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[Note: The following story is the story made into the film of transmission of Guardians which is the twelfth novel of Arcturian Sun I novel. It only is then my providing the story of Arcturian Sun I novel.]

Chapter 1

Hermione Grace shrieked as soon Hermione Jones's as well as underwater and and shift in cement but my chosen of a perfect position to cement underwater I feel. And that cement underwater I feel. Hermione Jones's and Hermione Grace's and Hermione Jones's and Hermione Grace's and Hermione Jones's and Hermione Grace's and

photographers at Margate have planted a picture of the canoe with the crew on board, and it is hoped that some of the photographs will find their way into the illustrated papers, and a pretty picture it would make. The photographs taken from board their way to Paris and Madrid journeys where, along with some pictures, they will be published, upon which it was remarked that the captain was a fine-looking fellow, but "awfully tanned!" The moke was rigged all anastric for the occasion, and made a picture indicative of great physical strength, one not to be ashamed of, but he would have looked more like a pirate, if they had shaved him back.

We enjoyed long carriage drives over rich estates at Mayaguez. We saw with pain, however, that the atmosphere of the soldier hung over all, pervading the whole air like a pestilence.

Musketed and sabred and uniformed in their bed-ticking suits; hated by the residents and despised by themselves, they doggedly marched, counter-marched and wheeled, knowing that they are loathsome in the island, and that their days in the New World are numbered. The sons of the colonies are too civil and Christianlike to be ruled always by sword and gun.

On the 15th of October, after three days' rest, we took in, as usual before sailing from ports, sufficient fresh supplies to carry us to the port steered for next, then set sail from pleasant Mayaguez, and bore away for the old Spanish town of Aguadilla, passing out of that place, once during the night, and next entering of the island, from which, we were told, we should be warned by the flag, which signified assistance for distressed seamen. On learning our story, however, he regarded us with grave suspicions, and refused water to Victor, who had already landed with buckets, telling him that the captain of the port was asleep, and that he could not report. The matter reported would not be taken. Thus in a moment was transferred the friend in need to governor of an island. This amused me greatly, and I sent back word to my veritable Sancho Panza that in my many voyages to islands my mate had attended to the customs reports; at which his Excellency chuckled considerably, giving the partners of his treasure a third hug upon them as he passed the beach, waiting my compliance with the rules of the island. The governor, I perceived, was suspicious of smugglers and wreckers, apparently understanding their ways, if, indeed, even he were not a reformed pirate himself.

However, to humour the punctiliousness of his Excellency, now that he was governor of an island, I placed my papers in my hat, and, leaping into the surf, waded ashore, where I was received as by a monarch.

The document I presented was the original *Passe Especial*, the one with the big seal on it, written in Portuguese; had it been in Choctaw the governor would have had the same facility that he did this, which he stared at knowingly and said, "All right, take all the water you want; it is free."

I lodged a careful report of the voyage with the governor and explained to his Excellency the whereabouts of the "Island of Rio," as his grace persistently called Rio de Janeiro, whence dated my papers.

Conversing on the subject of islands, which was all the world to him, the governor viewed with suspicion the absence of a word in my documents, referring even to an islet; this, in his mind, was a reprehensible omission; for surely New York, to which the papers referred, was built on an island. Upon this I offered to swear to the truth of my clearance, "as far as known to me," after the manner of ship captains unfamiliar with which shipmasters, in some parts of the world, are made familiar. "Not on the island!" quickly exclaimed the governor, "for thou shalt not disgiefy God's name;" is written in the Bible."

I assured the governor of my appreciation of his pious sentiment of not over-swearing,—a laudable plan that even the Chinese adopt as a policy, and one that I would speak of on my return home, to the end that some of our Christian shipmasters, who have grown greatly profane, may be induced to take some note of it. I thought it was free.

In a very few minutes I got all the water I wished for; also some aurora shells from the governor's lady, who had arisen with the sun to grace the day and of all things most appropriate held in her generous lap beautiful aurora shells for which—to spoil her poem—Lafayette crosses-nuts and rusty gearly yarns.

The lady was on a visit only to her lord and master, the monarch of all he surveyed. Beside this was their three children also on a visit, from Nassau, and two assistant keepers of the light which made up the total of the family, present on the island.

It was the smallest kingdom I had ever visited, peopled by happy human beings and the most isolated by far.

