

The Magnificent Adventure

By EMERSON HOUGH.

(Continued from yesterday.)

CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued.)
 They told me—my father and his friends—and I told you plainly, that if your expedition went on, then our plan must fail. But now I must presume that you have succeeded, or by this time are beyond the feeling of either success or failure. If you have failed, it is too late for us to succeed. If you have succeeded, then certainly we have failed. As you read this, you may be doing so with hope. I, who wrote it, will be sitting in despair.
 Meriwether Lewis, come back to me, even so! It will be too late for you to aid me. You will have ruined all our hopes. But yours still will be the task—the duty—to look me in the face and say whether you owe me aught to me. Can I forgive you? Why, yes, I could never do aught else than forgive you. No matter what you did, I fear I should forgive you. Because, after all, my own wish in all this—apart from the fact that I am writing these words—would I dare tell them to any other man in all the world? Nay, surely not. But that I trust you to the very writing itself is proof. And I write this to you, who never can be to me what man must be to woman if either is to be happy—the man to whom I can never be what woman must be if she is to mean all to any man. Apart from that, we are estranged by circumstance, sundered by that if you please, weak as those words seem. And yet something takes your soul to mine. Does something take mine to you, across all the wilderness, across all the miles, across all the long and bitter months? I say to you once more that in all this my demand upon you has not been for myself, nor wholly for my father. Let me be careful here.
 This impassable gulf is fixed between us for all our lives. Neither of us may cross it. But I have been desirous to see you stand among men where you belong. Do not ask me why I wished that—you must never ask me. I am Mrs. Alston, even as I write.
 And as for you? Are you in rags as you read this? Are you cold and hungry? Are you alone, aloof, deserted, perhaps suffering, with none to comfort you? I cannot aid you. Nay, I shall punish you once more, and say that it was your desire—that you brought this on yourself—that you would have it thus, in spite of all my intercession for you. Moreover, you shall say to yourself always: "She asked and I refused her!"
 Nay, nay! I shall not be so cruel. I shall not say that at all. Let me mark that out! Because, if I write that, you will think I wish to hurt you. And, my friend, let me admit the truth—the truth I ought not to lay upon you as any secret—I could never wish to hurt you.
 They say that men far away in the wilderness sometimes long for the sight of the face of a woman. See, now you have that! I look up at you! What is your impulse? I am alone with you—I am in your hands—treat me, therefore, with honor, I pray you!
 You must not raise my face to yours, must not bend yours to mine.

despair. This is my fifth letter; you receive it, perhaps, some months after your start. I think you would have come back before now, if that had been possible. I had no news of you, and now I dread news. Should you still be gone a year from the time I write this, then I shall know that you were dead.
 The swift thought comes to me that you will never see this at all—that it may, it must, arrive too late. Yet I must send it, even under that chance. I must write it though it ruin all my happiness. Shall it come to you too late, others will take it to my husband. Then this secret—the one secret of my life—will be known. Ah, I hope this may come to your eyes, your living eyes; but should it not, none the less I must write it.
 What matter? If it should be read by any after your death, that would be too late to make difference with you or any difference for me. After that I should not care for anything—not even that then others would know what I would never know myself. I know save you and my Creator, so long as we both still lived.
 This wilderness which you love, the wilderness to which you fled for your comfort—what has it done for you? Have you found that lonely grave which is sometimes the reward of the adventurer thither? If so, do you

sleep well? I shall envy you, if that is true. I swear I often would let that thought come to me—the vastness—the sweep of the untiring winds, sweet in the trees and grasses—or the perpetual sound of water passing by, washing out, to the voice of its unending murmurs, all memory of our trials, of our sins.
 What need now to ask you to come back? What need to reproach you any further? How could I—how can I—with this terrible thought in my soul that I am writing to a man whose eyes cannot see, whose ears cannot hear?
 Still, what difference, whether or not you be living? Have not your eyes thus far been blind to me? Have not your ears been deaf to me, even when I spoke to you directly? It was the call of your country as against my call. Was ever thinking woman who could doubt what a strong man would do? I suppose I ought to have known. But, oh, the longing of a man's life even than his deeds and his ambitions—even his labors—even what I would never know myself. It is hard for us to feel that we are but puppets in the great game of life, of small worth to any man. How can we women read their hearts—what do we know of men? I cannot say, though I am a married woman. My husband married me. We had our honeymoon—and he went away

justifying, defending? Ah, were it possible that you would read this and come back to me, never, never, though it killed me, would I open my heart to you! I write only to a dead man, I say—to one who can never hear. I write once more to a man who set other things above all that I could have done. Deeds, deeds, what you call your country—your own impulses—these were the things you

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Specials for Saturday Only, February 10

