

The Curse That Failed

BY WHICH JOSE REMAREZ OUTWITTED HIMSELF.

By Marguerite Stabler.

Jose Remarez sat on the sunny side of his patio and counted himself a happy man, and he had reason.

But nothing of the situation was lost on Pablo as he swung by with his long, loose strides.

Luisita was a nice girl, with brown eyes and trim ankles and the usual amount of romanticism in her head about marrying for love, and all that.

Jose had flaunted his success openly in Pablo's face, if he had taunted him with his defeat, then he might have challenged him to fight and at least have had the satisfaction of giving him a sound thrashing.

Jose had not changed his position or expression, for every smoke wreath framed a picture of Luisita's brown eyes and trim little ankles.

Jose, basking in his complacent mood, was loath to see it go. "You come in here and have a cigarette with me," he answered, deeming it wiser not to notice the manner and tone of Pablo.

"Not I," returned Pablo. "I do not smoke with such as you, you miserable little cur. Come out here while I wipe the ground up with you!"

"Come in and have a glass of wine with me. It is made on my own place," he ventured. The picture of the lovely front he wore broken and his teeth gone made him wary.

"Come on," he cried, "you miserable, skulking, thieving, lying coward! I dare you to come out and fight me like a man! You're afraid to fight me like a man!"

frame dated with the force of his rage till he towered like an irruptive volcano, pouring sizzling streams of invective upon his victim's head.

Jose had no fancy for a trial of their strength. "No," he persisted imperturbably, "you know I'm not that, and you are very much mistaken if you think that's what I am."

Pablo menaced, threatened, tantalized, thrusting his clenched fist into Jose's face, offering every indignity a man will not take to make him strike out, but he would not, for Jose, considering the disparity of their size, was thoroughly convinced that fighting was un-Christian.

Baffled and exhausted, Pablo stamped and swore like a madman. "Stay there, then," he fairly shrieked. "Stay there in your seat till you stick it to it! Sit under your accursed vines till you die and rot, and may everything you touch die and rot, you and the woman you have stolen from me, you thieving, lying half breed mongrel! May she bring a curse to whomever touches her, and may her children grow up to curse their father and bring disgrace upon their own heads! You off-scouring, you plague spot, you low flung, underhanded sneak thief, you—"

Breathless and exhausted, words failed him. But as he disappeared around the corner, shaken with his wrath, he still muttered execrations between his teeth. In the blindness of his rage he did not notice the effect his words had had. Under the tirade of his curse Jose had changed color and gone from pasty yellow to streaked blue.

All his self satisfaction, all his smirking complacency, was suddenly gone. Pablo's tremendous rage and terrible earnestness as he stood over him and glowered, red-eyed and furious, into his face so terrified the little man that he was like to faint.

Until the shadows grew long and cold he sat and covered in his corner, his mind circling around those awful words and the blight that would surely follow. Turn which way he might, his doom confronted him, and there was no escape. He felt himself powerless in Pablo's hands, and the scathing words, that had burned themselves into the core of his soul, rang the changes on "May she bring a curse!" till the perspiration stood out on his forehead and the gooseflesh on his body as he waited, not knowing when the curse might descend.

But with the coming of the morning there came a sudden flash of illumination. A quick light leaped into his eyes, for the words "may whomever" took on a new meaning to him. In the attitude of mind that says "You're another!" Jose bounded to his feet with a definite plan. He began to see the possibility of outwitting Pablo by shifting this deep crimson curse to his (Pablo's) own head. To see him blighted by his own curse, withered by his own words, starving, begging from door to door, dying like a dog in the streets, accused by his own flesh and blood, would be worth any price.

It was still early when Jose, puffing from the briskness of his walk, found his way to the home of the lovely Luisita. His presence at so early an hour took the household by surprise. He found the trim ankles guiltless of any disguise and the cloud of soft ringlets, through which the lovely brown eyes were wont to glance at him, screwed up to mysterious little knobs all over her head.

Notwithstanding, at t's sight of her his courage almost failed him. All his hope and plans the past year had centered in her brown eyes and trim little ankles. It was Luisita his fancy pictured opposite him at his solitary meals and Luisita beside him on the sunny side of the patio; it was for her he had planted his hollyhocks and marigolds, and it was Luisita who was to have been the prop and companion of his failing years, for he was many years her senior now, Luisita being only a little young thing.

But Pablo's words soared high and above all his other thoughts. Never for a moment did his superstitious little soul doubt Pablo's power to call down a curse upon him, and, of all people's, his was most to be feared, for his grandmother had possessed the gift of the evil eye.

