MORNING JULY 4

EVERYBOdy
—WANTS—
SUMTHINK
What is the Result?
They Get Nothin'
ADVERTISE
IN THE
BINGVILLE BUGLE
:-: and See What You Get :-:

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BINGVILLE BUGLE

INERGIA FATUM PARIT

BY NEWTON NEWKIRK.

:-: WE PRINT :-:
Accidents, Marriages and Scandals with GREAT GUSTO
Because we Know Who our Subscribers is.
We also Print
:-: Job Work :-:

EVENING JULY 4

WHEN THE GUN WENT OFF IT BUST AND DAD WAS KICKED HALF WAY CROSS THE SQUARE

AT 10 O'CLOCK THE BINGVILLE HORN BAND ASSEMBLED IN THE PUBLIC SQUARE AND PLAYED SEVERAL PATRIOTIC AIRS

THE POWDER BLOWED BUD CLEAN OVER THE BANK INTO SNAKE CREEK

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

The grand and glorious Fourth of July was celebrated in our midst yesterday with appropriate ceremonies, a full and authentic account of which appears elsewhere in this issue of the Bugle.

We are glad that patriotism is not dead in Bingville. We are glad that the spark of loyalty to the star spangled gander—we mean the star spangled banner—still burns in the breasts of our most respected citizens, and we hope it will continue so to burn. It is fitting that the hustling and bustling town of Bingville should commemorate this great event once per annum. The question of what the Fourth of July was for come up in Hen Weathersby's store one night last week, and the argiments advanced was menny and curious. Hank Dewberry calkilated that the Fourth of July was held each year in order to properly celebrate the discovery of America. Lem Quiggley took exceptions to this. Lem said it was done to recall the time that General Washington took the bull by the horns at the battle of Bull Run. The argifyers got pretty loud until finally Hen Weathersby, prop. of the general store who is quite a historiker said that the Fourth of July was to celebrate the declaration of Independence. Hen is right, and we are glad to indorse his statement. Hen will load his scales and has been known to put sand in his sugar, but it is pretty hard to ketch him when it comes to historikal facts and figures.

It is sad to reflect that there is people in Bingville who dont know what the Fourth of July is for, and if you notice them is the ones who always shoots off the most fire crakers and get there fingers burned and hollers the loudest every time the Fourth comes round.

We trust that in the future the glorious and unanmous Fourth will be appropriately celebrated in Bingville by them as know what it is for as well as all them who is ignorant like Hank Dewberry and Lem Quiggley. Let the screech of the eagle always be heard in this vicinity on the Fourth. Let the stars and stripes wave over the housetops. Let the voice of the fire crakers be heard and let us always hereafter join in the grand glories of patriotism, and thus teach our rising generations (if we have eny) the glorious lessen of patriotism. E pluribus unum, one and forever, Amen.

Subscribe for the Bugle at once. Delays is dangerus as we are pretty deep in debt and may find ourselves in the hands of the sheriff any minute.

Bud Blowed Up

Bud Hinkley who aint quite right in his head had a Fourth of July all to hisself. Bud went into the residence of Wes Woodruff, our expert hunter and trapper, while Wes was absent and secured a flask of powder unbenonst to enybody. Bud then got his mother's carving knife and dug a hole in the clay bank bak of there house, which he filled with powder and then lit a match and touched it off expecting after the powder ketched fire to run before it went off, but before Bud could get under headway the powder flashed up into his face with a puff and blowed him clean down over the clay bank into Snake Creek, where he laid in a foot of water hollering loudly for help.

Bud's mother herd him and run to his assistence. She carried him to the house and put him to bed, placing flax seed poltice on his face and hands, which wus some burned. Bud probably knows more about powder at this writing than he did before the Fourth. As for Wes whose powder he used up, Wes says he would like to have lost the powder in a better cause.

