

ADVERTISE IN THE BUGLE
 Have you got anything to sell or swap? Do you want to buy anything? THEN TRY A AD WITH US. Biggest and only newspaper in this and of the Co.
 Advertising rates furnished with great cheer. Circulation books open to nobody. YOU'LL HAFT TO TAKE OUR WORD FOR IT

BINGVILLE BUGLE

BY NEWTON NEWKIRK

Copyright, 1913, by E. A. Grozier

DON'T BE A TIDEWAD ! !
 Pay up your back subscription to the Bugle & thus fill a long-felt want on our part. We Can't Run a First Class Newspaper on Hot Air and Cold Potatoes.
 P. S.—If we are not in leave the money with our wife next door.



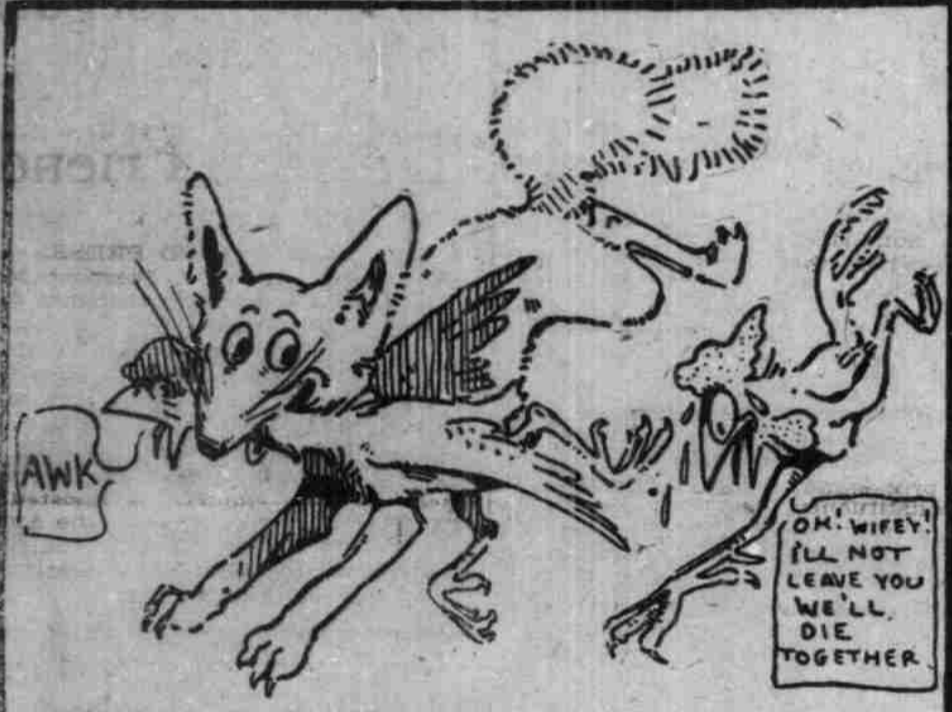
H. BOYLSTON DUMMERS



THEY GIVE ME SOME YANK



IKE WITHERSPOON GETS STUCK IN HIS CHIMBLEY, YOU'LL HAFT TO READ ABOUT IT AS WE BE TOO LAZY TWO PRINT IT



BILL HENDRICKS LEFT HIS WEN COOP DOOR OPEN AND A FOX CARRIED OFF FIVE OF HIS HENS



READ HOW THE BOTTOM CAME OUTEN MEN WEATHERSBY'S PECK MEASURE



CAME ROOMER SAYS THAT SIMON WHITTLEBY WHO HAS LIVED A BACHELOR LIFE FOR LS THESE MANY YEARS IS BROWED TO A HANDSOME WIDDER AT THE CO SEAT

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

Now with 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.

EDDYTORIUL

Well, here it is almost spring again!

