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BINGVILLE BUGLE

BY NEWTON NEWKIRE

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DON'T BE A TIDEWAD ! !
 Pay up your back subscription to the Bugle & thus fill a long-felt want on our part. We Can't Run a First Class Newspaper on Hot Air and Cold Potatoes.
 P. S.—If we are not to leave the money with our wife next door.



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 The Leading Paper of the County
 Bright, Breezy, Bollicose, Bustling

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RICH OR POOR EDDTORIAL
 Night after night our most respected citizens of Bingville has set around in Hen Weathersby's store and wishd they was rich beyond the fondest dreams of averice. Of course if wishing would make a person rich everybody in Bingville would be a millionaire—our back subscriptions would all be paid up and we would boost the price of the Bugle from \$2 per annum to about \$10 per annum.



It don't do no good for people to set around a stove in the winter or in the shade in the summer and wishd they was rich, and we shall endeavor to prove by this editorial that if they was rich they wouldn't be no happier than they are now.

Without incriminating ourself, we will admit that money comes in turrible convenient at times, and that a person can't pay debts without it, but after all money aint the only thing in this world, and them as has more of it than they knows what to do with aint no better off than them as has none.

Take Cy Hoskins, for instants, who is the most wealthiest citizen of Bingville—Cy has money in the Bank at the Co Seat, he owns 3 or 4 farms and some thinks he must be happy? Answer—No!

In order to accumulate all these riches Cy has had to scrimp and scratch and save and deny hisself almost the bare necessities of life—he has had to trod over the poor and the widder and the orfans, he has had to foreclose mortgages, and as a result the habit of saving has made him sich a tight-wad and so doggoned stingy that he's just perfectly miserabel all the time for fear some person will get one cent's worth the best of him in a business deal.

Then take Hank Dewberry, for instants—Hank aint got one red cent to rub agin another mor'n half the time. He has to wear other people's shoes and clothes which is give to him and don't fit him, he has to beg the very tobaccoer he smokes and chews, but is Hank

miserabel? Anser, No! Hank is perfectly happy and full of joy all the day long—he never knows what a day will bring forth and he don't care—he don't know where his next meal's coming from, but it don't worry him a mite.

If Cy Hoskins could get as much happiness outen life as Hank Dewberry, we calkilate Cy would be willing to pay as much as 10 cts for it.

Country Correspondents
 LAND'S END

Bill Henshaw purchased a pair of gum boots at the Co. seat last week, and the first time he wore em he stepped on a nail which run through one boot into his foot, and now the boots aint waterproof and Bill says he don't care nothing about running a nail into his foot, but he does hate like 60 to spoil a new pair of boots.

Rufe Tarbell has been keeping company of late with Mary Bender and roomer says they will eventually be hitched, although the courtship may last for lo these many years to come.

Homer Wilkins has purchased a new buggy at the Co. Seat, and since then all the girls of Land's End has been making eyes at Homer and we calkilate he will be the most popular gent in these parts.

Miss Polly Seavey had her 52d birthday last Tuesday, but Miss Polly didn't celebrate it. She stopped celebrating her birthday about 30 years ago, and now she wouldn't say nothing about them at all, if it wasn't for the nabors who keeps track of when she was born and reminds her every time she has a birthday. LUCIFER.

Domestic Trouble

Bill Hepburn, our artistic blacksmith, went to give hisself his regular weekly shave last Sunday only to discover that his wife Mehitabel had been using his razor to pare her corns with, and the edge was all nicked up.

Bill got turrible mad and stormed around and asked Mehitabel if she didn't have any more sense than to use his razor for a corn cutter. Mehitabel grabbed up a broom and hit Bill a whack over the head with same, and Bill fled from the house with his face all over lather and took refuge in his blacksmith shop, where he remained most of the day until Mehitabel's temper cooled off.

Bill Hepburn is a turrible strong man physically and aint' afeared of nobody in this world except his wife, who makes him stand around jest as she's a mind to whether Bill's in licker or not.

Eph has New Postage Cards

Eph Higgins, our enterprising P. M. desires us to a nounce to the general public that he has just received from the U. S. Government at Warshington a whole grist of fresh postage cards for the use of his p. o. patrons.

