



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

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



SNIDE GIVE A YELL AND JUMPT INTO THE AIR THEN HE KICKED AROUND LIKE A CHICKEN WITH ITS HEAD CUT OFF



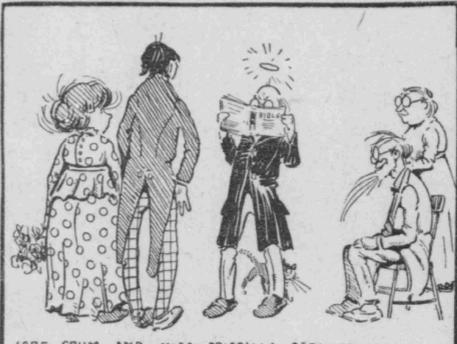
JED WAS OUT PRACKTISING THE OTHER EV'G AT THE LOWER END OF THE TOWN WHERE THERE IS A GENTLE SLOPE AND LOST CONTROL OF THE THING



WE LOST HIS BALANCE AND SET DOWN ON TOP OF THE HORNPOUT. WE SAYS IT HURTS HIM TERRIBLE



THE TRAMP WAS SO THANKFUL THAT HE KISSED THE WIDOW FAREWELL AND ALMOST BROKE DOWN



JABE CRUM AND MISS PRISCILLA PERKINS WAS MARRIED LAST TUESDAY



A GENT WITH A HAND ORGAN CREATED A GOOD DEAL OF EXITEMENT LAST MONDAY



LIGE GREEN WAS BIT LAST WEEK BY HAME WILSON'S DOG "PRINCE"



MISS AMELIA TUCKER GIVE A BASKET PICNIC

THE BINGVILLE BUGLE
The Leading Paper of the County.
Bright, Breezy, Bellicose, Bustling



How doth the busy little bee
Improve each shining hour—
By entering hours all the day
From every opening door.

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.

Being as we are right in the midst of the musketeer season and they be right in our midst we thought we would write an editorial on this critter, its habits and cure—if they is any. It is at this season of the year that the musketeer is occupying the attention of our most respectful citizens and everybody else in Bingville, and a little discussion regarding this pestiferous pest wont do no harm if it don't do no good. "Why was musketeers invented," we ask, "and by who?" "What good do they do to us, if any, and what be we agoing to do about it?"

Hen Billings, who is authority on musketeers, says he ain't never seen them so thick in our midst as they be this season. Hen says he went trout fishin up Medder Brook last Thursday and the musketeers was so thick that when he'd put a worm on the hook the blamed insects would eat it off the hook clear and clean before he could get it into the worter. Somebody ask Hen how the trout was bitin and Hen said the only trout bites he got was musketeer bites.

Deacon Butterworth says he hasn't slep a wink for a week on account of musketeers, and he's tried everything. One night he made a smudge in his room outen a rubber boot which drove the musketeers all out, and the deacon follered em, almost coffin his ole head off from the smell of the burnt boot. The deacon set out in the yard waitin for the room to clear and fightin musketeers out there. When he went back the room was full of 'sketeers waiting for him. Deacon says the only way he can keep them offen him in bed is to git clean under the bed clothes and then he almost smother to deth.

Hank Dewberry has made hisself sick by smokin a pipe jest to drive away the musketeers. Hank is too prostrated by the hot weather to fight em, so he jest sets and smokes and smokes by the hour till his tongue is all raw and his skin yaller, and him usin up 20 cts. worth of tobacco a week, too.

We could cite other instances, but these is sufficient. Some folks says it helps musketeers to put screens in the winders, but screens cost money and besides we calculate that the musketeers don't need no help. The only remedy we know is to

suffer in silence and pray without ceasing for the time to come when they will all be gone. Dad bing the musketeers, anyhow!

Personals

Emily Dewberry ain't quite as spry as usual. Her roomyitz has come back on her some.

One of Brent Williams' cows went dry on him last week, and Brent is now buyin his milk of Cy Hoskins. This simply shows us what is one man's loss is another man's gain. Cy probably wishes they would be more cows go dry hereabouts.

Hame Miller of Millersville dropped in on us one day last week to subscribe for the Bugle for a nother year, but he didn't say nothing about paying up his subscription for the past 11 years for which he owes.

Alonzo Skillings of Jalamity Corners passed through our midst one day last week on his way to the Co. seat. We are always glad to have you pass through our midst, Alonzo.

Miss Sally Hoskins, our poet writer, who has wrote a great many pomes for the Bugle now and again, is visiting her ant at the Co. seat this week where she expects to get inspiration for a new poem entitled, "Darksome Grave." She says it is a beautiful thing and if agreeable to Sally we will print it in the Bugle some day.

