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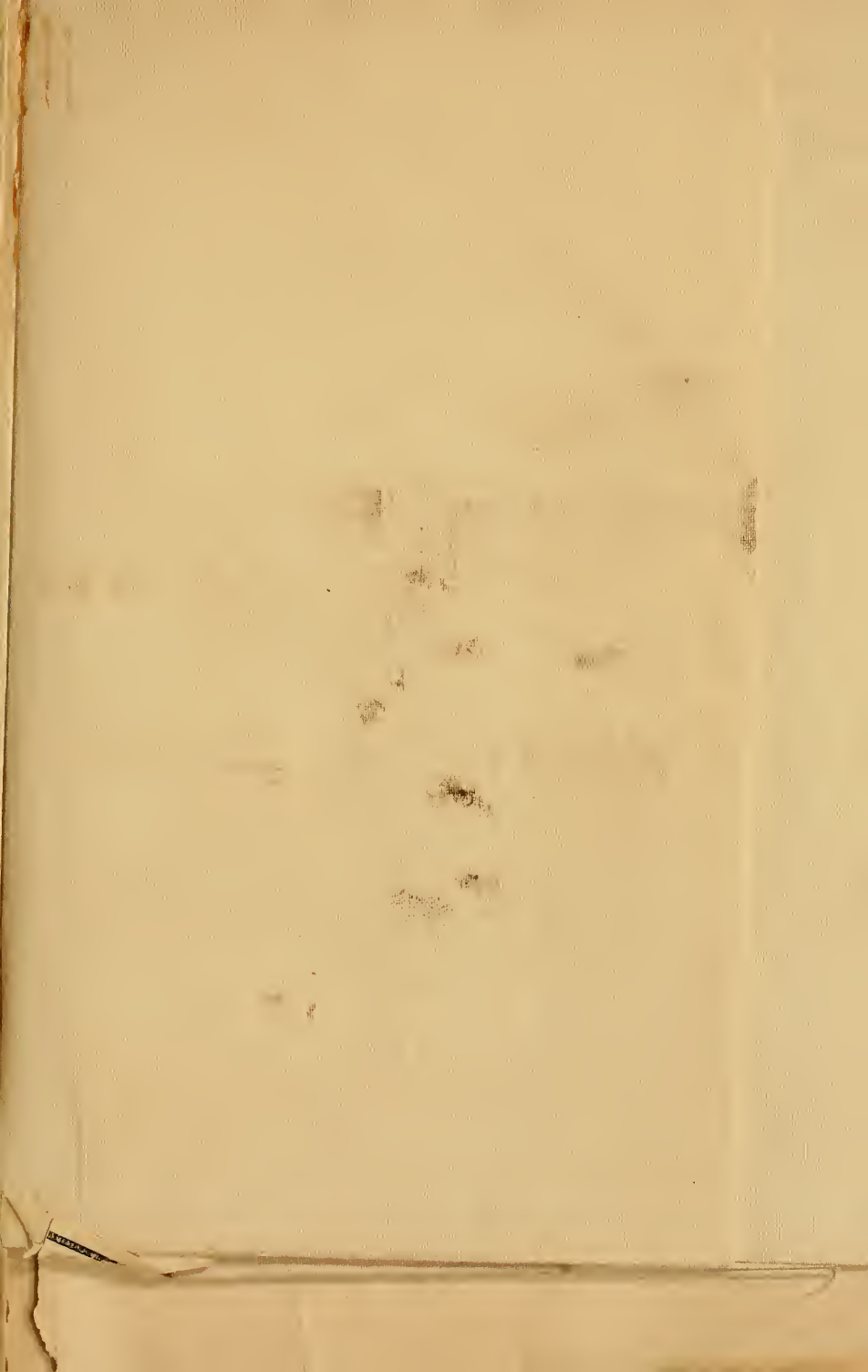
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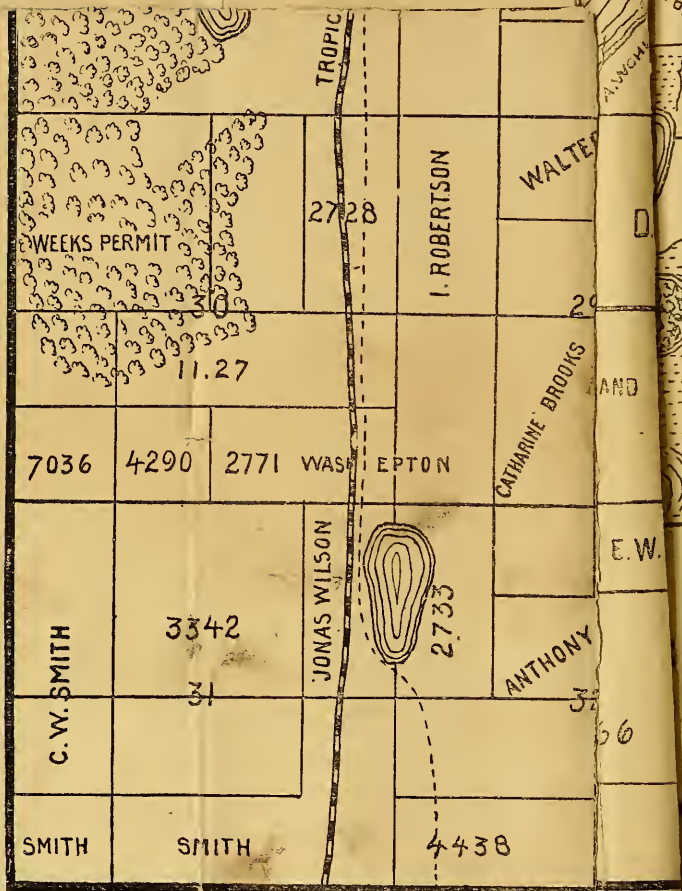
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LAKE WEIR, FLORIDA.

AMASKOHEGAN (BRIGHT MOON LAKE).

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ON
HOW TO MAKE AN ORANGE OR LEMON GROVE.

BY T. M. SHACKLEFORD.

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PREFACE.

It is related of the King of Siam that when the first British minister appeared at his court he was requested by the King to describe the manners, customs and climate of England. The King listened attentively to the minister's description of England until he began to speak of the formation of ice and the freezing over of rivers. This appeared so unreasonable and impossible to the King, that he interrupted the minister and told him that, since he had been guilty of telling one such falsehood, he believed his entire description to be false. The King *may* have used stronger and more emphatic language than this; if so, he is under obligations to me for expressing his thought in "diplomatic language."

Writers of fancy sketches, correspondents who view everything through rose-colored glasses, and parties having Florida lands for sale, have so often pictured Florida as the land "where the flowers ever blossom, the beams ever shine," that it is difficult for one who has never visited the State to form correct ideas of the real Florida. Many come to Florida expecting to find a perfect Utopia or El Dorado, and are disappointed because the real Florida is so different from their ideal land. Some take an early train or boat for home and pronounce Florida a "grand humbug." To have all of their *Chateaux en Espagne* shattered by one rude blow of the mace of fact, to see them all crumble to pieces "from turret to foundation stone," must be a severe disappointment to them. But those who remain, as they begin to discover

the attractions and advantages of the real Florida, gradually forget their preconceived ideal, and then their surprise and delight is as great as was their disappointment. Thus the pendulum swings from one extremity of the arc to the other, rarely ever stopping at the golden mean of truth. In almost every community there are at least one or two self-opinionated, "gifted" persons who know more about everything than anyone else. They can tell you all about Florida, and especially is this the case, if they have never been in the State. They have never visited Florida, *therefore* they know all about it. They are ready to tell you that Florida is a swamp and the orange business a humbug. A favorite expression with them is "I would not live in Florida, if you would give me the whole State." These "gifted" persons are respectfully invited to remain at home. There is no room for them on Lake Weir.

One county in Florida does not constitute the State. What may be true of one portion of the State may not be, and frequently is not, true of other portions. Florida is a large State and contains soil, climate, beauty, etc., of various kinds and modifications. This book does not claim to treat of Florida in general, but simply of the Lake Weir country. Lake Weir is not Paradise. The edict "in the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread," has not yet been revoked, and we still have to work, even on Lake Weir. I have endeavored to state frankly our disadvantages as well as our advantages.

My preface would be incomplete, if I did not state why and how this book originated. For the last two or three years I have been writing at different times for "The American," published at Nashville, Tenn., over the signature of "Pine Top," a series of letters descriptive of the Lake Weir country. I have also written occasional Lake Weir letters for other papers. Of late, I have received so many letters of inquiry in regard to Lake Weir, that the idea of issuing a historical and descriptive pamphlet of this section suggested itself to my mind. Upon conferring with some of the citizens here about the advisability and practicability of issuing such a book, I found that they too received many private letters of inquiry. Finding there was a general demand for information concerning Lake Weir, I proceeded to carry my plan into execution, and this book is the re-

sult. I have no land for sale on Lake Weir or elsewhere in Florida. My object in writing and publishing this book is twofold; the benefit it may be to Lake Weir, and the financial returns it may bring me. "Candor is the best sauce."

To the citizens of Lake Weir for their kind assistance in gathering up the necessary facts and information, and to my contributors for their valuable contributions, I return my most grateful thanks. I also take pleasure in acknowledging my obligations to Mr. T. M. Rickards for his well executed map of Lake Weir and vicinity, and to Mr. R. M. Williams, who assisted Mr. Rickards in the preparation of the map. Dr. L. M. Ayer, Messrs. E. P. Turnley, W. H. Shackelford, Captain John L. Carney and Dr. Ruffin Thomson should be named here as having extended me special favors and courtesies.

I would also state that the contributed articles are not from theorists, but are written by practical men who have had success in their respective lines of business.



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LAKE WEIR, FLORIDA.

HISTORY AND DESCRIPTION.

In the southern portion of Marion county, Florida, lies a lake of wondrous beauty. Even the untaught Seminoles were captivated by its loveliness, and they named it in their musical language *Amaskohegan*, meaning Bright Moon Lake. But years ago the name was changed to Lake Weir, in honor of Lieutenant Weir, of the United States Army, who was killed near its borders by the Seminoles during one of their wars with the United States. It is to be regretted that these Indian names, around which cluster so many legends and traditions, should be changed. Bright Moon Lake was a favorite resort with the Seminoles, and it is said that one of their villages was located near it. Broken pieces of pottery, arrow and spear heads and other Indian relics are still occasionally picked up. Deer, wild turkeys and game of all kinds were plentiful, and speckled trout and bream were to be taken from the lake at pleasure. What more could an Indian ask than to dwell near a beautiful lake with a satiety of hunting, fishing and feasting? But at last Osceola, their ablest leader, was by treachery taken prisoner, and the Indians were defeated and driven far down into the Everglades. The United States Government sent down corps of surveyors and engineers, who penetrated into the interior of Florida and laid off the land into townships and sections. At that time the

islands in the lake formed part of the mainland and Little Lake Weir was entirely separated from Lake Weir proper. All old Government maps so represent it.

Lake Weir then was almost circular, being about four and a half miles long and four wide. In process of time Lake Weir and Little Lake Weir became united and now form only one lake. But when they united, part of the mainland was detached and now forms six islands. Even yet all that portion of the lake lying to the west of the islands is distinguished from the original by the appellation of Little Lake Weir, though boats easily pass from one portion of the lake to the other. Lake Weir now is about four miles wide and from five to seven miles long. That portion known as Little Lake Weir, is about one mile wide and two long. Lake Weir is situated on the narrowest part of the peninsula of Florida, being only forty miles from the Gulf of Mexico, sixty miles from the Atlantic Ocean, and lying on the twenty-ninth parallel of latitude. The water is literally almost as clear as crystal and on a clear, calm day you can easily see the fish swimming in it several yards from the shore. So pure and so little buoyancy has the water that swimming in it is difficult. When calm and smooth the lake is beautiful. I have seen it when its surface was undisturbed by a single ripple. Sometimes, owing to a peculiar reflection and refraction of light, mirrors of various sizes are formed in the lake that seem encased in solid silver. I have seen the lake form a perfect mirror of the sky above. The beautiful blue, with strips of gold and crimson, pink and yellow intercalated in it, was so faithfully pictured in the lake that the water seemed a second sky. I do not know, but I think the sky is of a deeper blue in Florida than in our Northern States. I know our Florida sunsets are more brilliant and gorgeous. If the lake is beautiful when still, it is grand when rough and raging. I like to watch the white-crested waves "dash their proud foam" against the beach and break into pieces as they strike the unoffending shore. What a dull, monotonous sound they make as wave after wave breaks upon the beach! Until within the last few years a beautiful white beach encircled the lake, affording a fine drive entirely around it; but the waters gradually encroached upon the beach until they swept it from sight. For the last three years

the wa- ter has been receding and we hope soon to have our drive again.

With the exception of the islands and hammock peninsula, which consists of about four hundred acres, most of the land surrounding Lake Weir is pine land. Occasional strips of hammock, of from one to six or seven acres in area, fringe the margin of the lake elsewhere. Hammock, or hummock, as the word is correctly spelt, is said to be the Indian word for hard wood and, when applied to land, means land covered with hard wood, such as live-oak, water-oak, magnolia, gum, hickory, bay, etc.

The land encircling the lake is elevated and rolling. Sometimes it descends to the water's edge and then again breaks off abruptly into bluffs, from five to thirty feet in height. The water is from one to thirty-five feet in depth.

The largest island in the lake, now known as Lemon Island, was called by the Seminoles *Philhuera*, Island of Many Flowers. It now has an area of about seventy-five acres, which at one time was entirely covered with wild orange trees. The island is beautifully situated in Lake Weir, breaking off abruptly on one side into a high bluff. I can easily imagine the beautiful scene presented by the island when all the orange trees were in bloom and loading the air with their rich perfume. But, unfortunately for the lovers of the beautiful in nature and still more so for the purchaser, Col. Wiggins bought the island and had all of the orange trees cut down in order that he might cultivate the land in sea-island cotton. Of course, we all know now that Col. Wiggins threw away a fortune when he cut down the orange trees. But at that time orange culture was a new departure in Florida, and the oldest inhabitants had no faith in it whatever. In passing through this section not very many years ago, while you might occasionally have found some few orange trees growing in the yards and gardens, if you had stopped to inquire about the quality and kind of orange grown, you would probably have been informed that they were sour oranges. With so little favor did many of the citizens regard orange growing that they would not even take the trouble to bud the sour orange trees growing on their land. But the cold northern winters drove an increasing number of immigrants to Florida every succeeding winter, some of whom wandered down into this section and began planting

out orange groves. At first they were laughed at for their folly by the natives and men who had resided in the country for years. But in a few years they beheld these new settlers gathering bountiful and remunerative harvests from their labors and then they realized that they had been standing on "the wishing gate" and had neglected to wish. While they might have secured an independence in the way of money, they had failed to take that "tide in the affairs of men" which "leads on to fortune." Fortunately, the golden opportunity had not passed, and with a late, though commendable zeal, they sought to atone for past failures by future diligence. Through such ignorance or "lack of faith," the grove on Lemon Island, one of the largest natural orange groves in Florida, was destroyed.

Orange Island, the second in area, comprises about forty-five acres, and is now connected with Lemon Island, so that in dry weather you can easily walk from one to the other. Fortunately, the hand of the destroyer was stayed and the wild orange trees on this island were not cut down. The two islands next in size are much smaller than Orange and Lemon Island and were also covered with sour orange trees. The remaining two are low and marshy and are called Bird Islands from the large number of birds that congregate on them.

Col. S. F. Halladay, of North Carolina, was the first settler on Lake Weir. He obtained a grant of land under "the armed occupation act," and settled here in 1843. His house stood on the beautiful bluff where the residence of Dr. Thompson now stands. When asked why he located at a place so remote from civilization as Lake Weir then was, he replied that he was a young man then, and that Lake Weir was the only lake he could find in Florida which came up to his romantic ideas of what a Florida lake ought to be. He also enjoyed the hunting and fishing. Col. Halladay is still living, having reached a hale and hearty old age, and always speaks enthusiastically of Bright Moon Lake. At present, he is residing in Alachua County. In 1851 he sold his land on Lake Weir to Col. James Wiggins, who bought it for a cotton plantation. He erected a house where the residence of Capt. Carney now stands.

Lake Weir had long been noted in this section of Florida as a pleasant and healthful summer resort. In *ante bellum* days,

when "cotton was king," the wealthy cotton and sugar planters for miles around would come to Lake Weir with their families and spend the summers. Some had cabins erected and some brought their tents with them and camped out. No attractions or inducements were offered them, but natural beauty, healthfulness and entire freedom from malaria, and fine sport in the way of hunting and fishing. I have talked with some of these planters and sportsmen, who are still living in this section of country, and they all speak in terms of the highest praise of the great beauty and healthfulness of Lake Weir, and tell of what rare sport they have enjoyed upon its borders. Deer were still plentiful, and could frequently be seen from the surrounding hills, coming to the lake for water. Wild turkeys, ducks and all kinds of Southern game were to be found in abundance. Even yet, deer and other game abound only a few miles from the lake. The lake was then, and is even yet, well stocked with fish, consisting of trout, bream, perch, pike, cat, and fresh water mullet. I have seen trout taken from it that weighed as much as fifteen pounds, and larger ones have been caught. It is no uncommon thing to catch trout weighing seven or eight pounds. But I am digressing. These citizens, who came to Lake Weir and spent their summers, were among the wealthiest and most influential class of people in Florida. They would come to Lake Weir year after year, admire its great beauty and healthfulness and enjoy their sport, but they never thought of buying any land there. But little of the land was specially adapted to the cultivation of cotton or sugar cane, therefore they regarded it as comparatively worthless. At that time most of the land surrounding Lake Weir was Government land, and subject to homesteading, or sale at the very low price of \$1.25 per acre. But no one cared to own it.

One of the favorite pastimes of those who spent the summer here was driving around the lake on the beach by moonlight. I have not yet pictured Lake Weir by moonlight. A pen picture would give you but an imperfect idea of the lovely scene. If the reader will visit Lake Weir and see the full, round moon rising over the waters and watch the moonbeams kissing the waves and throwing a silver sheen over all

the landscape, he, too, will exclaim that this beautiful sheet of water was fitly named Bright Moon Lake.

While immigrants were rapidly settling up the country lying on the St. Johns and Indian Rivers, and along the various railroads, and were writing back to their friends golden descriptions of their homes in the "Land of Flowers," Lake Weir remained comparatively an unknown country. This was on account of its isolation and lack of transportation and traveling facilities, having no connection with the "great world outside."

