draw $8 a month from the National Treasury. The committee, in which every department was represented, reported against service pensions by a very large majority, with only five dissenting signatures.

Hannibal Hamlin, in the discussion of the question of service pensions, remarked that the Grand Army was based upon the design of the grandest charity of any institution in the world. But there were uncounted thousands of the poor who have been in the service that neither the Grand Army nor the Woman's Relief Corps can reach. It was necessary to appeal to Congress to reach them, and he advocated that appeal. The service pension devotees, he thought, were practically opposing that measure of relief. He declared that there was a reasonable prospect that the bill favored by the committee would become a law within two years. A Presidential election was coming and there was a power behind that. He did not assume to be a prophet, but he predicted that a President who would again veto a disability pension bill could never be reelected. If a service pension bill were vetoed he could not be sure that the same result would follow.

General Merrill, of Massachusetts, chairman of the Pensions Committee, made a half-hour's speech on the same side in opposition to service pensions and Colonel Johnson, of Indiana, was allowed the same time for presenting the argument in favor of that policy. The roll was then called and the majority report against service pensions was adopted by a vote of 318 to 173. The service pension party, while defeated in the division, succeeded in developing unexpected strength in the National Encampment, many State delegations having been instructed to support that policy.

BALLOTING FOR COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.

At the opening of the afternoon session candidates were placed in nomination for Commander-in-Chief. Congressman Warner declined a nomination and his Western support at once went to Judge Rea. General Slocum had been losing steadily during the day, owing to the circulation of the report that he had political ambitions and hoped to further them with his election as Commander-in-Chief. The objection was also raised that he had not been an active member of the Grand Army and would not have leisure to look after its interests. The sectional feeling against him was also very strong. The Western men who had been supporting Grier and Warner were ready to combine on a third candidate in order to defeat the Eastern man. This was done on the first ballot which resulted as follows: Rea, 294; Slocum, 153; Anthony, 66; Grier, 18; Sherman, 1; Warner, 1.

Judge Rea was conducted to the platform and returned thanks for the election in very graceful term, pledging himself to continue the administration of the Grand Army on the lines followed by General Fairchild.

Nelson Cole, of Missouri, was elected Senior Vice-Commander, and John C. Linehan, of New-Hampshire, Junior Vice-Commander. General Lawrence Donohue was elected Sergeant-General, and the Rev. Edward Anderson Chaplain-in-Chief.

A special testimonial for General Fairchild was ordered before adjournment.

General Slocum's friends were greatly mortified by his defeat and the New-York delegation was in mourning during the evening. His canvass has been ambitiously conducted and the General himself brought forward at the last moment to strengthen it, but the best laid plans failed. Judge Rea, without conducting a formal canvass or making any demonstration at the Minnesota headquarters, easily carried off the prize. He is a Pennsylvanian by birth, enlisted in an Ohio regiment at the outbreak of the war and was promoted several times for gallantry in the field, being finally breveted a major. He has been a most active organizer and member of the G. A. R. and has twice been elected Senior Vice-Commander-in-Chief. He is now on the bench in Minnesota and is a most enthusiastic Grand Army man.

The work of the Women's Relief Corps was also closed to-day with the election of National officers.

The banquet given at the Lindell to the delegates of the National Encampment was a most brilliant affair. Covers were laid for 650, the War Governors being among the guests. The responses to toasts were made by General Lewis Wallace, General John M. Palmer, Hannibal Hamlin, Governor Curtin, Corporal Tanner, General C. H. Grosvenor, Bishop Fallows, General Fairchild, Judge Rea and others. General Sherman, who was expected to respond for the Army, was forced to leave the city in order to attend the funeral of General Kilpatrick.

THE NEW HEAD OF THE GRAND ARMY.

A SKETCH OF JUDGE JOHN P. REA, WHO SUCCEEDS GENERAL FAIRCHILD.

ST. PAUL, Sept. 30 (*Special*).—Judge John P. Rea, of Minneapolis, who was to-day elected Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, was born October 13, 1840, in Lower Oxford Township, Chester County, Penn. His father owned a woollen factory and he passed his time there and attended school until September, 1860, when he went to Piqua, Ohio, where he taught school. When the war broke out he became a member of Company B, 11th Ohio Infantry. He served with this regiment four months and was then commissioned Second Lieutenant of Company I, 1st Ohio Cavalry, was promoted to First Lieutenant March 12, 1862, and in April of the following year to the rank of Major. He served in the regiment three years and four months and was absent only ten days, seven as prisoner and three days on sick leave.

After returning from the war he entered the Wesleyan College at Delaware, Ohio, and graduated in the classical course in June, 1867. During the vacation of 1866 he entered the office of O. J. Dickey, of Lancaster, Penn., as a law student and was admitted to the bar there in August, 1868. He became associated with Judge Dickey, and in March, 1869, was appointed one of three notary publics in Lancaster by Governor Geary. On April 12, 1869, he was appointed Assessor of Internal Revenue by President Grant for the IXth District of Pennsylvania, which office he held until it was abolished by law in 1873. In 1869 he was married to Miss Emma Gould, of Ohio. They have no children. He continued practising law in Lancaster until December, 1875, when he removed to Minneapolis.