Miss Phronicia Watkins purchased a pr. of high-heeled shoes last week and wore them for the first time last Sunday and sprained her ankle.

Ramson Smiley had a tech of tooth-ake last Tuesday night, which kep him up till morning. Ramest tried everything for it, but without avail. Ramest would like to have it pulled if he wasn't afeard to.

Miss Mehitable Whitacre, daughter of Dave Whitacre, our popular and painstaking undertaker, has purchased a new white lawn dress which she wore to church last Sunday and looked nice and cool in it. Ever sinst Dave had that job of undertakin down Snake Bend way the Whitacres have been living in fine style.

Society News

They are not a great deal of society news this week. The most important thing which happened in the social whirl was a basket picnic given last Saturday by Miss Amelia Tucker in honor of Miss Phebe Goodwin of the Co. seat, who is visiting her. There were several invites sent out and almost all went. Everything passed off pleasant except that Miss Amelia et too much canned salmon and was awful sick for an hour or so. Amelia is a terrible hand for canned salmon. She says there is nothing she likes any better (unless it is stick candy) and when she gets a chance she usually overdoes it.

Jed's New Bike

Jed Peters has purchased a new bikel which he got cheap at the Co. seat being as it has been on hands in a store for 12 years. Jed sets on top of a big wheel as big as a buggy wheel, then they is another little wheel behind. Jed has almost got so as he can ride it a little. He was out pracktising the other ev'g at the lower end of town where there is a gentle slope, and lost control of the thing which run clean down the hill with Jed on top of it, striking a stone and throwing Jed over a stone fence into a briar patch, scratching up his face and trying his temper awful. The bikel was uninjured. Jed says a bikel would be a handy thing to have if a person could only ride it without riskin their life.

QUEER!

That's How Snide Petersby Acted but Nubbudy Knowd What Was Wrong With Him Until He Had a Fit—Folks Keeps Purty Skeerce of Him Now

Last Thursday morning, Bingville was shook up from centre to circumference by an event which while not exactly fatal to nobody, as you might say, was terrible excitin while it lasted, and has been the talk of the town since.

For the last week or more Mrs. Snide Petersby has noticed that Snide has not been conductin himself exactly natural. Snide wasn't just to say outen his head, but he was queer. For instants he would lock the door before he went to bed, and then he would git outen bed sometimes 5 times before he went to sleep to see if he had locked it. Then again he would eat 4 pieces of pie before going to bed, whereas he usually eats 3. He would think he heard somebody knock on the door, and when he opened same there wouldn't be nobody there.

Mrs. Petersby asked Snide time and again if he didn't feel as well as usual, but Snide said he calculated he did.

On Thursday morning Snide went to Hen Weathersby's store to get a plug of tobacco. Hen was asleep on the counter when Snide went in, but woke up and got the tobacco for Snide, who paid him for same. Hen didn't notice nothin queer about Snide at the time, although he had heard the talk going the rounds. Snide he held the plug in his hand, lookin at it with his mouth waterin, then he jest went to take a chew, but instead of so doing he suddintly hauled off with the tobacco and hitting Hen right in the eye. Hen hol-lered to Snide to be a little mite keener where he throwed his tobacco, but Snide give a jump and hit Hen a kick with his boot, and Hen went head first through the store door and into the street, and without stoppin lit out as hard as he could on the run to hunt up Seth Dewberry, our lion-hearted town constable, and have Snide a rested for a salt and battery.

Amri Gookins happened to be in the store at the time and when he saw Snide kick out Hen, Amri got behind the counter and peeked out. Snide grabbed the sugar scale and throwed it through a winder. Then he upset a case of eggs and a box of dried herrings and tried to push over the stove.

By this time Hen had returned with Seth Dewberry and Doc Livermore. Seth Dewberry and Doc had some pills to give Snide for whatever ailment him. Jest as they looked in the store Snide give a yell and jump into the air and fell down on the floor, where he kicked around like a chicken with its head cut off, and after a while he set up and looked around kind of dazed like, and askt what was the matter.

Seth Dewberry put the handcuffs on Snide and took him home. When Mrs. Petersby heard what Snide had went and did she said he had had a fit, which he used to be subject to when he was younger, but hadn't had none lately, and she thought he had outgrew em.

Ever since Snide had the fit our most respectful citizens has been afeard to go nigh him, because they don't know when he is likely to have another one. Hen Weathersby, whose scale and winder is broke, and his store all up-side down, says he hopes that when Snide feels like havin another fit he will stay at home and have it, instead of havin it in his store at his (Hen's) expense. Let us hope that Snide will have no more fits.

