

---

C. T. Whidden is a firm believer in the ability of the good old horse. If anything was needed to confirm him in this belief and keep him from going over to the new fangled mode of travel, it was furnished in abundance last Sunday. Mr. Whidden went out to Mabel to the new church to officiate with several other gentlemen of musical ability in rendering a few selections of vocal music for the dedicatory services. The horses failed him not and he arrived in due season, good-natured and duly attuned for the duties in hand: but hours passed and the time for the quartet to fulfill its part arrived. Elder Moore glanced over the crowded room and among the assembled worshippers recognized but one member of the quartette—then in impassioned tones he implored the people to pray for the other three, whom it was learned had started out from town in autos, for, he said, he was convinced that they were lying on their backs endeavoring to so adjust their autos that they might reach their destination. The services went on and when they were completed Mr. Trubshaw arrived with one or two members of the quartette; but the other, Mr. King, the general agent of the celebrated machine, failed to put in an appearance at all. Rumor has it that if it had not been for Wm. Howden's horses they might still be sticking in the creek. But let us not be too hard on the bubbles. Like everything else they have their troubles, and plenty of it too at times. But they are not flying machines by a good bit. They are all right when they can hit the high places only and they are generally safe if they are steered around the mud holes: and if the people of Mabel want to listen to the concordant voices of Messrs. King, Hartman and Maconnell with that of Mr. Whidden they had better build better roads.

---