Doc Livermore Discouraged

Doc Livermore our human specialist and horse veternery, in a conversation with us at the P. O. tother day stated that he never saw such a healthy communety as Bingville in his life, and unless there wus more sickness in our midst in the future than there has been in the recent past, he calkilated that he will take down his shingle and set up practice in some other town where sickness is more numerous. Doc seys from his standpoint it is discouraging to a physician of good standing, and makes him all out of patience when he dont have any patients. Why Doc seys there aint even been a horse sick in Bingville for as much as 2 months past and him got pills and medicins of all kinds on his hands which there aint eny call for. Doc seys that unless contagun of some kind breaks out in Bingville soon, he might as well stop doctoring and hire hisself out at hard labor by the day in order to make both ends meet.

If we desire to retain Doc Livermore in our midst it will be necessary for us to have more sickness among us.

Harve Doing a Good Business

Harve Hines our tonsorial artist, shaver and hair cutter who recently added to his barber shop a soda fountain, an advertisement of which appeared in the Bugle, says that business is very brisk with him in both the tonsorial and soda lines. Harve says that he finds many of his customers after they have endured a hair cut or a shave like to have a little refreshmunt like a glass of soda to revive them as you might say.

When we printed Harve's advertisement for him we agreed to take it out in shaves and haircuts, and we wish to state that if the rest of Harve's customers got there faces skun up as bad as he did ours last week they do need something to revive them afterward.

Eph Found Out

Eph Higgins our accommodatin postmaster received a registered package at this office last week for Solon Cobbs who lives down Snake Bend way. Eph showed the package to several who come to the office and everybody wondered what wus inside of it. Eph said he thought by the heft of it that the package contained counterfeit money, but Ame Hillyer our atturney and legal light offered to bet Eph the seegars that it didnt. Eph took the wager and opened the packege which wus found to contain a dozen silver nives and forks which Solon had sent to the city for to give his wife. When Solon called for his mail and found the packege had ben opened he talked pretty high to Eph and told him he didnt have any right to open other people's mail, specully registered letters. Eph asted Solon if he realized what he was saying to a servunt of the United States govermunt. Just then Ame Hillyer entered the office and Eph told Ame what Solon had said. Ame he quoted law and told Solon that for talken to a postmaster in that manner he was liable to be sent to the penitentiary. Solon got turrible scared and apolijized to Eph after which he went home very humble and contrite.

Bud Spiled the Lime

Bud Hinckley, who ain't quite right in his hed, poured a pail of water into a barrel of lime on the front plazza of Hen Weathersby's store last Tuesday, and the barrel got so hot and steamed and spluttered so that Hen was afeared it would set the store on fire, and he rolled it into the street and the barl busted and the lime was a totul loss. Hen shuck Bud until his teath rattled, and then Bud went home hollerin and cryin, and Mrs. Hinckley come back and lade Hen out and told him she neverud buy another cent's worth in his store as long as she lived.

Big Goings On!

The Glorious Fourth Celebrated in Our Midst With Loud Acclaim—Some Accidents, but No Fatal Fatalities—Excruciatin Particulars Give Below

Well, the Fourth of July is over and nobody killed, for which let us be devotely thankful. It was bad enough but it might of been worse.

The day wus ushered in by a salute fired from the public square at 4 a. m. by old Dad Henderson who is a veteren of the civil war and also claims to have fought in the Revolutionary War but nobody believes it. Over three weeks ago Dad cleaned up his old musket preparatory to firing off this salute, and loaded it with powder and wads. Being as Dad is old and forgetful it is conservatively calkilated that he has since then put into that old musket as many as four more loads. When Dad shot off the musket at daybreak it woke up everybody in Bingville, and fairly made the winders rattle. Our most respected citizens rushed from there homes into the streets—some with their clothes on and some not—inquiring what wus the matter. When the gun went off it bust and Dad was kicked half way cross the square where he wus rescued by tender hands, carried home and put to bed. Some two hours later he come to and desired to know where he was at. It is almost miraclous that Dad wasn't killed, and he says very emfaticaly that the next time anybody wishes a Fourth of July salute shot off on the square in Bingville they can do it thereselves.

