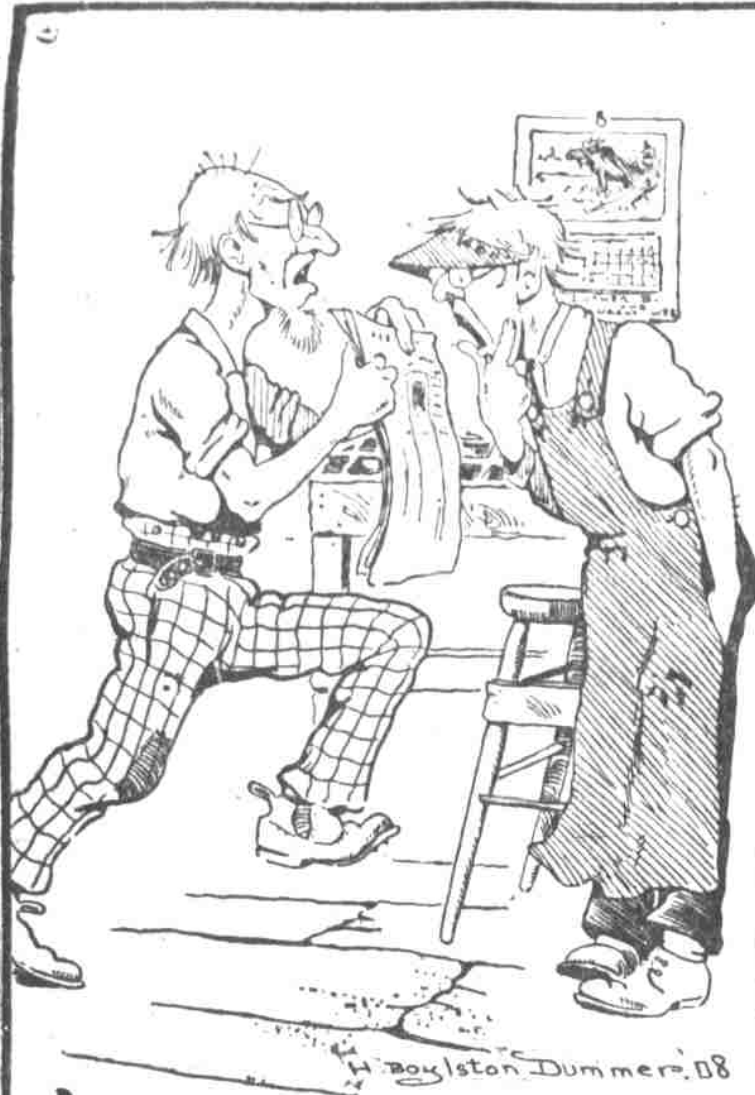


Everybody Wants Sumthink!
What is the Result??
They Get Nothink!!
ADVERTISE
In the BINGVILLE BUGLE
And See What You Get

BINGVILLE BUGLE

BY NEWTON NEWKIRK

WE PRINT
Accidents, Marriages and Scandals with Great Cheer
Because We Know Who Our Subscribers Is
We Also
PRINT Job Work



SNIDE BUST INTO THE BUGLE OFFICE WITH THE PAPER CLENCHING IN HIS HAND AND SHOWED US IN BLACK & WHITE WHERE TAFT HAD BEEN NOMINATED



HOD HE RUBBED HIS EYES AND LOOKED AGAIN "WHAT THE TARNATION IS THAT RED LIGHT UP IN THE SKY THERE ANYHOW? EVERY LOOKED AND SILENCE FELL ON THEM



WHEN CY SAW BUD RUNNING DOWN THE CREEK WITH HIS CLOTHES HE SAID THINGS WHICH IF WE PRINTED THEM WOULD INJURE CY'S STANDING AS A MEMBER OF THE CHURCH



PETER EAT HEARTY OF A CHICKEN DINNER AND GOT THE WISHBONE IN HIS THROAT AND NEARLY CHOKED



MRS SUSAN WOODBURY PAPERED HER FRONT PARLOR AND DONE THE JOB HERSELF



JED PETERS REPORTS BRILLIANT SUCCESS AS A BOOK AGENT IN BINGVILLE



JOSHUA GLADE TRYING TO BREAK HIS TWO YEAR OLD COLT



WHILE CUTTING WOOD GIDEON SMALLEY CUT HIS FOOT IT WOULD BE HARD TO FIND A SWARTHER PERSON

THE BINGVILLE BUGLE!