The first orange grower, who settled on Lake Weir, was Capt. John L. Carney, a prominent citizen and cotton planter of Rutherford County, Tennessee. He also owned large plantations in Arkansas and Mississippi. Becoming tired of planting cotton year after year, and losing money, he determined to select another vocation. His attention was attracted to Florida and the reputed profits of orange culture. He visited Florida first in the summer of 1873 and spent about six months in traveling through the State and closely examining the country before locating. Captivated by the natural beauty and healthfulness of Lake Weir, he decided to make his future home there, and moved down with his family in the spring of 1874. In order to thoroughly test the climate and healthfulness, he rented a place and engaged in farming a year before purchasing. Entirely satisfied and still more strongly impressed with the many advantages of Lake Weir, in connection with his brother-in-law, also a Tennessean, he purchased Orange and Lemon Island, together with Hammock Peninsular, embracing about four hundred acres, for which he paid \$5.00 per acre. He also purchased other lands lying on the Lake. Although he purchased the lands at a low price, it was thought by all persons acquainted with them that he had made a foolish trade. Several persons have told me that they felt sorry for Captain Carney when he located on Lake Weir, and thought he had manifested bad judgment. We will take a retrospective view and look at his surroundings as they were then. He had located on a "Lake in the wild woods," the best land on it being by no means the richest in the country. He had had no near neighbors, was five miles from the nearest store, a very poor affair at that, eighteen miles from Ocala, his country-town and postoffice, the same distance

from Silver Spring, his nearest steamboat landing, and about sixty miles from the nearest railroad. He had come to Lake Weir to engage in orange culture, a business of which he knew nothing from experience, and, moreover, a business in which the old citizens of the county had no faith. He had invested most of his little capital in land, for which there was no demand then, and had but little money left. Even at best, it would be several years before his orange trees would bring him any return. Add to all this the fact that his transportation and traveling facilities were to remain *in statu quo* for several years. His chances for financial success seem rather gloomy, do they not?

Acting upon the advice of his brother, Mr. E. L. Carney, of Murfreesboro, Tenn., came to Lake Weir on the 10th day of March, 1875. Before coming to Florida he had been engaged in clerking in a dry goods house at Murfreesboro. He also decided to make his future home on the beautiful Lake Weir and to engage in orange culture. He brought with him a capital of less than five hundred dollars. Shortly after coming down he homesteaded a tract of land lying on the lake and containing one hundred and sixty acres. He made a most excellent selection.

During the first year he engaged in farming, meeting with about the same success that would have crowned his efforts in Tennessee. In the spring of 1876 he started an orange grove on his homestead, meeting with many reverses before he succeeded in establishing it. Owing to their lack of experience and ignorance of the business, out of five hundred trees he and his brother put out that year very few lived. There was no one in the neighborhood who knew any more about orange culture than they did. They had to learn from experience, and they paid dearly for their tuition, both in time and money.

After thoroughly testing the climate, Captain Carney wrote a series of letters for the press, in which he described the natural beauty and other attractions and advantages of Lake Weir. Being written in a charming style, his letters were extensively copied, and led to a considerable correspondence. Through these published letters of Captain Carney, and his private letters to friends, a number of citizens were induced to come down and look at Lake Weir. If they once came and saw its surpassing

beauty, and had any intention of locating in Florida, they were almost sure to settle on Lake Weir. They might travel elsewhere, and visit other places, but, "haunted" by the memory of its wondrous beauty, they would generally come back to Bright Moon Lake and locate. In this way the number of citizens increased on Lake Weir every succeeding year. They came in slowly for the first few years, but during the last five years the growth and improvement of Lake Weir has been rapid—almost magical. As other citizens came in and settled, they would write back glowing descriptions to their friends and induce some of them to come down and locate.

Ten years ago there were no citizens, no orange trees and but two or three rude houses on Lake Weir. Now over one thousand people dwell upon its shores or in its immediate vicinity, over 150,000 orange and lemon trees have been planted out in groves, and quite a number of handsome residences, tasty cottages and beautiful houses have been erected. Lands have increased in value at the rate of from one hundred to one thousand per cent a year. And I will state just here that I do not know of a single purchaser of land on Lake Weir, no matter what price he paid, who could not have sold afterwards at a handsome profit. But those who bought land and have not sold any of it could sell at a much higher figure to-day than at any time previous. I shall have more to say on this subject in another part of the book and shall verify my statements with facts and figures. But I make the assertion now, without any fear of contradiction, that no person has bought land or settled on Lake Weir who has not bettered his condition financially and is not worth more to-day than when he came here. We shall see from the article of Dr. D. S. Chase that grape culture has been tried on Lake Weir with extraordinary success. Mr. Alfred Ayer in, his article on "Market Gardening on Lake Weir," clearly shows that the culture of early vegetables here for Northern markets can be carried on with fine financial results. Mrs. B. B. Ricker demonstrates from her experience that the culture of pineapples on Lake Weir will pay. Capt. Jno. L. Carney, the pioneer orange grower of this section, tells us of "Lake Weir as a Fruit Centre." I stated above that 150,000 orange and lemon trees were planted out on Lake Weir and vicinity. An estimate of

\$10 per tree for an orange or lemon tree in full bearing is by no means a large estimate. I know of trees on Lake Weir, not in full bearing, that yield double \$10 worth of fruit a year. I know of old orange trees in the State that yield far more than this. An orange tree in full bearing ought to bear at least 2,000 oranges every year. There are exceptional trees in Florida that bear 10,000 and 12,000 oranges. I know of an old tree, not more than five miles from the lake, owned by Mr. Dillard, of Whitesville, that averages a yield of 6,000 oranges per year. Mr. E. L. Carney informed me that the oranges he shipped last year netted him two cents an orange. Allowing only 1,000 to a full-bearing tree and estimating them at only one cent an orange gives a return of \$10 per tree. Facts would warrant a larger estimate. Multiplying 150,000, the number of trees, by \$10, the estimate per tree, and you have a result of \$1,500,000. Just think of it! One million and a half of dollars flowing every year into the community of Lake Weir. This does not include the sales from early vegetables, pineapples, limes and other fruits. Lemon Island contains a forty-five acre lemon grove, as yet the largest lemon grove in Florida. Fifteen acres of this grove belongs to Mr. E. L. Carney, twenty acres to Col. S. E. Eagleton and ten acres to Mr. Alfred Ayer. A number of the trees are beginning to bear. Mr. Carney also owns a ten acre orange grove on Lemon Island and Mr. Ayer has a three acre orange grove there. Orange Island contains a forty acre bearing orange grove, owned equally by Col. S. E. Eagleton and Mr. E. L. Carney.

I should have mentioned before that in the spring of 1878 Mr. E. L. Carney bought from Capt. Carney and his partner Orange and Lemon Islands and most of Hammock peninsula. He made a small cash payment and gave his notes for the balance due. Capt. Carney had done some work on Orange Island and had budded some few trees. Mr. Carney erected a small house on Orange Island and moved over in order to begin work in earnest. He made many mistakes and had many difficulties to overcome, but he knew "no such word as fail." Possessing an iron will, indomitable energy and a strong constitution, he toiled on day after day, never murmuring at his lot or complaining. Reverses and disappointments came, but he set his face futureward and hoped for better things. As his notes fell due he

would sell part of his land and pay them off. In 1879 he sold an undivided half interest in the two islands to Col. S. E. Eagleton, another Rutherford County man, though engaged in merchandising for a number of years in the City of Philadelphia. In 1880 Mr. Carney began planting out Lemon Island in trees. He would budd the sour orange trees on Orange Island with lemon buds and then transfer them to Lemon Island. He also budded and sold a great many trees to persons who had settled on Lake Weir and wanted to put out groves. While developing the two Islands he was also planting out both an orange and lemon grove on his homestead. On account of his inexperience he lost fully two-thirds of all he put out at first, but, instead of becoming discouraged and abandoning the fruit business, he replanted the missing trees and pushed ahead. In the summer of 1882 he and Col. Eagleton dissolved partnership and divided the two islands. Mr. Carney now has in all forty-three acres in orange trees and twenty-two acres in lemon trees, besides several valuable tracts of land. He is entirely out of debt and will next winter ship at least \$10,000 worth of oranges and lemons. When all three of his groves are in full bearing he will have an income of one hundred thousand dollars. Capt. Carney informed me that Orange Island alone in less than five years would bring in an income to Col. Eagleton and Mr. E. L. Carney of \$40,000. Mr. Carney bids fair from the start that he has made to become one of the South's leading capitalists. When he first came to Lake Weir he was twenty-three years of age and is now only thirty-one. He is now the same modest, unassuming gentleman he has ever been. It was only by repeated and persistent questioning that I obtained from him the information necessary for this article. He did not seem to think that he had accomplished any more than any other capable and industrious man could have done. He likes orange and lemon culture and is well posted on every thing connected with it. In his article on "How to Make an Orange or Lemon Grove" he will give us some account of his experience and tell us his ideas of making a grove. I know that this sketch of Mr. Carney's life on Lake Weir reads like a tale from the Arabian Nights, but I have adhered strictly to facts, and "facts are facts, you know." Mr. Carney has made his fortune by persistent and hard work, by doing whatever he

did well, and never dodging the tough places. He has obtained no more than he deserves. In the language of Rip Van Winkle, "may he live long and prosper."

I had intended reserving this sketch of Mr. Carney's success for another part of the book, but it is so closely connected with the history of Lake Weir, I have thought it best to introduce it here, as showing the rapid development of this section. Now almost every State in the Union, and country in Europe, is represented on Lake Weir. We shall see from Mr. Edwin P. Turnley's article, on the "Social Aspects of Lake Weir," that the settlers here comprise the very best class of citizens. Among the number are men who have already accumulated handsome fortunes or competencies in business, and, with a love and appreciation for the beautiful and artistic, have withdrawn from the busy thoroughfares of life to spend their remaining years in that land

"Where the tints of the earth and the hues of the sky,
In color, though varied, in beauty may vie."

Some spend only the winters here and return to their Northern homes in the summer. Others are men of small or moderate means, who desire fortunes and are willing to work for them. Still others are persons of delicate constitutions, whom the chilling winds of the North, laden with ice and snow, together with that terrible foe, consumption, have driven to brighter and sunnier lands in search of health and strength. They come to Bright Moon Lake, and in this land of sunshine, fruits and flowers, if not too far gone, soon recover their wonted vigor and elasticity. Never have I dwelt in a community where such perfect peace and harmony and good will prevailed as on Lake Weir.

Lake Weir now has three postoffices—Lake Weir, Stanton and South Lake Weir—four thriving stores, and two large saw-mills. Handsome churches and good school-houses are being erected, land is being bought, cleared and planted out in groves at a rapid rate; citizens are coming in, and a spirit of general prosperity and improvement pervades the entire community. All this has been accomplished in the last ten years, without the aid of any railroads and in spite of great disadvantages in traveling and transportation facilities. Fancy lake fronts and building sites are already at a high premium, and back lots are rapidly

increasing in value. Now that Lake Weir has one railroad and will soon have two others, who can predict the future of this beautiful lake, "margined by fruits of gold"?



DESCRIPTION OF GROVES AND RESIDENCES ON LAKE WEIR.

Hammock peninsula lies between the waters of Lake Weir and Little Lake Weir. Just at the point of it is situated the forty-eight-acre lot of Mr. W. T. Radford, of Kentucky. He has thirty-two acres in grove, and will erect a handsome winter residence on his lot this fall. His place is known as Magnolia Grove.

We come next to the Summer Lea Grove of Mr. W. S. Harlan, a native of Pennsylvania, but a resident of Lauderdale County, Tennessee, from early boyhood. He came to Lake Weir in the winter of 1881 to take charge of the grove of Messrs. Thomson and Cooper. He brought but little capital with him. Soon after coming he purchased twenty-one acres of land fronting on Little Lake Weir, for which he paid \$600. In June, 1882, he sold four acres of this land for \$400. Mr. Harlan now has out about 500 orange and 500 lemon trees; 300 orange trees were put out in January, 1882, the balance from time to time. He has done most of the work on the place himself, and now has a neat little cottage and a beautiful grove. His total expenses, including land, house, trees and work hired, have not exceeded \$1,200. In June, 1883, he refused an offer of \$6,000 for his place. I have been thus explicit in describing Mr. Harlan's place in order to show what has been done here in less than three years by a man with little capital.

Lying next to Summer Lea Grove, is the Low Pressure Grove of Mr. Marcellus Turnley. It contains thirteen acres, all in orange trees and is called Low Pressure Grove, from the fact that many of the trees were planted out in the woods before the land was cleared. Next in order, is Hesperia, the residence and grove of the author. He has just "ten acres enough," fronting beautifully on Little Lake Weir. His little cottage of five rooms is situated on a knoll, being one of the most elevated places on Lake Weir. There is a gradual slope from the house in every direction and a fine view is afforded across both Lakes, and also of the surrounding country. His house has a double front, fronting on each lake. It is surrounded by a natural grove of trees, consisting of the majestic live-oak, with its wide spreading branches, the large water-oak with its vernal freshness, the symmetrical magnolia, with its beautiful and fragrant blossoms, the holly with its richly colored berries, the tall and graceful hickory, and the red and white bay. Many of the trees are draped and festooned by Nature, with grey Spanish moss, reaching from some of the boughs almost to the ground. Others are almost covered with wild grape-vines and Virginia creepers, and some of the pollards are so completely enveloped that they resemble pillars of "living green." About sixty feet from the front of the house, toward Little Lake, stands a grand old live-oak, with its gnarled and contorted limbs reaching out in every direction. The trees afford a dense, bosky shade, and the house being situated on an eminence between the lakes, we nearly always have a gentle breeze. A broad avenue leads from the yard in front of the house to the margin of Little Lake, some two hundred yards distant. On either side of the avenue, my orange and lemon trees are growing. I have out two hundred orange and one hundred and fifty lemon trees, and will put out other trees next winter. My trees were set out in January, 1882. They have done exceptionally well, and some of the lemon trees are already beginning to bear a little. I also have growing on my place some grape-fruit trees, fig trees, and several fine varieties of grapes. Hesperia is as yet "a diamond in the rough," and if, just now, it partakes more of the rough than of the diamond, still a pure diamond for all that. In process of time my wife

and I hope to make it almost as beautiful as Claude Melnotte's description of his imaginary home on Lake Como.

I paid \$50 per acre for my place, in the woods and unimproved, two years ago last February. Last winter I refused an offer for it of \$450 per acre.

Adjoining Hesperia is the three and one-fourth acre grove of Capt. H. A. Wiley, of Woodbury, Tenn. It also fronts on Little Lake Weir, and has a fine building site. Capt. Wiley intends building a winter residence this fall. An uncleared tract of land, comprising twenty acres and belonging to the heirs of T. M. Keeble, comes next. Just back of Hesperia and Capt. Wiley's grove is the residence of Mr. W. H. Shackleford, of Coffee county, Tenn. He and I bought twenty acres of land together and divided it equally last winter, at which time he sold three and one-quarter acres to Capt. Wiley for \$400 per acre. He now has nearly seven acres, most of which will be put out in orange and lemon trees next winter. From his residence you have a magnificent view across Lake Weir and a fine view of Little Lake Weir. He has a beautiful home. Back of the Keeble tract is situated the seven-acre grove of Mr. T. F. Wright, of Murfreesboro, Tenn. He came to Lake Weir several years ago and homesteaded 160 acres, but as yet has only seven acres improved. He has an elevated building site and a fine lake view. Adjoining the Keeble tract, and also fronting on Little Lake Weir, is Emerald Hill, the beautiful grove of Mr. E. L. Carney. He has out thirteen acres in orange and seven acres in lemon trees. Many of the trees are beginning to bear. He also will erect a handsome residence. Mr. Carney has proved what can be accomplished by using the lever of energy and the fulcrum of good judgment. When viewed from across the lake, his place strikingly resembles an "Emerald Hill," hence the name. An avenue begins at the margin of Little Lake and runs between the Low Pressure Grove and Hesperia and W. H. Shackleford's place until it strikes the avenue running between the places of W. H. Shackleford, the Keeble heirs and T. F. Wright on one side, and the places of Messrs. Thomson and Cooper and Ed. Turnly on the other side. This avenue runs to the public road leading to Whitesville. Lying back of Summer Lea Grove, Low

Pressure Grove and W. H. Shackleford's place is Edgewold, a hundred-acre tract owned by Messrs. Thomson and Cooper, of Hinds County, Mississippi. This tract runs down to Lake Weir, breaking off abruptly into a bold bluff twenty feet in height. This tract has a total lake frontage of very near three-quarters of a mile, in some places descending gradually to the water's edge; in others, breaking off abruptly, as named above. Sixty acres of this tract are planted in grove, containing about 1,800 sweet seedling trees, which were planted at intervals, beginning in February, 1881, and finished in the winter following. They were of all sizes, up to one and a half inches in diameter. The balance of the grove was planted in sour seedlings in 1882 and 1883, and are now being budded with good varieties of oranges and Sicily lemons. The grove also contains 200 sour-bearing stumps, which are budded with the Sicily lemon. The ten acres along the lake front are not planted in grove form, being intended for building sites for the owners, with space upon which to grow grapes, guavas, pine-apples and the many other fruits which may do well for family use, as well as the flower garden and shade trees. The proprietors wished to avoid the error, too common in Florida, of surrounding the residence with orange trees, thus, in time, depriving themselves of convenient places for planting the small fruits for home consumption, so necessary to health and comfort. Dr. Thomson has built his residence on the most elevated portion of the bluff, which is densely shaded by magnificent live oaks, hickories and water oaks. From this point the view is truly grand, taking in at one sweep the expanse of waters, whose ever-changing face relieves it of the charge of monotony, varying, as it does, almost hourly, from the mirror-like surface of a calm, the sparkling wavelets, when lovingly caressed by gentle breezes in the bright sunlight, to the foam-capped waves madly pursuing each other when lashed by angry winds and driven by them upon the white sand beach with a sounding roar, as if it were a mimic ocean. And more picturesque still is the scene, as viewed from the bluff, when at nightfall the full moon rises across the lake and spreads its silvery sheen over the rippling waters. Dr. Ruffin Thomson and Judge T. E. Cooper purchased this tract in the autumn of 1880. Judge Cooper has not built yet. I need

not add that the Doctor and his family are charmed with their surroundings and delighted with their home on "Beautiful Lake Weir."

Next in order is the place known as "Bachelors' Retreat." This is the residence and grove of Mr. Ed. Turnley, of Clarksville, Tennessee, who purchased the land in December, 1881. The tract consists of forty acres, all planted out in orange and lemon trees; twenty acres of which belongs to Mr. Ed. Turnley, and ten acres each to his sons, J. H. and E. P. Turnley. Mr. Ed. Turnley and his family spend only the winters here, while Messrs. J. H. and E. P. Turnley remain here the year round. They are so popular and universally liked that their home has acquired the name given above. Though not fronting on the lake, they have a good view of it. We come next to the beautiful grove and handsome residence, just recently finished, of Captain John L. Carney, the pioneer orange-grower of this section. His place is appropriately named Grand View. There is not a more beautiful place on Lake Weir than this. His house is well constructed, handsomely painted and furnished, and surrounded by the finest natural grove of forest trees on the lake. Between his house and the margin of the lake is situated his twelve-acre seedling orange grove, now coming into bearing. With the Captain, "faith has changed into sight, and hope into glad fruition." From his residence you have a magnificent view through his hammock trees and orange grove of Lake Weir and its surroundings. A nice avenue, lined with bananas, conducts you from the front of the house to the lake. Standing in front of this beautiful residence, feasting your eyes upon the charms and attractions which Nature has lavished upon this spot,

"And, watching each white cloudlet
Float silently and slow,
You think a piece of Heaven
Lies on our earth below."

