

## EFFORTS OF MILLER MEN DEFEATED

(Continued From Page One.)

Albert Ford, Alternates—Elmer King and John Dietz.

### SIXTH WARD.

State Delegates—John Nicholson, W. C. Converse, Alternates—Charles Neal, Jesse Brooks.

District Delegates—Perry J. Freeman, Charles E. Shiveley, Alternates—Elmer Eggemeier, Lyle Larsh.

### SEVENTH WARD.

State Delegate—Homer Jones, Alternates—Dr. S. Edgar Bond.

District Delegate—N. C. Heironimus, Alternates—Richard Sedgewick.

### EIGHTH WARD.

State Delegate—Ben C. Hill, Alternates—Ed Rank.

District Delegate—F. Whittle, Alternates—C. C. Smith.

## A FAMOUS DUEL.

The Fatal Meeting Between Commodore Barron and Decatur.

On March 22, 1820, was fought one of the most memorable duels in the annals of the United States. Commodore Decatur and Commodore Barron met on the fatal field near Bladensburg that day. Both participants were wounded. Decatur mortally, dying within a few hours after the encounter. The causes which led to the ill feeling between these two naval heroes have never been accurately determined, but it is generally supposed that Decatur's harsh criticism of Barron on account of the latter not returning from abroad to take part in the war brought about the breach. Certain it is that Decatur's words were repeated to Barron, and a correspondence between the two ensued, which probably resulted in the challenge. The impending duel was kept a profound secret. Only a few of the most intimate friends of the respective participants had even an inkling of it. Decatur was the first to arrive upon the scene. He was accompanied by Commodore Rodgers and Porter and several other friends. Barron arrived a few minutes later. The combatants bowed stiffly to each other and stood waiting for their friends to measure off the ground and make the final arrangements.

"I hope, sir," said Barron as they took their places, "that when we meet in another world we shall be better friends than we have been in this."

Decatur is said to have laughingly regarded his adversary's remark and then replied:

"Sir, I have never been your enemy." A moment later the word was given, and two shots rang out simultaneously. Barron fell almost immediately. Decatur straightened himself, but the pistol fell from his grasp, and in a moment he was upon the greensward writhing in agony. He was raised by his friends and carried nearer the road, where Barron was lying.

"I wish I had fallen in the service of my country," Decatur muttered, whereupon Barron looked up.

"Everything has been conducted most honorably," he said.

Then, turning his eyes upon Decatur: "I am mortally wounded. Commodore Decatur, I forgive you from the bottom of my heart."

As Decatur was being lifted into a carriage Bladensburg, whom Decatur had once rescued from a Moorish prison, stooped down and kissed his cheek.

With his head upon Rodgers' shoulder and in company with a physician, Decatur was driven slowly back to the city and carried into his residence on Lafayette square, where he died a few hours afterward.

The news of the duel spread like wildfire through the city. The following day John Randolph offered consolatory resolutions in congress, which, however, were promptly rejected, and the press promptly denounced the practice of dueling.

Barron ultimately recovered from his injury, but it is said the memory of the fatal duel darkened his life ever afterward. He lived until the year 1851 and had charge of several vessels. At his own request he was court-martialed upon the charges made against him by Decatur and exonerated.—Exchange.

## NOTICE OF APPOINTMENT.

State of Indiana, Wayne County, ss: Estate of Susan E. Burden, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been appointed by the Wayne Circuit Court, Administratrix of the estate of Susan E. Burden, deceased, late of Wayne County, Indiana. Said estate is supposed to be solvent.

CLARA CLEMENS, Administratrix.

Wm. A. Bond, Attorney, dly25-18

## Round Trip

### Sunday Rates

### Every Sunday

Via The C. C. & L. R. R.

To Cincinnati, O. .... \$1.30  
To Cottage Grove, Ind. .... .55  
To Boston, Ind. .... .25  
To Webster ..... .18  
To Williamsburg ..... .35  
To Economy ..... .39  
To Losantville ..... .70  
To Marion ..... .120  
To Peru ..... .210  
To Peru ..... .235

Trains leave going East, 5:15 a. m. Trains leaving West 10:55 a. m. Daily.

For further information call

C. A. BLAIR, P. & T. A.

Home Tel. 2062. Richmond.