JELLO	Assorted Flavors	10c
CHOCOLATE	Baker's 1/2-lb. Cake	18c
COCOA	Baker's 1/2-lb. Tins	19c
SHREDDED WHEAT		10c
SWANS DOWN	Cake Flour	27c
PRUNES	Size 40 to 50 Santa Clara, 3 lbs. for	53c
IDEAL BUTTER	Per Lb., 51c	
OMAR FLOUR	48-lb. sack \$1.89 24-lb. sack 98c	

SPECIALS FOR SATURDAY, February 10, and Week Following

CREME OIL	3 Bars For	25c
BON AMI	Powder, 3 Cans	38c
BON AMI	Cake, 3 Cakes	29c
SANI FLUSH	2 Cans	35c
PEARL WHITE SOAP		
BROOMS	High Grade Broom Corn 5-Tie	83c
10 Big Bars	39c	
Box of 100 Bars	\$3.85	
Made from oils and fats that produce firm, lasting, white soap with profuse cleansing suds.		

CORN	FANCY COUNTRY GENTLEMAN, No. 2 can	3 cans for 49c 6 cans for 95c 12 cans for \$1.65
PEAS	HEART BRAND SWEET WRINKLE 2 1/2c GRADE	3 cans for 63c 6 cans for \$1.25 12 cans for \$2.35
QUEEN OLIVES	FULL QUART JAR	43c

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Regular 5c Seller	Reg. 7 1/2c Seller	Regular 10c Seller	Reg. 12 1/2c Seller
8 for 25c	6 for 25c	4 for 25c	3 for 25c

Bananas, nice and ripe, per dozen	29c	Head Lettuce, solid heads, 10c size, 4 for	25c	New Carrots, regular 12 1/2c bunches, 3 for	25c
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EXCEPTIONAL DAIRY SPECIALS FOR SATURDAY

Idlewild Creamery Butter, lb.	49c	Maple Leaf Creamery Butter, lb.	46c	Eggs, Direct From Farm, dozen	34c	Rex Nut Oleo, per lb.	22c	Gem Nut Oleo, per lb.	21c	Imported Edam Cheese, \$2.25 value,	\$1.45
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GROCERY SPECIALS THAT STAND WITHOUT A RIVAL

Blue Bell Flour, 48-lb. sack	\$1.59	Campbell's Soups, per can	10c	Dr. Price's Baking Powder at 2 cans for	25c
Sambo Pancake Flour, 3 pkgs.	25c	Nomis Baked Beans, 3 cans	27c	Advo Jell, 2 pkgs.	15c
Prunes, 3 lbs.	39c	Ankola Coffee, 3 lbs.	98c	Sugar, 10 lbs.	73c

Our New System in Cracker Dept. means Fresh Crackers and Cakes 24 hours from ovens to you.

Fairy Sodas, per lb. 13c
Vanilla Wafers, per lb. 23c

THE HOME OF QUALITY MEATS—PRICED RIGHT

Choice Steer Shoulder or Chuck Roast, per lb.	12 1/2c	Fresh Leaf Lard, 9 lbs. for	99c
Choice Steer Rib Boiling Beef, lb.	5c	Fresh Lamb Stew, lb.	7 1/2c
Choice Steer Shoulder Steaks, per lb.	12 1/2c	Young Lamb Legs, lb.	25c
Fresh Pork Shoulder, lb.	10 1/2c	Young Veal Roast, lb.	12 1/2c
Lean Pork Chops, lb.	12 1/2c	Swift's Premium Bacon, by the strip, per lb.	32 1/2c
Fresh spare ribs, lb.	10 1/2c	Sugar Cured Breakfast Bacon, per lb.	15 1/2c
		Sugar Cured Picnic Hams, lb.	13 1/2c

Fresh Dressed Spring Chickens lb., 23 1/2c

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Where they will carry the same high quality goods as sold at their thirtieth and Farnam street store.

Sandwiches and Pastry Lunches will be served with Sweet Milk or Buttermilk.

SATURDAY SPECIALS

Marshmallows, 50c value, lb.	39c	CIGARS—Just Inside the Door
Mixed Taffy, 25c value, 3 lbs.	25c	American Citizen Cigars, 5c value, box of 50, for
Fancy Mixed Candy, 25c value, 3 lbs. for	25c	Garcia Cigars, box of 50,
Sterns Cough Drops, 5c value, 2 for	5c	Ye. Co. Storges, tin of 50,
Fireside Chocolates, full lb., 75c value,	49c	Star Tobacco, lb.,
		Tuxedo Tobacco, 2 cans for,
		Bull Durham, 3 sacks for,
		Genuine Leather Bill Folds, 50c value,

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