We would like to linger at Grand View, but must hasten on if we would see the other "beautiful spots in a flowery land."

Adjoining Grand View is the ten-acre grove of Mr. C. A. Baker, of Kentucky, which was put out last winter; but Mr. Baker had large trees set out and will soon have a bearing grove. He also contemplates building a winter residence soon. Following the margin of the lake we arrive at the residence and grove

of General Robert Bullock. He has a seventeen-acre grove, put out about four years ago and already beginning to bear fruit. His house is built near the margin of the lake and, of course, a fine view is afforded. Part of his land is hammock and part pine. From now on, with the exception of occasional strips of hammock that fringe the shores of the lake, the land is pine land. At present General Bullock is Circuit Court Clerk of Marion County, and is residing in Ocala, but he will soon make his permanent home on Lake Weir. The grove of Dr. T. W. Tobey comes next. It fronts on Lake Weir, and also extends across the public road to Bowers' Lake, containing in all 700 trees, some of which are bearing. He has no house as yet, but expects to build soon. He has located on Lake Weir for the purpose of opening a select school for young ladies. On or near his land will be located the Baptist Church, which is to be erected this coming winter. General Bullock has donated a lot on his land to the Lake Weir Public Hall and Library, which will be built within the next few weeks. Also, on General Bullock's land, fronting on the public road, is his store, under the charge of Messrs. T. F. and Harry Wright. Here, also, is located the Lake Weir post office.

Lying next upon the lake is the grove and residence of Dr. L. M. Ayer, of Charleston, South Carolina. This contains eight acres in grove, now coming into bearing. Dr. Ayer's fine success with his trees shows what can be done on pine land. He came here in January, 1876, and has been an earnest worker for the advancement and upbuilding of Lake Weir. Adjoining the home of Dr. Ayer is the pretty grove and attractive residence of Dr. E. C. Hood, of Columbus, Georgia, who purchased it in the winter of 1882. He has eight acres in grove, fronting on the lake. The land, instead of descending gradually to the margin of the lake, ends abruptly in a bluff, ten feet or more in height. The house is built on the bluff, and is surrounded by a grove of live-oaks. The bluff commands a most excellent lake view. A large live-oak, that once stood on the verge of the bluff, but has now fallen down across the beach, has an Indian legend connected with it. It is said that a tribe of Seminoles once dwelt on Amaskohegan, as they called Lake Weir, and that a young Chief of a rival tribe fell in love with one of the fair daughters

of the Chief of the tribe living on Lake Weir. Tradition says that his love was returned. During one of his interviews with his lady love he was surprised and captured by the Indian maiden's father. Bitter enmity existed between the two tribes, and the Chief of the Amaskohegan tribe determined that the young Chief should die. Pending the assembling of the Council, called by the Chief to decide the question of life or death, this young warrior was tied to this live-oak tree. When the Council had assembled and all were intent upon the discussion which followed, our Indian maiden dexterously managed to cut the bonds of her lover, who glided into the waters of Bright Moon Lake and made his escape.

Next to Dr. Hood's place is situated the small grove of Messrs. Leavell and McIntosh, of Newberry, South Carolina, neither of whom has yet made his home here. We come next to the grove of Mr. Alfred Ayer, of South Carolina, who was one of the early settlers on Lake Weir. The tract embraces thirty acres, fifteen of which are in grove. In a short time Mr. Ayer will put up a nice house on this land and move into it. At present he is residing further down the lake. Mr. Ayer also owns twenty-eight acres of land on Lemon Island, which he homesteaded, twelve acres of this being planted in grove. The large three-story residence of Dr. Jas. M. Eagleton, of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, is the next house we strike on the lake. Dr. Eagleton purchased this land in 1879 and has spent several winters here. His house is furnished with both gas and water-works. At present it is occupied by Mr. Geo. E. Campbell, Dr. Eagleton residing in Philadelphia. He has twenty acres in orange and lemon trees. A natural forest grove stands in front of his house. The land slopes gently to the water's edge and the view is good. Keeping along the lake shore we soon reach the tasty cottage of Colonel Samuel E. Eagleton, a native of Rutherford County, Tennessee, but for a number of years engaged in merchandising in Philadelphia. He came to Lake Weir in October, 1878. His home place consists of ten acres, all in grove. He also owns a twenty acre lemon grove on Lemon Island and a twenty acre orange grove on Orange Island. Lake Weir has no more devoted admirer than Colonel Eagleton. Mr. Geo. E. Campbell, of Rutherford County, Tennessee, owns the next place, containing six

and a half acres in orange and lemon trees. He has no house on it as yet, but will build in a few months. Mr. Campbell came here in January, 1881, and homesteaded a place on Bower's Lake, putting a good house and starting an orange grove on it, which he still owns. Mr. H. P. Eagleton owns the next lot, containing the same number of acres as Mr. Campbell's tract. Mr. Eagleton came down from Murfreesboro, Tennessee, in May, 1876. Mr. W. C. Eagleton, the owner of the place beyond this, has truly a lovely home. The view from his residence is one of the most varied and far-sweeping views to be obtained anywhere on the lake. His house also is furnished with gas and water-works. He homesteaded his place in 1876 and now has a twenty acre grove of large, thrifty trees. His house is situated about seventy-five yards from the lake and is surrounded by forest trees. Mr. Edgar Eagleton has a ten acre grove adjoining his father's and also fronting on the lake. Farther down on the lake is situated the grove of Messrs. Ayer and McIntosh, containing twenty-five acres in large trees. Mr. Ayer is living on this place. Next to this place is the four acre grove of Mr. William McGahagan, who also has a residence here. Lying back of these two places is the residence of the genial Dr. T. J. Myers, a South Carolinian. There are no improved places on the lake from this point to Mr. Jas. Josselyn's place, at which point Mr. E. N. Perrin's description ends. We will now return to the point of Little Lake Weir and take a view of the country from there to the residence of Mr. C. L. Porter; where Mr. Perrin's description begins.

The west and south-west sides of Little Lake Weir, as yet, have but few improved places on them, though they contain some pretty lots and fine building sites. Dr. E. C. Hood, J. B. Carlisle, Willis Willowby (colored), and perhaps one or two others, have places more or less improved and containing young orange groves. The first place we strike on Lake Weir again, is the residence and grove of Mr. Edward Williams, from South Carolina. He has a fine grove and ought to feel satisfied with his success. Next, is the house and grove of Mr. Charles White, the popular merchant of Whitesville, some three or four miles distant. Leaving the lake-shore at this point, we approach the pretty cottage of Mr. H. Paddock, from Auburn, N. Y., who

settled here in June, 1882. Of course, he could not resist the temptation to plant out orange trees. Who would not like to own an orange grove on Lake Weir? This scope of country is thickly settled and dotted with a number of tasty cottages and thriving orange and lemon groves. It is settled principally by people from the Northern States and is in a high state of cultivation. Generally, the lots are small, varying from one to ten acres. It is much easier for Northern and Eastern men to take a small acreage of land and cultivate it *well* and *thoroughly* than it is for people from the Southern and Western States, who have been accustomed to large farms and plantations. In Florida small places well cultivated, in my opinion, is the true policy. By referring to the map of Lake Weir, you can form some idea of how thickly settled this country is, though many of the lots were too small to be represented on a map, the scale of which is two inches to the mile. This settlement extends back from the lake for some distance and is rapidly increasing. Lack of space prevents me from giving a more detailed account of the different places. With best wishes for the future prosperity of this thriving, wide-awake community, we pass on, stopping next at the residence of the public-spirited Mr. J. H. Albiston, from South Manchester, Connecticut. He came to Lake Weir in February, 1878, homesteaded his present place, not quite one-fourth of a mile from the lake, and now has six and a half acres in orange and lemon trees. Mr. Albiston is a strong advocate of mulching a grove. He has one of the prettiest young groves to be found on the lake. He is also having an artesian well bored on his place. Not far distant and fronting on the lake is the grove of Mr. Oscar Shogrin, a native of Sweden, but coming to Lake Weir from Illinois. He has a residence and about one thousand orange and lemon trees on his place. Passing on, we arrive at the beautiful home of Dr. D. S. Chase, from New Hampshire, who came to Lake Weir in the fall of 1876, at which time he homesteaded his present place. It extends nearly to the lake-shore, but does not quite reach it. No place on Lake Weir is in a higher state of cultivation than Dr. Chase's. As you will see, by referring to his ably written article on "Grape Culture," he has had extraordinary success in raising grapes. He has lived at different times in various States of the Union, but for health,

climate and fruit-growing, prefers Lake Weir to any point at which he has resided. He began to improve his place five years ago last February. He obtained nearly all of the materials for his house on his own place, including lumber, lime for plastering and bricks for chimneys. All the lumber used in his house is heart pine, selected for its beautiful grain. The house is nicely painted outside, and all the inside work, including floors, mantel-pieces, etc., is oiled. Dr. Chase has a thriving orange grove, all kinds of fruits that will grow here, and a fine vineyard on his place. Mrs. Chase has a fine collection of flowers, of which she kindly furnished me the following list: Mock lemon, magnolia, fuscata, heliotropes, empatoriums, carnation pinks, golden pyrethrums, thirteen varieties of jasmine, mock orange, ancubas, including gold-dust tree of Japan, Japan lilies, trumpet lily, seven varieties of hibiscus, poinciana gilliesii, royal poinsettias pulcherrima, several varieties berberry, including japonica, several palms, three varieties of dentizias, seven varieties of spiræas, century plants, variegated weigelia rosea, several varieties of snow-ball, tea-scented olives, purple fringe tree, also the white, burning bush, allamanda, ampelopsis bertchii, bonvardias, geraniums, euphorbia splendens, California fern, ice plant, centaureas, cinerarias, camelias, enyonymus (silver), clerodendrons, daphne, chrysanthemms (Chinese), india-rubber tree, lantanas (white, buff and orange), lannstinus, plumbago, larpentæ, salvias vincas, sweet violets, pansies, yuccas, Spanish bayonets, arbor vitæ, petunias, quite a number of varieties of climbing vines, and last, but not least, one hundred and twenty-five varieties of ever-blooming roses, some of the finest of which are Marchal Niel, Perle des Jardens, Malmaison, Niphetos, Marie Guillot, Mme. Margottin, Letty Coles, Sombienil Mme. Lambard, Michael Saunders, La France, Beauty of Stapleford, Gen. Jacquimenot, and several budded roses containing several colors on one bush. Also double white and pink oleanders and white and pink crape myrtles.

The rarest stove, green-house and hot-house plants of the North, together with tropical plants, may be seen growing in Mrs. Chase's yard, in the open air, with but little or no protection. Immediately east of Dr. Chase's, is situated the one hundred acre grove of the "Lake Weir Company." This company

was formed by Mr. E. B. Foster, from Westerly, R. I., in the spring of 1881. Mr. Foster came here in February, 1876, homesteaded a place and put out a twenty-two acre orange grove, which is now beginning to bear. The "Lake Weir Company" was formed with a capital of \$50,000 and chartered under the laws of Rhode Island, Mr. Foster putting in one hundred and fifty-two acres of land containing grove for a certain portion of the stock. Most of the stock-holders of this company live in Westerly, R. I. The officers are as follows ;

President—Charles E. Hill, New York City.

Vice-President—I. B. Crandall, Westerly, Rhode Island.

Secretary—J. B. Foster, Westerly, Rhode Island.

Treasurer—Henry Foster, Independence, Kansas.

Manager of Groves—E. B. Foster, South Lake Weir, Florida..

This company now has out 100 acres in orange and lemon trees, containing 7,500 orange and 2,500 lemon trees. They also have five acres in nursery stock, two years old. This is the largest grove on the lake. The manager, Mr. E. B. Foster, is a thorough business man, and will make a success of the groves.

On the southwest corner of the "Lake Weir Company's" is located the store of W. P. Foster & Bro., and also South Lake Weir postoffice. All the people living from Mr. Ed. Williams' place to this point, and for some distance beyond it, get their mail at this office. Mrs. B. B. Ricker is the postmistress. She is from New Hampshire. Her husband, who was far advanced in consumption, came to Lake Weir in November, 1877, and his wife and child followed him in May, 1878. They homesteaded a desirable place and proceeded to have a house built and to put out an orange grove. Some months after coming here Mr. Ricker died, since which time Mrs. Ricker has had the entire charge of her place and grove. She now has out 600 trees, and has succeeded in making one of the best groves, for its age, on Lake Weir. She also has charge of 1,000 trees for three other parties, all of which are in a thrifty condition. She also has out on her place pears, plums, peaches, grapes and pineapples, besides tropical fruit trees of different kinds. She has had fine success with pineapples. There is no better postmistress in Florida than Mrs. Ricker. Adjoining and lying northeast of the grove of the "Lake Weir Company" is the forty-acre grove

of the "Akron Orange Grove," belonging to a company of stockholders living in Akron, Ohio. This grove is under the efficient management of Mr. E. Gillett, who is succeeding admirably with it. Beginning at the northeast corner of Dr. Chase's land, which fronts on the public road, and proceeding eastward, you have on the right hand side of the road almost a continuous grove for a mile or more. The settlement of South Lake Weir is composed of most excellent citizens, and is in a thriving and prosperous condition. The people are enterprising and public-spirited. They have wisely laid off quite a number of broad avenues, public roads and drives. The citizens are devoting much attention to home ornamenting and beautifying. A bright future awaits South Lake Weir. I regret that I could not minutely describe every grove and residence, but that was impossible.

We will now entrust ourselves to the guidance of Mr. Ernest N. Perrin and complete our circuit of the Lake.



FROM MR. C. L. PORTER'S TO MR. JAMES JOSSELYN'S

It is allowed by common consent that Lake Weir is the most beautiful lake in Florida. This is affirming a great deal, since Florida is full of lakes, and many of them are remarkable for their beauty and picturesqueness. Were the appreciation and admiration of Lake Weir confined to those dwelling upon its shores, all that we might say of its varied charms could have but little weight with the general public. But when travelers and strangers from the four quarters of the globe, gazing for the first time upon the wide sweep of its waters, stand arrested and spell-bound, as with the force of a new revelation; when those who visit its shores depart only to return again and again, and delight in giving the most enthusiastic accounts of its environs, one is forced to believe that there is something unusual and extraordinary in the very breeze which blows over it. And truly there is. Whatever of rivalry may exist between the north and south shores, there is no disagreement as to the general characteristics of the Lake as a whole. Indeed, the two sides may admire each other, as they certainly do, for the *differences* which go toward making up their individuality, as well as for the common excellences. If the hammock lands on the north side are more numerous and more beautiful in their grand luxuriance, the heights and bluffs of the south side have a more commanding view of the lake waters, and offer many more striking sites for the building of fine residences. Particularly is this the case

with the strip of land of which we propose to treat in this paper.

Beginning from Mr. Porter's place, after passing a broad bay, the shore land gradually rises until it culminates in the steep bluffs forming the front of Mr. Moon's property. This is undoubtedly one of the finest stretches of shore land on the lake. Leaving the Guion and Jillett bluffs, and passing another small bay, we come to the Rapallo property, which has half a mile of splendid shore land, not so high, however, as Mr. Moon's. Capt. Lytle's hammock and grove form a break here in the general monotony of pine land. The features of this picturesque place suggest many sites on the north side. With a bay between, Mr. Henry T. Spooner's property follows next. This has a superb lake front, with bluffs some thirty feet in height. A continuous line of bluffs stretches then for more than a mile, as far as Mr. James Josselyn's. These include property belonging to the Perrin and Spooner families, the Baron Von Feilitzsch, the Count Vincent d' Equevilley, Messrs. Hodgson, Waite, Snow and Gerald. On Mr. Hodgson's extensive property, known formerly as the Anthony place, is the spot originally set apart for the lake hotel, a commanding height overlooking the entire sweep of Lake Weir.

To Mr. C. L. Porter, from New Hampshire, belongs the honor of being the first settler on the south shore of Lake Weir. He came down and located here on the 4th day of July, 1874, and was followed by his wife and family in February, 1875. At an early date the Porters wrote letters for the press, calling attention to this section of the State. Travelers, losing their way in the pine woods, often dropped in upon them for shelter, and were invariably charmed with the lake. Mr. Porter justly lays claim to having brought most of the present residents, either directly or indirectly, to the southern shores of Lake Weir. He and his family have resided here continuously for the last nine years and have enjoyed most excellent health, though they had much sickness previous to coming here. Mr. Porter and his son have out about thirty acres in grove, owning two island groves in Lake Weir, and having more lemon than orange trees. Several years ago he sold land for \$35 per acre, but within the last year and a half he has sold six acres on the bay to Mr. Ed. Foster.

