

TO KLAMATH FALLS IN 16 HOURS

STAGE OVER MOUNTAIN WAS
ONLY ROUTE THEN

Named as Linkville

First Volume of Ashland Paper in
1877 Appeared Following Story
From a Traveler

(Continued from page 1)

into requisition not so much to help us start as prevent our starting too soon; for some time driver and assistants were kept at a respectful distance by the lavish use which our young bay made of his rear defenders, but by a judicious manipulations of expletives, superlatives and some of the most soul stirring and emphatic expressions known to the Oregon vocabulary, all things were righted and I found myself again seated beside "Bob the stage driver." A flourishing of the drivers arm, the discharge of a bombshell from the end of his whip cracker, a lunge, a jar and a desperate effort to prevent being hurled off into space brought back to mind the important fact that "we were traveling." Impressions were made on all sides and one in particular struck me very forcibly, viz, that 'twas our province to crumble all the rocks found on or in the vicinity of the road "to Linkville." A strange jumbling of sounds and sights, seemed to surround us, and only one of the five senses appeared to remain intact and that the sense of feeling, and I could only gain consolation in the thought that probably philanthropists in after ages might hear of this sacrifice to appease the wrath of the travelers good and enlodge our unselfish offering, but whether we were being crushed beneath the wheels of Jugernaut or pounded to death in a quartz mill I was unable to determine.

We had advanced to a considerable distance with naught to relieve our situation, which was growing monotonous in spite of the great variety of our movements, when we met the pleasant and affable gentleman from Fort Klamath who we were informed was on his way to the house of the girl of his choice and only a couple more sunsets ere he should fold his blushing bride to his heart and be overwhelmed with happiness. A halo of joy seemed to encircle him and we saluted him with a smile, intended for encouragement, but I was sorry for the effort for I fear 'twas too sickly to be appreciated. We were now nearing the summit of the mountain and moving among the clouds, but I failed to observe that the rocks were softening. Noon came and with it dinner, a change of horses and again we were moving on. Some relief came in the shape of a snow storm, but we were now on the down grade and had no time to speculate upon the mutability of human affairs or the changefulness of climate, "business is business," and when my pilot, the commander of our craft—"Bob the stage driver"—cried down breaks I complied with unerring certainty and missed my aim.

We descended to better roads, the excitement wore away, my load of break tending responsibility dropped off, I lapsed into silence, finally to slumber and at 8 P. M., I was grasped by the hand of Linkville's accommodating hotel keeper, smiled at by the boys, warmed at the stove, fed by the cooks and at the earliest convenience rolled myself into the arms of morpheus and dreamed that I was transformed into the head of a battering ram and used to demolish the walls of ancient Troy.

Now stranger, reader, traveler, I have one request to make of you, if in the course of human events "it becomes necessary" for you to travel over the Linkville stage route and you see an opportunity to roll a rock out of the pathway of "Bob the stage driver" I beg of you in the name of justice and mercy don't I beg of you don't neglect to do it, and if the Hon. County Court of Jackson county, would for a short time turn their attention toward the rising sun and administer the imperative duty demanded of them by the interests of

its people and the traveling public in the way of improving the Linkville stage road, future generations will bless them, "Bob the stage driver will bless them and if the yever have occasion to cross the mountain with him, his jolly good natured and mirth loving disposition will be pleasant to recall in after life. Your years will be lengthened, by it your prospect for the future will be brighter and remembrance of the past more pleasant, and I can assure you that you'll be carried through on time. But two things are necessary to keep in order to enjoy it, viz. your seat and temper. C. B. W.

BELLVIEW NOTES

BY MRS. W. G. TUCKER

Mrs. S. J. Evans, who has been spending the winter months with her son, James D. Moore of the United States navy, and his family in California, returned to her home in Bellview a number of days ago. Since the return of Mrs. Evans to Ashland James has been ordered to the eastern coast.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Moore have been visiting in Ashland for a few days and were dinner guests of Miss Ella Evans at the home of her mother in Bellview, in whose honor the dinner was given.

The cast for the play "Cyclone Sally" met for rehearsal the first of the week at the club house. They do not seem to have forgotten any of their lines and with a few rehearsals this week will be well prepared to give this comedy most entertainingly to an enthusiastic crowd Monday night, April 4. Remember the date and come and tell your friends about it.

Mrs. C. A. Brown, who has been confined to her home for several weeks with a severe attack of inflammatory rheumatism, is a little better. She can touch her foot to the floor now. Her many friends are so glad to know of any little improvement.

A. R. Brown, who, for a long time has been a resident of this community and who has had a very trying time with asthma for quite awhile, left for Arizona Thursday in the hopes that the high dry air there will benefit him.

The community club is sponsoring another dance Friday night, April 1 and hope having changed the date of the dances from Tuesday to Friday nights will be successful. This will be a jazz dance.

The girls of the Bellview sewing club are planning a program to be followed by a box supper. This will be given sometime in the next few weeks, the proceeds to be used toward sending delegates from the club to the summer session at Corvallis. This is a rize for which all the girls are learning to work with a zest.

The Community club and the P. T. A. have always helped the girls toward this objective, but with a balance on the club house yet to be paid, we have had to put the girls squarely on their own responsibility and not help them this year. Date of their supper will be given in the next issue of these notes.

The farmers who were unable to get their seeding done last fall are taking advantage of these fine days, and getting their crops in. The wonderful amount of moisture in the ground will insure a natural crop, no matter when it is put in this spring.

The board of directors of the Bellview school were disappointed last week in failure to get a permit from the city to take water from the pipe line at the old normal school which the board meant to have piped on to the Bellview school. For years the water for the school has been a source of trouble and this would have been so satisfactory and taken at a time from the city, when they would not miss it. The council, however, feel it was best and on the recommendation of the city attorney the refusal was made.

Pre-Easter issue of the Ashland American next week, April 8. Plenty of time after that issue to do your Easter shopping from the Easter ads the Ashland merchants are now arranging for your shopping convenience.

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