



WE PRINT
Accidents, Marriages and
Scandals With Great Cheer
BECAUSE
WE KNOW
WHO OUR SUBSCRIBERS IS
WE ALSO PRINT
JOB WORK

BINGVILLE BUGLE

INERZIA FATUM PARIT BY NEWTON NEWKIRK

EVERYBODY
WANTS
SUMTHINK
WHAT IS THE RESULTS
THEY GIT NOTHINK
ADVERTISE
IN THE
BINGVILLE BUGLE
And See What You Get



MISS AMELIA TUCKER'S NEW YEAR'S PARTY



BILL GRABBED DEACON BUTTERWORTH AND HANK DEWBERRY BY THEIR COAT COLLARS BEHIND AND BUMPED THEIR HEADS TOGETHER.



PRIZE BUNCH SKETCHED AT THE SPELLING-BEE AT THE BINGVILLE SCHOOLHOUSE



SEEING THE SNOW HOUSE HAD FELL DOWN, MRS. PERKINS SUSPECTED THE WORST AND WENT AND GOT THE SHUVEL, AND SURE ENOUGH SHE DUG SAMMY OUT.

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 flower.

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.

We understand that the school-board of the Bingville school at its last meeting on Tuesday afternoon in Zed Whittacre's cobbler shop, where the three members happened to come together, decided unanimously to introduce a new study into the school which is called fizzy-ologee and highjean.

The school board, as everybody knows, is composed of Amri Dole-little, Ezekiel Holloway and Bale Hawkins, three of our most respected citizens, and at the same time three of the most unqualified persons you could pick on in this neck of woods to look after the education of Bingville's young ones. Amri hasn't got any education and brags about it. Ezekiel has all he wants to do to write his own name and get the spelling right and as for Balaam Hawkins—well, everybody knows that he hasn't got such a mighty sight more brains than Bud Hincley, who ain't quite right in his head and ain't got any. And yet these 3 gents sets themselves up and says that the scholars of the Bingville school ought to study fizzy-ologee and highjean.

We have investigated this matter and have found out what fizzy-ologee and highjean is—it treats of the construction of the human body and teaches the science of health. What we ask in all candor, does the boys and girls of Bingville care about the human system or health? That ain't any of their business—that's a doctor's business. What good does it do a boy to know how many bones there is in him or how he is arranged inwardly? What does he care about his health so long as he has a good appetite and comes prancin' up to his feed like a colt?

Zed Perkins, the teacher, is against bringing fizzy-ologee and highjean into the school and we back Zed up in his conviction. Zed says if it is brought in that like as not he'll have to study like all Sam Hill in order to teach it proper. Zed he goes in more for readin, writin and rithmytick, which after all is the 3 most important studies that a person can study. Learn a child to do sums in his head, to write a readable fist and to read without having to spell out words of more than 2 syllabulls and you have learnt it something that will do it good when

it grows up. Doc Livermore, our popular horse doctor and human specialist, is also opposed to the use of fizzy-ologee and highjean in our school. Doc says the less people know about their inwards, etc., the better it is for him and we believe it.

It don't do people no good to know what they are made of—it only skeers them. When a fellow begins to find out which side of hisself his heart is on and that if his heart stops beating for an hour or two that the result is liable to prove fatal, why then he goes around unhappy and uncomfortable. There is times when we wish ourself that we didn't know as much about ourself as we do. Where ignorance is bliss it's folly to find out things that's none of your business. Let every citizen in Bingville who is interested in higher education rise up and protest against fizzy-ologee and highjean being introduced into our school.

Little Sammy Fell Down

Little Sammy Perkins, the 9-year-old son of Ham Perkins, our inestimable townsman, went through a sad and oppressive experients last Monday a week ago. (P. S.—This account was left out of last week's Bugle on account of lack of space.) Sammy had went and hit hisself a snowhouse in the back lot, and was playing he was a Eskimoo, and while he was a-doing so the snow house fell down onto him, burying him up head over heels as you might say. They was about four foot of snow on top of Sammy. He hollered, but his mouth was full of snow and nobody couldn't hear nothink, and when he didn't come to supper his mother got uneasy and she went out to the back door and cald him, but Sammy didn't response, and seeing that the snow house had fell down, Mrs. Perkins suspected the worst and went and got the shuvel, and sure enuff she dug Sammy out, and he was almost suffereated for want of breath, but is all right at this writing.

Spelling Bee

They was a spelling bee in the Bingville schoolhouse last Friday ev'g, conducted by Jed Peters, our intelligent school teacher. It was the yung peepul of Bingville agin the boys and gurls of Hardscrabble, who come in sleds, etc. Sally Hoskins was captain of the Bingville spellers and Rusty Hawkins for Hardscrabble. Each tuk their pick of the best spellers from their respective towns until they was twenty on a side. Then they stood up on opposite sides of the house and begin to spell. Jed Peters he started to give out the words, but he had sich a cold in his head that he couldn't talk plane, and after he had work at it a while, Eph Higgins, our accommodating p. m., he relieved Jed. They was a large crowd of our local citizens present. After they had spelt a hour they was only one on each side, Sime Wilson for Bingville and Bill Hawkins for Hardscrabble. Finally Eph give out the word "saucer." Bill he spelt it "sawser" and Sime he spelt it rite and then the Hardscrabble boys wanted to go outside and fit the Bingvilles, but the older persons present dis-kurridged this and peace was restored. It was 10 p. m. before the spelling-bee was over. Bingville is invited over to Hardscrabble the next time.

