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

BINGVILLE BUGLE

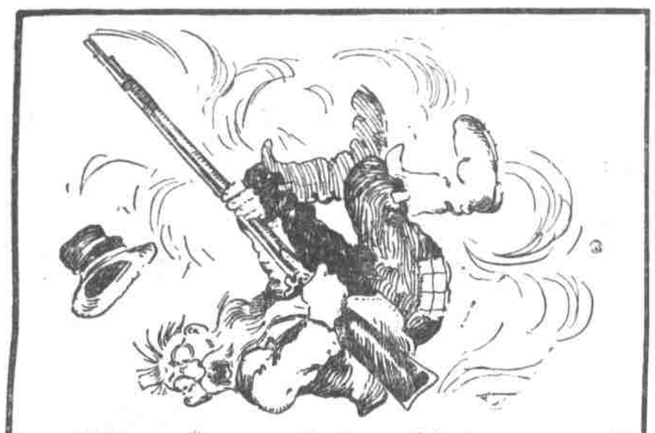
BY NEWTON NEWKIRK

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

ANYBODY IN THIS TOWN WHO IS HONEST AIN'T GOT ENOUGH COMPETITION TO MAKE IT INTERESTING

AME WALKED OVER AND OPENED IT TO SEE WHO THE THUNDERASHION WAS MAKING SICH A NOISE

ARIOCH WILKINS RUN A NAIL IN HIS BOOT AXIDENTALLY LAST WEEK



DAD WAS KNOCKED FLAT BY THE OLE MUSKET

BALE SAYS IT AIN'T SAFE FOR A PERSON TO HAVE A RAZOR SO SHARP

MRS. ABE SKINNER DISCOVERED TO HER CONSTERNATION THAT THE JELLY WOULDN'T JELL

SETH SAID IF THE GULTY PARTY DIDN'T STEP FORWARD AND GIVE IT UP HE WOULD GIT HISSELF ARRESTED

THE BINGVILLE BUGLE!

The Leading Paper of the County!

Bright—Breezy—Bellicose—Bustling

How doth the busy little bee
Improve each shining hour—
By gathering honey all the day
From every opening flour.

The cheapest advertising medium in the country. If you believe in advertising, come and see us. For further information call on or address the editor.

We have been turrible hard drove up for a subjeckt to write a editorial about for this week, being as we have went and exhausted most nearly everything in the editorial subjeckt line as you might say.

When we was in most desperate straights, Cy Hoskins dropped into the office and happened to make a remark that "Honesty is the best policy." Cy said this with reference to something we was conversing about, a subjeckt which we now forgit. That suggested a subjeckt for a editorial, viz., "Is Honesty the Best Policy?"

We have our doubts whether it is or not, and we are not afeared to come right out flat-footed and say so, either. We observe that they as maintains that honesty is the best policy is generally those who has never tried the experiment. There is Cy Hoskins. He has the audacity to say that honesty is the best policy. What does Cy Hoskins know about honesty we ask, and we pause for a reply.

Honesty might be the best policy perviding everybody was honest, but where about nine-tenths of the population of Bingville is liars and thieves, honesty don't seem to be much of a success. We have run the Bugle for the last 30 odd years on the theory that honesty is the best policy, and what have we got to show for it, pray, except a big subscripshion list of dead-beat subscribers, and so many obligations staring us in the face that we are only living from hand to mouth as we might say. We reckon if we had of been a rascal instid of a paragon of virtue and integrity we would now be a millionaire instid of a fit subjeckt for a poor-farm.

It is our opinion that if you wish to succeed finanshially in Bingville you have to be a rascal. Anybody in this town who is honest ain't got enough competition to make it interesting.

Dave Threatens to Move

Dave Whittacre, our popular and accommodating undertaker, says that unless business picks up in his line he reckons he will move his family over to Hardscrabble to go into the undertaking business there, being as that is a sickly community and there are more demises. We regret that business in Dave's line is so bad, yet at the same time we are glad that the health of the community is so good. Dave can't expect our most respected citizens to turn up their toes just to make business good for him, and it is ridiculous for him to even suggest such a thing.

Local Items

Lokle items is very scarce in our midst this week. Sometimes lokle items is plenty and sometimes they ain't.

Bale Hawkins purchased a new razor at Hen Wethersby's store tother day, and in trying to shave hisself liked to of cut his left ear off. Bale says he wishes it wasn't so sharp because he considers it ain't safe for a person to shave theirself with a razor that will do that.

We hoped to be able to announce in this issue that we had secured one more subscriber, but regret to report to the contrary. We tried to induce Jim Peabody from Sorrow Hollow to subscribe, and after we thought we almost had him, Jim said that what was the use for him to subscribe to the Bugle and pay good money for it, when he could read Sim Wilkins' Bugle, a nabor of his. This makes us disgusted.