Judge Rea's cousin, John A. Rea, A. G. Wilcox, James I. Hendry, Charles F. Hendry and Judge Rea purchased *The Tribune*, and the subject of this sketch became the Editor-in-chief. In May, 1876, a controlling interest in *The Tribune*, then a morning paper, was purchased by *The Pioneer-Press* and converted into an evening paper. Judge Rea continued as Editor until May, 1877, when he resumed the practice of law and became a member of the firm of Rhea, Rhea, Woolley & Kitchell, subsequently Rhea, Kitchell & Shaw. In November, 1877, he was elected Judge of Probate and served for four year. In April, 1886, Judge Koon resigned his seat on the bench of the District Court of this district and Governor Hubbard appointed Judge Rea. Judge Rea has always been prominent in the Grand Army. He is a member and a Past Commander of George S. Morgan Post. He is a Republican.

MASKED BURGLARS PUT TO FLIGHT.

WILMINGTON, Del., Sept. 30.—The Farmers' Bank at Newcastle was entered at an early hour this morning by masked robbers. Their movements awoke the cashier, who seized his pistol and fired, wounding one of the intruders. His companions picked up the fallen man and made their escape. The robbers got no booty, and left behind them a kit of burglars' tools, a wheelbarrow and a ladder. They are supposed to have come and gone by way of a boat in the river near by.

The burglars immediately on entering the building overpowered, bound and gagged William J. Black, United States Consul at Nuremburg, who was home on leave of absence and staying with Cashier Richard J. Cooper. When Mr. Cooper came on the scene he was confronted by one of the burglars with levelled revolver and the mandate: "Don't say a word."

"I won't," replied Cooper, instantly levelling and firing his own pistol and wounding the robber, who returned the shot without harming Cooper. Blood marks lead to the suspicion that the wounded robber fell into the river and was drowned in attempting to escape.

JILTED THE WOMAN AND STOLE HER MONEY.

Rosa Offerman, a well dressed woman, called on Inspector Byrnes yesterday, accompanied by a lawyer. Her story was as follows: In France she met Edward Steirs, who promised to marry her. Twice the wedding day was fixed, but on each occasion the lover failed to present himself at the altar. He made excuses which she believed and forgave him. Steirs then wanted to come to America and promised to marry her as soon as they reached here. They came over on the steamship City of Richmond and she let him have 7,500 francs, all the money she had with her for safe keeping. He promised to deposit the money in a bank, as soon as they arrived in this country. The City of Richmond arrived on September 23. Steirs said that unfortunately, the laws of this country prohibited people from marrying on the day they arrive. He put her off for several days and on Monday last disappeared. His trunk was traced to the office of Dodd's Express. She thinks he has gone to Chicago and wants to recover her money.

SHOT BY A THIEF IN THE HOTEL LAFAYETTE.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 30 (*Special*).—Owen McGuigan, a special officer at the Hotel Lafayette, was shot in the head and shoulder early this morning by a man who was caught in the act of robbing rooms in the hotel. At the Central Station this afternoon the prisoner said that he was Samuel S. Moon, of New-York. He had engaged a room at the hotel on Wednesday morning. In his room were found a number of articles belonging to Franklin Pierce, of Springfield, Mass., who is a guest at the house. McGuigan's wounds are not considered serious. Moon was held in $3,500 and at once indicted. He will be arraigned before Judge Hare to-morrow for trial.

MRS. JOHN DREW POINTS OUT A MISTAKE.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 30 (*Special*).—Mrs. John Drew said to-day in reference to the statement of H. J. Bookhammer, of Oil City, that he at one time saved the life of Mr. Drew: "I am profoundly ignorant of the circumstance, but I am certain of the mistake in the date. Forty years ago Mr. Drew was just twenty-one. He was not married, nor in Philadelphia, nor had he anything to do with the Arch Street Theatre, and he could always swim admirably."

WILLIAM A. STRONG SENTENCED IN LOUISIANA.

NEW-ORLEANS, La., Sept. 30.—A dispatch from Baton Rouge to *The Picayune*, says: "A motion in arrest of judgment in the case of the State against William A. Strong, ex-Secretary of State, convicted of embezzlement of State funds, was overruled by Judge Burgess to-day, and Strong was sentenced to two years at hard labor in the penitentiary and fined the sum of $4,250, which amount was ordered to be restored to the State."

WINDING-UP THE ESTATE OF E. S. WHEELER & CO.

NEW-HAVEN, Sept. 30 (*Special*).—In the Probate Court this morning Judge Robertson appointed Mayor York and George P. Ingersoll commissioners on the insolvent estate of E. S. Wheeler & Co.

THE AMERICA'S CUP SAFE.

Continued From First Page.

the people on the Electra, and the merry laughter of the sailors on the Volunteer is borne back to them on the breeze. It is the laughter of men who feel assured of victory. But probably "Hank" Haff doesn't indulge in more than a chuckle, for on him rests the burden of guiding the peerless Volunteer to victory.

Joyous shouts of "He's got her! He's got her already! Hurrah!" go up from enthusiastic spectators. A little later on it may be all right, but at this stage the rejoicing is a little "previous." Now the two beauties are fairly off, dashing into the dark waves that burst snow-white from their bows. Now the Scotsmen, undaunted by one defeat with the best boat that Scotch skill can devise, will do their best to capture the emblem of yachting supremacy that America has so long proudly held, and a Yankee sloop, the fastest that Yankee genius can devise, with the best representatives of Yankee seamanship on board of her, will do her best to keep it.