The Leading Paper of the County!
Bright—Breezy—Bellicose—Bustling



How doth the bare 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.

Last week Snide Petersby made a trip to the County Seat on business and pleasure, mostly pleasure; and while there got hold of a old copy of a city newspaper so that he could read what was going on in the outside world as you might say. The next day after Snide returned home he put on his specs and set down on his front piazza and begin to read the news. It was about 9:30 a. m. when Snide bust into the Bugle office with the paper clenching in his hand and showed us in black and white print where Taft had been nominated for President of the U. S. by the republicans and Bryan for the same office by the democrats. This was big news to us being as we hadn't herd nothing about it, and we callose it will be a surprise to those of our subscribers who haven't already been told about it by Snide who spread the news all over Bingville concerning these nominations. During the past few days we have been asked on many occasions whether the Bugle would support Taft or Bryan for President, if either. We desire to say in reply that we have not as yet made up our minds on that point, and will endeavor until we can confer with the committee of both parties which has charge of the distribution of funds. Whether the Bugle conscientiously supports Taft or Bryan will depend a good deal on how much the campaign managers are willing to spend for wild support. For instance, if the republican party would offer to pay us \$50 for boosting Taft, we could not conscientiously do so providing Bryan's managers would offer us \$100 for doing the same thing. There was a time in the history of the Bugle when it was a staunch republican paper of unwavering fidelity to the republican party; but by and by we found that unwavering fidelity to the republican party didn't pay us as well as unwavering fidelity to the democratic party, so the Bugle therefore became a staunch democrat organ to say nothing of being populistic one year and digging for prohibition another. Because of this changeable policy we have been accused of being fickle in our political affiliations, but we desire to say in our defence, we find it more profitable

to be governed by the dictates of our pocketbook than by our conscience. Until the campaign managers of the two parties takes this matter up with us, we shall preserve a ominous and dignified silence as to which candidate we will boost and which one we will bullyrag. Any propositions made to us will receive our earnest attention, and will be regarded as strictly confidential. Subscribe for the Bugle if you desire to keep posted on what is going on in the political world.

Mel Samson on Fire

While in Hen Weathersby store together evening, Mel Samson put his pipe in his pocket forgetting to knock out the hot ashes, and as a result his coat took fire from spontaneous combustion as you might say, causing Mel considerable annoyance to say nothing of the damage to his coat and the obnoxious odor of burnt cloth which filled the store and drove everybody outside.

Eph in Trubble

Eph Higgins our accommodating P. M. reports that during this muggy August weather his postage stamps has all become stuck together something awful, until he has to work and sweat and swear to get a postage stamp when anybody happens to come in and want one. Eph says that between the stamps sticking together in summer and having the gum eat off of them by the cockroaches in winter this job of being a government official ain't what it is cracked up to be.

Cy in a Predicment

Cy Hoskins, one of our most prominent and respected citizens, had a embarrassing and humiliating experience to happen him late Monday afternoon this week. Cy had been working hard in the hayfield most all day, and when he finally finished shocking his hay about 5 o'clock he was all hot and sweat up and uncomfortable. In Snake Creek, right back of Cy's house, is a cool deep pool, and Cy thought it would refresh him a good deal to take a plunge in this pool, so he goes down and takes off his clothes in the shade and jumps into the water and splashes around at a great rate. Cy calculated he remained in the water about 15 minutes when he come out on shore to get his clothes on and discovered to his consternation that there wasn't any clothes to put on, being as Bud Hinkley, who ain't quite right in his head and had been fishing down the creek below where Cy went in, had snuck up the creek, grabbed Cy's clothes and made off with them just for a lark. When Cy saw Bud running down the creek with his clothes he said things which if we printed them here would injure Cy's standing as a member of the Bingville church. Cy followed to Bud as loud as he could, but Bud only ran the faster. Just then he herd a team groaning on the road opposite the side of the creek and not being in a position to greet strangers as you might say, Cy jumped back into the pool where he remained until after the team had past with nothing but his head protruding. To make a long story short, Cy had to remain in the pool until darkness fell when he made his way from the creek to his house to find that supper had been waiting for him about 3 hours, and that his wife had been all over Bingville trying to find what had become of him. Cy hasn't got his clothes back yet and Bud won't tell her he had hid them. Cy says that any person like Bud Hinkley who ain't quite right in their head is a menace to Bingville.

