



**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 RESULT?  
**THEY GIT NOTHINK**  
**ADVERTISE**  
IN THE  
**BINGVILLE BUGLE**  
And See What You Get



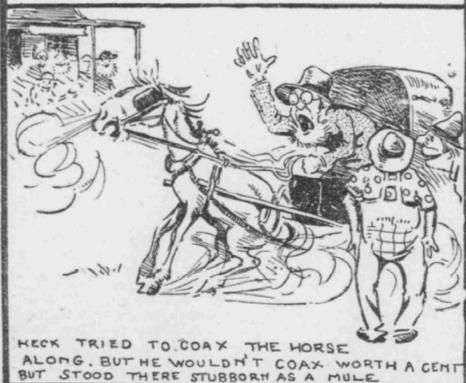
BINGVILLE FIRE DEPARTMENT RUSHING TO A FIRE



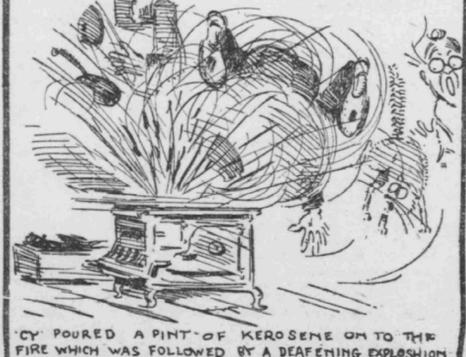
CASPER TARBELL  
GOT VISHIOUSLY  
BUTTED BY HIS  
OLD RAM SHEEP  
WHILE  
LEARNING  
OVER HIS FENCE  
WATCHING HIS  
CORN  
SPROUT



THE COLT KICKED AT BALE AND MISSED HIS HEAD BY A FRACSHION OF AN INCH



HECK TRIED TO COAX THE HORSE ALONG, BUT HE WOULDN'T COAX WORTH A CENT BUT STOOD THERE STUBBORN AS A MULE



CY Poured a pint of kerosene on to the fire which was followed by a deafening explosion

## THE BINGVILLE BUGLE

The Leading Paper of the County.

Bright, Breezy, Bellicose, Bustling



How doth the busy little bee  
Improve each sabbath 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.

The Bingville Fire Department is a delusion and a snare, or in other words it is what you might call a farce. We have called attention to this fact in previous editorials, but what good has it ever did? We answer, no good. The Bingville Fire Department is the laughing stock of other surrounding towns, which have better fire departments than we have. Take the rival town of Hardscrabble, for instance—Hardscrabble regards the Bingville Fire Department as a joke, and laying all jokes aside, we as editor and prop of the Bingville Bugle also regard it as a joke.

Last Thursday we had another sample of the inadequateness of the Bingville Fire Department when Luke Peters' henhouse ketchid fire from a spark which was wafted by the wind from the backyard, over which Mrs. Peters was making soft soap, to the henhouse, and lodged in the dry shingles, and before Mrs. Peters noticed it, the henhouse was in flames, but she hollered "Fire!" as loud as she could holler and the cry was took up from mouth to mouth until it was all over Bingville and reached the ears of Jason Tucker, chief of the Bingville Fire Department, who carries the key to the Town Hall basement, where the water pails which constitutes the Bingville Fire Department is kept, and Jason he felt for the key in his pocket, and to his horror and consternation it wasn't there, so he run home and asked his wife where the dogmashion the fire department key was, and she was so excited and nerved up that she couldn't think where it was, and so she and Jase, with great presence of mind, ransacked the house from cellar to attic, and in their excitement pulled the mattresses off the beds and nearly tore up all the carpet off one floor, until finally Mrs. Tucker remembered that she had went and put the fire department key in the clock on the mantel, and went and got it and handed it to Jase, after which she fell in a swoon, and then Jase he hiked out for the Town Hall, where the other members of the fire department was assembled, smoking and discussing the current topics of the day, so that by the time they got the water pails

out and responded promptly to the alarm of fire, the henhouse had been burnt to the ground and was nothin' but a heap of ashes, or in other words, a total loss with no insurance.

There, that is the kind of a fire department we have got here in Bingville. Feelings was pretty high against Jason Tucker for his negligence in keeping the fire department key where he didn't know where it was, but Jason said he couldn't leave that key laying around loose anywhere, so that anybuddy who wanted it might carry it off, and that he was performing the duties of chief of the Bingville Fire Department to the best of his ability without pay or remuneration of any kind, and was allus ready to risk his life by deeds of heroism in rescuing folks from the hungry flames, and if that was all the thanks he got, Bingville might find another fire chief to take his place.

Something ort to be did to make the Bingville Fire Department more efficient in case of an emergency. Otherwise Bingville will be burnt to the ground one of these days in spite of our fire department. It would be a good plan to leave the door of the Town Hall basement, where the water pails is kept, unlocked at all hours, if it wasn't for one thing—people who needed water pails would help themselves to these water pails at all hours. That plan was tried once and the fire department had to keep buying new pails all the time.