A SPLENDID START FOR A GRAND RACE.

The race begins grandly, the spectacle thrills everybody, and not even the most nervous people, and people with ears as delicately responsive to melody as it is possible for cultivation to make them, find any fault with the howls and wails of delight that ascend from steam-inflated lungs. It is the nautical way of saving "hurrah!" and chimes in with everybody's feelings, not excepting the Scotsmen, for the beginning is not at all inauspicious for them, notwithstanding Captain Haff's shrewd manœuvres.

The starting time of the two yachts is as follows:

	H. M. S.
Thistle	10:40:21
Volunteer	10:40:50¾

The Thistle shows more stiffness than was expected of her. Not much more, if any, does she heel over than the Volunteer. But the work of the centreboard shows. The Volunteer points higher and the Thistle lies as close as she can, and is pinched a good deal to do it; the after leach of her mainsail flapping and the forestaysail shaking all the time. But the jib holds the wind well. On the Volunteer the mainsail and staysail set flat as braces, but occasionally the jib spills the wind. On the whole the comparison as regards the set of the sails is exceedingly favorable to the Yankee sailmaker as it was in the old day, when the America taught English sailmakers a thing or two.

But it doesn't look like a walkover this time—so everybody thinks the minute after the start and is glad of it. The Thistle's sails may flap but she drives through the water as never cutter seen in these waters did before. It is well that there is a Volunteer to sail against her, is the general opinion and many people would be feeling sick about that cup. The gap between the Thistle and Volunteer widens, but slowly, slowly. Still it would be viewed with alarm if it were not seen that the sloop is steadily eating to the windward of the cutter, and that is an advantage which tells terribly in windward work.

Fifteen minutes from the start few will venture to say which boat has gained. But after the lapse of another fifteen minutes there is no doubt about it. The Volunteer is ahead by virtue of her windward advantage, although to a landsman it would appear that the Thistle is leading. Captain Barr, shrewd skipper that he is, does the best work he can with the tiller, and loses never a chance to gain a foot or two to windward, and it is evident by the way the after leach of her mainsail and her foresaysail shakes that the boat is sailing as close in the eye of the wind as she can. But the centreboard tells. The Volunteer, with mainsail and jib flat as boards and only occasionally a tremulous motion in the foot of the staysail as it spills the wind, still outpoints the cutter and walks to windward of her. At 11:20 the sun eats through the leaden lining of the sky and the fog lifts, and the two yachts and the attendant fleet of steamers, tugs and steam-yachts can all be seen.

SAILORS SIT AROUND AND ENJOY THE FUN.

In both sloop and cutter the sailors are all seated near the weather rail. There is nothing for them to do but watch things as long as the tack is held, the helmsman doing all the work. It is an occupation which must afford a great deal more satisfaction to the Swedes and Norwegians and Ellsworth's Bayonne men than it does to the Scotsmen. For with the sloop ever getting further and further to windward the audacious Scots see the cup receding further and further from them, and the tars on the Volunteer, so to speak, can already feel their grip upon it. The Thistle's men, as seen through glasses, look grim and despondent, the Volunteer's men as radiant as schoolboys out for a holiday. But Captain Haff is too intent on getting all possible speed out of his noble vessel to pay much attention to the black-hulled cutter. His men can grin at her all they want to and crack jokes about her to their heart's content, but he keeps his clear gray eyes on the trim of the sails and twists the wheel according to the indications they furnish, for he means that this day the Volunteer shall gain a famous victory. A beautiful spectacle both boats present as they lift their bows over the waves and then fall upon them, crushing them into feathery flakes, starting long white furrows from under their lee rails. There is not wind enough to put their lee rails under, but the dark waters make vicious jumps at them and splash over the rails now and again and sometimes some of the flecks of foam that burst from their bows are blown over the deck.

And now comes what will show how much the Volunteer gained by her ability to lie closer to the Thistle. The Thistle goes around like a top at 11:49 standing off the Rockaway shore; and approaches the Volunteer, which still holds the starboard tack. Now, if she had gained on the Volunteer she would cross her bow, but she didn't. She passes under her stern and the distance between them is, as near as can be judged by the eye alone, about a third of a mile. That represents what the Volunteer has gained since the start. Everybody sees it and rejoices at it, and the steamboats almost burst their brass throats in their exultation. Everybody knows what it means.

NOW THE CUP IS SURELY SAFE.

It means that the cup is safe. For if the Volunteer can beat the Thistle at this rate, while beating against the wind, the Thistle in running before the wind, though her speed be phenomenal at that, can never make good the difference. Pigeons were started from the Electra to carry the glad tidings to New-York, from thence to be flashed by electric wires all over the broad land:

"The Volunteer leads by a third of mile. The cup is safe."

And the news will go under sea to England and Scotland, where it will not be so welcome. The pigeons are started off by ladies, Mrs. Henn tossing one into the air and Mrs. Kortright another. The birds wheel twice around the flagship and then, as though realizing the importance of the mission that has been entrusted to them, they dart off in a bee line for New-York.

