



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

BINGVILLE BUGLE

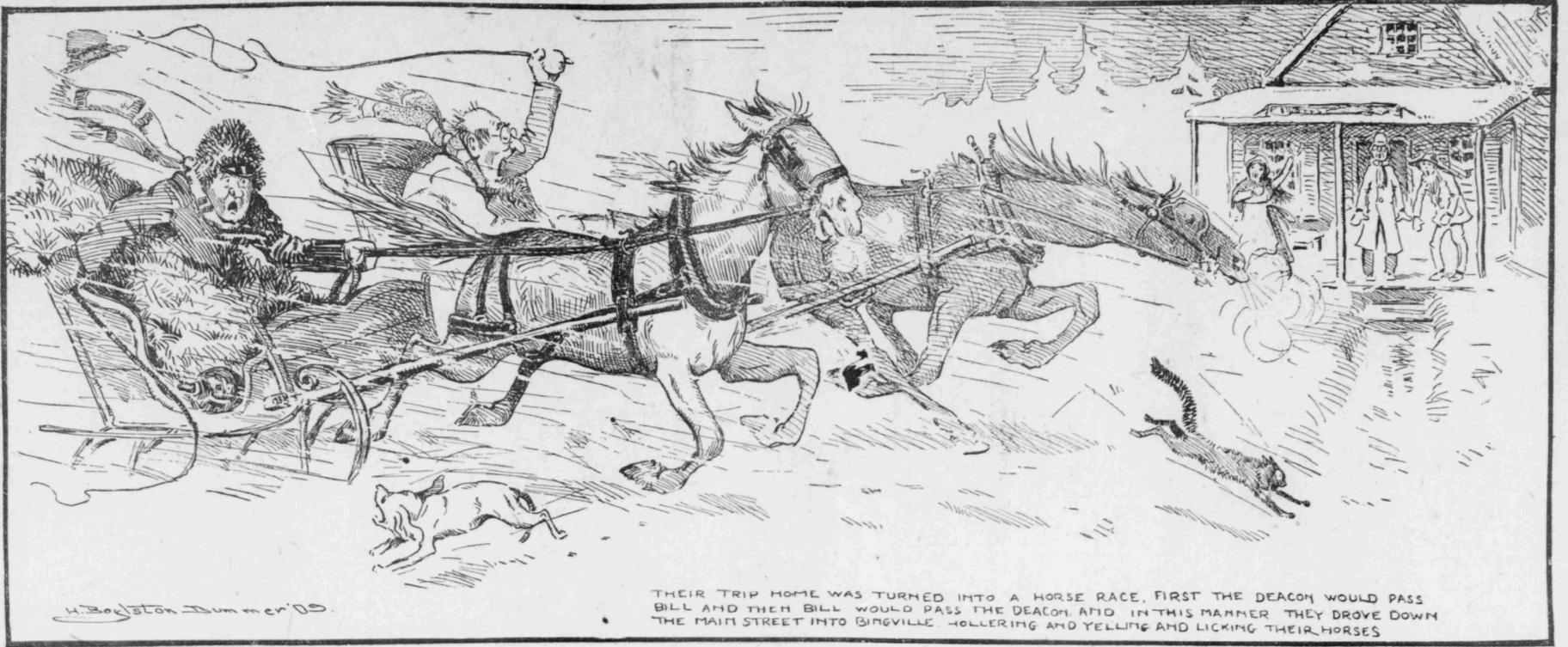
INERGA FATUM
PARIT



BY
NEWTON NEWKIRK

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



THEIR TRIP HOME WAS TURNED INTO A HORSE RACE, FIRST THE DEACON WOULD PASS BILL AND THEN BILL WOULD PASS THE DEACON AND IN THIS MANNER THEY DROVE DOWN THE MAIN STREET INTO BINGVILLE HOLLERING AND YELLING AND LICKING THEIR HORSES



I HATE TO TELL YOU BUT THAT DAMN OLD SKUNK SKIN CAP SMELLS LIKE THUNDER

WONDER WHY ALL THE BOYS WENT HOME SO EARLY

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.

For several weeks, yes, even months, or perhaps years past, there has been on our mind a grave and important subject about which we have thort we ort to write a red hot editorial. It is a subject which greatly concerns the future welfare of Bingville—it is a matter on which depends whether this town will remain a small and insignificant, however thriving and bustling community, or whether it will one day take its place with the larger cities of the country and rank up in the front row among our great metropolises.

