For the breeze of the morning still held fast, a breeze that was just able to lift small ripples of waves up where they would trip on the tide and tumble over themselves, and that was a breeze to give a race well worth seeing if not just the thing from an old salt's point of view.

THE RACERS LIMBER UP.

Having arrived on the ground, the racers got their staysails over to windward. They hove to, as the sailor men said, though that term did not mean that they stopped dead still in their places. On the contrary, they continued the easy and graceful movements, hither and yon, with but slightly diminished speed.

After a little one of the tugs employed by the Racing Committee was seen carrying a message to the two racers, and after that the yachtsmen found nothing better to do for a time than to take note of the pleasure fleet out for a holiday.

During this time, of course, they observed that the Defender's charming mascot, Mrs. Iselin, was about the yacht's deck dressed in a sailor hat, a tunk waist, a white skirt, and white shoes, and as to the pleasure fleet, there were noted, among others, Commodore E. M. Brown's steam yacht Sylvia, the flagship of the New York Yacht Club; John Jacob Astor's Nourmahal, the Hon. William C. Whitney's steam yacht Columbia, W. K. Vanderbilt's steam yacht Valiant, J. Pierpont Morgan's steam yacht Corsair, J. H. Hanan's steam yacht Emma, Commodore George J. Gould's steam yacht Atalanta, D. H. King, Jr.'s schooner yacht Brunhilde, Commodore Harry M. Gillig's schooner Ramona, the flagship of the Larchmont Yacht Club; ex-Commodore E. D. Morgan's steam yacht Sheerwater, Eugene Higgins's steam yacht Sapphire, and Commodore E. C. Benedict's steam yacht Oneida, the flagship of the Seawanhaka-Corinthian Yacht Club.

The society sharps said that on board the Defender, in addition to the handsome mascot, they saw W. K. Vanderbilt, C. Oliver Iselin, W. Butler Duncan, Jr., Herbert C. Leeds, Woodbury Kane, Newberry Thorne, and Nat Herreshoff. On the Vigilant were Commodore George J. Gould, Corporation Counsel Francis M. Scott, Commodore Harry M. Gillig of the Larchmont Yacht Club, E. A. Willard, Willard P. Ward, Edmund Fish, Eugene S. Willard, and George A. Cormack.

The only regular excursion steamer out was the Al Foster, but she brought a load that showed the interest New York people have in yachting as a sport. People long since concluded that the Defender would be chosen, and yet this steamer was black with citizens eager to watch the doings of the two racers.

FIXING THE PRELIMINARIES.

Of course, during this wait, the yacht sharps had a severe look at the new mast of the Defender, and, though they were sharps, they were obliged to admit that they could not remember any difference between it and the old one. Eventually, as the time for the start drew near, a tiny launch left the side of the big Valiant and carried her owner over to the Defender, and he remained on board and made the race in her.

Meantime the yachtsmen on lookout had noticed that the Valkyrie had set her club topsail, slipped her cable, and was coming out to the race course. After rounding the Hook she set her jib topsail and reached out to sea at a whopping pace. Then the Regatta Committee's swift iron tug came out to sea displaying a bit of bunting indicating that the clippers would start from the Scotland Lightship. A little later she was flying three strings of flags, three in a string, from a horizontal stay between her fore and main topmasts. The experts, with the help of the New York Yacht Club's little blue book, made out that the flags were D C N, D B H, and D F V, meaning, respectively, that the yachts would sail eight knots to the southeast, eight knots north by east, half east, and eight knots west by south. Then she came to anchor at the usual distance from the lightship to make the line for the start.

WAITING FOR THE SIGNAL.

The nimble crews of the racers quickly got their ballyon jib topsails stretched in stops up along the stays, the Vigilant's crew, as usual, being the more nimble of the two in handling the canvas. As the wind, which was not blowing more than six knots, was just west of south, the intention of the Regatta Committee was to have the first leg of the triangle with the wind on the starboard quarter, the second leg a run with the wind far on the port quarter, fit for spinnakers, and the final leg a beat. That is to say, the race was to start with a broad reach, and the kites could be carried to advantage in that breeze. The Defender held fast her ordinary jib and staysail, and that is a good point to remember, but the Vigilant hauled down her staysail and set a balloon in stops in place of it.

Then came the finest bit of seamanship in handling a yacht at the starting line since the day when the old Volunteer set the pace for the Thistle in their first race.

