

THE GULF COAST BREEZE.

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R. DON McLEOD, Jr., Editor.
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Recreant men cashiers of several Minneapolis establishments have been replaced by women, and the action has led to a discussion whether women are more trustworthy than men.

The Boston library has 628,000 volumes, with 13,000 separate editions of Shakespeare's works. It stands second to the Congressional library at Washington in the number of its volumes.

Germany pays foreign countries about \$7,000,000 a year for fruit. The recent move against American apples may have been toward reducing expenses and not because the deadly bacillus was present in them.

President George Falloon of the Ohio fish and game commission says that the supply of fish in Lake Erie will be exhausted in two or three years unless the existing laws regulating the catch are quickly revised and thoroughly enforced.

The chief proofreader of the London Times is a Cambridge graduate, who has a salary of \$5000; but then he is a great scholar, not only in the English language, but in all ancient and other tongues, not excepting Asiatic ones. He is permitted to query and suggest excisions or additions to the work of the writers and editors.

How far the officers of militia organizations may go in punishing members is a question which has recently come before the supreme court of Minnesota. That tribunal has decided that the captain of a company of the national guard of the state when it is not acting as a military force has no authority summarily to punish a member of his company by imprisonment for refusal to obey his orders.

The jackrabbit, long regarded by the farmers of the great San Joaquin valley in California as a pest, may yet be esteemed for his fur. The hatiers of the East are discovering that this particular kind of fur is excellently adapted to the manufacture of felt of the best quality, and in the near future we may see big shipments of the skins to the hat-making centres unless in the meantime we have the sagacity to utilize the product at our doors and engage in the manufacture of felt on our own account.

Some facts of an instructive nature relating to the stone industry are furnished by Mr. Day in the annual report of the United States geological survey. It appears from this that certain of the Southern states are gradually coming into prominence as extensive producers of stone, and also that the sorts of stone quarried have been modified of late years. An instance in point is to be found in Alabama, which in 1895 furnished more than \$250,000 worth of stone, mostly limestone, although some sandstone is worked there. A similar illustration is presented by Connecticut, which once divided the sandstone yield with New Jersey, but produced last year very little more sandstone than Massachusetts, while New Jersey showed only one-third as much as Connecticut and little more than Kansas or Michigan; and Pennsylvania, unknown a few years ago as supplying sandstone, recorded a product in 1895 about equal to Connecticut and New Jersey combined and more than any other state except Ohio. In granite production Massachusetts keeps the first place, with Maine not far off, while Vermont is rapidly overtaking Maine, and Rhode Island keeps up the output from its splendid quarries in and about Westerly to nearly \$1,000,000 worth a year. New Hampshire comes fifth on the list, with about half as much. In marble Vermont, as usual, leads all the other states, its output being about double that of Georgia, which is second in amount; Tennessee is third.

An extraordinary fact is, says a prison doctor, that a large proportion of criminals can draw and sketch well.

The only states west of the Mississippi represented in Congress by natives are California, Oregon, Texas and Utah.

A French statistician has calculated that the eye travels about 6000 feet in reading an ordinary-sized novel. No wonder the eye gets tired.

"Hatwife" is proposed in London, after the analogy of housewife and fishwife, to designate a woman who persists in wearing big hats to the theatre.

Japan has added up the cost of the war with China and finds that it is 211,000,000 yen or silver dollars. The war department spent 171,000,000 and the navy department 40,000,000.

Thomas A. Edison, Jr., must be a chip of the old block. He is 20 years old and has already invented over a hundred articles. It is good stock to perpetuate, thinks the New York Advertiser.

The present royal family of Greece are not the first Norsemen to figure in Greek affairs. The tottering Byzantine empire was upheld for many years by the Varangian Guard, composed of Danes, Swedes, Norwegians and Saxons.

Parents in some of the suburbs of Chicago complain bitterly that Mormon elders have been working secretly in their neighborhood ever since last fall and have gathered a colony, including a large number of young girls, which have left for Salt Lake City.

An English newspaper man, who visited this country recently, has written a book in which he says that Boston "breathes a refined golden mediocrity." And the newspapers of the city are puzzled to know whether he intended this for a compliment or not, as was the Congressman in the play when somebody called him a dodo.

There are now 49 state colleges in the United States having an attendance of about 32,000 students. Minnesota educates the largest number, 3014, at state expense, Michigan being next with 2575, then California with 2400, followed by Wisconsin with 1606, Nebraska with 1500, Iowa with 1300 and Illinois with 1100. Tuition fees are charged in only six states, the fee in North Carolina being \$60, in South Carolina \$40, in Iowa \$25, in Missouri \$20, in Oregon \$10 and in South Dakota, \$9.

R. A. F. Penrose, Jr., a brother of Senator Boies Penrose, of Pennsylvania, who is a citizen of Arizona, says of that territory: "I would not exchange Arizona for any part of this Union. The man who goes out there to take a look at the country, as I did, generally becomes a permanent resident. I live in the extreme southern section, close to the line of old Mexico. Two weeks ago we were eating luscious strawberries raised in the open air. We are away ahead of Southern California in the matter of raising fine fruits, and ours mature three or four weeks earlier. In gold mining I am confident that Arizona is going to take a conspicuous place."

