

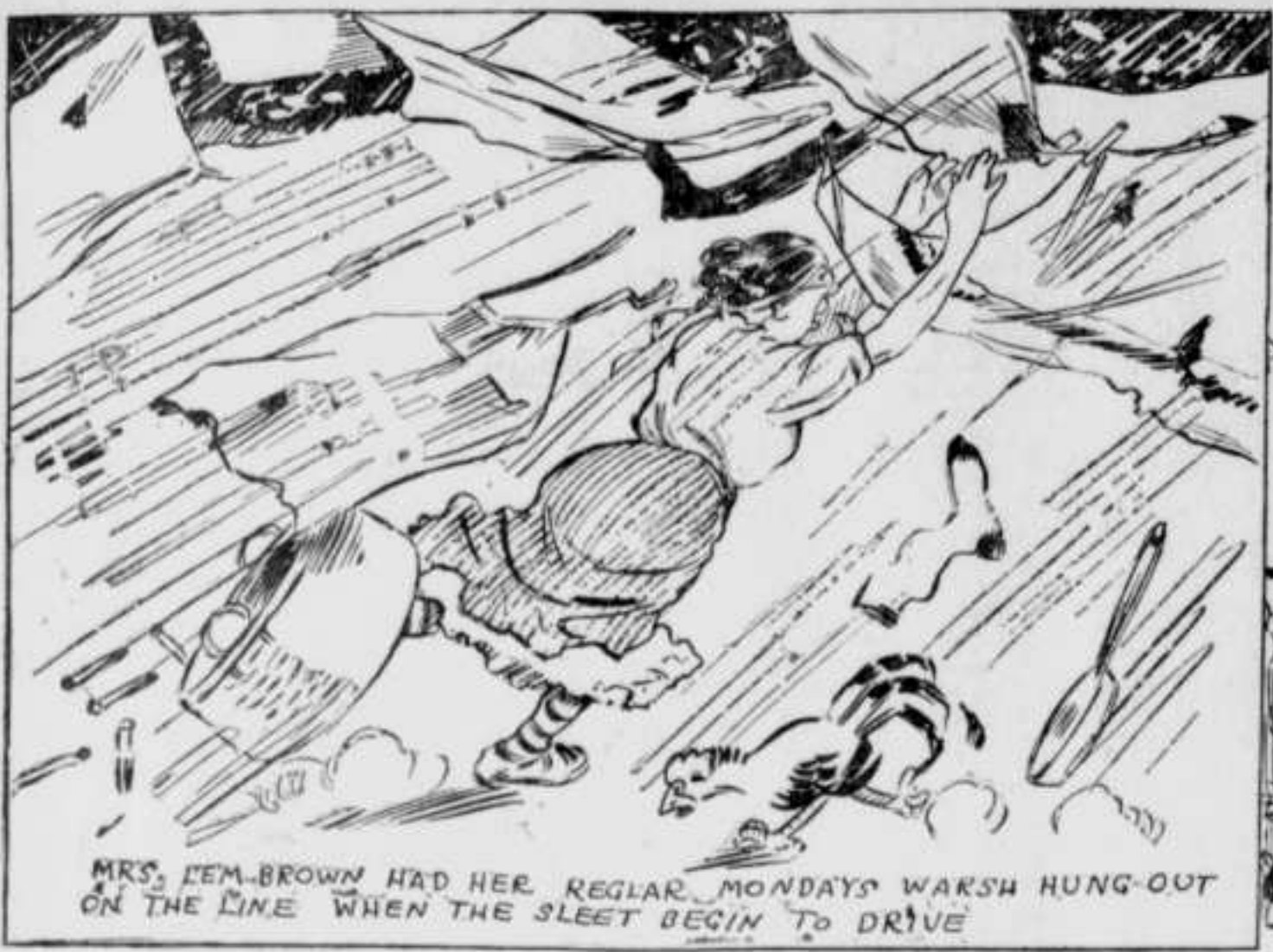
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BINGVILLE BUGLE

BY NEWTON NEWKIRK

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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.



MRS. LEM BROWN HAD HER REGULAR MONDAYS WARSH HUNG-OUT ON THE LINE WHEN THE SLEET BEGIN TO DRIVE



JED PETERS, OUR INTELLIGENT SCHOOL-TEACHER SAYS ITS TURBID DISCURRIDGIN WORK TO DRIVE NOLLEDGE INTO SKOLLERS AS DUMB AS THE ONES HE'S GOT.



BILL HENDRICKS SAYS THAT THE GRIP IS THE CUSEDEST THING HE EVER HAD



IF LILLY WHITE EXPECTS TO BECOME KNOWN AS A WRITER THROUGH THE HARDSCRABBLE BANNER SHE'LL BE TURBIDLY DISAPPOINTED

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

How both the busy little bee improves 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 our address the editor.