The few blades of grass which had struggled into existence, not enough to support a goat, was all there was to look at on the island except the lighthouse, and the sand and themselves.

Some small buildings and a flagstaff had once adorned the place, but together with a coop of chickens, the only stock of the islanders—except a dog—had been swept away by a hurricane which had passed over the island a short time before. The water for which we had called being now in the canoe, and my people on board waiting for me, I bade the worthy governor good-bye, and, saluting his charming island queen in a seamanlike manner, hastened back to my own little world, and bore away once more for the north. Sailing thence over the Great Bahama Banks, in a crystal sea, we observed on the white marl bottom many curious living things, among them the conch in its house of exquisite tints and polished surface, the star-fish with radiated claws of curious construction, and many more denizens of the place, the names of which I could not tell. We passed within sight of the Bimini isles, on the north side, and bore up for the west.

"They who go down to the sea in ships, they see the wonders of the Lord," I am reminded by a friend who writes me, on receipt of some of these curious things which I secured on the voyage, adding: "For all these curious and beautiful things are His handiwork. Who can look at such things without the heart being lifted up in adoration?"

For words like these what sailor is there who would not search the caves of the ocean? Words too, from a lady.

Two days of brisk sailing over the white Bahama Banks brought us to Bimini. Thence a mere push would send us to the coast of our own native America. The wind in the meantime hauling from a regular nor'-east trade to the east and south, as we came up to Bimini, promising a smooth passage, we launched out at once on the great Gulf Stream, and were swept along by its restless motion, making on the first day, before the wind and current, two hundred and twenty miles. This was great getting along for a small canoe. Going at the same high rate of speed on the second night in the stream, the canoe struck a spar and went over if with a bound. Her keel was shattered by the shock, but finally shaking the crippled timber clear of herself she came on quite well without it. No other damage was done to our craft, although at times her very ribs were threatened before clearing this lively ocean river. In the middle of the current, where the seas were yet mountainous but broken, we went along with a wide, swinging motion and fared well enough; but on nearing the edge of the stream a confused sea was met with, standing all on end, in every which way, beyond a sailor's comprehension. The motion of the *Liberdade* was then far from poetical or pleasant. The wind, in the meantime, had dropped round to the north-east, dead ahead, bringing the Gulf Stream and this confused sea that ever was heard against us, giving us some uneasiness. We had, indeed, several unwelcome visitors come tumbling aboard of our craft, one of which furiously crashing down on her made all of her timbers bend and creak. However, I could partially remedy this danger by changing the position.

"Seas like that can't break this boat," said our young boatswain; "she's built strong." It was well to find among the crew this feeling of assurance in the gallant little vessel. I, too, was confident in her seaworthiness. Nevertheless, I shortened sail and brought her to the wind, watching the lulls and easing her over the combers, as well as I could. But wrathful Neptune was not to let us so easily off, for the next moment a second wave, much more formidable, meeting him through the lulls, most unkind cut of all, it put out our fire, and capsized the hash and stove into the bottom of the canoe. This left us with but a *damper* for breakfast! Matters mended, however, as the day advanced, and for supper we had a grand and glorious feast. Early in the afternoon we made the land and got into smooth water. This of itself was a feast, to our minds.

The land we now saw lying before us was hills of America, which we had made many thousand of miles to see. Drawing in with the coast, we made out, first the broad, rich forests, then open fields and villages, with many signs of comfort on every hand. We found it was the land about Bull's Bay on the coast of South Carolina, and night coming on, we could plainly see Cape Roman light to the north of us. The wind falling light as we drew in with the coast, and finding a current against us, we anchored, about two miles from the shore, in four fathoms of water. It was now 8 p.m., October 28, 1888, thirteen days from Maryagez, twenty-one days from Barbadoes, etc.

The following was the actual time at sea and distances in nautical miles from point to point on the courses steered, approximately:

		Days Distance
From Paranagua to Santos	1	150
" Santos to Rio de Janeiro (towed by *Finance*)	3/4	200
" Rio to Cape Frio	2	70
" Cape Frio to Carvellas	4	370
" Carvellas to Saint Paulo	1	270
" Saint Paulo to Bahia	1/2	40
" Bahia to Pernambuco	5	390
" Pernambuco to Barbadoes	19	2,150
" Barbadoes to Maygueez	5	570
" Maygueze to Cape Roman	13	1,300
	53 1/4	5,510

Computing all the distances of the ins and outs that we made would considerably augment the sum. To say, therefore, that the *Liberdade* averaged a hundred and three miles a day for fifty-three days would be considerably inside the truth.

