

**The Licensed Preacher.**  
"BY OLD MORTALITY."

My Little Ones:—I am glad to know that you are greatly interested in religious history. Your constant attendance at the tabernacle gives me great encouragement to furnish you with such information as may be of the greatest benefit to you in this life.

As there are 1000 religions, by the time I tell you about them and the millions of men, women and children that have been murdered to foster them upon an ignorant and superstitious world, you may possibly exclaim, "Great God, why did you ever allow these cruel evils to be perpetrated in thy name?"

"Is not a single spoonfull of horse sense far more acceptable unto thee than all the wild and cruel religions that have ever been concocted by the foul brain of man for the ostensible purpose of thy glorification?"

A FEARFUL RELIGION.

There is a religious sect in Russia that call themselves "Morelstchiki." This sect digs a large, deep pit in the earth which they fill with straw, hay and other combustibles, which they set on fire, and when the blaze is the highest and the fire the fiercest, from fifty to one hundred of these poor, frenzied creatures will leap into the flames and sacrifice themselves whilst their friends stand about the pit singing in wild and demoniacal strains. Thus these poor creatures make themselves willing victims to one of the most horrible religious rites that was ever invented by the foul brain of devilish man.

A brave man, a kind-hearted woman, a tender and merciful child, would ask why does the God of this universe allow such things to be enacted in this world? I guess God is too much engaged in counting the hairs of our heads and noting the fall of sparrows and numbering the sands of the sea shore to take cognizance of all the infernal scoundrels and conniving scamps that have from time to time set up religions on this mundane sphere for the purpose of gain. I have often said, and I now repeat it.—"Take the money out of religion and all the 1000 wild religions that now encumber the earth would go as dead as the proverbial door nail." Money, money, money is the buoy that keeps this and all other joss-houses afloat.

Dear Children, I am intelligent and smart enough to make a fair living out of this good old earth without lying or stealing, hence I tell you the truth on so-called religious matters. Money makes the church bells ring.

I have quite recently heard that some of you expect me to use my influence with Old Split-foot, to

keep you out of his pyrotechnical works. I have also understood that the major portion of you want me to intercede with St. Peter and have him present you with a Jew's harp, and wire a set of rooster's wings to your shoulder blades, whether you are worthy of them or not, but I will not do so. I want to earn the munificent salary your parents allow me but I cannot lie. I shall stick to this earth for the simple reason it is the only earth I know of. And if any of you know anything about other earths you can now make the usual sign of the order, and we will listen to you. Otherwise, go still like, and I will do the theological knitting work of this mosque, and by the time I finish my labor of love I flatter myself that some of you will have absorbed a considerable more good, sound horse knowledge than you ever dreamed of.

Enough: I read the following in an eastern paper of late date: "There are said to be no bibles in Sante Fe, New Mexico, and the Christian Endeavorers are about to open a depository for them there. This state of affairs might be thought to indicate that Sante Fe is a city of unbelievers, but such is not the case.

"As its name indicates, it is the city of the "Holy Faith" and its population is overwhelmingly Christian."

I will say unto our brethren of Sante Fe, that if they wish to remain Christians and believers in the bible they had better not study it, for just as sure as they do study it, the majority of them will become skeptics and disbelievers in its divine origin.

Owing to our present intelligent mode of education, it is as difficult for an up-to-date man or woman to accept the bible as a divinely-inspired book as it is for Brother Peter Lungon's stuffed elk to pass through the eye of a bodkin.

My little ones, be truthful, be honest, be pure and noble, and you will have done your duty to your fellow mortals. This is the religion of humanity. This is the religion of this tabernacle.

A PRIVATE TALK.

My little pets, I have talked to you this day as I would not like to talk to your parents.

When you arrive home they will no doubt question you regarding this day's sermon. Say to them that I gave the Russians thunder; this will please them much, and perhaps they may raise my salary another thousand or two.

Every religious sect wants the other religious sect's throat cut, and they are all willing to pay for the murder. Blood, blood, blood follows in the wake of all religions.

So my little ones, I will use you as a kind of tongs to take the chestnuts out of the fire.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE EIGHT.)

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