

**The Licensed Preacher.**

By Rev. Old Mortality

My Little Ones—This is a very beautiful morning; the air is clear, pure and bracing. The harvest-time has come and gone. The yield 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 all their accounts, so we will be able to start anew, clear of debt, and all other business obligations. You may wonder why I am interested in these worldly affairs. I 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 Rev. C. C. Moore of the Blue Grass Blade. This gentleman tells the truth so everlasting hard that quite a goodly number of his friends, who take a sly "nip" from the jug, and then wind up by drawing further satisfaction and solace from the weed that cheers, do hot bank on him or his very original and interesting publications. Then again there is the editor of the TORCH OF REASON who is so given to telling facts that he leans over backwards when he touches the whiskey bowl and tobacco pipe. The world is rapidly growing more and more enlightened, and presently rum drinking and all styles of intemperance will have passed away with many other vices of the present day.

In speaking of hell, I mean the borrowed hell of christians. This 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 being a preacher perhaps I should not make this munificent offer as the proposition might become public, and it would work an injury to my dear brother preachers, should your parents not be able to locate this heathen manufactured locality. 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

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 into their dream book.

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, noble-hearted 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 family. I got married once, and Rev. 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 not permitted to marry people? Why should we sky-scrapers have the preference of this kind of work? There are many of us quite void of honor and good judgment, and we would not hesitate a minute to join the Devil to the Virgin Mary should they wait upon us with the cash in sight. Children, the millennium will never put in its long-delayed appearance until the marriage laws are arranged so that every fool can be prevented from marrying every other fool.

Roxey Jane once said to me that if she lived (and she hoped she would) to marry ten thousand times she'd never, no never again wed a preacher. She says they are all a set of bunco sharks whose sole aim in life is to ogle money and goods out of poor, illiterate and ignorant people. But Roxey was mad at that time—Satan had hold of her. Therefore I excused her, as she is rather too large for me to chastise corporally.

My pets, I have much else that I should like to say to you, but I will defer it for another time. We have a ladies' meeting at our house, and in order to learn the ins and outs of all the women who do not belong to our tabernacle, I must hasten home in order to conceal myself in the flour barrel ere their arrival. Now, little ones, try to make yourselves smart and intelligent enough to live well without lying or stealing. Meeting is now adjourned. Amen.



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