

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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with which the senior had killed Don Jose, two curiously fashioned blow-pipes, with a supply of poisoned darts, and lastly, bags containing dried flesh, beans and onion-paste.

"All is safe," she said; "now let us eat, that we may be strong to meet danger."

While we were filling ourselves thankfully with the dried meat the senior spoke to me, saying he hoped our pursuit had been abandoned.

"You can know little of these men to speak thus," he answered. "Don Pedro will certainly seek to avenge the blood of his son."

"Then what do you propose to do?" he asked. "Start on again, or stop here?"

"Senior, we must stop here because we cannot travel farther, unless you would abandon the old man and his daughter. Moreover, in the forest it would be easy to overwhelm us, but this place is hard to climb, and here at least we may die fighting. Let us make ready for the worst, senior."

"How are we to make ready," he asked. "When we have nothing to fight with except machetes and Indian blow-pipes. The powder in the pistol flasks is damp and the caps will miss fire, so that if they come our death is certain."

"It seems so," I answered, "and yet if it pleases God we may live. Yonder lie stones in plenty; let us pile them up beneath the archway; perhaps we may kill some of our foes by rolling them down the steps."

"This we did then, while Maya watched us. At length the task was finished, and as we turned to leave the heaps of stones we heard a dog baying down by the river, followed by a sound of men and horses forcing a path through the bush.

"Look, here they come," said the senior, and as he spoke a party of seven or eight men, three of them riding on mules, appeared at the foot of the mound, and, dismounting, picketed their animals to trees.

"Now for it," said the senior, rising and shaking himself like a dog that leaves the water. "I wonder how many of us will be left alive when this sun sets?"

As he spoke one of the men advanced to the foot of the stairway holding a great hound in a leash. For a moment the dog sniffed the stones, then, lifting his head, he bayed aloud, whereat the band shouted, for they knew that they had trapped us. Still for a while they did not advance, but, gathering themselves in a knot, consulted together at the foot of the stairway.

"Can we bargain with them, Ignatio?" said the senior.

"Impossible," I answered, "what have we to give that they cannot take?"

"Then there is nothing for it except to die as bravely as we can," he answered. "This is the end of our search for the Golden City. The quest has not been a lucky one, Ignatio."

She listened, and turning toward him, said: "You hear. What say you, white man?" And it seemed to me that she awaited his answer anxiously.

"Yes, lady, I hear," he replied, with a laugh, "and doubtless it is all true enough, and I shall leave my bones yonder among your countrymen. Well, so be it; I have determined to go, and go I will, since I am too idle to change my mind. Also, it seems to me that after this day's business there is more danger in staying here than in pushing forward."

"I am glad that you are going, since you go of your own free will," she said, smiling. "May our fears be confounded and your journey and ours prove prosperous. And now let us rest, for you must be very weary, as I am, and we should be stirring before the dawn."

Next morning at the first break of light we started on our journey, riding on three of the mules that we had captured, and leading the fourth laden with our goods and water skins. Very glad were all of us to see the last of that ruined temple, and yet it was sad to me to leave it, for there, hidden beneath some of the masses of the fallen masonry, lay all that was left of my friend and foster brother, Molas, whose bravery and wit had saved our lives at the cost of his own.

Our plan was to avoid villages where we might be seen by men, and keep ourselves hidden in the forest, for we feared lest we should be followed and brought to account because of the death of Don Pedro and his companions; and this we were able to do, since having guns and ammunition in plenty we shot birds and deer for our daily food.

Traveling thus on mule back soon our strength returned to us, even to the old man Zibalbay, who had suffered the most from fatigue and from ill-treatment at the hands of the white men. In something less than a week we had passed through the inhabited districts of Yucatan and far out of the reach of the white man, and now were journeying through the forest toward the great sierra that lies beyond.

The senior was never weary of questioning the silent Zibalbay as to the history or rather the legend of the land through which we journeyed, or of listening to the lady Maya's description of the City of the Heart, till even she grew tired and begged him to speak instead of the country across the water where he was born, of the ceaseless busy life, and the wonders of civilization.

Strange as it may seem, I, who watched them both from day to day, know it to be true that she was in mind the more modern of the two, so much so indeed that in listening to their talk I might have fancied that she was the child of

the new world, filled with the spirit of to-day, and he the heir of a proud and secret race dying beneath its weight of years.

"I cannot understand you," she would say to him. "Why do you so love histories and ruins and stories of people that have long been dead? I hate them. Once they lived, and doubtless were well enough in their place and time, but now they are past and done with, and it is we who live, live, live," and she stretched out her arms as though she would clasp the sunshine to her breast.

"I tell you," she went on, "that this home of mine of which you are so fond of talking is nothing but a great burying place, and those who dwell in it are like ghosts who wander to and fro thinking of the things that they did, or did not do, a thousand years before."

