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WHAT WAS HIS CREED?

His charity was like the snow—
Soft, white and silent in its fall,
Not like the noisy winds that blow
From shivering trees the leaves—a pall
For flower and weed
 Drooping below.
“What was his creed?”
The poor may know.

He had great faith in loaves of bread
For hungry people, young and old;
Hope he inspired; kind words he said
To those he sheltered from the cold.
For we should feed
 As well as pray.
“What was his creed?”
I cannot say.

In words he did not put his trust,
His faith in words he never writ;
He loved to share his cup and crust
With all mankind who needed it.
In time of need
 A friend was he.
“What was his creed?”
He told not me.

He put his trust in heaven, and he
Worked well with hand and head,
And work he gave to charity
Sweetened his sleep and daily bread.
Let us take heed,
 For life is brief.
“What was his creed?
 What his relief?”

—Anon.

KATIE REPLIES TO W. B. A. AND W. W.

—, Oregon, Dec. 10 '93.

To W. B. A.,

Dear Sir:

I like your letter. It has about the right ring. According to your description of yourself you must be good looking. Glad you love to work and don't use tobacco, whiskey nor play cards. You say you have a horse that is worth his weight in gold. Worth 1000 pounds or over of solid gold!!

Beats a gold mine. It nearly takes my breath away to think about it. But let me pray you to sell him right quick.

He may be stolen or get the distemper and die, and oh, what a loss! Sell him if you can't get more than even half his weight in gold. You will be rich.

Indeed your initials may mean something—W. B. A., Wm. B. Astor. See?

Sell that horse and put the money in the bank. Then write me at once and its likely I'll look no further. I'll be in terrible suspense till I hear from you.

Yours Hopingly

Katie Didd.

—, Oregon Dec, 11 '93.

To W. W.,

Dear Sir:

Yours beats all the letters I ever saw. It can't be that you ever went to school much. But its interesting after all—and good “hoss sence” too. Really, what one learns at school does n't count much in these hard times anyway. You're right about poetry. I never knew a verse writer that amounted to much. But 'aint you a short fellow! Why, you must be an Esquimau. Weil, that's nothing against you for I like short folks. Being short comes awful handy on a farm. Take it all in all I like your letter firstrate. But I'm awful particular and won't make up my mind right now. I must hear from one or two others first. You may write again and send your photograph.

Very Respectfully,

Katie Didd.