TURRIBLE SKEER!

Mysterious Light in the Sky—Bingville Thought the World Was Coming to an End but It Didn't. Horrifying Particulars Below

Last Tuesday night was a red letter night in the history of Bingville, the horrible memory of which will linger in the minds of the oldest as well as of the youngest inhabitant for many years to come. It will be remembered that Tuesday night was a awful dark night. On the piazza in front of Hen Weathersby's store was seated the usual conglomeration of town loafers smoking, chewing tobacco, and indulging in idle conversation. About 9 p. m. Hod Quigley happened to glance up at the sky in order to see what kind of weather there might be the next day, when his eye caught sight of a luminous red light which seemed to be hovering in the heavens over the central portion of the town. Hod he rubbed his eyes and looked again but the light was still there, so he says to the others, "What the tarnation is that red light up in the sky there anyhow—is it a star or what?" Everybody looked where Hod pointed and silence fell on them present. It was the general opinion that it was not any star because stars isn't red. While they was looking at it the thing begin to sort of wobble round and move across the heavens, whereat a sickening silence fell on the spectators. Deacon Andrews said he calculated it was some token. Bill Hepburn, our artistic blacksmith, who for the most part has led a wicked and intoxicating life, asked in a horse whisper if it might be that the world was about to come to an end. Bill's words struck consternation to every heart present. As soon as Bill mentioned this awful suspicion the others present came to the conclusion that mabehe he might be right, and hastened to their various homes to prepare for the worst. The news of this awful red omen in the sky spread like wildfire over Bingville, and in a few minutes the entire population was out in the streets gazing with awe-struck wonder at the light as it wiggled about way up yonder in the sky. Women moaned and rung their hands, and some fainted, while strong men lost their courage and begin to recall all the wicked things they had ever did in their past. Finally someone suggested that the crowd should go to the parsonage occupied by Rev. Samuel Moore, beloved pastor of the Bingville church, and should ask him to pray for the end of the world might be stood off for a few weeks if possible. This suggestion was adopted and everybody made a rush for the parsonage. Rev. Moore, who was just ready to retire for the night, was routed out and when he learned the cause throwed open the doors of the church, lit the lamps and tried to pacify the members of his flock as well as nearly everybody else in Bingville. Such a scene has never been witnessed in our midst before. Bill Hepburn asked to be forgive for the amount of liquor he had consumed during his life and vowed he would never touch another drop as long as he lived. Deacon Andrews hunted on Cy Hoskins and give him back \$10 which he had cheated Cy out of in a horse trade sometime before. Hen Weathersby, prop. of our general store, got up and confessed that for many years he had doctored his weighing scales and mixed flour with his sugar. Others present also admitted their faults. Every little while the crowd would adjourn from the church to take a look at the star of doom, and by and by the star was seen to be descending. As it come lower and lower it was finally discovered to be a lantern sur-

rounded with red tissue paper attached to the tail of a big kite. By following up the light the crowd which had now ceased to be alarmed discovered at the end of the string by which the kite was pulled in little Andy Andrews and Herman Hepburn, respective sons of Deacon Andrews and Bill Hepburn who had put up the kite at night with the red lantern at its tail just for a lark. Bill and Deacon each administered a sound thrashing to their respective off-springs on the spot, and then the crowd dispersed and returned to their various homes in deep disgust. Bill Hepburn says that under the circumstances he will not feel bound to keep the vows he made with respect to drinking. While Deacon Andrews, who returned Cy Hoskins the \$10, says that unless Cy gives it back to him he will persecute him to the full extent of the law. They as contest to their past now claims that the things they told about themselves ain't so, and Bingville has by now assumed the even tenor of its way.