This was the voyage made in the boat which cost less than a hundred dollars outside of our own labor of building. Journals the world over have spoken not unkindly of the feat; encomiums in seven languages reached us through the newspapers while we lay moored in Washington. Should the same good fortune that followed the *Liberdade* attend this little literary craft, when finished, it would go safe into many hands. Without the slightest pretension to literary merit, the mere mention of the voyage has been as carefully constructed as was the *Liberdade*, and I trust, as conscientiously, by a hand, alas! that has grasped the sextant more often than the plane or pen, and for the love of doing. This apology might have been more appropriately made in the beginning of the journal, maybe; but it comes to me now, and like many other things done, right or wrong, but done on the impulse of the moment, I put it down.

Chapter XVI

Ocean currents—Visit to South Santos—At the Tapee River—Quarantined—South Port and Wilmington, N.C.—Inland sailing to Beaufort, Norfolk, and Washington, D.C.—Voyage ended

NO one will be more surprised at the complete success of the voyage and the speedy progress made than were we ourselves who made it.

A factor of the voyage, one that helped us forward greatly, and which is worthy of special mention, was the ocean current spoken of as we came along in its friendly sway.

Many are those who have sought philosophies respecting these currents, but in practical sailing, where the subject is not with us in the tangible form, one quite easily is recognized; namely, the action of the wind on the surface of the water, pushing the waves along. Out on the broad ocean the effect at first is hardly perceptible, but the constant trades, sending countless millions of waves in one direction, cause at last a mighty moving power, which the mariner meets sometimes as an enemy to retard and delay, sometimes as a friend, as in our case, to help him on his way. Our experience with this practical experience with no theory to prove.

By daylight on the twenty-ninth, we weighed anchor and set sail again for the north. The wind and current were still adverse, but we kept near the land, making short boards off and on through the day where the current had least effect. And when night came on again we closed in once more with Cape Roman light. Next day we worked up under the lee of the Roman shoals and made before the wind, passing out of Cape Roman, within range of the light, then bore away for the light, then bore away for the light, then bore away for the light.

Next morning, since the wind had not changed, we weighed anchor and stood farther into the river looking for inhabitants, that we might listen to voices other than our own. Our search was soon rewarded, for, coming around a point of woodland, a farmhouse stood before us on the river side. We came alongside the bank and jumped ashore, but hardly had we landed when, as our luck would always, the wind shifted, and we found ourselves in a position where we could not leave without risking a capsize. Accordingly, we made the best of it, especially to a persistent cur, by a vigorous whack on the head with a cudgel, that our visit was a friendly one; then all was again peaceful and quiet. The good man was in the field close by, but soon came home accompanied by his two stalwart sons each "toting" a sack of corn. We found the Andersons—this was the family name—isolated in every sense of the word, and as primitive as heart could wish. The charming simplicity of these good people captivated my crew. We met others along the coast innocent of greed, but of all unselfish men, Anderson the elder was surely the prince.

Purchasing some truck from this good man, we found that change could not be made for the dollar which I tendered in payment. But I protested that I was more than content to let the few odd cents go, having received more gander stuff than I had ever seen offered for a dollar in any part of the world. And indeed I was satisfied. The farmer, however, nothing content, offered me a cents or two; but these I didn't want, and thought to convince him that I was quite simply charged. Seeing that the matter was dropped, I thought, for good, and I had quite forgotten it, when later in the evening I was electrified by his offering to carry a letter for us which we wished posted, some seven miles away, and call it "square," against the twenty cents of the morning's transaction. The letter went, and in due course of time we got an answer.

I do not say that we stuck strictly to the twenty-cent transaction, but I fear that not enough was paid to fair-dealing Anderson. However, all were at last satisfied and warming into conversation, a log fire was improvised and social chat went round.

These good people could hardly understand how it was, as I explained, that the Brazilians had freed the slaves and had no war, Mr. Anderson often exclaiming, "Well, well, I d'clar. Freed the niggers, and had no war!" Mrs. Anderson, turning to me after a long silence, "mister, d'ye know the South were foolish? They had a war and lost the niggers, too."

