GULF COAST BREEZE.

R. Don McLeod Jr., Editor, CRAWFORDVILLE, FLA., Jan. 28 1898 VOL. 1. NO. 35.

LOCAL

The Henderson old storehouse the oldest in town, has at last been torn away.

Mr. W. C. Tully, of Tallahassee, was among his old friends in Wakulla this week looking smiling and happy.

Miss Bessie Fowler, returned Saturday to her home in Carrabelle, accompanied by Miss Florida Walker.

The buds are swelling, the birds are singing, the hens are laying and it really begins to look like spring time had come.

Miss Mamie Farley, having completed the term of her school at St. marks, has returned home to spend vacation. The people of St. Marks speak highly of her as a teacher.

Mr. and Mrs James Alligood request us to return their thanks to many friends for special favors and kindly attention to their little babe during its illness.

It is reported here, that Mrs. Slosson has sold the famous Wakulla Springs property. This is one of the finest properties in the county and we hope that the new purchaser will improve it.

Mr. May Moore, who has been laid up for some time with rheumatism, got able to go down town last Saturday, but got caught in a shower and we are sorry to learn that he is suffering a relapse.

Dr. Moore is getting rid of some of his surplus hogs by dressing them and shipping them to a dealer in Carrabelle. He hopes to be more fortunate than his neighbor who furnished dressed meat to the same market last year.

Messrs. Bob Raker and Charley Smith and Col. Nat Walker came in today with three fine deer. This makes five that they have killed this week. The BREEZE returns thanks for a quarter of fine venizon.

Mr. Peter Roddenberry, was in town Monday from the Sopchoppy section. He says that there is nothing to reccord from his neighborhood, as the people there are too healthy to die, too poor to marry and too busy to fight.

Amie, the little seven months old daughter of Mr. and Mrs Jack Council, died last night after a brief illness. While on earth the Savior said "Suffer little children to come unto me, of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

Crawfordville was well represented at the Baptist services at Arran last Sunday. The school building used for a church, was filled untill there was not standing room and many had to stand out side, during preaching. Two converts were baptized.

The little infant of Mr. and Mrs. James Alligood, that had been sick for several weeks, fell asleep Sunday morning to wake no more. Like the beautiful violets that bloom in the morning and pass away at night, its life endured only a few brief months ere its bright little spirit was called back to Him who gave it.

One of our enterprising and thorough going farmers took a contract last year to furnish dressed meat to a dealer in Carrabelle. Now he is out one thousand, three hundred dollars worth of dressed meet for which he has nothing to show, except the promises of the dealer, to pay it when he can. It is such deals as this that discourages and depresses the farmer.

A Trip to St. Marks.

The editor of the BREEZE, accompanied by Mr. Fred Farley, visited St. Marks, Sunday, and took in the many sights of that historical old town.

St. Marks is the terminus of the St. Marks R. R., which is the oldest rail road in Florida, and third oldest in the world. We arrived there at about 11 o'clock in the forenoon, and immediately procured a boat and went down the river to the old Spanish Fort.

This old fort is situated at the confluence of the St Marks and Wakulla rivers, and commands a fine view of the surrouding country, as well as the mouth of the river.

Only the plastered brick walls of this fine old building are now left standing, although the breastworks are as solid as they were three quarters of a century ago, and the grounds are carpeted with a rich growth of meadow grass, and shaded by a beautiful little grove of cedar trees.

The place where the powder magazine was situated, has been filled in, making a large mound, on top of which, and shaded by a splendid cedar, some fisherman with a romantic turn of mind has built a little cottage of palmetto leaves.

Beneath the shadow of the walls of the now delapidated old fort, we ate our lunch, after which we returned to St. Marks, and strolling up to the hospitable home of Mr. W. H. Harrell, spent the balance of the evening very pleasantly with that gentleman and his family.

St. Marks was once rated among the principal ports of the United States, but has dwindled down until the customs examiner has been removed, and it has become simply a landing place for fishing smacks and a starting point for Cuban filibusters.

There are only two stores and a shingle factory there now, but St. Marks will always be a paradise for fishermen, hunters and sight-seers.