But at 11:51:40 the Volunteer spin around on the port tack. Now they are both on the same tack, and the Volunteer has the lead and the windward position. Thus early in the race have all expectations of a close contest been dissipated, much to the regret of nearly everybody.

But somebody suggests that the Thistle may do better on the port tack boats; sometimes having a trick of sailing better on one tack than on another. A little observation will soon show whether she can or not. No, apparently it is quite otherwise. She doesn't do as well. She falls away more to leeward than before, and the Volunteer both outfoots and outpoints her. The boat did better before it became so obvious that she was beaten. Somebody observes that Captain Barr is not the best sort of a man to sail a losing race. He loses heart and is no longer able to get the best out of a boat that she is capable of. Sometimes the Thistle appears to be too much pinched and then eased off too much. Yet sailed against any other boat than the Volunteer the Thistle would appear to be going tremendously fast and nothing would suggest that she was not being handled to perfection.

THAT BOW OF THE SCOTCH BOAT.

Perhaps, too, the critics are right about that bow of the Thistle, judging by the way she pulls off to leeward as compared with the Volunteer. When she mounts a wave it rises clear out of water and then hits back at it with a savage splash, almost burying her nose in foam. It is said that when that bow shoots out of water there is a tendency to fall off while going to windward, because the fore foot is so much cut away that there is nothing to hold her head to the wind. The Volunteer, too, when she rises over a wave reveals a good deal of the pot-lead beneath her bow, but then her centreboard holds her to windward.

At 11:35 the Titania rounds in the wake of the Thistle and starts off on the same tack, encouraged to attempt a tussle with the Thistle by seeing how the Volunteer is leaving her. The Titania is under mainsail, jib and foresaysail and soon hoists a working topsail after darting out to measure herself against the Thistle. She sails well, but soon discovers that she is flying at too high game, for the Thistle is "no slouch" of a boat though the Volunteer does beat her. So the Titania gives it up and runs back to see the wind up of the race.

A little before noon the steamers began to cluster too thick to leeward of the Thistle banking up the wind. With her steam whistle the Electra indulges in some hoarse scolding or "steam swearing," as somebody facetiously calls it and thus after awhile has the desired effect. It delayed the Thistle very little, if any, but Commodore Gerry doesn't wish that there should be occasion for the slightest talk about "the might have been." The wind fall lighter about this time.

"Now is Thistle's chance," observes Lieutenant Henn, "with the wind light and a chop of a sea. But see how that foresail sets. I never saw such a miserably setting sail."

The Thistle does forereach on the Volunteer a bit, but only for a little while. The wind freshens again at noon to a twelve-knot breeze and the Volunteer again begins to outfoot and outpoint the Thistle. There is no discounting the facts. Both yachts are on the same tack, both hold the same wind and have the same sea, and yet the Volunteer steadily drops the Thistle astern besides working to windward of her. There is only one reason for it. The Volunteer is the better boat. It must be a disheartening spectacle to pretty Mrs. Bell on the Mohican and the Scotsmen who came out in her with the expectation that on the voyage back they would sip some good old Scotch whiskey out of the America's cup just for the sake of saying that they had done so. They have simply to accept the situation and perhaps, taking home a hint or two derived from a study of the Volunteer, try for the cup again. At 12:48 the Volunteer goes about on the starboard track heading in shore again, 3 minutes later at 12:51 the Thistle follows suit and although she held on the tack three minutes longer than the Volunteer she didn't make up the leeway that she lost on it.

NOTHING CAN CATCH THE VOLUNTEER.

Onward, onward goes the Volunteer, splashing, slashing, slicing through the heaving waters, leaping over the waves, bursting through them, nose tering spray right and left, sometimes kicking her heels high and sometimes almost burying her nose in the turbulent sea, but always she gains, and the piratical-looking cutter, peerless in her beauty, falls further and further astern. The race takes on the dreary aspect of a procession. Many people express the wish that they would build something across the water that would give spectators something of the excitement of a race for the cup. That has not been had since the Puritan-Genesta struggle two years ago. At 1:37 the Volunteer tacks off shore again and the Thistle follows suit four minutes later. The Volunteer hoists a club topsail soon after starting out on this tack and she is so far to windward of the other boat that she can afford to let up a point or two if need be. She will need the club topsail when it comes to running before the wind, and she won't have long to wait for that, for the stakeboat Haviland is in sight, but Neils Olsen has disregarded that part of his orders about the blasts with the steam whistle, for the fog having lifted there is no necessity for it. Steamboats gather thick about the stakeboat to see the Volunteer round it and avail themselves of the opportunity to let loose the feelings that they have bottled up so patiently all the while that the Yankee sloop has been walking away from the Scotchman. The Thistle has to make another tack to fetch it. She goes about at 2:25 on the port tack and luffs around at 2:26:40½, and then steam whistles are let loose and guns flash and bang, and the bands play "Yankee Doodle" and other patriotic airs, and even the people who have paid $5 for their tickets feel that they are getting their money's worth. Two more tacks the Thistle makes before she can fetch the windward mark, and only the fleetest steamers wait for her, for the white sloop is romping away at a rate that will tax steam to keep up with her. Disheartening, indeed, it must be to the Scotchmen to see the Volunteer with a third of an acre of canvas, more or less, flying before the freshening breeze and going two feet to their one while they are still buffeting against it.