My goodness, how time flies, or in other words "TEMPOUS FUGGIT" (for the benefit of some of the ignorunter of our subscribers we persoon we ort to explain what "Tempous Fuggit" means—it is a luttin fraze and of course the average citizen of Bingville couldn't be expected to be very familiar with luttin except possibly Jed Peters, our intelligent school teacher. In other words, "tempous fuggit" means "time flies," and whoever said that know what he was talking about).

Be that as-it may, however, time has not flew as fast this winter as we would like to of had it flew—time couldn't never flew too fast to suit Bingville folks in winter time. All through the long winter here we be denned up in Bingville like a passel of woodchucks, stickin close to the open fire to keep from freezin to deth.

No wonder we be glad to welcome glad spring. It won't be long now until grass will begin to shoot and the little buds begin to bust and the little birds begin to sing fit to bust their blame throats.

It won't be long until we shall see the joyous sight of the little lamblins gamboling on the green. Glad nature is about to assert herself after being froze up ever sinst last fall—she is about to bedeck herself in green raiment, which will seem good to look at after she has been wearing white clothes all winter.

Therefore let us all greet glad spring with joyous acclaim and thank goodness that we ain't got winter in Bingville all the year round.

START IN THIS SPRING RIGHT BY SUBSCRIBING FOR THE BUGLE AND PAYING FOR SAME WITH CASH, STRICTLY IN ADVANCE.

Country Correspondence
 HAPPY VALLEY.

Hame Wilson has been bothered with rats in his oats bin, so he set a steel trap in the bin and next time he went for some oats he forgot all about the trap until it ketchted him by the fingers and he had to holler for his wife to come and take the trap offen him. Hame says he wishes his hand had of been a rat instead.

Mrs. Benj. Gibbs expects a addition to the family in a week or two, meebly sooner. Benj says he will open a barl of cider when the happy event takes place. Let us hope it will be soon.

Miss Mary Ann Green, the bell of Happy Valley, was not present at the dance give in this place last Saturday night owing to a sore corn which prevented Mary from tripping the night fantastick as she would like to have did.

Sam Sullivan has traded off his sorl mare for two horses and will engage in teaming. If you have any teaming to do see Sam about it. EXCELSIOR.

ZION CROSSROADS.

The Grim Reaper has not paid us a call in this vicinity for a spell back, but there is no telling who will be the next one to go. Sad! Sad!

Bill Hendricks left the door of his henhouse open one night last week and a fox carried off five hens. Bill says he wouldn't of minded if the fox had of taken one or two, but he hates like sixty to see a fox make a hog of itself.

Considerable snow fell here one night recent and as a result the roads is almost impassable. It wouldn't be a bad idee to get out the snow roller.

Lafe Henderson sold a calf last week for \$4. He says he ought to of got \$5 for it by rights.

Miss Huldy Wade, the bell of the Crossroads, ketchted a cold while out sleigh riding with Sam Sparks recently. Sam, you ort to of kept her warmer than that. VERITAS.

SORROW HOLLOW.

Melancthon Jones didn't cut any firewood for a week. Mel says its too all-fired cold to cut wood and that he would a sight ruther remain in bed day and night.

Moze Hingham says he seen bears tracks in the snow this winter a year ago. None have been saw so far this winter.

Widow Henderson is nitting some socks and mitts for sale to whoever needs socks and mitts. The widder helps to support herself selling socks and mitts.

Jnp. Williams dog "Tige" almost caught a fox last week. The dog run the fox all day and night and come home tired and hungry.

News are very scarce in our midst this week. UNO.

Items Here and There

Doc Livermore, our eminent horse doctor and human specialist has been boiling out some herbs during the past week and bottling them for future use. Doc now colkilates he has enough medisin on hands to last him until spring unless there is more sickness in our midst than he figgers on.

Dame Roomer says that Simon Whittleby who has lived a bachelor life for lo, these many years is engaged to a handsome widdar at the Co. seat to who he has been paying attention for some time past and that Simon will be wedded in the not far distant future. Let us trust that this is true. It is not good for man to live alone and Simon is lonesome and lorn.

