

A FAIR WOMAN



In a fair dress, bought at a fair bargain at one of our fair and square sales. No woman need deny herself pretty gowns when we are selling such dress goods as the following at such prices as will be appreciated by all who deal with us.

A Fine Dress Gingham at 7c.
A Fine line of Prints, 5, 6 and 7c.
A Fine Summer Flannel at 25 & 50c
A complete line of
Sateens, Shallies,
Henriettas, Etc.,

very cheap. It is no trouble to find the pretty dress you are looking for if you'll look at our line. Remember we also sell the

Y. S. F. Hosiery,
Underwear, Etc.

Try us on GROCERIES and see if you will not buy them cheap.

Sprang and True.

J. H. VOGELWEDE'S New Shoe Store.

Corner Monroe and Second Sts.
NOTHING BUT FIRST-CLASS
FOOT-WEAR
Having opened up in the new NIBLICK-TONNELIER block with a full line of Men's, Ladies' and Children's custom-made Shoes and Oxford Ties and Slippers. Will be pleased to have all call and examine my stock of ALL NEW GOODS, which I will sell at low prices.

J. H. VOGELWEDE'S New Shoe Store.

Best and cheapest time of hanging and vase lamps at Yager Bros. 38 tf

Remember everything is engraved free at D. M. Hensley's jewelry store. 33tf

Now is the time to subscribe for the DEMOCRAT.

Best smoke in Decatur, Black Rose. W. H. Nachtrieb. 48 8

WANTED.—Every smoker to try Black Rose 48 8

FOR ALL HAND-MADE harness, go to M. Burns & Patterson. 52 4

Smoke Black Rose 5c. W. H. Nachtrieb. 48 8

For the Best Bread, Pies and Cakes, Call at the C. & E. Bakery.

81y ALBERT SCHURGER, Prop.

20,000 rolls of wall-paper just received. The greatest assortment ever shown in Decatur, at Holthouse & Smith, "The old drug store." 51 4

Blackburn & Miller's new stock of wall paper is now ready for your inspection. Call and examine it whether you want to buy or not. 52 3

Harness Oils.

A dollar saved is a dollar earned in any business, and M. Burns & Patterson can save you the above dollar by buying a good quality of oil from them and oiling your harness. 52 4

Mrs. Elizabeth Bradley, agent for Burkharts medicines, takes this method to inform people where they can find her residence, fifth house south of Jail, on Market street. 43 tf

Will the delinquent subscribers for DEMOCRAT please not forget that this is the time of year to square up; we need money and the printing business can not be conducted without it.

Horse Collars.

No firm in the city can fit your horse as well in collars as M. Burns & Patterson, as their twenty years of experience in Decatur will substantiate. 52 4

Wall-paper! Wall-paper! Our spring stock of wall-paper just in. We have more new patterns than ever before. Call and see before purchasing, prices always the lowest. Holthouse & Smith, Druggists. 51 4

NOTICE.—NIGHT CLERK. Persons needing medicines or prescriptions filled at night can obtain same by calling on our clerk, Horace Callow up stairs over our store. HOLTHOUSE & SMITH, Druggist. 51 4

Headache cured while you wait with Anidone. For sale by Holthouse & Smith. m

HORSE BILLS printed at this office cheap.

CHOICE WINES of all kinds at J. W. Vogelwede's at 5c per glass. 51 tf

Pan candies at the Peoples Bakery and Restaurant, three doors South of Post Office. 45 tf

Smokers you will find the finest line of cigars in the city at Yager Bros. 38 tf

Best bread, cakes and pies in the city, at the New Bakery, three doors south of Postoffice.

For fresh reliable garden seeds, either in bulk or in packages, go to Blackburn & Miller's successors to A. R. Pierce. 52 3

Try Whites Famous Home Made Bread at the Peoples Bakery and Restaurant, three doors South of the Post Office. 45 tf

Why drink water when you can "Take wine for thy stomach's sake," at J. W. Vogelwede's "Home" at 5 cents a glass. 51 tf

SEEKING IS BELIEVING.—If you will only call and examine Blackburn & Miller's new stock of wall paper, you will be convinced that they have the latest and most stylish selections in the city, while their prices are the lowest. 52 3

Don't waste time and money in planting inferior garden seeds. Buy Landreth's Philadelphia seeds in dated packages, no old seeds sent out by this firm, as the dealer is required to burn up all seeds left over. Sold by Holthouse & Smith, "The old drug store." 51 4

LISTEN!—We will test your eyes, correct the errors of refraction and give you a glass which exactly suits your eyes for the same price you will pay for glasses where your eyes are not examined. The correction and examination is free. Glasses you pay opticians that travel \$6 to \$10 for, we sell at \$3 to \$6. Call and see us, at D. M. Hensley's jewelry store. 33tf

1894 OPENING. 1894 OF NOVELTIES FOR SPRING IN MILLINERY! Styles the Latest! Qualities the Best! Prices the Lowest! NEW SPRING HATS AND BONNETS now on exhibition and for sale by MARY CLOSS, Monroe Street, 5th door West of Adams Co. Bank. Remember the dates, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, March 22nd, 23rd and 24th. 52 2

LOVE AND THOUGHT.

