

**GIGANTIC ENTERPRISE IS KEY WEST EXTENSION.**

Civil Engineer Writes Entertainingly of a Trip Over the Route.

From the New York Herald.

Several engineers and contractors, a few days ago accepted the invitation of the Florida East Coast Railway to run over the site of their proposed new railroad in a steamboat. Strange as it may seem to say that a steamboat could run over the proposed site of a railroad to be nearly 200 miles in length, this statement is, nevertheless true, and may be the foundation of the conception of the stupendous undertaking.

The plan of the railroad is to go south from the present terminus, for a distance of about 25 miles on the mainland and then curve toward the east, directly out to sea, to the line of the small keys to the south and west, from key to key, until Key West is reached. More than one-half of this line will be over water and the engineering problems of spanning these depths are being gradually worked out. The distance from key to key varies from one mile, to nine miles, and the depth of water from 12 feet to 30 feet.

It was originally intended to keep to the mainland of Florida to Cape Sable and then make one grand viaduct, similar to that across Lake Pontchartrain, over to Key West, but the tremendous depth of the water over this 35 miles stretch made this scheme practically impossible. Attention was then turned to the route now determined upon.

The party taking the trip for the purpose of getting sufficient data and information to assist in estimating the cost of the work, left Miami on the morning of July 28 on the steamboat Biscayne. This boat is built similar to the shallow draught Mississippi river craft, and although she has three decks and ample sleeping accommodations, she draws only 27 inches of water. The long stretches on posts in zig-zags showed the narrow and shallow channels, and at no place in this region is it safe to leave this lane, making sailing at night out of the question.

Under all these southern waters the wonderful little coral has built a solid rock floor until it has almost driven the water off entirely and added many square miles of dry land to the state of Florida. In thousands of places it has come up above the surface and formed reefs and keys, to which the wind and wave carried seeds of tropical growth, and now they are densely wooded with mangrove, palmetto and cocconut trees, making an almost impassable jungle.

Going over the shoals and through such narrow channels that the boat touches both sides at once, the bottom of the sea was always visible, with its jelly-like sponges and beautiful branching coral. A huge manatee, or "sea-cow," passed, about eight feet in length and with a nose similar to a ground hog's, and myriads of beautiful strange fish, varying in size from the little sharpnosed gar to the huge porpoise, which continually played about the bow of the boat and swam for miles without an apparent moving of a hair. "Skip-jacks" continually jumped out of the water and rode on the surface for hundreds of yards, just touching the surface with the tips of their tails. Flying fish left the water and flew for a quarter of a mile before returning.

Arriving at the scene of the first active operation, a comfortable houseboat came into view and to this the Biscayne was tied. Taking a small boat, the party went ashore to Key Largo, where there is a camp of about 300 negroes engaged in the grubbing and grading of a small "fill" throughout the length of this the largest key. Here is experienced the most serious problem to be overcome in this great undertaking. The mosquitoes on this key were almost unbearable, and the problem is to persuade laborers not to run away, for it means certain death, as there is no possible outlet to the mainland.

The mangrove tree predominated and it was curious indeed to see roots branching down from limbs. Pineapple and citrus and lime trees

were abundant and tall cocconut trees, always bearing fruit, waived high in the air. The temperature was very pleasant, being cooler than the average summer day in New York.

After returning to the boat the visitors started toward the next operation but night overtook them before long and they cast anchor in a beautiful little bay about three miles in diameter, formed by many little keys. A mile and a half from the nearest land was thought sufficient to keep the party immune from mosquitoes, but such was far from being the case and no one on board slept that night. The writer, after trying all other experiments, lay down on a canvas cot with a double thickness of blanket over him, thinking this too thick for the pests to bite through.

He reckoned without his host for they attacked from below and bit through the canvas cot. All the party were considerably relieved when the sun rose and drove the mosquitoes away.

Camp No. 2 is situated on the Upper Matacombe Key, and here were found a thousand men at work clearing, grading and forming the roadbed. This camp was always free from mosquitoes, and it was learned that a peculiar condition of the undergrowth seemed to keep this key free from the pests at all times. This was found to be true of several of the other keys, while a neighboring key but a mile away would be a place of torment.

About noon of the second day from Miami the party arrived at its destination, the stretch between Long Key and Conch Key. This is about thirty miles from the mainland and at this point there is to be erected a reinforced concrete viaduct about two miles in length, amounting to about 80,000 yards of concrete. The average depth of water here is nine feet, while the maximum anywhere along the site of the bridge is fourteen feet. The sea bottom is all hard coralline rock and practically level. Text pile driving and test boring camps are established at this point. The pile driving is a problem that has not yet been fully decided upon on account of the hard floor, and some other means of anchoring the piers may yet be determined upon.

