

An Enemy of the People

A Fourth of July Story
By HOWARD FIELDING

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I understood the story from the brief remarks of my city editor. It was this:

The Fourth of July oration in the little city of Southborough had been delivered every year in the last twenty by a man named Joshua B. Stoughton. He was a political leader and might fairly be called the boss of both parties in Southborough and the county, for no man or measure ever prospered except with his consent.

The city always held elaborate celebrations of patriotic festivals, and the chief address was always delivered by Stoughton. All other speeches were merely echoes of his voice. Therefore the news that he would not deliver the Fourth of July oration this year was important, and the explanation sent in by our local correspondent made it positively sensational.

It appeared that a street railway franchise ordinance of a peculiarly comprehensive and generous character had been before the Southborough aldermen since June 15. On June 17 the city celebrated the anniversary of the battle of Bunker Hill with a modest demonstration, and Stoughton made the speech of the day. In the course of his remarks he pointed with satisfaction to the franchise measure, which, he said, was destined to mark an era in that wonderful industrial development that had already filled the heart of every good citizen of Southborough with pride and joy, or words to that effect.

The franchise scheme, and especially the reference to it in Stoughton's speech, had aroused unprecedented opposition in the city. Lesser provocations of a similar sort had made trouble in the past, but prominent people had been afraid to speak out because of Stoughton's power and the unrelenting nature of his vengeance. Now, however, the city was really astray. Various organizations which usually kept aloof from public matters had denounced the ordinance, and one of the two small local papers had come out with accusations of bribery. This paper also dared to say that Stoughton's attitude in this matter and his shameless utterances on June 17 proved him to be a public enemy and utterly unfit to address his fellow citizens on such an occasion as that which commemorated the birth of American independence.

Nobody supposed that this protest would have any effect. The man who wrote it would have been the last to believe that the course of destiny could be stayed by any word of his, and he was almost petrified by surprise when it began to be whispered about the city that Stoughton would not be the Fourth of July orator. Meanwhile, however, the ordinance had been passed and had gone to the mayor for his signature. As the mayor owed his political existence to Stoughton, nobody doubted that the signature would be affixed, yet the days passed, and the ordinance re-



mained unsigned. Hearings were held, and the mayor listened publicly to many honest men and privately to Joshua B. Stoughton.

It was expected that the mayor would sign on July 2, but he did not do so, and on the morning of the next day came the announcement that Stoughton had been attacked by tonsillitis and could not deliver the oration on the Fourth.

Our correspondent sent word immediately to the city editor.

"I wrote the article which first protested against Stoughton's speaking on the Fourth," he said, "but I'm no worker of miracles. I'm only a prophet. I wrote the article after consultation with Mr. Dunbar, owner of the paper, but neither of us thought that it would amount to anything. The fact is that neither the article nor the public feeling has produced this result. I've got it straight that Stoughton was bluffed out by one man. Who this man was I haven't yet learned, but I'll know tomorrow, and it will be a great story for the one man must have the inside facts about this franchise steal."

So I was sent to Southborough early on the morning of July 4 to find the one man and get the great story.

I was to meet our local correspondent in the station master's office, but instead I received a note saying:

Struck a snag. Gone off on a rumor. Will see you at the office at 10:30.
DILLON.

The station master himself gave me the note, and his countenance was illumined by a wise smile. Station masters are great collectors of news, I reflected.

"Well," said I, "what do you think?" He laughed softly, and I gave him a fine, large cigar. He lighted it and tasted the smoke with evident appreciation.

"Dillon ought to know who it was that called old man Stoughton down," said he. "It's clear enough. I haven't talked much about it."

"Don't," said I, "to anybody except me."

He glanced out of the window which opened directly upon the platform, and, seeing nobody within hearing, he proceeded.

"Dunning is the man—Bill Dunning, owner of the News. His paper wouldn't have dared to come out with the bribery story unless Dunning had the inside facts. The trolley people probably tried to bribe him, but he doesn't tell his man Dillon all that he knows. Dunning is a man who understands how to keep his mouth shut. He has forced Stoughton to some kind of a compromise, and he is satisfied. It is a great triumph for the News to have forced Stoughton off the stump today. Tonsillitis! Ha, ha!"

His fat body shook with slow, luxurious laughter.

"You go to see Bill Dunning," he continued. "Of course he won't give it to you straight, but you can get a line on it. You'll find him at his house."

I inquired the way and set out with all haste, but as I was rushing along the street I was brought to a sudden halt by such an obstacle as would stop any man with eyes in his head. At the same moment a voice of incomparable sweetness pronounced my name. Not even the dust for which Southborough is justly infamous could affect the magic music of that voice.

"Miss Lovering!" I exclaimed. "I had no notion you were here."