BIG JOAK!

At First the Boys Thort It Was on Bill Hepburn, but Later Bill Thort It Was on Them--It Was Ridicklus in the Extreme --- Particklers Give Below

There was a peccoliar thing happened to Bill Hepburn our artstick blacksmith, last Saturday, which has been the talk of the town ever sinst and has resulted in painful injuries to several of our most respected citizens. At first the joke was thort to be on Bill, but later on it seems as if the joke was on some of em as thort it was on Bill.

True to his past custom, Bill left Bingville for the Co. seat bright and early last Saturday morning where he purchased a jug of rum and after taking a couple of swigs from same Bill he started home, much earlier than usual, because it wasn't yet noon when he drove into Bingville, singing at the top of his voice and hitched his horse in front of Hen Weathersby's store. Then he went inside and set down by the stove to engage in ribald conversation with them as was present. Bill wasn't what you might call stewed or pickled but he had jest enough in to be sociable and talkative. By and by he got drowsy and presently dropped off sound to sleep in a chair by the stove.

As a rule Bill don't wear any glasses except when he reads or when he gets full. That's a peccoliar thing about Bill—whenever he gets drunk he allus puts on his glasses and keeps em on until he gets sober again, less they get tore off in some scurrilage or other. Some has said that Bill can't see very well when he is under the influence of licker and that he wears the glasses to help him see better. Be that as it may, Bill, as he set there sound asleep by the stove in Hen's store had on his glasses.

Hank Dewberry was present and as Hank set there watching Bill and listening to him snore, Hank, he thort up a awful good joke to play on Bill, so he got up and very kearily took off Bill's glasses from his nose, then he got some soot outen the stove and he blacked the glasses all up and put them back on Bill again without Bill ever waking up.

Hank then went and got Hen Weathersby's lantern and lit it, then he walked up to Bill and slapped him on the shoulder. Bill, he waked up and wanted to know where he was at. Hank says, "Why, Bill, you are in Hen Weathersby's store and Hen is going to close up, being as it's nearly bed time and darker outside than a mess of black cats."

Bill said he didn't know it was so late and that he must put away his horse and go home and get some supper and then go to bed. Hank asks Bill if he has got any lantern and Bill says he hasn't and Hank says, "Here is a lantern," and he hands Bill Hen Weathersby's lantern which Bill takes and thanks him for and leaves the store.

Everybuddy in the store follers him to the door and wishes him good night. Then Bill with the lantern in one hand takes the horse by the bridle in tother and leads it down Main Street to his stable in the rear of his blacksmith shop, where he unhitches the horse and puts it away. Then Bill picks up the lantern and starts on home.

It was a ridicklus spectacle to see Bill walking along the street with a lighted lantern at one o'clock in the afternoon, when it was broad daylight, but being as Bill's glasses was blacked over with soot, he thought it was pitch dark until he arrove at his own door and was fumbling around, trying to find the knob, when his wife opened the door and seen him standing there with his glasses blacked and the lantern in his hand. She

asked Bill what he was carrying a lantern for in broad daylight. Bill told her it must be nearly bed time being as it was so dark he couldn't see his hand before him. Then Mrs. Hepburn jerked off Bill's glasses and the soot fell from his eyes, as you might say. When Bill saw that his glasses had been blacked, he realize that a crewel joke had been played on him. He didn't say nothink to his wife but he blowed out the lantern and turned right around and started for Hen Weathersby's store.

When Bill stepped into the store, they as was present was still doubled up laughing at the joke they had played on Bill, but they sobered up right off when then seen the stern look on Bill's face. "Who was it blacked up my glasses and made a fool outen me?" asks Bill in a voice that trembled with rage. Everybuddy present, especially Hank Dewberry, denied that they had done it and then Bill says, "Well, I know that somebody in this crowd done it, so I am going to give you all a thrashing in order to get the right one." With them words, Bill grabbed Deacon Butterworth and Hank Dewberry, by their coat collars behind, and bumped their heads together until they seen stars and hollered for help. Then Bill dropped them and grabbed Lem Quigly and Silas Petersby, which he treated the same way. By this time all the others who was present had escaped from the store and was on the run dispersing towards their various homes. As for Hen Weathersby, prop. of the store, he hid under the counter.

Bill then went home and his wife put him to bed to sober up. They as got their heads knocked together says they been suffering from sick headaches ever sinst.

asked Bill what he was carrying a lantern for in broad daylight. Bill told her it must be nearly bed time being as it was so dark he couldn't see his hand before him. Then Mrs. Hepburn jerked off Bill's glasses and the soot fell from his eyes, as you might say. When Bill saw that his glasses had been blacked, he realize that a crewel joke had been played on him. He didn't say nothink to his wife but he blowed out the lantern and turned right around and started for Hen Weathersby's store.

