## 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.

Coperighted, 1894, by H. Rider Bucgard.

the place whence you drop into the

chapel, and there is a stairway to your

right." We passed the stairway and turned

the corner, Luisa still leading. Next instant she staggered back into

my arms, murmoring: "Mother of beaven! the ghots! the ghosts!" In-deed, had I not held her she would have fled. Still clasping her hand, I pushed

forward to find myself standing in a small recess that was placed about ten feet above the floor of the chapel, and.

like other places in this house, so arranged that the abbot or monk in authority, without being seen himself,

could see and hear all that passed be-

Of one thing I am sure, that during all the generations that are gone by no

monk watching here ever saw a stranger sight than that which met my eyes.

The chancel of the chapel was lit up by shafts of brilliant moonlight that poured through the broken window,

and by a lamp which stood upon the stone altar. Within the circle of strong

light thrown by this lamp were four people, namely: Don Pedro, his son Don Jose, an old Indian, and a girl.

On either side of the altar then, as

now, rose two carven pillars of sapote wood, the tops of which were fash-

ioned into the figure of angels, and to

these columns the old Indian and the

women were tied, one to each column.

their hands being joined together at the back of the pillars in such a man-ner as to render them absolutely help-

less. My eyes first rested upon the woman, who was nearest to me, and

seeing her, even as she was then, dis-

hevelied and wern with pain and hun-ger, with her proud face distorted by

agony of mind and impotent rage, I a

longer wondered that both Molas and Don Pedro had raved about her beauty.

She was no Indian, but such an In

dian as I had never known before, for

in color she was almost white, and her

dark and waving hair hung in masses

to her knee. Her face was oval and small-featured, and in it shope a pair

of wonderful dark blue eyes, while the clinging white robe she were revealed

the loveliness of her tall and delicate

the old man, her father, who was none other than the Zibalbay we had come

as Molas had described him, thin and very tall, with white hair and beard.

hawk-like eyes, and aquiline features.

nor had Don Pedro spoken more than the truth when he said he looked like

said Don Jose, addressing Don Pedro; "hot steel or cold? Make so your mind, for I am getting tired. Well, if you

for I am getting tired. Well, if you won't, just hand me that machete, will you? Now friend," he went on, ad-

dressing the Indian. "for the last time

I ask you to tell us where is that tem-ple full of gold of which you spoke to

your daughter in my father's hearing?"

plain where you get those little ingots which we captured from the Indian who

had been visiting you, and whence came

this machete?" and he pointed to the weapon in his hand,

It was a sword of great beauty, as I could see, but of hardened copper, and having for a handle a female figure

with outstretched arms fashioned in

"The machete was given to me by a friend," said the Indian. "I do not

"Really," answered Jose with a bru-tal laugh: "perhaps you will remember presently. Here, father, warm the point of the machete in the lamp, will you, while I tell our guest how we are

going to serve him and his daughter.

Don Pedro nodded, and taking the sword held the tip of it over the flame.

while Jose, bending forward, whispered into the Indian's ear, pointing from

"Are you white men, then, devils?" said the old man at length, with a groan that seemed to burst from the bottom of his heart, "and is there no law or institute of the seemed to burst from the bottom of his heart, "and is there no

iaw or justice among you?"
"None at all, friend," answered Jose:
"we are good fellows enough, but time:

are hard, and we must live. Now, once nore, will you guide us to the place whence that gold came, leaving your laughter here as hostage for our

"Never!" cried the Indian. "Better

that we two should perish a hundred times than that the ancient secrets of

my people should pass to such as you." "So you have secrets after all! Father, s the sword hot?" asked Jose.

"One minute more," said the old man, surning the point in the flame.

This was the scene that we witnessed, and these were the words that as-

"It is time to interfere," muttered the senor, and, placing his hand upon the rail, he prepared to drop into the

Now a thought struck me, and I drew

Are you going in there?" asked the

him back to the passage.
"Perhaps the door is open." I said.

know where he got it."

to time to the girl.

conished our ears.

What shall we try him with now?"

ik, seemed even worse.

stockinged feel upon his floor. After this for some seconds there was silence that presently was broken by the click of steel and the sound of heavy blove delivered upou some soft substance with awords and knives. The murderers were driving their weapons through the bedelothers, 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 perpholes 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 e 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

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

Now the men ran to and fro about the room, dragging aside the beds and star-ing at the pictures on the walls as

"They are gone," said Jose at length.
"That Indian, Ignatio, has conjured them away. He is a demonio and not a man. I thought it from the first." "Impossible!" cried Dom 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. Per-haps 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 'leem. We have some traitor among us . ho 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. "Toat 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 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,

"We will find means to make them answered the old man with a nideous chuckle; "but whether they speak or not, they must be silent after-ward—" 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 racks, followed presently by the sound of a voice whispering on the further side of the panel.

