

A LOVE LETTER IN WHICH MARRIAGE IS PROPOSED

The following letter, of the love variety, was picked up on the streets of Dunn by a local citizen and handed to The Dispatch for publication: "Dearest Girl: "I will try and write you a few lines to let you know I have not forgotten my little girl in Sampson and never will. I have got back last week and shoo had written to my sweet-heart, say my Dear as I am out of trouble why cant we get married the Fourth of July and do not keep me waiting, say I have got two pigs and a Potato Patch ho ho, say have you told your mother of our Engagement, if you have what did she say. Dear I have had some trouble since I have seen you, you do not know what it means to leave the only girl that I love, for you are the only girl in the world that made me cry. I have cried for you my Dearest, say you must say you will marry the Fourth of July and I will prepare for it, you must answer my letter soon my Dear and tell me, you can show it to your mother if you wish so I will close, answer soon.

"Your's if needed."
"This is you x x x x."
The letter had never been sealed or mailed and The Dispatch will be pleased to turn it over to the one for whom it was intended.

ASHEVILLE MAY BE KLAN HEADQUARTERS

Talk of Moving Headquarters From Atlanta, Council To Meet Soon

Asheville, June 27.—Plans for moving the Imperial palace of the Invisible Empire, Knights of the Ku Klux Klan, from Atlanta to Asheville, will be considered at the imperial council meeting July 16, it was reported yesterday. Grand dragons of the order from every state in the Union will be present for the session. It is understood that a prominent resident of Asheville, who is affiliated with the Klan, has offered to donate property for the erection of the palace in Asheville.

While those affiliated with the organization here are silent on the plans this information was obtained on what is declared to be good authority.

MERCHANT AT DURHAM IS DROWNED IN LAKE

Durham, June 22.—Lewis Wilkerson, a young merchant in this city, was drowned this afternoon in Crystal Lake, an amusement park near Durham. Mr. Wilkerson is believed to have suffered from a heart attack while in swimming. His body was taken from the lake late this afternoon and was removed to his home on West Main street.

GET MARRIED AFTER THREE FALSE STARTS

Los Angeles, June 27.—Gladys Walton, motion picture actress, and Henry M. Herbel, of New York, assistant sales manager of the company starring Miss Walton, were married here late last night. Refusal of the first three ministers sought to tie the knot delayed the ceremony. Miss Walton obtained her final decrees of divorce from her first husband, Frank P. Liddell, Jr., less than three weeks ago. The Rev. E. P. Land, pastor of a Hollywood Congregational church, performed the wedding ceremony at his home.

SUBMIT BIDS ON PAVING DUNN-DUKE HIGHWAY

Bids were submitted Wednesday on 28 road building projects in the State, the lowest bids on the total number of projects aggregating \$3,879,143. Bids were submitted on project No. 488, between Dunn and Duke. The lowest bids submitted on hard-surfacing this stretch of road, 3.82 miles, were, roadway by J. M. Gregory and Co., \$119,576.67; structures by T. J. Bewell at \$15,155.60. Many of the lowest bids submitted were classed by the Highway Commission as "excessive" and will likely be rejected. It will be several days, it is said, before any of the contracts will be signed.

Stuart, You're Up Against It

We wonder what the magnet is that so attracts Mr. Stuart O. Bonduant towards Chapel Hill and the renown town of Dunn, N. C. It seems that we have two very attractive teachers from there and we wonder if he is going to try to kill two "chickens" with one trip. Will he be forced to choose between the two, or can he carry on two affairs in the same town at the same time? Our knowledge of him is somewhat limited, but we doubt his ability to do this. Which will he choose?—Spray Arrow.

Kills Wife And Self

Augusta, Ga., June 27. — Alfred Lee, 35, and his wife, Margie Lee, were buried in the same grave yesterday. Lee shot and instantly killed his wife yesterday afternoon, then killed himself by a shot in the brain. Jealousy is given as the cause of the double tragedy.