As editor and prop of the Bingville Bugle, we can't over estimate the turrible importance of this grave question, concerning which we have now took our pen in hand and have set down on a upturned soap box in the editorial office of the Bugle to dash off a red hot and sizzling commentary.

This is a matter which interests every respected citizen of Bingville whether as a citizen, he is respected or not. This state of affairs into which we have fell and about which we are agoing to write this editorial, concerns deeply not only the future prosperity of Bingville but the individual prosperity of every citizen in this town.

WE REFER TO RACE SUICIDE IN OUR MIDST!

What are you agoing to do about it? Sometimes several weeks pass, all in rapid succession, without there being anything borned in our midst, excepting perhaps a litter of pigs or a litter of pups. Whose fault is this? What did President Roosevelt say would happen to this country if every person conducted themselves like the inhabitants of this town have been adoing? Didn't he say that we would all deteriorate into a spineless nation? He did.

Nothing fills our heart with so much cheer and joy as to be able to chronicle in these columns of the Bugle week after week the new arrival of little strangers which have come to bless the unions of them in our midst. Lately, however, these announcements under the head of "Births" has been few and far betwixt. Are you agoing to let the pusillanimous town of Hardscrabble beat you out in population? Shame on you not to have any more pride in your town than you have showed in the past. What makes popula-

tion for a town? Can you successfully populate a town and add to the inhabitants thereof, with any other material you can think of, except babies? No, you can't.

Every citizen who has the welfare of Bingville at heart ort to be ashamed to let it go to the dogs, right under his very face and eyes, if he is able to do anything to prevent it.

Subscribe for the Bugle and keep us posted up on births, marriages and all the other current events of the day.

Skunk Cap for Wes

In the early part of the winter Wes Woodruff, our expert hunter and trapper, ketched among other things a coal-black skunk, which is rather unusual, and for this reason Wes, after he had skinned the skunk and dried it out, had his wife make him a cap outen same to wear in cold weather. Mrs. Woodruff finished this cap about two weeks ago, and sinst then Wes has been wearing it on his head all the time, day and night, being as he is so pleased with it, and besides he says at night that it keeps his head warm, sinst he don't have as much hair on his head as he used to.

There is only one objection to this skunk skin cap of Wes's—it is too odoriferous and it smells like the animal from which it was took. When Wes comes into Hen Weathersby's store and sets down amongst our most respected citizens, who collects there around the stove of an ev'g for social intercourse and takes his place alongside of them, one by one they will move away from Wes or else get up and go home in disgust until by and by, there won't be anybody in the store but Wes and Hen, prop of the store. Hen says he would tell Wes to throw away that gol-dinged skunk skin cap, if he wasn't afraid it would hurt his feelings. A hint to the wise is sufficient, and we trust that Wes will see these lines and act according.

Mince Meat Froze & Busted

Mrs. Cy Hoskins reports the loss of four jars of delishus mince meat which she had in her cellar and which during the recent cold snap froze up in the cellar floor. This is a turrible loss to Mrs. Hoskins, being as them was the last four jars of mince meat which she had on hand, and as a result Cy will haft to go without any more mince pies this season, unless Mrs. Hoskins can buy, beg or borrow some mince meat from the neighbors.

Frosted His Toes

Old Dad Henderson frosted two toes on his right foot tother day while travelling afoot from Arioeh Perkins' place, a mile west of town, to Bingville. Dad as everybuddy knows has a wooden leg on his left foot which he lost in the war of the Rebellion. Dad was speaking to Gorm Hinckley about freezing his toes, and Gorm said, "If you didn't of had any more toes on your left foot than you have on your right one, they wouldn't of been frozed, would they, Dad?"

Then Gorm laughed and said he thort it was a turrible good joke he got off. Dad, however, got mad and said Gorm ort to be ashamed to make fun of his infirmities like that—Dad said he had lost his leg in defence of his country and was glad of it and that his country was welcome to his leg.

MOST FROZE!

Bill Hepburn Has a Cold & Clammy Ex-pertents Returning From the Co. Seat & Bill Says He Wouldn't Be Able to Tell the Tale if It Wasn't for Licker Which He Considers Is the Best Friend He's Got

Bill Hepburn, our artistick blacksmith, had a turrible experience on last Saturday and Sunday, including a miraculous escape from a cold and clammy death, the memory of which you would think would linger in Bill's recollection the longest day he lives and would scare him so that he wouldn't never take another drop of licker as long as he lives, but on the contrary what Bill went through don't seem to make no impression on him whatever. To the horror and consternation of everybody in town, Bill says that sinst this experience he considers that licker is still the best friend he has got in the world.

