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EVERYBODY WANTS SUMTHINK. What is the Result? They Get Nothin'! ADVERTISE IN THE BINGVILLE BUGLE and See What You Get!

BINGVILLE BUGLE

INERGIAT FATUM PARIT BY NEWTON NEWKIRK.

WE PRINT... Accidents, Marriages, &c. Records with great CARE. Because we know Who our Subscribers is... We also Print JOB WORK!



EPH FOSTER IS GETTING READY TO TAP HIS MAPLE TREES



H. Boglston DUMMER '08



COLLECTED \$2 AND A HAFF FROM HIS WIFE FOR THE PICTURE AND A CHEEP FRAME



IN LESS THAN TEN SECONDS THE DOG CAME OUT WITH THE CAT ON HIS BACK



JIM GOT HIS WHISKERS MIXT UP IN SOME HAY WICH THE COLT WAS EATING AND HAD A PORSHION CHEWED OFF



IT WAS TURPIBLE SLUSHY BUT THE BOYS THOT IT WOULD BE CHEEPER TO WALK

THE BINGVILLE BUGLE! The Leading Paper of the County! Bright—Breezy—Bellicose—Bustling

Aprile will soon be here. Then it won't be long after that until spring sets in, follored soon by summer, then ottum and winter agin.

Am't it jest turrible the way time flies! It don't seem almost a year ago that Hen Weathersby was hauled up before the court at the county seat for havin scales in his store wich weighed a ounce shy to a pound, and Mrs. Cy Hoskins had a row on the street with Abe Witherow's wife; that Melancthon Jones was ketchin stealin chickens and Ame Hiller got fullern a goose at the Co. seat and stayed there three days.

Yes, gentle reader, we long for the time to come when we shall hear the first harbingers of spring, the hand organ, the little birds carolling their lays and, likewise the hens. We can hardly wait for the buds to begin to bust open and the flowers to bloom. Our eyes ache for the sight of the innocent little lambskins gambolling on the green and the voice of the kingfisher and the fly-up-the-crick. We have had a long hard winter in our midst and we long for the gentle zephyrs of the summer time. Jasper Hawkins saw two robins last week or the week before wich he says is a sure sign that spring aint fur off. But Jasp is that near-sighted he couldn't tell a robin from a pigeon. Let us hope he was right.

We have been shet in long enuff. We long for the blue sky and the green fields and new subscribers. How would it suit some of you dead beat subscribers to pay us somethink on subscription this spring? We would take it very kindly.

Perfessional Notice. About this time every year somebuddy comes to me and reports the loss of some of their hens and chickens, and ex-pects me to chase all over the County for nothin' to find the guilty culprits. Now this year I wish to announce that I am prepared to watch hen houses to prevent theevin' at very low rates, considerin how lonesome and dangerous wch work is and I will guarantee to shoot enny dastard that darst to steal from enny property I am hired to watch. I have had long experience in trackin' to earth despic characters and always go armed with two revolvers and a hunting knife when I am on duty. SETH DEWBERRY, Town Constable.

Country Correspondence

HAPPY VALLEY. Eph Foster is getting ready to tap his maple trees. He tapped them last spring but waited until too late and did all his work for nothin'. Jim Snyder while comban out his colt's mane last week got his whiskers mixt up in some hay wich the colt was eatin' and had a porshion of them chewed off before he was conscious of what had happened. Mary Ann Green, the bell of Happy Valley has a new beau. He is kind of a homely cuss, but roomer says he has two or three hundred dollars in the bank. Haman Wilson has a boll on his neck. Ham olus expects more or less bolls every spring, and so far he ain't been disappointed. Ben Gibbs made a flyin' trip to the Co. seat last week on business and pleasure. Ben arrived home full of pleasure and passed some of it around among the boys. Homer Welch improved his henhouse last week by corkin up the cracks in same so that it would be warmer in side than out. He also whitewashed it and the henhouse looks much improved. EXCELSIOR.

LAND'S END. Bill Henshaw went pickered fishing last week and ketchin several wich weighed five lbs. altogether. Emily Winters has purchased two pair of striped stockings. She says she likes them ever so much better than the white ones. We agree with you Emily. Rufe Atkins is repairing his harness some with a view to drivin to the County seat next week. Mrs. Hen Jordan's cow had a calf last week, but it was a sickly critter and didd soon. El Saunders brought home a mongrel pup last Saturday and it followed El down cellar where his big cat was nursing kittens. In less than 10 seconds the dog went out with the cat on his back and El ain't seen the dog sin.