"I'm visiting Nellie Olmstead," replied the vision of beauty, which had not gladdened my eyes before in several months. "The Olmsteads have a beautiful place on the lake."

"I was there long ago with her brother," said I—"before Nellie grew up."

"They're going to have a lawn party and dance and no end of a good time today," said she. "Nellie and I are downtown buying a few little things. The stores are open till 10. Wait. She'll be here in a minute, and she'll ask you to the house."

"I have not on a wedding garment," said I, "and, besides, I'm on a job."

At this moment Nellie appeared, changed almost beyond recognition in five years.

Nellie invited me most cordially to the festivities at her father's house and laughed at questions of attire on the freest day of all the year.

"If I can corner this story," said I, "you may be sure that I'll attend. My time will be my own after the story is done."

"What's it about?" asked Miss Lovering.

"This Stoughton matter."

"My father probably knows all about it," said Miss Olmstead. "Why don't you come out to the house with us now? Our carriage is just around the corner."

The voice of experience spoke just in time to prevent me from accepting this invitation. Bill Dunning was the nearer source of information and probably the better. It was wise to pump him first. I could catch Mr. Olmstead afterward if necessary. The essential facts of the situation I stated to the two young ladies, and it was agreed that I should obtain my news from Mr. Dunning and take a trolley for the Olmstead place when I had written my story and sent it to the city.

Life was much brighter after this chance encounter, and I swept on to the conquest of Bill Dunning's honorable secret with an assured heart.

I found the gentleman sitting on the steps of his residence, and I attacked him boldly. He listened to my statement with rising impatience.

"This dream," said he at last, "is worthy of a fat witted old imbecille like Porter, the station master. What he doesn't know would reach around the world three times and tie in a double bowknot. If I had been able to bluff Stoughton out of speaking today I'd have stopped that ordinance before the board of aldermen. Why didn't that occur to Porter's alleged mind?"

And he proceeded to show me in about five minutes that I was on the wrong trail absolutely.

"If you want to get at the bottom of this," said he, "I'll tell you how to do it. I can't, because I'm tied up with the man in a business way."

"With what man?"

"With Lawyer Sam Danforth. He's the man who called Stoughton off. Danforth was counsel for the trolley company at one time, and they had a row. He knows enough about the inside of this infamous business to play this trick, for that's all it is; just a trick to annoy the railroad crew. Danforth doesn't dare use his influence against the franchise, because he's been in the same business himself. You go to see him, but don't tell him I sent you."

I went to see Danforth and found him in his office pacing the floor. A wheezy old rascal he was and one that was too near the grave to be so busy with iniquity. When I told him what I knew he nearly choked.

"You ought to be under some form of restraint, young man," he gasped. "You're too weakened to be at large. What? I? I pulled the string that choked off old Josh Stoughton today? Ha, ha! Not if the court knows itself."

I'd blamed slight rather he had talked about the 'best interests of Southborough' and the glorious benefits of giving all our streets to a railway company for nothing. Yes, sir, that would have suited me first rate.

The man was obviously sincere, and I ceased to antagonize him. Instead I used all my powers of flattery and all the resources of humble deference.

"You're not altogether a fool," said he at last, "and I'll give you a straight tip. There's only one man who exerts influence enough with Josh Stoughton to accomplish this thing, and that man is the Rev. John Blodgett, pastor of Stoughton's church. Stoughton has taken his advice in this matter, you may depend upon it. Blodgett is a man of peace. He knows that if Stoughton delivered the address today it would raise a rumpus, and Blodgett didn't want to see it happen."

This was convincing, and I had half a mind to sit right down in Danforth's office and write my story and make sure of the lawn party, but conscience urged me to call upon the Rev. Mr. Blodgett.

He was a handsome, kindly, cheerful man with a merry twinkle in his eye.

"I give you my solemn word of honor," said he, "that I had nothing whatever to do with this affair beyond a mild protest against the passage of the franchise ordinance without due and proper investigation."

Of course he was telling the truth, and yet it might be possible that influence arising in the church had moved Stoughton without the pastor's direct intervention. I questioned him as sharply as I dared upon this point, and he finally said:

"If anybody connected with this church has influenced Mr. Stoughton it is Hiram Higgins. You may take my word for it that if it was not Higgins it was none of us."

"Where can I find him?" I asked.

"I think he's in the church now," said the pastor, glancing out of the window and across the street.

The door of the church was opened as I approached, and upon the steps stood the gray haired, deaf, decrepit sexton, childless with age.

"Is Mr. Hiram Higgins inside?" I asked.

"Hiram Higgins?" he piped. "I'm Hiram Higgins."

It was the pastor's little joke and his way of telling me that I must search outside his congregation.

