

**Purse from Sow's Ear**  
A feature of the exhibit of Arthur D. Little, Inc., at the National Exposition of Chemical Industries in 1921, was a silk purse actually made out of a sow's ear. The ear was made into glue, softened with water, brought almost to the point of precipitation with acetone, then forced through a warm container into a spinneret, and through this into a hardening solution of formaldehyde and acetone in a V-tube. It was picked out of the V-tube, reeled, dried, treated to a 40 per cent glycerin bath in which it was also dyed, then reeled and dried again, woven and sewed up.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are an effective laxative. Sugar coated. Children like them. Buy now!—Adv.

**Constancy Completes Virtue**  
Constancy is the complement of all other human virtues.—Mazzini.

**FEEL A COLD COMING?**

**Do these 3 things**  
1. Keep your head clear  
2. Protect your throat  
3. Build up your alkaline reserve

**LUDEX'S MENTHOL COUGH DROPS HELP YOU DO ALL 3**

**The Gentle Word**  
A gentle word soothes anger, just as water puts out a fire, and there is no soil so barren but that tenderness brings forth some fruit.—S. Francis de Sales.

**Beware Coughs from common colds That Hang On**

No matter how many medicines you have tried for your cough, chest cold or bronchial irritation, you can get relief now with Creomulsion. Serious trouble may be brewing and you cannot afford to take a chance with anything less than Creomulsion, which goes right to the seat of the trouble to aid nature to soothe and heal the inflamed membranes as the germ-laden phlegm is loosened and expelled. Even if other remedies have failed, don't be discouraged, your druggist is authorized to guarantee Creomulsion and to refund your money if you are not satisfied with results from the very first bottle. Get Creomulsion right now. (Adv.)

**Adversity Our Teacher**  
We become wiser by adversity; prosperity destroys our appreciation of the right.—Seneca.

**Miss REE LEEF says**  
**Capudine** relieves **NEURALGIC PAIN** quicker because it's liquid... **ALREADY DISSOLVED**

**Room for All**  
This world certainly is wide enough to hold both thee and me.—Sterne.

**A Good Laxative**  
The bad feelings and dullness often attending constipation take the joy out of life. Try a dose of Black-Draught at the first sign of constipation and see how much better it is to check the trouble before it gets a hold on you. Black-Draught is purely vegetable and is so prompt and reliable. Get refreshing relief from constipation by taking purely vegetable

**BLACK-DRAUGHT**

**Old Age is Deliberate**  
Young men soon give and soon forget affronts; old age is slow in both.—Addison.

**DETOUR DOGS**  
"BLACK LEAF 40" Keeps Dogs Away from Evergreens, Shrubs etc. Get from your Dealer

**MASSANUTTEN CHICKS**  
VIRGINIA CERTIFIED ROCKS • REDS • LEGHORNS  
PULLORUM TESTED  
**30,000**  
OFFICIALLY CERTIFIED BREEDERS  
Free Illustrated Catalog Shows Results Baby Chicks  
Massanutten Hatchery, Inc., Harrisburg, Pa.

★  
**Bright Star**  
By **Mary Schumann**  
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**CHAPTER XIII—Continued**

Lizzie was uncertain in her manner, not knowing whether to be haughty or friendly. She melted under Hugh's friendly agreeableness, and was soon loquacious about her ill-health and the trials she had had to bear with her children. Presently Hugh began talking. She cried out when he related what Ellen had attempted, but when he suggested that the girl go abroad with his mother very soon, a half-scornful smile appeared on her lips. "I'm wondering—wondering!"

"Just what?"  
"Do you suppose it was a trick she played to get her own way? She may have seen you—knew you'd follow her, tell us about it!"

"Did Ellen ever play tricks to get her own way?" Hugh asked gravely.

"No-o."  
"She couldn't have seen me. I was too far away. I tell you the girl was desperate—half out of her head!"

"Then the place for her is a sanatorium—not Europe!" said Lizzie quickly.

"Do you want that stigma on her?"

Hugh pressed his point eagerly. "And my mother needs this trip. It will do them both so much good. She can leave easily now that Kezia is married—while you, Lizzie—"

"I can take her myself this summer! Gavin will send us if I insist."

