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ADVERTISE YOUR WANTS IN THE BUGLE If You Don't Want Anything...IT... BRINGS RESULTS

BINGVILLE BUGLE

INERZIA FATUM PARIT BY NEWTON NEWKIRK.

ANY PERSON HEARING OF ANY NEWS KINDLY BRING THEM IN TO US AND OBLIGE



HEN SAID "WALL, MISS TRUEMAN, THAT'S A POWERFUL GOOD JOKE BUT TAIN'T WUTH THE TIME YOU TAKE TO LAFF AT IT AND ID BE MUCH OBLIDGED TO HAVE YOU STOP"



CY LOST HIS BALANCE AND FELL IN THE PIG PEN



WES WOODRUFF WENT OUT TO HUNT BEAR LAST THURSDAY AND SHOT A RABBIT



HAME WILSON LOST A COW BY DETH LAST MONDAY MOON



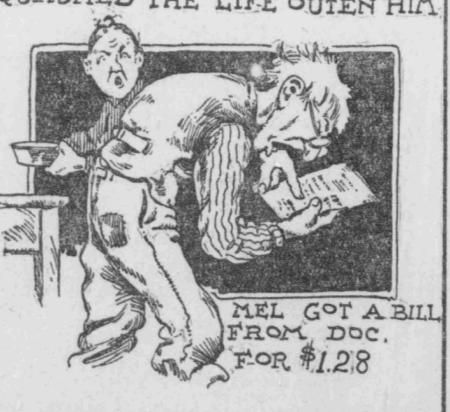
BIGE BARKER CHAMPION CHECKER PLAYER OF BINGVILLE GOT SKUNKED THREE TIMES BY A DRUMMER FROM BOSTON



BRENT HE-HAWD RIGHT OUT AND TOLD HEN HE GUESSED THE CIGARS WAS ON HIM



DAD HE SIT DOWN ON LITTE JOHN AND MOST SQUASHED THE LIFE OUTEN HIM



MEL GOT A BILL FROM DOC. FOR \$1.28

THE BINGVILLE BUGLE!

Is the Leading Paper of the County! BRIGHT-BREERY-BELLIOUSE-BUSTLING How doth the busy little bee Improve each shining hour- By gathering honey all the day From every opening flower. The cheapest advertising medium in the country. If you believe in advertising, come and see us. For further information call us or address the editor.

Last week Jed Peters, our intelligent school teacher and esteemed feller townsman, was over to the Co. seat where his father clerks in a dry goods store, and happened to get hold of a Boston newspaper which was only about three weeks old or so so Jed brought it home with him to read as soon as he got around to it which he did this week. The newspaper was full of news and among other things there was big pieces in it concerning the money stringency. It said a whole lot of banks what had the peepul's money had failed and didn't have it, and more was going to the wall every day and some cashiers was skipping out most every night; and that peepul was hauling out their money by the cord in some cities and made such a nuisance crowding the banks that the doors was shet and locked in order that clerks could ketch their breath and git something to eat. In some places business was so good the proprietors couldn't git money enuff to pay their hired men and had to shet up shop. It said the money market was titer then it has been for a long spell and lots of peepul was selling off their diamonds and jewellery to the highest bidder, and one firm had bought over \$10,000,000 worth of same. (This amount is somewhat more than we are accustomed to set up in type and took most all the cifers we had in the case). This condition of affairs is a surprise to us, and we know better than ennybuddy in this neck of woods what it means to do business without enny capital. Why don't peepul take some money outen their stockings and pay their honest detts so the peepul they owe can pay their detts. How can we pay our detts if our subscribers don't pay us enny money to pay them with-Heh? This money stringency aint ennything new in Bingville; no-from time immemorial it has existed and prevented new industrys from lokatrin here in our town. Jabe Sloan, at the Co. seat was agoin to start a store in Bingville but when he learned how skeerce money was and that he would have to take pigs, hens and garden truck for his pay he desided not to commence a swop business. Hen Weathersby, prop. Bingville emporium, has took so much cordwood in trade that his store is almost buried with it, being as he has it piled up all around outside of his store. Accordin to the list of names in Harve Hines' tonsorial barber shop, money is purty scarce; if we figgered right, Harve is owed for 29 hair cuts 3 shaves, 1 head wash and for sharp 7 rassers. Dave White our popular undertaker is owed for two funerals and for burryin Sam Winter's dog. Eph Higgins is owed for 1 postage stamp and a money order somebody sent and was a little mite short and Eph trusted them. Bill Hepburn, our artistic blacksmith, has a few names on his books what owe him, but taint very much or Bill would keep the horses or tools till he got his pay, or else give the customer a dog-goned good drubbin and cross it off the acct. And so we mite go on. If there be ennybuddy in Bingville what don't owe somebody else, we would like to know it. We know mos ennybuddy in Bingville owes us, and some of them, blame their pesky hides, have ever sint us we started the