Edwin Henderson says he is going to build a stone fence as soon as the snow goes off. If that's the case it looks as if Eph wouldn't get at it until some time next summer. School has been closed on account of measles. The teacher has em. There has been a right smart spell of cold in our midst. PRO BONO PUBLICO.

Society

Miss Phroncia Watkins attended a exclusive soshial tea party last Tuesday give by Mrs. Cy Hoskins and when it was all over she tried to cut across lots to her home and waded clean over her boots in the slush. Now she has a turrible bad cold on her chest and a worst one in her head. Phroncia had a new pair of gum boots, too, but it seems she is too proud to wear them at soshial events. Mrs. Amri Haines gave another quiltin party last Monday afternoon. Mrs. Haines has got herself three quilts made up by other wimmen at her quiltin parties so far this winter. The nabers have begin to talk about it. Miss Jane Hillyer has been troubled with pig stys this winter wich has interferred somewhat with her soshial whrit duties. Doc Livermore is doing some thing for them and Jane says the medicine makes her eyes smart like fury.

The Dentist Made a Mistake

Mrs. Bale Hawkins broke two false teeth outen her plate last Monday mornin' and went to the Co. seat to have them fixt. After the dentist had repaired them he put them in her mouth and she wore them home and that all the way that they didn't feel right. When she got home and looked at herself in the glass she almost fainted at the sight of a row of big teeth that belonged to a man's set. Then her surprize turned to anger and she made Bale hitch up agin and drive right back, and when they got there she started in to give the dentist a tongue lashin, and he stopt her right off by sayin' he didn't have time to listen to her and she could write it out when she got home. Then he give her her own set and she was satisfied and went outen the office madder'n a wet hen for havin' to ride so fur in one day.

HOD SLOCOMB LOCKED UP!

Freed by His Wife

Hod Slocomb has suffered the loss of a buffalo robe, a halter and several other things from his buggy shed this winter, and when he went out to the morning to do some work and discovered part of a harness and some other things missing, Hod was mad as a wet hen and almost beside himself with anger tords the thieves. He cussed around some, and then he made up his mind that he would fasten up the buggy shed so tight that no thief couldn't get in without a key to save his neck. Well, with this in mind and in the heat of rage Hod went back to his house and stayed a few minnits and then come out with a big spring lock wich he nailed on the buggy shed door. After turning the key back and forth a few times and finding the lock give turrible satisfackshon, Hod went into the buggy shed to work, for getting to take the key outen the lock. After a short spell the door closed with a bang before Hod knowed what had happened. Then it suddintly come to him that he had locked himself in and he hollered to his wife who had went to spend the day with Mrs. Amri Haines. Hod tried to kick the door down, but it resisted his assaults, and as Hod lives some distance from the road no person heard his cries, so the result was that he didn't get out until evening, when his wife come home and was horribly surprized to find Hod missin' and the house all dark. She then hollered for Hod and ast him where he was, wich Hod answered mighty quick, and she let him outen the shed. The thing Hod done was a smash the lock all to pieces, and then cuss the man who made it. At present they aint any lock on the shed at all, being as there aint ennythin' in it to steal except a old buggy and a horse collar.

Locals

It is thawing as we go to press, and judgin' from the amount of snow on the ground it will hart to thaw for three weeks before the snow is all gone. Miss Sally Hoskins, our poet writer, is wearing a pork rind around her throat for a dreadful cold wich threatened to turn into newmonia or somethink. She is out of danger now, but looks kinder picket. Jake Tucker, chief of our fire dept., fell on the ice while coming out of Bill Hepburn's black-smith shop the other day and hurt himself between the shop and Widow Skinner's. He says he forgot to turn his hings creepers down before he started out. He says he most olfus falls down when he don't. We wish to call attention to the ad of Jethro Jennings in another column for the sale of sugar spiles. We are told that they give turrible satisfackshon and Jeth could sell twice as many if he wasn't so mighty slow makin' of them. Eph Higgins, our accommodatin postmaster, desires us to say that the P. O. will be closed all this week, except Saturday night, as Eph is engaged in makin' out his quarterly report to the government, and don't want to be bothered. Eph gets turrible sweat up when he has to make out his quarterly report, and asks them as desire their mail to wait until he is thru with it. Miss Mehtabel Whitacre has broke off her engagement with Leander H'e from the Co. seat that's been sparkin' her for the past five years. Her father bothered him in the front parlor last Sunday and ast him man to man how much longer he expected him to support his daughter with no sign of her gittin' hitched up and Mrs. Whitacre's pash-uns purty night exhorted. Leander replied that just as soon as he got money enuff to build a house he would take Mehtabel for better or worse or so forth. Lufe was so disgusted he up and told him if that was the case he would never get married at all and to leave the house before he lost his temper and never to come there agin for enny more Sunday dinners and suppers.

