

Will Moodie went to church last Sunday for the first time in eight years and he is rather pleased with the break he has made, but he got to church in a peculiar way and upon no motion of his own. W. H. Butler started out for the Park schoolhouse Sunday afternoon with Rev. J. C. Evans and when two miles out of town a "blow-out" occurred. Another tire was used and that blew out and in the meantime it was nearly time for service to commence and Butler was out of tires so the phone was called into play and Mr. Moody asked to take the preacher the rest of the journey which he did. Arriving at the church Bill took a back seat but his breaking into the sanctuary after so long a period was so refreshing that the congregation kept turning around to look at him and he seemed to be a bigger drawing card than the preacher. When it came time to take up the collection Bill started to protest on the ground that it was not his ante but he was pulled down into his seat and finally fattened the "pot" with a quarter and looked somewhat astonished when the preacher raked in the "pot." Mrs. Moody is tickled to think Bill went to church and Bill is tickled himself and threatens to go again in less than eight years.—Courier.

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