"An inspiration came to Hugh. 'Lizzie, you know you couldn't—you'll never get away. Gavin won't let you out of his sight. He'd mope and grieve, get sick if you were gone longer than a week!'"

If Ellen is to get well, she must have a change of scene for several months."

A flush tinged Lizzie's faded fairness, a gratified light shone in her eyes. She sighed. "Poor Gavin—I'm afraid so! Quiet—never says much, but absolutely devoted. You'd be surprised if you knew how dependent he is on my advice!"

"We all know that."  
"And how much his success is due to me!"

Hugh nodded encouragingly. The belief which he helped her build as to Gavin's need of her, was useful to him, and harmless to her. It gave her stubborn mind something to cling to, and might allow Ellen to depart in peace.

That night in the library he tossed some travel pamphlets to Ellen and his mother. "I got these today from an agency. Look them over and tell me which trip you two would like to take."

They looked at him questioningly as they unfolded them.

"There's a good boat sailing in three weeks."

"England—France—Spain—Italy—Germany," murmured Fluvanna. "Shall we take them all, or are we limited to two or three?"

"Greedy! . . . Paris or Florence, since Ellen wants to study."

Ellen's blue eyes flew open, startled. Her lips parted but she did not speak.

"Hugh!" said his mother, warningly.

"Not joking! I've had a busy day planning this. I couldn't speak of it until some details were settled—but they are now. Ellen's father and mother have given their consent. All you two have to decide is where you want to go and the earliest date you can be ready to sail."

Fluvanna looked agitated. "No—no," she began. She stopped at the radiant expression on Ellen's face.

The girl, sitting on a hassock near Hugh, clasped her hands. "Hugh, you're not fooling? . . . you said I could go away?—with Fluvanna? Are you sure there's no mistake?"

"Oh, I can't believe it!"  
"There's no mistake," answered Hugh, smiling. "And you, Mother— . . . you said you always wanted to go—?"

"Cousin Fluvanna, think of it! Paris—Florence—the Louvre—the Uffizi Gallery!" Ellen buried her head in the arm of Hugh's chair; he patted her shoulders comfortingly.

Fluvanna's face was a study of struggling emotions. "Leave you?" she whispered.

Hugh nodded slowly, then indicated Ellen, as though her need were greater. His mother was quiet, gazed at the fire.

Ellen raised her head, touched her shining eyes with her handkerchief. "Excuse me . . . I go all weepy with grief or happiness lately . . . but it was happiness this

time! . . . Oh, Fluvanna, what wonderful precious times we will have together!

"Pull your chairs up close to mine," said Fluvanna in an odd hollow voice. "We'll go over the folders together."

The sailing date was set for the seventeenth of April and the days flew by in a hurry of preparation until there was only a week left for Fluvanna to say good-by to dear familiar furnishings, to Margery and her children, to Kezia, to Hugh.

They reached New York the morning of the day they were to sail. It was mild and sunny. They leaned at the rail of the ferry, watching the spires of the city come closer.

"The skyline has soaring aspiration in it," mused Ellen. "Sometimes the tips of buildings are in the clouds—but they always reach up! I like this approach to the city so much."

Hugh smiled down at her. Again he had the feeling of a rose opening; the delicate face, the petal texture of her cheeks, had the softness of a flower. She looked like a different person these last few weeks since she knew she was to leave Corinth. Whether Ellen would paint great pictures or not, he did not know, but he knew that as her charm moved him, it would move others. The unconscious seeking for love was in her melodious voice, in the graceful movements of her slight figure. What she sought she would find—perhaps on this trip. He hoped so.

"I recognize the Empire State building," said Fluvanna.

"We'll go to the top of it today," Hugh promised.

Their taxi cab went slowly across town, held up by the traffic and the whirling lights. The crowds of people on Forty-second street, moving in restless rhythm, lashed back and forth like the sea. A man, selling roses at the corner of Fifth avenue, extended his bunch in ingratiatingly to passers-by. The sun sparkled on the silvery top of the Chrysler building.

