

PEDDLERS CROWDED OUT.

THE BIG RED WAGON HAS VANISHED FROM COUNTRY ROADS.

Rural Trolley Lines Have Changed Conditions of Trading—Barterers Who Were Picturesque Figures in the Life of the Countryside.

"Mary," said the gray haired visitor, "I haven't seen any carpet rags in the cellar. Don't you expect the tin peddler this summer?"

"No, Auntie," said the trim young housewife. "The tin peddler is a thing of the past."

Just then there came a rattle and a roar and a furious clanging. A big blue electric trolley car whizzed by the farmhouse door.

"There goes his rival," said the housewife. "He has been driven out of the running."

The old lady with the gray hair sighed and shook her head. She knew that the country had indeed changed. The ring of the telephone bell always made her jump nervously. And now the tin peddler was a thing of the past, yet he was a picturesque figure in the life of the countryside in his day. Early in the winter the farmer's wife began to save up for his advent. Every little rag of cloth, end of yarn, discarded rubber, and back-number magazine and paper went into the capacious mouth of the burlap bag, which was piled up with other, already full, in the cellar to gather dampness and exude that strange, acrid ancient smell of stored-up rags. The peddler used to make his appearance generally in the latter part of June or the early days of July. This was on his up trip. Two months later he would return and stop for a second bartering, if by chance any of his multifarious stock was left. Like newsboys, each had his route and followed it faithfully and with scrupulous care not to overstep into the territory of some other brother of the burlap bag. In most cases these routes were marked out by the monopolist who controlled the peddlers, for toward the end of their heyday this valuable form of trade fell into the hands of two or three magnates, shrewd peddlers in their time themselves, who understood every foot of the country in three States and could not be fooled by the most cunning peddler who ever "inkered" with his spring weight. In one up-State city today there is a man who lives in an expensive house, rides in an expensive automobile, and smokes an expensive cigar while so doing, who made the beginning of his fortune on the box of a red wagon. He is now worth half a million dollars.

The peddler's advent was a signal for great excitement. Up the road rose a cloud of dust, through which could be seen the dusky red of the wagon's body. The youngsters rushed madly into the houses to tell mother that the peddler man was coming. Visions of peppermint sticks floated before their youthful imaginations. Mother dropped everything and sent Susannah to get Hiram. Hiram rushed into the cellar as fast as his calling allowed and appeared staggering under an immense series of clumsy bags whose maws were stuffed with all sorts and conditions of rags and papers and similar waste truck of months' careful collecting. By this time the peddler had driven up. He did not have to blow his horn, for he was an old friend. Greetings were passed, and the probabilities of rain and the corn crop were carefully considered. Then the assemblage gets down to business. The mistress needed three granite iron kettles and perhaps a teapot, if there were enough rags. Also Jenny should have calico for a dress. Perhaps John needed a straw hat, for his old one looked powerful shifflish. So the peddler opened his store on wheels.

A quaint creation it was, too. Shaped more than anything else like a crouching rabbit with ears laid back, the head being the seat for the driver; it was invariably painted red. Few persons ever saw one newly painted, but it must have been a gorgeous sight. The architectural planning was a marvel of compactness. A ship's cabin was nothing to it. Every conceivable commodity from pins, through groceries, tinware, knives, dry goods, suits of clothes, plain and ornate hats to brooms could be discovered tucked away somewhere in that compact box of surprises. Little doors opened by white porcelain knobs, opened with magic swiftness and dexterity by the cunning peddler, showed caves and avenues stuffed full of strange matters. If little Henry needed a pair of "knee pants" the peddler touched a button, and as plaided a pair as ever were torn on a barbed wire fence spread themselves out, all wool if not a yard wide. Hats just the style which was then affected in France delighted Susannah. A pair of gorgeous red "galluses" attracted the roving eye of Hiram, and two new celluloid collars for John fitted his size to perfection.

The bartering was carried on with keenness and watchful attention. The rags were weighed on a huge spring book scales, which was fastened to the side of the wagon. They were dumped into the weighing bag belonging to the peddler. In the scales he had his own great advantage over the watchful farmer's wife. But to his credit be it said that seldom less than fourteen ounces constituted his pound, and sometimes fifty. On the back and sides of the wagon hung huge burlap bags. When the peddler started out these hung flat and thin. Their capacity was infinite. As his progress continued through the coun-

ty, and perhaps into the next, little by little these huge receptacles bulged and tightened like a bladder with a small boy and a pipestem on the other end. When the peddler returned they were stuffed so tight that the wonder they did not explode and scatter the rags and papers over the landscape struck every beholder. And the poor little horse, patient companion of his master's lot, lowered his willing head and hauled up hill and held back down hill until the smoke of the city smudged the horizon and his journey's end was in sight.