for \$500 per acre. His handsome new house, one of the finest and largest on the lake, was completed last January. It is painted Oriental drab with olive trimmings. Mrs. Porter has a fine collection of flowers, somewhat similar to that of Mrs. Chase. She says she had rather protect the tender plants from the slight cold we have here than to shield the hardier Northern plants from the rays of the sun. So much for the tropical climate of Lake Weir. In March, 1875, the Josselyn brothers, James and Charles, from Brookfield, Massachusetts, homesteaded and improved places on the lake. In 1880 James Josselyn sold to Mr. Henry P. Gerald two and a half acres of his old grove with thirteen acres of unimproved land for \$1,300. In May, 1882, Mr. Josselyn sold the remainder of his 150 acres, together with all improvements, to Mr. Hodgson for \$13,000, who bought also at the same time thirty-two acres of the Anthony place, which will be put out in trees next winter. In 1882 the Baron Von Feilitzsch bought ten acres from Mr. Anthony for \$2,000. This was divided into two equal divisions the same season and five acres sold to the Baron's brother-in-law, the Count Vincent de Equevilley, for \$1,250. Messrs. F. C. Buffum, Jno. Moon, J. B. Wilbur and E. B. Foster came to Lake Weir about the same time in 1876. Mr. Buffum is from Maine, Mr. Moon from Pennsylvania, and Messrs. Wilbur and Foster from Rhode Island. Messrs. Buffum and Moon spent some time in traveling over Florida and were about to return home without locating, when they happened to visit Lake Weir, of which they had heard before. Fascinated with its beauty and loveliness, they immediately decided to settle upon its inviting shores. Mr. Buffum now has a pretty home and a beautiful ten acre orange and lemon grove, many of the trees bearing. He also has a large store and does a prosperous business. Captain F. H. Lytle, from Tennessee, located on Lake Weir in November, 1876. He now has out, in connection with his sons, over fifty acres in orange and lemon trees. Capt. Lytle's home grove is of the same age as Mr. Buffum's and about the same size. It is on hammock land, however, of the best quality, while Mr. Buffum's grove is planted on pine land. About September, 1877, the Guion brothers, from New York City, appeared on the lake. They bought land, ten acres each, a quarter of a mile back from

the shore, at ten dollars per acre. This was set out in orange and lemon trees in about equal proportions. There are now some five hundred trees in each grove, ranging from one and a half to five years old. A little over a year ago they purchased five acre lake fronts from Mr. Moon at seventy dollars per acre, and on these, each has made himself a pleasant home with a fine garden. The house of Mr. H. C. Guion is a neat, one story building, containing three rooms and a kitchen. The reception room has a high ceiling, handsomely paneled in oiled pine. The residence of Mr. T. F. Guion, completed last May, is built in the Queen Anne style, with red roof and olive trimmings. It forms one of the most showy and notable cottages overlooking Lake Weir. To prove the value of water protection and the excellence of his location, Mr. H. C. Guion instances a sugar apple and a sappadillo, both tender tropical plants, which have stood the coldest winter known here in five years without being touched by frost. The same success has attended him in his efforts to raise the tamarind and guava. As an illustration of the sudden rise in value of real estate on the south side of Lake Weir, we might note the experience of Mr. H. C. Guion. A year and a half ago he purchased six and a half acres fronting on Lake Weir, at fifty dollars an acre. In May last, this was sold to the Hon. John M. Wiley, of Buffalo, N. Y., for twelve hundred dollars cash. Immediately adjoining Mr. T. F. Guion's place on the north is the property of Messrs. E. & W. W. Gillett. They are brothers and came to Lake Weir from Akron, Ohio, in the winter of 1877-78. Mr. E. Gillett, the manager of the "Akron Orange Grove Company," has been able, successfully, to raise the pineapple, guava, Peen-to peach and Japan persimmon. He also has charge of the grove of the Hon. David Buffum, deceased. Passing along the lake-shore in a north-easterly direction for a distance of about two miles, we come to the residence of Mr. H. T. Spooner. This gentleman is from Brooklyn, N. Y. He came to the lake some four years ago. His son, A. E. Spooner, the first of the family to come South, took out a homestead in 1876 on Silver Lake, half a mile back from Lake Weir. He now has bearing trees about his house. Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Spooner and their other two sons, H. T. and F. B. Spooner, all have fine groves and valuable places. Part of their

land is pine and part hammock. In the winter of 1878-79, Mr. Perrin was induced, through Mr. A. E. Spooner, to visit Lake Weir. On a later visit he brought a small steamer up the Ocklawaha River from Jacksonville, carried it across the country some four miles and placed it in the waters of Lake Weir. In 1881, as the agent of Judge Charles A. Rapallo, of New York, this gentleman purchased land on the lake and erected a fine steam saw mill at the place now known as Stanton. A steamboat of larger proportions was constructed to run in connection with the mill, and to-day no less than two steam whistles enliven the quietness of our lake scenery. With the advent of the Florida Southern Railroad, fresh life and energy will be infused into our community, and the business interests of the south shore will be materially advanced. The Perrin family have in all, about seventy-five acres of land, fronting on the lake, of which thirty acres are planted in groves. Judge Rappallo has one hundred and seventy acres of continuous lake front, unimproved, with the exception of the saw-mill and a twenty acre grove. The tendency to-day is to plant groves on the back land and reserve the lake fronts for future places of residence. If the properties of Mr. James Moon and Judge Charles A. Rapallo, both so extensive, can be given up in the end to parties proposing to build handsome villas rather than to multiply the now almost common-place orange grove, a brilliant future may be predicted for the southern shore of Lake Weir. In natural attractions it holds its own against any lake shore in the State. With the proper management, there can be no limit to the improvement of its lands and its ultimate career of beauty and usefulness.

ERNEST N. PERRIN.

Stanton has been laid off to some extent into a town, and already has two stores, a post-office, saw-mill, and a number of tasty cottages and handsome residences. If we mistake not, it was named in honor of Major Henry T. Stanton, of Frankfort, Kentucky, the author of "Moneyless Man." Major Stanton is a relative of the Perrins, Mr. Stanton Perrin bearing his name. Mr. Stanton Perrin has charge of the saw-mill, carries on a large business in his store, and is also postmaster and justice of the peace. He is ably assisted in his multiplicity of business by his brothers, Messrs. E. O. and E. N. Perrin. Stanton is fully up-

in progress with the communities of Lake Weir and South Lake Weir. Indeed, how could it be otherwise, with the the influential Judge Perrin and his accomplished sons, the energetic and progressive Mr. Buffum, the determined and public-spirited Captain Lytle, and many other substantial and enterprising citizens dwelling in the community? I conclude by proposing the toast, "Success to Stanton."



DESCRIPTION
OF
SMITH'S, BOWERS', SILVER AND FIG LAKES, AND
LAKE FAY, WITH GROVES AND RESI-
DENCES ON THEM.

Lying north of Lake Weir, and separated from it by a strip of land about one-fourth of a mile in width, is Bowers' Lake. Lake Weir Avenue runs between Bowers' Lake and Lake Weir. Bowers' Lake is about one and one-half miles long and one mile wide. Passing along Lake Weir Avenue we come first to the grove of Mr. C. F. Benson, from Atlanta, Georgia. He came to Lake Weir in March, 1877. He now has a thriving grove of 1,000 orange and lemon trees, and also one-half interest in a grove of ten acres adjoining his place, the other half belonging to Mr. L. J. Trottie, of Atlanta, Georgia. Mr. Benson also has charge of a ten-acre grove belonging to Mrs. Mattie R. Beal, of Augusta, Georgia. Mr. Benson's house fronts on Lake Weir Avenue. He has recently added several rooms to his house, and now has a pleasant and attractive home. His place is known as Lemon Hill. Mr. Benson is the postmaster and justice of the peace for Lake Weir. Near Lemon Hill is situated the public school building. We come next to the grove of Mr. M. F. Hood, from Columbus, Georgia. He located here in 1882, and purchased his present grove of 200 orange and 300 lemon trees. Passing by places extending from Lake Weir to Bowers' Lake, which

have been described, we arrive at the grove of Dr. James McIntosh, of Newberry, South Carolina. This grove is under the charge of Dr. L. M. Ayer, and is in a flourishing condition. Near by lies Pine Island, the property of Dr. Ayer, and also containing a young orange grove. Next in order is the beautiful young orange grove of Mr. George E. Campbell, from Rutherford County, Tennessee. He homesteaded this place in December, 1880, and erected a nice cottage on it. He has fifteen acres planted in grove, and has had fine success with his trees. Mr. Campbell is a firm believer in mulching orange and lemon trees, claiming that "mulching is beneficial in that it shields the ground from the hot sun, in that it retains moisture in dry weather, and in that in decaying it enriches the soil." Not far distant from the place of Mr. Campbell is the steam saw-mill of James T. Henderson & Co. Mr. Henderson and his partners are Tennesseans, and established their mill here last April. They are doing a large business. Elder J. M. Streator, Mr. James Irvine and the Jett brothers, all from Clarksville, Tennessee, have recently bought and improved places on Bowers' Lake. Connected with Bowers' Lake is Smith's Lake. This lake is nearly round, being about one and one-half miles long by one and one-half wide. In June, 1876, Messrs. T. M. Rickards, J. T. Hall and B. N. Redding, of Missouri, were piloted by Captain John L. Carney over vacant, unimproved country in the vicinity of Lake Weir, and located two miles north, on Smith's Lake. In January, 1877, they brought their families from Missouri and built houses and put out groves. These were the first settlers on Smith's Lake. Since then it has been settled up rapidly. B. F. Smoot, J. T. Hall, J. P. Frame, John Davis, T. M. Rickards, Henry Rickards, W. L. Holmes, R. M. Williams, and probably one or two others, have thriving groves, tasty and pretty cottages and residences on or near it. Mr. Rickards has appropriately named his place Eden Garden. Naught is there to mar peace and happiness. Mr. Rickards has just completed a beautiful house, containing seven rooms and painted light grey, with white trimmings. Mr. Hall has also just finished a new house. General Robert Bullock owns an island in Smith's Lake, called Bullock's Island, on which is situated a twenty-five-acre orange

and lemon grove. This grove is under the charge of Mr. T. F. Wright, and many of the trees are now coming into bearing.

Near Eden Garden is Candler, a station on the Florida Southern Railroad, and named after the President of that road. On September 4th, of this year, it was surveyed and laid off into a town. Half way from Lake Weir to the Oeklawaha river is Lake Fay. This is a pretty, clear-water lake about one mile long by three-fourths of a mile wide. Mr. W. H. Turnley and family, from Clarksville, Tenn., were the first to disturb the solitudes of this attractive little lake. They located there a few months ago, have already crected a house, and will soon start an orange grove. All the people living on Smith's and Bowers' Lakes and Lake Fay get their mail at Lake Weir post-office. Silver and Fig Lakes lie about one mile east of Lake Weir. They are very nearly the same size, being about one mile each way, and both are pretty lakes. They are surrounded by flourishing groves, and have many and varied attractions. The settlers on these two lakes get their mail at Stanton. Lack of space prevents a more detailed description. All these lakes are situated in the Lake Weir country, and are just as healthy as Lake Weir.



SOIL, CLIMATE, AND TRANSPORTATION.

As remarked elsewhere, most of the land surrounding Lake Weir is pine land. Some of the finest orange and lemon groves in this vicinity are growing on pine land. Of course, the land has to be fertilized. Probably seven-eighths of all the orange groves in Florida are planted on pine land. Each class of land has its advocates, some preferring the pine land, and others the hammock land, for groves and residences. One thing is certain, an orange or lemon grove can be made on either pine or hammock land. All the lands in this vicinity are of a freestone character, there being no marl or limestone lands. This being true, I do not think there is any difference in the healthfulness of the two classes of land. The hammock soil here is of a greyish, sandy character. The soil of all the lands appears to one unfamiliar with it poor and unproductive; but its appearance is deceptive, as the growth on it, both wild and cultivated, will show. Until one gets accustomed to it, walking is unpleasant on account of the sandy soil; but the entire absence of mud, snow and slush will more than compensate for the presence of the sand. Walking and driving are more pleasant immediately after a rain than at any other time, as the rain compacts and hardens the sand. We will dismiss the subject of soil by stating that our soil has proved to be adapted to the growth of orange and lemon trees.

The climate of Lake Weir is simply delightful. I do not see how it could be surpassed. Almost midway between the

Gulf and Ocean, we receive all the benefit of the bracing sea-breezes without any of their harshness and coldness. We do not claim to be "below the frost line." Light frosts occasionally fall, but as yet have inflicted no serious hurts and have done but little damage. We do claim that on account of our great elevation, and our water protection, we are less liable to have frosts and injurious cold snaps than some portions of Florida far south of us. Facts warrant me in saying that frosts have fallen south of us when none fell at Lake Weir. I have seen a heavy frost on the ground not more than four miles from Lake Weir when there was no sign of frost here. Does this look unreasonable? It would be presumptuous for me to endeavor to impress upon my reader the advantages of water protection. I need only tell him that Lake Weir is situated on the top of the water-shed running through Peninsular Florida, thus combining elevation and water protection. From this fact the reader can draw his own conclusions. Do not be deceived about the "frost line." Frosts fall sometimes in every portion of Florida. Of course, the farther south you go, provided you have the same elevation and water protection, or very nearly the same, the less probability there will be of frosts falling. Some of our best authorities on orange culture tell us that slight frosts are of no disadvantage to orange trees, and are beneficial to health. I cannot say how this is, but will let the reader decide the question for himself. Our winters are mild and pleasant, though there are days when you will enjoy sitting by a cheerful fire. True, these are exceptional days, but they come sometimes, and it is best to be prepared for them. Our summers are not unpleasant. I have never known the thermometer to register higher than 98°, and it very rarely marks that high. The great heat of the sun is tempered by our delightful and never-failing sea breezes. Our nights are almost invariably cool and pleasant, and cover is generally desirable. I have experienced very few close, hot, sultry nights on Lake Weir. Can you realize it? We Lake Weir people, even in midsummer, *coolly* enjoy our delicious sea-breezes fresh from the Gulf or Ocean, while the people living hundreds of miles north of us are complaining of the intolerable heat. A wealthy gentleman, who has resided on Lake Weir for several years, owning a residence and three fine

groves here, informs me that Lake Weir is the most pleasant summer resort he has found yet. He had tried Long Branch, Saratoga, Cape May, Newport, and various other summer resorts, but for health and climate preferred Lake Weir to them all. Old Floridians assert that there never has been a case of sunstroke in Florida. For a residence all the year round I prefer Lake Weir to any place with which I am acquainted.

We now have good transportation and traveling facilities, and will soon have better. The Peninsular Florida Railroad is now running within three miles of the west side of Lake Weir, and will probably build a branch road to the lake before the end of the year. The Florida Southern Railroad is now graded and ironed nearly to the east side of the lake, and is being rapidly pushed forward to completion. It will run right by the lake and through Stanton, and will have at least two stations on Lake Weir. Cars will be running regularly over this road within a few weeks, probably by the time this book comes from the press. General Gordon's International Railroad, now being constructed from Jacksonville to Tampa, will run right between these two roads. The Ocklawaha River is only three miles distant from the nearest part of the lake, lying in a north-east direction. The Ocklawaha is navigable clear to its source, and steamers ply on it every winter. The Rapallo, a handsome little steamer, floats in Lake Weir waters, and supplies the local demand for transportation.

What more could be asked in the way of transportation facilities?

LAKE WEIR AS A HEALTH RESORT.

FROM THE STANDPOINT OF A PHYSICIAN.

FROM DR. RUFFIN THOMSON.

When we come to examine into the healthfulness of Lake Weir, we are met on all sides with the most remarkable evidences of its reputation in this respect, extending far back into the *ante-bellum* days, when it was the custom of many to seek its shores in the summer months for the preservation of their health. This reputation was local, of course, and reached no further probably than the inhabitants of the surrounding regions, who were largely planters, engaged in cultivating sugar-cane and long cotton. They may have had a poor opinion of Lake Weir lands for agricultural purposes, but their appreciation of its advantages as a health resort during the times when they were subject to malarial influences on their plantations, was very great, and this feeling was shared by the inhabitants of the adjacent towns. After the war, when the State began to attract the attention of those who were desirous of embarking in the cultivation of the orange, as well as of escaping the rigors of a colder climate, Lake Weir was not overlooked, but received a share of new settlers. These have come from every point of the compass—from the coldest regions of the North and East, from the West, the Middle States, and various portions of the South. Many of these new comers were in search of relief from

diseases already developed, as well as from the germs of disease, which were latent, it is true, but liable to be started into activity by the influence of unfavorable causes, climatic and otherwise. Families came, embracing in their number the aged, accustomed to fixed ways of living, children of all ages and women in delicate health, all contributing to make up a population whose antecedents, as to physical vigor, manner of living, and places from whence they came, were as various as it is possible to conceive. Thus we see that, as far as personal characteristics of the population went, Lake Weir was to have its reputation for healthfulness subjected to the severest tests. These people so gathered together have begun the battle of life, for it is in truth a *beginning* with most of them—clearing the forest, breaking the ground, planting groves and doing all things necessary to be done in a new country. This involves physical labor and exposure to many who were not accustomed to it, having been engaged, previous to moving here, in planting, merchandising, practicing the professions and many forms of office work, and this, too, in a climate supposed to be unsuited for physical labor by the white race. Then, again, there is great carelessness in the matter of diet and too much reliance upon canned goods, the latter being largely used because of their convenience and also because of inability and indisposition to obtain a regular supply of fresh meats, poultry, eggs, fresh butter and milk. It is well understood that greater care in the matter of daily food is essential to the preservation of health in warm climates than in cold. Many of our young men keep bachelor's hall, doing their own cooking, and grove work as well, with the result in many cases of indifferent preparation of their food. Here we have a combination of circumstances apparently just suited to the production of ill health: the rapid collecting together of an unacclimated population, which was frequently ill-sheltered, at least for a time, whose diet was not the best for good sanitary results, doing unaccustomed work in sunshine and rain, and in scarcely a single instance observing the requirements of the laws of health. What wonder would it have been if disease had stricken this population by scores and the death rate had been excessive? Such has been the history of new settlements almost everywhere, especially in the South and West, and in districts now consid-

ered healthy, and justly so. So we might have had much sickness and many deaths on Lake Weir, without fairly earning the reputation of being an unhealthy locality under proper and legitimate circumstances. And yet what do we see? It is an unquestionable fact that the health of this people is far beyond that of people living in long-settled localities elsewhere, which have a justly earned reputation for good health. The aged, instead of succumbing to the changes in their accustomed modes of living, involved in a removal to this section, have gained a new hold on life; children retain their health and roses even through the heats of summer (the writer can show four, from four to nine years old, who have been on the lake through two summers, and who will compare favorably in point of health with children from any section, although their surroundings at times have not been suited to the preservation of health), and the adults enjoy exceptional vigor. I do not mean to say that there is absolutely no illness or that there have been no deaths. Of the latter there have been much fewer than the tables of mortality indicate as normal, and those of a character to be expected in the healthiest countries. And as to actual illness, the cases I have met with are to be easily traced to great imprudence either in diet or exposure, or to some constitutional or previously acquired trouble. The former readily yield to simple remedies, or better still to no medicine at all, rest and quiet being usually sufficient; the latter, under the influence of local surroundings, are held in abeyance or finally disappear. There is rarely a call for the medical man. I verily believe, if all the practice of Lake Weir was concentrated in the hands of a single physician, it would be necessary for him to bring on an orange grove to provide for his old age. There occur, not unfrequently, in the healthiest localities, epidemics of various forms of disease, which give much trouble to medical men, and are often attended with severe mortality. Who has not witnessed, in the winter or early spring of higher latitudes, the prevalence, in an epidemic form, of lung and throat diseases, pneumonia, catarrhal fever, bronchitis, etc.? Who has not seen typhoid fever and kindred affections attack a neighborhood or town, bringing sorrow and mourning in their wake? The same is true of diphtheria, that dread scourge taking off the little ones sometimes by families. See the various aggregated

forms of malaria, bilious, remittent, pernicious, hematuric and other fevers common at times in the Western and Southwestern States, and not confined to the notoriously unhealthy portions of those regions. Look at New England and other Northern States with consumption yearly claiming its almost numberless victims. How many communities in all our broad expanse of territory can fairly claim freedom from cholera infantum (summer complaint), that terror of parents almost everywhere? So of other troubles, equally as well known, all of which may prevail without earning for the locality a reputation for unhealthfulness. I wish to be understood as referring exclusively to that class of diseases, resulting largely from influences of climate and locality, not to such as may prevail wherever man may be found, and largely independent of local surroundings, such as small-pox, cholera, scarlet fever, etc. Now, without wishing to indulge in comparisons with the view of discrediting the health record of other localities, I wish to call attention to the fact—and a fact capable of demonstration—that this community of Lake Weir, which embraces a lake shore of nearly twenty miles, a population of over one thousand, which began to collect nearly ten years ago, has been absolutely free from epidemics of any kind, either of malaria, typhoid and yellow fever, dysentery or other forms of disease, which are wont to appear at times in the most favored communities. Nor am I personally cognizant of even sporadic cases of these diseases, which originated here. When we come to look for the causes of this wonderful immunity from such epidemics, they seem to present themselves on every hand. Some are general and belong to Florida, others are local and belong to Lake Weir. It is not necessary to more than refer to the former, because the advantages of Florida are known to thousands from experience, and the subject has been treated by able writers, who had time and space to devote to its exposition. Where else can be found the winters of Peninsular Florida, enveloped as it is with the warm Gulf Stream, with its small thermometrical variation, its balmy, healing air, the invitation to an out-door life, the absence of sudden changes, the unfrequency of rains, this being the dry season, and many other qualities, all combining to make Florida the Italy of America and the refuge of the cold-oppressed peo-

ple of the higher latitudes? All this is familiar to the intelligent, but of Lake Weir not so much is known, and I will refer briefly to such points as seem to account for its pre-eminent position as a prospective health centre. A glance at the map of Florida will show that Lake Weir is situated on that portion of the backbone of Peninsular Florida, from which the waters flow in opposite directions, the Ocklawaha to the north, the Withlacoochee to the northwest and west, and not many miles below this point the waters flow southward. Here is proof of elevation above the sea level. The local drainage is perfect, the soil being porous absorbs all the water deposited by rains, thus preventing its collection in pools, where malaria may be generated. The lands are high and rolling, the hills and valleys are covered with pine forests, and nothing can be detected upon a general view of the country which would suggest disease. The water even in the smallest lakes, which may cover only a few acres, seems free from any quality of impurity. No green covering is to be seen upon the surface, such as is frequent upon still water under a summer sun in other States. There are no creeks discharging their waters, laden with decaying vegetation, into Lake Weir. Its source of supply is subterranean, if not artesian, thus insuring the absence of vegetable matter. It is more a huge spring of purest freestone water than a lake, having no minerals or salts of any kind in solution or suspension. Many of the inhabitants derive their whole supply of water for drinking and other purposes therefrom and consider it unsurpassed. The character of the soil and subsoil has much to do with the health of a country, and here we find Lake Weir owes much of its freedom from disease to the mechanical structure of the soil, as well as to the absence of the so-called marl from the subsoil. There is also but little lime rock in the formation. These lime and marl lands, whether pine or hammock, are not so healthy as where these features are less prominent, as is the case about Lake Weir, where the almost entire absence of evidences of malaria has marked its health record. There is an almost constant breeze from some quarter, soft and balmy, never harsh or irritating to the weakest lungs in the winter and always cool and refreshing in the summer, even with the thermometer registering above ninety. This wind comes usually from the direction of the At-

lantic or Gulf, blowing over the pine forests, thus having the bracing quality of the salt air modified by the resinous exhalations from the pines. In the daytime the prevailing winds are from the Ocean, after night-fall the direction is reversed and the wind comes from the Gulf. Our nights are cool and pleasant in the summer, thus insuring healthful sleep, which is a most important factor in enabling the system to preserve its equipoise. In this we have a great advantage over localities in most of the States, where sultry nights forbid restful sleep and the morning frequently finds one quite as tired as in the beginning of the night. These and many other natural advantages combine to account for the healthfulness of Lake Weir, which even rival communities have never denied in the most eager competition for immigration. And here will flow an ever increasing stream of health seekers in the years to come, when with good transportation and hotel facilities we can offer accommodations to the throng, making of beautiful Lake Weir a Mecca, towards which each winter the footsteps of the weary invalid will turn for assured relief.