"When we come back we will stay here a week," said Ellen. "All of America is here, the west, the north and the south, all fused in a kind of eagerness for achievement. I felt that when I went to school here. Hugh, when we come back, will you come on to meet us?"

Hugh smiled at his mother. "Haven't you heard? I'm coming over to get you when you are ready to come home."

"No!" Ellen leaned forward to look in his face with a sparkle in her glance. "Are you bribing us to cut short our stay?"

Fluvanna rested in the hotel while Hugh and Ellen shopped, then went to a matinee. After late dinner they went down to the boat which was to sail at eleven. Although they were early, knots of people promenaded the decks, gay, laughing groups. Boys scurried down corridors with luggage; the whole ship buzzed with activity. Hugh had secured an outside stateroom with twin beds. Flowers were already there from Kezia and Jerry, fruit from Margery; a will, books, candy, letters, and bon voyage telegrams from friends.

"You're so quiet, Mother," said Hugh, sitting on the arm of her chair. "Tired?"

"No, dear," she replied. She reached for his hand. Hugh, her boy. The moments, the dear moments were flying, and all the while her heart knocked the passionate certitude: "I shall never see him again." Twice lately she had had attacks which she felt might be her last. Two or three months . . . Only a little while at most, she reasoned. And he wanted this—wanted to help Ellen. He had been better lately in his enthusiasm for helping Ellen. It would work out for the best. Perhaps a dear wish would be fulfilled . . . that old wish . . . Good-by, dear loveliness, dearest and most tender of sons! What are a few weeks of life to give—to help you? The wheel is turning—turning . . . this body will never come back. No harder to say good-by now . . . at least not much harder.

"Ellen and I are going for a stroll around the deck, Mother. We'll be back in a few minutes."

Ellen tied a ribbon about her hair, put on her beaver jacket. Fluvanna watched Hugh hold open the door for her, pass through after Ellen. His tall, easy bulk filled the narrow aperture; the light from the corridor shone on his face. A wave of pride surged up in her, exquisite exultation. "That's my son—my son!" her pale lips murmured.

Ellen and Hugh explored the lounge, the library, and the dining salon, then went for a turn about the deck. They paused and stood at the bow of the boat. The April air was sweet and murmurous. A mystery overhung the deep water of the river.

"The lights on the Jersey shore remind me of necklaces strung in a jeweler's window," said Ellen softly.

"You have pretty thoughts, Ellen."

She tucked back a strand of hair which had escaped from the ribbon. Her white forehead gleamed above the straight, fair brow.

"And you're very pretty, too."

She smiled dreamily.

"Quite lovely in fact."

"I can't think of anyone I'd rather have feel that way about me," she said simply.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

**FAMOUS HEADLINE HUNTER**  
**FLOYD GIBBONS**  
**ADVENTURERS CLUB**  
*Hello everybody*

**"Death's Hopper"**  
By FLOYD GIBBONS

**TODAY'S** yarn, boys and girls, is the story of a bird who thought fast—and acted fast. And a doggone good thing for him, too. For if he hadn't, he wouldn't be here telling us the story today. He is Frank J. Zick of Centralia, Ill., and if ever a man owes his life to the fact that he was able to keep his wits about him, Frank is that guy.

I suppose there are plenty of folks who can keep their heads in times of stress. I've written quite a bunch of adventure yarns about lads and lassies who could still use the old noodle at a time when Old Lady Adventure was swinging haymakers right and left at them.

But the bird who can think in the middle of an avalanche is a very darned good thinker, indeed. And that is exactly what Frank did.

**His Job Over the Dump Chute.**

Frank is an electrician, and an electrician is the last man in the world you'd ever expect to see in an avalanche. But then, it is always the unexpected thing that Old Lady Adventure deals out of her thrill bag. Frank's job was with the Illinois Central railroad, and he worked in the company's shops at Centralia.

It was December 23, 1917, when, along about three o'clock in the afternoon, Frank's foreman, W. C. Kelley, gave him the job of repairing a light located over the coal dump chute where the engines took on fuel before going out on their runs.

And since this is the spot where Frank was to have his adventure, maybe we'd better describe it in detail.