What hath love with thought to do? Still at variance are the two, Love is sudden, love is rash, Love is like the levin flash— Comes as swift, as swiftly goes, And his mark as surely knows.

Thought is sluggish, thought is slow, Weighing long 'twixt yes and no, When dear love is dead and gone, Thought comes creeping in anon And in his deserted nest Sits to hold the crowner's quest.

Since we love, what need to think? Emphatically on a brink Whence too easy 'tis to fall Whither's no return at all, Have a care, half hearted lover; Thought would only push her over.

—James Russell Lowell.

AN OLD MAID.

Everybody wondered how Mlle. Angeline Majolin happened to be an old maid. They all admitted that she was charming. Her head was bound with heavy braids of glossy hair, and her beautiful black eyes were full of a pathetic gentleness. She lodged in the fourth story of a tenement on the Rue Boursault alone with her blind mother, whom she attended constantly. These ladies received no company, but although they sought to attract no attention at any time who ever met them could not help feeling interested in them and that some sad mystery surrounded their seclusion.

The family of Majolin was 30 years ago one of the richest and most influential in the province. Unhappily M. Majolin was a gambler. He engaged in all sorts of speculations in order to recover the money which he had lost in play.

When he saw ruin staring him in the face, he killed himself. Mme. Majolin was doubly stricken by the loss of fortune and the violent death of her husband, whom, although he had caused her much suffering, she still loved dearly. And, alas, her misfortunes did not end here. Her eldest son had inherited the unfortunate failing of his father. At last, in order to evade justice, he fled to the colonies and was never heard from again. The only other remaining son perished in a hunting accident.

The poor lady then had left to her but a single child, her daughter Angeline. They removed to a small farm, which was attached to the grand castle in which they had once lived. There they managed to subsist on the produce of the place and a few rentals, all that remained of their once ample fortune. Here grief and tears soon caused Mme. Majolin to lose her sight, which day by day grew duller until she became blind.

Notwithstanding the isolation and sadness in which these two women lived, the beauty of Angeline, in spite of its somewhat serious and melancholy character, could not fail to attract attention. As she approached her twentieth year two young men began to show a marked admiration for her. One of them in particular was very assiduous.

It was their cousin, Maxime de Grandlieu, a young man of noble presence, a delightful companion, talented, strong and high spirited. He had just finished his studies and had come to the country for a season of rest before entering upon the brilliant career which he had marked out for himself and which his great fortune rendered possible.

The innocent and tender heart of Angeline responded at once to the young man's evident affection. A mysterious but delightful bewilderment would possess her after a waltz upon Maxime's arm. Enchanted by the music and their own happiness, they loved to linger for a moment's talk by themselves in the embrasure of a window, or they would exchange the flowers that they wore, she taking hers from her corsage and he his from his coat.

They had still other joys together. Among these not the least were their rambles among the fields, bathed in the delicious light of sunset. When they were tired or desired to study nature more attentively, they sat down at the base of the great trees and rested under their heavy shadows. Since their souls were simple and united, they spoke little.

At other times, when the sick mother gently complained that she was left alone too often, they remained together in the parlor, where the majestic portraits of their ancestors looked down upon them with a sort of grave indulgence. If he delayed to come, she would advance as far as the stairway, holding in her hand a bunch of white roses. When he began to climb the steps, she would playfully pelt him with the white petals.

Smilingly he would advance under this snowy avalanche, happy in the knowledge that he was beloved.

However, a shadow invisible to Angeline menaced her happiness even while she was in the first bloom of her new felicity.

Maxime, naturally averse to everything that was dolorous and dismal, gradually conceived a strong aversion for Mme. Majolin. The sight of her melancholy face spoiled all his joy. He was one of those who are chilled and repulsed by grief and infirmity, as if a deadly contagion lurked within them.

The young girl, entirely wrapped up in her love, was slow to perceive the dislike which Maxime evinced toward her blind mother. Even if she had observed it, she would have called it simply the natural neglect resulting from his utter absorption in his love for herself.

At last one evening an explanation took place. They were on the terrace. Maxime de Grandlieu had taken Angeline's hand and for the first time had kissed it very tenderly and passionately.

"My dear one," he said, "it is time that our lives were blended together, for our hearts are inseparable. Will you accept my name and my fortune? We will travel. Your sad childhood has been full of mourning. You will perhaps forget your sorrow in my love. For the remainder of your life you shall know no deprivation. We will go over the world rejoicing in our affection. Then we can make our home in Paris. Your mother can live here on her property, and we can watch over and see that she wants for nothing. Of course she would be put of place in the midst of our elegant life, where her infirmity would be a blot

and a shadow. You will be fitted to adorn society, and I shall be a constant worshiper at your shrine."