"Oh, yes, mister. I was that! Over that beyond them oaks was my house."

"Yes, mister, I bought, too, and fought hard, but it wasn't no use."

Like many a hard fighter, Anderson, too, was a pious man, living in a state of resignation to be envied. His years of experience on the new island farm had been hard and trying in the extreme. My own misfortunes passed into shade as the harder lack of the Andersons came before my mind, and the resolution which I had made to buy a farm was now shaken and finally dissolved in the shadow of a doubt. On this farm, I said to myself, I could be "master" and live in ease; but what is to raise pigs? I didn't pay for the pigs gold and had to be pastured with the dogs," and by the time they were "gathered and then sold, salt was really cure them, and they most generally tainted." The enterprise was therefore abandoned, for that of filling the creek and ditches by overflowing. I hesitated then no longer, but heading for the ditch through the marsh and dredged out all the boat could carry, I then appeared that a fence should be built. "Accordingly," said he, "the boys and I made one which kept out the stock, but, sir, the rats could get in! They took every tater out of the ground! From all that I put in, and my principal work was that, I didn't see a penny! How I thought that pig fence would keep the rats out, I don't know, but I thought it would, and I did what I thought that seemed most like the farmer's work. Nevertheless, there was corn in Egypt yet! and at the family circle about the board that night a smile of hope played on the good farmer's face, as in deep sincerity he asked that for what they had they might be made truly thankful. We knelt down with the family, and were glad that the wind had carried us in there.

Said the farmer, "And you came all the way from Brazil in that boat! Wife, she won't go to Georgetown in the batto that I built because it rates too much. And they freed the niggers and had no war! Well, well, I d'clar!"

Better folks we may never see than the farmers of South Santee. Building them good-bye next morning at early dawn we sailed before a light land wind which, however, soon petered out.

The S.S. *Plantor* then coming along took us in tow for Georgetown, where she was bound. We had not the pleasure, however, of visiting the beloved old city; for having some ball-dozen cross-ruts on board, the remainder of small stores of the afternoon of the 31st, we were stopped so at the quarantine ground. Fruit not being admitted into South Carolina until after the first of November, and although it was now late in the afternoon of the first, we had to ride quarantine that night, with a promise, however, of pratique next morning. But there was no steamer going up the river next day. The *Plantor* coming down though supplied us with some small provisions, such as were not procurable at the Santee farm. Then putting to sea we beat along slowly against wind and current.

We began now to experience, as might be expected, autumn gales of considerable violence, the heaviest of which overtaking us at Frying-pan Shoal, drove us back to leeward of Cape Fear for shelter. Nothing of Wilmington being then so near we determined to visit both places. Two weeks at these ports refreshed the crew and made all hands willing for sea again.

Sailing thence through Corn-cake Inlet we cut off Cape Fear and the Frying-pan Shoals, being of mind to make for the inlets along the Carolina coast and to get into the inland waters as soon as practicable.

It was our good fortune to fall in with an old able pilot at Corn-cake Inlet, one Capt. Bloodgood, who led the way through the channel in his schooner, the *Packet*, a Carolina pitch and cotton sloop of forty tons repute, which was manned solely by the pilot and his two sons, one twelve and the other twenty-one years old. It was in the crew that I became most interested, and not the schooner. Bloodgood gave the order when the tide served for us to put to sea. "Come, children," said he, "let's try it." Then we all tried it together, the *Packet* leading the way. The shaky west wind, that filled our sails as we skimmed along the beach with the breakers close aboard, carried us but a few leagues when it flew suddenly round to nor'-east and began to pipe.

The gale increasing rapidly inclined me to bear up for New River Inlet, then close under our lee, with a treacherous bar lying in front, which to cross safely would require great care.

But the gale was threatening, and the harbor inside, we could see, was smooth; then, too, cried my people: "Any port in a storm." I decided prompt; put the helm up and squared away. Flying there, before it, the tempest-tossed *Liberdade* was soon in the smooth water of the inlet, and anchored in a delightfully thrilling way. One breaker only coming over us, and even that did no harm more than to give us all the climax soaking of the voyage. This was the last sea that broke over the canoe on the memorable voyage.

The harbor inside the bar of New River was good. Adding much to our comfort too was fish and game in abundance.