That dump chute was a long one that opened into a hole in the floor. Cars loaded with coal were run in over that hole and the coal was dumped into the pit to the bottom of the thirty-foot concrete shaft. Down there a system of moving blades crushed that coal—cut it up into lumps small enough to go into the engine fireboxes.

Incidentally, those blades would cut up anything else that fell into that chute—like a man, for instance.

There was a grating of iron bars in the floor at the top of that chute—just to keep men from falling through when there was no coal car standing on the track over the opening. But the holes in that grating were pretty big. The bars had to be far enough apart to let the big hunks of coal go through, and some of those hunks were as big as a man. Those iron bars were a big help in keeping fellows from falling through, but at the same time it was quite possible that some time, somebody MIGHT fall through them.

**Someone Threw the Levers.**

Well, sir, Frank went to the dump chute to fix that light. The foreman had told him he wouldn't need a ladder, and sure enough, he didn't. A full car of coal was standing over the chute and right under the light. And by standing on top of the piled-up coal in that car, Frank could reach the broken wires with ease.

The car was one of forty-ton capacity—which meant, of course, that with the car full, there were at least forty tons of coal in it. The coal was unloaded through a hopper in the bottom, which opened whenever the unloading levers were thrown.

Frank was reaching up to repair the defective light when all of a sudden SOMEBODY THREW THOSE LEVERS.

The coal started downward with a roar. And Frank was on top of it, and right over the hopper. "Before I could jump," he says, "I felt myself falling, being pulled through the bottom with the coal. I tried desperately to clutch at the side of the car, but the falling coal pulled me away again. Down I went, into the hopper, with forty tons of coal crashing down on top of me!"

And as Frank shot into that hopper he had a terrible thought. Right below him were the iron bars of that wide-open grating. When he got to that, forty tons of coal, bearing down on his body, was going to force it straight through that grating. And below that grating was a fall of thirty feet down a concrete chute, and then those knives would be working on him, cutting his body to pieces.

**Frank Did Some Fast Thinking.**

And that's where Frank thought—and thought fast! It doesn't take you long to fall through a hopper, particularly with tons of coal on top of you, helping you along. In fact, it took less than a second, but Frank thought—AND ACTED—faster than that.

His only chance, he knew, was to keep from being pushed through that grating. And the only way to escape was to spread himself out and make himself as big as possible.

In the smallest fraction of a second, he acted. He threw his legs as far apart as he could, stretched out one arm and covered his face with the other. Then he hit the grating!

"Fortunately," he says, "I landed face downward, with a big lump of coal over my arm protecting my head. Coal by the ton came rolling down on top of me, with a roar that drowned out every other sound in the shop. How long I lay there before the coal finished piling up, I don't know. When it became quiet again I began to realize how lucky I was to fall face downward. With my face turned toward the open chute I could still get air."

**Under Tons of Coal.**

But when Frank tried to breathe he found that getting air wasn't going to be so easy after all. Those tons of coal pressing down on him, flattened out his lungs so that it was all he could do to get a bit of air into them. He couldn't get a full breath.

For the first second or two he couldn't get enough wind in his lungs even to speak. But, on the second or third trial, he managed to let out one loud cry for help. And luckily there was a workman out there who heard him.

Inside of two minutes a dozen men were on the spot, working frantically to get him out. Men from every department in the shop were down under that car on their hands and knees, scooping off the coal.

Frank doesn't know how long it took to rescue him. All he remembers is that he collapsed as they dragged him out. But the total extent of his injuries was a bruised body and a severe cut on the back of his head, and in a day or two Frank was back on the job again, as fit as ever.

©—WNU Service.

**Signature Changes**

Handwriting experts state that nobody has a uniform signature which is followed all the time, and that it is impossible to write his name twice and have the two signatures the same. Most people are gradually changing their writing from day to day. If you don't believe that you are changing, compare your signature with one you made five years ago. Handwriting experts identify signatures by certain characteristics which themselves change in the signatures, yet are always there in some form or other.

**Early Singing Schools**

Singing schools were not uncommon in the early days. The average rate was \$1 for thirteen nights of lessons, but of course each pupil had to bring his share of wood for fuel and candles for light. Crude—these schools—says the Cleveland Plain Dealer, but they were the forerunners of the conservatories of our day.