As the long blast on the committee's tug's whistle and the flutter of the blue peter, and the hoisting of a big red ball announced that the time for jockeying for place had come, the Defender was found on the shore side of the line, while the Vigilant was out to sea. But the Vigilant soon beat up to the proper place, and then the two sauntered off toward the Coney Island region. A little later they came about and headed back for a position just above the line, both yachts being then close hauled on the starboard tack.

DEFENDER'S GRAND START.

As they came up opposite the line, though several lengths away from it, the expert saw that the Vigilant had managed to work out on the weather bow of her opponent. She apparently had the choice of positions. Then her Captain put up his helm and started her down for the line. But he didn't know the resources of the old skipper with the Populist beard on the yacht astern. As the Vigilant began to turn Capt. Haff threw the helm of the Defender up with a quick whirl of the wheel, the men forward broke out and hauled aft the big balloon jib, and while yet the spectators had hardly realized that the start for the line had been made, the wind filled the mighty canvas and the new clipper shot out from under the lee of the old champion into full view and led the way to the line.

The signal ball on the committee's tug dropped, and a blast of the whistle announced that the time to cross had come. The Vigilant's balloon staysail was hauled aft and her balloon jib soon followed, but the two together could not avail.

The Defender's talent had been content to let Capt. Barr of the Vigilant indulge for a time the illusion that windward position meant advantage. It does, usually, but in yesterday's contest it counted for nothing.

Capt. Barr and his advisers may have thought for a moment that they would blanket the new keel boat as the two turned for the line, and they were doubtless startled to see the wondrous Herreshoff vision flee away through their leg with ghost-like celerity and cross the line.

The Defender carried off the honors by more than a length.

The official time of crossing was:

Defender	11:20:28
Vigilant	11:20:40

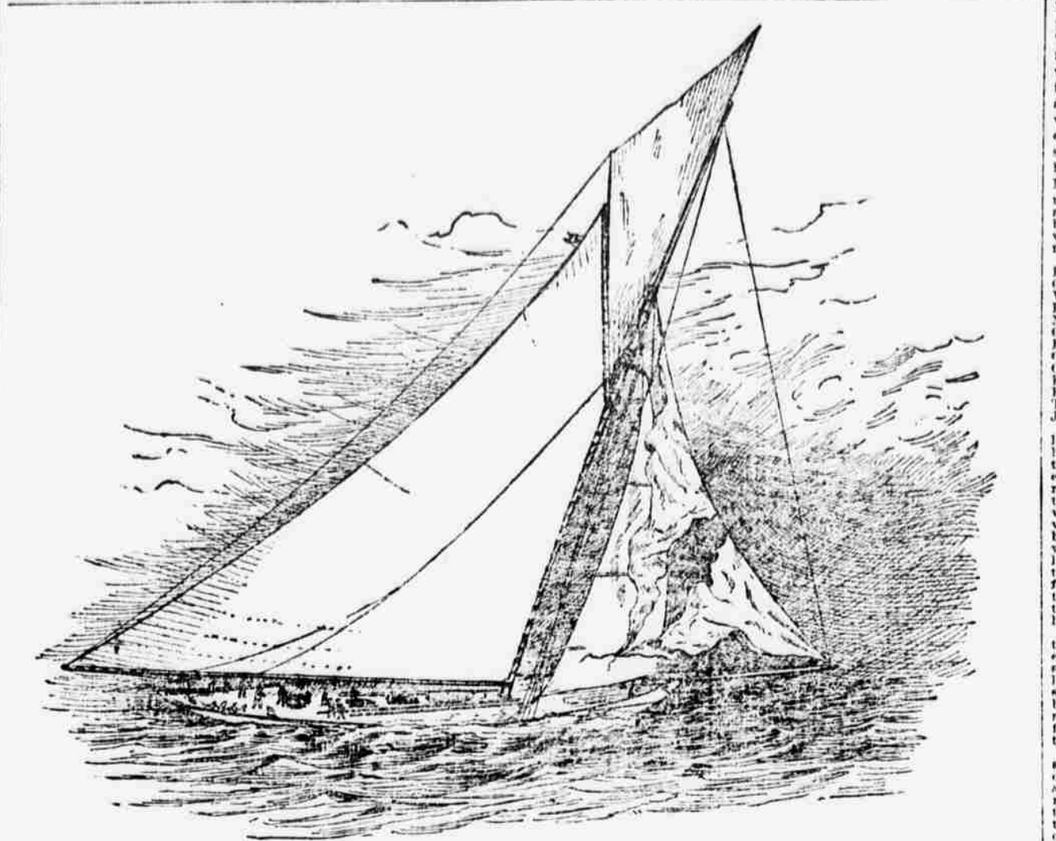
When the line had been crossed and the crews of the two yachts had hurried out on the bowsprits to get down the jibs, the old salts said that Capt. Haff had shown his wisdom when he kept both of his head sails set while reaching for a position before the line. Having more sail forward than his opponent he much more quickly turned down toward the line. But the most important, and for the jingoes about the most cheerful feature of the incident, was the handling of the big balloon jib, the Defender's Yankee crew have all along seemed slow in an exasperating degree, but the way they got that balloon jib to drawing was something to open the eyes of the croakers. It was thereafter the opinion of the old salts that the Defender's crew would do when the test came.

