

# MY SERMON

## How a Clergyman Saw Himself Personated.

By WILLIAM BLAKEMAN

In the early days in one of the mining states when we of the Episcopal church were trying to lift the people of these benighted regions out of their uncouth condition I received an appointment to go from place to place for the purpose of raising funds for building churches. I am no extemporaneous speaker and told the bishop that such a man being required for the purpose he would better appoint some one else. To this he replied that his diocese was not overburdened with clergymen and extemporaneous orators didn't "grow on bushes" in any way. He suggested that I write a few sermons on the desirability of churches in a community, commit them to memory and deliver such one of them as seemed best fitted for the place to be worked. I accepted his advice, wrote the sermons and entered upon my duties. I would go to a town where there were already one or more churches, and aft-



"I LOST NO TIME IN OBEYING HIS ORDERS." or preaching a sermon a collection would be taken up for the establishment of a church in some place where there was no church. One Saturday I started for the village of O., containing a more civilized community than most towns in the territory, for the purpose of raising funds for a church to be erected in B., a town overrun with gambling saloons and other dens of iniquity. I took with me a sermon I had used in behalf of G. when it was the wickedest place in

New Mexico, but which, under the influence of a church that had been built largely through my efforts, had become a model town. I would substitute the name of the latter place instead of the former whenever it occurred in my text. Stagecoach was the only means of travel in those days, and a coach was my conveyance. It was full when we started, but here and there a passenger alighted, till at last but one man was left. He was not an attractive man to talk to, but I invariably made friends while traveling, never knowing when I might find a helper in my work. I had chatted promiscuously with the passengers, and when left alone with the man I have mentioned devoted myself to him. Thinking to interest him in the good work in which I was engaged, I told him what I was doing—how by building a church the whole character of the people in a place became changed, and not only was the spiritual condition of the town improved, but an increase of property values followed. He asked me about my present mission, and I told him that I was on my way to O. to speak in the Episcopal church there in behalf of a church to be erected in a town reeking with vice. He seemed much interested, and little by little I told him how I was to proceed; that I had my sermon in my bag and would preach it the next day—Sunday—after the morning service. He inquired if I knew persons connected with the congregation, and I admitted that I had never seen or, so far as I knew, been seen by any one in the town. He asked me to let him look at my sermon, and I did so. He glanced over it, slowly turning the leaves and reading portions here and there, which he could easily do, for it was typewritten. Then, turning to me, he said: "I've met a good many stupid gaolers in my day, but you take the cake. What's to prevent my going to O. in your priestly clothes, delivering your sermon and lighting out with the collection?" Thinking the man to be joking, I replied that I didn't see anything to prevent him except that I would be there to give him away. "Not much," he replied. "You'll spend Sunday in jail. I'm going to hand you over to the authorities for robbing me. Take off that coat and waistcoat and that collar, too, if you can get it off." Whipping out a revolver, he held it within an inch of my face, and I lost no time in obeying his order. My canonicals passed into his possession and everything else I possessed. Then he told me to put on his clothes, and under the same influence—his six shooter—I did as required. "Now, see here," he said when the transfer had been made, "remember that I'm yourself, Edward Morrison—the name is in your prayer book, see? You can't do anything, but I warn you not to try. I'm going to hand you over to the sheriff to be taken care of till Sunday after the morning service." I was greatly troubled, for I could see very little chance of the failure of his scheme. At any rate, I could do nothing forcibly. If I prevented his game it must be by a counter stratagem. So I said to him: "All right, stranger; you've got me.