"Did my father but know it, he wastes time and trouble in making plans for the redemption of the People of the Heart, who think him mad for his pains. They cannot be redeemed. If I could have my will while I am still young, I would turn my back upon this city, which you so desired to see, taking with me the wealth that is useless there, but which it seems would bring me many good things in other lands, and live out my time among people who have a present and a future as well as a past."

Then the senior would laugh, and argue that the past is more than the present, and that it is better to be dead than alive, and many other such follies; and I would grow angry and reprove her for her words which shocked me, whereat she would yawn and talk of something else, for I and my discourses wearied her. Only Zibalbay took no heed, for his mind was set upon other things, even if he heard us, which I doubt.

CHAPTER XII.

MAYA DESCENDS THE CUEVA.

One evening after we had left the forest country and with much toil climbed the sierra till we reached the desert beyond, a desert that seemed to be boundless, we set our camp among a clump of great aloes that grew at the foot of a stony hill. This hill was marked on Zibalbay's map as being the site of an underground reservoir, known as a cueva, whence in the old days, when this place was inhabited, the Indians draw their supply of water in the dry season from deep down in the bowels of the earth.

That this particular cueva existed was proved by the fact that the ancient road, which here was plainly visible, ran through the ruins of a large town whereof the population must once have been supplied by it, but when Zibalbay and his daughter slept here on their downward journey they were spared the necessity of looking for it by the discovery of a rain pool in the hollow of a rock. Now, however, no rain having fallen for weeks, after we had eaten and drunk such water as remained in the water skins, we determined to seek for the cueva in order to refill the skins and give drink to the thirsty mules.

Accordingly we began to examine the rocky hill, and presently found a stone archway now nearly filled up with soil and half hidden by thorn bushes, which we judged to be the entrance to the cueva. Having provided ourselves with torches we lit four of them, and I led

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SCHOOL DOINGS.—Continued.

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ROOM II.

Helen Cummings, Ernest Lincoln, Hazel Benson, Anas Carter, Hazel Hemenway, Joseph McKibben, Benetta Whipple, Emma Job, Frank Knox, Nellie Childers, Sherman Spang, Maggie Veatch, Eva Alexander, Frank Willard, Bessie Markley, Bert Orrell, Leroy Shields, Allen Baker, Steele Miller, Nellie Hemenway, Ralph Hawley, Leo Stroud.

ROOM NO. III.

Grace Cummings, Minnie McKibben, Della Durham, Lena Fredrickson, Katie Knoxton, Lucy Job, Dora Spang, Leland Condon, Stanley Martin, Norman Hawley, William Hawley, Chester Vandenburg, Harshel Allison, Daniel Thomas, Ren Sanford, Laurence Wells, Welshire Bristow, Guy Van Riper.

ROOM IV.

Oliver Elser, Eddie Finnelly, Merizo Finnelly, Charley Hambric, Heber Hawley, Jimmie Harms, Charley McKiffen, Edna Hambric, Ethel Knowlton, Stella Morton, Etta Spang, Mabel Thornton.

ROOM V.

Nettie Burdick, Bessie Harnes, Alma Morton, Neva Perkins, Ida Thomas, Geo. Waldern, John Waldern, Frank Whipple, Samuel Bennett, Wm. Corey, Chris Jackson, Muri Jackson, Ezra Baker.

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. BRISK, 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.

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SUMMONS

J. P. Currie, 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: You are hereby required to appear and answer a complaint filed against you in the above entitled suit by the first day of the next term of the circuit court following the publication of this summons, which first day will be on the sixth day of March 1900, and you fail to so appear and answer, or your answer and pleadings will apply to said court the relief demanded in his complaint, to wit: For the enforcement of a certain mortgage contract said delivered by E. P. Thorp to J. W. Gowdy on the 14th day of April, 1899, to secure the payment of a certain promissory note given by said E. P. Thorp to said J. W. Gowdy for \$400.00, due April 14, 1899, with interest thereon 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 lands hereinafter described real property, to-wit: Lot 1 in the west half of lot 2 in Block 3 in Long & Landless Addition to Cottage Grove in Lane County, Oregon, which said mortgage and note were on the 12th day of January 1900 assigned to this plaintiff. And for a decree bearing and foreclosing you and each of you from any and all right, title or interest, as heretofore or hereafter, in and to said real property and every part thereof. This summons is published by order of the Hon. J. I. Hamilton, Judge of the above entitled court made January 19th, 1900.

J. E. Yorks, Atty. for Plaintiff.

NOTICE OF FORFEITURE.

Cottage Grove, Lane County, Oregon. January 1, 1900.

To ALEX. COYNER:—

You are hereby notified that we have expended at least \$200, in work on 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 Lumber" 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. WARR, A. M. WHITE.

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For "The Story of the Philippines" by Murat Halstead, commissioned by the Government as Official Historian of 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 rear 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.

Admiral Sampson is more of a

political wire puller than a soldier, and he will hitch to the wrong wire one of these days and it will break with him.

The recent storm was a severe one but as yet no great damage is reported.

Old papers for sale at this office.