Now the country roads see these red wagons no longer. Perhaps in the Middle West and in the mountain lands of New England they may be yet met with, wandering from house to house on their bartering journey, but in New York State their end has come. As the young housewife said, the trolley car has been their fatal rival. In the old days when the nearest city was a days' journey away, and the trip was taken perhaps once a year, the peddler was a necessity and a welcome caller. Now, when the means of transportation pass by the farmer's very door every sixty minutes, and the fare is almost nothing, what is the use of waiting for the peddler? Besides, the telephone hangs in the hallway, and, if supplies are needed in a hurry, it requires but a moment's time to tell the grocery man in the nearest town what is wanted, and in an hour or two his delivery wagon is at the door. The old dandy said when he saw the trolley cars "De good Lord, He done 'mancipated the mules." So electrically has 'mancipated the peddler.—New York Times.

PICTURESQUE RASCALS.

Cartouche, Petit and Other Famous Rogues in France.

Readers of Scott are familiar with the spy, Glengarry, an adventurer of noble family and light purse, who lived on his nimble mother wit and the doubtful policy of running with the hare and hunting with the hounds, being by turns friend or enemy to the Jacobite cause, as Fortune alternated. Nowadays, says the Scotsman, the order of gentlemen adventurers, highwaymen and burglars is on the wane, and even in "gale Paris," where respectability is rather at a discount, these lucrative callings seem to have been relegated to the lower orders. Such noble ruffians as Petit, Conquard and the dandy Count d'Arubheim, who had his coat of arms embroidered on his prison cap, have well nigh disappeared.

Petit, the renowned "forcat" of Paris, who was a man of highly refined and gentlemanly exterior spent his rakish existence in cheerful alternation between the baquet and the most modish salons of the day, and in his intervals of freedom was the acknowledged leader of a section of "smart" society. But beneath all his polish of refinement this cheat, burglar and forger concealed a monstrous and merciless spirit, which revealed itself finally in the act of murdering his gaoler with a small pair of scissors.

Petit was, in fact, a feeble plagiarist of Francois Jacques Villon, whose infamous, erratic and most intricate nature Robert Louis Stevenson so graphically portrayed as to rescue him from possible oblivion to undying notoriety among English readers. It would be interesting should some master mind perform a like office for a character as unique in his way, the dashing bandit, Cartouche, for years the pet and terror of sensation loving France. Louis Dominique Cartouche was the son of gentle parents, but at 16 he elected to slip the collar of parental authority and take to the road. The garb and demeanor of an artless country maiden was one of this clever youngster's favorite disguises. The authorities made all efforts in vain to catch an outlaw who had the heart of a great city to back him at a pinch.

There is a proverb, "Cartouche began by stealing a pin," which is quoted to this day in France, less of warning, we fancy, in a spirit of warning and example than in one of admiring emulation. Daring rogues have frequently used the powers of darkness as a means of working on the credulity of the superstitious. A notorious quack of this kind was Dr. Dee, the mystic astrologer of Mortlake, who professed to raise the dead, and is reported to have accomplished wonders by the aid of fearsome incantations, and held, it was rumored, familiar intercourse with the devil.

Men and women come from all quarters to read in his magic mirror the deeds and thoughts of their friends in distant lands. The mirror, a piece of pink glass, is in the British Museum, but it seems to have lost its properties. It appears that the celebrated wizard knew more of the art of hypnotism than the spirit-rappers and planchette-workers of the twentieth century.

Magnalium. Magnalium is an alloy of aluminum and magnesium. It contains magnesium in varying proportions up to thirty per cent. It is of a silver white color, takes a high polish and is considerably lighter than aluminum. It is much cheaper than copper by weight, but costs about the same bulk for bulk. It is highly suitable for surveying and photographic instruments, and may to some extent replace aluminum in the manufacture of toilet articles.

It's hard to get a job on the reputations of your ancestors.