AD, Luisita was very lovely, but she was only Luisita, all told, while to see Pablo overtaken by his own curse would be vengeance absolute and perfect, and the savage within him arose and clamored for revenge, stifling all tender feelings in its intensity.

He was going away, he told her folks, far away, perhaps ten miles beyond the valley, and, knowing Luisita's glances had never wholly turned from the handsome figure of Pablo, he chuckled to himself at the obvious outcome. Luisita would be easily consoled, and when she was married to the hated Pablo, just when he thought himself comfortably ensconced in the seventh heaven, the curse upon "whomever," she married would descend. Then would he, Jose, come back to gloat over him, mock him, jeer at him, watch the failure of his every undertaking and recall the scene of the cursing. Oh, that would be a proud day!

Jose's wanderings covered many months. He penetrated not only ten but hundreds of miles beyond the valley. He saw things and did things he would have thought beyond belief in the shadow of Luisita's little patio and returned at length with his horizon a trifle broader, but his longing to gloat over his fallen rival no whit abated. So promptly the day after he reached home he betook himself to see the desolation wrought upon Pablo during his absence, to taunt him with the curse wherewith he had ruined himself, to repeat the words "Stay there, then, till you die!" and so on, for he had it all at his tongue's end and would repeat it slowly while he watched his victim writhe and cringe before him.

But as he made his way down the little, crooked street, his lips moving with the monologue he was preparing, he stopped suddenly, and his jaw dropped. There sat Pablo Varo on the sunny side of a little patio, looking the very happiest of men, and with good reason. The sun was warm, the subject of crops didn't bother him in the least, and Luisita, nestling beside him with the nina on her lap, was incontestably his. Not until then did Jose realize that he had outwitted himself and that he was many times a fool.—Argonaut.

USED HER TEETH.

"It is strange," remarked Mrs. Manhattan, a refined looking woman, whose 40 years of life had been passed in one house, "that people are so careless nowadays in giving recommendations to servants. Things have changed in that respect as well as in many other ways since I began housekeeping."

"You have always kept your servants so long," said a listener, a young married woman, "that I thought you never had any trouble with servants."

"Well," responded Mrs. Manhattan, "the maid that always answered my doorbell—you know, I prefer maids to manservants in the house—left me last week, and I advertised for another housemaid. Among the many that applied for the position was a young woman who had a very nice letter of recommendation from Mrs. Newrychik. I engaged her. Yesterday I heard my new maid say to one of my friends who had called: 'Just put your card between my teeth, ma'am. My hands are wet.'"—Exchange.

EATING SUPERSTITIONS OF THE FIJIS.

The coasters of the Fiji islands will not eat until they can sit flat upon the ground directly over a triangle made of three small fish bones. Then they only handle the food with the left hand.

The inhabitants of the interior of the same islands will not partake of food while a cloud is in sight, especially if the cloud lies in the west, fearing that the Great Air Whale, whose bellowing (thunder) is often heard in that country, will pounce upon and utterly annihilate them for such irreverence.

Rules For Preserving Life.

Dr. D. K. Pearsons, the Chicago philanthropist, when celebrating his eightieth birthday gave these rules for long life: No pies or cakes; no pains or aches. Most men dig their graves with their teeth. If you overwork your liver, it will soon tell on your brain. Live like a farmer, and you will live like a prince. Men can live ten days without eating. They can't do without pure air for five minutes. Don't get angry and don't get excited. Every time you fret you lose a minute of life. Let a man abuse his stomach, and he'll get fidgety and cross to his family. Doctors say don't sleep on a full stomach. I take my after dinner nap just the same, and I'm 80 years old. You can't believe all the doctors say. If you catch a cold, lose your quinine and eat an onion. Give away your money. It's exhilarating and tends to longevity. The idea of giving while one is alive will become epidemic as soon as men discover what fun it is. As soon as the average man hears a woman talk about alternating the marriage service he quits wanting to marry her. The first two years she is married, a woman tries to make her husband a better man; after that she is generally satisfied if she can make him save part of his salary. It's a funny thing that none of the old maids ever die of heart failure.

A TRIANGULAR GAME.

The Reports of the Three Spotters Disgusted the Railroad Official. "Under the old, loose system that prevailed on most of the southern and western roads," said a veteran passenger conductor of this city, "the spotter was virtually a necessity, but the trouble about him was that he never could be relied upon with absolute certainty to tell the truth. He knew his popularity and prestige with his employers depended on the number of 'cases' he worked up, and if he couldn't catch a conductor 'knocking down' he was only too apt to manufacture a little circumstantial evidence and report the poor fellow anyhow.

