

railroad profaning the vast solitudes along the Indian River, but progress is inevitable, and perhaps the electric engine will shortly replace the smoky locomotive, so we must e'en make the best of it. At all events, it is far easier now to reach Lake Worth than it was a year ago. The railroad carries the traveler as far south as Eau Gallie, whence he, if southward bound, must go on by boat. This, however, is a matter for congratulation, since the Indian River cannot possibly be seen and appreciated from the shore. This name "river," by the way, is indiscriminately applied to sundry arms of the sea along the Atlantic coast. They are really estuaries separated from the ocean by a long series of islands or sand-bars, often densely wooded, and sometimes wide enough to afford space for towns. In its upper reaches the Indian River is several miles wide, but further south, where the growth of the mangrove waxes aggressive, the water is crowded into narrow channels, and the strife between sea and vegetation becomes more and more desperate. Through these tortuous waterways the steamboat winds, mangrove branches brushing the cabin windows, and the strange scenery and life of a tropical jungle visible on either hand. Emerging into wider waters, the traveler soon encounters the cocoa-palm, and at Jupiter Inlet is a magnificent specimen that has been in full bearing beyond the memory of man. Nevertheless, it is said that the cocoa-palm is not indigenous, but has been transplanted thither, by accident or design, from its native home.

Lake Worth is a prolongation in miniature of the Indian River, and the furthest south of any of the largely frequented resorts. A luxurious hotel has been opened there the present season, and no doubt a larger number of visitors will be attracted than heretofore.

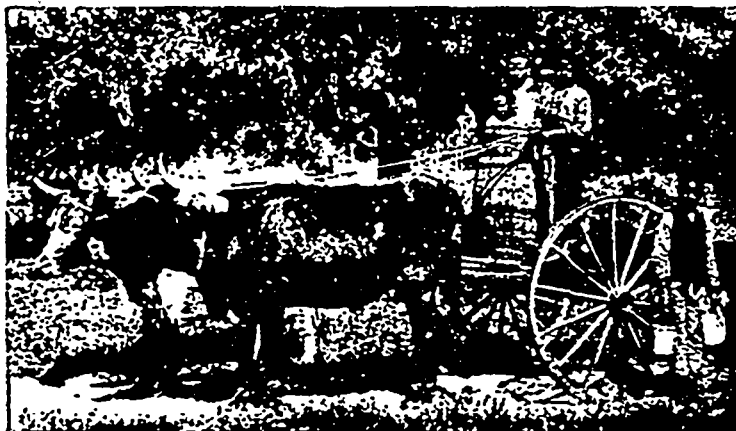
South of this the nearest settlement is at Biscayne Bay, eighty miles distant, with hardly a clearing between. One line of daily stages has been established from Lake Worth, and weekly steamers run from Key West, so that the bay is far more accessible than it used to be. The stage-trip involves camping for a night *en route*, and the road leads through monotonous reaches of flat-woods and sand-dunes, crossed by occasional streams. There is the possible excitement of wild creatures of some kind, but almost every one who attempts the trip is very glad when Biscayne Bay opens before him.

A word about the Atlantic beaches before passing on to the Gulf coast. From Fernandina to Cape Canaveral they offer a superb natural roadway suitable for walking, riding, or for anything that goes upon wheels. Especially alluring are they to cyclists, affording stretches of from twenty to forty miles almost everywhere within the limits indicated. South of Canaveral the sand is for the most part soft and difficult for wheels.

Among the familiar phenomena of these Florida beaches are the pelicans, great birds that flock together on the sand-bars and indulge in all sorts of odd and awkward antics. On the wing they are exceedingly graceful, their enormous spread of pinion enabling them to sail great distances without any apparent muscular effort. They are constantly journeying by twos and threes up and down the coast, and it seems almost, at times, that they cause themselves to be propelled by the slight air-current that is driven shoreward before incoming rollers. Poised on broad wings, usually in single file, you may see them balancing just in front of a wave-crest. Tilting themselves slightly, with the tip of the off-shore wing higher than the other, they slide along, just brushing the crest of the wave until it leaps up to break on the shallows, then, by a movement almost imperceptible, with one accord they rise a few inches, just escaping the burst of foam, slip down over the reverse slope, and repeat the performance in front of the next incoming roller.

Sometimes, if you are very lucky, in these Southern waters you may see one of the few remaining individuals of a species now almost extinct—namely, the manatee or sea-cow. It is not a very beautiful creature to look at, but is quite harmless, and equally useless. It swims up and down the coast very leisurely except when frightened, raising its calf-like head out of the water at intervals, and keeping just outside the breakers, so that its clumsy person shall not be rolled over and stranded by the surf. Wanton shooting has almost exterminated these mild-mannered Southern amphibians, but last year the Florida Legislature, at the instance of Mr. Kirk Munroe, the popular author of books for boys, passed a law affixing a penalty of \$500 for killing a manatee under any circumstances.

This brings us practically to the extremity of the penin-



Near Tallahassee

sula on the Atlantic side. There are habitable and inhabited islands along the Florida reefs, where an almost ideal existence is possible; but, generally speaking, the coast of the mainland from Biscayne Bay around Cape Sable to Naples, on the Gulf, is an uninhabited wilderness, partly swamp, partly forest, and partly a half-submerged region that is neither the one nor the other.

Tampa is the principal resort on the Gulf coast so far as concerns magnificence of hotel accommodation, and Tampa Bay, with the outlying "Pinellas Peninsula" that separates it from the Gulf, is one of the most attractive and promising sections of Florida. Along the outer coast there are several resorts, notably Tarpon Springs, near the neck of the peninsula. South of Tampa, again, is a succession of sheltered bays and lagoons with shores largely unsettled as yet, terminating in Charlotte Harbor, a large bay deep enough for sea-going vessels.

To the average person, the problems with which he is not concerned seem very easy of solution. This is why the merchant and lawyer know better than the editor how to conduct a newspaper, why the farmer would instruct the banker, and the banker the farmer, and so on. But amateur advice is usually worth about as much as it costs, which, to be exact, is nothing. This reflection was caused by the remark of a city gentleman in the country. He thought the farmers were little better than fools to believe in signs—signs that forecasted the weather. But who can say that these signs are foolish? Certainly all of them have been known to fail, but surely, also, some of them indicate accurately much oftener than not. A busy man in town must make an effort to tell what the weather was two weeks before, and as to that of a season or two seasons past, he has usually forgotten entirely. But the farmer knows. The weather has affected his operations, has helped or spoiled his crops, and he remembers accurately all about it, just as the broker does the causes which sent his stocks tumbling or soaring.