Bugle. Thus it seems the money stringency-seed planted in Bingville has budded and blossomed out in the grate metropolises. Unless the tite-wads pay their honest detts and put their money into circulation, tite money will continue. Subscribe for the Bugle and help us out of the money stringency.

Professional vs. Soshial Calls

Melanethon Skinner and Doc Livermore are on the outs and it come about something like this. Two months ago Doc attended little Willie Perkins, and uster call every day until Willie's father objected on the ground that Willie was taking more medicine than vittles and cost twice as much, and one day as Doc come from the Perkinses' Mel askt Doc to stop in his house and have some sider with Doc, did, and while drinking same Mrs. Skinner come into the room looking purty plooked the way she always does, and after drinking some more sider he give Mrs. Skinner a whole qt. of root bitters and started for home. Well, last week Mel got a bill from Doc. for \$1.28 with a request to pay same immedit, and he took it down to Dock's house and desired to know if he sent it and what for. Doc explained to Mel it was for professional services for Mrs. Skinner and his bill really was \$1.28 but he tuk off zets, as he thot he might git paid quicker. Then Mel told Doc. he didn't owe him nothin' as that was just a soshial call and his wife didn't take the medicine anyway, as he used same on his barn door hinges to stop the infernal squeeking every time he opened and shet the door. This riled Doc, up and he told Mel he was a cheap shait and a dead beet, and they would have fit right then and there if Seth Dewberry, our herocik town constable, who was passing and heard them louding up, hadn't interferred and threatened to a rest them for infamashon of character and tite as a dishonordly conduct. Seth disperst Mel outen the premises, and Mel is purty mad at this writin.

Personals

Mrs. Amo Hiller, wife of our talented lawyer and legal light, has bought herself a pair of shoes often Hen Weathersby with laticks on the sides to hold them on. Mrs. Hiller is a grate hand to get what's goin'. Harve Hines' wife presented him with a little shaver Tuesday night. Harve passed the chewing tobacco among the boys at Hen's the next morning. Doc Livermore offshaited as usual. Miss Phoebe Hilderbrand, our fashionable dressmaker and pattern seller, appeared on our streets last Sunday with a new fur hood, which her aunt from Boston sent her for Xmas, but which never got here till last week. It is a beauty, and a turrible good fit, and very hot and nice to wear in cold wether. Hi Hender, an of Calamitty Corners was in town Xmas week buying presents for his children. He purchast a pair of mitts for his boy and a hair ribbon for his little girl. Len Quigly found a quarter in a old coat of hisn, tother day and was purty joyful over it until he told us, and we mentioned the fact that he was back on his subscription 17 yrs. and three mos., and askt him to turn it over into our hands. He refused and said he had another old coat to home, and if he found enny more 25 cts. he would pay us something on account. We wish all our subscribers would do the same.

Axidit

Little John Jim Williams, nine years old son of Brent Williams, was sliding down Teck's hill last Friday and run into Dad Henderson, who started to cross the street. Dad he sit down on little John and most squashed the life outen him and both of them slid into Gootchle pond where the ice had been cut, and swallered a whole lot of te water before Jim Mason could haul them out. Dad hiked purty spry for Widow Hincley's, less he freeze, and took about 2 qts. of hot ginger tea and dried off, and Mrs. Hincley put little John to bed. Seth Dewberry, our herocik constable, has warned the boys to stop slidin there or he should have to do his duty and arrest every one he can ketch. Let this be a horribel warning to them as slides and walks.