SLEET STORM EDDYTORIUL

On last Monday afternoon about 2 p. M. Bingville was visited by one of the worst sleet storms in her history the like of which has never been known in this neck of woods. Dad Henderson our oldest inhabitant for instance who has kept track of all the sleet storms which has occurred in our midst for lo these menny yrs & praps even longer than that, says it was the worst sleet storm which he has ever saw in all his career.

Just to show what a terrible sleet storm Dad thort it was he ventchured outen his house jest when the sleet was fallin hardest without knowin that a sleet storm was in progress and when Dad stopt offen his front pliazzer and the sleet struck him in the face full blast he was so flabbergasted that he diddnt know what had hit him.

clothes offen the line they was damaged a good eal by the sleet. One of Lem's best shirts for instants was jest riddled by it like as if it had been didd by bullets. There was some hail stones amongst the sleet and these cut jest like a knife.

Seth Dewberry our Bon harted town constubble was ketcht out in the storm and had his hat knockt offen his head when the sleet and hail begin to hit him on top of the head which is as bald as a egg. Seth never stopt to pick up his hat but made for Bill Hepburns blacksmith shop which was the nearest blding with a roof over it for shelter where Seth remained until the storm was over.

Seth says he has fased despritt criminals and has riskt his life time and agin in his capacity as town constubble but hed rather faze a roarin linn than stich a sleet & hail storm as that un was.

The top of Seths hed is all nicked up where the sleet and hail hit him and is so sore that he cant sneerly hear to wear a hat on it.

There was others in Bingville who got smote with the storm too nummers to mentchion but most folks had sense enuff to remain indoors until after it was over before they ventchured out.

The storm diddnt last long but it was a reglar ripsmorter while it did last and we hope that stich a calamity wont occur agin soon being as Bingville folks feels that they have had enuff hail and sleet on last Monday to last em for a considerable spell.

Let this eddytorial on sleet and hail storms be a sollum warning to our inhabitants hereafter to remain under cuver when stich a storm is in progress unless they desire to git all chopped to peeces as we might say. A sleet storm is a turrible menace to life & limb and especially to the head also pervided you aint got no hat on and we trust that Bingvillians will guvvern theirselves according.

late at night his own bull dog won't let him set foot inside the front yard—several times he has had to sleep all night at a nabor's.

Sime Watkins ain't cut his ice yet, and Sime now says he don't think he will because if it remains this cold he don't calidate he'll ever need ice. Sime is one of them kind of people who can't see any further ahead than their nose, and he won't realize how much he needs ice until next summer when the thermometer is 95 in the shade.

Lokel Items

Alonso Skillings of Calamity Corners dropped into the Bugle office recently and paid us \$2 which boosts his subscription up to 1892. We trust that other dead-beat subscribers will follow Alonso's example and boost their subscription up \$2 worth also.

Miss Sally Hoskins is engaged in nitting a pair of wool socks to be give as a Christmas present. We hope they will keep your feet warm, Clem.

Deacon Butterworth slipped on the P. O. steps recent and bruised himself, and Eph Higgins who seen him fall says the Deacon uttered a swear word. The Deacon denies that he used any profanity. He says all he said was "Goll ding it!" and not what Eph says he said.

Subscribe for the Bugle before Christmas or else somebody might send it to you for a present.

Miss Francisca Watkins ketcht a cold in her head while out play riding with Sime Lawler one night last week, but Francisca said she would rather have a cold in her head than one in her chest. Was you so busy driving that you couldn't keep Francisca warm, Sime?

Hen Smiley had the pleasure of entertaining himself and wife at a chicken dinner last Sunday. Hen's wife is a turrible good cook, and when the four of us got up from the table there wasn't nothin left of that chicken except a few clean bones.

Country Correspondence

ZION CROSS ROADS
Rats or squirrels or something has got into Eb Heover's corn crib and have did a lot of damage to the corn. Eb set a steel trap to ketch the rats, but the rat got caught in the steel trap and the rats kept right on eating corn.

We rejoice to say that the Grim Reaper has not visited our midst for quite a spell, and we hope it will be some time before he calls in this vicinity.

Bill Hendricks is down with the grip. Bill says that the grip is the cussedest thing he ever had the matter with him and hes had most everything going.

Lafe Henderson's grandmother has persented him with a pair of wool mitts which she nitt all herself. Grandma Henderson is 86 years old. How's that for a nitter?

Enos McCracken is breaking out snow roads in this vicinity this winter, and so far has nearly froze both ears offen his head. VERITAS.

got back—there was nothing left in the jug. Widow Henderson's face is all swelled up with neuralgia in it till you wouldn't scarcely know her, she looks so corpulent.