RUFFIN THOMSON, M. D.

Lake Weir.

FROM DR L. M. AYER.

The beneficial effects of the climate of Florida to those suffering with throat and lung diseases are so universally admitted, and have so many living witnesses, that it would be a useless waste of time to discuss the fact. Has Lake Weir any attractions over other portions of Florida in general, and over the high ridge lands of the interior in particular, to offer to those suffering with pulmonary diseases? Its freedom from malarial fevers, permitting the actual settler to live here both during winter and summer, is a strong recommendation. It offers all of the water advantages of boating, fishing, hunting and bathing, so necessary to stimulate a tired and diseased body and mind to action and exercise. It is free from the cold, cutting winds of the coast, and from the vitiated atmosphere of the damp, flat prairie lands.

The healing aroma, coming from the pine forests, seems to purify the atmosphere. Last, but not least, the cheerful, happy, hopeful people dwelling on Lake Weir prevent the blues, and the invalid is frequently persuaded and encouraged into putting out an orange grove or truck patch, the exercise, labor and attention of which is better than all the nostrums of the druggist. It is a fact that all disease vitiates or poisons the blood, and it in turn deranges all the other organs of the body. Hence one suffering with consumption, settling in a malarial section, would be liable to complicate it with some form of malarial fever; therefore the place naturally most healthy would be worthy of consideration by the invalid. Having had some of the practice of Lake Weir and vicinity for a number of years, as well as of the country for many miles beyond, I cannot recall a single case of malarial fever that originated on the pine lands of the lake, or affected any of those who have lived exclusively here. I mean to distinguish those who live on Lake Weir and the adjoining lakes all the year from those who spend a portion of the year on the heavy hammock or swamp lands away from the lake and return here in the summer. It has naturally fallen to my lot to witness some almost miraculous recoveries from pulmonary diseases, which were attributed to this special locality; but the same has been seen in almost every part of the State. Dr. Charles Horsie, who made a specialty of pulmonary diseases, and had a large experience in many localities of Florida, expressed as his opinion that the ridge, or "backbone," running down the peninsula of Florida was the best locality for consumptives. He thought the dry, pure atmosphere and large pine forests had peculiar curative effects on the lungs. These pine hills of the interior are fast growing into favor with physicians, who are not directly interested elsewhere. Lake Weir is but a huge basin of pure, clear, soft water, located upon the very top of this high ridge country. As stated before, I believe the immediate lake region to be entirely exempt from malarial fevers. I have attended a few cases of fever originating among the early settlers in the hammock region of the lake. But of late years it has entirely disappeared, which fact is easily explained. It is an admitted fact that cool, damp spots can and do accumulate malaria. The first settlers in the hammock on the lake made but a

small clearing, while all around grew dense forests. During the rainy season of the summer months the earth and trash kept wet, seldom drying during the period of four months. As soon as the timber was cut down and burned and the land exposed to the sun and put in a state of cultivation, all fevers disappeared. It is also an admitted fact that malaria loses its poisonous effect by passing over a body of clear water. We have at least escaped malaria so far for the period of eight years. There is an idea I find very general among visitors to Florida, that new settlers are more liable to suffer from diseases of a malarial nature than old settlers, who, they claim, have become acclimated. The very reverse of this is true. Malaria is a poison, accumulative in its effects, by degrees poisoning the organs of the body, especially the liver and spleen. The longer one remains under malarial influences the more liable is he to suffer from their effects. So well is this fact known in Florida, that in localities where the people suffer from malarial fevers, many persons take their families away every alternate summer, and find that they can with impunity spend one summer at home. But three cases of asthma have come under my observation. These were all benefitted by coming here; the attacks were less severe, and the intervals much longer. The benefits were gradual, and the patients continued to improve every year. Both the climate and mode of life here have a marked beneficial effect on neuralgia. It is a mistaken idea to say that pine lands are healthy and hammock lands are sickly. Either the pine or hammock land, having a rock or limestone sub-stratum, and much of it exposed to the sun and rain, will produce malarial fevers, the pine but little less than the hammock. It is also an error to say that the high, rolling lands are healthy and the flat, low lands sickly. The hammock and pine lands just mentioned are usually high, broken lands; while the class of land known as flat woods, having a sub-soil of clay some few inches beneath the surface, is comparatively healthy. High, rolling, sandy land, having a sub-stratum of yellow dirt, and then a stratum of clay, from a few feet to a great depth below the surface, rank first in point of health. These opinions are formed after nearly eight years practice in this section, being intimately acquainted with the people, both the native Floridians and the emigrants, their mode of life and habits, the crops

raised, and how cultivated. I have written this for the people at large more than for the medical profession.

Respectfully,
Lake Weir.

L. M. AYER, M. D.

FROM DR. T. J. MYERS.

Mr. T. M. Shackelford :

DEAR SIR:—In reply to your inquiries, permit me to say that I have been a resident of this State quite thirty years, during which time I have resided in the counties of Alachua, Marion, Sumter, Orange and Hernando. At present I reside on Lake Weir, at which place I have been located for the last ten years, engaged in the practice of medicine, doing my practice on the Ocklawaha river and in the low hammock away from the lake. The practice on Lake Weir is very little, as we have had no sickness of any consequence, though it is settled up more thickly than the surrounding country. In fact, if I had to depend upon the practice of medicine on Lake Weir for a support, I would soon starve out. In all my perambulations through the State I have found very few localities exempt from diseases of a malarial character. Lake Weir has been for years the summer resort of the planters living on the low hammock and lime lands for miles around. It is one of the most beautiful spots as well as the healthiest section of Florida, so far as I have seen and experienced. I have seen Florida all through, and as I have been engaged in the practice of medicine during my residence in the State, I have certainly had some little experience in the treatment of the diseases to which we are subject. And I must say, in all candor, that I consider Lake Weir as free from all diseases of a malarial nature, and as healthy during *all seasons* of the year, as the mountains of North Carolina and Virginia. Lake Weir is specially adapted to the Northern invalid during winter as a health resort. The atmosphere is dry and soothing, the temperature always pleasant and the resources for sport in fishing and hunting unsurpassed. The bathing, even in winter, is delightful to persons whose health

will admit of it. We have no cold, bleak winds in winter and no hot, dry, sultry days in summer. I hope you will excuse me from designating the sickly localities. I think it is enough for me to say that I consider Lake Weir and the country immediately around it as the healthiest, most pleasant and most desirable country for all the purposes of life that I have found. True, the game is getting somewhat scarce, and consequently the hunting is not so good as formerly, but all new comers can find enough game to keep them exercised. As to the fishing, you know about that as well as I do.

Yours, truly, .

T. J. MYERS, M. D.

Lake Weir, August 17th, 1883.

FROM DR. E. C. HOOD.

COLUMBUS, GA., August 2, 1883.

T. M. Shackelford, Esq.:

DEAR SIR:—Your favor of the 23d ult. has been received. You request me to write an article for your book, descriptive of “Lake Weir as a Health Resort,” viewing it from the standpoint of a physician, and in doing so to answer the following questions: “Where did you graduate in medicine and when? (2) what think you of Lake Weir for the relief of lung, bronchial and kidney diseases, rheumatism and neuralgia?” To the first question I answer that I graduated in medicine at the Transylvania University of Kentucky, in the year 1840. To the second question I answer that, having spent only two winters and a part of one summer in Florida, my opportunities for observation have been somewhat limited, therefore my answer shall be brief.

It is a well known fact among physicians that a large proportion of the diseases to which “human flesh is heir” is produced by great and sudden fluctuations in temperature. Especially is this true in regard to the diseases to which you refer in your questions. It is also a well-recognized fact that it is quite difficult to successfully treat those diseases where these sudden

and extreme changes of the weather are continually operating, as is the case in the higher latitudes. Therefore, a residence in an equable atmosphere, such as South Florida presents, will frequently accomplish more, far more, for the sufferer than the most skillful medical treatment in a higher latitude. As for Lake Weir, it is unsurpassed for purity of air, beauty of scenery and excellence of society by any place I have ever seen. Being surrounded by a pine forest, whose healing aroma is being continually diffused by the soft breezes of an equable and dry atmosphere, makes it a delightful home for the sick and the well. With such favorable surroundings, if not too far exhausted, why should not the feeble one reach and realize, as many have done, that Lake Weir is indeed the "invalid's paradise"? It is a place where he can spend not only his winters, but his summers also, no malarial poison lurking in the atmosphere to vitiate the blood and engender disease. Such is Lake Weir, as I see it and honestly believe it to be.

Heartily commending your enterprise and wishing you much success, I am

Yours, truly,

E. C. HOOD, M. D.

All of these physicians are graduates in medicine and stand high in the profession.

In collecting information for this book I made it a special point to ask all of the citizens living on or in the vicinity of Lake Weir, "What do you *know* of the healthfulness of Lake Weir?" I saw many of the citizens in person, and sent printed circulars containing this question to those I did not see. In *every instance* they replied that they enjoyed fully as good or better health on Lake Weir than they did at their former homes. There are families who have been living here for several years and have never had occasion to call in the services of a physician, though they had much sickness when living elsewhere. Lake Weir can show a truly wonderful health record. I have lived in various portions of Tennessee, having spent several years in the Cumberland Mountains, but never elsewhere have I enjoyed such perfect health as I have had since I have

been living on Lake Weir. I came here first in January, 1881, purchased my present home (Hesperia), remained seven months, and returned to Tennessee. I returned to Lake Weir with my wife in December, 1882. For the last fifteen years I have been troubled with nasal catarrh, and have vainly tried many patent medicines, and have been under the treatment of able physicians. I am now almost entirely cured, and think a few months longer in Florida, on Lake Weir, will make the cure a permanent one. I was also frequently troubled with neuralgia in Tennessee, probably produced by the catarrh. I have not had a single attack of neuralgia or sick headache since I have been on Lake Weir. I have taken no medicine of any kind for my disease.

My wife has been subject every summer for the last six or seven years to violent attacks of hay asthma, a disease somewhat similar to hay fever. In the winter she was frequently troubled with bronchitis and sore throat. She had tried many remedies but to no purpose. She had a very sore throat when we left Tennessee, but obtained relief shortly after reaching Lake Weir, without the use of any medicine, and has not been troubled with sore throat since. This summer, for the first time in years, she has not had even the slightest attack of asthma. All this has been accomplished simply by living on Lake Weir and breathing its balsamic, health-giving air.

To those persons who suffer with lung and throat diseases, I would say, "Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter." "Throw physic to the dogs," and come to Lake Weir.



LAKE WEIR FROM A BUSINESS STANDPOINT.

That which most characterizes the American people is energy. Business is the chief employment of this go-ahead, progressive nation. With all their appreciation for other things, (for ours is indeed a cosmopolitan mind,) "what doth it profit?" is the great question, and this is the question which I, in a brief manner, propose to answer in regard to Lake Weir. Our universally admitted advantages of health, beauty of location and society are apt to throw into comparative obscurity this topic of the general head—Inducements.

In fact, those who, by reason of location in a rival community, have a prejudice against Lake Weir, finding that they must admit its health, beauty, etc., say, "Ah! but its lands are so poor"; thinking by this report to turn away all but men of capital, who come to Florida for some other reason than to make money. Now, to the industrious, orderly, moral poor man we say "Come." Come first yourself, and see for yourself, and then, if you are not ready to admit that ours is a prosperous and thriving community as well as a choice one, take your family elsewhere. We invite investigation, and are willing to abide by the verdict of intelligent business men. I know that some are ready to say that, if our lands are reputed poor, they must to some extent *be* poor; that where there is smoke, some fire must be; that people form opinions at the suggestion of truth. Well, to such of them as are influenced by no second motive, we are

willing to frankly admit that ours are not as good *farming* lands as some of the low-lying, unhealthy hammocks that are to be so carefully avoided by all, except the most hale. That there are places better adapted to the growth of cotton, corn, cane and chills than Lake Weir, we will not deny; for it is the avowed purpose of this book to give information and tell the truth, and if anything, which makes against our reputation, ought to be told, it shall be told. "Honesty is the best policy,"—Lake Weir, the best place. Although ours is not the best farming country in the State, yet the production of annually planted crops has paid, is now profitably engaged in, and will continue to pay in our midst. But what man, unless something else determines his action, would leave the great wheat farms of the Northwest, the corn and tobacco fields of Tennessee and Kentucky, or the rice plantations of South Carolina, and come to any portion of Florida to farm? While we can very favorably compare with the Eastern and some of the Southern States in this line, it cannot be denied that Florida is far below some of the States of the Union for general farming purposes. But, for raising oranges and other members of the citrus family, we challenge the competition and admiration of the world. And what Florida is in this respect to the rest of the world, Lake Weir is to Florida—the pride of orange men. What has just been said applies to farming in general. Truck farming is fast developing—yea, has already developed—into one of the leading industries of this most industrious State. The time is not far distant when Florida will far excel all other States in the producing and shipment of early vegetables. Now in this Lake Weir can show a most satisfactory report. Large quantities of tomatoes, squashes, cucumbers, etc., are shipped annually. Melons are also raised in great quantities and of the finest flavor; but as yet no one has engaged in their shipment. Several are contemplating a large planting this winter, when we shall have better railroad facilities. When the Florida Southern Railroad shall have been completed to the lake, which will be in a few weeks, the opportunities for rapid shipment will be largely increased, and consequently this branch of business will be proportionally enlarged. To those commercially interested there is every inducement to come to this neighborhood. At present there are around the

lake four stores of general merchandise, two saw-mills, one of them being also a well appointed planing mill, and three post-offices. Quite a town is springing up around Lake Weir, having for its public square the most beautiful lake in all this sunny Southland, with a new and jaunty steamer for its omnibus, and numerous smaller boats for private carriages. The numerous and thrifty groves of oranges, lemons and limes will prevent this from being a city compacted together closely, like others; but the advantages of both the city and country will unite to make this one of the most charming places on the continent. When two railroads shall embrace us and two steamers ply between, we shall have all that is desired in the way of transportation, and our present encouraging business out-look will, of course, be more encouraging.

W. D. TURNLEY.

Lake Weir.



SOCIAL ASPECTS OF LAKE WEIR.

Viewed from a social stand-point, Lake Weir has many attractions. The most of the people who have settled on its shores came from old and long settled communities. They are, in the main, well educated, cultured, refined and hospitable. Though gathered together from many different States and countries, they dwell together on Lake Weir in peace and unity. Out of the one thousand or more people who have settled on Lake Weir and in the immediate vicinity, nearly all are engaged in fruit-growing. Satisfied with their business, and full of confidence for their future, a more hopeful, prosperous and happy people cannot be found. The citizens are energetic, industrious and public-spirited. In each of the settlements the social ties are strong. In a new community the people, in their intercourse with one another, are not fettered by many of the formalities of older places. Here the principal requirement for recognition is a good character. Without this one cannot enter the best society; with it he will find a hearty welcome. The present improvements on the lake will not furnish entertainment for those who are strictly society people. Their expectations and demands cannot be fully met until hotels and public buildings are constructed in the most approved methods of modern architecture, and controlled by talent that understands the art of making one comfortable and contented. Glimpses of these have already been obtained, and it is said that in the near future they will become realities. The entertainments given by the

young ladies and gentlemen are equal in elegance and refinement to those of any of the country towns and villages North or South. The advantages Lake Weir affords for individual entertainment and culture are daily improving. There is already started the nucleus of a public library; a lot has been secured, and a building of modest pretensions will soon be erected. Fifteen hundred volumes have been donated, and those who have charge of the enterprise are confident that the number will soon be increased to thousands. There are three public schools on or near the lake; these are under the charge of competent teachers. Dr. Thos. W. Tobey, a minister of the Baptist Church, formerly a missionary to China and late professor of languages in Shorter College at Rome, Georgia, will in October next open a seminary for a limited number of young ladies. He will be assisted by his wife, who was also a teacher in Shorter College. This is only the beginning of what we hope may soon be an institution of learning equal to any in the South. There are five "clubs" on the lake: "The Pioneer Reading Club," of the east side, "The South Side Reading Club," and "The Lake Weir Reading Club," "The Stephens Debating Club" and "The Horace Club," of the north-west side. The purpose of the reading club is social and literary enjoyment. The debating club is intended to provide the young men with opportunities to familiarize themselves with questions of local and national interest, to become more proficient in the art of speaking and versed in the laws that govern legislative assemblies and literary institutions. The Horace Club is composed of those who wish to review the classics, and now has seven members enrolled. Religious services are held every Sunday on some part of the lake. The Baptists have organized, and will this winter erect a handsome church edifice. The Rev. Mr. Nash, of Ocala, preaches for them once a month, and Dr. Tobey also preaches for them occasionally. The Presbyterians expect to build a church in the near future, and have employed Rev. Henry Yerger to preach for them. The members of the Christian Church have organized themselves into a congregation, and will also build a house of worship soon. Elder J. M. Streater is their pastor in charge. On the south side the Rev. Mr. McMahon, of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, preaches once a month. Rev. Samuel Scott, of the Methodist

Episcopal Church, has lately located on the north side, and preaches in the community occasionally. Thus Lake Weir will be well provided with churches and ministers.

