

# A MAN WITHOUT BRAINS

By PAUL SEVERINC

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"And that is your decision, father? You object to Mr. Hawley because he is, as you call him, a tenderfoot?"

"No, daughter; not exactly that. It's the kind of tenderfoot I object to."

"I suppose you would like me to marry one of your mine foremen merely because he is a product of Colorado?"

"Now, Mary, you know better. I want you to marry some good fellow who has at least proved himself somehow or other. But your Mr. Hawley—what has he done, now; tell me that? There he is idling away his time at the Springs. Benefit of his health? Bah! When I was his age, I hadn't as much as he has, and I didn't loaf around with girls on hotel porches; didn't see a girl more'n once in a year maybe. Why don't he get a grub stake and start out and do a little prospecting on his own account? 'Tisn't in his line, eh? Well, neither are you. The man that gets my daughter has got to show the sand that's in him, and that settles it, if I have anything to say about it."

And yet it did not settle it any more than such decisions of such fathers have ever settled such cases. But what makes this worth the telling is the odd way in which it was settled. When Mary Wilson told Ned Hawley that her father, the wealthy mine owner, had objected to his suit for her hand and the reason thereof, the young man did not utter a single heave, nor did he start out to look for trouble, as it is defined in the west. He merely said, somewhat reflectively:

"Well, I had an idea in the mining line yesterday, but I did not execute it because I thought I might be going outside the limits. But now it's different. I think I can show your father that there is one side of the mining business about which he does not know. By the way, do you suppose he would let me visit the Evening Star mine, say day after tomorrow?"

"Why, yes," replied the girl. "I could arrange that, although it is very seldom he grants permission to any one to go down. It is not a very interesting place, you know."

"Well, I'd like to see the Evening Star. Shall we go driving tomorrow?" he added. His manner was deeply reflective, and the girl wondered at it.

The next day they went driving. When they returned to the hotel piazza, he said, by way of finishing a conversation just as he set her down in front of the crowd of women seated on the piazza, "And after that we will go to Europe."

Now, it was only the end of a description of a Cook's tour itinerary, but when Miss Wilson had passed inside and he had driven over to the stable Mrs. Philbig, whose husband was a broker on the Colorado Springs Exchange, said to Miss Golding, whose father was a mine promoter:

"Did you hear that, my dear—planning a trip? I believe they are engaged."

By 9 o'clock the report had spread to all the porches, and by 10 the date of the wedding had been set. Of course it reached the ears of the two most concerned, and each denied it vigorously, but that appeared only natural to the gossips. And the next day, when Hawley set out for the mine, which was a few miles up country, even the brokers on the exchange, led by Philbig, said things very complimentary to the young man's prospects.

The visit to the mine was uneventful to a degree. It was not a very wonderful place. Mr. Wilson was not more courteous to his daughter's guest than was absolutely necessary. Hawley was attentively polite to all descriptions and on leaving promised, as he was requested, not to say a word concerning certain machinery which gave the Evening Star such an advantage over its competitors. But on the way back to the Springs he was impatiently personified, and as soon as he arrived he rushed to the exchange and sent in his card to Mr. Philbig, the broker.

Now, it was well known that Mr. Wilson swore his men to secrecy concerning the mine interior and that he would on no account permit a native of the district to enter it. The true reason was his desire to keep the secret of certain machinery on which patents were pending. But the promoters and the brokers were sure that some sort of bonanza had been struck and that the old man was holding back for a financial coup; hence Hawley's card was a matter of great interest to the brokers, and Philbig hurried out as fast as his fat legs would let him.

"How do you do, Mr. Hawley? Let me congratulate!"

"How much is Evening Star listed at now?" interrupted Hawley hurriedly and, it seemed, impatiently. Philbig's eyes opened, and he was all attention.

"At fifty," replied the broker.

"Fifty!" said Hawley, and a gleam of the most intense satisfaction shone in his eyes. "Well, then, I wish you would buy for me 500 shares at once. Margin, yes. I will write a check at once—developments—eh? Well, I am not ready to say anything now, and Mr. Philbig, if you'll make the purchase as quietly as possible, so as not to excite the—you know."

Philbig rushed off to the floor and offered to buy 1,000 shares of Evening Star for 50. Hawley had ordered only 500 shares, but Philbig thought he could see through a stone wall on certain occasions and doubled the order on his own account. And the other brokers, who had been anxiously

awaiting any news which Hawley, propped by Philbig, might have to tell of the Evening Star, listened in dumfounded amazement to the transaction of 1,000 shares and then tumbled over each other in their efforts to acquire the same stock.