At 10 o'clock the Bingville horn band assembled in the public square and played several patriotic airs with great Eclaw. Nothing marred the sweet sprains of musick except when Sid Miller hit the base drum too hard and bust a hole in it. The band then formed in line and marched to the town hall followed by the entire populashun of Bingville including men, women, children and dogs. Assembling in the town hall, Cy Hoskins called the meeting to order and introduced Jed Peters our intelligent school teacher as the orator of the day. Jed has been working on his speech for several weeks practicing on it until he could get it by heart, as you might say. It was a beautiful speech as far as it went. The opening words was grand, and them present listened with breathless interest. After Jed had spoke for a few minutes however, he stopt sudden and began to h-m and haw and cough and sputter and get red in the face, and perspire, ring out his coat tails and search his pockets. Finally he announced that his memory had failed him, and that to make matters worse he had went and left his speech up stairs, and would somebody for goodness sake go and get it for him. Cy Hoskins he sent little Tommy Barker on the run for the speech, while the audience set back and waited for his return. But Tommy didnt return because he met some other boys who was goin in swimmin in Snake Creek and he went with em.

Finally the audience got impatient and begun to leave the hall, whereupon Jed retired from the platform and went home in discust. Otherwise the occashun was a grand success.

In the evening a supper was give in the basement of the Bingville church for which the insignifikant sum of twenty cents per head was charged, including beans, brown bread, pies, cakes, ice cream, doughnuts and other eatables to numerous to mention. Everybody eat hearty and then dispersed to their various homes conscious of a day well spent.

At 9 p. m. there wus some fire works put off on the public square but they wasn't much of a success, being as the rockets which wus intended to go up in the air skated along the ground and scared most of them present nearly outen there wits. Several fingers wus also burned by prenatured explosion. This closed the days excizes which was voted a grand success by all the residents of Bingville.

Personals & Locals Mixt

Ham Whitaker and his wife is on the outs at present. Tother morning Mrs. Whitaker chopped up Ham's old bootjack and used it to build a fire in the stove with, because she had told Ham to cut her some kindling the night before and he didnt do it. The very day she burned the bootjack Ham bought a new pair of boots at the county seat and wore them home. They wus terruble tight and when Ham came to take them off he couldnt find no bootjack, and being as he couldnt get them off any other way he had to leave them on and sleep in them all night, which he couldnt because he said they pincht him so he never slept a wink. Next morning he got a neigbor to help him to pull them off.

Miss Molly Tucker one of our most beautiful young ladies visited Doc Livermore recently with the intention of having her ears pearced, but when the crucial moment come Molly lost her courage and backed out. How do you expect to ware earrings Moll unless you get your ears pearced?

Simon Cupper while resting in his barn door tother day went to sleep and the wind blowed the door shet and like to have broke Sim's back for him. Sim seys the next time he goes to sleep he will be mighty careful where he does it at.

Widow Henderson set a hen last week. Is it not rather late in the season to set a hen, Mrs. Henderson?

Sy Hoskins is lade up with a bad cold in his head and at times most sneezes hisself outen breath. Sy says if there is any more disagreeabler thing than a cold in the head in summer, he would like to know what it is.

Sam Skinner's hound dogg got into a fight with another dogg down to Hardscrabble last week and wus turrible chewed up. Sam says his dogg couldn't never fight very well when he is away from home.

Alonzo Skillings dropt into the Bugle office and paid his subscription up to 1885. After he had went we discovered that one of the two silver dollars he give us was led, and as a result the subscription he paid has been reduced to six months.

The editor of the Bugle and our wife Sundayed with Mr. and Mrs. Hen Smiley last Sunday. A chicken dinner wus served which wus did justice to by all parties concerned. We wus over two hours at the table being as the chicken was about 14 years old we should jedge.

It is rumored that Phronisia Watkins and Sim Lawler will be united in the holy bonds of matrimony soon. Who starts these rumors anyhow?

Rev. Samule Moore the beloved pastor of the Bingville Church desires to announce that he will next Sunday preech a red hot sermon on "Fire and Brimstone." It occurs to us that a sermon of this nature would be more appropriate during the winter season being as the church is so hard to heet up in cold whether.