The time at the windward mark is as follows:

Volunteer	2:26:40½
Thistle	2:41:00

The Volunteer has made the twenty mile beat to windward in 3 hours 45 minutes and 49¾ seconds, while it has taken the Thistle 4 hours and 49 seconds to do it. Thus the Volunteer starts on the homestretch with the tremendous lead of 14 minutes 49¼ seconds. It is some time after rounding before the Volunteer breaks out her spinnaker. Perhaps they question whether it is worth while to risk their spars and consequently victory by letting it out before it is really needed.

THE THISTLE'S BEAUTIFUL SPINNAKER.

But there is no question of that sort on the Thistle. Hers is out immediately after she rounds and a beautiful sail it is, and pulls like an elephant, and the black cutter tears along with it. But going before the wind both yachts of course travel much easier than when beating against wind and waves. As the breeze freshens the spinnakers threaten to break the topmast or the spinnaker boom, as full of wind they bulge out like huge sections of balloons. But it is a race and after a while up go balloon-jib-topsails on both boats, and now they go hissing through the water, big furrows of foam bursting from their bows, trailing like the white serpents behind. The steam tugs are now left behind. The Thistle gains and her appearance excite many admiring comments. People say that her spinnaker is the most beautiful sail of its kind ever seen on a yacht. And it stands the strain well, showing that the so-called silk sail has strength as well as lightness. The Volunteer hasn't her largest spinnaker. It would not do for a winning yacht to risk too much, but the losing yacht can risk everything. So the Scotsmen crack on all possible canvas and pick up a bit on the white sloop. But no boat that can ever be built will make up a difference of fourteen minutes with the Volunteer in a run of twenty miles before the wind. Some time before reaching the finish line the wind shifts a little to the southward and down come the spinnakers.

The Volunteer rushes over the line at 5:42:56¼, a magnificent picture, and a picture that people can appreciate without art culture, for it means that America is again the acknowledged first among the nations of the earth at yacht designing. Imagination can picture the scene that follows; suffice it to say that every vessel assembled in the fleet around the lightship makes all the noise she possibly can, brass lungs and human lungs and cannon and foghorns and brass bands and string bands doing their best to "make Rome howl." The Thistle crosses the line at 5:54:51, and gets a good deal of consolatory noise, which the Scotchmen acknowledge by cheering and waving of hats, which it is understood is meant for their rivals.

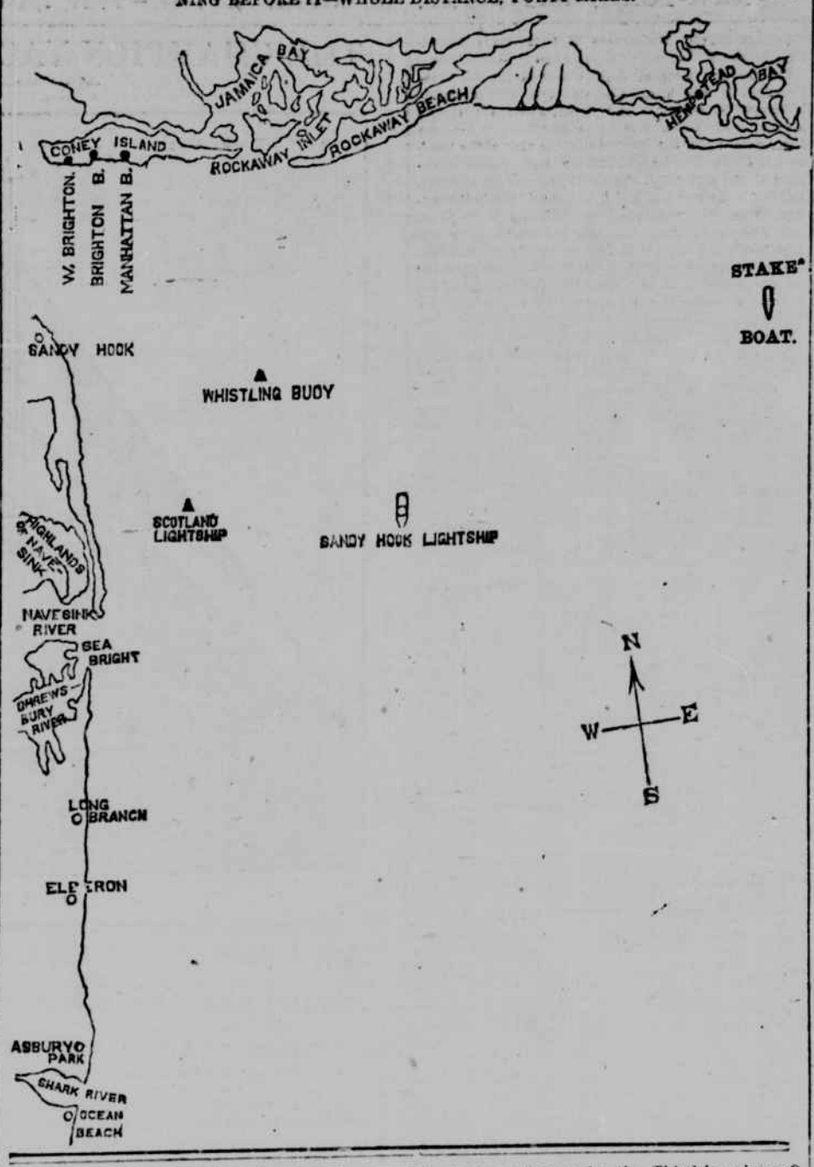
The following table shows the record of the race:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed Time.	Corrected Time.
Volunteer	10:40:50¾	4:22:47	5:42:56¼	5:42:56¼
Thistle	10:40:21	4:35:12	5:54:51	5:54:45

