ADVERTISE IN THE BUGLE!

Have you got ennythink to sell or swap? Do you want to buy ennythink?

THEN TRY A AD WITH US

Biggest & only newspaper in this end of the Co.

Advertising rates furnished with great cheer. Circulashion books open to nobuddy.

YOULL HAFT TO TAKE OUR WORD FOR IT

BINGVILLE BUGLE

INERGIA FATUM PARIT

BY NEWTON NEWKIRK

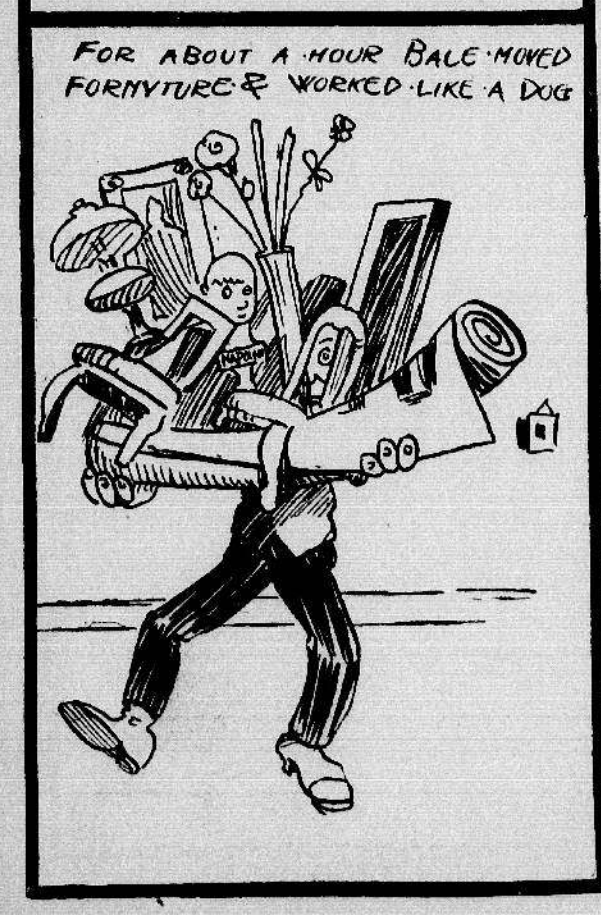
Copyrighted, 1914, by E. A. Grozier

DON'T BE A TITEWAD!

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 & COLD POTATOZE.

P. S.—If we are not in leave the money with our wife next door.



THE BINGVILLE BUGLE

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

How doth the busy little bee
Improve each shining hour—
By gathering honey all the day
From every opening flour.

The cheapest advertising medium in the county. If you believe in advertising, come and see us. For further information call on or address the editor.

TOWN WELL EDDYTORIUL

Last wk or the wk before (we forgit whitch) we wrote a item calling publick attenshion to the fackt that the town well on the Bingville Publick Sq. was being used by unscrupoolus persons & others for dumping rubbish & one thing and another into.

We thort when we wrote that notis that it would be suffishent and that them as was using the town well to chuck one thing and another into would take the hint and desist, but wich is not the case. A hint to the wise don't seem to be suffishent in Bingville, espeshially to some folks—some can take a hint while others has to be hit a wallop on the head with a club or a axe or somethink like that before they take enny notis.

Tother day as we was passing through the Sq. on our way to the P. O. to see if there was enny mail for us (there wassent) who should we see but Jethro Jennings haul a wheelbarrow load of ashes, ole tin cans, old shoes, et cettery, lift off the platform of the town well, dump the load into the well, put down the platform and walk off whisseling merrily!

And Jeth aint the only respeckkted cittizen of Bingville to do similar. We understand on good authority that Cy Hoskins, Ame Hillyer and Seth Dewberry, our heroick town constubble, all of who lives near the town well, use it for the same purpose. This is skandalus & ort to be stopped instanter!

