The Licensed Preacher.

By Rev Old Mort lity

My Little Ones-This is a very beautiful morning; the air is clear, pure and bracing. The harvest- into their dream book. time has come and gone. The vield of grain, fruit, and vegetables has been very bountiful indeed. Prices for this grand harvest are quite remunerative and satisfactory to every interested person. And right here, and now, I wish to say, that I hope all the men, women and children that have their names on our Tabernacle books will pay ily. I got married once, and Revall their accounts, so we will be able to start anew, clear of debt, and all other business obligations. You may wonder why I am in terested in these worldly affairs. will tell you. It has often been cast up to me by many tradesmen, craftsmen, and poor dependent laborers, that there are some members of this Tabernacle who do not pay their honest debts. Why even there are some newspaper publishers that have come to me and told me their "tales of woe". Well I must say that I have at all times felt sorry for this class of poor defenceless and dependent devils, who are so oft forced to borrow their neighbors soup bones when company happens in upon them unheralded.

I like newspaper people, for at times they become reckless and during these reckless spells they publish a truth. Speaking of newspaper men reminds me to speak people? Why should we sky-scrap-Rev. C. C. Moore of the Blue Grass Blade. This gentleman tells the truth so everlasting hard quite void of honor and good judgthat quite a goodly number of his ment, and we would not hesitate a friends, who take a sly "nip" from minute to join the Devil to the Vir the jug, and then wind up by gin Mary should they wait upon us drawing further satisfaction and solace from the weed that cheers, the millennium will never put in do hot bank on him or his very its long-delayed appearance until original and interesting publica- the marriage laws are arranged so tions. Then again there is the editor of the Torch of Reason who from marrying every other fool. is so given to telling facts that he leans over backwards when he if she lived (and she hoped she touches the whiskey bowl and tobacco pipe. The world is rapidly times she'd never, no never again growing more and more enlightened, and presently rum drinking all a set of bunco sharks whose sole and all styles of intemperance will have passed away with many other goods out of poor, illiterate and igvices of the present day.

borrowed hell of christians. This of her. Therefore I excused her, as is the only hell I know of, and I don't know of it. If your parents will inform me of its whereabouts I will give such a one \$540.29, but should like to say to you, but I will being a preacher perhaps I should not make this munificent offer as the proposition might become pub- in order to learn the ins and outs of lic, and it would work an injury to my dear brother preachers, should to our tabernacle, I must hasten your parents not be able to locate home in order to conceal myself in this heathen manufactured locality. the flour barrel ere their arrival. Bah! what a fake this hell is, and oh, what a harvest the fool of a fake has proved to us sky-pilots. Certainly the clergy of America Amen.

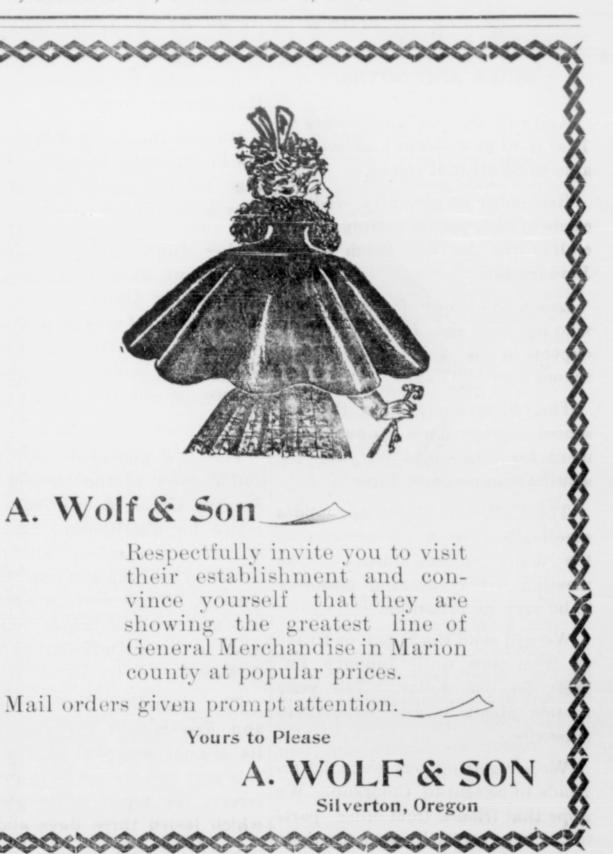
could do no better than erect a monument to our good heathen brother, who so kindly invented this money making institution, and allowed the Jews to incorporate it

My pets, I understand that one of you has a big brother who is anxious to marry. Please ask him if he is worthy of a good, noblehearted woman. Ask him if he is morally, intellectually and financially, as well as physically, able to take upon himself such a position as husband and head of a fam-Mrs. Roxey Jane Mortality has often told me that she was too well aware of the fact. Women are strange creatures, and their strangeness dates back to the time when poor, weak-minded Mother Eve climbed the apple tree and shook it. I have often told Roxey that I wish Eve had stuck fast to the trunk before she reached the first limb. Then Roxey retaliated by declaring that all men are liars, and fools to boot. But nevertheless if your big brother is sound in his upper story and the party he is to wed is O. K. and knows her P's and Q's, why, I have no objections. In fact, when the candidates for matrimony are prepared for the great leap in the dark, I sanction the leap with all my ardor - that is, when I marry the couple.

This reminds me to ask why postmasters and all other government officers are notpermitted to marry ers have the preference of this kind of work? There are many of us with the cash in sight. Children, that every fool can be prevented

Roxey Jane once said to me that would) to marry ten thousand wed a preacher. She says they are aim in life is to ogle money and norant people. But Roxey was In speaking of hell, I mean the mad at that time-Satan had hold she is rather too large for me to chastise corporally.

> My pets, I have much else that I defer it for another time. We have a ladies' meeting at our house, and all the women who do not belong Now, little ones, try to make yourselves smart and intelligent enough to live well without lying or stealing. Meeting is now adjourned.



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