NOBLES HOLDS TO INNOCENCE PLEA

(Continued from page 1.)

him, also wanted to get out. **Witness Unconcerned**
The names of the women were not disclosed. Both looked very young and not at all within the statutory age limits invoked by Warden Busshee before he closed the doors. He told everybody under 21 to get out. One of the women had bobbed hair and appeared not more than 17 years of age. The other, somewhat older, and hard-visaged. The younger turned away and did not watch the spectacle of death, but the older chewed her gum, smiled, and talked with her companion. Both are teachers in the public schools of the State.

Packed Into the Little Room
Packed into the little room so densely that it was impossible even to raise the arms out of the mass, the throng generated a terrific heat. The windows were raised, but little air could enter the place. Numbers of the young there was straining but nobody collapsed. At the back of the throng there was straining and pushing among the spectators whose vision was entirely cut off from the center of the room where Nobles had already drifted to the unconscious threshold of death.

Bolt Shot Home
Suddenly the body was jerked taut and erect. The muscles in the neck, chest, and the bare legs were knotted. The veins were swelled until it seemed that they would burst. The flesh reddened under the intense heat of the high voltage raging through the body, but whitening where the knotted muscles were stretched against the skin. The heat crackled in the helmet, and a mist arose above the chair.

Seventy-one seconds the power moved through him and slackened off, but only for a brief interval while the body slumped down again deep into the straps. Then it jerked erect again, the knots came back in the muscles, the veins stood out livid against the lighter glow of the flesh for twenty seconds. The hum of the current grew thinner and the body slowly sank back into the chair.

The stethoscope found the heart still fluttering against the breast, and after pouring a quart of water over the helmet and the leg electrode, the warden again shot the current home. Again the body rose up against the straps, and as the hand on the bolt moved it back and forth gently, increasing and diminishing the power, the body swayed with it, rising up and setting back as though the man were living and struggling to be freed of the fettering leather.

Sixty seconds more of that and still the stethoscope found life in the heart that was dying unwillingly. Again, the body was jerked upward against the leathers and the full power of the current poured into it. The helmet crackled like a hickory fire. Smoke arose from the chin strap, and an instant later a little tongue of flame licked out and upward toward the ears.

Flesh Blazes Up
For a few seconds the current was slackened and the flame was withdrawn under the straps. The current roared again, and this time the flame, with a nauseous odor of burning flesh, came out from under the straps around the calf of the leg. The smoke shot up toward the ceiling, with the

"Women to Run the World"—headline. Then what will be left for the men to run

flame following it until it almost caught the cloth of the trousers leg folded back above the knees. The warden saw and shut off the current. This time the stethoscope found no life. Daniel Milton Nobles was dead. Instantly an attendant had opened the door. The warden directed the crowd to disperse, but they went slowly. They were packed in too tight to be moved easily, and many wanted to see the body unstrapped from the chair. The burns on the leg were more severe than the marks left on his shaven skull. He was burned slightly about the face, but on the whole he looked little deader than when he leaned back in the chair five minutes before. The body was turning a dull blue and had become quite cold.

Women Giggle
The two women school teachers were the first to get out of the chamber. They giggled over something that somebody said to them as they passed through the door, and were gone from the enclosure before the most of the crowd had made its way into the open air again. The hears had backed up to the door, and two men were waiting with a long basket to remove the body. Ten minutes later the grounds were quiet again after the killing of the convicted man-killer.

Sixty days ago the same hearse was waiting before the death house to cart away the same freight that it carried yesterday, but 31 minutes before his appointed hour Nobles was given a respite at the hands of the Governor until he might look more fully into the circumstances of the case. Having looked, the Governor declined to interfere further and Nobles died with the same story in his mind that had moved the Governor two months ago.

Death has claimed many manner victims than it had for its own yesterday, but none who smelt more closely to their story than did Nobles when he came down the corridor that at last had no turning. Many expected him to break down at the last minute and cry out for mercy. There was an expectant hush when his spiritual adviser prompted him to some last utterance yesterday morning as he waited to be harnessed to the chair.

But over and over again was his same old story, his same old plea of innocence, played against the odds of overwhelming evidence that it was his hand that struck down Henry Nobles, his first cousin, last September. Circumstantial and direct evidence that he did the killing, enough of it to convince a judge and jury and the Governor himself that he was guilty was in the scales beside his claim of innocence.