NEW IDEAS in TOILETTES

New York City.—Yoke waists of all sorts are among the features of the season and are made exceedingly attractive with trimming and contrasting



YOKE WAIST.

material of various kinds. This stylish May Manton one is shown in pale pink crepe de Chine with yoke and trimming made of bands of pink silk held by fancy stitches, but the design is suited to a variety of materials, silk and light weight wools, and to the many cotton and linen fabrics. Lace insertion can be substituted for the silk of the yoke, or bands of material feather stitched, or any yoking material can be used. In the case of the model the lining is used and cut away beneath the yoke, but it can be entirely omitted where washable materials are chosen.

The waist consists of a fitted lining on which the fronts and backs are arranged. The yoke is separate and joined to the waist at its lower edge. Both front and backs are tucked at their upper portions, but the backs are drawn down smoothly, while the front blouses slightly over the belt. The

lar. It feels particularly oppressive under the chin, and it is to obviate this discomfort that a collar of a new pattern has been devised. This is as high as usual at the back, but the front slopes away beneath the chin. It is really stylish, and the drooping curve in front proves generally becoming to those who try it on. This collar measures two inches high in the back, but in front is only one inch high, beneath the chin. This is just the thing for warm weather.

The Bottom Flare.

A well-cut "runabout" is not awkward, however short, and when it comes from the right tailor's hands it is graceful and by no means resembles a "drum." This is because of the special cut. The breadths all show a decided flare toward the hem, and careful goring and fitting are required to attain the desired end. If this is a lining this must also be flared to match. Featherbone or some other cording is introduced in the hem, and this keeps the skirt, which is short, from "falling in" around the ankles, and seems to improve the general appearance.

Tufted Vellings.

Tufted vellings are in the market, and very delightfully they are to view—better still to possess. In fawn-color, smoke-gray, banana-color and willow green the effect seems particularly good, and it becomes difficult to make a choice. One can obtain tufted vellings in navy blue and black, the tints desired by so many women who do not wear light colors except in wash gowns. The tufted vellings are quite novel, much more so than the smooth finished etamines, volles and alpaca of the mohair type.

Stole Collar Waist.

Nothing escapes the stole collar. As a last resort it begins to make its appearance on fancy silk, and crepe de



TUCKED BLOUSE.

sleeves suggest the Hungarian style and are made with snug fitting upper portions to which the full sleeves are attached. The upper portions of these last are tucked for a few inches and below that point they fall in soft folds. At the wrists are straight cuffs.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is four yards twenty-one inches wide, three and one-fourth yards twenty-seven inches wide, two and one-half yards thirty-two inches wide or one and seven-eighths yards forty-four inches wide, with seven yards of banding to make as illustrated, or five-eighths yards of material eighteen inches wide for yoke and collar.

Woman's Tucked Waist.

Tucks of all widths and arranged in all possible ways are greatly in vogue and are most effective in the soft fashionable materials. The very charming May Manton waist, illustrated in the large drawing, shows them arranged in pointed groups and combined with a deeply pointed yoke that is exceedingly becoming. The original is made of white pongee stitched with corticelli silk, with a yoke of cream lace, but silk, wools, cottons and linens are all appropriate to the design.

The waist consists of a fitted lining, front, backs and yoke. The front is tucked diagonally, and seamed at the centre and blouses slightly over the belt. The backs are drawn down snugly at the waist line, and are tucked on horizontal lines. The yoke is separate and arranged over the whole. When desired the lining can be omitted in both waist and sleeves. The sleeves are made with the upper portions which are tucked at the lower edge, and the full parts that are gathered at both upper and lower edge; and are finished with straight cuffs at the wrists. At the neck is a regulation stock.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is four yards twenty-one inches wide, three and one-half yards twenty-seven inches wide, three yards thirty-two inches wide, or two and one-fourth yards forty-four inches wide, with three-fourth yards of all-over lace.

A Warm Weather Collar.

In close, not weather it is a decided grievance to be obliged to imprison the throat in a stiff, high, starched col-

lar. It feels particularly oppressive under the chin, and it is to obviate this discomfort that a collar of a new pattern has been devised. This is as high as usual at the back, but the front slopes away beneath the chin. It is really stylish, and the drooping curve in front proves generally becoming to those who try it on. This collar measures two inches high in the back, but in front is only one inch high, beneath the chin. This is just the thing for warm weather.