# TODAY'S MARKET QUOTATIONS

## NEW YORK STOCK QUOTATIONS.

By Correll and Thompson, Brokers, Eaton, Ohio.

New York, Feb. 1.—

	Open	High	Low	Close
Amalgamated Copper	52 1/4	52 3/4	50 1/2	50 1/2
American Car Foundry	27 1/2	27 3/4	26 1/2	26 1/2
American Locomotive	47 1/2	47 3/4	46 1/2	46 1/2
American Smelting	68 1/2	68 3/4	66 1/2	66 1/2
American Sugar	113 1/2	113 3/4	111 1/2	111 1/2
Atchafalpa	72 1/2	72 3/4	71 1/2	71 1/2
B. & O.	84 1/2	84 3/4	83 1/2	83 1/2
B. R. T.	46 1/2	46 3/4	45 1/2	45 1/2
Canadian Pacific	151	151 1/2	150 1/2	150 1/2
C. & O.	29 1/2	29 3/4	28 1/2	28 1/2
C. G. W.	47 1/2	47 3/4	46 1/2	46 1/2
C. M. & St. P.	113 1/2	113 3/4	111 1/2	111 1/2
C. P. & L.	20	20 1/2	19 1/2	19 1/2
Dis. Sec.	32 1/2	32 3/4	31 1/2	31 1/2
Erie	15 1/2	15 3/4	14 1/2	14 1/2
National Lead	39 1/2	39 3/4	38 1/2	38 1/2
New York Central	96 1/2	96 3/4	95 1/2	95 1/2
P. & N.	97 1/2	97 3/4	96 1/2	96 1/2
Norfolk & Western	23 1/2	23 3/4	22 1/2	22 1/2
M. K. & T.	23 1/2	23 3/4	22 1/2	22 1/2
Missouri Pacific	123 1/2	123 3/4	121 1/2	121 1/2
Norfolk & Western	123 1/2	123 3/4	121 1/2	121 1/2
Pennsylvania	169 1/2	169 3/4	168 1/2	168 1/2
People's Gas	87 1/2	87 3/4	86 1/2	86 1/2
Reading	103 1/2	103 3/4	102 1/2	102 1/2
Republic Steel	17 1/2	17 3/4	16 1/2	16 1/2
Rock Island	13 1/2	13 3/4	12 1/2	12 1/2
Southern Pacific	74 1/2	74 3/4	73 1/2	73 1/2
Southern R. R.	11 1/2	11 3/4	10 1/2	10 1/2
Texas Pacific	19 1/2	19 3/4	18 1/2	18 1/2
Union Pacific	123 1/2	123 3/4	121 1/2	121 1/2
U. S. Steel	28 1/2	28 3/4	27 1/2	27 1/2
U. S. Steel pfd.	93 1/2	93 3/4	92 1/2	92 1/2
Wabash	15 1/2	15 3/4	14 1/2	14 1/2
Wabash pfd.	15 1/2	15 3/4	14 1/2	14 1/2
Great Northern	121 1/2	121 3/4	120 1/2	120 1/2

## BANK STATEMENT.

Reserves less U. S. Dpts Inc 1,316,125  
Reserves, Inc 2,462,225  
Loans, Inc 1,783,600  
Specie, Inc 1,896,900  
Legal, Inc 1,601,300  
Deposits, Inc 11,333,500  
Circulation, Inc 778,600

## Chicago.

## CHICAGO GRAIN AND PROVISIONS.

(By Correll and Thompson, Brokers, Eaton, O.)

Chicago, Feb. 1.—

## Wheat.

Open. High. Low. Close.

May ..... 94 1/2 94 3/4 93 1/2 93 1/2

July ..... 93 1/2 93 3/4 92 1/2 92 1/2

Sept ..... 90 1/2 90 3/4 89 1/2 89 1/2

## Corn.

Open. High. Low. Close.

May ..... 51 1/2 51 3/4 50 1/2 50 1/2

July ..... 45 1/2 45 3/4 44 1/2 44 1/2

Sept ..... 39 1/2 39 3/4 38 1/2 38 1/2

## Oats.

Open. High. Low. Close.