"Of course I am speaking of the average spotter, and no doubt there were plenty of exceptions to the rule, but that was the great defect of the system and, incidentally, it reminds me of a curious little story. "Back in the eighties," continued the veteran, "a tip was one day given to a well known and very popular conductor on a certain line leading out of New Orleans that a spotter of considerable note in the north had been put on his train, with instructions to investigate him thoroughly.

"This conductor was a big, jovial fellow, fond of good clothes, good sport and good living, and, while there was no evidence of anything wrong, he had fallen under suspicion on general principles. The company officials were persuaded he was living far beyond his means and inferred that he must be helping himself to the cash, but all prior efforts to get a line on him had failed ignominiously, and for that reason the expert sleuth had been imported from the north and told to go to the bottom of the case, if it took six months.

"When the conductor himself heard that a spy had been put on his trail, he was highly indignant and also considerably alarmed. He reasoned that the fellow would be especially anxious to sustain his reputation as a thief catcher and was in all probability fully prepared to 'fake up' a case in the event that he discovered no evidence. To protect himself against such a maneuver he quietly telegraphed to a big detective agency in Chicago and engaged a first class operative to spot the spotter.

"Both men went on duty at about the same time, the spotter taking the role of a commercial traveler who had frequent business up and down the road. He watched the conductor, the Chicago detective watched him, and the conductor sized them both up and chuckled in his sleeve. "Now comes the funny part of the yarn. The double watch had been in progress only a few days when a treacherous brakeman went to the general superintendent and told him the whole story. The superintendent was a pretty wise person himself, so he said nothing, but simply engaged an entirely new man and set him watching the two spies.

"The triangular game went on for several weeks; then the conductor was summoned to headquarters. He carried his detective's report with him and was staggered when the superintendent showed him two others. "The original spotter's report exonerated the conductor, the Chicago man's report agreed exactly with the spotter's, and the last spy asserted that the two other men had 'stood in' together, so as to please all hands and save trouble. That disgusted one road and saved another, and the superintendent swore he would never employ another. The conductor, by the way, retained his job."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Dread of Drudgery.

Many people fall to get on in the world because they will not do the things that are disagreeable to them. They gladly pick the flowers in their vocation, but will not touch the weeds or thorns. They like to do the things that are easy and agreeable, but shrink from the disagreeable or laborious. They go round the hills of difficulty instead of over them; they leave the enemy half conquered, and he is always coming up to attack them unexpectedly from the rear.

And Other Ladies.

After making out a list of its awards of medals and prizes one of the juries of the Paris exposition of 1900 decided to celebrate the completion of its labors by giving an informal little dinner at which the members of the jury, representing many nationalities, could meet far more agreeably as private individuals; hence it was decidedly unexpected when, after they had reached the stage of coffee and cigars, the British member of the jury rose with great solemnity and said, "Gentlemen, I propose the health of her majesty the queen."

This staggered everybody for a moment; but, innate courtesy overcoming national prejudice, they quickly pulled themselves together and drank the toast with all the honors. No sooner, however, had this been accomplished than the American member rose and, pointing his glass in the air, said simply, "And other ladies."

Needless to say this equally unexpected toast was received with enthusiasm by all.—Argonaut. Clubs are trumps in the policeman's game. That New York couple who were married by telephone the other day will not need to go into a divorce court when they get tired of it—just ring off. When a girl has leaped up against a man and he didn't kiss her she feels as mad as a man does when he has stuck the muceilage brush in the ink well.

THE FOREST.

I know a forest that trods From trodden pathways far apart, Into whose inner solitudes You may retire with open heart; Receive from the unbending pine Whate'er of rectitude you ask, And garner from the strenuous vine The strength to cleave unto your task; Learn patience from the tireless rill That through the bedrock wears its way; Draw harmony from throats that fill The leafy transepts with their lay; From the sweet bloom of mint and balm Gather the attar of content, And with the vastness of calm Find healing for the spirit bent. Come, let us climb the rising land Where still dawn's dewy opals cling, Till every tree holds out a hand And bird and flower give welcoming. —Clinton Scollard in Youth's Companion.

A Substitute for the Horsewhip.

An Ohio inventor has devised an electrical substitute for the horsewhip. The "human persuader," as the device is called, consists of a small storage battery carried under the vehicle from which runs a copper wire connected with the driver's seat. The wire is carried along the horse's back and fastened to the saddle, and at the end of it is a sponge, which, when once dampened with salt water, is kept moist by the natural heat of the horse. When the animal requires an impetus the driver touches the button and his steed, started by the new sensation, breaks into an instant trot.

A Nice Point With Her.

A woman who is trying to live up to recent riches was entertaining a caller the other day. She really was entertaining her visitor, though not in the way she thought she was.

