

JAPS ADVANCING

MOVING ON BELEAGUERED PORT ARTHUR BY TWO ROADS.

Their Losses are Heavy—Dainy is Again Itself—Mikado's Men Repair the Destruction Wrought by Russians on Abandoning the City and Commerce is Again Brisk.

Dainy, Manchuria, by steamer to Chefoo, July 13.—The Japanese are advancing against Port Arthur by two roads, one army moving eastward from Dainy, and the other along the center road from Kinsoo, the former assisted by the navy.

On July 4, the Japanese, by a brilliant charge, captured the Miaotou fort, which gave them a strong position from which they immediately began a heavy bombardment of the eastern section of the Port Arthur defenses. The Japanese losses in the series of engagements culminating in this capture were enormous, but this fact had no effect on the rank and file.

The second Japanese column also did excellent work, and is reported to have taken the outskirts of Shuishiyung, one of the cardinal defenses of Port Arthur, and only four miles from the town itself. This town, which was left in a dismantled condition by the Russians when they abandoned it, has been practically restored by the Japanese who are maintaining rigid discipline. Commerce is again brisk, and the Chinese who were driven out before the evacuation, have returned.

The waterworks have not yet been restored, but the wharves have all been repaired. The entrance to the harbor is still dangerous, owing to the presence there of the sunken hulks of 14 small craft sunk by the Russians to keep out the Japanese. It is also believed that there are some sunken mines in the bay, but it is very difficult to locate them.

RUSSIAN POSITION BAD.

Japanese are Assured of Command of the Liao River Valley.

St. Petersburg, July 13.—With pressure on two sides, if the Japanese have any serious intentions of pushing home their advance in the direction of Mukden, General Kuropatkin's position would seem decidedly dangerous. Their northern advance posts are at Taidin and Siao Syantal. Whether the Japanese operations will be pressed in the face of the rainy season, which is not regarded as probable here, the Japanese seem assured of the command of the mouth of the Liao river valley, which will give them a new base with two railroads, one direct to Mukden and the other to the Simning river and the Imperial high road. The Simning road opens vast possibilities for flanking, if an advance is begun at the end of the rains.

Severe fighting is not improbable north of Ta Tche Kiao, but the belief is growing that General Kuropatkin does not intend to accept a general engagement at this time.

Additional details of the Hoiyan fight of July 4 describes the Russian bayonet charge as being the most brilliant incident of the war. Japanese and Russians were found dead in the trenches with their bayonets through each other's body.

RUSSIANS WON'T FIGHT HARD.

Kuropatkin Plans No Decided Stand at Ta Tche Kiao.

St. Petersburg, July 13.—General Kuropatkin, according to private advices from the front, will not make a serious attempt to hold Ta Tche Kiao, above Kaichow, midway between that place and Haicheng, and where the railroad connects with the branch from Nin Chwang. Developments of the Japanese strength on the Sinyen roads seem to be forcing a Russian concentration between Haicheng and Liao Yang, but preparations seem to be making to defend the former as long as possible. Count Killer's force, which was a little southwest of Liao Yang, has apparently moved farther southward direct from the Feng Wang Cheng-Haicheng road.

Fleets Again in Action.

Tokio, July 13.—The Russian cruisers Bayan, Diana, Palada and Novik, two gunboats and seven torpedo boat destroyers, came out of the harbor of Port Arthur on Saturday morning, July 9, preceded by a number of steamers engaged in clearing away mines. In the afternoon the Russian vessels reached a point between Sensikan and Lunwang, where they were attacked by a Japanese flotilla of torpedo boats and torpedo boat destroyers. At 4 in the afternoon the Russian vessels retreated to the harbor.

In Fear of Brigand.

Tangier, July 13.—According to news from the interior the bandit Raisuli and his tribe made a raid on Chard and after two days' fighting, Raisuli was victorious. The tribe looted many cattle. Owing to threats sent by Raisuli and the neighboring tribes to Mohammed El Torres, the foreign minister, work on the new custom house, in course of erection at Tangier, has been discontinued. The tribes said they would raid Tangier if continued.

Russians Everywhere Retreating.

Nin Chwang, July 13.—Chinese coming in from the country report the Russians everywhere retreating before the Japanese, who are soon expected here. Active preparations are being made for defense at Ta Tche Kiao. Business in this city, despite the situation, is brisk and many ships are in port.

MASTER OF THE MINE

By Robert Buchanan.

CHAPTER XV.

Absorbed as I was in my newly awakened love for Madeline, I failed to notice for some time the changes which were going on about us; but I was soon wakened from dreamland by the attitude which the young master chose to take.