In the run in from the windward mark—twenty miles—the Volunteer's time was 1 hour, 57 minutes, 6½ seconds; and the Thistle 1 hour, 54 minutes, 12 seconds, the Thistle's gaining 2 minutes, 54½ seconds.

THE COURSE SAILED BY THE YACHTS.

TWENTY MILES EAST BY NORTH FROM SCOTLAND LIGHTSHIP—THE YACHTS BEAT OUT TO THE STAKE BOAT AGAINST THE WIND AND RETURNED RUNNING BEFORE IT—WHOLE DISTANCE, FORTY MILES.



CROWDS OF SIGHTSEERS WAVE-TOSSED.

THE LARGEST FLEET OF EXCURSION BOATS THAT EVER VISITED THE OUTSIDE COURSE.

The unexpected happened yesterday, not when the Volunteer won—for every sharp-eyed yachtsman had discounted that contingency—but when the race was started and sailed to a finish in the best America's Cup weather since the final Puritan-Genesta contest in 1885. There was every prospect, in fact, of another dreary fizzle outside the Hook, when the first of the tugs about, the Talisman, steamed down the harbor for the Scotland Lightship. The dense fog that had been hanging for two days over the Upper Bay showed no signs of breaking. The wind scarcely puffed enough from time to time to straighten out the little pennants at the tips of the yacht masts, and the big streamers on the tugs drooped to the decks, soggy and discolored. Worse than all, the rain fell steadily smoothing out the water and killing all the chances for a morning breeze.

The Talisman left her pier on the East River promptly at 8:30 a. m. in the middle of a heavy shower. No other boat bound for the Lightship could be seen in the fog of the inner harbor. The Electra, Commodore Gerry's flagship, had just gone through the Narrows. The Volunteer had taken a tow from the Bay Ridge anchorage ground and was already well on her way to the starting point. The Thistle spent Thursday night off Sandy Hook and was also far ahead of the Electra. But the big fleet that turned out on Tuesday and Thursday was nowhere to be seen. The start had been postponed so often that the excursion boats were willing to risk an hour or two for the comfort of late-rising passengers, and the captains of most of the tugboats held on in the firm belief that a race in such nasty weather was impossible.

THE EARLY OUTLOOK GLOOMY.

There were few cheering signs as the Talisman ran briskly out through the Narrows. The rain kept falling steadily, the sea was smooth and the wind came even less freshly than on Thursday. The smoke from the fumigation house over on Hoffman Island gave a dull bluish shade to the fog banks along the shore of Staten Island. Over by Fort Hamilton were a few gray outlines of stone walls and sodded embankments.

Near Sandy Hook the wind picked up a few points and blew from a little north of east, and further out to sea it freshened to a five-mile and then a ten-mile rate. The two racers could soon be seen cruising about the Lightship, and the Electra moored a hundred yards or more away from the dull-colored hulk on the imaginary line across which the sloop and cutter were waiting to be sent for their final struggle. The men on the "Wreck of Scotland," as the lightship is called, tolled their fog bell cheerfully in honor of the press boat. The tug J. D. Nicol soon steamed up for another round of salutes and a little later came the two side-wheel steamboats the St. Johns and the Shrewsbury.

These, with the two single-stickers, made the little fleet about the lightship when the first gun on the Electra was fired and the racers settled to down manœuvring for positions in earnest. The tug Haviland with Steward Neils Olsen aboard had come down with the Electra, but had started off a little to the north of east with a log astern to measure out the twenty-mile course to windward. The three-masted steam yacht Mohican, of the Royal Clyde Yacht Club, with her owner, Mr. Clark, Mrs. Bell, the wife of the builder of the Thistle, and a party of Scotch partisans aboard, steamed after the Haviland. The canny Scots knew that the Thistle would get off all right, and they wanted to use their big mainmast and steam whistle as guides to the stake-boat in case the latter half of the race was to be run in the fog.

A BRISKER BREEZE AND LIGHTER FOG.

The wind freshened while the yachts waited near the starting line, and the fog lifted a little to the eastward. The Sandy Hook lighthouses came out faintly, and the broad line of white breakers showed plainly where the narrow spit began. The rain fell away, too, to a fine mist, and the breeze ran up finally to nearly twenty miles an hour. The captains of the two yachts saw their chance for a wet sheet and a flowing sea and lost no time getting away. According to the rules a second gun was to be fired ten minutes after the first one as a signal for starting. After that the two racers were to have ten minutes more to cross the line. But even before the starting gun had been set off the Scotch cutter stood in for the line in earnest and the Yankee sloop followed. It looked as if both champions would get over ahead of time, and so neatly was the feint made that the smoke had scarcely puffed out from the Electra's side and the sound of the brass cannon had not reached the edge of the tiny fleet when the swift Clyde boat rushed by the flagship across the line and off on her first long tack toward the disappearing Haviland. The Volunteer was a few seconds later in crossing. Then the brass cannon boomed again, the two tugs and two steamboats whistled modestly and the little fleet set off on a stern chase after the flying rivals.

