

HEART OF THE WORLD.

BY H. RIDER HAGGARD

A Strange Story, Taken From a Manuscript Bequeathed by an Old Mexican Indian to His Friend and Comrade, an Englishman Named Jones.

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steepled feet upon the door. After this for some seconds there was silence that presently was broken by the click of steel and the sound of heavy blows delivered upon some soft substance with swords and knives. The murderers were driving their weapons through the bedclothes, thinking that we slept beneath them. Next came whisperings and muttered oaths, then a voice, Don Jose's, said:

"Be careful, the beds are empty."

Another instant candles were lit, for their light reached us through small peepholes in the panel, and by putting our eyes to these we could see all that passed in the room. There before us was Don Jose, Don Smith, and four of their companions, all armed with knives or machetes, while framed, as it were in the wall, in the place that had been occupied by the picture of the abbot, stood our host, Don Pedro, holding a candle above his head, and glaring with his fish-like eyes into every corner of the room.

"Where are they?" he said. "Where are the wizards? Find them quick and kill them."

Now the men ran to and fro about the room, dragging aside the beds and staring at the pictures on the walls as though they expected to see us there.

"They are gone," said Jose at length. "That Indian, Ignacio, has conjured them away. He is a demoniac and not a man. I thought it from the first."

"Impossible!" cried Don Pedro, who was white with rage and fear. "The door has been watched ever since they entered it, and no living thing could force those bars. Search, search; they must be hidden."

"Search yourself," answered Don Smith sullenly, "they're not here. Perhaps they discovered the trick of the picture and escaped down the passage to the chapel."

"It cannot be," said Don Pedro again, "for just now I was in the chapel and saw no signs of them. We have some traitor among us, who has led them from the house. By heaven, if I find him out!" and he uttered a fearful oath.

"Shall we bring the dogs?" asked Jose, and I trembled at his words. "They might smell their footing."

"Fool! what is the use of dogs in a place where all of you have been tramping?" answered the father. "Tomorrow at dawn we will try them outside, for these men must be found and killed or we are ruined. Tell those rascals to give up the search and go to bed; it is useless. Then do you come quiet to my room, and we will visit the Indian and his daughter. If we are to get their secret out of them it must be done to-night, for, like a fool, I told that Englishman the story when the wine was in me, thinking that he would never live to repeat it."

"Yes, yes, it must be done to-night, for to-morrow we may have to fly. But what if the brutes won't speak, father?"

"We will find means to make them speak," answered the old man with a diabolic chuckle; "but whether they speak or not, they must be silent afterward—" and he drew his hand across his throat and added: "Come."

An hour passed while we stood in the sole trembling with excitement, hope, and fear, and then once more we heard cracks, followed presently by the sound of a voice whispering on the further side of the panel.

"Are you there, lord?" the whisperer said. "It is I, Luisa."

"Yes," I answered.

Now she touched the spring and opened the door.

"Listen," she said; "they have gone to sleep, all of them, but before dawn they will be up again to search for you 'ar and wide. Therefore you must do one of two things—lie hid here, perhaps for days, or take your chance of escape at once."

"How can we escape?" I asked.

"There is but one way, lord, through the chapel. The door into it is locked, but I can show you a place from which the priests used to watch those below, and thence, if you are brave, you can drop to the ground beneath, for the sight is not great. Once there you can escape into the garden through the window over the altar, which is broken, as I have seen from without, though to do so perhaps you will have to climb upon each other's shoulders. Then you must fly as swiftly as you can by the light of the moon, which has risen. The dogs have been gorged and tied up, so, if the heart is your friend you may get off unharmed."

Now I spoke to the senior, saying:

"Although the woman does not know it, I think it likely that we shall find company in this chapel, seeing that the Indian and his daughter are imprisoned there, where Don Pedro and Jose have gone to visit them. The risk is great; shall we take it?"

"Yes," answered the senior, after a moment's thought, "for it is better to take a risk than to perish by inches in this hole of starvation, or perhaps to be discovered and murdered in cold blood. Also we have traveled far and undergone much to find the Indian, and if we lose our chance of doing so we may get no other."

Now one by one we climbed through the false panel, and by the light of the moon Luisa led us across the chamber to the spot between the beds where hangs the picture of the abbot. This picture, which is on a painted slab of wood, proved to be nothing more than a cunningly devised door constructed to swing upon a pivot.

Resting her knee on the threshold, Luisa scrambled into the passage beyond, and when the rest of us stood by her side she closed the panel, and hid-

From Manila Town.

Extracts From a Letter From One of Our Boys.

Bohemia Nugget is indebted to Mr. Alf Walker for the following extracts from a very interesting letter from Henry Landess one of the Cottage Grove boys now at Manila doing Uncle Sam duty over the seas, under date of Nov. 30:

In the opening of the letter Mr. Landess tells his friend Mr. Walker that he was much surprised to hear from him, but goes on to state that he has been even more surprised by two or three others.

Mr. Walker, in writing to Mr. Landess, enclosed a remittance in consideration of which he requested Mr. Landess to send him some keepsake from the Philippines. Referring to this the writer from Manila drops a very valuable hint to those who are desirous that they procure something from the islands. Mr. Landess says:

"I hardly know how to thank you for your generous remembrance—the V; and you are the only one wanting some souvenir that seems to realize that our wages are small, and every little thing is eagerly sought after, and we are soon busted. I have been trying for some time to get some of those buffalo horns for Dan Harding, but can't send them by mail. One horn—a nice one—is nearly three feet long and seven or over inches through. So you see if I can get them at all, I will try and get three or four pair, and send them altogether. I think I can get them and send them home by a fellow by the name of Parker from Pleasant Hill. His time will be out in about six weeks, and he is going straight home, and promises to take them for me. Possibly you know him. He's in the 14th."