The *Packet*, which had parted from us, made her destined port some three leagues farther on. The last we saw of the children, they were at the main sheets hauling aft, and their father was at the helm, and all were flying through the mist like feathers sailors.

After meeting Carolina seamen, to say nothing of the few still in existence further north, I challenge the story of Greek supremacy.

The little town of South Port was made up almost entirely of pilots possessing, I am sure, every quality of the sailor and the gentleman.

Moored snug in the inlet, it was pleasant to listen to the roar of the breakers on the bar, but not so cheerful was the thought of facing the high waves seaward. Therefore the plan suggested itself of sufficiently deepening a ditch that led through the marshes from New River to Rogue Sound, to let us through; thence we could sail inland the rest of the voyage without obstruction or hindrance of any kind. To this end we set about contrivances to heave the canoe over the shoals, and borrowed a shovel from a friendly schooner captain to deepen the ditch which we thought would be necessary to do in order to fend her along that way. However, the prevailing nor'east gales had so raised the water in the west end of the sound as to fill all the creeks and ditches to overflowing. I hesitated then no longer, but heading for the ditch through the marshes on high tide, before a brave west wind took the chances of getting through by hook or by crook or by shovel and spade if required.

The "Coast Pilot," in speaking of this place, says there is never more than a foot of water there, and even that much is rarely found. The *Liberdade* essayed the ditch; drawing two feet and four inches, showing the further good fortune or luck which followed perseverance, as it usually does, though sometimes, maybe, it is bad luck! Perhaps I am not lucid on this, which at best must remain a disputed point.

I was getting lost in the maze of sloughs and creeks, which as soon as I entered seemed to lead in every direction but the right one. Hailing a hunter near by, however, I was soon put straight and measured of success. The most small things, maybe, in North Carolina, was this same hunter when asked if he knew the ditch that led through where I wished to go.

"Why, stranger," said he, "my grar'dfer digged that ditch."

"I jumped, I loopsed! at thought of what a pilot this man would be.

"Well, stranger," said he, in reply to my query, "stranger, if any man kin take y' thro' that ditch, why, I kin"; adding doubtfully, however, "I have not heam tell bob' of a vessel from Brazil sailing through these parts; but then you must get through, and again ye mouteent. Well, it's jest here; you mouth ye mouteent."

A bargain was quickly made, and my pilot came aboard, armed with a long gun, which as we sailed along proved a terror to ducks. The entrance to the ditch, then close by, was made with a flowing sheet,and I soon found that my pilot knew his business. Rose-shrubs and corn-fields we left to port and to starboard, and were at times out of sight among tall reeds that brushed cracking along the sides of the canoe, as she swept briskly through the narrows, passing them all, with many a close hug, though, on all sides. At a point well on in the crooked channel my pilot bore up his hat, and shouted, with all his might:

"Air trouble is over? Soon to grab it if ain't! And ye come all the way from Brazil, and come through grar'dfer's ditch! Well, I d'clar!"

From this I concluded that we had cleared all the doubtful places, and so it turned out. Before sundown my pilot was looking for the change of a five-dollar-piece; and we of the *Liberdade* sat before a pot-pie, at twilight, the like of which on the whole voyage had not been tasted, from sea fowl laid about by our pilot while sailing through the meadows and marshes. And the pilot himself, returning while the pot-pie was yet steamfed, declared it "ahead of corn."

A pleasant sail was this through the ditch that grar'dfer dug. At the camp fire that night, where we hauled up by a fishing station, thirty stalwart men talked over the adventures of their lives. My pilot, the best speaker, kept the camp in roars. As for myself, always fond of mirth, I got up from the fire soon from laughing. Their curious adventures with coons and 'gators recounted had been considerable.

Many startling stories were told. But frequently reverting to the voyage of the *Liberdade*, they declared with one voice that "it was the greatest thing since the wuh." I took this as a kind of complimentary hospitality. "When she strock on a sand reef," said the pilot, "why, the captain he jumped right overboard and the son he jumped right over, too, to tote her over, and the captain's wife she holp."

By daylight next morning we sailed from this camp pleasant, and on the following day, November 28, at noon, arrived at Beaufort.

Maybe Bell of that city and many of his townfolk met us at the wharf, and gave me as well as my sea-tossed crew a welcome to their shores, such as to make us feel that the country was partly ours.