Encouraging.

Carrabelle Fla. Jan. 26 1898.

ED. BREEZE:

I enclose herewith $100 for the BREEZE another year.

I cant very well do without the paper, Its like a letter from home.

With my best wishes for the future of your valuable little paper.

Yours truly.

J. W. Duval.

A rope hanging from the limb of a tall tree in front of the court house beguiled Mr. R. B. Council into making a free exhibition of his acrobatic agility last Monday. Putting his foot in a loop in one end of the rope he caught hold of the other end and was trying to draw him self up to the limb in artistic acrobatic style when he made a bobble that sent his heels high up in the air and stood him gracefully on his head amid a wild shout of laughter from the bystanders.

The closing exercises of the Crawfordville school, last Friday was largely attended and much enjoyed by all. The children acquitted themselves with much credit, to themselves and to their teacher. Dinner was served at the school house and the good things spread out was enough to tempt the most fastideous apetite. Piles of cakes, pies puddings, custards, salads, meats, and other good things, were left after all the hungry crowd had finished eating.

Sam Benton came along and tackled that innocent looking rope in front of the court house with the same amusing results that attended Mr. Councils efforts.

The Woodmen's Picnic.

Carrabelle Fla., Jan 24, 1998.

EDITOR GULF COAST BREEZE:

With hearts full of glee and with well filled baskets a party began to gather at the C. T. & G. R. R. dock, seemingly for the purpose of taking a day off.

The Franklin camp, Woodmen of the World, through its efficient committee had previously arranged for an excursion and picnic across on Dog Island at the quarantine station. The commodious steamer, Salvation, of the G. N. S. Co., Capt. Russell commander, was under charter, waiting in readiness for the occasion, and after some tooting of whistle and jingling of bell to call the crowd on board, we were soon under way for the point in view.

After crossing the bar at the mouth of the river and a little way out, the pert tug, Charles W. Tildon, of the F. C. L. Co. came steaming past us on her way out to tend a lumber vessel lying near the station, and after exchanging the usual salute by blasts of the whistles, her generous captain, "Gad Baramore," seeing that the progress of our boat was deterred by the brisk head wind against her lofty house, (being a river steamer,) dashed in ahead of us and threw over a tow line, which was soon made fast to our boat, and increased our speed considerably.

Pretty soon we were tied up to the long wharf at the station quarter.

No time was lost in clearing the boat of the party and our bountiful supply of dainties, and soon we were all moving upon the dock toward the house on the hill. Once reached and our full baskets stored for 'reserve supply,' the gathering of wood was begun for the oyster roast. The oysters, having been dispatched ahead of the party on a sail boat, had not yet arrived, but the generous Capt. Baramore, seeing the oyster boat off some distance, and baffling against the wind, wheeled his tug around and sped out after and soon brought her in with the oysters.

Six or seven barrels were filled with oysters and set in a row on some wood, and fast burning wood, was piled around the barrels and fired. The crusty rock soon begin to crack and snap, and soon we had such a roast as the writer never saw before.

After all who wished to indulge in this little oyster frolic were satisfied, we repaired to the house and made a raid on the "reserve supply."

All feasted until our appetites were satisfied and then to stand at the end and look down the long festive board, the supply seemed enough for another day or two.

In due time the remains were packed away, the table cleared, and strolls on the beach were indulged in by some while others "tipped the light fantastic toe."

As the sun was sinking low in the West we pulled out for home, and arrived safely.

Our party consisted of all sizes, ages, sexes, and sects, numbering 125.

The order was good. The management having in view the comfort and enjoyment of the party, was well conducted.

Only one little incident occurred that had any tendency to mar the pleasure of the party. Miss Pearl Watson was slightly hurt by the breaking of one of the long gangway planks reaching from the ground to the top of the unfinished wharf some eight feet high. She was dumped on the sand rather abruptly, which gave her a considerble jar and shock, but soon the excitement was over, and things went merry again.