Subscribe for the Bugle and keep posted up on all the affairs which occurs in our midst.

### Heck's Horse Balked on Him

Heck Piper, from Snake Bend, who allus likes to show off in public, come driving into Bingville tother day lickety split behind a new horse he had swapped for recent Heck driv down Main street with his head up in the air, the cynosure of all eyes, until suddenly the horse balked right in front of Hen Weathersby's store, where several of our most respected citizens was setting out on the front piazza watching the performance. Heck was a good eal took down at first, but he struck the horse with the whip and then the animal began to kick in the shafts. Heck put up the whip and got out and tried to lead him, but the horse would not budge. Then Heck got back in the buggy and tried to coax the horse along, but he wouldn't coax worth a cent—he just stood there with his ears laid back, stubborn as a mule.

By this time quite a crowd had collected and was laughing at Heck and making all manner of fun of him, and as for Heck he was humiliated and disgraced in the extreme. Finally Heck got outen the buggy, and leaving the horse standing there, went into Hen Weathersby's store and bought some cigars, but he hadn't any more than lit one until the horse turned around and started for Snake Bend on the run. As a result Heck had to walk back home amid the jeers of the entire population of Bingville, who had turned out to see the fun and to joke Heck, until he was outen town. We presume Heck will avoid Bingville in the future.

## AWFUL!

That's What the Experience That Lem Brown & Wife Went Through Was, and as a Result They Was Separated for a Spell—Sickening Particklers Below

Mr. and Mrs. Lem Brown, two of our most respected citizens and best known residents, have just passed through a terrible experience, which they will remember with regret and loathing as long as they live, and which they hope will never happen to them again during their born days. Mrs. Brown says she hopes that if what happened to them has to happen again, it will be to somebody else who is more deserving of calamity and misfortune than she and Lem is—she says she don't know what they could of did to have such a terrible thing visited upon 'em.

Last Wednesday ev'g just about dark Mrs. Brown had occasion to go down cellar for something or other and she noticed back in the gloom of one corner a cat, and being scart of cats Mrs. Brown said to herself she would have Lem put the intruder outen the cellar when he returned home. Then she went upstairs and forgot all about it until along about bedtime she happened to think about that cat in the cellar, so she asked Lem to go down cellar and put it out. Lem, who was tired and sleepy, was for puttin it off until the next morning. He said the cat wouldn't do no harm in the cellar and might as well stay there over night, but Mrs. Brown wouldn't hear of this, and being as Lem generally does what his wife orders, he started down cellar. Mrs. Brown told him he had better light a candle, but Lem said he guessed cnuif moonlight would filter through the cellar winders so he could see what he was doing.

When Lem got down cellar he opened the back cellar door and begun to paw around for the cat. Finally he got a glimpse of it over in a dark corner, and being as he was pretty mad becaz he had to bother with it at all, he thort he would take his spite out on it, as you might say, so he says, "Git outen here, you pesky brute!" and with that he kicked at the cat, but missed the cat and hit the cellar wall, nearly spraining his ankle, but before he could kick again something happened, and with a exclamashion of horror and contempt Lem staggered up the cellar stairs and gasped out, "It's a skunk!" and when Mrs. Brown got a whiff of Lem she held her nose and screamed for him to go outen the house this minute and stay out until he got aired here, you pesky brute!" and with that off. Lem went out and set down on the front piazza steps and held his head in his hands and jest set there groaning, as sick as a dog. Mrs. Brown she closed the cellar door, and after she had sobbed and cried awhile to think that such a thing as that should happen in her house, she went to the front door to see what had become of Lem, and when she saw him setting there on the front piazza steps and once more detected the odor which clustered about him, she ordered him offen the premises.

Poor Lem, he went out to the barn and slept in the hay mow all night, and the next mornin Mrs. Brown took out an old suit of clothes and left 'em outside the barn, so Lem changed costumes in the barn, got a shovel and buried the clothes he had on when he encountered what he thort was the common house cat in the cellar. At a while the skunk still held the fort. Mrs. Brown told Lem if he had a spark of manhood left in him he would get that

skunk outen the cellar, but Lem said he didn't have a spark of manhood left, or any ambition or nothin else, and so far as he was concerned, he felt so cussed mean and disgraced he didn't care whether he lived or died. Lem he hung around the barn all day, while Mrs. Brown went and hunted up Seth Dewberry, our heroic town constable, and told Seth she wanted him to eject that skunk from her cellar, but Seth said that if it was a desperate criminal he would do it, but as for a skunk it was outen his jurisdiction altogether. The next night, to Mrs. Brown's great joy, the skunk departed of its own accord through the same winder whence it come, and while the odor which it left behind will linger about the premises for some time to come, there is some satisfaction in knowing that the animal has departed. As for Lem, he gets mad and flies off the handle every time the skunk incident is mentioned.

