

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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bold of those who lived in the City of the Heart, because it was over full of men; so great a sickness, indeed, that soon there was space and to spare for all who remained within its walls. The sickness went away, but as the generations passed a new and worse trouble fell upon our forefathers. The blood of the people grew old, and but few children were born to them.

"There were none left upon the mainland to replenish the race, and this is our law, a law that cannot be broken under pain of death, that no man or woman may leave our territories to seek a husband or wife of different blood.

"Thus, then, it has come about that the people have grown fewer and fewer, wasting away like snow upon a mountain top in summer, till at length they are dwindled to a few thousands, who in bygone days could count their number by tens and twenties of thousands.

"But an ancient prophecy has come down to us from our forefathers, and it is that, when once more the two halves of the symbol of the Heart are laid side by side in their place upon the altar in the sanctuary of the holy city, then from that hour she shall grow great again. Over this saying I brooded long, and often did I pray to that God whom I worship that I might find that which was lost, and save the people from perishing.

"At length a voice spoke to me in a dream, answering my prayer, bidding me to wander forth from the country of the heart and follow the ancient road toward the sea, for there, near to the eastern shore, I should find that which was lost.

"Then I summoned the Council of the Heart and told them of my dream and that I purposed to obey it. But they made a mock of me and said that I might go if I wished, but that no man of the people should accompany me across the mountains, for that was against the ancient law.

"To be short," continued Zibalbay, "since my heart was set upon this mission and my daughter yonder, who is willful, would not be gainsaid of her desire to accompany me, Tikal, my nephew, was placed over the city to rule as caecque in my stead, until I should return again.

"Alone we crossed the mountains, and alone, following the traces of the ancient road, we traveled through the desert and the forest that lies beyond it, till at last we reached this secret place.

"There is no need to tell the rest of the tale, for it is known to you. Now, if it pleases you, let us hear yours, and learn what purpose led you and your companion here in time to save us from the grip of that white devil who lies dead upon the stairway."

Then I spoke, telling to Zibalbay and his daughter the story of my life, and of my great scheme to build up again that empire which fell in the day of Montezuma.

"Now you speak words that are after my own heart," said the old man; "but tell me, how is it to be done?"

"By your help," I answered. "Men are here in plenty, but to use them I must have gold, whereas yonder, it seems, you have gold and no men. Therefore I ask of you some portion of your useless wealth, that by its help I may lift up your people and my own."

"Follow me to the city, and if I can bring it about you shall have all that you desire," he answered. "Now, daughter, lead me to my rest, for I am overwhelmed, not with toil and suffering, but with too much joy."

When he had gone the senior spoke to me. "This is very well, Ignatio," he said, "and most interesting, but just now, as I may remind you, there are things more pressing than the regeneration of the Indian race; for instance, our own safety. To-morrow, at the latest, men will come to seek those villains who lie yonder, and if we are found here it seems likely that we shall be shot down as murderers. Say, then, what do you propose to do?"

"I propose, senior, that at the first light of dawn we should take the mules and ride away. The forest is dense and it will be difficult to find us in it; moreover, two days' journey will take us beyond the reach of white men. Tell me, lady," I added to Maya, who had returned from the chamber, "do you know the road?"

"I know the road," she answered, "but, sirs, before you take it, it is right that I should tell you something.

"You have heard my father's words and they are true, every one of them, but they are not all the truth. Herules that city of which he has spoken to you, but the nobles there are weary of his rule, that at times is somewhat harsh, also they deem him mad. It was for this reason that they suffered him to wander forth, seeking the fulfillment of a prophecy in which none of them have faith, for they were certain that he would perish in the wilderness and return no more to trouble them."

"Then why did they allow you, who are his heir, to accompany him, lady?"

he consented to my going, or at least I think so.

"Sirs, I learn now that you are to accompany us to the City of the Heart, should we live to reach it.

"Come if you will, but be warned, my people are a jealous people, and the name of a stranger is hateful to them. Few such have ever reached the City of the Heart for many generations, and of these, save one or two, none have escaped from it alive. They do not desire new things, they have little knowledge of the world beyond their walls, and seek for none.

"Now, sirs, choose whether you will accompany us in our march toward the City of Waters, or whether you will set your face to the sea again and forget that you chanced to hear a certain story from a wandering doctor, whose misfortunes had made him mad, and an Indian girl who tormented him."

Now I listened to these words which the lady Maya spoke very earnestly and with power, and understood that the y meant much; they meant that in going to the City of the Heart we were, as she believed, going to our doom.

"Lady," I said, "it may well chance that death waits me yonder, but thither I shall go if my strength does not fail me and death will suffer it. For the senior here it is different. He has heard your words, and if he will harken to them and to mine, he will bid us farewell to-morrow and go his ways, leaving us to go ours."

Thus two hours and more passed till reaching a little stream that ran through a ravine in the forest, we paused to drink and cool our fevered feet and hands. Zibalbay sank exhausted upon the bank, where I brought him water in my sombrero, while his daughter sat herself down on a stone in the stream, suffering it to flow over her feet and ankles that by now were swollen with ant bites and bleeding from cuts of thorns and grasses.

Presently she looked up and seeing the senior standing on the bank talking to me, invited him with a motion of her hand to seat himself beside her.

"What is your name, white man?" she asked.

"James Strickland," she repeated, with some difficulty. "I thank you, James Strickland, for rescuing my father from torment and me from insult, and because of that deed I, Maya of the Heart, whom many have served, am your servant forever."

"You should thank my friend, Don Ignatio," he said, pointing to me.

For a few moments she looked at me searchingly, then replied: "I thank him also, but I thank you the most, for your hand rid me of that hateful man and saved us."