May ..... 31 1/2 31 3/4 30 1/2 30 1/2

July ..... 25 1/2 25 3/4 24 1/2 24 1/2

Sept ..... 19 1/2 19 3/4 18 1/2 18 1/2

## Barley.

Open. High. Low. Close.

May ..... 81 1/2 81 3/4 80 1/2 80 1/2

July ..... 75 1/2 75 3/4 74 1/2 74 1/2

Sept ..... 69 1/2 69 3/4 68 1/2 68 1/2

## U. S. YARDS, CHICAGO.

Chicago, Feb. 1.—Hogs, receipts

20,000, 5c higher; left over 4,519. Cattle

5,000, steady. Sheep 3,000, weak.

## Hog Market Close.

Light ..... \$4.10 1/2 \$4.37 1/2

Mixed ..... 4.15 1/2 4.42 1/2

Heavy ..... 4.15 1/2 4.42 1/2

Rough ..... 4.10 1/2 4.37 1/2

## CHICAGO GRAIN RECEIPTS.

Today, Last Wk. Last Yr.

Wheat ..... 17 21

Corn ..... 18 21

Oats ..... 18 21

## Estimates.

Wheat, 19. Corn, 395. Oats, 123.

## NORTHWEST RECEIPTS.

Today, Last Wk. Last Yr.

Minn ..... 128 273 215

Duluth ..... 54 49 21

## LIVERPOOL.

Wheat, close, 4 lower.

Corn, close, 1/4 lower.

## Pittsburg Livestock.

Pittsburg, February 1—

Cattle, 300.

Common to fair, \$3.00 @ 3.75.

Veal, \$3.50 @ 3.25.

Hogs—Receipts, 2,000.

Prime and Yorkers, \$4.50 @ 4.70.

Common and roughs, \$3.00 @ 4.00.

Pigs, \$4.00 @ 4.50.

Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 10,000.

Good to prime, \$4.50 @ 5.00.

Fair to choice lambs, \$5.50 @ 7.50.

Indianapolis Market.

INDIANAPOLIS LIVESTOCK.

HOGS.

Best heavies ..... \$4.55 @ \$4.60

Good to choice ..... 4.40 @ 4.50

BEER STEERS.

Good to choice ..... 5.00 @ 5.50

Medium to good ..... 4.50 @ 5.00

Choice to fancy ..... 3.75 @ 4.50

BUTCHER CATTLE.

Choice to fancy ..... 4.00 @ 4.50

Good to fancy ..... 3.50 @ 4.25

Choice to fancy ..... 3.00 @ 3.75

Good to choice ..... 2.50 @ 3.00

Common to fair ..... 2.00 @ 2.50

VEAL CALVES.

Good to choice ..... 4.00 @ 4.50

Fair to good ..... 3.00 @ 3.50

Good to hvy ..... 4.25 @ 4.50

Fair to good feeders ..... 4.00 @ 4.25

Good to choice stockers ..... 3.00 @ 3.75

Common to fair feeders ..... 2.50 @ 3.00

SHEEP.

Choice to fancy ..... 6.50 @ 7.25

Best yearlings ..... 5.00 @ 5.25

Best sheep ..... 4.25 @ 4.50

Richmond.

CATTLE.

(Paid by Richmond Abattoir.)

Best, heavy, average, 200 to

250 lbs. .... \$4.10 @ 4.20

Good heavy packers ..... 3.75 @ 3.85

Common and rough ..... 3.50 @ 3.60

Steers, corn fed ..... 1.90 @ 2.00

Heifers ..... 3.75 @ 4.00

## THE HINDOO FAKIRS

THEY ARE PRINCES OF JUGGLERS AND MAGICIANS.

Some of the Wonderful Feats of Illusion and Dexterity These Masters of the Mystic Arts of the Orient Are Said to Perform.

"Stopped!"

In the sudden stillness that pervades the great liner's saloon everybody pauses without knowing it and looks at the captain.

This gentleman merely settles to his luncheon more comfortably than before, while anchor chains rattle out and the steam whistle blows and the passengers hasten on deck to feed a heavy, tropical wind blowing off a low shore, along which tigers and alligators may creep to the water's edge by night, but where now a noon sun lies yellow on the huts and rice fields which are the stranger's first glimpse of Calcutta.