## Country Correspondence

SLAB CITY.

Jemima Peppers of Hickory Corners went over to visit Mrs. Sam Hankins at Willow Cross Roads last Sunday, and while there was tuk down sick with a bilious spell and has been in bed at Hankins' for nearly a week. Mrs. Hankins says that she wishes to goodness that when folks come to visit her they wouldn't get sick on her hands.

Jasper Tarbell got vishiously butted by his old ram sheep while he was standin in the pasture leaning over the fence watching his corn sprout last Sunday mornin. Sinst then Jasper can't set down and take any comfort in it unless he has got two or three cushions under him.

VOX POPULLI.

FOX'S RIDGE.

Everything is quiet on the ridge at the present writing. Old man Witherpoon is down with general ability. Lige Peterson has a second hand corn sheller for sale.

Miss Emily Winters is keeping company now with Sam Wilson. Has she throwed you over, Rufe?

Melanchthon West has a felon on his thumb and a bunion on his left foot. Melanchthon says that misfortunes never come single and that it never rains but it pours.

Hen Whittleby went off on a hard cider spree again last week and for two days afterward was sick in bed. Hen Whittleby ort to be ashamed of himself. He is a disgrace to this neighborhood.

This is all the news we can think of at the present writing.

JIM DANDY.

## Narrow Escape for Bale

Bale Hawkins, while carrying a forkful of hay into the stall where he keeps his 2-year-old colt tother ev'g, seen a rat run along near one of the stringers over head, so he drapt the hay and struck at the rat with the fork, but missed the rat and hit the colt on the rump and the colt up with both hind feet and kicked at Bale as hard as it could kick and just missed his head by a fracshion of an inch, but before the colt could kick again Bale was outen harm's way, but he says he just stood there shaking like he had the palsy and as pale as a ghost to think what a narrow escape he had had from sudden death. Bale says that colt has

got too much spirit for him and he don't know but what he would sell it if he could get his price.

## Personals & Locals Mixt

Miss Mollie Tucker had to give up playing the organ for the church choir last Sunday, being as two or three of the keys was outen order and the organ give forth a wheezy tone whenever she used them. Deacon Bradbury thinks the rats have probably build a nest in the organ.

Andy Tewksbury, a former resident of Bingville, but who lives in Pottowassie Co., was a Bingville visitor last week, having driv all the way across to visit among friends here, but that he is glad to get back to Bingville once more. Glad to see you, Andy. Come again.

Jasper Hawkins, while taking a short cut home across lots tother night fell into an excavation for a foundation which Cy Hoskins has been digging back of his house to build a buggy shed, inflicting a painful but not necessarily fatal abrasion to his shin bone, causing him to limp and swear considerable.

Mrs. Martha Tucker did a big washing last Monday and had it all out on the line before 8 a. m. How's that for having a washing out early? Martha is a terrible worker when she takes a noshion.

Eph Higgins, our accommodating P. M. desires us to say to the patrons of the Bingville P. O. that the office will be closed half of next week being as he is working on his next quarterly report to the government and don't want to be bothered with handing out mail to people, who will kindly govern themselves accordingly.

Miss Phebe Hilderbrand, our fashionable dressmaker, is awful busy at present, cutting out and making dresses for customers. Phebe says if work continues to come in like this has for the past week or so, she will haft to hire extra help in her dressmaking establishment.

Abel Witherow purchased a new pair of boots at Hen Weathersby's store only to discover after he had wore them a couple of days, that one was a No. 8 and the other No. 11. He wanted Hen to exchange them, but Hen wouldn't do it. Hen says he calculates he can sell the other odd pair to somebody whose feet ain't mes.

Wes Woodruff, our expert hunter and trapper, predicts that squirrels is going to be very plentiful this season. Wes says he is sure of this becaz there is such a good crop of beech nuts in prospect.

Jed Peters, our intelligent school teacher, has been going down to Snake Bend every Saturday ev'g for the last few weeks. What's the attraeshion down Snake Bend way, Jed? Is it Matilda or Ruth?

Dad Henderson, while chopping wood in his back lot recent, chopped into a nail and nicked his ax so that it took him two hours to grind out the nick on a grindstone. Dad says he can't see why, in thundershion anybuddy would drive nails into cordwood for

Cy Loomis tried to build the fire in the kitchen stove for his wife tother mornin and the fire didn't seem to ketch very well, so Cy he poured a pint of kerosene on it, which was followed by a deafening explosion which blowed the top clean off the stove and scart Cy just about to death. Mrs. Loomis says she will build her own fires hereafter and Cy says he is glad of it.

Hi Cranby was in awful torment for a few days last week. He had the headache, toothache and the backache all at the same time. Hi says he can't remember when things ached him so as they did that spell.

If you are looking for a good investment, subscribe for the Bugle.