Well, I searched, and I got six more "tips" inside the next hour, and every one of them proved baseless upon the briefest examination. I met Dillon in the course of the trouble, and he confessed that his own errand had been a wild goose chase.

"This town is full of liars," said he gloomily—"liars and people who think they know what they don't know, blast 'em!"

"It's no specialty of Southborough's," said I from the depth of an experience that covered two states.

We held a conference and decided upon a new line of investigation in which neither of us had any confidence. It began to look very much as if the Olmsteads would be obliged to hold their festivities without my assistance, and I was blue to the backbone.

Again came the sweet voice calling, and I leaned over my shoulder to behold Nina Lovering running after me.

"I've been looking for you everywhere," said she. "Oh, I've had such an experience."

"Come with me," said I and led her into a convenient ice cream "parlor" where we found a table in a quiet corner.

"I have the story!" she whispered as soon as we were seated. "Listen. Mr. Olmstead told me. I begged him hard, but he didn't know why I wanted it. The facts are these: There is a very public spirited man named Curtis G. Goodwin."

"What?" I gasped.

"Mr. Olmstead told me about him. I'd never heard of him. It seems that this man knows all about the bribery in the franchise business."

"Yes," said I, "there's no doubt of it."

"It was he who did this thing," said she, "in the interest of the public. Mr. Olmstead says so."

"This is a joke!"

"Not at all, my friend. I have seen Mr. Goodwin. I called upon him. I told him that I had learned that it was he who persuaded Mr. Stoughton not to speak."

I half rose from my chair and stared at her.

"What did he do?" I gasped.

"He was terribly excited. He looked as if he was going to faint or have a fit. He offered me \$50 if I'd tell him where I got the information, and then he offered me a hundred if I wouldn't print it. You see, he thought I was a reporter."

"My blessed grandmother," I exclaimed, "this beats anything that ever happened! We have landed the story."

"Of course we have."

"But it's all an accident. Mr. Olmstead was joking with you. Curtis Goodwin is the chief of the railroad syndicate and the crookedest old rascal that ever breathed the breath of life. Mr. Olmstead had no idea that it was he who called Stoughton off. But it was. We've caught him. He was so amazed that he gave himself away. He called Stoughton off because he was afraid he might say something injudicious. In fact, Stoughton was in a place where he couldn't either speak of the franchise or not speak of it. Why didn't I see this before? Nina, you're the only reporter in the state."

Well, that's the way I got my story, and I had a clean beat on it. But I didn't get to the lawn party. I worked all day and all night, and with the aid of the knowledge that it was Goodwin who had coerced Stoughton I dug up crookedness right and left. The upshot of it was that we wrecked Stoughton's power and forced the mayor to veto the franchise.



"IT WAS HE WHO DID THIS THING," SAID SHE.

FRUIT AND FLOWERS

PLANT LICE.

Only Contact Poisons Kill These Little Sucking Pests.

Plant lice eat no part of the plant itself, and it is absolutely impossible for that reason to reach them with any of the stomach poisons. Paris green, arsenate of lead and all other materials that kill by being eaten are of absolutely no use against these little sucking pests. They can be reached only by contact poisons, which act through the spiracles, or breathing pores, at the sides of the body.

There are two kinds of contact poisons—those that act mechanically by clogging the pores and those that penetrate into the body and poison directly. Soaps are clogging in character, and so are oils in general, but the petroleum oils are internal insecticides



PLANT LICE ON APPLE TWIG.

as well. Tobacco decoctions and all dry powders act only when they enter the spiracles and get into the body of the insect. Dry powders are effective in proportion to their fineness. Coarsely ground tobacco, for instance, will be absolutely useless, where a sample that is finely ground may be effective. In the one case the particles cannot penetrate through the spiracles and hence do not affect the insects at all. In the other they get where they can exercise their specific effect, and the insects suffer accordingly. In any case thoroughness in application is absolutely demanded.

Experience has shown that sprays are better than dry powders as against plant lice and that the finer and more forcible the spray the better its effect. The cleanest and on the whole a very satisfactory application on flowering plants is a tobacco decoction. There are now upon the market several tobacco extracts which may be diluted with water and applied without further preparation. All these extracts, so far as I have used them, are more or less satisfactory, but in every case it is necessary to use them about twice as strong as is recommended on the label. Instead of the extract a tobacco soap may be used, and that is more effective because it combines a clogging with the direct poisoning action.

Among the soaps the whale or fish oil preparations are much the most effective. They usually come in paste form, although some are dried out so as to cut into cakes, but in either case about one pound of soap in from four to six gallons of water will be satisfactory. The tobacco preparations are usually harmless to plants at all strengths. The soap mixtures are caustic and tend to burn or otherwise injure foliage, so they must be more carefully used. One pound to four gallons of water is usually harmless to all but the tenderest of plants, but when there is any doubt one pound to six gallons should be first tried, and if this is not effective within a day or two another application should be made, increasing the strength until the insects are killed or the plant shows signs of becoming injured.—Dr. John B. Smith, New Jersey.