Hank Fell In

Hank Dewberry while fishing from the Bingville bridge over Snake Creek last Sunday went to sleep, leaned forward, and fell about 10 feet into five foot of water. As soon as Hank struck the water with a splash he woke right up, and to say that he was surprised would be putting it mild. Hank couldn't swim scarcely a stroke so he splashed around on top of the water hollerin for help, but nobody herd him, and finally he begun to get exhausted and he sunk when finally his feet touched the bottom and he walked ashore in disgust. His fishing pole was broke by the fall.

Local Items

Deacon Butterworth has been losing several pullets lately. He says they was took by a skunk and furthermore the Deacon says he knows the skunk's name being as he tracked him home. The Deacon says there is two kinds of skunks—human skunks and animal skunks.

Abe Wilson of the County Seat was in Bingville the other day and swoop horses with Mel Hinkley. The horse Abe got died on the way home the same day of the trade, whereas the horse Mel got lived until the next morning. Neither Abe nor Mel got very much the best of each other in the deal.

Sometime ago the Widow Skinner had a portrait made of her husband, old Ben Skinner, who has been dead for 10 these many years, which she hung in the parlor and took great comfort in. Last week while dusting off the picture the nail pulled out and it fell down so that the back of a chair went right through old Ben's face in the picture. Mrs. Skinner is terrible put out about this.

Country Correspondence

SORROW HOLLOW.
It is very dry here at present. A rain wouldn't do any harm and unless it was a hard rain it wouldn't do much good.
Joshua Glade while trying to break a two-year-old colt recently broke his leg and might have broke his foot neck if Peter Cranby hadn't latched the colt as it was dragging Josh along the road with his foot fast in the stirrup. Josh says he likes spirited horses to ride, but not too doggone spirited.
Jemima Hall has raised a second crop of lettuce this summer. Who could beat this for lettuce?
Miss Amelia Tucker of Bingville accompanied by Sam Wilkins past through here in a buggy last Sunday. We were surprised to see them being as we thought Amelia had throwed Sam over sometime ago.
While cutting wood, Gideon Smalley cut his foot. It would be hard to find a more awkward person with a axe than Gideon.
UNO.
Bingville.

Personals & Locals Mixt

Peter Hoskins who Sunday with his son Israel Hoskins, who lives at Zion's Cross Roads. Last Sunday, eat hearty of a chicken dinner and got the wishbone in his throat and nearly choked. Peter reports Iz and family doing well.
Mrs. Susan Woodbury papered her front parlor last week and done the job herself without the assistance of anybody. It is a neat job with the exception of one side of the room where the strips of paper don't run up and down quite plum.
Jed Peters, our intelligent school teacher, reports that he has met with brilliant success as a book agent in Bingville and vicinity this summer. Jed has been re-elected to teach the Bingville school this coming winter. Jed seems to have the knack of learning his pupils considerable.

ICE for sale!

It occurred to me the other day that I put up more ice last winter than I will be able to use this season, and rather than have any of this ice left over, I will now offer what ice I have left for sale to whoever desires ice.

IF I CAN SELL THIS ICE FOR cash I will let it as well do so as to let it melt and being as this is about the hottest month in the year, perhaps you will be willing to pay whatever this ice is worth to you.

You will find it A GOOD THING for to cool drinking water with or to make ice cream out of, and so forth and so forth to numerous to mention. Don't let this OPPORTUNITY pass to secure ice for little or ALMOST NOTHING. See me for terms. My prices will be reasonable.
AMOS HULLYER

LATER—Since writing the above I have discovered on investigation that all my ice has melted and that there is nothing left in the ice house but sawdust. You will please therefore consider the above advertisement null and void.

Amos Hulyer

HAY FOR SALE

Owing to the fact that my hay has matured this year sooner than I expected, and because I haven't been able to hire any help to harvest same and have nearly worked myself to death in order to put up and cut what little hay I have in the barn. I desire to offer for sale about five acres of hay standing in the field uncut.

which I won't be able to harvest. If you need hay here is a chance to get it cheap on the stack. Next winter when you run out of hay you will probably wish you had purchased this hay I now offer for sale. Please buy this hay off of me at once because the longer you delay the more worthless it will be.

As a further inducement I will give you the loan of my mowing machine.

To cut this hay with if you will buy it immediately. I will take for this hay whatever it is worth, and if you don't think it is worth that much I WILL TAKE LESS.

For hay in the field see me. ISRAEL PUTNAM.
Bingville.