HEN WEATHERSBY

Mixt Up In Awful Snarl With Jane Truman, Terrible Skandal in Our Midst FURTHER SICKENING PARTICKLERS

There was one of the awfulest excitement in Bingville that has ever occurred in the history of the town when on last Wednesday afternoon about 5:30 o'clock Miss Jane Truman, one of our most respected citizenesses of Bingville, came to buy some nimes and clothespins and two herring often Hen Weathersby. As she entered the store, Hod Quigly and Brad Hinsley set there eating Hen's prunes and crackers and telling funny stories and cutting up in general and Jane paused to inquire the news often Hod and Brad and made some pretty pert anwers when they in turn asked her some questionns. After a short spell Hod told some story that his grandfather told him, and Jane luffed what you mite call a fair to middlin' hearty laff; then Brad told something that set the Hull crowd a-laffin, and several customers what had come in while this was going on lined the laffers and didn't know what they be laffin' for. This made Jane laff sum more after everybody else had stopt, and them hung their heads and looked sorter foolish, but Jane kept on a-laffin and laffin in fit to laff. Eye and Bye Hen pushed up his glasses and looked over at Jane surprised like, and said, "Wall, Miss Truman, that's a powerful good joke, but taint wuth the time you take to laff at it and I'd be much obliged if you had jest as soon stop." Jane never answered, so Hod and Brad thot she was a coddin him (Hen) and laffed sum more, and Jane laffed harder than ever. After watchin each tother to see which was agoin to stop laffin first, Hod and Brad thot together. Jane luffed worse and more and suddint like kermuffled into the bar chair and commenced to cry and sob insted of laffin. Hen showed rite off how hard harted he is by saying he was mighty glad to see how sorry she was for actin like a loon before a store full of customers. That only made her cry worsar and Hen thot he had a hurt her feelings so he stooped over her and patted her on the back same's he does his old horse and told her to let bygone be bygone. Jane reached up quickern set and put her arms around his neck before he could help hisself and told him she give her his money. Jane turned around the gills and tried to get shet of her and then began to holler for help. Hen informed those present that he was ketcht fast and he couldn't get away to save his life, and for somebody to do something. Exstent rained songstems and consternation was spread all over each other's face and whiskers. Cy Hoskins was in favor of sending for the fire department but several in the crowd objected to this on the ground that there was no fire. Brent Williams rusht out of the store and over to Seth Dewberry, our lion hearted town constable, all outen breath, telling Seth that he was wanted at Hen's store immediate. Seth grabbed up his new six shooter and follered Brent back to the store without asking no questionns and when he rusht into the store and saw everybuddy crowded around Hen, who was a-pulling and tuging to get away, he pushed through and placed Hen under a rest for disorderly conduct and assault. As soon as he got Hen free it was explained to Seth what the trouble was and he apologized to Hen and withdrew the arrest. By this time Jane had stopt her disgraceful axshuns and fainted. Somebody brung in a bucket of water and a qt. at a time was dasht over her face until she come to she asked them as present what had happened. Hod told her what she did and said in the future she would be mighty keurlful what he'd laff at, and if he felt like laffin again he would cough twice and blow his nose before he commenced. Brad said that was the way he felt about it and he didn't care who knowed it. Jane didn't purchase anything after all, and Mrs. Ham Wilson went home with her to hear all the horribel particklers, being as she wasn't there in

time to see what was going on. Hen's all put-out about it, and won't have it discussed in his presence or in his store.

Country Correspondence

SLAB CITY. Arloch Perkins received \$14 and fifty-four cts. by mail yesterday. He thinks somebody made a mistake 'cordin to the letter, but he says taint nobody's business and he's satisfied. Jasper Tarbell spilled a whole qt. of red paint all over his whiskers and looks like a comick valentine. Jasper got the paint in a tin can at the Co. seat and tride to open same with a can opener and the cover sprung offen it afore he knowed it. Jemma Peppers bought a new wash boiler last week. News are skeerce this week. HAP HAS. LAND'S END. Bill Henshaw had a turrible nose bleed last Saturday and a nother awful one Sunday. He used vinegar for one and alum for the other. Now that Xmas is past the next event of enny importance wich will occur will be spring. Rufe Atkins is down with a bilious stack, but is up at this writin. Rufe makes your correspondent feel that way when he's well. Mrs. Hen Jordan entertained her aunt Sarah Sunday and fixed over a basque for her. Mrs. Jordan expects to git her money some day if her patience don't give out. Ransie Smiley who got klicked by a horse on the turnpike several months ago has fully recovered. Heck Winslow had his pitcher took last week.

Postoffis Axidit

Eph Higgins, our accommodating P.M., split a dipper of water over his stamp drawer Tuesday night jest as he was closing up and forgot all about it being as he was going to light his pipe and put up the shutters. The next morning Eph went to sell a stamp to Jethro Jennings and found all his two centers stuck to the draw. Jeth had to take 1 centers and Eph is going to send the drawer to U. S. Gov't, Washington. Eph says if he has to pay for them stamps he will be financially ruined.