George Redruth had made up his mind to woo Madeline Graham, and he honored me so far as to fear that my presence in St. Gurlott's might be the means of preventing him winning his cousin's hand. A marriage with Madeline would be advantageous to him, principally because his own position was becoming very insecure, he having gambled and bet away most of his fortune, and so being in danger of losing the position which her money would restore to him. Thus it was that he watched the growing friendship between myself and his cousin with ever-increasing anger; and finding he could not openly control her, he determined, I afterward learned, to gain his ends by treachery.

At home things were going very badly with us. My uncle remained in the same despondent state, while every day fresh wrinkles appeared in my aunt's face. It seemed a sin for me to be happy while so much grief remained at home; and I sometimes felt inclined to go right away and not return till I could bring our lost one along with me.

I began to wonder, too, if my uncle could be right when he said that the new overseer had a hand in poor Annie's flight. This idea had resolutely fixed itself in his mind. It was strange, but since the night of Annie's disappearance Johnson's face had not been seen in St. Gurlott's. I was pondering over a solution of all these mysteries when one day an event happened which threatened to bring matters to a climax indeed.

I had come up from the mine after a prolonged inspection of it, when suddenly I heard a wild sound of voices, and looking round I saw two men facing each other, and looking as if they were about to close in a deadly grip. One of the men was my uncle, the other was Johnson, the overseer.

At sight of the man whom he believed to be his bitterest foe, all my uncle's feebleness seemed to fall miraculously from him. He towered above the other, and raised his clenched fist as if to strike. "You villain!" he cried. "You cowardly, treacherous villain! Tell me, what is my loss? Tell me, or I strike 'ee dead before me!"

In another moment the arm would have descended, for Johnson was paralyzed with fear; but I sprang forward and caught it with a cry. My uncle tried to wrench himself free.

"Let gaw, Hugh!" he cried, fiercely. "I told 'ee what I'd do if I met the villain, and I'll do it. Look at 'un, the white-faced cur; he brought trouble to my lass! And now, while she's wandering 'bout the earth in misery maybe, he comes yar to laugh at us!"

I still held him firmly; and Johnson, guessing that he was seeing that the danger was passed, recovered his presence of mind.

"Perhaps, now you're a little calmer," he said, "you'll tell me what you're raving about?"

"I will answer for him," I replied. "Where is Annie Pendragon?"

He shrugged his shoulders, and raised his brows.

"It seems to me you are all having lunatics together. Why do you ask me these things? What do I know of the girl?"

"You were seen with her in Falmouth."

My uncle had learned that this was true.

"I don't know where she is. I met her in Falmouth, it's true, and spoke to her; but her being away from home was no concern o' mine."

"It's a lie!" cried my uncle, fiercely; and again he tried to free himself from my grasp, but I held him firmly.

"It's no use," I said; "we shan't mend matters with him. We must find out by some other means whether or not he is speaking the truth."

The result of all this was a serious illness, which laid my uncle low, and for some weeks threatened his life. During this time Madeline came frequently to the cottage, accompanied by Annie, who carried little tempting things for the poor old man to eat. At last, the terrible time passed, and he rose from his bed—the feeble, worn-out wreck of his old self.

From that day forth his intellect seemed shaken, but he clung with strange persistence to the one idea that Johnson was in some way responsible for all that had taken place. I had my own reasons for refusing to share this belief; nevertheless, I saw the overseer again, and after the interview with me, I became more firmly convinced than ever that my uncle was wrong in his surmises.

Meantime, having seen my uncle on the high road to recovery, I was compelled once more to turn my attention to the mine, which grew every day more dangerous. I had spoken to the master of these dangers again and again, and he had taken no heed. Nevertheless, I knew that something must be done; I resolved to make one last appeal to him. I had fully made up my mind to seek him at home, when I was spared the pains. He strolled down to the counting house, one morning in company with Johnson.

"Mr. Redruth," I said, approaching him, "I should like to speak a few words with you, sir."

He looked at me from head to foot with a cold, supercilious sneer which sent my blood up to boiling heat, as he replied:

"Well, you can speak, then—I am all attention."

"It is about the mine," I began, when he interrupted me.

"Oh, the mine!" he said, impatiently; "I think I have heard a good deal on this subject from you before?"

"You have, sir, and you have taken no heed; but the time has passed for all that—each day the danger grows, and now at any moment the sea may break in, and every soul be killed!"

"Do the men know of the danger which you say is threatening them?"

"Most assuredly they do."

"And do they refuse to work?"

"No; where would be the use? If they left the mine, they would be thrown out of employment, and then their families would starve. Better for them to hold

their own lives in their hands than to expose their wives and children to such a fate!"