I won't interfere with your operations this time." On reaching a crossroad a few miles out of O. he forced me to alight with him. The coach went on, and we walked a short distance to a deserted cabin. There we remained all night, my captor sitting in the doorway most of the night, asleep. He held his revolver gripped in his hand, and I had no opportunity for escape. When morning came he marched me into O., took me to the sheriff and told him that he was the Rev. Edward Morrison, had come to preach that morning in O., had met me on the way and I had tried to rob him. "I'm one of those fighting parsons," he said, "and before he knew what he was about I had got his gun and had the drop on him." The sheriff looked from one to the other of us as if trying to grasp the situation, but since I made no defense he locked me up. My captor had purposely reached the town shortly before the time for morning service in the churches in order to get in his work before I would have time to convince the sheriff that he was the robber and I the clergyman. I, however, having turned me over, the rascal went directly to the church, carrying my bag, with my belongings in it, and my sermon. My canonicals would vouch for him, and if he needed more evidence of his identity my prayer book with my name in it was in my bag. The sheriff didn't give me a chance to speak to him alone till it was about time for the sermon to begin in the church. Then I told him what had happened. He regarded it as a very ordinary case to get my liberty and was going away when I said: "Sheriff, all I ask you to do is to take me into the church where this man is going to preach and I will convince you that it's my sermon he's preaching and not his." "How?" "There'll be certain points he will read that only I can explain." I finally persuaded him, and he took me to the church. I sank in so that the rascal couldn't see me. The regular clergyman was finishing the service and in a few minutes announced the Rev. Edward Morrison and his purpose, stating at the same time that the collection would be deferred till after the sermon. Then while the congregation sang a hymn the false clergyman took the pulpit. He wore vestments he had taken from my bag. He must have had infinite assurance, for, though an uneducated man, he read my sermon quite well. I did not have to wait long before he made a break that gave him away. I have mentioned that the sermon had originally been used in behalf of G. and was now to be used for B. In my manuscript I had not erased the name of G. and entered B. The first time he came to the name of G. in the text he used it instead of substituting B. The blunder was probably not noticed by many of his hearers, but when he entered upon the beautiful condition of a place that had been regenerated and was now a Christian community many of the congregation who knew better began to prick up their ears. I nudged the sheriff and whispered an explanation. He was not only disposed to be courteous, but was much amused at the condition of things existing at G. However, most of the congregation supposed the parson had got the names of two places mixed, and, though some looked at each other and smiled, no one dreamed of the real reason for the blunder. I felt at ease, for it was quite enough to cause the sheriff to make an investigation, and an investigation would reveal the plot. While the collection was being taken up the sheriff led me round through a back door into the vestry. After pronouncing the benediction the rector of the church came in with the choir singing the recessional hymn, the spurious "myself" marching beside him. The sheriff had his eye on the latter when he first saw me and, seeing him start, did not want any better evidence of the truth of my story. When the amen had been chanted the Rev. Mr. Morrison made a dive for the door leading into the church, but his way was stopped by the congregation leaving their seats, and he was easily caught. Such is the story of my seeing a rogne in the pulpit personating me and preaching my sermon. Had he not, instead of attempting to escape, confronted me with his previous assurance he might have caused me temporary trouble in proving my case, but he knew well that his success depended on getting the collection before I could obtain a hearing, and when he saw me facing him with the sheriff he knew the game was up and he had but one chance left. I remained till the evening service, when I told the story to the congregation and thanked them for their liberal offering to the cause, reminding them facetiously that at the time they were listening to the words I had written and were contributing to the object I advocated I was but just out of jail. Perseverance. You will see issuing from the walls of the same college—nay, sometimes from the bosom of the same family—two young men of whom the one shall be admitted to be a genius of high order, the other scarcely above the point of mediocrity; yet you shall see the genius sinking and perishing in poverty, obscurity and wretchedness while, on the other hand, you shall observe the mediocre plodding his slow but sure way up the hill of life, gaining steadfast footing at every step and mounting at length to eminence and distinction, an ornament to his family a blessing to his country. Now, whose work is this? Manifestly their own—William Wirt.

# Friday and Saturday will be Big Days in Oregon City

and we hope you will come and enjoy the crowds and the fun. Below you will find listed some unusual bargains to make it worth your while to visit our store. But anyway we want you to come in and see us whether you want to buy or not. You will want a place to rest occasionally—a place to leave your bundles or meet your friends or telephone—we invite you to make your headquarters at Huntley's. Our big \$500 Victor will play for you in the main store and our Victor demonstration room will be open all day with comfortable seats and our stock of 2000 Victor records at your disposal. Just ask the clerk to play what you want to hear.

## Booster Day Specials

### Ladies Bags

For Friday and Saturday only we place on sale a lot of new leather bags just received by express from New York—latest styles and shapes.

- LOT 1—Leather lined bag with metal frame fitted with purse 98c
- LOT 2—All leather bag with German silver "Anti-theft" frames fitted with purse—A bag sold everywhere for \$1.75 to \$2—Friday and Saturday, price, \$1.25.
- LOT 3—Fine quality leather bags, selected from our best \$2.00 \$2.25 and \$3 bags. Friday and Saturday on sale at \$1.48.
- LOT 4—A collection of slightly shop-worn and old style bags—but good quality—and bags that will give you good service—bags worth up to \$1.50, on sale Friday and Saturday for 48c.

Remember we guarantee every bag we sell—if it doesn't give you satisfactory service bring it back—we'll replace it.

