

son's flag-ship, was distant several miles up the coast, too far away to take part in the fight.

Such a hail of shot, sent with such accurate aim, could not long be endured. The *Maria Teresa*, Admiral Cervera's flag-ship, was quickly in flames, while shells were piercing her sides and bursting within. The main steam-pipe was severed, the pump was put out of service, the captain was killed. Lowering her flag, the vessel headed for the shore, where she was quickly beached.

The *Almirante Oquendo*, equally punished, followed the same example, a mass of flames shrouding her as she rushed for the beach. The *Vizcaya* was the next to succumb, after a futile effort to ram the *Brooklyn*. One shell from the cruiser went the entire length of her gun-deck, killing or wounding all the men on it. The *Oregon* was pouring shells into her hull, and she in turn, burning fiercely, was run ashore. She had made a flight of twenty miles.

Only one of the Spanish cruisers remained,—the *Cristobal Colon*. She had passed all her consorts, and when the *Vizcaya* went ashore was six miles ahead of the *Brooklyn* and more than seven miles from the *Oregon*. It looked as if she might escape. But she would have to round Cape Cruz by a long detour, and the *Brooklyn* was headed straight for the cape, while the *Oregon* kept on the *Colon*'s trail.

An hour, a second hour, passed; the pursuers were gaining mile by mile; the spurt of speed of the *Colon* was at an end. One of the great 13-inch shells of the *Oregon*, fired from four miles away, struck the water near the *Colon*. A second fell beyond her.