Last Saturday was cold and raw and the sky was overcast, betokening more snow added to the three foot or more of snow which was already on the ground. In spite of this, however, Bill made his regular weekly trip to the Co. seat. He left early Saturday morning, driving his old gray mare in a pung.

When Bill left town he was perfectly sober, but a empty jug was saw to be rolling around under the seat of the pung.

When Bill reached the Co. seat, the first thing he done was to have the jug filled with one gal of rye licker which he stowed away in the pung, to bring back to Bingville for home consumption. Following this Bill tarried in the various bar rooms of the Co. seat and lingered over the flowing bowl, so that when he started on his return trip to Bingville it was past 4 p. m. and already getting dark, with Bill a long 16 mile to drive.

Before Bill got fairly started on his way home, it begin to snow and grow colder—in fact it might almost have been called a blizzard. The old gray slowed down to a walk and kept poking along the road, which was so dark that Bill couldn't of saw his hand before him, even if he had of been sober, which he was not. Bill said that the cold was almost unbearable and that the only way he could keep from freezin to death was to communicate freely and frequently with the jug. After Bill had filled his system with about half of what the jug contained, he reached that stage where he didn't know whether he was going or coming—he didn't know what his destination was and he didn't seem to care much. Bill finally slid off the seat down among the fur robes and dropped off to sleep. The noble mare with no hand to guide her finally stopped stock-still in her tracks and there she remained standing patiently, while the winds blowed and the snow descended the whole night through.

About daylight Sunday morning the weather cleared up and the sun shined out bright. Deacon Andrews thought that instead of going to church as usual he would hitch his old sorrel to his pung and drive over to see his brother Mortimer who lives on the road about half way to the Co. seat, being as Mortimer owes the Deacon some money which the Deacon has been trying to collect now for several years and never expects to get.

Well, when the Deacon reached the bottom of the east side of Teck's Hill, who should he come across except Bill Hepburn's hitch standing there in the middle of the road. Bill's horse was covered with snow and was standing patiently still. As for Bill, he was still asleep in the pung, but the Deacon thort at first that Bill was dead, until he

grabbed holt of him and give him a shake, whereat Bill jumped outen the pung and begin to pull off his coat to fight the Deacon, who apologized to Bill and smoothed him down and coaxed him to proceed on toward Bingville, where his loving wife was probably waiting for him with a floor mop or something of that kind.

Finally Bill said he would go on to Bingville, perviding the Deacon would take a drink with him outen the jug. The Deacon thort the matter over very serious. He realized that if he refused to drink with Bill, that Bill might go to sleep again in the snow and freeze to death. So the Deacon considered if it was a matter of saving a human life, he had better grant Bill's simple request, no matter how obnoxious the Demon Rum might be to him, so the Deacon he removed the stopple from the jug, up ended same and tuk a long guzzle. Bill he tuk a swig, also, at the jug and got back into the pung, while the Deacon got into his pung. Before Bill would start, however, he told the Deacon he wanted him to have another drink, and owing to the first drink which the Deacon had took, his conscience was kind of petrified, so to oblige Bill and save his life again, also, at the same time, the Deacon drunk again.

Bill then told the Deacon he was powerful lonesome and hated to drive all the way to Bingville by himself and asked the Deacon why he didn't turn around and go home with him. By this time the Deacon was feeling so accommodating, and thinking that he could visit his brother most any Sunday, he turned his boss about and Bill and the Deacon started for Bingville at a fast clip.

Their trip home was turned into a horse race—first the Deacon would pass Bill in his pung, and then Bill would pass the Deacon, and in this manner they drove down the main street into Bingville, hollering and yelling and licking their hosses, just as our most respected citizens with their wives and children was on their way to church. It was a awful disgraceful spectacle to see Deacon Andrews, a pillar of the Bingville church, standing up in his pung and hollering bitter invectives at his boss in a effort to pass Bill.

When Bill arrived at home, his wife put his boss in the stable and put Bill to bed, and when the Deacon driv up to his own residence, his wife Samantha happened to just step outen the house on her start for church, and when she seen what condition her husband was in, she grabbed him by the coat collar and marched him into the house, and whatever follered took place behind closed doors.