"You never will find,
Though you travel afar,
From the old Rocky Mountains
To where pyramids are,
A place more delightful,
Created to cheer,
Than a home on the bluffs
That look over Lake Weir.

"They are beautiful spots
In a beautiful clime,
Where the health-giving breezes
Are almost divine,
As they come with their kisses
To comfort us here
In our dwellings that stand
On the shores of Lake Weir."

E. P. TURLNEY.

Lake Weir.



LAKE WEIR AS A PERMANENT HOME.

The following letter from General Robert Bullock, clerk of the court of Marion county, and one of Florida's most prominent citizens, requires no comment :

Ocala, Fla., August 13, 1883.

Mr. T. M. Shackelford, Lake Weir, Fla.:

MY DEAR SIR:—I understand you are preparing for publication a description of Lake Weir, its resources and advantages. I heartily approve of the enterprise, as it will be the means of attracting attention to a section that heretofore, from its isolation, has been little known. I first became acquainted with Lake Weir more than thirty-five years ago, and from my first sight of it I passionately admired it for its surpassing beauty alone. But one family inhabited its shores when I first knew it. As the richer portions of Marion county settled up, Lake Weir gained an occasional settler. Those who settled in the more fertile portions of the county, suffered more or less with chills and fevers, the inseparable concomitants of all new countries. Diseases of a more malignant type were rarely known. The settlers on Lake Weir, without exception, escaped this universal plague—chill and fever—whereby it soon acquired the reputation of being a section absolutely free from malaria, and was resorted to during the summer months as a place of health and escape from chills. Within the last six or eight years Lake Weir has been settled with a class of the very best people from all sections of the United States, who live together in harmony and good feelings.

About four years ago I determined to make an orange grove at some healthy point, and, having an intimate knowledge of a very large portion of the orange belt, I cast about for a point offering the most advantages. After a careful survey of the whole field, I made my selection at Lake Weir, the place of my first love, where I have succeeded beyond my expectations, and they were pretty extravagant. With this experience, I have made up my mind to make Lake Weir my permanent home and to invest every dollar in its land that I can command, as I am entirely satisfied, since the Florida Southern Railway has taken in Lake Weir on its route to the Gulf, that property will continue to advance in value in the vicinity for an indefinite period. The Peninsular Florida Railroad has realized ere this that it made a great mistake in not touching Lake Weir. Indeed, I am told that the company is now seriously considering the proposition of extending a spur of its road to the lake. No one can doubt this who knows of the many hundreds of acres of orange trees, now in bearing and coming into bearing, on its shores. A very large number of the business men and others of Ocala will establish homes on the lake as soon as the railroad is completed there, or before another summer comes.

With the best wishes for the success of your work, I am,

Very truly, yours,

R. BULLOCK.



SUNLIGHT AND MOONLIGHT ON LAKE WIER.

One afternoon in last June, while engaged at work among my orange trees, with the sun pouring down his fiercest rays, scarcely a breath of air stirring, the sky suddenly was overcast with dark clouds and the distant thunder was heard. Soon big drops of rain began to fall, slowly at first, then rapidly increasing in number until a heavy rain was coming down. I retreated hastily to the house. Safe within the shelter of my porch, I watched the rain fall with a glad heart. No rain had fallen for some days, and all vegetation was parching and suffering for lack of water. How eagerly the thirsty orange and lemon trees lifted up their drooping heads and drank in the falling rain-drops! Looking towards the lake, I found I could no longer see across it. It was enveloped in clouds and mist. With the rain-drops falling on it, causing the white-capped waves to rise and break into pieces, it was not unlike the ocean. The rain came down for several hours, ceasing a short while before sunset. My wife and I walked down the avenue leading from the house through the orange grove to the margin of Little Lake Weir. The sky was still overcast with leaden-colored clouds, though the sun was doing his best to break through. Occasionally he would succeed in piercing through for a moment, but it was for a moment only; the clouds soon veiled his face again. The orange trees were dripping with moisture and glistening with rain-drops, and whenever they were kissed by the sunbeams, appeared fresh and ra-

diant. Even the rugged oaks, with little rills of water running down their bark, seemed to have awakened to new life. All vegetation was grateful for the refreshing rain. The air was fresh and pure. The lake was as smooth as a sheet of glass. Directing our eyes to the east we beheld a beautiful rainbow. The colors were more brilliant and gorgeous than I had ever seen them before. This rainbow suggested to my mind the mythological story of the American Indians in regard to the never-ending struggle for supremacy between the spirit of light and the spirit of darkness. Since the spirit of darkness, by means of his clouds, prevented the spirit of light or sun from sending his rays directly down, the latter, availing himself of his knowledge of the laws of refraction and reflection, in proud defiance had hung this beautiful bow in the sky. But my wife interrupted my mythological reflections by calling my attention to the western horizon. The sun had at length succeeded in breaking through the clouds, and the western sky was now "all aflame with crimson and gold." The sun was fast setting, but before he sank from sight he was painting a gorgeous picture. The prevailing color was a rich pink, verging upon orange color. Within this color strips of azure, deep blue, royal purple, crimson and gold were intercalated. What rich colors and what striking contrasts! How they tinged the waters of the lake until it became almost "a second sky"! How the colors came and went, now deepening, now paling! What weird and various forms the clouds assumed! What wondrous castles and cathedrals and palaces they wrought! How clearly the towers and minarets and richly stained and painted windows stood forth! The sun is a royal painter. No wonder Fancy ruled the hour and claimed me as her vassal. Lower and lower sank the sun until he was just above the tops of the pine trees on the other side of the lake, and was gilding them with his waning light. Just at this time a boat left the shore and the boatman began whistling a pretty air that harmonized well with the scene. I thought of Venice and the songs of the gondoliers. I know the Italian sunset is famed "in song and story." Poets have sung of it and painters have endeavored to paint it, but I cannot conceive how even the Italian sunset could surpass such a sunset as we gazed upon that June evening on Bright Moon Lake. True,

it has not yet been permitted me to visit the classic shores of Italy, but I doubt whether I could find even there sunnier shores or more mellow-tinted skies than we have here in Florida. While gazing at this beautiful sunset, I thought of some of the descriptions of Hugh Miller, the poet-geologist, and wished that he, too, might behold it, so that he might make a word painting of it. But that cannot be. The painting of the picture awaits the coming of a John Burroughs or an Edith Thomas.

We remained at the lake even after the picture had faded and the shadows of darkness had fallen. Still we sat there, thinking of the beautiful picture and listening to the chirping of the crickets and the croaking of the frogs. Soon the moon and stars appeared, throwing their light upon the waters, which mirrored and reflected it again. Watching

"The silver moon's enamoured beam
Steal softly through the night,"

I glided into a dreamy mood and sat there silently. Again my companion interrupted me by asking me for the verses I was making. Now, I have no poetical claims whatever to assert, and fear that I am but an indifferent verse-maker, but the verses were these:

With sweet delight, this rare June night,
I gaze on moon and stars so bright,
And sweetly dream beneath their beam
And revel in their golden gleam.

A gentle breeze comes from the seas
And kisses orange-laden trees;
Magnolias rare and flowers fair
With balmy odors weight the air.

A crystal sheet lies at my feet,
While silver waves the margin greet;
The moonbeams throw far down below
Their light on sands as pure as snow.

The bright Lake Weir so calm and clear,
Invites me to approach more near;
Fair Orange Isle seeks to beguile
Me with its most enchanting smile.

I wistful stand upon the strand
To-night in Flora's happy land;
And sweetly dream while bright stars beam
And revel in their golden gleam.

Whippoorwills call from pin-trees tall,
And lazily the waters fall;
I loose my boat and idly float
And soon have left the shore remote.

SNAKES, MOSQUITOES, GNATS, ETC.

The idea is prevalent among people of other States that Florida is the home and favorite haunt of all kinds of poisonous snakes, deadly reptiles and troublesome insects. Especially is this thought to be true of the interior portion of the State. Not satisfied with picturing Florida as an overflowed, malarial, unhealthy swamp, they have now filled it, in imagination, with all kinds of pests and plagues. The seven plagues of Egypt dwindle into insignificance in comparison with the numerous plagues of Florida. Only a few days since I received a letter of inquiry in regard to Lake Weir, in which the following questions were asked:

“How many chills does a fellow have and how often is he snake bitten before he becomes acclimated? How many nights in the year can he sleep without a mosquito bar? I am told that you raise enough snakes on a quarter section of land to fence it in.”

The last suggestion is a good one. It solves the problem of how to have good and at the same time cheap fences. The barbed wire fence will soon become a thing of the past. A snake fence! The very name is suggestive. We will use a black racer for the bottom rail and a rattle-snake for the top. Security, protection, economy! three in one. An enterprising South Florida man is already enriching and fertilizing his land with dead mosquitoes. Now he can fence it in with snakes. Great are the resources of Florida. Snake fences will put an end to watermelon stealing and prove a barrier in the way of our borrowing neighbors. We shall start a snake farm and grow

rich selling snakes for fence purposes. Henceforth our watchword shall be "Snake fences and reform." We will vote for no man who is not in favor of snake fences and does not so proclaim himself on the stump. Down with monopolies and hurrah for snake fences! There is but *one small* difficulty in our way. If snake fences are built on Lake Weir, the snakes will have to be imported here. But that is a small matter. My correspondent writes from Tennessee, and if he wishes to locate on Lake Weir and *must* have a snake fence, I can refer him to localities in his own State where snakes *can* be found by making a *thorough search* for them. In this way he can collect a lot of snakes and bring them down with him. But my correspondent is in earnest and wants "the unvarnished truth." Then jesting aside and *au serieux*. But, first, Truth has been varnished so often and the coating is so deep that I am afraid if Truth is presented in her "naked simplicity," the *dress* will be considered unfashionable and poor, old-fashioned Truth be requested to withdraw. I am truly sorry that I cannot tell the reader at least one Florida snake story, as this is the "snake season." If I could only do this, my reputation for truthfulness would be established and I could secure a hearing. Candidly, then, there are fewer snakes of any kind in this section of Florida than in any portion of the country of Tennessee with which I am acquainted. Others, from different States, living here say the same thing. Occasionally in clearing up or working new ground a snake is found and killed. I have never heard of any person on Lake Weir or in this vicinity being snake bitten. I am not sufficiently acquainted with the State to speak for Florida in general, and of my own personal knowledge can speak only as to the Lake Weir country.

In the summer time we are troubled with two pests, gnats in the day-time and mosquitoes at night. But I have been troubled more with mosquitoes in Nashville, Chattanooga, or Memphis than I have ever been on Lake Weir. I am informed that the gnats are not so troublesome here as they are in other States. By providing your house with wire-gauze doors and windows, as many do, you can keep out the gnats and mosquitoes, and dispense with mosquito bars. We have very few house-flies, and no sand-flies. So much for the reptiles and insects of Lake Weir.

LAKE WEIR AS A FRUIT CENTRE.

Beauty, health, climate and soil, realized and enjoyed by the many settlers who have located on this, the acknowledged most beautiful lake of Florida—with the great success attending the cultivation of the orange and lemon—have given to Lake Weir the well deserved, technical name in fruit-growers' phraseology, of a fruit-centre. Geographically situated on the high, elevated water-shed of the peninsula, almost equi-distant from the Gulf and Atlantic, and midway north and south of that singularly favored portion of Florida, known as the orange belt, makes Lake Weir the centre of the fruit region. Yet its geographical location does not entitle nor does it give to Lake Weir the appellation of a fruit centre. The blending in such perfect proportion by Nature of the four essential qualifications—beauty, healthfulness, climatic influences and a soil peculiarly adapted to the purpose for which Nature designed it—orange groves—demonstrated by practical results, now being enjoyed—has made Lake Weir to-day recognized as possessing more of the essential elements to constitute a fruit-centre than any other place in Florida. But a few years ago Lake Weir was only known as a lake of beauty and the recognized summer sanitarium of the Florida Peninsula, resorted to by the wealthy citizens living in other less healthy portions of the country. At that time the great staple products of the South, cotton and sugar, held dominion through the length and breadth of this country. A man's social status, almost his responsibility, depended upon the extensive acreage of his cotton and sugar fields. But to-day,

these great products, that once held sway over the brain and muscle of this fair land, have become as a thing of the past and now scarcely have a follower, except those who are either physically or mentally incapacitated from throwing off the drudgery and slavishness of agriculture to put on the higher, nobler and newer civilization of horticulture. The change from the agricultural to the horticultural pursuits has been so rapid and attended with such unparalleled success that one can hardly realize the great results, evidenced through the area of the orange belt. Just at the time, when orange growing had been sufficiently developed in Florida to encourage the idea of a competency in well directed labor in that direction, the tide of immigration came pouring into the peninsula. Lake Weir, on account of its attractions, drew to its shores a number of those home-seekers, whose education and nature qualified them to appreciate the beautiful as well as the useful. And, as the new comer beheld for the first time the limpid waters of Lake Weir, with its pure, white sand beach, fringed with the majestic pine, magnolia and wide-spreading limbed live-oak, draped in that tropical garb of long moss, which, swayed by the gentle breeze that blew over the lake's sunny face, gave to Lake Weir a weird and singular beauty—a beauty not grand and awe-inspiring, like the lofty peaks of the Alleghanies, but a beauty soft and subdued, like the sweet face of innocent childhood—a beauty that poets sung of in fairy land, but only realized by those who have seen Lake Weir.—standing on one of those bold bluffs or gentle slopes, that overlook the lake, as he viewed the most beautiful gem in all that constellation of lakes of the lake region of peninsular Florida—he could not but say “Eureka!” and feel that “here on this beautiful lake shore my home shall be.” And, when the new settler wrote back to his old home, telling of the wondrous climate and the resources that lay as yet undeveloped, others came, until to-day on these bluffs and slopes are the happy homes of as refined, intelligent and hospitable people as can be boasted of in any other older portion of the world. But a few years elapsed after the first settlers had located and made permanent homes before it had become demonstrated that the locality of Lake Weir possessed all the essentials necessary for successful fruit-growing. Not only on ac-

count of its beautiful surroundings and its recognized healthfulness, but its great freedom from those disastrous colds that sometimes occur, destroying the hopes of fruit-growers in less favored localities of Florida. When these facts were verified by actual tests and experience, and the settlers, feeling a perfect security in the future, with duty performed, settled down into that feeling of contentment and faith in their work and with a determination to make Lake Weir just what its natural advantages entitled it to be—a fruit-centre; when the demands of that society, which had settled on the shores of Lake Weir, established churches, schools and social life with all pleasant surroundings, adding all these to Nature's gifts and making life as pleasant as ever dreamed of in Utopian world; when the brain of the white man and the brain of the black man had twined the beauties of Lake Weir, without marring its attractions, into channels of wealth; when energy had crowned with the orange and lemon those bluffs and slopes overlooking the bright, crystal waters of the Seminoles' *Amaskohegan*: when the golden fruited trees had sent their harvest of health-giving fruit into the cities, and the gold of the cities had returned to fill the hands of the fruit-growers; when residence here had brought the rosy dimple to childhood's cheek; when the youthful step had returned to manhood, and the brows that had been clouded and the cheeks that were furrowed by life's battle in other places had been smoothed by the pleasant every day, and bright hopes of the future now realized; when all this had been accomplished by life on our beautiful lake, then *Amaskohegan*, the Bright Moon Lake of the Indian, now the Lake Weir of civilization, accepted as rightfully its own the appellation, a fruit-centre.

JOHN L. CARNEY.

Lake Weir.

HOW TO MAKE AN ORANGE OR LEMON GROVE.

This question would, indeed, be a knotty one, were I to undertake to go into full details so as to fill every man's bill exactly, who has or proposes to have an orange or lemon grove in the State. I will venture to say there are no two accomplished groves in the State that have had exactly the same treatment, or are likely to get it; and more than likely they would not have thriven as well as they have done with the same management. Two pieces of land, either hammock or pine, to all outside appearances may be exactly the same class of land, same kinds of timber and surface soil, yet they may be quite different as to sub-soils. Clay, marl, red, yellow or white sand, and sometimes hard-pan, may underlie one and not the other. And, with the soils all the same, the lands, in all probability, will not have the same exposures, wind-breaks, etc. Each and all of these lands would require some different management from the other. So I will not attempt to say how every grove in the State, county, or even in a very small section of the county, should be worked; but will give a few general suggestions and leave each man to fill in or take out, as it is likely to suit his own individual case best.