Charles H. Clark of the Hartford Courant, now traveling in Mexico, writes: "One custom prevails on this road that the Courant has long urged for Connecticut. Whenever they kill a man they put up a black cross. You see them all along the road; here one, there three; at one spot are 14. Take Connecticut with its 1100 grade crossings and its annual butcheries, and before long we would have such an array of crosses that the grade crossing would have to go. Here, of course, the road is the rarity. No fence pens in the railroad. If anything is on the track the engine removes it. A trainhand told me that one trip, being late, they hurried, and in consequence killed three steers and five burros in eight hours. All along the track are skeletons stripped by the turkey buzzards and whitened by the sun. But cattle are as plenty as they are big down this way."

A Beam of Light.

A beam of light from the infinite depths of the midnight sky,
Painted with infinite love, a star in a convict's eye;
When lo! the ghosts of his sins were afraid
and fled with a curse,
And the soul of the man walked free in the fields of the universe!
John J. Rooney in the Philistine.

GHOST OF A GALLOWS.

It was an extremely awkward situation. Even I, who am somewhat slow to think as a rule, realized that instantly. At my feet in the dusty roadway lay a revolver still hot and smoking from its discharge, the report of which had just startled the quiet of that country lane, while not forty feet away from me lay in the road the body of a man who had fallen from a dogcart to the ground, apparently stone dead. And the worst of it was that the man who lay there in the road was my bitterest enemy.

The horse stopped and swerved with terror at the discharge of the pistol and this action threw the man, dead or wounded from the cart. The groom who was sitting back to back with his master jumped from the vehicle and ran toward the prostrate figure, while the horse, left entirely to his own devices, came toward and went past me in a mad gallop.

As a drowning man thinks, so did I, in that brief period. When the groom reached the body of his master he saw in an instant that he was dead. Then he looked at me. I was still reviewing the situation. But there wasn't much time to spare.

It was not I who fired the fatal shot. The road at this point was lined on one side with a high hedge and I knew that the murderer had fired from this ambush and dexterously thrown the revolver to where it lay just at my feet. But I was quick enough to realize that no jury in the world would ever believe this unless proof of the real murderer could be produced.

Instantly I knew that my only hope lay in his capture, and I immediately dashed through the hedge in search of him, while the groom, thinking no doubt that I was attempting to escape, came in hot pursuit of me.

Inside the hedge there was no sign of any living being. The fair green fields stretched away to the hillside, beyond which the white walls of a farmhouse were just visible, as peacefully as if there could be no such thing as the tragedy which had just taken place on the other side of the hedge. I looked up and down the long hedgerow in vain. There was not the slightest clue to the murderer to be seen.

However, I determined that the man might possibly make for the railroad station, whence I had just come, for I knew that there was a train to the city due in a few minutes. Could the ruffian catch it? And could I overtake him before he did so? If not I reflected I might easily telegraph to the next station and have him apprehended.

I was running all the time as hard as I could inside the hedge and toward the railway station.

I never ran so hard in my life before, but I felt that my life depended on the chance of securing the murderer, and consequently the effort cost me no strain. My wind began to tell on me, however, at the end of the first quarter-mile and I was just wondering vaguely how long I could keep it up when I came upon the empty dogcart with the runaway horse quietly cropping grass by the roadside. Here was luck indeed. I jumped into the cart as speedily as my exhausted strength would let me, and gathering up the reins I struck the whip and we were off as fast as the animal could run toward the station.

I estimated that there was still two minutes before the train was due and I felt sure that the station could not be more than a third of a mile distant. Suddenly I heard the whistle of the locomotive and with it came an inspiration.

The murderer might never be found. At all events I could not lay hands on him just then. Why not take the train and make good my own escape while the opportunity presented itself? It seemed a terrible thing to thus flee from justice because of a crime which I had not committed, but I could not for my life see any other course open.

So I urged the animal to still greater speed and pulling up at a bend in the road before I reached the station. I jumped down and ran, just in time to scramble upon the train as it was moving off.

It was a curious freak of chance, if, indeed, it was chance alone, which had brought me down to Hopeville that morning and thrust me into the unenviable position of a suspected murderer. I had received a telegram from Randolph Cutting, the man whom I had just seen murdered, asking me to come down immediately to Hopeville, and in obedience to this summons I had taken an early morning train from New York. Hopeville is an unpretentious little New Jersey village, if indeed a country store and two small houses besides the station could be so described. When I stepped out of the train I looked about in vain for Randolph Cutting's carriage. As it was not to be seen and as anything in the shape of a hired conveyance was an utter impossibility at Hopeville, I set out at a brisk walk in the direction of Randolph Cutting's place, which I knew from a former visit was about a mile and a half from the station.

