

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



WE HAVE NEVER RECEIVED ANY PROPOSITION FROM ROCKEFELLER ALTHOUGH WE GO TO THE P. O. EVERY DAY REGULAR



HEZ ANDREWS WHILE CUTTING HAY ACCIDENTALLY ALMOST STEPPED ON A BLACK SNAKE SEVEN FEET LONG



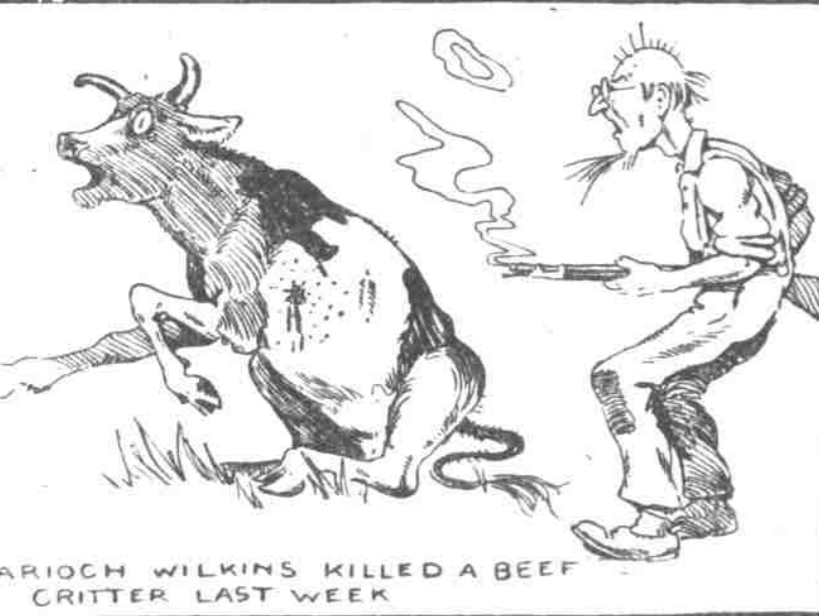
WHEN A PERSON GOES INTO THE STORE TO PURCHASE ANYTHING THEY USUALLY FIND THEM ASLEEP ON THE COUNTER



DOC HE HURRIED HOME WITH BRAD AND WAS SURPRISED TO FIND THE MARE SICK INSTEAD OF BRAD'S WIFE. DOC NEVER KNEWED THE MARE'S NAME WAS ALVIRA



JEMIMA WENT HOME MUCH TO HER OWN DISGUST AND TO PHEBE'S RELIEF



ARIOCH WILKINS KILLED A BEEF CRITTER LAST WEEK



JABE SEEING WHAT HE THOUGHT WAS A CAT ON THE FRONT PLAZZER KICKED IT OFF BUT IT WAS A SKUNK



MISS MARY ANN GREEN THE BELL OF HAPPY VALLEY CAME OUT LAST SUNDAY IN A NEW LAWN DRESS

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 flower.

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.

For some time past it has been on our mind to give the trusts of this country a bitter arraignment by means of a red hot editorial in this column and we now take our pen in hand to do so.

For the benefit of our more ignorant readers who don't know what a trust is we will explain. When several men gets together, for instance, and buys up all the hogs there be in the country and then boosts up the price of spare-ribs and sawsidge to such a extent that the common people haft to pay several times what its worth for it or go without, that is called a trust. Most all trusts are hog trusts for that matter because a trust allus acts the hog when it gets half a chance.

Trusts is more common in this country than they was several years ago. We can remember when there was no such a thing as a trust in our midst, but that time is now only a sacred memory. Take the Standard Oil Trust which John Rockefeller got up for instants. John he has a corner on about all the lamp oil there is in the world, if we can believe what we hear, and charges for it whatever he pleased pleases per gal. Even Hen Weathersby, prop of our general and only store has to buy his kerosene of John. We don't know what Hen has to pay wholesale for his oil being as that ain't none of our business, but we know what we have to pay Hen for it (23 cts. per gal) which is some of our business. What is the result? The people of Bingville and vicinity is paying about twice as much for lamp oil as the truck is worth. By the time John and Hen get their profits lamp oil becomes almost a luxury as you might say, and consequently it is cheaper to burn taller candles than to burn lamp oil. Only the rich can afford to burn lamp oil, as it were. Taller candles don't give quite as much light as lamp oil does, but they give an all-fired sight more light for the money. Hen could sell more lamp oil if it wasn't for the oil trust. Hen might probably sell a barrel of lamp oil in a year if the price was within reach of all, but as it is, he has had a barrel on hand for three years and it's half full as yet.