Continuing his letter under date of December 3, Mr. Landess says: "Well, the recruits are here looking fine; but they have all the advantage of us boys. This is the cool season now, and we got here in the hot and they were grain fed, so to speak."

Henry speaks of a number of the boys who have been ill, but one infers by his letter that they are now convalescing. He speaks of the pleasure the boys are experiencing in looking forward to the arrival of the Xmas boxes—speaks of the Hollo trouble and of some detachments preparing to go. He speaks of the kindness of Mr. Wooley in sending them a couple of copies of his paper, and remarks that the Messenger failed to put in an appearance at all, and adds that the letters sent home for publication must have been highly (?) appreciated.

Mr. Landess speaks of sending Mr. Walker a Hawaiian nut, which he says takes a very high polish, and makes the very prettiest of watch charms, and which cost after being polished and carved, all the way from \$5 to \$20. Referring to an account of a naval battle between Dewey and Auginaldo's ships, of which he read in some of the latest "home papers," he says it is all "news" to them, as "Auginaldo hasn't got a boat that will carry one good gun, and he hasn't got the gun if he had the boat, and his men are leaving him right along. Why, some Fillipinos have taken up arms against him and have captured three or four towns from him." Speaking of the possible benefits of the Philippine islands to the United States, he says:

"I believe the retention of the islands by the United States and the construction of the Nicaragua canal by the United States will mark one of the greatest epochs in our country's history, and the opening up of the West."

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Good Performance.
The Merrill's Co. in "Wild Oats" gave a first class performance last Wednesday evening to a very slim house. It was even thus. A bum combination always manages to come along just about the time everybody is show hungry, and rake in the good people's filthy lucre, and serve to disgust them so that when a good thing hits the town they let it slide unsupported.

SUMMONS.

J. P. Curtis, Plaintiff.

James E. Thorp, Minnie M. Thorp and J. W. Gowdy, administrators of the estate of E. P. Thorp, deceased defendants.

To James E. Thorp, Minnie M. Thorp and J. W. Gowdy, administrators of the estate of E. P. Thorp, deceased, defendants above named.

In the Name of the State of Oregon, you are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled suit by the first day of the next term of the above entitled Court following the expiration of the time prescribed in the order for publication of this summons, which first day will be on the sixth day of March, 1899, and if you fail to so appear and answer, for want hereof, plaintiff will apply to said Court for the relief demanded in his complaint, to wit:—For the foreclosure of a certain mortgage executed and delivered by E. P. Thorp to J. S. Gowdy on the 14th day of April, 1894, to secure the payment of a certain promissory note given by said E. P. Thorp to said J. W. Gowdy on April 14, 1894, with interest at the rate of 10 per cent per annum from maturity until paid, which said mortgage conveyed to said J. W. Gowdy for that purpose the following described real property, to-wit:—Lot 1 and east half of lot 2 in Block 5 in Lane county, Oregon, which said mortgage and one copy of the same were duly recorded in said Lane county, Oregon, on the 12th day of January, 1899, and for a decree selling and foreclosing you and each of you your any and all right, title or interest as heirs at law of said E. P. Thorp, in and to said real property and every part thereof. This summons is published by order of the Hon. J. W. Merrill, Judge of the above entitled Court, made January 19th, 1899.

J. E. Young,
Att'y for Plaintiff.

NOTICE OF FORFEITURE.

Cottage Grove, Lane County, Oregon.
January 11, 1899.

To ALEX COSTNER:—

You are hereby notified that we have expended at least \$200, in work and labor on each of the two mining claims known and recorded in the Mining Records of the Bohemia Mining District in Lane county, Oregon, as the "Drum Limestone" and "Opportunity" mining claims, as will appear by certificate filed January 13, 1899 in the office of the County Clerk in said Lane county, in order to hold said premises under the provisions of section 2324 Revised Statutes of the United States, being the amount required to hold the said two claims for the years 1897 and 1898, respectively, and if within ninety days after the completion of the publication of this notice, you fail, neglect or refuse to contribute your portion of said expenditure as a co-owner, your interest in the said claims will become the property of the subscribers, under said section 2324.

J. H. WURR,
A. M. White.

Active Solicitors Wanted Everywhere

For "The Story of the Philippines" by Murat Halstead, commissioned by the Government as Official Historian to the War Department. The book was written in army camps at San Francisco, on the Pacific with General Merritt, in the hospital at Honolulu, in Hong Kong, in the American trenches at Manila, in the insurgent camp with Aguinaldo, on the deck of the Olympia with Dewey, and in the roar of the battle at the fall of Manila. Bonanza for agents. Brimful of original pictures taken by government photographers on the spot. Large book; low prices. Big profits. Freight paid. Credit given. Drop all trashy unofficial war books. Outfit free. Address, F. T. Barber, Sec'y., Star Insurance Bldg., Chicago.

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One half interest in the Horse Shoe mine in the Bohemia gold mining district. For terms and particulars call on, or address,
O. H. WILLARD,
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For Sale or Trade.

120 acres of land; farm house, barn and other out buildings, situated 15 miles west of Eugene. Good out range. Will trade for property in Cottage Grove. For further particulars, address
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