Randolph Cutting and I were second cousins, and the very slight degree of affection which always existed between us was not increased materially at the death of an uncle of ours, who left his money to me, and whose will was so involved that there was a lawsuit between Cutting and myself. As it happened by the terms of the will, most of my uncle's property was left to me, and Cutting tried to have the will broken upon certain technical grounds which are not essential to this story. The courts upheld me, however, and declared the will perfectly valid. As a consequence Randolph Cutting and myself had not spoken for five years, and I, of course, had not been near his home since that eventful day, when I hurried down there in response to his telegram. True, I did think, that it was a curious thing for Cutting to do—to telegraph me to come down to Hopeville, but on second thought I concluded that some business of importance in connection with certain interests which were still mutual required that he should see me, and that perhaps he was unable from illness or some other cause to leave his home.

This brief explanation of the cause of my visit to Hopeville was only a small part of the thoughts which crowded my brain when I was safely seated in the train and whirling toward Jersey City. As I have said Randolph Cutting and I were bitter enemies, and the evidence which pointed to my having committed the crime seemed so blackly conclusive that I could almost feel the rope tighten about my neck. When the train stopped at the next station I trembled in every limb, fully expecting to see some one come into the car to arrest me. Nothing of the sort happened, however, and I passed several more stations in safety. However, I did not allow myself much hope, for I felt sure I would be apprehended at Jersey City. After some thought I concluded that it would be the best plan to go right in rather than get off at any of the out-of-town stations, as there would be much less risk of being noticed in the crowd which would get off the train there.

When the train pulled into the Jersey City depot I made my way with all possible haste toward the waiting room, and greatly to my surprise I was not molested. Suddenly I heard the trainman call out a train for Philadelphia, and acting upon impulse I hastily secured a ticket and was soon comfortably ensconced in a parlor car on the way to the Quaker City.

I can never describe that night of horror which I spent in Philadelphia. Some idea of my feelings may be imagined when I saw in an evening paper a dispatch telling of the murder of Randolph Cutting, a well known New Yorker, near his country place at Hopeville, N. J. The paper said that detectives from New York were at work upon the case, and that although they refused to give out any of the facts they were in possession of a clew which they felt sure would enable them to capture the murderer within a few hours.

I sought a quiet hotel upon a side street, registering under an assumed name, and then endeavored to compose myself to await results. I hard-

ly think I slept a wink that night, but tossed feverishly upon my bed, wondering whether I had not acted very foolishly in thus running away when I was perfectly innocent. Undoubtedly by so doing I had strengthened the chain of evidence against me, but under the circumstances I did not see what else I could do. There was still a chance for me, I thought. Cutting's groom was, no doubt, a new one, as his face was not familiar to me, and he probably did not know who I was. No one else in Hopeville knew me. I had not mentioned my intention of going down there to anyone in New York. My only hope lay in keeping perfectly secluded until the thing had blown over, and this I thought I could do as well in my hotel as anywhere else.

Then when I would arrive at this point in my reasoning the thought of that clew that the detectives were working on would come to me, and I would break in a cold perspiration from nervousness and anxiety. How I ever got through the night I cannot tell. As soon as I could get into my clothes in the morning I procured a morning paper. There I found a fuller and more thrilling account of the murder, most of which I skimmed through hurriedly until I reached the following words:

"Detectives Warden and Seabury of the Pinkerton force reached Hopeville shortly after noon, having been telegraphed for by Mr. Cutting's family. They at once set to work upon a clew furnished them by Davis, the groom, who was with Mr. Cutting when the fatal shot was fired. Davis was sitting with his back to Mr. Cutting, but happening to look toward the side of the road he saw a man, whom he recognized as a discharged servant of his employer, level a pistol at Mr. Cutting's head and fire. Mr. Cutting fell to the ground and Davis jumped to his master's assistance, only to find him instantly killed. The horse had taken fright and run away, when Davis, happening to look up, saw a figure in the roadway. Instinctively he ran toward him, but the man darted behind the hedge and Davis lost sight of him. He was unable, however, to identify the murderer fully when he was arrested by the detectives late last night. The murderer's name is James Simpson, was found in an empty hay shed, not two miles from the scene of the murder. When confronted with his crime he became panic-stricken and made a full confession."

And that was the nearest I ever came to being hanged.—Philadelphia Times.

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

The New York Elevated railroad is about to test an air motor. If successful, it will be introduced on the whole system.

M. Levat informs the Academie des Sciences that steel tempered in commercial carbonic acid is much superior to that tempered in water.

An electric underground railway under the present one is the latest project suggested in London. It would be used for express trains only.

A man who has tried it says that two or three dandelion leaves chewed before going to bed will always induce sleep, no matter how nervous or worried a man may be.

The fact should never be lost sight of in the home that a new-laid egg contains all the necessary elements to support the body, and, therefore, is in itself a complete food.

The longest known telegraph circuit made on this continent for actual business was the report from San Diego to Boston recently. The line was cut out the full 3400 miles.

San Francisco, Cal., is soon to have the largest plant in the world for cremating the city's refuse. There will be thirty-two furnaces, with a capacity of disposing of 400 tons of material a day.

Nansen, the explorer, asserts that scurvy can easily be avoided in Arctic expeditions by the use of properly preserved meat and fish, supporting the theory of Professor Torup of Christiania that the disease is due to poisoning from bad meat. Scurvy was not so long ago the usual attendant of all sea voyages.