The trip gave the members their first real intimation of the immensity of the undertaking. All knew that it was a large proposition to tackle, but did not realize until they went over the site what the Florida East Coast had started to do. They have planned to overcome the layout of nature by bridging over or filling in that part she has omitted and propose to build a railroad 25 feet above the sea for a distance of nearly 200 miles. It means that Cuba will be reached two days sooner from New York and Chicago than ever before. It means that on the opening of the Panama Key West will be an important metropolis. Already plans are under way for the construction of twelve new docks, which will accommodate 48 of the largest vessels afloat, in addition to what she can already accommodate. The beautiful keys will become ideal winter resorts, with fine hotels and the best place in America for fishing and yachting.

The idea originated with Mr. Henry M. Flager, and he is throwing all his energy into the project. The road will be a single track and will cost approximately fifty millions of dollars. The whole line will be completed in about five years. Bids and plans are now being pushed and gathered by the engineers in charge.

RUSSELL B. SMITH, C. E.

**MARTEL.**

Special Correspondence of the Ocala Banner:

The Martel Epworth League social at Mrs Karry's Tuesday evening was largely attended and all had a pleasant time.

Little Lillie May Woodward, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Woodward, died from the effects of a congestive chill following an ordinary attack of fever of only two days' duration, on August 30. She will be buried in St. Johns cemetery today. The bereaved family have the sympathy of the community.

"Dangers stand thick through all the ground,  
To push me to the tomb;  
And fierce diseases wait around,  
To hurry mortals home."

**BELLEVIEW.**

Special to the Ocala Banner:

The Bradley family are temporarily staying in the Abbott house on Calvin street until they can secure a permanent residence.

After so many cloudy and foggy mornings it was a satisfaction this morning to look out upon a clear sky in which to watch the partial eclipse of the rising sun. With smoked glasses waiting from the dawning of the day, we saw all that was to be seen when the time came—just a circular piece cut out of the sun, which gradually filled in until we had our whole orb of day again.

Presiding Elder H. S. White was here last week to hold his third quarterly meeting at the Methodist church. In connection with it, he had extra services in the afternoons and evenings of Wednesday and Thursday; of great help to those who attended.

There was a citizens' meeting at the town hall Monday night to arrange for a temperance rally and picnic in the near future on the town hall grounds. Dates and the speakers for the occasion will be given later.

In the regular meeting of the W. C. T. U. Tuesday afternoon, a representative and enthusiastic meeting, it was decided that more of the spirit of the women in the Ohio Crusader days was needed, when they went forth with much prayer, and in the strength of God accomplished great things; so a feature of the afternoon's proceedings was a season of prayer in which those present poured out their supplications in earnest pleadings for the Divine guidance and blessing in the efforts that are to be made to save people from ruin.

In justice to Pat Henry who made the recent attack upon Mr. Ellison it should be said that Mr. Ellison attaches no blame to Pat for it. He says he has known Pat since he was a child, and he has always had spells when he was not responsible for what he did, and he did not consider him so in this case. When Pat came to himself this time he was very much astonished and grieved at what he had done.

Quite a party went out to Lake Weir from here last week to stay until the first of this week, camping out in a packing house. The reported plenty of water there, both in the lake in front and in the air above them; and plenty of fish had they (in tin cans) and fine bathing. Mrs. T. C. Mitchell was among those who planned to go, but hearing that her sister-in-law, Mrs. W. A. Sparkman, was sick, she went down to Oxford to see her, intending to come back Friday, but Mrs. Sparkman grew worse rapidly until her death Sunday morning, and Mrs. Mitchell has not yet returned. Mrs. Sparkman's stay among us, a few years since, when her husband was in business here, has left pleasant memories of her, and much sympathy is felt for the bereaved husband and children and other relatives.

**CITRA.**

Special Correspondence Ocala Banner.

M. A. Rice has been very unfortunate, having lost two good horses in a few days of each other; one being a fine buggy horse, the other a heavy draft animal. Various conjectures by horsemen as to the disease.

R. K. Wartmann, an expert bookkeeper, has gone to New York, and will be in the employ of C. W. White.

Miss Bessie Gregg, who has been sojourning at Monteagle, Tenn., for the past six weeks, is at home again.

Miss Maggie Barleston, who has been in attendance upon the Hawthorne normal, returned home sick, and has been with her aunt, Mrs. Ed. Wartmann.

Mr. Overall, recently elected to the school, was in town this week.

Mr. Wallace has opened a life insurance office in the White building.

Count Tolstoi, Russia's greatest citizen, has become an apostle of the late Henry George and has adopted his land theories.

The town of Tribby has been legally incorporated and a municipal election will be held in the town on September the fifth.

BY MRS. W. H. FELTON  
—IN—  
ATLANTA JOURNAL

**A MODEL GEORGIA FARMER.**

What Genius and Industry Will Accomplish.

