim that the claim with respect to said bus line first parties of the first part have or and franchise rights in connection therewith.

This the 2nd day of June, 1932.
BART M. GATLING, Trustee.

**Round Trip
Bargain Fares**
July 2
HENDERSON TO

Atlanta	\$ 7.00
Athens	6.00
Birmingham	8.00
Columbia	5.00
Savannah	6.00
Jacksonville	7.00

Tickets Good in Pullman Cars Upon Payment of Pullman Fare
Limited Returning Prior to Midnight Following Tuesday
For Information See Ticket Agent

Dispatch Advertising Pays

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300 Dresses Bought At a Sacrifice Just Arrived and They Go On Sale at
\$3.00, \$5.00 and \$9.00
YOU NEVER SAW SUCH VALUES
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NEW SPORT HATS \$1.95