Eph further states that in spite of the fact that most everything nowadays is advancing in price inclooding living expenses, clothes, et cetera too numerous to mention, he will nevertheless continue to sell these postage cards to the public at the same old rate as heretofore or in other words at the rate of one cent each.

Eph says he aint the person to take advantage of the public and boost up the price of a postage card to two or three cts. jest because everything is going up. If you desire postage cards to write on to your friends or ennybuddy else give Eph a call—large variety of postage cards to select from.

Huskin Bee!

Give by Cy Hoskins in his Barn!
 —Lem Quigley got a Kiss and an Awful Slap!—Cy got his Corn all Husk!—More Work Than Pleashure

Cyrus Hoskins, one of our most respected and well-to-do citizens held his annual huskin bee in his barn last Tuesday eve'g. Cy has held a huskin bee in his barn every year for lo these many years—that's the way Cy gets his corn husked for nothink as you might say, being as he's tighter with money than the bark to a tree and would rather do this than to pay anything for hiring his corn huskin did.

The festivities begin promptly at 6 p. m., and was attended by young and old alike, not only from Bingville, but from the surrounding country. Everybody fell to and nearly worked the skin off their fingers huskin Cy's corn for him, while Cy walked about among them smiling and urging them to work harder.

Considerable excitement was caused when Lem Quigley happened to find a red ear of corn, and follering out the custom hereabouts which entitles the finder of a red ear of corn to kiss enny girl present he pleases, Lem he up and chased after Sally Hoskins, and Sally run and screamed, but Lem he overtook her and kissed her right on the corn bin, to which she had clim for safety.

Sally blushed like everything and Lem stood there smilin and looking purty well satisfied with results until his wife who was present walked up and hit him a slap in the face that like to of broke his jaw, to say nothing of nearly knockin his head offen his shoulders.

Them as was present said they never saw Letitia Quigley any madder in all their born days. After she had slapped Lem, she grabbed holt of his arm and marched him right off home, and when they arrived there, there is no tellin what else she done to Lem. As Letitia passed out of the barn she turned around long enough to call Sally Hoskins a cat.

This little calamity naturally cast sort of a damper on the evening's proceedings. Several more ears of red corn was found, but them as found them, judgin by what had happened to Lem, didn't appear to have the courage of their convictions, and as a result, no more promiscuous kissin was did.

About 9 p. m. Cy stopped the huskin bee long enough to pass around cider, apples and doughnuts, and everybody present et fit to bust. Cy only allowed twenty minits for lunch, and then he put all his guests back to huskin again and finished up the job by midnight. Then the barn floor was cleared for a dance.

Pete Hines, the one-eyed fiddler from Sorrow Holler, furnished the musick on his fiddle, but them as was present had worked so hard at huskin corn that they was too doggoned tired to dance much, and as a result the huskin bee broke about 1 a. m. and everybody went home conscious of a evening profitably spent for Cy.

Our Wife Is Sick

We hope our subscribers will hear with deep regret that our own personal eddytorial wife is a purty sick woman as we go to press.

Last Thursday she done a lot of scrubbin around the house & sloop around in the wet so to speak and as a result she ketchd a cold in her head &

sinst then she has been feelink very miserabel. We git outen all pashients with our wife and have told her time & agin that she don't pear to use common sents cleanin and scrubbin so much until a person could eat a meal offen our kitchen floor its that clean, especially when she's liable to ketch her deth of cold.

It aint only bad for her, but its also bad fer us, being as sinst she's had that cold she sneezes all night long almost and as a result we're neerly wore out and used up fer lack of sleep. How can a husband git enny rest at nites, we ask, when his wife is layin alongside of him sneezin & whoopin every minit or so? Anser—he can't. Onct we got up in disgust about 3 p. m. and went down stairs and sleep on the floor with a rag carpet over ourself, but we did'ent sleep much being as the floor was so hard, and when we got up in the mornin we was so dingblamed stiff that we could skeerely walk, and not only that but now he have a cold in our head and at this writing have also begun to sneeze.

Well, there's one consolation ennyhow—we may feel bad with sitch a cold and it will interfere with our eddytorial duties, but there's one thing shure, if our wife's cold gits better before ours does then she'll be the one who'll be kept awake at nites and thus we'll be revengd on her so to speak.