To parties who already own lands my advice as to selection of lands for groves is not apt to have much bearing. They would say my neighbor, A or B, has one or two fine trees about his house and his soil is similar to mine, at least as far as

appearances go (and grant that it is so in reality), and I will risk it, forgetting that those fine special trees get such attention and protection that would be impossible to be given to a grove of any size. So it is only parties who are yet to buy lands that are likely to *need* any information on this point, first as to both importance and necessity. In selecting land for a grove, look first for a healthy location, the greatest of all considerations, for without health life is not enjoyable anywhere; then, to the society, so that your family will be pleasantly situated; next, to the transportation, so that when your grove comes into bearing you will not have long distances to haul to a station or landing; then, to the surroundings of the land, if it has not already natural beauty, is capable of being made attractive. You may not think so much about beauties in starting a grove, and in the majority of cases a home, too; the hog and hominy question may be pressing too strongly on your mind. Yet, when your grove begins to pan out its hundreds and thousands of boxes of golden fruit, you will then turn your attention to ornamenting and beautifying. My first choice of soils, when the above questions have been fairly settled, would be a soil as rich as possible in humus, with a subsoil of yellow sand from five to twenty feet in depth, with no objections to it being deeper. Land rolling than otherwise, so as to give natural drainage, supposing that the underlying clay or other hard base, upon which the surface water would finally sink, would have the same inclination as the surface above. Lands with clay or marl within eighteen inches or two feet of the surface are claimed by some to hold manures better than deeper soils. To this I do not agree. The deeper the sand is before striking hard soil, the less liable the soil is to wash on the surface, and, if the manure washes down into the soil, as some claim, then I have no fears that my orange and lemon trees will not get the benefit of it all, as the roots do not have to go through clay, marl or hard pan to reach it. Whoever doubts trees getting the benefit of any manures applied upon deep sandy soils, on account of their supposed leeching, let him try to reach the taproot of a tree standing for eight or ten years; and, if he will tackle this job on a July day. I will guarantee he will be satisfied long before he reaches the end of the taproot.

that no food would ever escape, however deep it might sink, those thousands of little feeders. For gardens, truck and general farming I do not object to clay near the surface, but an orange or lemon tree is different from a corn stalk, tomato or watermelon vine. Trees upon these deep subsoils will stand storms and severe droughts better than the more shallow surface-rooted trees. I have seen this thoroughly tested several times in my eight years' experience in orange groves here. After having bought your land, the next thing to be done is to clear it and make ready for putting out trees. If you have bought hammock land and are in no hurry about getting your trees out, or if you wish to grow your own stock, then it would be best to deaden your forest trees one and a half or two years before beginning to clear it up properly. If your land is extra strong-hammock, with neither plenty of altitude nor water protection, then it would be well enough to leave three or four forest trees per acre as a protection against cold; it matters not if you are "below the frost line." The live-oak is of a slow growth, consequently will sap your young trees less than most of the other hammock trees. The magnolia is the neatest hammock tree, and would be quite ornamental as well as useful in the grove. Hammock so deadened is much more easily cleared afterwards, and but a few of the trees ever sprout or sucker afterwards, which is a consideration in a new hammock grove. Many, in clearing hammock land, cut the timber, roll the logs, pile the brush, shrub the ground, then burn everything. A better plan in the long run, though it does not look so neat for several years, is to cut your timber, and not cut the logs too long, burn the brush and shrubs, then stake off your ground where your rows and trees are to be. Now pile the logs between every third or fourth row of trees and let them remain a year or two; then at a leisure time, if you should ever find that time with an orange or lemon grove, change logs to the next row of trees, and you will be astonished every time you change your logs what an amount of the very best fertilizers you have on the ground. About the third or fourth changing of the logs will about swap you out, and you will have only a few live-oaks and heart bays left. They will stay with you and

be something that you can always swear by "in the sweet by and by." If it is pine land that you have invested in, then I would rather cut clean and burn everything that is not suitable for boards, rails, or mill timber, if you are near a mill. Where parties are able, in first starting a grove, an excellent plan is this, especially where pine land is used; it saves after work and work that cannot be done as well, when trees are set and roots running all through the soil, as before. Instead of cutting the trees off above ground, cut below (two feet or more, as it may suit) the taproot, and all the lateral roots on the same side. Probably by the time you have cut half way through the taproot the tree will be ready to fall; now, by placing a short log close up to the tree it acts with great lever power, and the tree in falling flirts many big side roots out of the ground. Most of the hammock stumps will rot after a few years, but pine will not, is why it is more necessary to treat pine rather than hammock in this way in clearing. Now stake off your ground, as with the hammock, drive the stakes well into the ground; if you do not, they are liable to be moved out of line by a careless hand in digging the holes. Have, if possible, the holes dug several months before ready for use, so as to let them settle back to the level as near as possible, and it will save trouble in planting your trees, being less liable to plant too high or too low. Dig holes six or eight feet across the top, use a long hammock or grubbing hoe, and have an old axe along, so as to get out the larger roots. Loosen up the ground thoroughly, and take all tree or vine roots out. If you have any well-rotted stable manure put a small quantity in each hole and mix well with soil; if not, home-made manure; then from one to one and a half pounds of weak (but I reckon most all of it is *weak* enough) commercial fertilizer. The next question of importance is the selection of trees for the grove. This question has been discussed in our State papers, mainly from two standpoints. By some nursery-man or party here, who had a certain class of trees for sale, or from the experience of parties had in planting out peaches, apples, etc., in the more northern, and frequently the most northern States. The first standpoint needs no pointers, and the second will not do to rely upon altogether, for an orange or lemon

grove. For it frequently happens that parties who have owned and understood the working of orchards of apples, pears, etc., in the other States, move here and are out-stripped, until they are willing to unlearn many things by the regular Cracker, who, in all probability, has never seen an apple or pear tree, and knows nothing about the theoretical part of fruit-growing. All, or nearly all, of these parties have advocated planting small budded stock both for the lemon and orange, claiming the fruit to be better, and the trees to be much longer lived, and to produce a prettier and better tree generally. Now, my experience with budded trees has been with all sizes. I have budded and transplanted trees from one-fourth of an inch up to six and eight inches in diameter, and have budded and left standing trees from one-fourth of an inch up to fifteen inches in diameter, and they are all bearing. My preference now, if not over-flushed with finances, in putting out a new grove of budded trees, would be a good large stock from two to four inches in diameter, with a greyish bark, and from a not over-stimulated nursery, and the soil similar to that upon which I wanted to plant. If able, I would prefer a tree just coming into bearing, though the stock might be an inch or so larger, even if I paid from \$5 to \$10 per tree, and could get them close by. One of my neighbors, who has about 95 large bearing trees, which he bought and set out this past spring, paying \$5 per tree for them, says he will get about ten boxes of good oranges from them this fall, and in two more years they will certainly pay for themselves and all expenses of cultivation, etc., up to that time. Four years ago this past spring I planted about 700 unbudded sour trees, all the way up in size from an inch to six or eight inches in diameter. The larger ones were in condition to be budded the same summer, and the others were a year, and some two years, before they would take a bud. Some of these larger trees bore last year a box per tree. The smaller ones will be from two to three years yet in doing the same. If one is not able to buy these larger trees in starting a grove, then, of course, he has to "cut his garment according to his cloth," and take smaller trees, and be a little longer time getting a bearing grove. Most all sweet seedling orange trees in the State produce a very passable orange, and many of

them as fine or finer than the imported budded varieties. I would advise farmers, or other persons, who have not a natural knack at working with trees, in putting out trees around their premises, or small groves, to use the sweet seedling tree from the seed of the best sweet seedling to be had; to get trees well grown and vigorous, from four to six years old, if able; if not, then even begin from the seed, as I have done with many of my trees. If in after years any special fine variety is introduced, and you *know* that it brings better prices than your fruit, is just as prolific, as good shippers, etc., then, with your trees already standing, it will be easy to cut off the tops gradually from year to year and insert buds of this better kind. The trees so cut off ought to begin to pay again in three years from the cutting off. Very few of the regular nurserymen in the State advocate planting sweet seedling trees. It is much better to get the sour or other seed, plant and bud them, than to get the fruit from the best sweet seedling trees in the State and plant the seed. Most of the fruit of such trees is spoken for a year or so ahead by some neighborhood nurseryman.

The lemon sprouts badly from the seed, and the only way to get reliable and uniform fruit is to bud it. I have used and seen used stocks of almost all the species of the citrus family, that are common to the State for budding the lemon into, but prefer the sour orange stock for this purpose to all others. It makes more of a tree on this stock with less of a bush about it than upon some of the other stocks, and even on its own.

All things considered, from the 15th of January to the 15th of February is the best time for general planting. I have tried every month in the year, and, where there are only a few trees to be put out and extra attention can be given them, then you can select your own time and overcome the objections by extra care. Get your trees from the parties or nurserymen nearest to you, provided they have the kind wanted. Let the trees be put in their permanent places just as soon as possible after coming out of the ground. Avoid, if possible, planting out trees on very windy days. Keep trees and roots from being exposed to wind or sun. I consider the wind as bad as the sun in damaging trees out of the ground. Keep the roots damp until you get

them in the ground again. Be very particular that you do not get the tree too deep; nine out of ten new beginners will put them so. It would be better to get some man who understands the business to do the work for you than to run the risk of making a lot of it. The trees should be put from one to one and a half inches above the general surface level; they will finally settle to about the level. All broken or hackled roots should be cut off smoothly with a knife before being planted out. The lateral roots should be spread out nicely, so that they will be as near like they were before their removal from the nursery as possible. When the tree is about halfway filled in, pour in a bucket of water, and, if water is plentiful, put in two buckets, to settle the roots well. When you finish putting dirt around the tree, pour in enough water to settle it well. After the water has dried out, rake dry dirt up to the tree, so as to be three or four inches deep on top of the roots; make a rim around this dirt, a little beyond where the tree roots extend, so that it will leave the ground around the tree in a saucer shape. Now, to save the trouble of pulling the dirt from the tree every time it needs watering, I put moss or mulch of most any kind in this saucer around the tree and pour the water in, and it needs no farther attention. The saucer holds all the water and the mulch does not let the sun bake the dirt around the tree. If the trees grow very vigorously, then enlarge the digging around the trees, so as to let the young roots have plenty of loose dirt to run in. Next season, if the mulch is not all rotted and the saucer washed down by rains, then take out the mulch and work the saucer down to the level of the ground. There is no danger upon suitable orange land of giving a young tree, the first year out, too much water; nor trees of any age, as for that, only trees after the first year do not require to be watered to keep life in them, yet they would certainly do much better to have extra drenchings other than from the clouds, many times during the year. The great necessity for some way of supplying our fruit trees with plenty of water in blooming season and farther on, to keep the fruit from cracking, is not yet seen by our fruit-growers, but it will certainly force itself upon the fruit sections at no distant day.

Some plow the groves the first year out. Where ground is very rooty a jumping coulter is used in front of the bull-tongue or twister on the same stock. Others use the hoe only, the first year, to keep grass and weeds down, and by the next year many of the small roots have rotted and the land is more easily plowed. I am not as much of an advocate now as formerly of planting peas in the grove between the rows as a fertilizer. If planted at all, it would be the second and third years. During the first year let the sourness be worked out of the new land. The two following years peas can be planted several times during the year and turned under the best you can, just before they begin to run. The Georgia clay stock running pea is best for this purpose. After the third year the young tree roots will have filled the ground pretty well, if trees have done as they should do, and it will be impossible to plow deep enough to turn under pea-vines without disturbing many of the orange tree roots. I object to letting the vines cover the ground and remain until fall; for it brings the tree roots near the surface and makes the destruction of orange roots very great when you put the plow in again, enough to over-balance the benefit derived from the vines. And you are sure to get a big seeding of grass and weeds, in spite of all you can do.

Unless you have started your grove upon extra good, rich land, the trees will have to be fertilized. My experience with fertilizers has been very limited, but, from what I can learn, natural, home-made manures, or those composted at home and of which you know the ingredients, are to be much preferred to any ready-mixed commercial fertilizers.

Be careful not to let your trees get a stunt, which they are more likely to do the first year; for it is a hard matter to ever get them into a vigorous growth again. If you have used sweet seedlings, do not have but one stem or body to the tree, and keep all water-shoots off near the ground. Prune very little until the trees are almost ready to bear, then prune up four or five feet, or as you like, and, if necessary, thin out small dead branches inside. If you are making a budded grove, you will have to begin pruning early to make pretty symmetrical trees. They are more inclined to make straggling, lop-sided trees than

seedlings. If your trees have buds in them when put out, so much the better, but, if you have just put out the stock and intend budding afterwards, my plans are as follows: I like a stock of about four feet in height to start with. When the stocks are from one-fourth up to one inch in diameter, it is well enough to put the bud in the main body, if the tree has not been kept vigorous and not allowed to become hard and bark-bound. Most of the trees of this size put out in groves are best budded the following year after put out. Very little is gained in budding trees of this kind the first year, unless they are extra vigorous. Where the stock is from one inch up in diameter, I prefer budding into a new shoot near the top of stock, two or three of such shoots having been permitted to grow especially for this purpose. All the balance of the shoots on the tree having been kept off throws all the sap into these special shoots, and buds are much more likely to take in such wood and make faster growth than when budded into the main stock. The larger the stock, the sooner you will get buds to take in them; they have more vitality than smaller trees. I use as many eye buds as possible and only use sprig buds to save wood, or where the eye buds cannot be used. For eye buds I cut the slot out the tree in T shape, but with the T inverted. When the bud is put in, this sheds the water more than when the cross line is cut above, instead of below, and the bud is less liable to sour and die; that is where you do not use wax, and I do not. The sprig bud does not take so well, makes an uglier limb and, where trees are to be removed, is much more liable to be broken out than an eye bud. I like good round wood for budding; about the size of a lead pencil is the best size for most purposes. Beginning with the butt end of the twig, so as to get the bud in the tree with the eye up, I try to cut buds about an inch long using the wood until it begins to get angular for eye buds; the balance of the limb I either use for sprig buds or throw away, depending to a certain extent how scarce budding wood is. If budding sprig buds during the rainy season, I push the sprig up and around the stock, instead of downward, as is generally practiced. This avoids leaving a pocket to catch water and sour the bud. In budding from February to

October, I find February, August and September to be the most successful months. I never use wax or waxed cloth, strings or rags for ties for eye buds, but use the heart leaves of palmetto, after having been dried by sun or fire enough to make them pliant. They are not so liable to water-sob buds as rags, to cut into thrifty trees as strings, nor as troublesome and expensive as waxed rags. Force out your buds by topping off tree or shoots five or six inches above the bud, and with a knife cut out all the natural eyes of the stock that are above the bud. If you cannot force the buds out by the first of August, it would be best to let them remain dormant and start them early the next spring; by forcing out late in the summer or fall they cannot harden up much before winter, and, if it should be a cold one, it might catch the buds napping. As soon as the bud has come out from five to eight inches and is liable to be blown off, cut off the end two or three inches. This hardens up the bud and it puts out several branches. As soon as these get from eight to ten inches long, cut them off. Continue this cutting back for four or five times, or through the first year. It saves trouble in tying up the buds to stakes and makes a close and symmetrical top, more like a seedling. If the stocks should be in the nursery do not top and leave in nursery longer than ten days before taking up. If you do, then leave them for another season, and two years would be better. I think this accounts for many budded trees, with buds from a few months to a year old, not doing so well, taken from nurseries when the buds have been forced out by taking the top off the stock. If you are anxious to force out buds before taking up trees, then, if you will cut the stock two-thirds or three-fourths off a few inches above the bud and bend it down on the opposite side from the bud and take all the eyes out of the stock above the bud, you will generally force the bud without the bad results of an entire top-off. However, if on account of the trouble in working bent down trees when in a nursery, or for any other reason, it suits you better to top off the stock entirely, then, when topped, take a large tree chisel or long sharp spade and cut most of the lateral roots around the tree, just as if you were taking the tree up, but leave the tap root uncut. Healthy trees are all well balanced as to tops and roots, and when you cut

the tops off and leave them without cutting the roots any, the roots will die off, so as to restore the equilibrium between the top and roots, and in so doing will, to a certain extent, become diseased. When root-pruned as above, or taken up and transplanted, the top and roots are nearly balanced and they are soon ready to assist each other in their natural way, without any shrinkage of sap-vessels in the tree or roots, when there is too much top for the roots, or gorging of sap-vessels when there are too many roots for the top.

Now, by the time you have worked with your grove long enough to have given most of the suggestions in this article a practical test, your grove will have been a success or failure; and by that time you will have learned many practical things and unlearned many more pet theoretical ideas, that you once had about making a grove, etc. You will then be so elated over your success, or dejected over your failure, that farther suggestions in either case from any source would be of little use.

E. L. CARNEY.

Lake Weir.

In conversation with Mr. Carney, he informed me that an orange grove in full bearing ought to yield a return of \$1,000 per acre. Instead of being an unreasonable, extravagant estimate, he says that this is a moderate and reasonable one. He has trees not in full bearing that produce 1,000 oranges to the tree. As remarked before, Mr. Carney's oranges have netted him, on an average, two cents per orange. This gives him a return of \$20 per tree for his oldest trees. I know that this appears to be a fancy calculation, but Mr. Carney demonstrates every year that it is real and practicable. He does not claim that every orange grove in Florida will pay this well, but that, all the conditions to orange culture being favorable, with good trees and a choice variety of oranges to start with, by giving them proper care and attention, an orange grove can be made to pay this well. He has no fears whatever of the over-production of *choice* oranges and the consequent decrease in prices. But he would earnestly advise those who are about to start an orange grove, to plant none but the *very best* varieties of oranges, if they wish to always receive fancy prices for their fruit. I have not

the space here to discuss this question of the over-production of oranges, but will state that I fully agree with Mr. Carney upon this subject. The reader will find this question ably discussed by other writers.

Lemon culture is quite as profitable as orange culture. The lemon tree is tenderer than the orange tree and cannot be grown as far north; consequently, the area in Florida that can be devoted to lemon culture is smaller than the orange area. The lemon tree is a more rapid grower and a heavier bearer than the orange tree. Mr. Carney is one of the pioneers in lemon culture in Peninsular Florida, and is a firm believer in the culture of lemons for profit. He informed me that he had a lemon tree on his homestead that was put out four years ago last winter, a dormant bud and a one-inch tree. Last winter he gathered one thousand lemons from it. Of course this tree had done exceptionally well, and will not do to be taken as an average tree. The forty-five acre lemon grove on Lemon Island, the twenty-five acre lemon grove of "The Lake Weir Company," and various other smaller lemon groves, prove that the Lake Weir country is not too cold for lemon culture.

When our orange and lemon groves are bringing in such handsome returns and our truck farming paying so well, is it strange that we should prefer arboriculture and horticulture to agriculture?



MARKET-GARDENING ON LAKE WEIR.

For want of proper transportation, market-gardening on Lake Weir has thus far been carried on only to a limited extent. Enough, however, has been accomplished to demonstrate beyond any doubt that, with two railroads giving us cheap, quick transportation, vegetables can and will be grown here henceforth to great advantage and profit. The light, loamy hammock land on the lake is the gardener's beau-ideal of vegetable soil, and the wonderful growth that all vine crops make on it, without any fertilizers, proves that it is pre-eminently adapted to vegetable growing. And, when properly enriched, the pine lands have produced as fine vegetables as any market can boast. All authorities on market-gardening tell us that "no soil is naturally rich enough to produce first-class vegetables without manure." Peter Henderson, the great New York gardener, in his book on "Gardening for Profit," tells us that he applies from "a thousand to twelve hundred pounds of Peruvian guano or *seventy-five tons* of stable manure to one acre," and that too on land that he has been enriching at the same rate for many years. Thus we see that natural fertility is of secondary consideration. Peter Henderson also tells us that "up North" a market-gardener's success depends almost entirely upon his proximity to cities; that "a gardener had better pay \$50 or even \$100 *rent* per acre for land near a good market, than have the same class of land a few miles off for nothing." Water is to

the Florida gardener what the city is to his Northern brother; for his chances of success vary according to his proximity to and facilities for applying an abundance of water to his growing crops. About three in five years the seasons are propitious, and vegetables are grown all over the State to perfection; but about two out of five years a dry spell strikes the crops just at the critical period, when they are beginning to put on fruit, and all such vegetables as cucumbers, beans, &c., very soon succumb and often prove a total failure. But, with plenty of manure and plenty of *water*, success is as certain as taxes, and a Florida Revenue Collector never fails to pay his annual respects. Several years ago, when we had to depend on the Ocklawaha steamers for transportation, Captain Carney planted one-third of an acre in tomatoes and netted seventy dollars from the same. Carney's success shook us all up, like a galvanic battery, and even the old fogies began to prick up their ears; for our groves were young and paying nothing, but sucking up what little capital we had. It was certainly a hard time then, for it was often difficult for us to tell where the next barrel of flour was coming from. We thought Carney had solved the problem, and consequently the next year everyone rushed into vegetables. However, we reversed Peter Henderson's mode of applying manure, and, instead of applying seventy-five tons to one acre, we applied one ton to seventy-five acres. Yet, surprising to say, we all made good crops of very fine vegetables. Everyone had a smile on his face, and some old bachelors actually bought Sunday clothes and got married on the strength of their prospects. But, alas! the steamboat gave the death blow to all our hopes. Instead of two boats a week, we had what the Irishman called a "*try-weekly*" steamer, which went down one week and *tried* to get back the next. We made the vegetables and shipped them by the hundred crates, but they were many weeks getting to market, and, consequently, we realized no money. Market-gardening was, of course, abandoned, and the newly married couples had nothing to live on but love and gophers. Last year the Tropical Peninsular Railroad was completed to within three miles of Lake Weir, and many planted vegetables again on a small scale with fair success. From \$50 to \$100 per acre was netted on tomatoes.