The pale moon shed its perfidious rays upon the face of the young man as he uttered these words. Far away the trees, grouped together among the shadows, resembled spirit beings pretending to caress and press close to each other.

Deeply moved, Angeline remained quiet. The hour seemed very solemn to her. Finally she raised her head and responded in a low voice: "Maxime, I will reflect on what you have said and will answer you tomorrow. Adieu."

She passed a wretched night. Her mother went to bed and to sleep, breathing with the regular respiration of age, which resembles so much that of a child, but the young girl in her little chamber burst into sobs. Her emotion was stronger than she was and for awhile she allowed it full sway. A veil had been torn from her eyes—the veil which for 20 years had covered from her sight her own heart. She had not realized before the shocking selfishness which filled it.

Ah! Her beautiful, simple dream! How it disappeared in the awful sternness of real life, never until now wholly revealed to her! In the first place, she was poor. She had felt it keenly this evening from the way in which Maxime had spoken of his own wealth. Until now she had thought little of it, for she had but few wants. The beauty of the earth—its skies, its trees, its flowers, its birds, its free air—sufficed for her.

If she married him, she must, as an obedient wife, follow his own gay, active life. The requirement of marriage with him appeared distinct and hard. It would be necessary for her to leave this poor, infirm mother—the victim of so many misfortunes. She could no longer comfort her with tenderness and daily ministrations. Her mother, who could barely endure her child's absence for an hour, would in solitude become more and more unhappy and would end her days in the charge of some impatient and mercenary hireling. Certainly there could be found no one to replace the affection and attentions of a daughter.

Angeline wept for hours, and sometimes in the midst of her tears there would appear to her her father, with a revolver in his hand. Ah! Did all men resemble each other, and were they all executioners of their wives? "Unhappy those who desire the joys of Hymen!" she thought. "The best destiny for women is to live solitary or devoted to another of their own kind, far away from men!"

Day dawn still found her a prey to these lugubrious thoughts. Calm came, however, slowly and faintly.

Angeline had taken a decided resolution. She would never marry. She would remain as she was, having but one object. She would never leave her mother, ill and blind. She would remain a maid, satisfied with the joys of an approving conscience and cheerfully performing the gentle charities which came to her hand. Perhaps someday the wounds of her heart would heal. She would regret nothing, and she could after saying her prayers sleep with clasped hands, thanking heaven for according to her peace of body and mind.

Quickly she wrote some words of refusal which would admit of no reply. Then she occupied herself with gathering together some effects and with persuading her mother to remove to Paris.

No; she wished no more to live in the country, where she had suffered so much and where every object would remind her of the past. Mme. Majolin yielded to what she thought a caprice of her daughter and conformed without much complaint. She never knew the sacrifice of Angeline in her behalf.

This is why the young girl has always shut her heart to things without. Her first and only love is the seal of her solitude.

Her mother, whom she never quitted and whose eyes she closed in death, has long ago passed beyond this life. And now, her last duty accomplished, Angeline Majolin continues to live alone—an old maid.—From the French.

Saved by a Dog.

The sagacity of a dog saved a Woburn family from being burned to death. Fire started in the house of John Rooney on Poole street, North Woburn, about 2 o'clock in the morning, and the family, consisting of five persons, barely escaped with their lives. They were saved by the instinct of the house dog, who rushed up stairs and aroused Mr. Rooney by barking. Escape by the stairways to the lower part of the house was cut off by the fire, and the upper rooms were fast filling with smoke. Mr. Rooney succeeded in tying some bed covering together, and with this lowered one of his sons to the ground. He obtained a ladder and rescued the others, but not until they were nearly overcome by the smoke. Afterward the dog was found crouching in a corner of one of the rooms nearly suffocated.—Boston Transcript.

Buckles For Hats.

Oblong buckles, curved more or less, are a most approved decoration now for hats. When intended for this purpose, they have rather formidable pointed tongues, which pierce the ribbon or drapery drawn through the buckle. Frequently they measure six or eight inches in length and will go nearly half round the crown of a sailor hat. But their use is not confined to this shape of hat. They deck broad brims and toques equally well. Similar buckles are made in cut jet, but that in imitation diamonds is the favorite.—London Milliner.

To Ward Off a Cold.

If you keep sneezing and have sensations of chilliness, it is a fair sign of coming cold. Sometimes it can be broken quite effectually by a hot lemonade. Get the lemon and sugar ready and set the water boiling. Then bathe the feet in hot water or take a hot bath all over. Retire immediately and have brought to you the glass of lemon and sugar over which the boiling water has been poured. Drink it down as hot as possible. You won't have a symptom of cold in the morning.—Washington Star.

Washday Witches



Second Little Witch:
"We can with the trouble cope— With Santa Claus, that wondrous soap."



First Little Witch:
"Bubble, bubble, boiler bubble, Washing day brings lots of trouble!"

Third Little Witch:
"Yes, when clothes are black as night, It will wash them pure and white."

All:
"Santa Claus, O magic name Of the soap of world-wide fame."

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