For a time after crossing the line the position of the Vigilant was necessarily just right for blanketing the leader, but Capt. Haff soon got the Defender up to windward enough to avoid that, and then it was apparent that the new ship was drawing ahead in a way that was remarkable. There was even a suspicion that the Defender had been restrained in preceding contests, and that she was, in the words of a Bowery yachtsman, "making a monkey" of the Vigilant. It was apparent, even to the tyro, that the race belonged to the Defender on that leg any way.

THE CHALLENGER SHOWS SPEED.

Having satisfied themselves of this fact, the yachtsmen turned to look away inshore to where the lofty spread of canvas of the Valkyrie had been seen, and they were not a little interested to find that the Britisher had been coming up hand over fist. She had set her balloon jib instead of the jib topsail, and with everything rap full was driving along at a pace that the old salts said was dangerous from a practical point of view. And, what was worse, as it seemed for a time, she continued to come up—to overhaul even the two racers that were legging it over the course in racing fetter. But while the spectators were looking on in astonishment at this apparent superiority, the two racers suddenly lost almost all the headway they had been showing. It was seen then that the little gale that had enabled the racers to get off in such beautiful form had been only a land breeze. It had been, and it remained in fair force for a mile or so out beyond the Scotland Lightship, but there the racers ran out of it. The tiny whitecaps disappeared, even the capless waves melted down, and only the oil-smooth sea remained. The Valkyrie continued to overhaul the racers until she ran out of the wind, and then finding that in the zephyrs prevailing there she wasn't gaining any more on the racers, she concluded to go hunting the breeze and went away toward Long Island.

Ordinarily a drifting match is exasperating to the old salts. No sailorman admires a flabby form in sails or elsewhere, and the sails of the racers and the Britisher alike bagged down in most disreputable fashion. But in this case salts and landsmen alike were consoled by the opportunity the calm gave for a look at the Britisher. Almost the entire fleet of pleasure craft deserted the racers to run down to where the Watson cutter was jogging along. The view the old salts got of her was on the whole reassuring to the jingoes so far as the spread of canvas was concerned—the spread that has been called very much greater than the Defender's. The yacht sharps said that her mainsail was apparently a little less on the luff and a little more on the leach than that of the Defender. The cloths of the sail were narrower than the Yankee's, and the canvas perhaps lighter. The set of the sail was just about that of the new Yankee's, and therefore not quite as good as that of the old Vigilant. The club topsail, in which most of the cloths ran diagonally from both the foot and the leach to a centre point beyond the luff, was as handsome a spread of canvas as ever a sailor saw. Her balloon jib was also simply perfect. As to her hull, she looked as she floated like a black model of the Vigilant. On the whole her spread of canvas seemed about the same as that of the Defender. It certainly is not as much greater as has been said.



WHEN THE JIB CARRIED AWAY.

If a guess may be made on the subject, she will not allow the Yankee a half minute's time on measurement, if she does that, but in any such a zephyr as that of yesterday morning she will have her best chance for success.

REACHING IN LIGHT AIR.

