

The Magnificent Adventure

By EMERSON HOUGH.

(Continued from yesterday.)

SYNOPSIS.
An accidental meeting between Meriwether Lewis and Thomas Jefferson, the sorrow of having come to know that she had just become Mrs. Alison. The despair of his young aide and of the Louisiana Purchase made Mr. Jefferson decide to let Lewis go on his expedition into the unexplored west. Meriwether Lewis sat down again by his little fire, his last letter in his hand. Gently he ran a finger along the seal—stopped over, kicked to gather the embers of the fire, and saw scratched in the wax a number. This was Number Three! He did not open it for a time. He looked at it—no longer in dread, but in eagerness. It seemed to him, indeed, as if the letter had come in response to the outcry of his soul—that it really had dropped from the sky, manna for a hungry heart. It was the absence of this which had worn him thin, left him the shadow of the man he should have been. He broke the seal slowly, with no haste, knowing that what he saw would be his last sight of Lewis. There was no message, no date, no signature. There was no means of telling whence or how this letter had come to him, more than any of the others.

Go back to her—how could he, now? It was more than a year since these words had been written! What avail now, if he did return? No, he had delayed, he had gone return? The next morning Meriwether Lewis called one of his men, "McNeal," said he, "get Reuben, Fines, Whitehouse and Goodrich. Make light packs, and get going into the mountains!"

The four men shortly appeared, but they were silent, morose, moody. Those who were to remain in the camp, and the night, Sacajawea alone smiled as they departed. "That way," said she, pointing, and she knew that her chief would find the path.

Hours later, deep in the mountains, Lewis was sweeping the country with his spy-glass, as was his custom. He gave a sudden exclamation. "What is it, captain?" asked Hugh McNeal. "Some game?"

"No, a man—an Indian! Riding a good horse, too—that means he has more horses somewhere. Come, we will call to him!" The wild rider, however, wheeled and was away at top speed.

"His people are that way," said Lewis. "Come!" But all that day passed and that night, Sacajawea found none of the natives. But they began to see signs of Indians now. And finally they came upon two Indian women and a child, whom the white men surprised before they were able to escape.

"These are Shoshones," said Lewis to his men. "I can speak with their tongue. I have learned some of their words. These are her people. We are safe!"

Sixty warriors met them, all mounted, all gorgeously clad. The Shoshones showed no signs of hostility—the few words of their tongue which Lewis was able to speak gave them assurance.

"McNeal," said Lewis, "go back now across the range, and tell Captain Clark to bring up the men."

William Clark had already ordered camp broken and had pushed on after Lewis. He met McNeal coming down, bearing the tidings. Sacajawea ran on ahead in glee. "My people! My people!" she cried.

They were indeed safe now. Sacajawea found her brother, the chief of this band of Shoshones, and was made welcome. She found many friends of her girlhood, who had long mourned her as dead. The girls and younger women laughed and wept in turn as they welcomed her and her baby.

All were content now to lie for a few days at the Shoshone village. A brisk trade in Indian horses now sprang up—they would be footmen no more.

"Which way, Sacajawea?" Meriwether Lewis once more asked the Indian girl.

But now she shook her head. "Not know," said she. "These my people. They say big river that way. Not know which way."

An Indian, at length admitted that there was a trail leading across the mountains far up to the northward. "We will go north," said Lewis.

They had now a band of fifty horses. Partly mounted, mostly on foot, their half-wild horses burdened, they set out once more under the guidance of an old Shoshone, who said he knew the way. Charbonneau wanted to remain with the Shoshones, and to keep with him Sacajawea, his wife, so recently reunited to her people. "No!" said Sacajawea. "I go back—I go with the white chief to the water that tastes salt!" And it was so ordered.

Mile after mile, day after day, they stumbled through to some point on ahead which none knew except the guide. On the 9th of September, 1805, they stopped at the mouth of a stream coming down from the heights to the west. Their old guide pointed up this valley. "There is a trail," said he, "which comes across here. On the farther side the water runs toward the sunset."

Laboriously, always pressing forward, they ascended the eastern slopes of the great range, crossed the summit, found the clear waters on the west side, and so came to the

Clearwater river, leading to the Snake. They were now among the Nez Percés. With these they smoked and counseled, and learned that it would be easy for boats to go all the way down to the great river which runs to the sea. The artisans fell to fashioning dugouts until at length they had transports for their scanty store of goods. By the first week of October they were at the junction of their river with the Snake. Then they came to the Columbia river. Finally they saw many lands. As to Columbus these birds meant land, to our discoverers they meant the sea. Far below the last Indian village they saw it—rolling in solemn, white-puffed waves beyond the bar. Every paddle ceased at its work, and the boats lay tossing on the brooding waves. There was the end of the great trail. Yonder lay the Pacific!

Soon the largest flag left to Lewis and Clark floated by the side of a first-class beach on the north shore of the Columbia. It was not December of the year 1805. Fort Clatsop, as they called their new stockade, was soon in process of erection. While some of the men were hunted. More than one hundred elk and many deer were killed. And having nothing better, they now set to work to tan the hides of elk and deer, and to make new clothing. The civilized equipment they had little left.