Bill says he would be ungrateful if he was to swear off drinking licker, being as he considers it saved his life for him. As for the Deacon, he says the only reason he took any licker was to save Bill's life and that if he hadn't he wouldn't consider he had did his Christian duty by Bill.

Country Correspondence

HAPPY VALLEY.
Ham Wilson is trying to sell his dog Nero, and says if he can't sell him he will give him away, and if he can't give him away, he will pay anybody liberal who will accept him. Nero bit Sam again tother night when Sam come home late, probably taking him for a tramp. Nero has did this several times in the past.

Benjamin Gibbs is doing a few odd jobs in the cobbling line this winter for his neighbors, who desire such jobs did. Ben in his younger days used to be a fine cobbler, but now sinst he has got old and crippled up with rheumatism, he ain't what he once was.

Mary Ann Green, the bell of Happy Valley, has purchased what she calls a rat for her hair. Mary Ann says her hair has been coming out something awful of late, and that she ain't got scarcely enough left to put it up decent without the aid of a rat, whatever that is.

Mrs. Eph Foster is on the mend,

being as she is repairing Eph's old sock and knitting him some new ones present. She says Eph is turrible hard on socks. EXCELSIOR.

Personals & Locals Mixt

Samantha Deevers, who is always on the sick list and has been enjoying poor health longer than anybody else in this community, accidentally slipped and set down on the floor that she had just scrubbed tother day and sinst then has had a relapse.

Sam Skimmer et up the only chicken he had last Sunday for dinner. A couple of weeks ago Sam had fourteen hens and roosters, but some low down thief stole thirteen of them in one night. Sam says he guesses he will go outen the poultry business.

Hen Weathersby, prop. of our general store, says that when spring open up he is going to have a new sign painted to go up in front of his store, being as the old one has been there now going on 27 years, and is so weather beaten that it can't be read any more. When Hen gets a new sign he will be quite up-to-date.

Deacon Butterworth bought a plug of tobacco at the Co. seat last week and didn't discover until he got back to Bingville that there wasn't no tag on it. This is a awful disappointment to the Deacon, who is saving his tobacco tags, and when he gets a thousand he will receive a premium of a jack-knife. Hen Weathersby says it serves the Deacon right for buying his tobacco at the Co. seat instead of patronizing home trade and buying his tobacco from people he knows is reliable and would not try to skin him outen the tags.

Hen Smiley stopped smokin for two days last week. Hen had been smokin away on a old clay pipe which he had used for seven years, but it got so strong it made him sick so he thort he was agoing to die and he throwed the pipe away and swore he would never smoke again, but two days later he was puffing away on a new clay pipe.

It is quite winterish these days, ain't it?
Subscribe for the Bugle before the sheriff gets us.

MEDICINE FOR SALE CHEAP.

Having on hands a whole lot of old medicines and drugs et cetera, which I made up for other people who died, and which I didn't know what to do with, and didn't like to waste, I have poured all these things togeter, making five gallons in all. I now wish to announce that I will sell this medicine to the public at 10 cents per pint. You'll have to furnish your own bottle or bring a bucket along. This medicine is good for everything. I know what I am talking about for I mixed it myself. You can rub it on the outside or swallow it, just as you wish. A bottle ought to be in every home in case of emergencies. These emergencies will happen in spite of all you can do. Where can you buy medicine this cheap? This medicine ought to cure every ill to which the human flesh is heir to, but the only sure way to tell is to try it and find out. Better try a pint.
DOC LIVERMORE,
Horse, Human & Surgical Expert.
Bingville.

MOLASSES.

I just received a barrel of N. O. molasses which I have opened and am ready to sell by the pt., qt., or gal, according to how much you want of them. These molasses are first class goods. They taste offul sweet and nice. You better try a pt., qt., or gal. Bring a jug or something to put them in.
HEN WEATHERSBY,
Prop. Bingville Store.

BARREL FOR SALE CHEAP.

I have a barrel on hand which I will sell cheap. I had cider in the barrel, but it all leaked out. This barrel is of no further use to me, and I will sell it for a quarter. DANIEL QUIGLY,
Bingville.



GORM SAID "IF YOU DIDN'T OF HAVE ANY MORE TOES ON YOUR RIGHT FOOT THAN YOU HAVE ON YOUR LEFT. THEY WOULDN'T OF BEEN FROZED, WOULD THEY DAD?"



SAMANTHA ACCIDENTALLY SLIPPED AND SET DOWN ON THE FLOOR. SHE HAD JUST SCRUBBED AND SINST THEN HAS HAD A RELAPSE