Hester Whittleby, of Snake Bend, was a guest last week of Mrs. Cyrus Hoskins for about two hours in the afternoon. Hester came to Bingville to do some shopping and just dropped in on Mrs. Hoskins kind of informal like. Come again, Hester.

Jed Peters, our intelligent school teacher, informs us that he will be glad to have the parents of his scholars visit the school to see what progress their children are making, if any. Some can even read and write.

STUCK!

That's Whot Happend to Poor Ike WITHERSPOON!—It Was a Turrible Ordeel He Went Through—Full Particklers as Follers

Ike WITHERSPOON, one of our most respected townsmen, met with a peccoliar and otherwise horrible experients on Tuesday morning last about 9 a. m. or thereabouts, which he calculates he will remember to his dyin day or longer if possible, notwithstanding that no bones was broke and he was not injured except bein blame near skeered outen his hide and disfiggered so as his intimate friends wouldn't have knowed who he was if they had met him under other circumstances.

For a week or two past Mrs. WITHERSPOON has had a awful lot of trubble with the open fireplace in the sittin room not drawin as it ort to. The smoke would come out into the room and make Ike and his wife blame near sneeze their dod-rotted heads off. Sometimes the smoke got so thick that it made the tears run outen their eyes and they would have to go out doors and stand there for a breath of fresh air. At last Ike got sick of it and told his wife he was a goin up on the roof some day to take a look down the chimbley, being as he thought it must be choked up or somethink.

So on Tuesday morning Ike he borried a ladder and climbed up on the roof, whereas his wife thort he had went to the P. O. or some place, taking a broom with him, and when he got to the chimbley he looked down and saw that some of the bricks and mortar had fell in and lodged and been snowed on, which was why the chimbley didn't draw.

So Ike got inside the chimbley and braced hisself agin the sides and went to reach down for the obstruction, as you might say, and his feet slipped and he jiggered if he didn't shoot down into the inside of the chimbley about 5 feet, where he stuck fast, being unable to git up or down. He hollerd for help, and Mrs. WITHERSPOON, who was a setting in the setting room knitting, heard his voice coming down the chimbley and not recognizing it as Ike's and being sooperstithious she thort the house was hanted and run across the street to her nabor's, Mrs. Wilkins, all out of breath and skeered, and said she wouldn't go back home for 10 cts.

After a spell Deacon Butterworth past Ike's house and hearing Ike's orful cries of anguish he stopped and listened and lookt around and saw the ladder up agin the house and the broom layin on the roof and put two and two together and climb up the ladder and approached the chimbley and looked down and was horrifed to see Ike's black face staring up at him and hollerin "help!"

The deacon didn't recognize Ike, who had soot all over hisself, and thort he was likely a burglar and grabbed a brick offen the top of the chimbley and was jest a goin to hit Ike on the head with it when Ike yelled to for the laird's sake not do it or he would break his skull and explained that he was Ike and had fell into the chimbley and got fast and wanted to get out so all-fired bad that he didn't know whot to do.

The deacon told Ike to hold on until he could go and get some help, but Ike said he didn't haft to hold on because he was stuck into the chimbley tightern wax, so the deacon climb back down hollerin fire—fire—fire—and the fire dept. responded promptly, and Gabe Tucker, who is chief, wanted to know wher the fire was at and the deacon told him that Ike was in the chimbley, and Gabe misunderstood him and got a

bucket of water and climb up the ladder and pourd it down the chimbley on Ike before he could be stoppt and by this time the deacon had explained hisself, and a clothes line was borried and throwed up to Gabe, who made it three dubble with a loop on one end and let it down into the chimbley and told Ike to put it under his arms, which Ike done, and then Gabe pulld and Ike pusht and between em Ike he managed to climb out a sadder, but wiser man, with his face as black as a crow's wing and all soaked with worter.