"We must leave a record, Will," said Lewis one day, looking up from his papers. "We must take no chances of the results of our exploration not reaching Washington. Should we be lost among the tribes east of here, perhaps some ship may take that word to Mr. Jefferson."

So now, between them, they formulated that famous announcement to the world, which, one year after their safe arrival home overland, the ships brought round by Cape Horn, advised the world that a transcontinental path had been blazed. This, so soon as they knew their starting date, they signed, and copies were made for posting here and there in various places as naturally would be discovered by any mariners coming in.

All seemed well fed content, save one—the man on whose shoulders had rested the gravest responsibility. Sacajawea, the Indian girl, would sometimes talk to the chief reproachfully. "Captain," she said one day, "what for you no laff? What for you no eat? What for you all time think, think, think?"

Why did Meriwether Lewis never laugh? Why did he always think, think, think? He was hungry—hungry for another message of the sky—another gift of manna in the wilderness. Who had brought those mysterious letters? Whoever he was, why did he not bring another? Were they all done—should he never hear from her again?

CHAPTER VIII.
The Summons.
Meriwether Lewis, alone one morning, sat pondering on these things, as was his wont. He did not at first hear the rap on the door, nor the footfall of the man who entered inquiringly. "Yes, Sergeant Ordway?" said he presently, looking up.

"Something for you, sir. It seems to be a letter."

"A letter? How could that be?"

"That is the puzzle, sir," said Ordway, extending a folded and sealed bit of paper. "We do not know how it came, and the night, the Indian woman found it in the baby's hammock just now. She brought it to me, and I saw it was addressed to you. It must have been overlooked by you."

"Possibly—possibly," said Lewis. His face was growing pale. "That is all, I think, sergeant," he added.

Now, leaning toward the table, he knew, without one look, that the number scratched in the wax of the seal would be the figure "3."

He opened the letter slowly. There fell from it a square of stiff paper—all white, he thought, until it turned it over. Then he saw it looking up at him—her face indeed! It was a little silhouette in black, done in the day before the camera, when small portraits had done his work well, impossible. The artist, skilled as were many in this curious form of portraiture, had done his work well. And now he read the letter, which covered two closely written sheets.

Meriwether Lewis, I said to you that my face should come to you wherever you might be. This time it has been long—I cannot tell how long. That is for my messenger to determine, not for you or me. But that it has been long, I shall know, else long since there would have been no need of my adding this letter to the others.

Not one of them has served to bring you back. Since you now have this one, let it advise you that she who wrote it is grieved that you gaze upon this little portrait, and not upon the face of her whom it represents. 'Tis a monstrous good likeness, they tell me, but would you not rather it were myself?

Where are you? I cannot tell without shock to your system. I cannot tell that. You cannot know what grief you have caused by your long absence. You cannot know how many hearts you have made sad. You cannot know how you have delayed—destroyed—plans made for

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Concordians Told of Technical High Work
Mrs. Rae Williams, who has charge of the four-year retail selling course at Technical High school, told members of the Concord club of the work being done in the course, declaring the co-operation of the business world is necessary, and explaining that the Omaha Retailers' association is co-operating with the school in making the course a success.

Mrs. Williams was introduced to the Concordians by Principal Dwight E. Porter, who also spoke at the luncheon at Hotel Fontenelle yesterday noon. Principal Porter reviewed the progress made in high school work during the last 30 years, showing how the work has grown from an academic, preparatory nature to a much larger scope. He justified this enlargement of curriculum by quoting statistics to show that in the last 15 years the high school enrollment in the United States has increased from 1 out of 256 to 1 out of every 53 persons.

The Technical High school orchestra and band, and boys' and girls' glee clubs aided in entertaining the Concordians.

Maid Dismisses Suit.
Hazel Dailey, former maid for Terry Reimers, automobile dealer, living in Dundee, who sued him for \$5,000 because she said he ejected her bodily from his home yesterday dismissed the suit with prejudice and at her own cost.

Refining Firm Official Is Freed of Fraud Charge
Indictment charging C. E. Heaney, former official of the Omaha Refining company, with fraudulent sale of stock, was dismissed Wednesday by District Judge Leslie. The decision, Judge Leslie said, does not affect any of the other stock fraud cases pending in district court.

The dismissal was under the "three terms of court" provision of the state law.

Get in the procession and swap what you have for what you want through a "Want" Ad in the SWAP COLUMN of The Omaha Bee. Phone Atlantic 1600.

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The public is constantly becoming more discriminating in its choice of things. Those subject to constipation try to learn what makes them constipated, and then avoid it. If constipation persists in spite of all their efforts they take the mildest, most easily tolerated laxative obtainable, and not a drastic physic that upsets them for days afterwards. As over 10 million bottles of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin are sold a year, a large proportion of the people of this country must believe that this mild vegetable compound is the proper remedy for them, and so it is. No need to take salt waters and powders that dry up the blood; coal-tar drugs in candy form that produce skin eruptions, or calomel that salivates. These drugs are "heroic measures", over-effective, weakening and gripping.

The best constipation remedy is the one that moves the bowels without shock to your system, and such a one is Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. It is a vegetable

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