### Soap, 7 Bars for 25c

This includes all our best 5c soaps—Fairy, Snowberry, Mechanics, Grandpa's, Tar, Wool, Ivory, Life Buoy, and several kinds of fine toilet soaps. On sale Friday and Saturday, 7 cakes for 25c

## Victor-Victrola



A new Victor-Victrola is here! A genuine Victor-Victrola, bearing the famous Victor trademark, priced at only \$15. Come in and see it and hear it. No obligation to buy, but after hearing it you won't want to be without one. Other styles \$25 to \$250. Victors \$10 to \$100. Easy payments if desired. Let us play this and any other of our Victors for you at any time Friday or Saturday. Ask for your favorite records and as many as you want to hear—it will be a pleasure for us to play and will place you under no obligation whatever.

### \$2.00 Razor, \$1.00 Strap both for Saturday only \$1.25

This is the biggest bargain we have ever known to be offered in Razors. Of course we lose money on it. Only one outfit to a customer and on sale only Saturday A. M.

### \$1.00 Knives, Friday and Saturday for 75c

This sale will include several styles and sizes of our best dollar, fully guaranteed Knives. There are stag handles, int. Pearl handles, 2 and 3 blades—Genuine bargains that you don't often get a chance to buy for 75c.

On sale all day Friday and Saturday, but only one to a customer, 75c.

### \$1.00 Alarm Clocks, Fri. and Sat. for 69c

These are the best dollar values we can buy—Fully guaranteed. On sale all day Friday and Saturday if stock lasts that long.



Take home with you some pictures of the stock, the races, the crowds, the fun. You can take them yourself—good ones with a Kodak or a Brownie Camera. And then think of the pleasure you can have at home—Pictures of baby, of friends, of the stock, of the farm, of picnics and outings. Kodaks are so simple that children take good pictures with them.

Brownies, \$1 to \$12  
Kodaks, \$6 to \$65

Let us show you how simple they are.

Huntley Bros. Co.  
THE REXALL STORE

\$9.85 F.O.B. Toledo Completely Equipped

# Overland

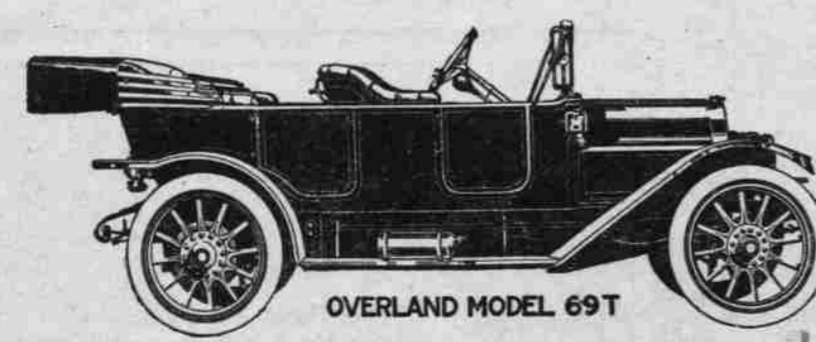
\$9.85 F.O.B. Toledo Completely Equipped

**FORTY** prominent German engineers, in an effort to find a weak spot, tore down an Overland that had run over 5,000 miles. They could not find one single flaw.

This exceptional value has always puzzled and astounded the world. But when you take into consideration the economy of building 40,000 cars a year you have the answer. The growing familiarity of 53 nations with the tremendous Overland manufacturing methods, caused Overland sales to increase by leaps and bounds. The market for the best production is unlimited.

It is necessary to see us at once to insure an early spring delivery.

## MILLER-PARKER CO.



OVERLAND MODEL 69T

- Big Features—Complete Equipment
- Self-starter
  - 30 Horsepower
  - 5-Passenger
  - Touring Car
  - 110-inch Wheel Base
  - Timken Bearings
  - Center Control
  - Remy Magneto
  - Warner
  - Speedometer
  - Mohair Top and Boot
  - Blair Vision, Rain
  - Vision Wind Shield
  - Prest-O-Lite Tank

**Faded Ink**  
By RUTH GRAHAM

Every one in the little fishing village of W. knew Jane Baxter and her history. When she was a girl of eighteen a young man named Corwith came from the city for the purpose of enjoying what was to the men of the town work, but to him sport. Jane Baxter was a pretty girl with a rosy cheek and a laughing eye. Corwith found less pleasure in fishing than in her company. Before he left W., Corwith had married Jane Baxter. He took her away with him, but in a few months she returned a changed girl. The bloom had gone out of her cheek, the sparkle from her eye, the smile from her lips. She said that her husband had quarreled with her and told her that their marriage was no marriage at all and if she didn't believe him to look at her marriage certificate. She did so and found all those parts that should have been filled in with ink were wanting. She was not only astonished, but appalled. She had been handed the certificate after the ceremony by the clergyman who had married her, had glanced at it and seen that it had been filled in. Could it be that her husband had stolen the original and left a substitute? It made no difference to her what he had done since he now repudiated her. Without a word she went back to the home she had left, resumed her maiden name and lived as a woman whose life had been blighted. By doing this she gave up any chances that might have existed of proving that she had been legally married. This was doubly unfortunate, for after her return she gave birth to a son, whose interests in the matter were identical with hers. He grew up under the name of Baxter and with a stain resting upon him that the boy realized at an early age. From his birth his grandfather, the fisherman, John Baxter, for whom he was named, took the little chap into his heart and resolved to do all in his power to give him an education. So the old man worked hard and saved much of what he earned and the lad was sent to school. He developed a taste for the sciences, and it was determined to send him to the scientific department of a university. When he came home after being graduated, while talking with his mother about his and her future, she thought it best to tell him the story