Marriages

Jabe Crum and Miss Priscilla Perkins were married last Tuesday ev'g by Rev. Samuel Moore, and after the ceremony Jabe give Rev. Moore a \$2 bill and started for Snake Bend on their honeymoon with Jabe's uncle. Two hours later Jabe returned all outen breath and demanded half of his money back, being as he had intended to give Rev. Moore a \$1 bill instead of a \$2. But it was too late being as Rev. Moore had spent every cent of the money to Hen Weathersby, who he owes a large grocery bill and has for several years. The money was a gotsend to Rev. Moore, but a sad loss to Jabe. Jabe said he wouldn't be-graduate \$1 for being married, but he wouldn't pay \$2 to be hitched up to the best woman on earth if he knowed it. Mr. and Mrs. Crum will go to housekeepin in Bingville, where we hope they will live together happily ever afterward.

Musick in Town

A gent with a hand organ and a monkey created a good deal of consternation and excitement on Monday by passing through our midst, and most everybody was out on the street to see the fun, which was free. The per-cussion stopt in front of Hen Weathersby's store and the monkey stole a banana offen a bunch which was hangin up in front of the store. Hen demanded 5 cts. for the banana from the man who owned the monkey, but being as the man was a foreigner he couldn't understand what Hen was talkin about, so Hen got mad and told him to keep the banana then and clear out. The monkey was terrible cute. Eph Higgins said it looked just like Hank Dewberry, and Hank who was present said he thought it was a terrible handsome brute.

Lige's Pants Haff Soled

Lige Green who was bit on the leg of last week by Hame Witherow's dog Prince has had his wife sew a leather patch on his pants where it will do the most good. Lige says that without that protection he'd ruther face a dog than to say goodbye and run.

Stole the Widow's Mite

Widow Saphronia Higgins put up a tramp at her house one night recent. He wanted to stop all night and the widow said he shouldn't, but the tramp kep on talkin and finally asked the wid-der how old she was and she said it wasn't any of his business, but she was in her 45th year. "Land sakes," says the tramp, "I wouldn't of took you for a day over 22—you are that girlish looking."

The widow then put the tramp in the spare bedroom, and the next morning give him a good breakfast, and the tramp was so thankful that he kissed the widow farewell and almost broke down and cried he was jus sorry to go, and perhaps him never see her again as long as he lived. After he was gone about two hours the widow discovered that she had been robbed of \$4 and 37 cts. which she had left in the bureau of the spare bedroom. She says she can't scairly believe that tramp done it, being as he seemed to be so much of a gentleman.

Keeps Out Musketeers

Cy Hoskins purchased one winder screen for his kitchen last season, and being as it was some rusted this year Cy thought he would paint same with some old black buggy paint he had on hands which had all thickened up. Cy put on a heavy coat of paint which closed up the wire meshes, and now the screen wont let the musketeers in nor daylight, nor air, nor nothing else.

Wes Jug Some

Wes Woodruff went pickler fishin to Gootchic Pond last Sat. and met with a painful axident. While fishing for pickler Wes caught a horn pout which he throwed in the bottom of the boat, and while he was standin up fishing for pickler amongst the lily pads he lost his balance and set down in the bottom of the boat on top of the horn-pout, running its sharp horn into the seat of his pants about three-quarters of an inch. Wes says it hurt him terrible. That was all he ketcht.

Gorm all Sweat Up

Gorm Hankins, who is Enos Smiley's hired hand and a hard worker, went out to build stone fence the middle of the week, and come in about 10 a. m. to change his shirt which was ringin wet with sweat. Gorm sweat up another shirt between that and 2 p. m., and had to put on another dry shirt at night. Gorm says it's a good thing he didn't sweat the last shirt up, because he only had 3 shirts.

Know Me By My Works

This is to let the public know that during the week just ended I shaved five persons, cut four heads of hair, gave two shampoos, curled five mus-taches, used hair oil on three heads and singed two heads of hair which is coming out and used hair tonic on 7 more. Don't forget that I do first-class barbering at reasonable rates. Come in and have your hair cut or shaved.

HARVE HINES,
Tonsorial Artist & Barber,
Bingville.

Notice TO Public

A GREAT many persons come and ask me for money, especially them who I am in det to. Now I haven't got no money and haven't had any for some time and don't expect to have none, so what is the use of botherin me about somethink which I ain't got. Some day when I get a good job and git ahead in the world again, I will endeavor to wipe out my old detts like a man, and until then I wish you would let me alone or otherwise you won't git a cent.

Bingville. HANK DEWBERRY.