**Black Sheep in a Flock**

In the range states, where sheep are under the constant care of herders, black sheep are placed in the flocks about one to every hundred sheep. When a herder has a thousand or more to watch it is comparatively easy for him to count quickly over the black sheep. If he finds all the black ones accounted for it is unlikely that many have strayed.

**Uncle Sam; Brother Jonathan**

Brother Jonathan is the older appellation. It was applied first by American Loyalists from 1776 to 1783, as a term of derision, to the Patriots; later the term was used generally to indicate any country bumpkin, states Literary Digest.

Jonathan Trumbull (1710-85), governor of Connecticut from 1796 to 1783, was a close friend of General Washington, frequently consulted by him, and often addressed by him as Brother Jonathan. The term Uncle Sam appears to have arisen about 1813, and was presumably a jocular extension of the initials U. S.

**Perfection in Art**

The true work of art is but a shadow of the divine perfection.—Michael Angelo.

**Sift of Good Nature**  
Good nature is generally born with us; health, prosperity, and kind treatment from the world are great cherishers of it where they find it, but nothing is capable of forcing it up where it does not grow of itself. It is one of the blessings of a happy constitution, which education may improve, but not produce.—Steele.

**How Many Pennies Your Child's Life?**

**Don't Try to "Save" on Home Remedies—Ask Your Doctor**

There is one point, on which practically all doctors agree. That is: Don't give your child unknown remedies without asking your doctor first.

All mothers know this. But sometimes the instinct to save a few pennies by buying "something just as good" overcomes caution.

When it comes to the widely used children's remedy—"milk of magnesia"—many doctors for over half a century have said "PHILLIPS." For Phillips' Milk of Magnesia is the standard of the world. Safe for children.

Keep this in mind, and say "PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA" when you buy. Comes now, also in tablet form. Get the form you prefer. But see that what you get is labeled "Genuine Phillips' Milk of Magnesia." 25¢ for a big box of the tablets at drug stores.

**ALSO IN TABLET FORM:**  
Each tiny tablet is the equivalent of a teaspoonful of genuine Phillips' Milk of Magnesia.

**PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA**

**A Rainy Corner**  
Every man has a rainy corner of his life out of which foul weather proceeds and follows after him.—Jean Paul Richter.

**ROMAN EYE BALSAM**  
Is an antiseptic ointment. The medication heals sore and inflamed eyes by penetrating the tissue.  
50c a jar at druggists or Wrights Mill Co., 100 Gold St., N. Y. City.

**Women of All Ages**  
Mrs. Mary Douglas of 220 E. Patrick St., Frederick, Md., writes: "When I was a young woman I was in frail health. I had hardly the strength to carry on with my household. I was thin, underweight. I didn't rest very well at night, never felt like eating, and was so miserable. After using Dr. Frazier's Favorite Prescription as a tonic my weight, appetite and strength improved. I looked better and felt just fine." Buy now! Tab. 50c.

**CLASSIFIED DEPARTMENT**

**PLANTS**  
Raspberries Plants, 1,000, \$20; 100, \$10.00; less than 100, 12¢; prepaid, one-third down. JAY TODER, Denbigh, Va.

**Sentinels of Health**

Don't Neglect Them!  
Nature designed the kidneys to do a marvelous job. Their task is to keep the flowing blood stream free of an excess of toxic impurities. The act of living—life itself—is constantly producing waste matter the kidneys must remove from the blood if good health is to endure.

When the kidneys fail to function as Nature intended, there is retention of waste that may cause body-wide distress. One may suffer nagging headaches, persistent headaches, attacks of dizziness, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes—feel tired, nervous, all worn out.

Frequent, scanty or burning passages may be further evidence of kidney or bladder disturbance.

The recognized and proper treatment is a diuretic medicine to help the kidneys get rid of excess poisonous body waste. Use Doan's Pills. They have had more than forty years of public approval. Are endorsed the country over. Insist on Doan's. Sold at all drug stores.

**DOAN'S PILLS**