Seth Dewberry our heroic town constable seys that if automobils dont stop passing through our midst at sech a high rate of speed he will arrest them. The trouble with Seth is that by the time he gets around to making the arrest the automobil has went through and is 10 miles away.

Country Correspondence

ANTIOCH

Zeke Snodgrass is talking some of getting a bicycle this summer. Zeke says he would in a minnit if he had the money and was sure he could ride one of the tarnashion things.

Miss Zella Comstock blossomed forth in a new hat last Sunday and nearly got it wet in a shower, too.

Gid Hawkins tapped a barl of what he thought was hard cider last week only to find that it had went and gone to vinegar. This was a turrible disappointment to Gid being as he calkilated that barl of hard cider would last through hayin.

Amri Haines has been suffering considerable from a bunion on his foot. Amri says he would prefer to have a boil on his neck than a bunion on his foot.

Bill Wilson has a bunch growing on his nose which gives him considerable trouble. It has been coming on for several months. Bill don't know whether it is a cancer or not—all he knows is that it makes him cross-eyed looking at it all the time. Bill says he can't scarcely see nothing for it, and that it's always in the way.

APOLLO.

CALAMITY CORNERS

Sim Hodgkins purchased a new pair of gum boots recent. Sim has laid these boots by and will use them to pick cranberries in this fall.

It is roomered that Ben Simpson and Milly Hawkins will be married before the end of June, if possible—if not possible by that time then as soon as possible.

Jake Saunders inadvertently left his henhouse door open tother night and a fox or skunk got two pullets. Jake says he thinks it was a skunk in either case being as no fox that wasn't a low down mean skunk would of did it.

Hi Wilkins bought a doren cakes of soap from a soap agent last week. Land sakes, Hi, that's enough soap to last you the rest of your life if you don't use no more soap than you have in the past.

News are very scarce in this vicinity at this writing and your correspondent will therefore sign hisself (or herself as the case may be)

S. U. ONE

ICE CREAM AnD SODA!

As soon as it gits a little hotter in our midst I am going to put in a ice cream outfit and soda water fountain in my barber shop

Which I will run in conjunction with my barbering business

I will serve ice cream by the pt, qt. or dish just as you desire, and will furnish soda at the rate of five cts. per glass or 2 glasses for 10 cts. When you order soda I will give you any flaver I have. P. S.—I do not know what flavers I will have as yet.

Watch the Bugle for further particulars.

When you come in to have your hair cut or a shave how nise it will be to take a glass of soda or a dish of ice cream before I begin on you

Then after I cut your hair or shave you can have another one at the same price. I will charge 25 cts. to cut your hair and will give you a glass of soda extra for nothing as a speshial indoocement.

SHAVE AND DISH OF ICE CREAM 12 CTS.

SHAMPOO AND 2 GLASSES OF SODA 25 CTS.

Can you beat this? Young gents are espeshially invited to bring their girls into my tonsorial and ice cream parlor and set up ice cream or soda to same. No trouble to leave a customer to serve you.

Try me on as soon as I can get ready

HARVE HINES,
Tonsorial and Ice Cream Parlor Caterer.
Bingville.

STROBBURREES! STROBBURREES!

My strobburrees is now ripe and I offer them for sale in any quantity desired. I have a large patch of these strobburrees which are all ripening on me at the same time and I will haft to get a moove on myself in order to dispose of same before they rot on the vines.

FOR THIS ReasoN I Make You The Following Proposishion

I will pick these strobburrees for you and sell them to you on the spot at the rate of 10 cts. per qt. or you can pick them yourselfs and pay me 5 cts. a qt. for same.

This Is as Cheap as I Can Sell Them And Make Any Profit

I have been taking some of these strobburrees to the Co. seat and selling them for 15 cts. per qt., but of course its worth something to carry them all that distance and

I Am Willing To Sell Them At Home Cheaper

I will sell them in large or small quantities on or off the vines.

These Strobburrees Is Delishus And Fine For Perserves

If you desire to perserve some I will make you a speshial rate which will be furnished on applicashion to them as inquire.

Take Advantage Of These Strobburrees While You Can Can Them

HOKE WILLIAMS,
Bingville. Strobburreelst.