

TWENTY-FIFTH YEAR.

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HEART OF THE WORLD.

BY H. RIDER HAGGARD.

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[Written for The Salt Lake Herald.]

HEART OF THE WORLD.

SUMMARY—Introduction—An Englishman named Jones is superintendent of a mine not far from the Sumacumto river, the upper reaches of which divide the Mexican state of Chiapas from the republic of Guatemala. He becomes interested in antiquities; hears of an Indian, Don Ignatio, who has a great knowledge of the Aztec language; and in a chapel, they become great friends.

CHAPTER I. In autobiographic-tells where he was born. When Ignatio was a boy, troubles arose in the country; Ignatio's father taken by the Spaniards; Ignatio in prison; Ignatio is given instruction to see that the boy has it when of age. The father is shot; Ignatio escapes from prison; Ignatio and Jones meet; Ignatio tells him of his father's death; Ignatio tells him of his father's death; Ignatio tells him of his father's death.

CHAPTER II.

THE SENOR STRICKLAND.

Two and twenty years ago I, Ignatio, visited a village in the state of Tamaulipas, named Cumarvo, a beautiful place, half hidden in pine forests among the mountains. I came to this village because a friend of mine, one of the brethren of the order of the Heart, had written to me saying that there was an Indian in the neighborhood who had in his possession an Aztec scroll, which, being in picture writing, neither he nor anyone else could read.

CHAPTER III.

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one of the Brotherhood, and I determined to go with him. I collected together twenty good men and true, and arming them with guns, bade them be silent about the matter, above all to the white man, whom I did not wish to alarm. The plan of the murderers was to attack the house at the hour of dawn, where the Senor Strickland slept with four or five servants only, and to put all within its walls to death. Accordingly, about 1 o'clock on the night fixed, I despatched my men by twos and threes, instructing them to go round the hills at the back of the house, and creeping into the garden, to hide themselves there among the trees till I gave the word.

At any rate, when James Strickland's father died, his son, who was then a lad of 20, found that he possessed in the world no more than \$5,000. This sum, being of venturous mind and sanguine temperament, he invested in a ranch in Texas, where he endured much danger and hardship, and lost all his money. After this, having nothing to live on and no friends, he was obliged to labor and to beg, and he did this for two months, until he was forced to write of it as to be forced to wait upon the guests in an inn at Panama.

Presently we heard a stir in the village beneath, as of men marching, and in the gathering light saw the murderers creeping stealthily up the street to the number of fifty or more, for so great was their fear of the Englishman that they thought it safer to bring many men to kill him; also each of the villains desired that his neighbor should be a sharer in the crime. Will you not wake up the Englishman? I asked the night watchman. "No," I answered, "it will be time enough to wake him when the affair is settled. Now, let none of you fire till I give the word."

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At this moment I chanced to look up to see a man such as I had never before beheld standing by my side and gazing at me. Stories are told of how men and women, looking on each other for the first time, are in certain cases filled with a strange passion of love, of which, come what may, they can never be free.

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Advertisement for Wiscomb Grocers, 58 East First South, Telephone 420.

REMINISCENCES OF A PROSPECTOR.

ARTICLE I.

There is a charm and fascination about prospecting and mining that none but those who have "been there," can realize or appreciate. The life of a prospector is fraught with many perils, hardships, privations, pleasures, sorrows, adventures, and occasionally with a little prosperity.

The professional prospector is a migratory creature. He seems to have no permanent abiding place. The world is his home, and to explore and prospect the craggy peaks of the mountain ranges in search of their buried mineral wealth, seems to be his mission on earth.

Next year you may hear of him in the snow clad peaks of Idaho, Montana, British Columbia or Alaska. The next year he may be in Central or South America or Africa—and he would take a trip to the moon if he could get transportation. Like the wandering Jew, he is always on the go.

After this nothing more could be done except to cease work at the tunnel and report the matter by letter to the owners of the mine, employing ourselves meanwhile awaiting our cue as we had stacked which, indeed, we needed to do in order to pay wages with the silver, seeing that after the first few months the owners ceased to remit us money.

One evening, on returning from the smelting works to the house, I found the Senor Strickland seated at a table on which lay an open letter, with his chin resting on his hand and an unlighted cigar in his mouth. All through my misfortunes and heavy labor he had never lost heart or ceased to smile and be merry, but now he looked sad.

"What is this noise," he asked, rubbing his eyes, "why are you excited fighting in my garden? Go away, all of you, or I shall shoot at you."

ing the founder of great wealth for individuals, as well as communities, while he, as a rule, dies a pauper. This was the fate of Comstock, the discoverer of the world-famed Comstock lode of Nevada; also of Eberhardt, the discoverer of the once famous Eberhardt mine of White Pine, for which at one time the owners were offered \$6,000,000.