"Welcome, welcome home," said the good mayor; "we have read of your adventures, and watched your progress as reported from time to time, with deep interest and sympathy."

So we began to learn now that prayers on shore had gone up for the little canoe at sea. This was indeed America and home, for which we had longed while thousands of miles across the ocean.

From Beaufort to Norfolk and thence to Washington was pleasant inland sailing, with prevailing fair winds and smooth sea. Christmas was spent on the Chesapeake—a fine, enjoyable day it was! with not a whitecap ripple on the bay. Ducks swimming ahead of the canoe as she moved quietly along were loath to take wing in so light a breeze, but flapping away, half paddling and half flying, as we came toward them, gave us the opportunity of a long gun-shot off, but being laid in at the last moment by no mean proportions, which we made shift to roast in the "caboose" aboard, we could look at a duck without wishing its destruction. With this turkey and a bountiful plum duff, we made out a dinner even on the *Liberdade*.

Of the many Christmas Days that come crowding in my recollections now, days spent on the sea and in foreign lands, as falls to the lot of sailors—which was the merriest it would be hard to say. Of this, however, I am certain, that the evening of Christmas Day on the Chesapeake was not the least happy of them all.

The day following Christmas found us on the Potomac, enjoying the same fine weather and abundant good cheer of the day before. Fair winds carried us through all the reaches of the river, and the same prosperity which attended our little bark in the beginning of the voyage through tempestuous weather followed her to the end of the voyage, which terminated in mild days and pleasant sunshine.

On the 27th of December, 1888, a south wind bore us into harbor at Washington, D.C., there we moored for the winter, furled our sails and coiled up the ropes, after a voyage of joys and sorrows, crowned with pleasures, however, which lessened the pain of past regrets.

Having moored the *Liberdade* and weather-bitted her cables, it remains only to be said that after bringing us safely through the dangers of a tropical voyage, clearing reefs, shoals, breakers, and all storms without a serious accident of any kind, we learned to love the little canoe as well as anything could be loved that is made by hands.

To say that we had not a moment of ill-health on the voyage would not tell the whole story.

My wife, brave enough to face the worst storms, as women are sometimes known to do on sea and on land, enjoyed not only the best of health, but had gained a richer complexion.

Victor, at the end of the voyage, found that he had grown an inch and had not been frightened out of his boots.

Little Garfield—well, he had grown some, too, and continued to be a pretty good boy and had managed to hold his grip through many ups and downs. He it was who stood by the bow line to make fast as quick as the *Liberdade* came to the pier at the end of the voyage.

And I, last, as it should be, lost a few pounds' weight but like the rest landed in perfect health; taking it altogether, therefore, only pleasant recollections of the voyage remain with us who made it.

With all its vicissitudes I still love a life on the broad, free ocean, never regretting the choice of my profession.

However, the time has come to debark from the *Liberdade*, now beneath to the pier where I leave her for a time; for my people are landed safe in port.

DISPOSAL OF THE *LIBERDADE*

ABOUT the middle of April the *Liberdade* cast loose her moorings from the dock at Washington, and spreading sail before a brave west wind bent her course along down the Potomac with the same facility as experienced in December coming up before a wind from the south; then shaping her course for New York via Baltimore and Philadelphia through inland passages, the voyage was turned into a pleasure excursion. Animation of spring clothed the landscape on all sides in its greatest beauty, and our northern forest the voyagers found upon their return was not less charming than "tropic shade" of foreign climes. And the robin sang even a sweeter trill than ever before heard by the crew, for they listened to it now in the country that they loved.

From New York, the *Liberdade* sailed for Boston via New London, New Bedford, Martha's Vineyard, Newport, and Taunton, at which latter place she hauled out, and the crew, thence to the Bay State Capital, enjoyed the novelty of a "sail over land."

Then the *Liberdade* moored snug in Boston and her crew spent the winter again among friends. They met there this winter the man who advised the captain at Buenos Aires to pitch the *Aquidneck's* cargo of hay into the sea; for not taking the advice—witness, alas! the captain's plight!

Finally, upon return of spring, the *Liberdade* was refitted to the voyage to Washington, where, following safe arrival, she was put with end her days in the Smithsonian Institution, a fitting resting place for a worthy craft.

[end] the craft was, however, put into storage somewhere and has not been found since -[editor].