Mrs. Abe Skinner endeavored to put up some peach jelly last week and filled 23 glasses with same, only to discover to her consternation that the jelly wouldn't jell. She was awful put out about this, and Abe says she is so disagreeable since that he can't scaircely live in the same house with her.

Mrs. Almira Hobbs appeared in the church choir last Sunday evening wearing what she called a "Merry Widder Hat." It was about four feet acrost, and we calkilate it must have made Almira's head ake to carry such a hat about on her.

Last spring we asked you to take time by the forelock and pay up your back subscripshions to the Bugle before summer arrived. No attention was paid to this, so we now respectfully ask you to pay up your subscripshions before winter arrives.

Simeon Underwood is suffering from a bealing in his ear. Sim says that his head ackes him so at times he wish he didn't have any head on his shoulders. It is rather a peculiar incident to have a bealing in your ear in the summer time—we thought bealings generally ocurred in the ear during the winter time.

Joke on Seth

The boys played a joke on Seth Dewberry, our lion-hearted town constubble, in Hen Weathersby's store the other night. Seth went to sleep and Ranse Hillyer quietly unpinned his big tin star, which is Seth's insignia of office, from his coat, and dropped it into Seth's pocket. When Seth woke up Hen asked him where his star was, and when Seth discovered it was gone he swore it had been took by somebody present, and said if the guilty party didn't step forward and give it up he would git hisself arrested and punished to the full extent of the law on the charge of intimidating an officer.

"Maybe you left it in your pocket," says Ranse. When Seth found the star in his packet he looked kind of foolish and went off home without saying "good-night" to anybody.

Bud Painted the Cat

Bud Hinkley, who ain't quite right in his head, painted their ole cat Tom again last week. Bud used some red paint he found down in the cellar. This is the 4th or 5th time Bud has painted their cat within the last year, and you would naturally think the cat would be pretty sick of it by this time, being as a cat don't need a coat of paint oftener than onct a year.

LATER—Mrs. Hinkley give Bud a turrible lickin for the above offense, and Bud promised he would never do so again.

AWFUL EXPERIENTS FOR CLEM!

He Was Confined for Two Days and Two Nights Without Food or Drink and Nearly Became Deceased—Full Particulars Follering

Clem Clegg, one of our most respeckted cittizens, who has no blemish on his past except that he was once convickted of stealing chickens, which, however, was a insignificant offence, and Clem has since lived it down, met with a indeskribable hardship on last Monday and Tuesday, which he will probably likely think of with loathing, regret and disgust to his dying day, and we don't blame him.

Mehitable Clegg, who is Clem's wife, is as deef as a post, which everybody in Bingville knows, being as you haft to come right up and holler in her ear so loud it makes you hoarse before you can make her understand what you want to. For this reason what Clem and Mehitable talks about in the privacy of their own home ain't no secret, because their conversashion can be heard all over Bingville, speshially in the summer season when the winders is up.

Last Sunday night Clem told Mehitable that he thought next morning he would walk to Hardscrabble, a distance of ten miles, to visit his brother John and see if John would lend him enough money to pay the interest on the mortgage which Ame Hillyer, our attorney and legal light, holds on Clem's house. When Monday morning arrived, however, the wether was so awful hot that Clem didn't have the heart to start out on the hoof fer Hardscrabble, but took the hatchet and some nails and went down cellar to repair his potater bin. When Clem went down, Mehitable was upstairs airing the rooms, and when she came down and saw the door to the cellar door open she says to herself, "Land sakes, did I leave that door open?" After which she slammed it shut with a bang, locked it with a key and also with a heavy bolt. Then she set down to pare some apples for sass, thinking Clem had started on his trip to Hardscrabble. To make a long story short, Clem come up stairs by and by and found the door locked, whereupon he knocked until he skun the skin offen his nuckles. Then he hollered and yelled for Mehitable to open the door and let him out, but what was the use? There sat Mehitable, not 5 ft. from the cellar door as calm and peaceful as you pleace, humming to herself and never hearing a sound in the world, being as she is so deef she wouldn't hear thunder.

There was no winders in the cellar through which Clem could holler to the nabors; on the contrary it was very dark and damp with only a board here and there on the dirt floor to prevent a person stepping into pools of water. Clem would cuss a while, then he would pray for deliverence, and when he got out of patience praying he would go back to cussing again, but what was the use? Clem, who uses up a 10 ct. plug of chewin terbacker every day and was on his last chew when he got shet down in the cellar, said he couldn't make up his mind whether he would ruther have had his freedom or a chew of terbacker. Meanwhile, the time wore on—Monday night came and went, as fer Clem there in the dark, he couldn't tell whether it was night or day outside. When Clem didn't show up Monday night, Mehitable thought he must of had trubble persuading John to give him the interest money, and had resolved to stay over till Tuesday. So she didn't worry about him in the least. She thought Clem would be home sure by Tuesday evening, so by 5 o'clock she had a big dinner waiting for him in the kitchen, and after she got it all ready she set down to wait fer Clem's arrival, while there was Clem with his eye glued to the keyhole of the door watching her wait fer him to come to dinner, and him there so near starved to death that he could hardly stand up.