"It is early to return thanks, lady," he said; "we are not out of danger yet."

"I have little fear now that we have escaped from that dreadful house," she answered, almost indifferently, "since our hiding place is near. And how can they find us in this forest? Hark! what was that?"

As she spoke a faint and distant sound fell upon our ears, such a sound as might have been made by a bell struck far away at night.

"That is how they will find us," he said, springing to his feet. "Do you hear, Ignatio? The dogs have hit our trail. Which way does our road run now, lady?"

"Along the banks of the stream," "Then we must go forward in the water," said the senior; "it's our only chance, for the hounds cannot track us there."

Not more than three hundred paces from the banks of the little stream we came upon a high mound densely overgrown with trees, between the boles of which appeared masses of cut stone.

"This is the place," gasped Zibalbay. "Look, yonder above us are the walls of the temple, and here is the ancient stairway that led to it." And he pointed to a long flight of crumbling stone steps almost hidden in ferns and bushes. Up these steps we went with caution, Molas carrying Zibalbay upon his broad back.

The staircase was in three flights, the top flight, now almost entirely broken away, emerging on what once had been a broad and splendid terrace, but to-day was a chaos of stonework, in the crevices of which grew bushes and even large trees. Over the head of the stairway stood a colossal arch sculptured with the figures of gods and beasts.

SCHOOL LITERARY WORK.

At the last meeting of the junior society it was decided to give a social meeting February 24 1899.

A drama will be given by the Athenian society in the near future for the benefit of the school.

The program for the Athenian society was carried out as published last week with the exception of the debate which was postponed indefinitely on account of the time being limited.

The new officers were all present to take their places, and those on the program fulfilled their duties with a credit to the society.

It was agreed by a two-thirds vote of the society that the time of meeting should be changed from 7 o'clock to 7:30 of each Friday evening. There being no further business the motion to adjourn was moved and carried.

The program for Friday evening Feb. 17, will consist as follows: Response to the roll call by a quotation from Shakespeare; Song by the Society; Recitation, Ezra Baker; Select Reading, Elbert Veatch; Recitation, Winfield Bennett; Song by the Society; Debate "Resolved that all trusts in the United States should be abolished. The affirmative side will be advanced by Chris Jackson, Nora Sherwood and Chas. Culp. The negative side will be supported by John Walden, Roy Hemenway and Armond Wyne.

Owing to lack of space the report of the school month furnished the Nugget by Prof. Holland is omitted until next week.

CEDAR CREEK NEWS.

Everything is lively on the creek now, nearly everybody's gone.

J. E. Chandler is working for Booth-Kelley Company.

Frank Kelley left for Royal Friday to visit with his sister Mrs. H. M. Damswood.

Miss Mabel Whitlock is visiting at her uncle, C. S. Whitlock of Latham this week.

C. H. Wineoff made a business trip to the Grove Saturday.

Ralph Chandler was a visitor to Farmerville Friday.

Miss Emma Wineoff of Fern Ridge visited with Miss Rena Kelley one day last week.

W. H. Rusler is working for the Booth Kelley mill of Saginaw.

CHURCH NOTICES.

M. E. CHURCH.
Hereafter the services at the Methodist Episcopal church will be as follows: Sunday school at 10 a. m. Preaching every 1st, 2nd and 3rd Sundays at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Epworth League at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 7:30. Let us hear the Gospel "it is the power of God." Strangers and friends are made welcome to all meetings.

M. O. BRINK, Pastor.
REVIVAL SERVICES.

Rev. E. A. Ross the widely known evangelist who creates a great interest and stir in the hearts of people wherever he goes, will hold a series of meetings at the Methodist church in Cottage Grove, commencing the first Sunday in March.

NOT READY FOR SACRIFICE.

"The doctor would like to see you inside," said the maid to the caller in the reception room.

"Not much," said the startled patient. "He can't try an X-ray on me."—Philadelphia Times.

La Grippe Successfully Treated.

"I have just recovered from the second attack of la grippe this year," says Mr. James A. Jones, publisher of the Leader, Mexia, Texas. "In the latter case I used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, and I think with considerable success, only being in bed a little over two days against ten days for the former attack. The second attack I am satisfied would have been equally as bad as the first but for the use of this remedy as I had to go to bed in about six hours after being 'struck' with it, while in the first place I was able to attend to business about two days before getting 'down.'" For sale by the Benson Drug Co., Cottage Grove and Joe Lyons of Drain.

It is reported throughout the valley that the prune crop will be a total failure this year on account of the cold snap.

\$40 = CASH = \$40

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SUMMONS

J. P. Curran, Plaintiff,
vs.
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 6th day of March, 1899, and if you fail to so appear and answer, for want hereof, plaintiff will apply to said Court to be relieved from his complaint, to wit: to set aside and deliver by E. P. Thorp to J. W. Gowdy on the 15th day of April, 1898, to secure the payment of a certain promissory note given by said E. P. Thorp to said J. W. Gowdy for \$200.00 due April 15, 1898, with interest at the rate of 10 per cent per annum from maturity till paid, which said mortgage conveyed to said J. W. Gowdy for that purpose the following described real property, to-wit: Lot 1 and the east half of lot 2 in Block 2 in Lane county, Oregon, which said mortgage and note were on the 13th day of January, 1898, assigned to this plaintiff. And for a decree arising and foreclosing you and each of you on 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. Hamilton, Judge of the above entitled Court, made January 19th, 1899.
J. E. TORRE,
Atty. 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 Diamond" 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 expenditures 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 Halsted, 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.

For Sale.
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S. R. JENKINS, Eugene, Ore.