One gentleman planted an acre of cucumbers near the lake and rigged up an inexpensive, rude affair, with which he could water his patch from the lake, and netted over two hundred dollars on his patch, while other cucumbers unwatered proved a complete failure on account of the drought. He knew little or nothing about gardening, and made several mistakes, applying only a few dollars' worth of very poor commercial fertilizers, and making the ground up into high beds or ridges, thereby causing the water to run off almost as fast as applied. Early cucumbers sell at from \$4 to \$6 per crate, and one acre, properly fertilized, worked and *watered*, will make several hundred crates of first-class cucumbers. There is no doubt in my mind that an experienced gardener, with plenty of fertilizers and water, can, on Lake Weir, net one thousand dollars per acre on cucumbers. I say on Lake Weir, because it is an acknowledged fact that tender vegetables are less liable to be injured by a cold snap on the lake than even a few miles from it. The lake being very deep, a warm vapor rises from it that often carries tender vegetables safely through a cold snap, when they are injured, and even killed, many miles south of us. For example, in 1877, orange trees at Tampa were reported badly nipped by the cold, when the tenderest lemon buds on Lake Weir showed no sign of cold. It is, therefore, safe to calculate that the gardener on Lake Weir would get his tender vegetables into market a week or ten days before his neighbors, and early vegetables always command fancy prices. Tomatoes are the staple crop, for, while they never pay fancy figures, like cucumbers, onions, etc., they can be safely counted on, with proper management, to pay from \$50 to \$150 net per acre. Snap beans pay about like tomatoes, and the crop is made and over with in two months. I have seen no onions grown for market on Lake Weir, but my neighbor, Dr. Thomson, planted some of the Bermuda onion seed, of Dr. Tucker's importation, for home use, and raised some of the finest onions I ever saw, of both the red and white variety. Last fall the Rev. Mr. Scott rented three acres of land on Lake Weir, which he planted in tomatoes and watermelons. He told me that he netted \$300 on his crop. Mr. T. F. Wright, Judge Benson, and many others have succeeded quite as well at market gardening as any I have

mentioned, but the above is sufficient to show what can be done, and is written in no manner of boasting, for we have certainly made a botch of it. An experienced gardener would laugh at our efforts, and be sorely puzzled to know how, with our rude cultivation and rough handling, we could clear expenses. Nature has certainly bestowed her richest blessings on Lake Weir with a lavish hand. What more could a market gardener want in the way of land and location than one of the beautiful bluffs or gentle slopes that surround this lovely lake of clear, crystal water, from which he can draw a never-failing supply? Here he can render himself independent of the fickle and capricious seasons, and can enjoy perfect health, free from all malarial diseases, with facilities of cheap and quick transportation, and vegetables selling for as much per crate as oranges, with advantages of excellent schools, churches and good society, with his pockets full of money, and his happy, healthy, rosy-cheeked children romping around him. In conclusion, I will answer a question that has been asked hundreds of times. "How can a man support himself and family on Lake Weir until he can bring an orange grove into bearing?" Heretofore the answer has been, "I don't know. If you have not money enough to live on for eight years, stay where you are." But the Tropical Peninsular and Florida Southern railroads enable us now to give a very different answer. *Plant vegetables.* If a man has enough money to buy ten acres on Lake Weir, clear, fence and set it out in orange or lemon trees, and build a cottage, and then has not enough energy to plant melons, beans, tomatoes, cucumbers, etc., between the tree rows, and derive therefrom a handsome living for himself and family, he is certainly a worthless fellow, and does not deserve to live anywhere.

Respectfully,

ALFRED AYER.

GRAPE CULTURE ON LAKE WEIR.

T. M. Shackelford, Esq.:

DEAR SIR:—At your request, I send you a few lines giving briefly my experience in cultivating the grape here on the lake. Five years ago last fall, in 1877, I brought a few Delaware and Concord vines with me from Nebraska, and early in the following spring, as soon as the brush and timber could be cleared away, planted them where they now stand. They made a fair growth without fertilizers. The vines were well cut back in the winter and the cuttings planted out. And here let me say that in Florida, with proper care, cuttings of the vine root freely, and you may count on more than double the number of vines from a given number of cuttings that you can either in the North or West. The vines were lightly fertilized and well cultivated, and gave us a few grapes the second year, and have continued to bear heavy crops ever since. In the meantime, I added other varieties, of which I will speak hereafter. For fertilizers, the sweepings of the yard and cow stable are excellent. Ashes are also good. Of the various commercial fertilizers, I prefer bone dust, containing from two to three per cent. of ammonia, applied at the rate of from three hundred to five hundred pounds per acre, and cultivated in. If potash is needed and ashes cannot be obtained, the sulphate, or even the muriate, of potash, made fine and mixed with land plaster, or lime, and scattered lightly over the soil just before a rain, will answer. But these salts

must be used with caution. The Scuppernong family of grapes do well here with little care, requiring little or no pruning and only moderate cultivation and an arbor to run on. From a vine planted five years ago I gathered the other day, August the 6th, of the ripest, *four bushels*, and did not take one-half of the grapes from the vine, the others being left to mature more fully. They make excellent jelly, and are also very fine, when fully ripe, canned in the usual way. I am often asked if I have ever gathered *two* crops of grapes in one year? This question and some others I will answer by copying from notes which I have by me, a portion of which have already appeared in *The Florida Dispatch*. During the first week of January, 1882, I cut from my vines three varieties of ripe grapes, the Goethe, Delaware and a variety the name of which is unknown to me. These grew during the fall and matured the first of January, no frost appearing to hurt them. In *May* and *June* following, notwithstanding the sharp drought, I gathered a very heavy crop from the same vines, including also the Hartford Prolific, Delaware, White Sweetwater, Concord, Goethe, and others, and later, Agawam, Morton's Virginia and Reissling. The earlier varieties shed their leaves after fruiting, and rested about six weeks in July and August, during the rainy season, then started out fresh again and bloomed freely. Some vines matured the last of November from thirty to forty bunches, some a very few, and others none. My vines are growing on pine land, with no extra care, excepting good cultivation. I have never seen vines fruit better, either in the North or West, or produce larger or finer bunches, and though they are cut back to two, or at most three, buds every winter, they are apt to overbear. The leaf-roller is the principal enemy we have to contend with, and on the thick-leaved varieties must be closely watched. The most of my vines are from layers and cuttings, but I have grafted the Black Hamburg, Muscat of Alexandria, Malaga, White Sweetwater and Reissling all on the wild "Bullace" root, and the most of them made a very remarkable growth, often sending out a main cane from twenty to thirty feet in length the first season, besides numerous side branches. The first three varieties named mildewed with me, though I used no remedies to prevent it. The White Sweetwater and Reissling have fruited heavily in less than

eighteen months from the graft, and, indeed, some have borne a few bunches *the same season the graft was inserted*. Both the White Sweetwater and Reissling have produced heavy crops again this season⁶; one vine of the Reissling, *thirty months old*, having *one hundred and twenty-five* bunches on it, the most of which were allowed to mature. In grafting, I select, if possible, a smooth place on the stock and cut it off square three or four inches below the surface of the ground, split it in the middle and insert one, or, if the stock is large, two, wedge-shaped scions, as in ordinary "cleft grafting," enclosing the stock and scion in soft clay, using no wax, and covering clay, scion and stock with earth, leaving one bud just at the surface of the ground, but partially covered. I prefer to graft in January, and, if the work is carefully done and the clay kept slightly moist, the graft will be almost sure to grow. I plant a small wild vine in winter, spring, or early summer, where I wish a vine to grow, and graft the following winter with some choice variety. My experience in grafting the grape is limited, but justifies me in saying that I believe it to be by far the best way of obtaining strong vines and fine fruit in the shortest possible time.

If this article has the effect of inducing even one reader to cultivate this delicious fruit for the use of his own family, I shall feel well repaid for the hour devoted to it.

Very respectfully,

DANIEL S. CHASE.

South Lake Weir, August 14th, 1883.



PINE-APPLE CULTURE.

In the cultivation of the pine-apple the first thing to be done is to mellow and enrich the land. The pine-apple needs a strong fertilizer, such as guano, or bone and potash, or both. It has been stated that the pine-apple is largely an air plant, therefore would grow on poor land. This is clearly a mistake, as the pine-apple is a gross feeder, and the absence of plant food accounts for the small apples which so many have raised. So I say again, fertilize heavily, if you wish large fruit. Plant the suckers in beds of two or three rows, of sufficient distance apart to allow of easy cultivation with hoe and rake, as they must not be permitted to become choked with weeds. Water, when set out, is all that is needed, unless a severe drought should follow, when they should be watered again. If the suckers are small they must be mulched to keep the heavy, beating rains from washing the earth into the heart, as this retards all further growth. But it would be preferable to have suckers large enough to do without mulching. In winter in this section they must be provided with slight protection against frost. A slight frame from two to three feet high, covered with long, coarse swamp-grass, or palmetto leaves, is sufficient. This should not be removed until all danger of frost is past. When the fruit has attained some little size there will appear little off-shoots around the base of the apple, also crownlets at the base of the crown. These should be broken off, as they are of no use for future planting, and lessen the size of the fruit.

Suckers come from the old plant near the ground, which, with the crown of the apple, is all that should be planted. Suckers are the best, and will bear sooner than the crown. They should be removed from the parent plant when a foot to sixteen inches in height.

MRS. B. B. RICKER.

South Lake Weir.

PRICES OF LANDS.

It is impossible for me to give the reader much information in regard to the prices of lands on or around Lake Weir. The prices vary much, according to the lake frontage of the land, its proximity to the lake, desirability of the building site on it, etc. I will simply state that property in this section is rapidly increasing in value, and refer the reader for additional information to those parties advertising in the book that they have lands for sale.



WHAT LAKE WEIR NEEDS.

Lake Weir needs several large hotels, located at different points on the lake. They would be filled with people from the Northern States during the winter, and would pay to be kept open the year round. A more pleasant and desirable winter resort than Lake Weir cannot be found in Florida. A number of people living in the State would like to spend their summers on Lake Weir, provided they could obtain comfortable and pleasant accommodations. Several good private boarding-houses would also pay well. At present there is not a single hotel on Lake Weir, though there is talk of one or two being erected this coming fall.

Lake Weir needs a large sanitarium, under the charge of competent and skilled physicians. As a health resort, Lake Weir is unsurpassed.

Lake Weir needs telegraphic and telephonic communication with the outside world.

Livery stables, good market-houses, more stores, dairy farms and an ice factory would all pay well on Lake Weir. True, there is talk of an ice factory and a livery stable being established here soon, but two of each would prove profitable.



TO THE READER.

In conclusion, I wish to have a pleasant little chat with my reader before bidding him a final good-bye.

I hope that my work has not been in vain, and that you have derived some pleasure, if not benefit, from the perusal of my little book. I have endeavored to be candid and clear in all of my statements, and trust that you will not fail to understand me, whether you agree with me or not.

If you have enjoyed reading my little book, and wish to tell me of it, I shall be glad to hear from you. If you wish additional information upon any point, write me, enclosing stamp, and I will do my best to furnish it to you. As you will see elsewhere, I have located at Brooksville, Hernando county, Florida, to engage in the practice of my profession. But I will reserve Hesperia, on Lake Weir, for my permanent home in after years.

If you are an invalid, I would say, when winter's icy and chilling winds visit your Northern homes, follow the example of the birds, Nature's sweetest musicians, and turn your course southward. Come to Bright Moon Lake and breathe its balmy and health-giving air.

If you are a tourist or sportsman, I would say, Lake Weir offers you many attractions.

If you are thinking of locating in Florida, I would say, Lake Weir offers you healthfulness, natural beauty, good orange land, excellent social, school and church privileges, and good transportation.

ADDENDA.

Since the above was put in type a private letter from Mr. E. B. Foster, of South Lake Weir, who is spending the summer at Westerly, Rhode Island, informs me that he has perfected arrangements for the erection of a hotel at South Lake Weir. The dimensions will be 30 by 85 feet, and it will accommodate about forty guests. It will be completed and thrown open to the public early in the coming winter. It is located on the first lot west of Mr. Harry Guion's, on a fine bluff one-half a mile from the station on the Florida Southern Railroad. Before another season it will be greatly enlarged. I am unable to give further information about the hotel now, but the reader may rest assured it will be a success, for Mr. Foster makes a success of everything he undertakes.

I also understand that the Florida Southern Railroad intend erecting at an early date on the northeast side of Lake Weir, near Dr. T. J. Myers' residence, a large building to be used as a restaurant and dancing hall. This is to be erected especially for the benefit of excursion parties and tourists who wish to visit Lake Weir.

Again we say, Come and see Bright Moon Lake, the most beautiful lake in the South.

TO LAND BUYERS

AND

MONEY LENDERS.

If you wish to buy land, improved or unimproved, orange or lemon groves, at any point in South Florida, write to me for circulars, terms and full information. No matter at what point in South Florida you wish to buy lands, write to me and state exactly what you wish. If you have lands in South Florida for sale, write for my terms. I shall keep my business well advertised and shall deal fairly and honestly with all. If you have money to lend on real estate in Florida, write for my terms. There are no usury laws in Florida, and contracts can be enforced for any rate of interest agreed upon. Eight per cent. is the legal rate of interest in this State, but money can frequently be loaned for higher rates of interest and secured by mortgages on improved property and orange groves worth two or three times the amount of mortgage. A mortgage on a Florida orange grove is safer and better than a mortgage on real estate elsewhere, because an orange grove increases so rapidly in value every year. If you have money to lend and wish to invest it safely at a good per cent. for either a long or a short time, it will pay you to write to me. I think I can satisfy you as to the safety of real estate mortgages in Florida. It will cost you only a postage stamp to write and find out whether I can or not. If you wish to borrow money and can furnish gilt-edged, first-class security on real estate in Florida, and can satisfy me as to titles and value, it will pay you to write to me. My motto is "justice to all." With regard to my competency and reliability, I refer to General J. J. Finley and General Robert Bullock, Ocala, Fla.; Captain John L. Carney, or any citizen of Lake Weir, Fla.; Ex-Governor A. S. Marks, Nashville Tenn.; Hon. John M. Bright, Fayetteville, Tenn., and First National Bank, Fayetteville, Tenn. If you write me, do not fail to enclose stamp for reply.

Very respectfully,

T. M. SHACKLEFORD,
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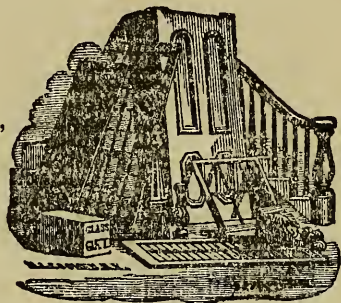
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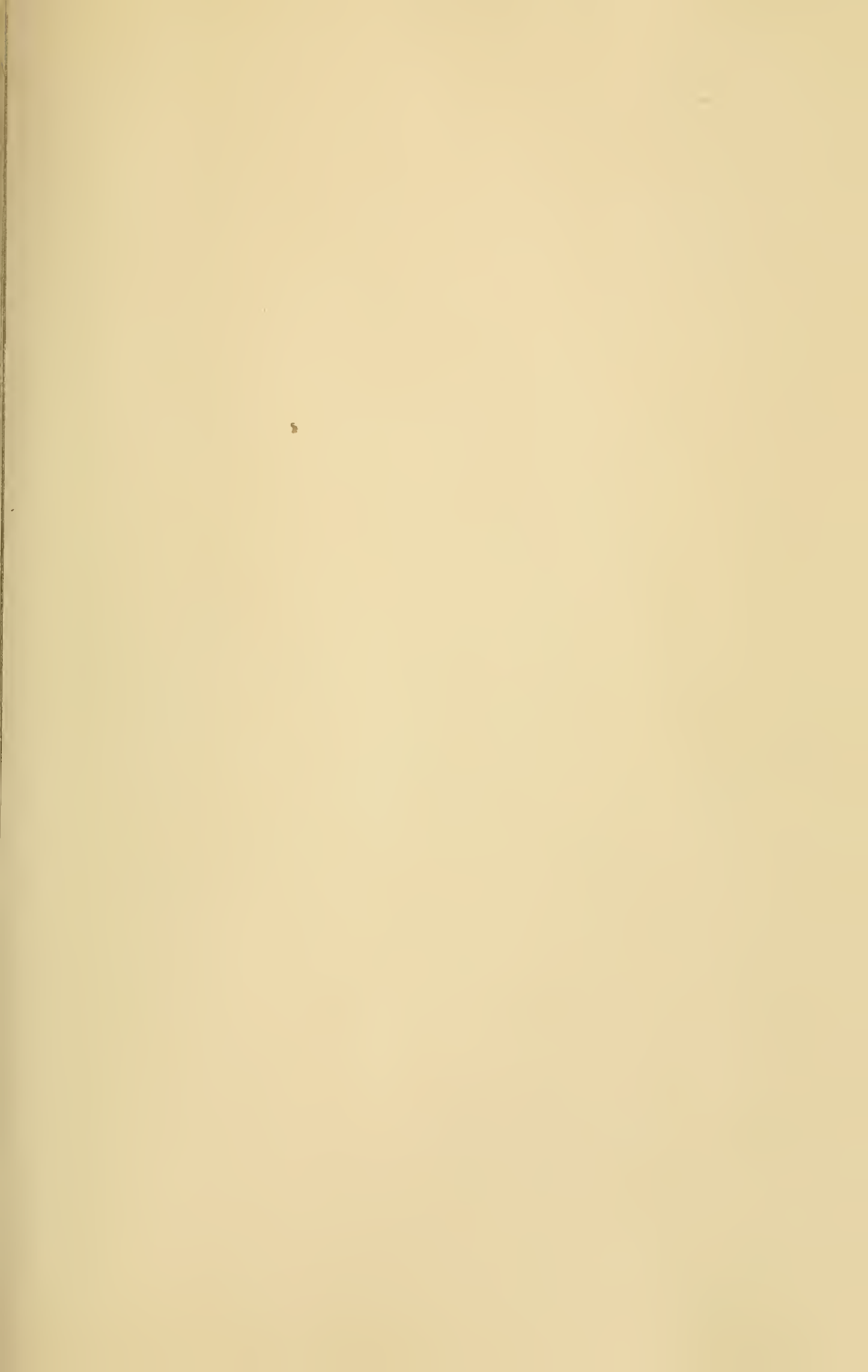
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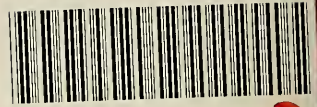
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