Just then Ame Hillyer dropped in on Mehitable to find out when Clem perposed to pay the interest on that mortgage, and soon as Clem heared Ame enter the kitchen he begin to hammer on the door hard enough to bust it. As a result Ame walked over and opened it to see who the thunderashion was making sich a noise, and out stepped Clem, the most woebeggon, bedraggled looking specimen you most ever saw. Mehitable and Ame gasped with astonishment, but as fer Clem he pulled a chair right up to the table, set down and went to work on the vittles as if he had never had a bite to eat in his life. Clem says he wishes Mehitable wasn't so deef as much for his own sake as for hers.

Personal

Pretty hot spell of weather we have had and folks is complaining a good eal about it, but that don't make it no cooler.

It wouldn't do no harm if we was to have a wet rain in our midst at present, being as both the wells and landscape is very dry at the present writing.

Hez Andrews reports that he has had one of his cows to go dry on him recent. Hez says he don't care much because the last several weeks she ain't been givin more than a qt. of milk, and who would milk a cow two times a day for that?

Dad Henderson went squirrel hunting last Tuesday, but he didn't have any luck except bad luck. Dad took his ole musket and the 1st squirrel he seen he banged away, and the gun kicked so hard Dad was knocked flat down and thought for a while that his arm was broke. Dad thinks that being he is so absent-minded and forget full he must of put 3 or 4 loads in the musket. However that may be, he mist the squirrel.

Hen Weathersby, prop. of our general store, is offering some great bargains in fly screens this week. Hen offers these screens for almost half price ruther than carry them through the winter, and also because he wishes to make room for new goods arriving daily.

Jed Peters, the intelligent teacher of Bingville school, announces that school will begin Monday, Sept. 7, promptly at 9 a. m. Jed says the prospects is that he will have 5 or 6 scholars to start with, which he considers a pretty good starter for Bingville.

Malicah Perkins seys he will pay 75 cents per day and board for a good hand to help him through harvest. Anyone desiring a position at this time had better see Malicah at once, for it will be only a short time until harvest is over and then Malicah wont need you.

Silas Osgood of Hardscrabble was in Bingville visiting last Tuesday. Sy is respectable even if he does come from Hardscrabble. He seys that town is flourishing, but of course nobody would expect him to say anything else about the town he lives in even if he thinks so which he probably does.

Country Correspondence

SLAB CITY.

Jemina Pepper of Hickory Corners drove here last Sunday to visit her sister, who was reported to Jemina to be sick and not expected to recover, but Jemina was considerably disappointed and surprised to find the rumor false.

Jasper Tarbell has a bunch growing on his nose which has got so big that it makes him look 'cross-eyed most all the time. Most everybody tells Jasp that they persoom it is a cancer. We hope they are wrong but fear they are not.

Lawn Fate To Be Give

There will be a lawn Fate (or as it is more commonly known in Bingville—"a grass party")

Give Under The Trees on The Lawn in Front of The Bingville Church Next Satterday Ev'g

beginning early in the ev'g and lasting until 10 p. m. or later if necessary.

This Function Will Be Give Under The Auspices of The Ladies' Aid Sassiety,

and the proceeds will be used to pay the Rev. Sam'l Moore, our beluvved pastor, a small portshion of his back salary.

WHICH IS NOW BACK FIVE YEARS

ICE CREAM COFFEE and CAKE

Will Be Served, Also PIES, BAKED BEANS, DOUGHNUTS, PICKLES, and ether delicacies too numerous to mention.

Come one, come all, and fill up. Price for all you can eat, 25 cts., whether you can eat twice as much or not.

EAT TILL YOU BUST

and thus help along a good cause.

IMPORTANT.

We are also thinking of making a tub of lemonade if we can find a couple of lemons anywhere.

PER ORDER OF THE COMMITTEE.
Bingville.

Sam Parker has purchased a cow from Wilson Miller. Considerashion price paid for same we were unable to learn.

Arioch Wilkins run a nail in his foot axidentally last week. If Arioch wasn't too stingy to keep his boots half soled like they ort to be he wouldn't be so apt to run nails in his feet.

VOX POPULI.

HARDSCRABBLE.

Your correspondent has ascertained that the Bingville Bugle has nine regular subscribers in this town. In spite of the fact that the Hardscrabble Banner is published here.

Bill Haywood has gone into the blacksmith shop business in Hardscrabble which has needed a blacksmith for sometime. Bill shooed 14 horses last week.

Sim Goodwin our postmaster run out of stamps recently and as a result no letters could be sent out of Hardscrabble for nearly a week or until more stamps arrived from Washington.

Sarah Ann Cobb was laid up with a sick headache last Sunday. Sarah Ann seys that unless she has a sick headache every Sunday she don't feel natural.

OBSERVER.