In a late visit to Rockdale county, being in attendance on a farmers' institute, I was hospitably entertained by one of Rockdale's small farmers who with a

"Little farm well tilled,  
A little house well filled—"

A splendid wife well skilled in all that goes to make a home and a household both comfortable and happy, he became an object lesson to me in his wonderful grasp of the situation about him and his utilization of the simple forces of nature, to equip his home with devices that city people pay big money to secure.

"There is a little clear running branch within a half mile of his dwelling. The small streamlet is lucid and rapid as is the rule in that land of pure water and small independent farmers.

He dug a ditch around a hill until he was able to conduct the water into a trough that nearly spanned a narrow ravine and which gave him a waterfall of 8 or 10 feet. Under this trough he built an overshot waterwheel, and by pulling a wire up at his home lets in the water or stops the wheel. With a small cable geared to this overshot waterwheel he generates electricity, by which he illuminates his dwelling, also his little store house across the big road. He uses the regular electric bulbs, common to electric plants. His house is lighted throughout by electricity.

On his rear piazza he had a fine well of water, cold and delicious, but the water had to be drawn upward by a rope and windlass.

My friend, this native Georgia genius, set to work and built a tall substantial framework, such as windmills are placed upon, but he simply put a tank on the elevation and forced up the well water by the electric power. He did the whole business himself, and when his motor is at work he fills the tank, and from the tank he puts an abundance of clear water everywhere he needs it. He has a convenient bath house, with shower bath and dressing room attached. He has water for his two mules in his stable. He has a little drip fountain for his chickens in the yard. He can put on a length of hose and wash off the floors and piazzas of his dwelling, spray his front yard grass and fill wash tubs galore. From his works down on the branch he can even irrigate a field of corn and the supply is plentiful and free.

By a skilful arrangement he runs electric fans in nearly all the rooms of his little country home. The sleeping room for his wife and little girl is kept perfectly cool on torrid July nights as I can testify.

Another fan makes the dining room simply delightful. In the kitchen he placed an electric fan for his wife's sake because the stove room is generally a place of heat and discomfort. No flies can stand around under the electric fan that circulates over her kitchen table. As she prepares meals she is fanned all the time.

Out of doors the grindstone is run by this home-made electricity, ditto the churn. There is no complaint here of our common arm-aching, wearisome churns. Up and-down goes the dasher, moved by the invisible electric force, and the butter comes in the cool of the morning, and soon goes into a swinging bucket that is lowered into the well on the piazza, and the churn work is over for the day. No heat, no flies, all cool and well done. I was delighted.

It was a revelation of what one pair of hands could perform with a will to do and a mind to grasp the situation, and make farm life almost an Eden. Except the glass bulbs and the dynamo and some iron piping this native Georgia genius has made house work a delight to his wife and children and without training or money he has harnessed electricity in a way that I had never dreamed about, and lo, the little country house in the hills near South river has some of the choicest things that go with expensive homes.

I was greatly amused to see his various applications of electricity. He pointed out a tiny button on the head of his headstead. Then he told me to look at the clock to see the time of night. On the face of the clock hung a tiny electric bulb and as he touched the button the light sprang up and he could tell the time of night without leaving his pillow.

When the mail man opens the mailbox at the front gate he simply touches a button and instantly the family is notified that the mail is ready for them.

There was an after night picnic near the house a few days ago so our Georgia genius hung his electric bulbs all about in the grove and the neighbors were all as well satisfied with the entertainment as if they were in a well lighted town hall with electric lights all about.

Here is a small farmer with only two mules to cultivate his land, and he has so well improved his opportunities that his inventions are a wonder to all his neighbors.

I must not forget to mention his fish pond, well stocked with fish, and forming a little lake in the pasture where his nice Jersey cows and heifers have an ideal place for wading

when the mercury is high up in the nineties.

Mr. Goode's farm is beautiful. The corn and cotton crops are simply excellent, well worked and in high state of cultivation. The cornfields are almost black, the stalks are so dark green and rank on the soil. Melons were around the house in abundance, good things to eat in boundless supply, and the children are fine looking, industrious, smart and interested in all the novelties which their father brings to view by his rare native talent and industry.

I have lived within a half mile of a spring branch for half a century and I expect I could live another fifty years in sight of a branch without understanding my opportunity for lighting up my home and bringing water into my kitchen or churning by any other way than by muscle exercise, unless somebody could be actively interested in my behalf. Here is a native Georgia genius who had no instructor and little means, yet he has shown his ability in a most remarkable degree to do extraordinary things.

All former patients and any others who may wish to consult him, are reminded that Dr. E. H. Armstrong, the eye and nerve specialist, will be here at the Ocala House Sept. 15 and 16.

Governor and Mrs. Napoleon B. Broward and the Misses Broward have returned home from their western trip and the Governor is again at the capital.

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