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BINGVILLE BUGLE

INERGIA FATUM PARIT



BY NEWTON NEWKIRK

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WE CAN'T RUN A FIRST CLASS NEWSPAPER ON HOT AIR & COLD POTATOZE.

P. S.—If we are not in leave the money with our wife next door.



Our lion-hearted town Constable Seth Dewberry starting out to arrest Bill Hepburn.

And here you see Bill in the Lock-up

Some members of the Bingville '400



Bud Minekley played a bad trick on Jed Peters last week



Sime Henderson's wife's grandmother went to church last Sunday aged 90 years old



Clem Hines and Sary Ann Godkins' The head a falling cool



THE BINGVILLE BUGLE
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FINANCIAL EDDYTORIUL

For quite a spell back we have been thinkin of writing a eddytoriul on the follering vital subject, towit: "Why Is Money So Tight?"

Now we have made up our mind to put our thort into ackshion and write said eddytoriul without malice or favor and let the chips fall where they will. As we look back on our checkered career as editor & Prop & everythink else connectid with the Bugle, we can put our eddytoriul hand on our heart and say that we can't recollect when ready cash was as skeerce in our midst or to us personally as it is at the present writing and has been for several months.

We can't see how it's possibel for money to be enny skeerce with us than heretofore, but it is nevertheless. Why, money was more plentiful with us durling the panick of 1779 than it is now, and old Dad Henderson, our oldest inhabitant, says it's skeerceer with him than it was durling the Revolooshionary War, whenever that was.

What is the cause of this, we ask? We pause for a reply and then we anser: "We don't know." It ain't very often that we ask a question which we can't anser, but this is an excepshion to the general rule.

We read in a city paper which Eph Higgins, our accomodating P. M., received by mistake at the P. O., and opened and tuk it home to see what was going on in the outside world if anything and then lent to us—we read in that paper that this money tightness don't only exist in Bingville, but all over the country, and that it is due to the fact that business is unsettled and folks who has money is afeard to invest same for fear they'll lose it into the bargain, and as a result their keeping their money in their socks or in the clock or hid somewheres about the house until bizness picks up & resoomes the even tenner of its way.

In order to git at the root of this matter we have gave several of our most respected citizens of Bingville & vinitity a opportunity to express theirselfs on "Why Is Money So Tight?" with the following result:

Hen Weathersby, prop of our general store—"The reason money is so allfired tite is becuz folks is more stingier than they used to be.

Why, customers is tightern the bark to a tree & my trade has fell off turrible of late."

Amos Hillyer, attorney, J. of the P., and all around legal light—"It's all due to lack of public confidence, high tariff, reciprocity, union & labor, wimmen folks want in to vote and the open door policy. If I wassent so buzzy in my law offis I'd make a speshial trip down to Washington and tell them law makers what to do to relieve the money situashion."

Doc Livermore, Horse Veterinary & Human Speshialist—"The tightness of money in our midst is due to over-inflashion & under capitalisashion, combined with the detriorashion of investments into obnoxshious desewetude."

Hank Dewberry, retired—"If money is tite, it's news to me. I ain't saw enny money for so long that I didn't know whether it was tite or not."

After reading the above authoritative opinions you can all draw your own concloshions, and if it ain't askin too much we wisht you would also draw us a check for a porshion of your back subscription to the Bugle and forward same to us by return mail. This would be a turrible big boon to us durling the present financial stringency.

Personal Squibs

Lafe Whitacre says he's havving a turrible time with his hens. Along in the fall they wouldn't lay enny eggs to speak of becuz they was moultin, & now they won't lay enny eggs to speak of becuz the wether is cold. Lafe says there is times when he wishes to goodness he was shet of his whole passel of hens.

Mrs. Hoskins made up Cy Hoskins last wk a all wool shirt, & done the work herself, but Cy refuses to wear it becuz it scratches him turrible & makes him nervous and scratchy. Cy is purty partickler what he wears next to him. SUGGESTSHION — Why don't you wear underwear, Cy?

It is reported on good authority that Miss Sary Ann Gookins has gave Clem Hines the mitten & broke off her engagement with him, as you might say. Sary Ann ort to of consider before doing this becuz she aint no spring chicken enny more, and goodness knows when she'll git another opportunity to marry.