Now, the floating supply was limited since the majority of the stock was owned and controlled by Mr. Wilson, and it was not very long before there was no more stock to buy on that exchange. By that time the price had gone up to 80, however.

Then Hawley, who had gone out, came back, again in a hurry, and, calling out Philbig, told him to buy for him another 500 shares. Philbig was sorry, but said he could not do it, as the local supply was exhausted.

"Very well," replied the young man, "I will send a telegram to my New York broker. Perhaps there are a few shares floating about the east." And on second thought, "I'll send a telegram to Frisco as well."

Philbig said nothing of his personal purchase. He went in and reported to his fellow brokers, and immediately they pushed each other about and shouted the price up five points higher. Hawley sent a note to Philbig ordering him to quietly unload his 500 shares at the market price of 85 a share. Philbig seemed reluctant and, not wishing to disturb the market by such a sale, merely transferred Hawley's account to his own name, a transaction which netted the young man a profit of \$35 on each of his 500 shares.

Naturally such a flurry in the stock of the Evening Star became the talk of the mining circles, and it soon reached the ears of Mr. Wilson, who came down to the Springs in a hurry to seek the source of the trouble. He was a plain miner, after all, and this sudden rise in the value of his property was not according to his orthodox plans. Hawley heard of his coming and sent to another broker, not Philbig, and gave him an order to "sell" 500 shares of Evening Star stock short. This broker borrowed the stock, mostly from Philbig, and sold it short for delivery later. Of course the sale depressed the price somewhat, but the 500 went off at an average of 80, and Hawley was very well satisfied.

Mr. Wilson went into the exchange and was at once surrounded by a crowd of brokers, who importuned him to tell them all about the bonanza he had struck in his mine.

"Bonanza!" cried the old man. "Who says I struck a bonanza?"

"Why, Mr. Hawley came here after visiting your mine and—"

"Hawley! Has he said anything about—"

"No, he didn't say anything. But would a man rush in here and buy 500 shares of an inactive stock unless he thought it was going to move?"

"Hawley bought 500 shares of my stock," exclaimed the old man, with a twinkle in his eye. "Oh, I see. And you all bit the bait, did you? Well, let me tell you that there ain't any bonanza. My mine is runnin' along regular, just as it's been doin' for years and just as it will do for years to come. Hawley, hey? Well, who would have thought it of him? Bought 500 shares at 50 and sold out at 85. Well, that nets him over \$17,000—oh, did he sell short again at an average of 80, expect the price to drop again? Well, sir, it'll drop! The only reason I don't let people in my mine is because I don't want my machinery copied before I get my patent papers. See? That Hawley, though—well, best if I thought it was in him! Smart fellow that!"

The bottom fell out of the boom at once. The Evening Star stock dropped back to 50 when Hawley covered his short sale at a profit of 30 points, which, added to the \$17,500 already made by him, left him richer by \$32,500.

And for once the gossips were right, for that, after all, was what settled it for him and Mary.

### A Little Mistake.

Here is a story which Congressman Amos J. Cummings was fond of telling:

A member of congress was going home late one night when he met a young man who was satisfactorily "loaded." The congressman happened to know where the young man lived and kindly guided him home. The congressman had no sooner pulled the bell than the door was thrown wide open and a tall, husky woman appeared. She never said a word, but grabbed the young man by the collar and shook him till she fairly loosened his teeth; then into the hall she took him and slammed the door.

The congressman was descending the steps when the door was thrown open a second time, and his friend flew out of it as if thrown by a catapult. At the foot of the stairs he landed, and the congressman picked him up. Very much frightened and considerably sobered, the young man gasped: "We don't live here! We moved last week!"

### The Girl He Wanted.

The following letter was sent by a Mississippi man in answer to a matrimonial ad:

I inclose my photograph with My Full Description. It shows the features as nachel as can be, only it is to Dark. I am very lite Complexion, Gray eyes, Or-bon hair, 6 foot high, weight 150 lbs, inclined to be hump shouldered; A Muskler Man and a widower 25 years old, with A Common School Equations, but hav Got Anof to Atten to Enny Business, I am Strictly Morrel. Don't use Tobacco Nor Whiskey.

He is anxious to have her understand that her—

Age, Complexions, wait and All Suits me to stee, Kind Loving Girl. I hav Only one Thing to Offer, And it is Neither Lands Nar Gold, But A Strong Arm and True Hart, and will Lay Down My Life for the Rite Girl and Be happy, for I am Tired of Living Alone. The Girl that Steals my Hart and takes my Name for the Remainder of My life I will make Happy, for I am Hunting a Girl that I can Idolise and Make a Angel of.

### THE GOLDEN POPPY.

Dazzling, Blazing Blossoms That Greeted the California Pioneers.