That first tack to the northeast gave the belated tugs, steamboats and steam yachts, now filling the Narrows and the Outer Bay, a chance to creep up in good view of the race. The big steamers were all on hand again, without their bunting, but crowded with sightseers who had braved the fog and wet. The crack new Olivette was one of the latest stragglers and the music from her industrious band was wafted down the bay long before she got alongside the growing fleet. The Old Dominion Line steamer Guyandotte came down again with her two decks crowded. The Fall River Line steamer City of Brockton, with the hole jammed into her guards on Thursday by the tug Hartt patched up, was earlier than the other two, but had fewer passengers. The Iron Steamboat Company sent three of its steamers again, the Cepheus, Sirius and Taurus, the last one flying at the fore the red and blue flag of the New-York Yacht Club. The Crystal Wave flew the colors of the Seawanhaka Yacht Club and carried Commodore A. Cass, Canfield and other cutter experts aboard. The Shenandoah trailed in after the other side-wheelers and behind her came the Sylvester and the Bay Ridge. Together the steamers must have carried 8,000 or 10,000 people.

The fleet of tugs was smaller than usual the running sea outside the Hook making life a burden for many of the smaller crafts' passengers. Probably twenty-five of the bigger harbor tugs ventured out on the open course yesterday. The Talisman and Nicol were used as press boats. The Luckenbach was chartered by the Corinthian Yatch Club and flew its red and white flag. The tug Zouave had the Larchmont Yacht Club's flag at its fore and a big party of cutter experts aboard. The tug Pulver flew two curious flags, one the red lion rampant of Scotland on a yellow field, with a red border; the other the commodore's ensign of the Royal Yacht Club of Toronto. The Pulver hung closely to the Thistle all the way out and only left her near the stake boat to get home to the finish in time. The tug Runyon flew another big yellow flag of Scotland with a picturesque red lion. It had a party of Scotch enthusiasts from New-Jersey aboard. The Harry Russell and the James Bowen were well filled with Volunteer "boomers." Some other well-known tugs in the wake of the racers were the Whitewater, the Ida L. Tebo and the Charm. The tugs had probably 1,500 people aboard.

THE STEAM YACHTS AND THE PEOPLE ON THEM.

The string of steam yachts was shorter than on either Tuesday or Thursday. The Electra had a few guests besides the Regatta Committee. The Mohican had a lot of well-known Scotch people aboard. Mrs. William Clark, the wife of one of the owners of the yacht, acted as hostess, Commodore Clark's wife being at home in Scotland. Commodore Clark was on the yacht and so was Mrs. Bell, the wife of the Thistle's representative owner. Among the other passengers were Sir Lionel Sackville West, the British Minister at Washington; Commodore Carruthers, of the Kingston Yacht Club; William Clark, of Newark; Dr. Challoner, Dr. Donald and Mr. and Mrs. Hilliard. But the Mohican did not stick to the rest of the fleet and missed the greater part of the race down and back.

Jay Gould's Atalanta was not down yesterday. The Tillie, recently the property of the "Young Napoleon" Ives, now in the hands of Commodore Starbuck again, looked almost as big as the Atalanta and was taken for the Gould yacht frequently. The white hulled Magnolia had a small party aboard. J. Pierpont Morgan's Corsair came a little late for the first part of the race. The Boston yacht Ibis, with a salmon-colored pilot house, a converted schooner really, followed the racers down and back. Some other steam yachts in the fleet were the Cora, the Oneida, the Aida and the Wanda. The revenue cutters Grant and Manhattan were in at the finish. The police boat Patrol was on hand, as usual, though little use for its services was found. There was no crowding or confusion at the start or anywhere else. The yachts had all the leeway they wanted and the boats in the fleet kept carefully astern and off the windward side of the course. Only once was there any appearance of unfairness to the Thistle and that was when a steamer ran across her bows two or three hundred yards ahead.

Few sailing yachts were equal to the beat out so far and only the Titania, the Sachem and the Dauntless ran out any distance from the lightship. The Titania tried conclusions for a while with the Thistle, but fell behind. The Sachem and the Dauntless were beating about the finish line when the Volunteer crossed it over two miles ahead of the cutter from the Clyde. Taken together the fleet was the largest, perhaps, that ever followed a race over the outside course.

The fleet, of course, straggling down from the Lower Bay did not get fairly together until the run out to the stake-boat was half over. The Thistle fell to leeward gradually as the first tack lengthened out toward the Rockaway beaches, and the tugs and steamers coming from New-York had to fall in line on her lee. A few of them drawing up into hailing distance, the Scotsman raised a laugh by putting out a canvas sign, copied after the Volunteer's on Tuesday:

PLEASE KEEP ASTERN.

Captain Barr had plainly been reading the newspapers. The offending craft kept off, however, and the Clyde boat had a free way from that out.