The town well may be a handy hole in whitch to dump rubbish, but how will this rubbish make the worter taste is the questshion? Tother day Lem Brown stopped to git a drink as he passed the town pump, being as he was all het up and thirsty, and he drunkk three tin dippers full of worter from the well. Lem said it had a turrible pecooliar taste for mere water to him. He couldnt jest tell what the flavor was, but Lem thort it didden taste nacheral to him.

Let the Bingville Board of Helth or the Town Selecktmen or Seth Dewberry, the town constubble, or whoevers dooty it is to pervent this outrage, do their dooty and pervent using the town well for a dumping ground. If they dont we wont have no town well soon—it'll be all filled up to the brim with rubbish.

Country Correspondence

CALAMITTY CORNERS

Ezekiel Snodgrass has been trying to git his 2 yr old colt shod all spring but can't git nobuddy to do it being as the colt kicks like thunder whenever its shod. Zeke says he guesses he'll haft to cloroform that colt afore he can git shoes on its feet.

Miss Zella Comstock who warshes out for folks has been complainin of a week back for several wks back whitch Zella thinks is brung on by leaning over the warshtub so much. Why dont you put a plaster on it Zella?

Amri Haines has jest returned from the co seat where he served on the jury for 2 wks at $1.50 per day and mileage. Amri says he never made money easier in his life than he did them two wks being as he slep haff the time in the jury box and all he had to do when he was awake was to lissen to loryers arguin.

Gideon Hawkins spent last Sabbath as the gest of his brother Bale of Bingville. Gid fell offen his horse twict on his way home and when he arrove he was all splattered up with mud and considerable under the inflooence. We persoom Gid got too much of his brother's hard cider.

Bill Winslow's old dog "Tige" up and tuk after the hens tother day killing one old dominecker and chewing her up a good eal. Bill says "Tige" must hev powerful good teeth to make enny impreshion on a hen as old as that being as they had one the same age for dinner the previous Sunday and he (Bill) couldnt make a scar on er after she'd been biled four hours.

News are scaircer than common this wk whitch is why we don't write more.

R. U. ON?

Lokal Happenings

We notise that the trees is purty well leafed out in our midst for this time of yr.

Mrs. Abe Witherow while milkin tother evg had a her big akard cow to go and step plum on her foot nearly smashing two toes. Abe says ever sinst it happend his wife aint give him a kind word but is snappiern all git out. Abe says he wouldnt mind if it was him instid of the cow stept on her foot, but it wassent.

Doc Livermore is treatin Ad Stringer for dyspepsia. Ad says the medisin Docs been givin him is that turrible tastin that it takes him a hour or two to gif his fase straightened up after hes tuk a dose, but he believes its helpin him and hopes soon to be able to eat hot mince pie and cold appel dumplings afore he goes to bed as ushual.

Dave White our poplar undertaker has been botherd a good eal of late by a bunch whitch has came on his nose and whitch looks like a wart or somethink of the kind. Dave says he wouldnt mind the blamed bunch except he forgits its there and keep abrushin it away for a fly or somethink whitch has settled on his nose. Doc Livermore lookt at it and told Dave he would ampertate it for a quarter but Dave kind of hangs back. A quarter looks purty big to Dave these hard times.

We call partickler attenshion to a pome on "Love!" in another collum of this ishue whitch was wrote by Miss Sally Hoskins our talented pome writer. Sally dasht off this pome in lessen a hour whitch only goes to show what a poetick genusses she is. Let everybuddy read this pome of Sally's—youll be all the better for it.

Lokal Happenings aint quite so plenty this wk as they might be if they was more plentifuller. Praps theyll be more numerouser next wk.

Personal Squibs

Miss Phronicia Watkins was the gest of Miss Amelia Tucker to Sunday dinner last Sunday. Miss Phronicia during the dinner spilt some gravy on the front of her new white lawn dress whitch put her out a good eal, but outside of this Phronicia enjoyed herself in a huge manner.