Far out at sea gleaming sheets of dazzling gold arrested the gaze of the early explorers of California. Blazing along the Pacific coast, embroidering the green foothills of the snow capped Sierra Madres, transforming acres and acres of treeless plains into royal cloth of gold, millions of flowers of silky texture and color of gold fascinated the Spanish discoverers. An eminent botanist, Eschscholtz, at once classified the plant, and his followers conferred his name upon this the only native American papaver.

Dreamlike in beauty, fascinating from sheer loveliness, spreading in soft undulations over the land, the California poppy bloomed above the richest views and arteries of gold the world has ever known, all unsuspected. A Circe, with powers to please, dazzle and charm by its enchantments, while it allures, lulls and mystifies, this flower of sleep seemed to draw by some occult process from the earth the elixir of gold, unfolding its blooms of gold as beacons proclaiming, "We are blooming above rich mines of gold."

There is ever a mystery about the poppy. It is a weird flower. It is almost sentient, with a life unknown to human kind. "While glory guards with solemn tread the bivouac of the dead" stealthily a sea of gore creeps over the old battlefields. Blood red, the poppies in waves and billows hold high carnival above the soil that covers the slain. Lord Macaulay says of the battlefield of Neerwinden: "The summer after the battle the soil, fertilized by 20,000 dead, broke forth into millions of blood red poppies. The traveler from St. Trond to Tirlemont who saw that vast field of rich scarlet stretching from Landen to Neerwinden could hardly help fancying that the figurative description of the Hebrew prophet was literally accomplished; that 'the earth was disclosing her blood and refusing to cover her slain.' Bayard Taylor in 'The Lands of the Saracen' says he contemplated with feelings he could not describe 'the old battlefields of Syria, densely covered with blood red poppies, blooming in barbaric splendor, gloating on the gore of soldiers slain.'"

However interesting the poppy may be to men of science and to lovers of the beautiful, it is yet more so to the people of California. This beautiful, weird, gold colored flower of gossamer texture belongs to California alone. Nowhere else in the world has it ever made its habitat. There it is naturally so profuse that it is related as a fact that, coming on a turn fall face upon a blooming field of yellow poppies, dazzling in the sunshine, horses have been put to flight as from flames of fire.—Home and Flowers.

### Food and Appetite.

In some good advice given in print by a physician the theory held by faddists in special foods, warranted to perform marvels of health and restoration, is exploded. "Don't," says this writer, "imagine that you can grow strong on foods that you dislike. Better fried ham and chocolate cake with a good appetite than a health cereal with milk and disgust."

One would hesitate, perhaps, to follow strictly the fried ham and chocolate cake dictum to the letter, but it is undoubtedly true that at the moment many persons almost starve themselves because they have no appetite for the various so called health foods, which alone they fancy they can eat. Above and beyond the choice of food is moderation in partaking of it and relish for what is eaten.—New York Post.

### The Mighty Have Fallen.

A new use for campaign buttons has been discovered by ingenious downtown youngsters with a taste for gambling. The Italian boys living in what is known as Little Italy hoard the buttons as savages do cowries, and also employ them as a means of betting. One boy will take two buttons in his hand, one belonging to himself and one to his opponent, and throw them high in the air. As he does so he calls out the equivalent for "odd" or "even." If the buttons land with faces, say of Elkin and Crow both up or both down, it is counted even. When only one face smiles toward heaven it is odd. The youngster who calls out correctly keeps both buttons. All Little Italy is now agog with the game, even infants playing it on nearly every pavement.—Philadelphia Record.

### A King's Economy.

An example of George III.'s economies is so curious as almost to suggest that it must have betokened approaching insanity. He actually let out the cream colored horses used for his state coach to a jobmaster, who "thinks from the great receipt of custom that they will draw him into an easy fortune."

### The Limit.

"And the railway company agrees to settle by paying me \$5,000, does it?" said the man who had been injured. "How much of it do I get?"

"You get 'all of it,'" said the lawyer. "and you pay me what you please. It didn't take me five minutes to get a settlement out of them."

### A Help to Early Rising.

Milkman—You're up unusually early this morning, Johnny.

Johnny (without looking up from his dime novel)—Yeh. Mom sent me to bed last night just as Pretty Pete was about to rescue the lovely maiden.—Philadelphia Press.

### A Possible Solution.

"I believe that house is haunted. The tenant says he hears some one rapping on the walls at night."

"Maybe its walls are covered with wrapping paper."—New York Times.

### New Bills For Old Ones.

Not every one is aware of just what the United States treasury will do for a person with soiled currency. If any one has such bills, in no matter how small quantity, and wishes to get brand new bills, all he has to do is to go down to the treasury and hand the old currency over the counter. The government will hand him in return new bills of any desired denomination.