Some little sea sickness occurred, common on trips across the water. A good joke may be told in this connection on our genial friend, Capt. Finn. One of the young ladies commenced getting sick, and the Captain, very expert in the treatment of such cases, administered a lemon and advised the patient not to look out on the water.

"Where will I look then," she asked "if I dont look out on the water?"

"Well look at me," replied the Captain.

After looking at him about five minutes, the modest innocent said, in tones of much earnestness, "I feel a great deal sicker."

I take the liberty to extend the thanks of the whole party to the Brotherhood for this delightful picnic in January, just think of a climate so genial as to make this possible. May the W. W. live long and prosper.

ONE OF THE PARTY.

WAKULLA ITEMS.

BY E. J. D.

A happy New Year to you gentle BREEZE.

Every body has gotten over the reaction of Christmas, and have resumed work with renewed vigor.

Our mutual friend and county commissioner, Mr. Bill Moody was in our midst on last Sunday evening. He attended church at Oil Still.

Mr. Joe Ladd had the misfortune to lose a fine horse in a very singular manner. He was endeavoring to perform a surgical operation with a knife upon his horse, when he made a sudden lunge, the knife sticking into some vital part of his body, causing such excruciating agony that Mr. Ladd thought it best to shoot him and relieve him of his pain. Had the horse not been shot it could not possibly have lived but a short time.

We attended quite a nice entertainment at the house of our genial friend Mr. J. L. Hall, on last Friday evening. All enjoyed themselves.

Our friend Mr. C. E. Pate is a skillful hunter which is verified by the fact that he and Mr. Will Page killed three deer on East River one day last week.

Messrs John and Asa May treated themselves to a fine horse a few days ago.

Mr. Ludwick, originally from Denver Colorado, but recently from Jefferson county, was in our section a few days ago, negotiating for real estate.

Our kind and genial young friend, Mr Walter Page, who has recently opened a store here, is doing a right nice business. As we have always contended that "there is more in the man than there is in the stand," we bespeak for him a liberal share of patronage.

The historical name of Waterloo has been applied to a newly settled place by an inhabitant of the Oil Still community.

We regret to chronicle the sickness of our esteemed friend Mr. John W. Beasley, but hope ere long his health will improve, as he is recieving the proper medical attention.

One of Mr. Dannelly's "feathered freaks" has been purchased by Mr. Walter Page.

Mr. Thomas Jones was promptor at the Hop a few nights ago.

Mr. J. L. Hall has just completed a new plank fence in front of his house which is a marked improvement in the appearance of his already beautiful little home.

A sister of Mr. J. J. Warren has been spending some time with him. She is rom Rochester N. Y.

Our friend Mr. Brone is making considerable internal improvement on his place. Mr. Brone is a hustler from Denmark.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given to those indebted to Dr. J. H. Hunt, that his accounts have been placed in my hands for collection, and they are respectfully requested to come forward and make settlement at once and prevent cost of suit.

Nat R. Walker.
Attorney at Law.

FAIR NOTICE.

Dr. T. J. Hall needs his money, and has placed his accounts in my hands for collection. Those indebted to him will please call on me at once and make settlement or satisfactory arrangements, and save further cost.

R. Don McLeod,
Attorney at Law.

J. M. TOWLES,

{ Dealer In }

Drugs, Medicines, and Chemicals,

-:Crawfordville - Fla:-

A Complete Line of Toilet Articles
Perfumery, Toilet Soaps,
Tooth, Hair and Shaving
Brushes, Face Powders, Rubber Goods,
Stationary, Patent and Proprietary Medicines.

Prescriptions Carefully Compounded at all Hours, Day or Night.

J. M. TOWLES, - - - - - Crawfordville, Fla.

W. W. WALKER

....Dealer In....

::General .·. Merchandise::

Dry Goods, Clothing, Notions, Boots, Shoes and Hats,

Staple and Fancy Groceries,

HARDWARE Etc, Etc,

All for sale at lowest prices FOR CASH.

All Country Produce taken in exchange for Goods.

W. W. Walker,.....Crawfordville, Fla.

-..F. W. Duval..-

-Dealer in-

General Merchandise

Crawfordville - Florida.