Mrs. Liddy Hawkins drafted her husband Bale Hawkins into helpin her clean house one day last wk. For about a hour Bale moved fornyture & beet carpets and worked like a dog, then all to onct he tuk sick and had to go upstairs to bed. Soon he got better however and clim down the back piazzer and sunk off to Hen Weathersbys store where he playd checkers until nite with Hod Quigly. Bale allus gits sick when he has to help his wife clean house.

Old Dad Henderson has begin to perdickt that he will have a hard winter next winter. We git turrible tired of old Dad and his perdickshions. Dad dont give us a chanst to fergit the hard winter were been through until he begins to perdickt that the next unll be harder. Keep your perdickshions to yourself, Dad, say we.

This may be the time to house clean, but in our opinion its too early to take off your wool socks or change to lighter underwear. Lige Green tuk off his wool socks last wk and now you ort to see him—Lige is so stuffed up with a cold he cant skeercly speek above a whisper and he says hes sneezed until hes nearly bruk his neck.

Mrs. Jerushy Perkins has our thanks for a qt of pickled blueberries whitch she left at this offis with her compliments tother day. We tuk same home and tried some for dinner. Theyre so sour they puckered up our mouth all afternoon. A person cant eat menny at a time and we persoom this qt will last us & our wife a yr or two.

Back copies of the Bugle at this office, 5 cts each. Good to read or wrap things in or to spread on cupboard shelves. Very old copies 10 cts each—vallyble becus they be so old & anshient.

Jase in His Red Shirt

Jason Tucker, chief of the Bingville Fire Dept has been all haired up & very nervus for the past wk or 2 owing to the awful possibility of a fire busting out in our midst most enny hour of the day or nite as you might say.

Jase says what with folks all over Bingville cleaning up their premises and burning piles of rubbish he'll miss his guess if a stray spark dont start some conflagrashion or other.

Jase has put on his bright red flannel fire shirt whitch his wife made for him and has shined up his chief of fire dept badge until it most hurts a persons eyes to look at it steady. As Jase parades up and down Main st., garding our homes & firesides against the fiery tunged demon of flaim he persents a imposing figger being as he dont wear no coat even if it be cold enuff to wear one so as to show off his red shirt.

Jase says he aint skeercely closed his eyes for a cupple of wks being as the thort of fire has been uppermost in his mind and that being as its been sich a turrible nervous sprain on him he'll be glad when all the rubbish in Bingville is burned up after whitch he calkilates he'll go to bed and sleep for a wk to rest & recooperate.

Let us all be keerful not to start no fire. Dont fergit that big holycosts from little sparklets grow and that a ounce of pervenshion is worth moren a ton of lockin the stable door after the horse has been stole.

Besides, as Jase says, it would be a awful thing for fire to bust out in our midst at this time being as there aint only seven waterpails constitooting the Bingville Fire Dept at the present time whereas there ort by rights to be a round duzzen. When folks borry our fire dept water pails why dont they return to the basement of the Town Hall where they belong when theyre through with em?

Almost a New Subscriber

Last wk on press day when we was all rammed up and bizziern a ole cat luggin her mess of kittens from one place to tother trying to get the Bugle out on time, who should drop in on us but Amri Smithers from down Snake Bend way.

When Amri told us as soon as he got inside that he had come to subscribe for the Bugle and was a going to depart from his reglar custom by paying cash for same in advance, we nacherly received him with open arms. Then Amri said he gessed he would set down for a minnit to git his breth so he set down and talked and talked for nearly a hour takin up our vallyble time until we was so nervus we couldn't skeercely set in our cheer.

Finally Amri reached in his pocket for his wallet to pay a years subscripshion in advance when to his amazement & surprise he discuverd he had went and left his wallet in his other pants pocket at home by mistake after whitch he departed leaving us in deep disgust.

It was a turrible narrer excape from securing a new subscriber but when we think of how much time we wasted on Amri trying to be sivil & pleasant and entertaining to him and us all rammed up & drove to deth with work it makes us boil inwardly.