Perhaps under a strict interpretation of the law the government clerk might refuse certain bills on the plea that they were still fit for circulation, but in practice the government is inclined to be very obliging, and, unless the supply of clean money on hand should happen to be temporarily short, the clerk will without hesitation hand over perfectly new and unfolded bills in return for money which has been folded possibly only a very few times.

As a matter of fact a vast amount of money is turned in which could not have circulated among more than half a dozen hands. But it is all redeemed and the new currency issued in exchange. The treasury supplies the new cash, too, without any expense, no matter if millions are to be exchanged.—New York Times.

### Didn't Fear His Dead Patients.

There is a doctor of the old school in one of the New England villages near Randolph, Mass., whose house is surrounded by a cemetery. The cemetery is behind the house and comes up flush with the road on either side, running off to east and west for an eighth of a mile. Some people might find such a house lot doleful, and surely the neighbors are not lively. But that thought never troubled the villagers so much as the prospect of going home at night. In the country towns of New England the graveyard at night is still a thing of terror, an inherited terror. There are still towns where all the graves are dug on a line running due east and west, with the footstones toward the east so that the dead may rise face to face with the Judge on the last day. So the doctor is often asked the question, "Are you not afraid to go home sometimes at night?"

And his answer is always the same: "No. My neighbors will never trouble me. They all owe me money."—New York Tribune.

### Curious Styles of Letter Endings.

Any one in the habit of perusing old letters is struck with the tone of great humility and deference which pervades the correspondence of our ancestors.

A few specimens of the style of beginning and ending letters may prove interesting as in striking contrast to the laconic "yours obediently," "faithfully" or "truly" of the present day. It would certainly be difficult to match the following subscription of a letter from the Duke of Shrewsbury to Sir Thomas Hamner, dated September, 1713: "I desire that you will believe that, wherever I am, I shall always endeavor to deserve and very much value your friendship, being, with a sincere esteem, sir, your most faithful and obedient servant, Shrewsbury."

Frequently one meets with bellicose subscriptions, as in the case of the Earls of Huntly and Errol, who, in 1594, threatened "awful consequences" to the magistrates of Aberdeen unless they released certain gentlemen imprisoned in their city and inscribed, "Yours as ye will, either present peace or weir."

### A Rattled Bridegroom.

A young couple were married in Fenelon Falls, and a number of their friends and relatives assembled at the railway station to see them off on their honeymoon. Old shippers and rice were showered on the happy pair as they boarded the train. When they got comfortably seated in the car, the groom noticed a boot in the aisle, and, thinking it was one that had been thrown into the car by some of his jovial friends, threw the boot out of the window as the train was moving. It happened that the boot belonged to a well known Toronto commercial traveler who had removed his boots to ease his weary feet. On the arrival of the train at Lindsay the bridegroom was compelled to purchase a new pair of boots for the drummer.—Toronto Globe.

### A Pointed Suggestion.

A young married lady is often criticised by her friends because of the freedom with which she accepts little attentions from friends of the other sex.

At a recent gathering which she attended she drew from her pocket her lace handkerchief, in which a knot had been tied in order to call to her mind some trivial duty.

"Dear me," said the popular young married lady to several gallants about her, "why is that knot in my handkerchief? I tied it there to remind me of something. What could it be?"

"My child," said an old lady who overheard her and who is noted for the acrid witness of her repartee, "it was probably tied in order to remind you that you are married."

### Sulphur and Silver.

A sailor in the custom house the other day took out of his pocket some silver coins that had a strange yellow hue, and a clerk said to him, "What makes your money such a funny color, Jack?"

"Well," replied the mariner, "we just got in with a cargo of fuel oil. It's the oil that turned my money yellow. Fuel oil has that effect on every kind of metal. You ought to be on a fuel oil steamer some time. It would surprise you to see the cabin silverware, the kitchen tins and every blasted bit of metal on board all having the jaundiced look. There is sulphur in fuel oil, and it's this sulphur that does the yellowing. Nitric acid will bring back the original color again."—Philadelphia Record.

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I underwent a treatment for catarrh, for three months, without any success, consulted a number of physicians, among others, the most eminent ear specialist of this city, who told me that only an operation could help me, and even that only temporarily, that the head noises would then cease, but the hearing in the affected ear would be lost forever.

I then saw your advertisement, accidentally in a New York paper, and ordered your treatment. After I had used it only a few days according to your directions, the noises ceased, and 10-day, after five weeks, my hearing in the diseased ear has been entirely restored. I thank you heartily and beg to remain Very truly yours,

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