When Bill stepped into the store, they as was present was still doubled up laughing at the joke they had played on Bill, but they sobered up right off when then seen the stern look on Bill's face. "Who was it blacked up my glasses and made a fool outen me?" asks Bill in a voice that trembled with rage. Everybuddy present, especially Hank Dewberry, denied that they had done it and then Bill says, "Well, I know that somebody in this crowd done it, so I am going to give you all a thrashing in order to get the right one."

With them words, Bill grabbed Deacon Butterworth and Hank Dewberry, by their coat collars behind, and bumped their heads together until they seen stars and hollered for help. Then Bill dropped them and grabbed Lem Quigly and Silas Petersby, which he treated the same way. By this time all the others who was present had escaped from the store and was on the run dispersing towards their various homes. As for Hen Weathersby, prop. of the store, he hid under the counter. Bill then went home and his wife put him to bed to sober up. They as got their heads knocked together says they been suffering from sick headaches ever sinst.

Take the Bugle at once and git it sooner. It was reported on our streets last week that Miss Sally Hoskins had went and wrote a pome on spring. We investigated this roomer by askin Sally if it was true, and she denize it. Sally says it is a leetle mite too airy for spring pomes.

Hen Smiley while getting out lumber on Sawridge Mountain, cut off a chew of tobacco with his penknife, and being as they was some tobacco stuck to the blade of the penknife Hen he put the blade into his mouth, and being as it was terrible cold the steel stuck to Hen's tongue, and he had to stand there with his mouth open until the nife-blade got hot enuff to let loose. Hen said it made him feel terrible foolish. When he got loose so as he could talk he said some think.

Lige Peterson has been wearing a nise necktie around town sinst Xmas, wich, it is rumored was made by the fair hands of a Bingville gurl, but it is not knowed who. Now the sekret is out, however. It was Phronicia Watkins who done it. She said so herself to Polly Gookins the other day, and Polly told us.

Deacon Butterworth, one of the stanch pillars of the Bingville church also one of our school directers, and who about 10 years ago was for the term of one year tax collector, and in addition to this is a estimable citizen and a man of who the community may well be proud went to the county seat on business last week.

Hen Weathersby, prop. of our general store, had a haff barl of vinniger to freeze on him in the basement of the store some time last Thredsay night, he don't know just when. Hen says he will sell this vinniger out a good deal cheaper than formerly.

Alonzo Skilling of Calamity Corners dropt into Bingville one day last week and departed agin before we lernst of his presents, otherwise we would of ast him for what he owes us on subscription. Come again, Alonzo, perhaps with above result.

Local Items

Tother night Sime Hinsley was woke up by hearing a rooster crow, and thort it must be about 4 a. m., so he got up and drest and went out and fed the stock and come back and set down by the fire to wait till daylight, when, to his disgust, he happend to look at the clock, and it was only haff past 10 o'clock p. m. Sime was so mad at that rooster that he went right out to the appel tree where he was and ketchid him and cut his head off, and is to have him for dinner tommor.

Nise spell of sleighn we're having. Have you noticed that some of the nights it's colder than others? Eph Higgins, our accommodating P. M., says that business has fell off turrible with him since the first of the year. Eph says he has only sold five stumps sinst Jan. 1, and that there ain't hardly emy mail for enybuddy.

Lem Brown, our talented carpenter, put a new bottom in a cheer for Amri Haines one day last week, charging Amri 25 cts. for same. We calculate that Lem ort to make a good menny odd quarters by putting in seats for peepul.

Harve Hines, our tonsorial barber and hair cuttist, has purchased a new razer, with which he intends to shave peepul who desire to be shaved. Harve says this new razer don't pull haff as hard as the old one does. Customers can have their choice as to wich they desire to be shaved with.

Wes Woodruff, our expert hunter and trapper, while coming home late from his traps one ev'g last week come across whot he thort was a head'chog in the dusk and shot at it and mist, and then it fired at him and hit. It was a skunk. Wes, he ain't been around much sinst, becaz, as he says, peepul seems so indiffernt to'ards him. Every night before he goes to bed Wes hangs his clothes out so as the wind will blow through them.

Miss Amelia Tucker give a New Year's party at her home on New Year's ev'g wich was a great success. It was announced that the happy yung peepul would watch the old year out and the new year in, but they was so bizzzy playin kissin games the it was almost 11 o'clock in the morning before they happend to think, and the new year came in without them seeing it.

Lige Green, who is breakin in a new yoke of oxes, has wore out three brads on em in two wks. Lige says they are the contraryst critics wich he ever seen, and he has broke a good menny oxes.

Dad Henderson, who allus has so much trouble keepin his feet warm, purchast a pair of insoles while at the county seat last week, and he says sence he put them in his boots his feet has been warm as toast ever sinst. Why don't Hen Weathersby keep sich insoles?

Ame Hillyer, our talented lawyer and legal lite, hasn't got a great deal to do in his line during the winter season except to play checkers. Ame works at that purty faithful.