Pome on "Love" From Sally

To Edtr. Buggle—You have askt me several times of lait to write you a pome on somethink or other and so I have done so. Here is one I dasht off on "Love!" in a bout a hour. I could of did it sooner, but the pen wouldnt write very good. I hope you will like this pome and will give it a promynent place in the collums of the Bugle. I did think some of sending it to a co seat paper but then I believe in paternizing home trade. Follering is the pome.

Yours respectively,
SALLY HOSKINS,
POME WRITER.

LOVE!

Wot is this feeling in my heart
Whitch seems as if it was pearced with a dart?
And makes me feel so pecooliar by spells
& rings in my ears like wedding bells?

Whot is it makes me feel so sad
And then chirks me up until I feel glad?
Wot is it makes me kind of choke
& blush when I hear a certain feller's name spoke?

Wot is it makes my hart beet pittypat
Within my buzzum fast jest like that?
Can it be that I am sick?
Is that wot makes my hart beet so quick?

Ah, no, gentle reeder, this pecooliar feeling
Whitch ever & a non comes over me stealing
As pure as the blue sky above—
I'll tell you wot it is—its LOVE!

Wes Shot the Hen

Wes Woodruff our hunter & trappers wife askt Wes to ketch her a fowl for last Sunday's dinner last Saturday. Wes chased a old hen around the place until he was all outen breth, then he got mad and told his wife he had thort up a much easier way to lay hands on that ding-busted old hen ruthern chase her all over the place so he went to the house and got his shot gun and loadened it up with a charge of buckshot and tuk after the hen with the intenshion of showing her whether shed survive a charge of buckshot or not.

Then Wes snuk up on the hen when she wassent lookin and when he got as clost to her as he could he tuk keerful aim and fired.

Wes says he must of been up too clost to the hen or somethink becus he just nacherly shot her all to pieces and splattered her all over the barnyard. All Wes could find of the hen after he had fired was a wing and a few feathers. As a result Mr. and Mrs. Woodruff diddent have no chikken dinner Sunday, but Wes says praps it was jest as well being as he calkilates that old hen would of been too tough to ete ennyhow.

Coffe Was Hot Enuff for Hod

Hod Slocomb got a turrible surprise at breakfast tother morning when he gulped down a whole cup of coffee at one gulp whitch was so hot that it scorched his throat all the way down and probably parboiled his stummick for him into the bargain. Hods eyes wortered like everything and he coffed and splutterd and choked and moaned and groaned and carried on ennythink awful to lissen to.

It seems that Hod has been complainin to Mary Jane his wife a good deal lately becuz the coffee wassent hot at breakfast time. He kep at his wife about it until she got sick and tired of it and finally she made up her mind she would see if she couldnt git Hods coffee hot ennuff for him for onct and she did. She says the coffee was near the bilin pint when Hod drunk it and that he aint heered nothink from Hod sinst about the coffee being too cool. Hod says as far as he is concerned nothink cant be too cool for him until his tung gits heeled up from that scorchin.

Second Hand Dog Wanted

Has ennybuddy got a seckond hand dog whitch they desire to sell for little or nothink, or even to give away. I am in the market for a dog of this descripshion. Ever sinst my last dog dide I hev been turrible lonesome for human companionship whitch is why I want a dog. I would perfer a hound dog, but then I aint particular jest so he is a good dog who will lern to love me and will foller me around everywhere I go and not take me for somebuddy else and bite me when I come home late. Thats the kind of a dog I want. See me if you have this kind of a dog.

HANK DEWBERRY.

Bingville.

BRiNG iT BaCk!

Some fiend in human form went and borried my oggur away last fall and now I can't recolleckt who I lent it to. If I have needed that oggur onct to bore a hole I have needed it 1000 times. Unless I git that oggur back soon I will haft to go and buy me another to take its place and lay out two or three dollers of hard ernd money. I wish to say that whoever it was went & borried that oggur offen me better bring it back at onct and no questshions askt, but if they don't, then the law must take its course!

LEM BROWN
—BOSS—
Carpenter
BINGVILLE.