The prospector, as a rule, cannot stand prosperity. He is always remarking, his mission is to prospect. He soon "blows in" his "raise" and off he goes on his mission. He goes on wild goose chases, follows up myths, stories of some rich mine found years ago and covered up.

Every mining region has its "lost mine." Utah has several of them. Thousands of dollars and hundreds of lives have been lost looking for "lost mines." In my rambling career I have run down two of these "lost mines," and didn't even find the necessary conditions for a mine to exist in the locality where the mines were said to be situated.

I made five or six trips to the Utah mountains looking for the mythical and fabulously rich mine (gold placer) of old man Rhodes, who had been killed in the snow clad peaks of Idaho, Montana, British Columbia or Alaska.

Mr. Rhodes was one of the Mormon Battalion; was discharged in California; engaged in placer mining for a time with success; returned to Utah and, as was the custom, turned in his "dust" to the church to be coined.

The old man settled in Rhode valley, now Kamas, some fifteen or twenty miles east of Park city. He was a great hunter and spent a great deal of his time in the Utah mountains bear hunting. When he would come in off his hunts he would exhibit sundry sacks of gold nuggets which some of his friends supposed he got in the Utah mountains, while others were of the opinion that the nuggets were some the old man held out when he came in from California.

There has been expedition after expedition into Rhode valley looking for the "Old Bryfogie mine," and many men have perished on the burning desert for want of water. This is one of the old "lost mines" the history of which is familiar to most of the miners of the Pacific coast.

Thus it is the prospector will brave the dangers of flood, snow and waterless deserts, in fact there is hardly any obstacle he will not attempt to overcome in search of what someone has said is the root of all evil.

partly from an inborn or innate desire to ramble in the wilds of nature and engage her beauty and sublimity ere they had been marred by the vandalism of civilization. My first visit to a mining camp was to Stockton in 1886, where I found General Connor and some of his officers trying to smelt lead ore. Being a "tender foot" I was naturally very inquisitive. I asked the man who seemed to be in charge, how he was going to get the silver out of the lead. He very graciously explained to me that he had two trips to his furnace, the upper a lead tap and the lower a silver tap, and that the specific gravity of lead being less than that of silver it would float on top—as of oil on water; then he would draw off the lead, then the silver. I being an unsophisticated "tender foot" didn't know but what he was telling me the truth.

How much a tender foot prospector learns or imprints he learns in few months, and what he really learns after twenty years experience in prospecting and mining are illustrated in a story from Arizona. An emigrant dropped into Arizona; went to prospecting; found some mineral foot; took it to town; showed it to a fellow who looked wise. The prospector asked his opinion of it; in his opinion the ore would assay \$200. The prospector asked how long he had been mining. His answer was: About six months.

Later the prospector met an "old timer" in a miner's uniform—heavy nailed boots, jumper, overalls and a slouched hat. The prospector showed him his find and asked his opinion of it. "It is good looking rock. If you want to know what is in it you had better have it assayed." "How long have you been mining?" asked the prospector. "About twenty years," was the answer. My first active experience in mining was in Montana in 1885, which will be detailed later on. PROSPECTOR.

"THE OTHER WAY ROUND. Taglietti—What did that bank cashier abscond for? He was behind in his accounts." "Wagstaff—No. He was ahead. The bank was behind."—New York World.

Cropping a cut's ears keeps her at home, because in prowling at night among bushes and grass drops of water fall on her eyes and she has to stop at some rather than spend the time scratching her head to get the water out.

Don't Miss the Scene!

Our windows—Fashion's mirrors—that will bring woman face to face with charming materials of adornment now in vogue. Everything sparkling with newness. We have cleared out the old, we now welcome the new. Every department pure, bright and refreshing—SPECIAL SALES will be the order every day. Don't miss them! Every item has and will be bought from 15 to 25 per cent less than ever before.

Monday morning, active life begins. Every department will have some special crowd-collectors. Only a few below.

Advertisement for Walker Bros. & Fyler Co. featuring a message and millinery. Sailors—At last they are here, those popular sellers, in all colors. See window. Price 25c., 35c., 50c. Also received first shipment of the latest things in Early Fall Millinery. Everybody invited to come and get posted on the new things in vogue.

Advertisement for Walker Bros. & Fyler Co. featuring wash goods and hosiery. We have not seen these goods, but are satisfied from this telegram they will be the greatest values ever offered. Men, women and children, don't get left on this deal, Monday morning, 8:30, sharp. Hosiery. Monday we place on sale the greatest hosiery bargains ever offered. Ladies' stainless, fast black, extra length, without seams hose. 100 doz., no matter what they have been worth, they are going to be sold at 10c pair. Don't miss being one of the lucky purchasers.