

THE SANTA MARIA—THE FIRST SHIP TO CROSS THE ATLANTIC.

Castile and Leon, in exact imitation of the flags which Columbus planted in the New World on October 12th, 1492. The vessel is manned by an excellent crew, obtained from among the fishermen and sailors of Cadiz and San Fernando, and placed under the orders of a detachment of officers of the royal navy.

At the opening of the Spanish fêtes, on August 3rd, the war vessels of all nations were at Huelva to salute the new Santa Maria on her first voyage down the river, and her entrance into the Bay of Cadiz was greeted by deafening salvos. As there was almost a dead calm, however, she had to be taken in tow by a gunboat, which marred the representation somewhat. Later, however, she sailed out beautifully on the route taken by Columbus, and returned to receive renewed salutes. At this naval congress of nations the fact was humorously commented on that Columbus took with him for interpreter a scholar who knew Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Arabic, Coptic and Armenian, in addition to Spanish; that this learned gentleman was a failure in the New World, and that the first to master any of the Indian tongues were the most illiterate sailors. But this is an oft repeated experience.

Columbus married in 1470 the daughter of Palestrello, an old navigator of Lisbon, and it was from his old charts that Columbus got his first ideas about a western passage to the Indies.

for there were many in the Spanish ports larger than these. He firmly believed that the voyage would be comparatively short and the sea where he was going always smooth, and he particularly requested such vessels as would enable him to run close in along the shores and sail up the rivers. On his third voyage, when he actually reached South America, he complained of the size of his vessel, which rendered coast exploration difficult.

The Spanish authorities declare that the Santa Maria of 1892 is an exact reproduction in every detail of that of 1492. It has the same old fashioned shape, the same primitive masts, riggings and sails, and even the same armament of falconets and mortars, halberds and arquebuses. The cabin of the commander is furnished in the style of the Fifteenth century, and its table is littered with maps, documents and nautical instruments of the period. Finally, its mastheads are decorated with the royal standards of



Smoky Days.

IN SIX CHAPTERS

CHAPTER III.—FLAME AND WATER.

WITHIN twenty minutes after Pete Armstrong and Vincent Bracy had sprawled into Lost Creek the draught from the forest fire was almost straight upward. No longer did volumes of smoke, sparks and flame stoop to the floor of the woods, rise again with a shaking motion, and hurry on like dust before a tornado.

But smoke rose so densely from decaying leaf-mold that the boys could see but dimly the red trunks of neighboring trees. Overhead was a sparkling illumination, from which fiery scales flew with incessant crackling and frequent reports loud as pistol shots.

Out of the layer of clear air close to the creek's cool surface the boys could not raise their heads without suffocation. They squatted, staring into one another's fire-reddened faces. Deep edges of leaf-mold on the creek's banks glowered like two thick bands of red-hot iron.

"Boo-oo! It's cold," said Pete, with chattering teeth.

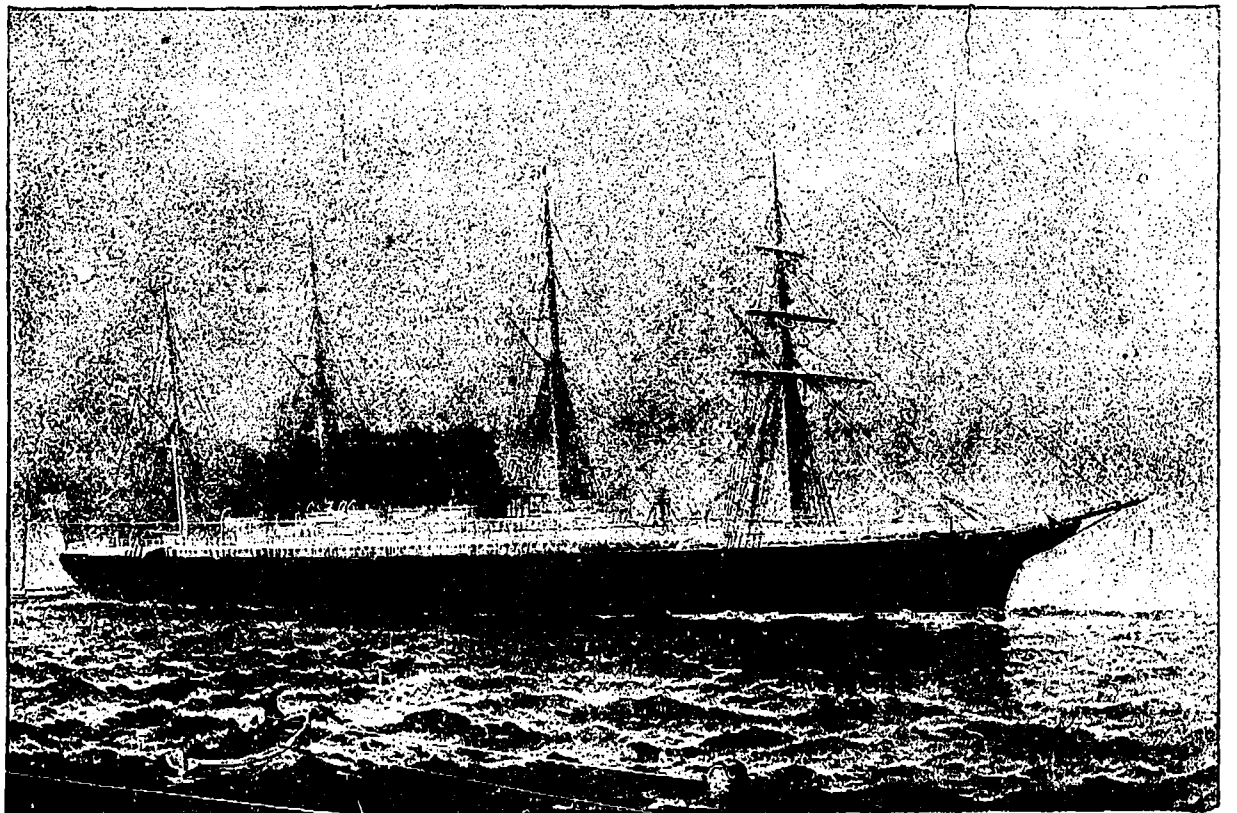
"Yes, I'm shivering, too. Rather awkward scrape," replied Vincent.

"It's freeze in the water, or choke and burn out of it."

Their heads were steaming again, and down they plunged.

"See the rabbits! And just look at the snakes!" cried Pete, rising.

"The creek is alive!" Vincent moved his head out of the course of a mink that swam straight on. Brown hares, now in, now out of the water,



A MODERN OCEAN GREYHOUND—THE STEAMSHIP CITY OF ROME.