Amos Hillyer, our talented loryer and legal light, inshured Wils Miller's house last week against fire, being as Ame is also a insurance agent. Wils now says he was a fool to get his house inshured, but Ame just nacherly talked and wheedled him into it. Ame is a pretty good insurance agent.

Lon Peters' old gray mare kicked at him when he went behint her in the stable tother day but fortunately missed him. Lon was so mad he kicked back at her and fortunately hit her. Lon says he'll learn her to be peaceable and respectful to him or break a rib for her.

Personals

Dave White, our solicitous and accommodatin undertaker desires us to announce to the people of Bingville that he is still in the undertakin business. Daye says that he calkilate that the way the people of this town remains alive is that they have forgot all about him.

Lige Green appeared in church last Sunday attired in a new green necktie which his sister from the County Seat sent him as a birthday present. Green is not only becomin to Lige hisself but also becomin to his name. Later—Of course Lige had other clothes on beside his necktie.

Jason Tucker chief of the Bingville fire brigade says that there aint been enough fires in Bingville during the past year to keep the brigade in practice, and unless there is a fire soon, he will be considerable discouraged and disgusted. Jase says what's the use havin a fire department unless you have fires to cope with. There's a good deal of truth in that.

Looks like rain as we go to press, but some times it don't rain even when it looks like it.

Subscribe for the Bugle and help along a worthy cause which is almost on its last legs.

It is quite coolish these nights and frost can be saw almost every morning by them as are up early enough to see it, which is hardly anybody in Bingville.

Sime Whittaker, who lives two miles west of Bingville got kicked by a colt on his 44th anniversary. Sime says this was a turrible thing to have happen to him on his birthday, but is much better at this writing.

Something has been stealing Widder Skinner's hens. They have took seven already and now the widder aint got only five hens inclooding two roosters.

Bill Sims who draws a pension because he fought and bled for his country during the Rebellion is trying to have his pension increased, being as Bill aint as healthy as he was when the pension was granted and lays it to the hardships he endured in the war. We hope if he does get his pension increased he will pay up a porshion of his back subscription to the Bugle.

Personals is very scarce this week, and we would thank any person hearing of any personals in our midst to bring same to us from week to week so we can publish them in the Bugle and thus fill a long felt want. If the personal is a personal of yourself, don't hesitate to bring it in—nobuddy else does.

Miss Sary Ann Whittaker tells us that she knows winter is approaching because her chilblains has begin to ake her some.

Rufe Atkins went to the Co. Seat last Thursday and come home intoxicated, which is something new for Rufe, being as he is a prominent member of the Bingville church, and so far as we know never took anything in the form of spirituous liquor except for medicinal purposes.

Amzi Gookin, who fit in the Civil war and has a cork leg to show for it, says that when his next pension money comes he is going to buy a new cork leg, being as the old one is wore out until it is three inches shorter than tother one and makes Amzi walk lopsided.

Lafe Whittaker went to tap a barl of cider last week to see if it had worked enough. When he loosened the bung it flew out with a defending report and just missed Lafe's head by two inches. Lafe said he heard it whistle as it went by. The bung hit the ceiling of the cellar with such force that it loosed a board, and Lafe calkilate that if it had of hit him in the head, he would now be suffering from conclusion of the brain.

Subscribe for the Bugle while there is yet time—judgin from our financial condishion at present, the sheriff will call on us at any moment.

INSURE YOUR LIFE AGAINST FATILITY!

I desire to announce to the people of Bingville and vicinity and elsewhere that I am still in the Life Insurance business, being the agent of several large Companies which insure people's lives through me. Did you ever stop to think how foolish it is to go on living in uncertainty without having your life insured? Did you ever stop to think how much benefit insurance money would be to your wife if you have one, or to your relatives, if you have not?

Statistics show that people whose lives is insured live long. That's why several well-known persons of Bingville who had life insurance with me for many years have recently dropped their policies, being as they said they couldn't see how life insurance would do them any good if they was to go on living always havin to pay premiums on them. There is something in this. In addition to all forms of life insurance, I am also the leading and only lawyer in Bingville, notary public, justice of the peace, and other things too numerous to mention.

Yours For Life Insurance,
AMOS HILLYER
 BINGVILLE