Society

Miss Phoebe Hilderbrand held a pie soshial last Monday evening, and a grate menny of Bingville's young peepul attended. The soshial was to be held in the afternoon, but them as was present got a talking over some new style skirts, and the fire in the stove went out unbeknownst to Phoebe and she had to build the fire over agane, thus taking a whole lot of things wich I find I don't need. Here they be: 3 duzen clothes skirts, 6 bars of soap, 6ft. stove pipe, 1 banjo, 1 duzen screwdrivers and 4 duzen Oranges. As I won't go agane for a long spell and don't feel extra well I am willin to sell these articles cheap for cash without much dickerin. Bingville. BILL YATES.

Things for Sale

I went to the Co. seat with Bill Hepburn last Saturday night and bought a whole lot of things wich I find I don't need. Here they be: 3 duzen clothes pins, 6 bars of soap, 6ft. stove pipe, 1 banjo, 1 duzen screwdrivers and 4 duzen Oranges. As I won't go agane for a long spell and don't feel extra well I am willin to sell these articles cheap for cash without much dickerin. Bingville. BILL YATES.

Lok-els

It is about as cold as usual this time of year. Farmers to the north of Bingville report a heavy fall of snow last Wednesday night. Some places it was drifted chin deep. Wes Woodruff went out huntin bear last Tuesday and ketcht a rabbit and a stitch in his back. Wes usually ketches somethink. Dave White, our popular undertaker, askt Jabe Homans, who has been under the weather for quite a long spell and is 59 yrs. old, how he was feelin yesterday and Jabe said he was on the mend and felt good for 19 yrs. more. Dave didn't say nothin' but we could see he feels discouraged over the dull times in his business. Shedrach Hines give his son Jimmy 15 cts. one day recent to spend for hisself over to the Co. seat and Jimmy went and had quite a time. When he come back he brung home more articles than Shed could count in 5 minits. Jimmy says a clerk in a shop askt him to tend store while he went down cellar for some coal and he jest took what he wanted. 'Jones there was plenty left for somebody else. While feedin his shoats yesterday morning, our respected feller townsman and selectman Cy Hoskins, lost his balance and fell in the pig pen. He scraped his nose on the feedin trough, but otherwise escaped uninjured. The sidewalks of Bingville and vicinity is turrible slippery. Somebody out to see about this. Use ashes. Hen Weathersby, prop. of our general store, has received a big bunch of hammers and sold four of them rite off soon as he hung them up. The rest froze on him. Eben Thurlow of Elderberry Gap moved into Wes Woodruff's front room last week and moved out this week. Eben sed he could stand the skunk skins part of the time, but he'd be jiggered if he could stand them all the time. We don't blame you, Eben, for breakin on him yesterday. Hame Wilson run over it with a load of wood in his back yard. Deacon Battersworth's brother Bill, who lives in Boston, sent the deacon a gal. of old rye for a Xmas gift. The deacon says it is for medicinal use only. He takes considerable liker for medicinal use. Bige Barker, champion checker player of Bingville, got skunked three executive games last Saturday at Hen Weathersby's store by a drummer from Boston. Bige says he would have beat him if the drummer didn't make him hurry so goash-runned fast.

Two Jokes

Brent Williams went into Hen Weathersby's tother day and askt Hen for a corn. Hen didn't quite understand what he said and askt Brent how many. "One will be enuff," anserd Brent, and Hen went to tother side of the store and rummaged around and in a few minits come back and presented Brent with one-prune. Brent haw-hawd right out and told Hen he gessed the cigars was on him. Hen desired to know why, and Brent told him he askt for a broom and he could prove it by Cy Hoskins. Cy agreed that Brent was rite. Then Hen haw-hawd and asked Brent for a long shot the cigars aint on me, for I aint got enny; and you can put that in your pipe and smoke it." This made Brent so mad he went out and slammed the door and told Hen he was going to buy his brooms at the Co. seat hereafter where they would treat him as they ort.

Hot Foot Race for Cy

Cy Hoskins dozed off to sleep with his feet on the front of his stove Monday night, while his wife was calling on the nayers telling and getting news, and a spark flew outen the stove and set his carpet slippers afire. This natchurality woke Cy up, and he hustled for the porch door as fast as he could frog it and jumped rite in the snow distinguishin same without callin out the fire department. Such rare presents of mind occurs in our midst so seldom, we are moved to give this item of news a display head insted of jest making a lokal item of same.