"Are you there, lord?"
id. "It is I, Luisa."
"Yes," I answered. the whisper

Now she touched the spring and pened the door.
"Listen," she said; "they have gone to sleep, all of them, but before dawn hey will be up again to search for you 'ar and wide. Therefor you must do me of two things—lie hid here, perhaps 'or 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 lrop to the ground beneath, for the reight is not great. Once there you an escape into the garden through the window over the altar, which is broken, as I have seen from without, though to lo so perhaps you will have to climb upon each other's shoulders. Then you 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 go unharmed."

Now I spoke to the senor, 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

Indian and his daughter are his there, where Don Pedro and Jose have rone to visit them. The risk is great;

shall we take it?"
"Yes," answered the senor, 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 liscovered and murdered in cold blood. Also we have traveled far and under-gone 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 awing more a pivot.

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 bid-

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 flent, six book rase by the hand and letter from Henry Landess one of raided us through various passages till the Cottage Grove book now at Manila doing Uncle Sam duty over Re enutions, now, for we come to 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 bear from him, but goes on to state that G. & J. TIRES. 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 Mathose 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 - J. S. MEDLEY, 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 Bad as was the girl's plight, that of Pleasant Hill. His time will be Special attention given to Mining out in about six weeks, and he is going straight home, and promises to take them for me. Possibly you Eugene . . . . Onegon know him. He's in the 14th."

> Continuing his letter under date of Decembe; 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."

"There is no such place, white man." Henry speaks of a number of the he answered sullenly.
"Indeed, friend. Then will you ex- boys who have been ill, but one infers by his letter that they are Cottage Grove . . . Orego now convalescing. He speaks of the pleasure the boys are experiencing in looking forward to the arrival of the Xmas boxesspeaks of the Ilollio 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 Good Performance .him." Speaking of the possible benefits of the Philippine islands to the United States, he says:

"Certainly," I replied: We must resme these people or die with them.
"Then, senor, farewell. I have done all I can for you, and now the anintamust be your guide, for if I am seen they will kill me, and I have a child for whose sake I desire to live. Again, farewell," and she glided away like a

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nila drops a very valuable hint to Ralph Whipple, Ag't, Cottage Grove, Or.

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Cottage Grore, Oregon. L. L. Stevens

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The Mertell's Co, in "Wild Oats" gave a first class performance last Wednesday evening to a very slim house, "I believe the retention of the It was even thus. A bum combination islands by the United States and the always manages to come along just construction of the Nicaragua canal about the time everybody is show by the United States will mark one hungry, and rake in the good people's of the greatest epochs in our filthy lucre, and serve to disgust them country's history, and the opening so that when a good thing hits the For further particulars, address town they let it slide unsupported.

J. P. Currie, Plaintiff.

James E. Thorp, Minnie M. Thorp and J. W. Goody, administrator

though, estiministrator of the estate of E.P.
Thorp, decreased derivants.

To James E. Thorp, Minnie M. Thorp and J. W. Groudy, administrator of the estate of E.P.
Thorp, decreased defendants above named.

In the Name of the state of thegon; you as hereby required to appear and stawer the complaint files against you in the above antitled soil by the first day of the next term of the above earlied Court following the antitled soil by the first day of the next term of the above earlied Court following the antification of the time prescribed in the order for publication of the summons, which first day will be on the soft day of March, 1829, and if ron fall to an appear and stower, for easily the first day will be on the soft day of March, 1829, and if ron fall to an appear and stower, for easily the related decreases of a artist mortgage executed and delivered by E. P. Thorp to M. Growdy as the 18th day of April, 1801, to secure he payment of a certain promissory note iven by said E. P. Thorp to said J.W. Growdy or \$802,50, dise April 14, 1825, with interest at he raised to per cent per annum from staturity intil poid, which and mortgage endough described real projects, lowest in Long and anders addition to Collage Grove in Lane many, Oregon, which said mortgage and one were no the 18th day of January, 1999, selfined to this pastmill, and for a decree arting and forecoming you and each of you come any and all right, ritle or interest, as heirs it has of said a P. Abort he or interest, as heirs it has of said a P. Abort he or interest, as heirs it has of said a P. abort he and mortgage and one were no the 18th day of January, 1999, selfined to other per part thereof. This summons as pathlished by order of the Hon. J. W. ismilion, Judge of the above entitled Court, ander January 19th, 1809.

J. E. Youwa,

J. E. Youwe.

NOTICE OF FORFEITURE.

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

TO ALEX CONTRER:

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 Lumond' 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 premis 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 For Hair Cutting, Shaving and Hot days after the completion of the publication of this notice, you fail, neglect or refuse to contribute your 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. WHITE. 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 the War Department. The book was written in army camps at San Francisco, on the Pacific with General Meritt, in the hospital st 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. Bonsnza for agents. Brimful of original pictures taken by government photographers on the spot. Large book; low prices. Big

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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