"That woman," says the caller "dropped r's (which are liquids), till I wanted to send for my rubbers. When her little girl, aged 9, came in and sat besides us with her feet up on a round of her chair, I admired her as a child who knew enough to keep in out of the wet. But when the child began to chew gum with an energy which was worthy of a better cause, I did wish she would swim out into the other room. But she sat and chewed herself into notice.

"Darling," said her mother, "what are you chewing?" "Gum," said the child, exhibiting a large lump of it on the end of her tongue.

"Who began it?" demanded the mother, sternly. "I did."

"Are you sure?" "Yes, ma'am."

"Very well, then. I'm very particular," she said haughtily, turning to me, "who begins the gum my children chew."—Exchange.

Tillman to Speak.

WASHINGTON, March 24.—Senator Tillman passed through Washington to-day on his way to Buffalo, where he is booked for a speech to-morrow night at a dinner of the Independent Club on the operations of the South Carolina liquor dispensary law, of which he is the author.

"What are you going to tell the Buffalo people about your dispensary law?" a representative of The Tribune asked Mr. Tillman. "I am going to tell them the truth," he replied, "and that is that the dispensary system is working first-rate for temperance in South Carolina."

"Are you going to tell them that the dispensary law is observed in Charleston?" The Senator winked his right eye wisely as he replied: "Charleston, you know, has always been a hotbed of secession. The people there secede from anything and everything when they feel like it. I understand the Charlestonians drink a good deal of Scotch whiskey in their clubs, and also that you can buy Scotch whiskey in saloons in that city. If the Buffalo folks ask me about this, I shall tell them the truth as I understand it."—N. Y. Tribune.

CASTORIA For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of J. C. Watson

"Aha!" exclaimed the policeman, "reading a paper, are you? I thought you claimed to be a blind man." "So I am," replied the beggar, who had been taken off his guard; "my trade is putting blinds on windows."

"The average man respects a woman who is honest enough not to try to smile when he steps on the back of her dress and they both hear it tear. —England is getting coal from abroad. It was not the way formerly. —The population of London has increased to the extent of 700,000 since 1881. —The art of dentistry was introduced into New York City by John Greenwood in 1798. He is said to have made the first artificial teeth ever manufactured in the country. —The only sure way to choose the best looking woman from a lot is to dress them all in trousers and then pick out the one that looks the worst.

— Among its many curious products South Africa includes the "sneece-wood" tree, which takes its name from the fact that one cannot cut it with a saw without sneezing, as the fine dust has exactly the effect of snuff. "There is only one thing," she said to her dearest girl friend, "that makes me doubt Herbert's affection for me." "What is that?" "He thinks that some of the snap-shot photographs he has taken of me are good likenesses!"

Rock-a-Bye Baby

These are sweet words, but how much pain and suffering they used to mean. It's different now. Since Mother's Friend has become a known exponent mothers have been spared the child's anguish of childbirth. Mother's Friend is a liniment to be applied externally. It is rubbed thoroughly into the muscles of the abdomen. It gives elasticity and strength, and when the final great strain comes they respond quickly and easily without pain. Mother's Friend is never taken internally. Internal remedies at this time do more harm than good. If a



woman is supplied with this splendid liniment she need never fear rising or swelling breasts, morning sickness, or any of the discomforts which usually accompany pregnancy.

The proprietor of a large hotel in Tampa, Fla., writes: "My wife had an awful time with her first child. During her second pregnancy, Mother's Friend was used, and the baby was born easily before the doctor arrived. It's certainly great."

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WARNING.

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WARNING.

ALL persons are hereby warned to employ Lester Crawford, as he is under contract with me for 1901, and has left me without my consent. W. A. DAVIS, March 6, 1901 37 3e

Notice of Final Settlement.

THE undersigned, Executors of the Estate of James A. Drake, deceased, hereby give notice that they will on the 15th day of April, 1901, apply to the Judge of Probate for Anderson County, S. C., for a Final Settlement of said Estate, and a discharge from their office as Executors. THOS. F. DRAKE, JOHN R. BAKER, JESSE T. DRAYTON, Executors. March 13, 1901.

Advertisement for Potash fertilizer, showing a product box and text: "No crop can be grown without Potash. Supply enough Potash and your profits will be large; without Potash your crop will be 'scrubby'."

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OPIMUM COCAINE AND WHISKEY

Notice Final Settlement. THE undersigned, Executors of the Estate of J. L. Smith, deceased, hereby give notice that she will on the 9th day of April, 1901, apply to the Judge of Probate for Anderson County for a Final Settlement of said Estate, and a discharge from her office as Executor. M. M. I. SMITH, Ex'r. March 6, 1901 37 5

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