We are not afraid to come right out and denounce trusts in this manner. It has always been the policy of the Bugle to denounce anything

that is detrimental to the community, especially when we don't own no stock in the trusts and have no other valid reasons for not denouncing them. We understand that the Standard Oil Trust has paid large sums of money to the editors of certain newspapers to have them keep their mouths shet and not say anything against the trusts.

As for us, we have never received any such proposition from Rockefeller, although we go to the P. O. every day regular for our mail. Of course if we should get such a proposition we would consider it conscientiously.

What do we care if this editorial does injure the business of the trusts in this country? We reply, "Nothing!" On the contrary we hope it will injure them. We hope that when the big trust magnates read these lines they will cringe in their boots and that their conscience will pain them so that they will resolve in their little shrunk-up hearts to reform and lead better lives. We believe in free speech, free press and free lunch, but we don't believe in free advertising, nor free sample copies nor trusts. Let the trusts beware of us!

Local Items

Hez Andrews, while cutting hay with a scythe in his hayfield back of his house to-day, accidentally almost stepped on a black snake seven feet long. This so unnerved Hen that he dropped the scythe and made for home, and is so weak in the legs that he ain't been able to cut any hay since.

Hen Weathersby, prop of our general store, says that trade is very dull with him at present. But Hen says he don't care much being as he likes to take it easy during the hot summer weather and don't like to be annoyed by having to wait on customers. When a person goes into the store to purchase anything they usually find Hen asleep on some bolts of muslin on the counter. Hen says if folks don't stop waking him up he's going to lock the door on 'em.

Our correspondent from Calamity Corners who signs hisself "Pro Bono Publico" in the Bugle paid us a lengthy call last Tuesday. "Pro Bono" says that everything at the Corners is in statu quo as you might say.

Jed Peters, our intelligent school teacher who taught the village school last winter, is at present studying up to take the teachers' examination at the Co seat next month and if he passes successful there is no doubt Jed will be re-elected to teach again the coming term. Jed is a good writer and reader and speller and he ain't so slow at figures either.

Hoke Smiley is thinking some of having lightening rods put onto his barn to avoid being struck by lightening during thunder showers. Hoke says it's the thunder that skeers him and not the lightening.

Personal

The weather in Bingville at present is very hot and business is almost at a standstill, as you might say, especially in the heat of the day. Day before yesterday we walked down to the P. O. about noon and the only person we met was a hound dog.

You may know it's terrible hot weather when Letitia Jones of Sorrow Hollow started for Bingville last Saturday with 11 lbs. of butter in a basket to exchange for groceries at Hen Weathersby's store, and that when she arrived at the store the butter had all melted and run outen the basket and had likely trickled along the road all the way from Sorrow Hollow. Letitia returned home in disgust.

The Bingville church still looks something awful in one spot right over the Amen corner. Last Sunday it rained during services and Deacon Butterworth, who was asleep, got so wet before he woke up that he had to go home and change his clothing, thus missing the latter portion of the sermon as well as the first portion.

Brad Hinsley's brood mare was seized with the colic the other night and Brad went and got Doc Livermore and told him that Alvira was sick and Doc he hurried home with Brad and was surprised to find the mare sick instead of Brad's wife. Doc never knowed that the mare's name was Alvira.

Arioch Tucker has took off his boots and is going in his bare feet. This may be comfortable, but how does it look for a grown up man to go around in his bare feet?

Mrs. Bill Hepburn, wife of our talented and artistic blacksmith, gave birth to a bouncing baby boy last week and announces that she is going to raise him on the bottle. Editorially speaking we do not think this is a good plan. Bill Hepburn hisself was raised largely on the bottle, and look at him! Don't ain't missed going to the Co seat and coming home full every Saturday for the past 15 years as regular as Satterday comes around—unless it was because of circumstances not under his control. If we was Mrs. Hepburn we wouldn't raise that child on the bottle. The chances is it will take to the bottle soon as it is old enough without being teached. It will probably come by its appetite for a bottle honestly.

