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HIS START IN LIFE.

"DOC" HARTMAN AND HIS WONDERFUL GREASE ERADICATOR.

With Soap Candles and Bottles of Rainwater He Fooled the Public and Laid the Foundations of a Substantial Fortune.

"Talk about your self made men," said an old timer among a party of horsemen gathered in one of the speedway inns. "I don't think any of 'em can equal the early experiences of Tim Hartman, who died in St. Louis many years ago, leaving nearly a million dollars to be fought over by his heirs. He made his first good sized pile on patent medicines, then he picked up a great deal more on real estate, and at last he rounded out with speculation in Montana copper, but he was known as 'Doc' Hartman to the time of his death by his few intimate friends.

"But the story that I'm going to tell, and the one which he often told himself, concerns his very earliest experiences in the accumulation of money. Tim Hartman started life with \$1. He kicked around as a barefooted boy—and a pretty mean one, too—in a little town in Connecticut until he was 18 years old, and at that time he had become so fresh and so full of wind and general cussedness that his father one day told him he was no good, never had been and never would amount to a picayune. The old gentleman, just to carry out the bluff, told Tim that he had a good mind to cut him off with a dollar and make him earn his own living. Tim straightened up and called the bluff. He told the old man that he would take the dollar and get out then and there and hustle for himself. The old man handed him a crisp \$1 bill and told him that he'd be glad to see him make a fortune with it.

"The first thing that cuss did was to go about in a few back yards that he knew of and gather together a lot of empty bottles which were of no use to anybody. Then, for 10 cents, he bought a large cake of a kind of white soap that was then, and still is, on the market. He melted this soap and, after borrowing an ancient pair of candle molds from an old granny in the neighborhood, made two beautiful looking candles of soap. He next filled his bottles full of choice rainwater. Then he made for himself one of those little three legged tables like the chuck-a-luck and shell game men use outside the circus, and struck out on foot for a county fair that was being held about 40 miles away.

"When he got there, he put up his little table outside the grounds, where the crowd was pretty thick, lighted one of his soap candles and began to extol the virtues of 'Dr. Hartman's Famous Grease Eradicator,' contained in the bottles set before him.

"Now, ladies and gentlemen," he would shout in a stentorian but plausible voice, "this marvelous liquid, so harmless that it can be drunk with impunity by the smallest infant and yet so penetrating that it will seek out and destroy stains and discolorations from the most refractory substance, was discovered by accident by the famous scientist, Dr. Hartman, the eminent scholar, while he was wandering o'er the wilds of Patagonia. It is colorless, you see, as the waters from heaven, and yet observe the effects of its startling properties!"

"At this point Tim would reach for his soap candle and, inverting it, would smear a lot of the grease over the sleeve of his coat.

"Now, every one of you knows, ladies and gentlemen," he would continue, reaching over and uncorking a bottle of his rainwater, "that there is nothing so penetrating and ineffaceable as the grease from a candle, and yet it is a stain that we are all likely to suffer almost every evening of our lives while toying with that common article of the household, the candle. You will ob-

serve that my sleeve is smeared with the annoying substance. Behold!"

"Here that country bred fakir would spill a couple of drops of his rainwater on the soap and with a rub or two would produce a beautiful lather. Another swipe and the soap would have entirely disappeared from the sleeve, leaving not a trace.

"Now, we make this famous eradicator in such enormous quantities, Tim would continue, "that in order to introduce it into every home in this broad land we will dispense with it at the absurdly low price of 5 cents, a nickel a bottle. Step right up! Step right up!"

"Then, when the public was sturging forward to purchase the rainwater, Tim would pause occasionally to drink a bottle of it, just to show that it was absolutely harmless.

"Well, the stuff went like hot cakes. When Tim's bottles were all exhausted, he bought more, and when the fair was over he went to another and another until he had traveled all over the country. Then, in some way or other, I don't know how, he got hold of some old patent medicine, and, being a genius, of course he made a big go of it. So that's the way Tim Hartman almost became a millionaire."—New York Times.

Evarts and the Author.

When a popular young author came to see William M. Evarts while he was secretary of state in behalf of a consularship for which he was an applicant, Mr. Evarts congratulated him on the fame which he had acquired, but hastened to add, "Although you have laurels on your brows, I suppose you can't browse on your laurels."

A More Vital Matter.

"Did you ever think what you would do if you had the Duke of Westminster's income?"

Village Pastor—No, but I have sometimes wondered what the duke would do if he had mine.—London Baptist.

The Breton Peasant.

If there is a country where the tradition of hatred of "the Englishman" as a hereditary enemy still holds it is in Catholic Brittany. In the eyes of the Breton peasants and fishermen the Englishman is the enemy with whom they have fought battles and will fight them again.

That is to say, the Englishman stands for the typical sailor of a man-of-war or torpedo boat, whom they will fight when the time comes for the attack, but no one thinks of him as a man. The enemy is a unit of war, something outside ordinary life, a being in uniform whom it is glorious to kill. He is "the enemy"—something which will do great mischief to France if one does not take care, something which must be much more terrible and dangerous than they can imagine, since all the men of France lose the best years of their youth in learning to kill this eventual adversary.

If ever the peasants come clearly to realize that the only use of war is to kill people like themselves; if ever each soldier becomes capable of imagining what the shock of two armies is and by what complicated series of lies and intrigues peoples are brought to the point of killing each other, the work of peace congresses will be wonderfully simplified.—Contemporary Review.

Shaves and Colds.

It is not generally known among men that close shaving is apt to bring on a cold. Barbers, however, are acquainted with this fact, and it is rather on account of it than through any desire to bring their patrons back soon again that they do not, unless ordered to, administer close shaves.

Rev. T. Derr, of Lock Haven, has accepted a call to the Salem Reformed church at Rohrstown, Lancaster county, and will go there Sept. 1.

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