"Very good; then, since by your own showing you are the only discontented spirit, it's time for you to go."

"I have been expecting this for a long time, and it has come. Well, so much the better," I retorted. "I warn you, however, that I shall do my duty, and let the company know the exact state of affairs."

He turned to Johnson, and I saw the two exchange a significant smile; then his face hardened as he replied, contemptuously:

"You will, of course, do as you please; only oblige me by getting out of my employment as quickly as possible."

"It will be a good riddance!" muttered Johnson, breaking in for the first time.

"I'll croak to some tune," I cried, facing him, "if you presume to talk to me!"

"Presume, indeed!" he repeated, turning white with fear or malice. "Tain't no presumption, I guess, to take down a young cock-o'-the-walk who puts on airs as if he was a gentleman. If Mr. George had listened to my advice, he'd have got rid of you long ago!"

"Come along, Johnson," said Redruth; "he's not worth talking to."

But I clenched my fists and blocked the way. I suppose there was something in my face which looked ugly, for the two men recoiled before me. Several of the miners, attracted by our high words, had now gathered, and were looking on in astonishment.

"I know well an honest man is not wanted here," I said. "I've known that for many a long day. Like master, like man. You, sir, want a scoundrel to do your dirty work; and here he is, ready made, to your hand—as mean and cowardly a scoundrel as ever drew breath!"

"Out of the way, you ruffian!" cried Redruth, lifting his cane.

But he knew better than to strike me; he knew that, if he had done so, I would have thrashed him within an inch of his life; and he knew, too, that not one man there would have raised a finger to protect him, though he was the master of the mine.

But the presence of the onlookers, I suppose, made his companion foolhardy; for, stepping forward, livid with passion, he shook his fist in my face.

"Who are you calling a scoundrel?" he cried. "Do you know who I am? I'm overseer of this here mine, and you, you're a beggar, that's what you are!"

He had proceeded thus far when, without more parley, unable to resist the provocation of his close proximity, I quietly knocked him down.

As he fell, George Redruth sprang toward me, and struck at me with his cane; but I tore the cane from his hand, broke it into pieces, and flung it away.

"Take care, sir!" I said. "I may hurt you, too, if you go too far."

He drew back, trembling. It was not for hours afterwards that I realized what I had done; and even then I am afraid I did not regret my hasty conduct. Young and rash, I did not fear to face the world, though the mine was my bread, and I had no other means of maintenance.

CHAPTER XVI.

The news of my dismissal from the mine was received by my aunt with infinite wailing. The poor soul, knowing that for some time past I had been the mainstay of the house, saw nothing before her but misery and starvation; indeed, she was for going straight to Redruth House and appealing to the master, but I checked her.

"Don't grieve, aunt," I said. "It will be all right by and by. Say I am dismissed from the mine—what then? The mine isn't all the world. I shall get something, never fear. I'm going up to London, aunt."

"To London! And what for?"

"I am going up to see the company, and tell them what's going on at the mine. Keep your mind easy till I come back, aunt. 'Twill, maybe, all be right then."

When all was ready, I stepped down to the village to tell John Rudd to call for me on the morrow, when he was to start before daybreak. Having done my errand, I strolled slowly back to the cottage.

It was a splendid night. All the earth, hardened by the keen touch of frost, was flooded by the brilliant moonrays; and the sky was thick with stars. All was so quiet and peaceful I could hear the click clack of my footsteps on the frosty road.

My mind was sorely troubled. I walked up and down the road and turned to re-enter the cottage, when I started back with a half-suppressed cry. There, not very far from me, standing in the shadow of one of the laurel bushes in Annie's garden, was the tall figure of a woman. She came quickly toward me, and laid her hand upon my arm.

"Madeline!" I murmured, for it was indeed she, dressed in her evening dress, with her mantle thrown lightly over her head and shoulders, and her dear face raised wistfully to mine.

"Mr. Trevelyan," she said, quietly, "is it true that you have been dismissed from the mine?"

"Yes; it is quite true, Miss Graham."

"Oh, why will you not be as you were just now, and call me Madeline! she cried passionately. "Why have all these years come and gone since we were children, and left us so far apart, Mr. Trevelyan? Hugh, let us be children again; I was your help and solace once, let me be so to-night!"

She had spoken truly—why should a few years separate us? Once before she had offered me her friendship and I had accepted it; why not accept it now? I took her hand and kissed it.

"You shall be the same to me now as you were then!" I answered, "you shall be my friend!"

I think she understood me. She made no reply, but for a moment she turned her head aside; when she looked at me again, she was as calm as the moonrays which lay all about her.

"Tell me what has happened," she said, "and what you are going to do."