Sime Henderson's wife's grandmother went to church last Sunday in spite of the fact that she is 90 years of age going on 91, and set up as straight in church as ennybuddy, and never dropped off to sleep onct. We call this pretty spry.

Brad Hinsley, who retd from the co seat last Thursday, reports the mud turrible deep in spots, and deeper than that in other places. Brad stuck twice, and had to git pulled out by folks living near the road.

Miss Jerushy Perkins has our thanks for a nice mess of sawsidge which she left on our desk one day last wk. This is the first sawsidge of the season which we have received. As a result we et with great gusto of same and got turrible sick. Nevertheless we thank Jerushy for her kindness.

FOILED!

Thats What Bill Hepburn Was by Our Lion Hearted Constubble, Seth Dewberry—Bill Was in the Town Lock Up for Several Hours & Seth Was in Mortal Terror!—Full Particklers as Per Below

Seth Dewberry, our lion hearted town constubble, is in a turrible pickel as we go to press, and Bill Hepburn, our artistic blacksmith, is in jail & may escape enny minnit.

Yesterday Eb Gookins, who lives on the turnpike a mile west of Bingville, driv into town and stopped at the offis of Ame Hillyer, our talented loryer, legal light, J. of the P. & et cetera too numerous to menthion.

Eb told Ame that a few days before he had took his old gray mare to Bill's shop to have her shod in front and that Bill was under the inflouence of licker and had made a botch of shoeing the mare to such a extent that she had went lame & was ruined for life as you might say. As a result Eb bring a charge before Ame against Bill of "Cruelty to animals, obtaining money under false pertense, & mal practise in shoeing horses." Eb swore out a warrant for Bill's arrest dead or alive and left it with Ame, then Eb left town and returned home.

Ame summoned Seth Dewberry to his office and give Seth the warrant to serve. When Ame handed Seth the warrant Seth said he diddent see how he could serve it being as he was so bizzzy on other criminal cases, but Ame told him if he diddent serve it that Bingville folks would think he was afeard of Bill and brand him as a coward.

Then Seth got up his dander and said he'd show Bingville whether he was no coward or not—that he would arrest Bill Hepburn or die in the attempt and that if he had to give up his life in the pursuit of his duty his only regret would be that he didn't have half a duzen lives, like a cat, to give up.

It has leaked out sinst that after Seth left Ame's office he tried to depvitalize several of our best known citizens to arrest Seth, but all give one excuse or another and refused. At last Seth went home, pinned on his big tin star to his buzzum, which he only wears on speshial occasions, examined his two six-shooters to see if they was in workin order, stuffed one in each pocket and started out for Bill's blacksmith shop.

Seth marched right into the shop bold as a lion where Bill was workin and when Bill looked up and seen him and his star Bill says, "Hello, Seth! You look like as if you was a going to arrest somebody." "That's what I am a going to do," says Seth. "It's a good thing you aint never tried to arrest me," says Bill, haffing. "Why not?" says Seth. "Well," says Bill, "if you tried to arrest me it would be the last arrest you ever made in this world, being as I would be ashamed to let a leetle mite of a dried up wizzled runt of a man like you arrest me, and the probabilities is there would be a funeral!"

Seth turned as pale as a ghost and gulped and choked and says, "Bill, I'm the best friend youve got in Bingville and if everybuddy in this town was as good a citizen as you be there wouldnt be much for me to do. Far be it from me to a rest a law abiding citizen like you."

After this Seth and Bill got very friendly and all the while Seth was thinkin up some scheme to a rest Bill. Finally Seth told Bill that if he had time he wisht to goodness he would walk with him down to the town hall

lockup and look at a lamp in the lockup which wassent working jest like it ort to, being as he (Seth) thort with his (Bill's) mechanical genius could fix it in a jiffy.

Well, Bill dropt his tools and him and Seth walked arm in arm to the town hall as friendly as you please. Seth unlocked the lockup and pointed out the lamp to Bill which needed fixin and while Bill was examining the lamp Seth he snapped shet the door behint Bill and locked it!

When Bill discovered that he was a prisoner the way he cussed and swore at Seth could be heard all over Bingville, and it wassent long until there was a big crowd around the jail, including some of the most respected citizens of Bingville, who went away turrible shocked at Bill's langwidge. Rev. Moore, our beloved pastor, tried to calm Bill by talkin to him through a winder and telling him it was wicked to swear so, whereupon Bill swore louder than ever.