Personals

Jed Peters, our intelligent school teacher, went to the Co. seat last Saturday to spend Sunday and Monday with his father and mother who olus sets a purty good table with the chickens that Jed brings to them. Mrs. Ab Skinner visited Hardscrabble last Tuesday and says the only signs of life she see over there was a boy drivin' 3 cows and the editor of the Hardscrabble Banner asleep in a chair. Bingville Milly wears for her Sunday best, wich enny person findin' this stocking please return it to her immediate. Hen. Weathersby, prop. of our general store, has got in a new spool of barbed wire wich he is offerin' for sale to his customers who need barbed wire. It is the sharpest barbed wire that Hen has ever had in stock as Sam Skinner, who come into the store and set down on it can testify.

Births

We are glad to announce the birth of a baby boy born to Mr. and Mrs. Hen Jordan at their residence last Thursday night after everybuddy else in Bingville had gone to bed. Doc Livermore christenated as usual and brought the child into the world safe and sound. Up to this time Mr. and Mrs. Jordan generally had girls and Hen uses few purty blue every time a girl come erone, but he didn't get diskrurdged and now his pashents is rewarded. This makes 3 girls and two boys for Hen—all in good health and awful big eaters.

Marriage

The marriage of Zekiel Hobbs of Sorrow Hollow and Miss Hortense McCrackin of Land's End was solemnized at the Bingville parsonage last Tuesday at high noon by our beloved pastor, the Rev. Samuel Moore. They was no person present except Mrs. Moore, wife of the pastor, from whom the ceremony was performed. The ticklers for the Bugle readers, Hortense looked turrible replendent and skered in a 3 bounce plaid skirt and a white shirt waist. She held a bokay of mixt flowers in her hand, wich Zeke fetched from the Co. seat the day before. Zeke was dressed in a suit and pepper suit wich he bought at the County seat for \$3.58 espehsial for the occasion and it wasn't sich a turrible bad fit after all. After the ceremony was performed the happy couple started to leave the house when the Rev. Moore follered them to the front door and ast Zeke if he didn't forget somethink, and Zeke said no, he guessed he had everything that belonged to him except a bundle wich he brought with him to pay for gettin' married. At that Rev. Moore coughed behind one hand and sed if it was all the same to Zeke he had rather have the money. Zeke sed it wasn't all the same to him as he was awful short of cash and he jest erbout to start in housekeepin', too, and his old suit of clothes in the bundle was worth more than he would pay in cash for gittin' married, ennyway. Then Zeke thot it over a minnit and finally

Gabe Has a Gum Game Played on Him

Gabe Skinner says he won't never have annother picture took of hisself agin as long as he lives. Three weeks ago this coming Monday a agent come around and told Gabe he would make a picture of him for 50 cts., and last Saturday the agent come to the house when he wasn't to home and collected \$2 and a haaf from his wife for the picture and a cheap frame. Worst of all the picture looks erbout as much like Gabe as a jackass does.

Headache Cure

I have just got up a cure for headache, that comes from the stummick or ennywhere else, IN THE Shape of a white powder, wich you pour worter on and make it fizzle like soda worter. Then you drink it while its fozzling

Buy a pkg. Of This HEADACHE CURE

5 cts and laff when you have the next headache. You can get them at my office or offen me on the street. Doc Livermore, Human Speshialist & Horse Doctor, Bingville.

HOW ARE YOU FIXT FOR SUGGAR WATER SPILES?

I am makin' SUGGAR TREE SPILES agin this spring, the same as I done last spring, and have a good quantity on hand ready for sale. Them as used my spiles last spring SAYS THEY WON'T BUY ENNY THIS YEAR as they are made so well they last two years. BETTER BUY a few of these spiles when you open your sugar camp—it won't do enny harm if it don't do enny good. I make these SPILES OUTEN HICKORY WOOD durin my spare time in the winter and my wife says I Putter Too Much With the Blamed Things To Ever Make a Cent Outen Them. That's how I know they be all wold and a yard wide. All you haif to do is to Bore A Hole Into the Tree and DRIVE Em in. Then set your pail under the spile and see the sap drip. Fifty Cents per Duzzen is Wot These Spiles Is I sell em cheeper in smaller quantities. For suggar spiles see me at onct. JETHRO JENNINGS, Bingville.