

**AN ARCHER WITH
COLUMBUS**

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An archer with Columbus by Charles E. Brimblecom

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CHARLES E. BRIMBLECOM

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BY

CHARLES E. BRIMBLECOM

ILLUSTRATED

BOSTON
JOSEPH KNIGHT COMPANY
1894

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by
CHARLES E. FRIMBLEOM
Illustrated

AD 1893

JOSEPH KNIGHT COMPANY
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CHAPTER I.

THE WORLD IS ROUND.

ONE fine afternoon in the autumn of 1491, Ignacio Diaz, a tailor of the seaport town of Palos, was seated upon his table busily at work on a new cassock evidently intended for a priest or monk.

Diaz was a short, obese man with a round, red face. He was ignorant and avaricious, servile to his superiors and tyrannical to those beneath him. One of the chief victims of his petty tyranny was his apprentice, Felix Madrigal, a friendless orphan boy, whose unwilling drudgery was repaid with scanty fare and abundant blows.

Yet Ignacio Diaz considered himself a person of consequence ; and after the events related in this story, his self-importance increased greatly, and for the rest of his life he boasted of the part he had taken in one of the grandest achievements in the history of mankind.

On that pleasant afternoon there was



a stranger seated in the little shop, — a man of dark complexion, with sharp, black eyes. His doublet was of green velvet, and he wore a long cloak of fine cloth. A broad hat with a plume shaded his face and a sword was buckled at his side.

After listening to the tailor's gossip for a while, the visitor suddenly asked, —

“Hast thou seen many strangers in thy town of late?”

“Strangers!” cried the tailor. “No, Señor, we see few strangers here. If you wish to see life, and bustling scenes, and magnificent costumes, — some of which I made myself, Señor, — you should go to Granada, where our mighty sovereigns, Ferdinand and Isabella, are besieging the infidel Moors. Heaven grant them success! No doubt you have seen service, Señor?”

To this question, which seemed to ask more than the mere words implied, the stranger replied shortly, —

“True! there *is* no doubt of it. What art thou staring at me for?”

This rude question was addressed to Felix Madrigal, the apprentice, who was neglecting his work and listening open-mouthed to the conversation.

“Sirrah!” cried the tailor to Felix, “have I not reproved thee a thousand times for thy impertinent curiosity? Attend to thy work, or —” And after fixing what was intended to be an awe-inspiring look upon the boy for the space of a minute, he slowly withdrew his eyes and again turned to the cavalier.