John Williams borrowed your correspondent's Bugle last week which he read with much interest. John thinks he may subscribe for the Bugle two or three years hence if some skollers he's got on his hands now turns out well.

We find that news is very scarce this wk. Nobody is stirring round much in this vicinity owing to the extreme frigidity of the weather. UNO.

A Rival Pome Writer to Sally Hoskins

We have leant incidentally & accidentally that Miss Sally Hoskins of Bingville, who has become very famous in this naberhood by the beautiful pomes which she has wrote on various subjects some of which has even apcard in the co seat papers as well as in the Bugle to which she owes most of her notoriety as a pome writer, has a rival & competitor in the pome writing line in the person of Miss Lilly White, a very talented yung lady from the village of Hardscrabble seven miles west of Bingville.

Only last wk. Miss White had a pome she wrote apcar in the Hardscrabble Banner entitled, "Oh, Why Don't My Love Come Tonite?" It was a very good pome indeed, but we don't think it is quite up to Sally Hoskins mark as a pome writer. Even if it was, the Hardscrabble Banner is a turrible poor medium for Miss Lilly ever to hope to secure fame and notoriety through.

If Lilly White ever expects to become knowd to the world as a writer of poetry through the Hardscrabble Banner, whose circulation aint moren 75 copies per wk and most of em dead-beats at that, she'll be turrible disappointed.

We would suggest to Lilly that if she desires to win the laurels of suckess that she ort to send us her pomes and let us print em in the Bugle where they will reach over 300 subscribers and be read by probly over 1000 souls, being as we calidate every copy of the Bugle is borried and passed from one to another until it is wore out. Mean folks does this to keep from having to pay for the Bugle theirselves, and if this wasent the case we would have twice as menny subscribers as we now have, and would be rich beyant the fondest dreams of avarice.

Think this over, Lilly, and send us a pome or two to help fill up. We persons that when you wrote that pome "Oh, Why Don't My Love Come Tonite?" you was referring to Sam, who we understand has been keepin company with you for menny yrs. We don't know why he diddnt come—praps Sam has a shnitty somewhere.

Jed Peters Getting Along Fine

Tother day we happend to meet on the st. Jed Peters, our intelligent teacher of the Bingville schools for menny yrs. past and we askt Jed how his school was pergressing. Jed told us that the skollers was getting along as well as he could nacherly expect, being as he only has had nine skollers all told and the great majority of them don't seem to have skelerly any signs of huming intelligents. Jed says its turrible discourridgin work

to drive nollidge into skollers as dumb and numb as the ones hes got, and there is times when he almost feels like givin up. He says that taking Bud Hincley, for instants, he don't expect much from Bud who ain't quite right in his head, but its the other skollers he means who don't seem to case a mite whether they ever leant enythink or grow up in disgraceful ignorants.

We asked Jed if he had ever tride to drive nollidge into his skollers with a well seasoned birch rod or a hickory paddle or enny tool like that and Jed said yes he had being as he had lict some skoller nearly every day and sometimes two per day, but their hides was so thick that they couldn't seem to absorb nollidge even in that manner.

Ketcht!

Tother night about bedtime, Ame Hillyer, our attorney and legal light beerd a commoshion in his henhouse, and pulling on his boots Ame snuck out in the dark, and opening the henhouse door said suddenly in a stern voice:

"Who's there?" "Nobody!" exclaimed a voice from the dark, and Ame jumped into the henhouse and grabbed the culprit, which he dragged into the house where he could see who he was.

For obvious reasons the name of the guilty party is withheld, since Ame has decided not to persecute, but rather to give him another chanst to live a nobler and better life. The culprit told Ame that when he asked suddenly "Who's there?" he said "Nobody!" before he thort how foolish it sounded.

I Cut a Lot of ICE

This is to notify the vicinity of Bingville and surrounding neighborhood that I am prepared to cut your ice for you this winter and store it in your icehouse for you providing you haven't already did so yourselves. If it had occurred to me sooner that I could make the extra dollar by cutting ice for people, I would have went into this business long before this, but it didn't occur to me sooner, so I will go into the business now. Some folks cut ice and some don't, being as some has their ice cut for them. Why bother putting up your own ice when I will do it for you at what I consider a reasonable price. I will not only cut your ice, but I will draw it to your icehouse and stack it up in the same surrounding it by sawdust, so that it will keep all through next summer—I hope. What is nicer in summer than to have cold water to drink, or ice cream or lemonade with ice in it. Of course, you wouldn't want anything like that now, being as the very thort of it makes you shiver until your teeth rattle, but next summer when the thermometer stands 95 in the sun you'll be sorry you aint got no ice. For terms of ice put in, see me at once.

Yours for ice-making,
BINGVILLE. ENOS SAWYER.