Your Nerves

It is your nerves that cause the heart to pulsate, the lungs to inhale the oxygen, the brain to direct the motion of every organ of the body, the stomach to digest food, the liver to secrete the bile, the kidneys to filter the blood, and the bowels to carry off the waste.

When the nerves of the stomach become weakened it results in stomach trouble, indigestion, constipation. This is true of all the organs of the body, and proves that to cure disease you must strengthen the nerves.

Dr. Miles' Nervine will do it. It seldom fails to cure all nervous affections, Sleeplessness, Neuralgia, Headache, Backache, Epilepsy, Stomach, Liver and Kidney troubles.

"I was all broken down, nervous, worn out, and in constant pain. I doctored for months, and finally the doctor said he could do nothing for me. I took Dr. Miles' Nervine, and it made me strong and healthy. It weighs 175 pounds."

H. C. CUNNINGHAM, Allegheny, Pa.

The first bottle will benefit, if not the druggist will return your money.

AT COST AND LESS FOR CASH

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Calls by telephone will be answered promptly day or night.

An Animal Story For Little Folks

The Foolish Rabbit

There was a rabbit who was very much afraid that he would not enjoy all of the good things of life, and so he went about to find what he could do to have a better time than he would have if he only remained around the house with his little brothers and sisters.

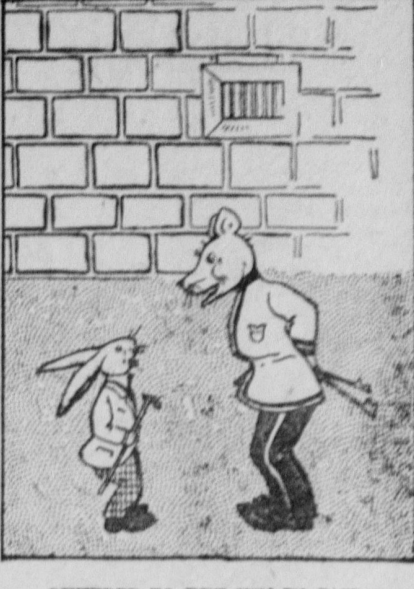
As he was passing along the street he met the warden of the jail and told him that he was out for a good time.

"Can you make any suggestion to help me?" asked the rabbit.

The warden said that he could not think of anything at that moment, but offered to put him in jail for awhile, for he thought that he might enjoy himself there.

But that was not the kind of fun that Mr. Rabbit wanted, and he spurned the offer of the warden. Then he proceeded on his way, and he had not gone far when he heard the report of a gun.

"Here come the hunters!" he cried, and away he darted to escape the sor-



OFFERED TO PUT HIM IN JAIL. ry fate that had befallen his cousin only a week before. But the hunters were faster than Mr. Rabbit, and soon they were in sight, and a load of shot caught the poor bunny in the side. His last thoughts were of how much better off he would have been if he had not been so anxious to have a good time and had accepted the warden's offer to let him stay in the jail for awhile.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Conviction Follows Trial

When buying loose coffee or anything your grocer happens to have in his bin, how do you know what you are getting? Some queer stories about coffee that is sold in bulk, could be told, if the people who handle it (grocers), cared to speak out.

Could any amount of mere talk have persuaded millions of housekeepers to use

Lion Coffee,

the leader of all package coffees for over a quarter of a century, if they had not found it superior to all other brands in Purity, Strength, Flavor and Uniformity?

This popular success of LION COFFEE can be due only to inherent merit. There is no stronger proof of merit than continued and increasing popularity.

If the verdict of MILLIONS OF HOUSEKEEPERS does not convince you of the merits of LION COFFEE, it costs you but a trifle to buy a package. It is the easiest way to convince yourself, and to make you a PERMANENT PURCHASER.

LION COFFEE is sold only in 1 lb. sealed packages, and reaches you as pure and clean as when it left our factory.

Look-head on every package. Save these Lion-heads for valuable premiums.

SOLD BY GROCERS EVERYWHERE

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GREAT MID-SUMMER SALE OF SHOES

AT COST AND LESS FOR CASH

THE best offer we ever made at the beginning of the season, BECAUSE WE NEED THE MONEY.

Now is the time when Summer goods are in demand, and we are offering Ladies', Misses' and Children's White, Black, Tan and other colors.

IN OXFORDS AND LOW SHOES

Also Men's, Boys' and Youths' Black and Tan Oxfords at cost and less for CASH. We have a special offer on Stetson Oxfords for men. Remember this is a sale of Low Shoes and a splendid chance for buyers. Sale now going.

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