Few have believed him. Against him is a long court record, with road sentences for having cruelly assaulted his wife and children, carrying concealed weapons, three counts of selling liquor, an assault with a deadly weapon, and finally the murder of his cousin, who was the chief prosecuting witness on the charge of assault with a deadly weapon. Besides these formal convictions, the community in which he has lived has convicted him of many other minor crimes.

But yesterday he was taken back to the remote township in Columbus county to be buried among the people who turned their backs upon him in his last extremity, and there will be none to weep above his grave but his faithful wife, who has suffered much at his hands, and the five children who are orphaned by the penalty the State required of their father.—Raleigh News and Observer.

The Home Paper (Extension Service)

Raleigh, June 20.—The Division of Publications of the North Carolina Extension Service believes that the home papers of this State are rendering a real service to the readers by giving them news about other farmers and facts about the world in which farmers are always interested. With all that has been written about country newspapers, though, it seems curious that it was only recently attention was called to the fact that one of the most loved American poets years ago paid tribute to the country weekly which, for color and vividness, perhaps has not been excelled by any of the modern writers.

It is not known just who is entitled to credit for bringing the poem to light; it is several weeks now since it first began appearing in the exchanges, and the Editor of the State College and Department of Agriculture is indebted to the Editor of Cornell University for bringing it to his attention. The poem is part of Whittier's longer poem "Snowbound" and is as follows:

At last the floundering carrier bore The village paper to our door, Lo! broadening outward as we read To warmer zones th' horizon spread, In panoramic length unrolled We saw the marvels that it told, Welcome to us its week-old news, Its corner for the rustic Muse.

PAYING BY CHECK
Is the business-like way. The use of checks will save you a great deal of trouble in making change and eliminate the risk of keeping much money around the house or on your person. You can write out the exact amount necessary to pay any item. At the end of the month this bank makes up a statement showing deposits made and checks drawn serving as a complete record of your transactions—a bookkeeper that costs you nothing. Your checks are returned to you cancelled after each month has passed, they are receipts for the amount paid and you need no others. Should a check be stolen or lost you may stop payment, which is impossible with currency. There are many advantages in paying by check but we will repeat one more—it is the business-like way of paying your bills.

The Commercial Bank
DUNN, NORTH CAROLINA

"Strong and Well"
"I WISH you could know how much I am improved since taking the Cardui," writes Mrs. Mamie Brown, of Black Rock, Ark. "You wouldn't know me for the same weak invalid I was before I took it. At my age I had to keep off my feet or I would fall. I couldn't do my housework, and just got where I'd most need to be dead as living. Some could say my husband or Cardui. He got it for me and I took three bottles before I dropped—then off and on for the last three years just as a tonic. I saw a decided improvement after my first bottle. I feel like a new woman, and was able to do my work with ease, and now I am for my family and for others. I am feeling fine, and strong and well." This Cardui! It may be just the medicine you need.

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Mr. Blair, there is a very thick, rank growth of vetch on the lined land. The vetch has grown so well that it has practically choked out the rye. The stems of the vetch are about three feet long where the soy beans were cut for hay last fall, and about four feet long where the soy beans were turned under. Although the stems are matted together and bedded down, this difference is easily seen by the many visitors to the field. And then—the unfilled portion of the field there is no vetch. Mr. Blair states that vetch contains about five times as much nitrogen per ton as rye, so Mr. Chandler is not worrying about the rye having been choked out. He figures that the legume has gathered from the air at least as much nitrogen per acre as a 400-pound application of nitrate of soda would supply. Potash and phosphoric acid are relatively cheap fertilizers and with the nitrogen added by the vetch and the organic matter that it supplies together with some purchased potash and phosphoric acid, Mr. Chandler expects to make a record crop of corn on the lined land this year. He seems to have some doubts about his corn crop on the unfilled land.

STATE FIREMEN MEET IN DURHAM IN AUGUST
Durham, June 25.—The annual convention of the North Carolina Firemen's association will be held here on August 7, 8 and 9. At a meeting between officials of the State body and the Durham committee, held last week, plans for the convention were discussed. A barbecue at Chapel Hill on the opening day of the convention is one of the entertainment features on the program.

The Separator Tells The Story
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