The liner swings well out in the stream.

Presently flashes through the brown ripples of the Hooghly river a dusky body, and up the anchor chain nibbles a monkey scrambles a man, clad only in a loin cloth and having a tiny, tight rolled red bundle fastened at the back of his neck out of reach of the water.

The man's first action is to pick up from the deck a ball of twine with which a sailor is mending a pawlin and unwind the string which goes straight up in the air in defiance of the law of gravitation which should have trailed it along the deck.

As the fakir passes another sailor who has bought a coconut and is cracking it open, he gently takes from the man's hand half of the still full shell, holds it high above a ship's bucket, into which water streams from the coconut until the bucket has been twelve times filled and emptied. Next the juggler asks for a large earthen dish, pours into it a gallon of water, raises it aloft in his left hand—his right being held against his forehead. The dish grows smaller by almost imperceptible degrees of shrinkage until it completely disappears. Then, after a pause, a tiny brown speck is seen in the juggler's hand. It grows larger and larger until the dish is visible as at first, filled to the brim with water, which the juggler pours out and which runs down into the deck gutters.

A little aloof from the eager circle of spectators sits a young American woman, her baby swinging in a hammock, her five-year-old daughter on a cushion at her feet. The juggler stands perfectly still, his eyes fixed absently upon the group, apparently concentrating his forces upon some fresh wonder. The American shrinks backward with a movement of repulsion, which the juggler evidently notices, for he turns his gaze upon an English miss of fifteen who stands on the opposite side of the semicircle.

Suddenly the young mother sees the English girl begin to rise from the deck and float across the space between her and the hammock in which rests the sleeping baby. To her horror, the girl stoops over and takes up the infant. Then the girl rises from the deck, higher and higher, until she is lost in the clouds.

The mother is helpless to cry out or to move. She is in a sort of waking nightmare. As she stares she perceives a spot in the dewy clouds—nearer, nearer it comes—she discerns the form of her baby—safe in the arms of the English girl, who gradually descends to the deck and lays the infant back in the hammock.

With a frantic effort the mother bursts the spell that binds her and snatches up the child to find it sound asleep. "How could you let that strange girl take your little brother away?" she screams to her startled daughter, who sits quietly on the cushion.

"Why, mamma," replies the child, "because he has been asleep in his hammock all the time. No one has touched him."

It was but one more trick of the senses played by the holy man from India. It was utterly inexplicable.

The fellow came over the ship's rail dripping wet after a long swim from shore. The liner has just dropped anchor after a voyage of several thousand miles. A confederate is an impossibility. An audience of about 500 skeptical persons crowds close around the juggler. There is no chance for deception.

Now the Hindoo unties the bundle from behind his neck, opens a square of red cloth, passes it to the audience for inspection and then spreads it flat on the deck. His eyes turn toward the audience. He mutters to himself, "Spout, after walking three times around the square, he thrusts his bare hand and arm under the cloth and brings forth a newly carved little boat measuring not more than 8 by 4 inches. It is unlocked and empty. The one thwart across it is pierced with a most hole. With the boat he brings out a small coconut.

He orders the boat and the nut for the scrutiny of the passengers. By those who see and touch it the nut is pronounced to be scraped clean and to be pierced with three small holes.

The juggler sticks a thin bamboo wand of about two feet into the mast hole, then places the nut on the end of the wand, retreats to a distance of five yards and commands (in Hindoo language):

"A glittering lot of pure water springs upward from the nut into the blazing sunshine and scatters diamond drops until the juggler again gives a command:

"Spout!"

"Spout!" And it stops.

Once more:

"Spout!"

And then the crystal fountain spurts and stops as bidden until more water is running over the deck than is altogether comfortable for bystanders.

During his whole performance the juggler repeats over again the mystic but apparently irrelevant words:

"Bandar ka korpa! Bandar ka korpa!" ("Skull of a monkey! Skull of a monkey!")

"Backsheel!" the holy man now suggests and indicates the red cloth as an appropriate receptacle for cash as knowledge of his occult power.

As coins fall he deftly recovers them and bites each one to test its genuineness. At last he piles the contributions neatly, shakes the cloth and again spreads it on the floor.

Again the juggler's eyes fix them selves in catlike trance. Again he paces around the