of her marriage, which was on her part real, though she believed it to be illegal. Shortly after this dialogue he asked his mother if she still retained the blank certificate she had received. Going to a closet she brought out a tin box in which she kept receipts, took from it the certificate and handed it to John. He looked at it carefully and was about to hand it back to her when he changed his mind and put it in his pocket, saying that he would return it later.

The young man went back to the university to fit himself for an assistant professorship in analytical chemistry. He had with him the blank certificate his mother had given him and examined it with a microscope. The paper showed evidence of a slight warping in those parts where there should have been writing, though without the aid of the lens it seemed perfectly smooth. The idea at once occurred to the young scientist that the blanks had been filled in with an ink that was manufactured purposely to fade. He began an investigation as to what substances could be made to look like ink and later leave no trace. His studies had taught him that iodine gave promise of furnishing a base for such a writing fluid. Possibly this was suggested to him from its violet hue, the color of some inks. At any rate, he entered upon a series of experiments which led to an important discovery. He found that iodine combined with starch iodine of starch would produce an ink that would in a few weeks fade away, leaving no trace whatever. The question now arose. Could such an ink be restored? Upon inquiry the young man learned that no agent had ever been found to bring back its color. He made many experiments with this end in view, but they all failed. Then he had recourse to the microscope. He tried various powers, and at last hit upon one, neither too high nor too low, which brought out the indentation on the paper made by writing of letters making up a certificate between Nathaniel Corwith and Jane Baxter by Edward Wynkoop. Giving his results to an attorney, he was advised to find Edward Wynkoop. The clergyman had died, but John Corwith found his name on the records of the theological seminary where he had been educated and various churches of which he had been pastor. The fact of his having used an ink that would fade could only be explained by the theory that it had been foisted on him surreptitiously by the man he had married. John Corwith found that his father, who had recently died, had not taken another wife and had left a snug fortune, which was about to pass to the children of the dead man's brother as heirs at law, there being no will. By means of the certificate of marriage he

established his mother's claim to the property, but she would never accept a penny of it except for her son. But John required nothing to make him comfortable, for he became eminent in his profession and found it profitable.

**Compound Interest.** All interest is payable annually or oftener; therefore there is no such thing as simple interest in the long run. One dollar at compound interest at 1 per cent per annum will double in a little less than seventy years—to be exact, it doubles in 69.66 years. As neat as we can calculate, this earth is about 3,000,000,000 years old. If it took the earth 3,000,000,000 years to grow, how much will interest grow in that time? One cent at compound interest at 1 per cent per annum for 3,000,000,000 years will amount to so much that one viginillion balls of gold, each as large as the sun, will not then pay the interest for a billionth part of one second of time.—New York World.

**Oriental Rug Dyes.** The dyes employed in the coloring of the materials that go to make up oriental rugs have always been the despair of westerners. We are told of one strange method of making the dyes of ancient days. It seems that in some places the custom prevailed of making holes in the beds of brooks during the dry season, in which, when the rain fell, all sorts of vegetable and mineral substance were deposited and left to act upon one another until the dry season arrived, when the contents of the holes were removed by the dyers, who, grinding all together indiscriminately, made shades that vied with the pigeon's breast in beauty and with the clouds of sunset in variety.

**The invention of Wireless.** Guglielmo Marconi was only fifteen years old when he studied at the universities of Bologna and Padua and began his electrical researches. In the course of the next few years he began the study of the so called Hertzian waves or electrical impulses, which travel through the air without the use of a wire. In 1895, when he was only twenty years old, his advanced knowledge on this obscure subject inspired him with the theory that these waves could be sent out and received at will, and in that year he constructed the first wireless apparatus, the efficiency of which astonished the world.—Chicago Tribune.

**Uninterested Attention.** He—Darling, you must want me to give you something or you wouldn't be so sweet and gentle today. She—On the contrary, I don't want anything at all. It's only for the dressmaker.—Exchange.

**Zero in Occupations.** "But doesn't your friend do anything at all?" "Oh, yes. He worries."—Boston Transcript.