A BRIEF GLIMPSE OF THE SUN.

The sky had been clearing gradually in the east and the wind held as fresh as ever. Off Rockaway the sun came out for a few minutes and the Long Island shore grew plain the whole length to Long Beach, off which the stake-boat lay. The wind changed a little to the southeast after the first tack and a squall was threatened. The sun went behind the clouds to stay and the next of the run was made under a scowling heaven. The Volunteer had easily outpointed the Scotchman and was nearly a mile ahead at this point. The course ran to the southeast, right in the face of the wind and the sea. The waves were short and choppy and both yachts ploughed a little, the waves breaking dead against their bows. This was the weather the cutter thought to be best in, but she lost ground constantly, instead of gaining. Her bow caught more water than the Volunteer's, though the sloop dipped as much ahead. The forward seas caught the tugs, too, and shook them from stem to stern. Even the big steamboats pitched and tossed and sea-sickness spread rapidly over the fleet. It was not as nasty a sea as Thursday's, and the worst of it came only on the southeast tacks. The yachts fortunately had to make them short and on the northeast tacks, with the seas running against the sides of the boats, not on their bows, the charms of yachting in the open came gradually back.

The Thistle, it was noticed, gained a trifle on these tacks in toward land, and lost it all and more on the seaward ones. The second run in brought the racers just off the Long Beach Hotel, the houses on the shore looking like the haystacks on a coast marsh. The Volunteer stuck close into the wind all along and drew further and further ahead of the Scotch champion. On the last tack out she ran close to the Mohican, anchored about three miles from the stake boat. The Scotch people were standing in a group on the bridge watching the Yankee flyer through their glasses. The Thistle was far astern and the cutter's friends took the prospect gloomily. The big yacht let the Volunteer go by without saluting her. The Scotch party had had enough apparently. The Mohican waited twelve or fifteen minutes longer for the Thistle to pass and then weighed anchor and steamed for Scotland Lightship.

The Haviland had been bobbing up and down at the turning point for an hour or two before the tugs and steamers began to gather about her to see the flying Volunteer round and turn for home. The Electra's gun was the signal for three minutes of wild uproar. All the whistles blew and the crowd cheered and when the commotion lulled, the band on the Olivette struck up "Columbia the Gem of the Ocean," at which all those who recognized the tune yelled again.

The Thistle found few boats near the Haviland when she turned. Nearly all had out for home at once in the hope of catching the white sloop. But with spinnaker set the Volunteer outran the wind, the tall spread of canvass almost lifting the steel hull out of the water. The Thistle set her spinnaker, too, going round, and the two racers ran clear easily of every tug and steamer in the fleet. The Thistle stood up taller and straighter under full canvass and her spinnaker seemed to belly out more fully than the Volunteer's. The wind held fresh and the run in was the fastest bit of work seen in these waters for some time.

SPECTATORS HOLD THEIR BREATH.

The Volunteer at times looked in danger of having everything carried by the board. The spinnaker boom would lift ten, twenty and even twenty-five degrees in the air, and the lee rail sink and plunge on the other side. On the Talisman the spectators held their breath and watched for the crash. The sloop was tearing through the water like a racehorse, the crew all back in the stern apparently to hold her down. The Thistle was coming up away behind under the same spread of sail, but in a trifle fresher wind, and half way in had to take her spinnaker in. From that on it was a quick race to the finish, but the hazard of the chase was over. The Volunteer was a sure winner with the spinnaker off. She would have won any way, perhaps, if everything except her mast had been carried away.

The Olivette and a few other steamers were with the Electra at the finish when the graceful sloop crossed. The Electra fired her guns and the steam whistles did what they could to celebrate the victory. The Scotch party on the Runyon lowered the red dragon of Scotland, but the Mohican's party cheered the victor. The Grant fired several guns and the cheering was kept up for two or three minutes.

Many of the steamboats did not wait for the Thistle. The cutter was coming in with a rush, however, and the suspense was short. The Clyde boat crossed amid cheers of consolation from the boats still near the line. The cutter ran close in to the old "Wreck of Scotland" and pulled in sail. Her foresail drooped, but the big mainsail carried her across the line, still easy, smooth and graceful, as proud as if she carried no burden of wrecked Scottish hopes. Twenty odd dozen cases of champagne had been taken on for the race and were stacked up in the cabin, but no bottles were broken then and there, or on the way up.

The two yachts passed each other up in the Narrows. The Thistle's crew gallantly cheered the Volunteer and the Volunteer's men returned the graceful compliment. The press boat offered the cutter a tow, but she declined it. One yacht bore off to Tompkinsville, the other to Bay Ridge. The fleet scattered in the mist of the Upper Bay. The great race was over and the crowd went home puffed up with triumph at the idea that no Scotch whiskey will be drunk out of the ugly America's yacht mug until next year at least.

INSPECTOR BYRNES AT THE WHEEL.

THE POLICE ON THE PATROL HAD NOTHING TO DO BUT ENJOY THE RACE AND HAVE A GOOD TIME.

The police boat Patrol carried her crew of fifty policemen to the yacht race and a few reporters were admitted on the vessel. Mr. French, who had seen every previous race in recent years, was obliged to stay in