Bill cussed Seth in partickler for playing sich a low down trick as that on him. He said that no matter if he had to stay in jail for life that as soon as he got out he would thrash Seth within a inch of his life.

Seth stood around pale as deth wonderin if Bill could bust the door down. Seth asked Lem Brown, our expert carpenter, if it wouldn't be a good skeme to nail some timbers across the door to reinforce it, as you might say.

As the day wore on Bill cammed down a good 'eal, and the crowd around the lockup disbursed to their varrious homes, all but Seth, who stood on guard ready to run like blazes if Bill should take another vilent turn and bust outen the lockup. When supper time come Seth had his wife cook up a nice hot supper for Bill, which Seth carried to the lockup and passed to Bill through the winder, and also a pint flask full of good licker. Bill was a good 'eal surprised at this from Seth, but he drank the licker down at a gulp, and then asked Seth why he was so kind and loving after a resting him like that?

"Why, this is all a joke, Billy," says Seth, "and after you ete your supper I'm goin to let you out. I know you could take a joke as well as ennybuddy, so I thort I'd jest play a friendly one on you, and if you'll take it that way I'll open the door right now and come in and set with you while you ete."

Bill said that in view of the licker and the hot supper, he was willing to take the matter as a joke and for Seth to come right in, which Seth done, & all ill feelings betwixt Bill & Seth ended right there. Bill said he would be willing to have a joke played on him every day for a pt of as good licker as that.

Just what further ackshion Eb will take in his charges against Bill we ain't learnt as we go to press.

Local Brevvities

Subscribe for the Bugle before the real cold weather sets in, & then you'll have somethink to read as you set before the fire.

Ike Wilkins, who lives one mile west, had his hair cut last wk like a blamed fool, and now he had a awful cold in his head. Why will folks have their hair cut this time of year? It seems to us that's awful poor judgment.

Doc Livermore has mixed up a new medisin which he would like to find out the effect of on the human system, and therefore calls for volunteers to take a dose of same. Who will call at Doc's office in the interests of humanity and try this experiment? Maybe it will help you, and maybe it won't—who knows? Doc desires it understood that whoever tries this medisin does so at their own risk.

Bud Kinckley who aint quite right in his head got locked at school one day last wk by Jed Peters, our intelligent school teacher. Bud chewed up a big gob of spruce gum until it was soft, and then put it on Jed's chair. When Jed had set on the gum for a spell and

went to rise, he tuk chair and all with him.

Miss Amelia Tucker, Bingville's raining sossity queen, will lead off the so-shial season in Bingville next Saturday night with a charade party to be give at her palashial residence to a few ex-cloosive gests to the number of about 16, which, Amelia says, represents the "Bingville 400." Them as aint been asked are a good 'eal put out.

These is about all the local brevvyties we can think of at this writing. Some wks local brevvyties is plenty, and the next they be as skeerce as hens' teeth, and you know how skeerce hens' teeth is.

Did You Notice?

that little skift of snow which fell in Bingville last Tuesday? It diddent amount to much and the sun soon licked it up, but it give me a ideo!

Therefore I have went and bought me a seckond hand snow shuvvel & I am therefore pervided to clean off your walks of snow for you, being you desire to have them cleaned off. As a rule most folks would ruther see the snow off their walks than on, and yet at the same time they don't like to do the shuvveling theirselfs, being as it is hard labor and then some people is too proud to do it. As for me I aint proud and I'll shuvvel your snow for you if you so desire. I have tried a god menny other kinds of work but I aint yet found a job that agrees with me. I hope this will. Jest give me a chanst at your snow. All you haft to do is to notify me and I will respond promptly with my shuvvel. Or tell Hen Weathersby not to forget to tell me that you told him to tell me that you want me.

Snow and ice also cleaned offen roofs and outen gutters at great risk of life & lim to myself. Being as I am liable to break my foot neck at this kind of work I'll haaf to charge you more for it than plain snow shuvveling on the ground. I charge by the hour & I get as much per hour as possible. Some people thinks its cheeper to let the snow melt than to have it shuvvelled. It may be cheeper but how does it look?

Yours for snow shuvveling,
Bingville. HANK DEWBERRY.