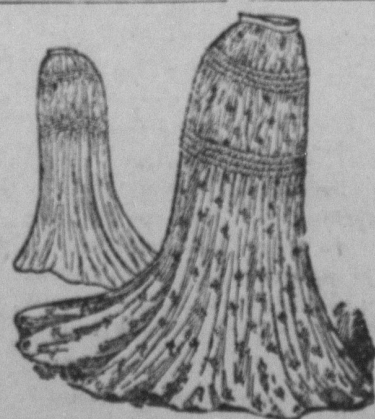
Daisy and Wild Rose.

The pretty design of a pin for fastening the back of a fancy collar is an enameled daisy and a wild rose with twisted gold stems. The flowers are realistically tinted, and in the centre of the daisy are three small diamonds and a single large one in the rose.

Woman's Shirred Skirt.

Skirts that fall in full and folds draping the figure gracefully are much liked for all the soft materials now in fashion. This very pretty May Manton one is made of flowered batiste and is shirred at yoke depth from the waist and again between that point and the knees. The shirrings are exceedingly fashionable and give a most satisfactory effect while the lines produced by their fullness are in every way desirable.

The skirt consists of one portion which is circular, and the belt. The shirrings are made on indicated lines and are drawn up to fit bands which are cut in the exact length required



SHIRRED SKIRT.

The back is finished in habit style and the closing made invisibly. The quantity of material required for the medium size is ten yards twenty-one inches wide, seven and three-fourth yards thirty-two inches wide, or five yards forty-four inches wide.

HIS BAD-COLORED WHISKERS.

It Was a Good Joke, but They Picked Out the Wrong Man.

"A little joke happened at the turn back there last year," said the stage driver as the highway made a half circle to the west.

"What sort of a joke?" asked the man on the seat beside him.

"Well, among the passengers to start from Hill Top one maw'nin' was a red-whiskered man who was great on the blow. He said he'd almost give \$100 to have the stage stopped, and that he wasn't afraid of no forty road agents rolled into one."

"This gave the boys an idea, and it was put up that Joe Harper should be at that turn and pretend to hold us up and see red whiskers go down into his butes."

"And did it come off?"

"It did. When we reached the turn I slowed up a leetle and Joe jumped out and yelled fur hands up. I pulled up the horses and he hollered fur the passengers to git down. Lord, how Joe hollered! You could have heard him two miles away. Everybody got down and the passengers in the joke pretended to be half-skeert to death."

"But how about red-whiskers?"

"Fur about a minit or two he 'pear'd to be ready to collapse, but then he pulled himself together and it was bad fur poor Joe Harper. He had a gun in both hands and he opened fire and shot to kill."

"I don't know how many bullets he shot into Joe, but it wasn't less'n six, and then he put in half an hour to see if any more robbers was on hand."

"Then the joke was not a success?"

"Not skassly, sah—not skassly. Joe Harper is lyin' in his grave back thar, while the red-whiskered man was so mad about the put up job that he driv all the passengers out of the stage and made them walk fifteen miles."

"I'm a great hand fur a joke, sah, but I ain't jokin' no more—not with red-whiskered men. They may be great hands to brag, but they alse is loaded fur b'ar."

The Careless Little Thing.

"These men are the cause of our doing some funny things, aren't they?" asked the dear little thing.

"What's up, now?" queried the gray-eyed girl.

"Oh, nothing's exactly wrong," replied the dear little thing. "I was only thinking of the absurd break I made yesterday at the jeweler's, and all because I happened to have Tom on my mind. I dropped in to buy some silver plate for mother. Buying plate, I suppose, set me to thinking in a fugitive sort of way about the time when Tom and I shall be doing our own stunt in the house-furnishing line. Something of the kind must have been in mind when I made out my check. I handed it to the clerk, that dear, venerable looking old chap, you know. He glanced at it; looked a trifle puzzled; then smiled and returned it with the remark that he feared there was some mistake."

"Mistake?" asked I. "Isn't the amount correct?"

"Quite so," he replied. "But just have a look at the signature."

"I did 'have a look' at it, and what on earth do you suppose I had written?"

"I'm sure I'd never guess," said she of the gray eyes. "What had you done?"

"Well, my dear, I had written 'Your own sweetheart, Eloise.'"

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