"Very little has happened," I replied. "I have got the dismissal which I have all along expected, and I am going

away. You will get your death; let me take you back."

I drew the shawl closer about her shoulders, put her hand upon my arm, and led her away.

"Hugh," she said, presently, "you have not told me the cause of all this trouble. Why have you and my cousin disagreed so terribly?"

"There is nothing," I said, "but what had best be kept between man and man."

"Then you absolutely refuse to make any concession?"

"I refuse to receive any favor from George Redruth."

"I am rich, you know—very rich, and now that you are in trouble I might help you."

"No," I answered, quickly; "don't think of it. It is impossible."

I walked with her as far as the entrance to the grounds surrounding Redruth House, then I left her. Her eyes were full of tears as she said good-by, and her little hand clung to mine with a persistence which well-nigh unmanned me. I was too much beside myself to return to the cottage, so for about half a mile I followed the road which led to the mine. It was late, there was not a living soul abroad it seemed to me; yet, as I turned to retrace my steps, I came face to face with a man who had evidently been following close upon my heels. It was Johnson.

Madeline's softening influence was still upon me. Yet at sight of this evil face it seemed to fade, and there arose within me all that was worst in my soul. He paused, blocking my way, and sneeringly addressed me:

"I guess, young man," he said, "you'll get into worse trouble before you're done. Jest you let the governor see you as I saw you with Miss Graham to-night!"

"You scoundrel!" I cried, "mention that lady's name again and by heaven, I'll strike you dead where you stand!"

"Oh," he sneered, "killing's your game, is it? Repeat that to-morrow before witnesses, young man, and your doom is sealed."

He passed me by, and walked on toward the mine, while I, glad at heart to be safely away from him, walked with some speed toward home. I found my aunt alone; I asked for my uncle.

"He be gone back to the mine, Hugh," she returned. "But wasn't 'ee sit up for 'un, lad. I daresay Jim Rivers'll bring 'un home."

As I knew I should have to be ready to join John Rudd at five o'clock in the morning, I took my aunt's advice and went to bed. When I awoke it was still pitch dark. I struck a light, and found that it was four o'clock. I therefore got up and began to prepare for my journey.

I went about my work as quietly as possible, hoping to disturb no one; but shortly after I entered the kitchen my uncle appeared fully dressed for the day. He looked so white and strange that, for a moment, I was startled into the belief that something was the matter. As nothing seemed to have transpired, however, I concluded it was sorrow at parting with me.

How the memory of that white, wan face came back to me in after days! It was the memory of it, and of the patient, pitiful eyes, which sealed my lips when one word might have proved my salvation.

When John Rudd made his appearance and my aunt came out of the bedroom, and began crying on my shoulder, I saw the wan, sad eyes of my uncle still fixed upon me. As I left the cottage, I looked back and found them gazing after me still.

(To be continued.)

HIS CHECK WAS NO GOOD.

A Place Where a Dollar in the Hand Was Worth Two in the Bank.

A check for \$5, signed by a man who could well be rated as one of the "captains of industry," proved to be an almost worthless piece of paper in the hands of its recipient a few days ago. It served to illustrate the difficulty which people have in handling such pieces of financial paper, providing they have neither bank account nor commercial rating.

The \$5 check came from a Connecticut manufacturing town. It was drawn on a local bank and signed by a merchant credited with millions. The man who received it is fairly well known about New York City. He has always been on a salary, and he does not happen to have a bank account.

It also happened that he needed the cash at once, so he first took the check to an acquaintance in one of the city offices.

"Can you cash this for me?" he asked.

"Sorry, old man, but we have made our deposits for the day and there is no cash on hand."

Then the check holder tried his tailor, who explained: "Can't do it to-day. I'm short."

"Will you indorse this for me and help me to get the money?" said the seeker for cash to another friend who was well acquainted at a bank near by.

"Against my rules," was the emphatic answer.

"Take it to a saloonkeeper," suggested another man. The advice was accepted, but the proprietor, after listening to the request, silently pointed to a sign over the bar, which read: "No checks cashed here."

Other tribulations followed the possessor of the check, until finally he found a good Samaritan, who kindly consented to deposit it in his own bank for collection and turn over the money when it was reported as paid.

It was ten days before the needy one obtained his money, says the Kansas City Journal, and he concluded that he would rather have small sums sent in letters, without even the precaution of registration, as long as he was unable to have a bank account or a rating.

Wanted to Have It Over.

"Mamma," said Bennie, as there came a brief pause in the conversation on the part of the callers, "isn't it time for you to ask me what I learned at the kindergarten to-day? If you don't do it pretty soon I'll forget what you told me to say."

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