Gabe helped Ike down offen the roof and when Ike struck solid ground he wanted to know who the person was that throwed that cold worter onto him and nobody spoke, and then Ike swore so turrible that the wimmen around who had children told em to run along home becuz sich langwidge wasn't fit for young ones to listen to.

By this time Ike's wife had returned home and when Ike finally convinced her who he was she made him go into the house and wash up and git some dry clothes on. Ike was down street that same afternoon. He reports that the chimbley smokes worsen ever.

Ranse Got Stuck

Ranse Smiley, who harbored a summer boarder for two weeks last summer, got stuck at last and says that he is done keeping boarders. The boarder in question was a genteel appearing chap from the city. Ranse told him he would haft to charge him \$3.50 a week for board and bed and he seemed satisfied and told Ranse that was cheap. Soon as he said that Ranse raised the price to \$5, which the boarder agreed to pay.

Well, one day the boarder left on the stage for a trip to the Co. seat, saying that he would be back that evening, but he never showed up from that day to this, and he hasn't returned as yet, and now Ranse has give him up all together. The only thing he left behind a ol' pair of what he called "peg-top" trousers. Ranse has put on these trousers and has been wearing them with the idea of getting something in return for what the feller et and the wear and tear on his bed. The pants don't fit Ranse very well. They make him look a good eal like a bottle bug.

Bottom Dropped Out

One day last week while Hen Weathersby, prop. of our general store, was measuring out half a peck of beans for Iz Watkins, who didn't raise no beans on his place this year, planting his patch of ground in potatoes instead, Hen had the bottom of his peck measure to drop out, spilling the beans all over the store floor. Hen sells his beans at 25 cts. per peck, but when the bottom dropped out of the measure it made him so mad that he told Iz if he would go to work and gather up the blamed beans offen the floor he might have them for nothink. Iz did so and went home with his beans rejoicing. Iz says it wuz a turrible stroke of luck that the bottom dropped outen Hen's measure and almost thinks it was providential.

Hen took the measure to Lem Brown, our expert carpenter, and had Lem put a new bottom into it. Lem used two-inch plankin. It was the only thing he had to use in his shop. Lem was afeard it was too thick, but Hen said it wasn't—Hen said he wouldn't make no objections if it was twice as thick. Then Lem seen the point. As a result Hen's peck measure when full now holds only about half a peck. It is said to be the smallest peck measure in this vicinity.

Notis to Public

I hereby serve notis on that I want you to stop teasin my son Bud Hinkley, who ain't quite right in his head, nor never was. I have warned you about this in the future, but it hasn't

never done no good, and I now wart you again for the last time. You think it is smart for you to pester Bud jest to see him cut up and act foolish, but you had better stop same or I will not be responsible for the consequences.

Some of these days Bud will pick up a stone and throw it and injure you and then you will be sorry you done it and it will serve you right.

You ought to be ashamed to tease a person who ain't moren half right. If I catch any person plaguin my son Bud I will do somethin to them.

WIDOW HINCKLEY.

Bingville.

CARPET BEATING DID Promptly!

I have made up my mind to do a few odd jobs of carpet beating if I can get anything to do in Bingville along this line. I don't mind beating a carpet once in a while becuz then I can rest between bears. But I don't wan a steady job at it. Carpet beating is turrible hard work if you work at it hard enough. As for me, I would ruther work off and on—work one day for instants, and then rest three or four.

I can keep awful strong by doing this, and I don't go and tire myself out. If you have a carpet you want beated call on me.

I will beat it as hard as anybody else would beat it at the same price. You naturally want to know what I charge for beating carpets. I don't blame you for this. What I charge for beating a carpet depends altogether on the size of the carpet.

In beating carpets I always charge by the square yard on each side and then I'm sure of getting what the job is worth. I will beat these carpets in your own back yard or if you don't like to have me raise a dust so near the house I will carry your carpets off and beat them in somebody else's back yard.

But I will have to charge extra for this.

As a carpet beater I can't be beat. See me if you have carpets to beat.

HANK DEWBERRY
 Expert Carpet Beater
 Bingville.