Tramped Up by a Gow

Wat Osgood had a curious experiment last week. Wat has four cows which he milks regular twice a day. Well, the other ev'g Wat went out to milk and he had milked three of the cows leaving old Brindle until the last being as she is such an ornery critter and usually kicks the bucket over. White Wat was milking her she histered and come down with her foot right on Wat's foot and kept it there and him hollerin' and yelling for help as loud as he could holler and pounding her with his fists and trying to push her offen him, but Wat says she merely stood there with almost superhuman intelligence, as it were, on his foot peacefully chewing her cud and switching off the flies. As old Brindle weighs probably 900 lbs. Wat's feelings can better be imagined than described. After she had stood on his feet for two or three minutes she got off and Wat limped to the house. He now says he is going to sell that cow and if he can't do that he will give her away.

Ben Hot Under Collar

Ben Wade of Snake Bend called at the Bugle office recently to inquire why last week's Bugle did not reach him. Ben was purty hot under the collar and talked in a loud tone of voice that all the neighbors heard and said that when he subscribed for a paper he expected to receive it regular, or words to that effect. We told Ben that we did not know the reason why his Bugle didn't reach him unless it was lost somewhere in transmission. We tried to impress on him that after we had mailed and put a wrapper on his Bugle and then wrote his name on the wrapper in a plain hand we had did our duty and angels could do no more and if the Bugle failed to reach him after that then it wasn't our fault. We also told Ben that we didn't know the reason why since he has been a regular subscriber for the Bugle for the past 11 years he had never paid us a red cent either and he went away threatening to stop his paper. Very well, let

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Country Correspondence

SLAB CITY.
Mrs. Jemima Peppers of Hickory Corners spent two days last week visiting Mrs. Phebe Hinds of this place. Jemima would of remained longer, but the two women had a falling out about something, and Jemima went home much to her own disgust and to Phebe's relief.

Jasper Tarbell had his hay all cut two weeks ago, but owing to so much wet weather it ain't all dried out yet and still lies in the field. Jasp says that if the sun don't shine out pretty soon he calculates the hay will rot and be useless.

Arioch Wilkins killed a beef critter last week and peddled it out from house to house. It is quite a luxury to get beef in the summer time.

Hester Jones who was widdled some years ago had some new clothes made, and it is rumored she will be married soon. We don't blame her. It is no idle joke being a widdler.

Jabe Homans who lives near here arrived home late tother ev'g and seeing what he thought was a cat on the front plazzer kicked it off, but it wasn't a cat—it was a skunk, and since then Jabe and his folks can't scarcely live in their house. —VOX POPULI.

HAPPY VALLEY.
One of Hame Wilson's yoke of oxes broke into his orchard last week and eat green apples until it foundered and nearly died. Hame says this ought to teach that ox a lesson to pause in eating green apples when it has had enough.

Benj. Gibbs ground his axe last week. Benj. says it has needed grinding for the last two years, but he has been so busy with work that he couldn't find time before to do it before.

Mrs. Mary Ann Green, the bell of Happy Valley, come out last Sunday in a new lawn dress that became her very much, exciting the admiration of all our young men. Fine feathers make fine birds. —EXCELSIOR.

LAND'S END.
Bill Henshaw swapped horses with Sam Wilkins last week. Both men claim they was cheated.

Rufe Atkins has been offered a lucrative position at Hardscrabble as assistant in a livery stable there at \$3 per week. Rufe has not decided whether he will accept it or not.

Mrs. Hen Jordan while making soft soap last week had the kettle to upset spilling all the soap on the ground. Shortly after it rained and the yard was full of suds.

News items is very scarce in our midst at present. We hope to have more to send in by next week. —LUCIFER.

Don't Go and Get All Bit

What's the Use

These Winder Screens is All First Class Goods

I Offer Them to the Public Who Being Awful Bit Up

These Screens is Made to Fit Any Winder

Hen WEATHERSB

Profit by Hen's Experience

Ranse Got Stuck Up

Hen Weathersby, our popular store keeper, left a sheet of flypaper lay on a chair, and about noon when he got thaired out, Ranse Hill came into the store and like a blind fool set right down on it. Ranse does look where he sets, and it was better if he did. Ranse got up of the flypaper off, but the most of it is sticking to his pants as yet. I wanted to charge Ranse for the sheet, but he says that the regular price of the flypaper was 10 cts. per sheet, but being as it was him he would him have it for 5 cts. Ranse said already had the flypaper and did want it and he'd be glad to burn it, if he'd pay for it either. Hen out to be more careful where he had flypaper laying around.