On turning back to the race, yachtsmen found that the Defender was showing herself a wonder as a light air boat. It was at 11:35 o'clock that the boats ran out of the land breeze. The Defender was then perhaps four lengths in advance. An hour later she had opened a gap estimated at half a mile. That she had done this without any advantage in the wind was apparent, for the two were on a broad reach, and the various flaws of wind that came along to drift them on always reached the stern boat first, of course. Of what strength the breeze was no absolutely certain estimate can be made, but even at Sandy Hook, where the land breeze mentioned was prevailing, the rate was only ten miles an hour. That was a breeze that had filled the sails and rumpled the sea, but now the sails, as said, hung limp, and the sea was like a mirror. The Defender was gaining beautifully in a breeze that did not exceed three miles an hour.

This set the yacht sharps talking about the Defender's voluminous white balloon jib. It was a fabric that seemed as sensitive to the puffs as a spider's web. It bellied to the slightest air and towed the keel Yankee va bit along as no sail has ever towed a centreboarder. It was not so with the Vigilant's dusky balloonER. Apparently, that was woven of weightier stuff, and it sagged and shivered and flapped in discouraging style.

WITH JIB TOPSAILS SET.

It had been, on the whole, an idle run on this leg of the course among the spectators; but, considering that the hope of saving the cup lies in the superiority of the new ship over the old one, the first leg of the race was by no means uninteresting. By 1:10 o'clock the wind shifted to the southard, and the Defender got the best of that shift. Taking in her balloon jib, she set a big jib topsail. The Vigilant followed this move about five minutes later, but set a medium instead of a big jib topsail. The new breeze was nothing to excite any one, but it about filled the canvas, and so enlivened the race a bit, to the manifest relief of every spectator. The two boats were now close-hauled on the starboard tack.

Meantime the stakeboat had come into view. It was anchored some distance beyond a fleet of fishing schooners, that served to interest the spectators somewhat. And after they were passed the wind continued to freshen slowly until the turn was reached.

The turn was interesting in a mild way. The skipper of the Defender found that his big jib topsail had headed him off so much that he could not leave the stake to port as the rule required, and so when the stake was a few lengths off he went about to the port tack and headed thus for about two minutes. Then he came about again and stood close to the mark. With more alacrity than had been shown in former races, her crew rigged out the spinnaker boom, and with this waving up and down to the roll of the yacht over the long seas the helm was put up and around she went. But it took her men a minute and ten seconds after the turn to get the spinnaker up in stops and start breaking it out. The old salts said that was slow work. The Vigilant followed rather more to windward, and her crew worked as if they had practiced for weeks for what their boat lost when the race was started. Not only did they get the spinnaker boom in place before the turn was reached, but they got their spinnaker up and down the mast in stops. Then the Captain jammed down his helm, for he had to luff to round the mark. The crew then let down the jib topsail, snaked the tack of the spinnaker to its place, and just as the helm was put up to send the yacht around the turn began to sheet the big sail home. They did not lose a ship's length in getting the benefit of that sail.

The official time at the turn was:

Defender	2:01:00
Vigilant	2:00:17

The Defender had covered a course eight miles long in 2 hours 40 minutes and 32 seconds. Allowing that she lost the 32 seconds in the tacking when she did to enable her to weather the stake, she covered the eight miles at the rate of just three miles per hour. She gained on the eight-mile course just 5 minutes and 5 seconds.

After rounding the stake both boats set their balloon jibs as usual before the wind, and then the drift toward the second turn over on the Long Island side was will begun.

Meantime a threatening cloud had been coming up from the south. It was not large, but it was thick and black. To the ordinary spectator a squall to make the sailors hump themselves about the decks of their clippers seemed impending. The old salts wished that it might be so for the sake of the diversion it would afford, but there was no sign of wind beneath the cloud, and when it got overhead it developed nothing more than a sprinkle of rain. At this one old salt repeated the sailorman's adage: "When the rain's before the wind the topsail halliards you must mind," and the adage proved prophetic.

As for the rain, the sailormen said it might wet down the canvas enough to make it hold the wind better,—that is, to swell the threads of the sails and so close so much of a mesh as may be found in yacht canvas, but there was not enough for that. In fact, except for making the landlubbers lie down below the only result of the sprinkle was to color the luff of the Vigilant's balloon jib a very dirty brown.

STERN CHASE FOR VIGILANT.

In the race over this part of the course the Defender appeared to gain slowly but steadily. The breeze, though light, was fairly steady. It being a run before the wind the Vigilant had the benefit of any extra puffs, if there were any, but none were noticed by the yacht sharps. There was another black cloud gathering over the Jersey highlands, but that was a matter that was not going to influence this leg of the race, a leg that was wholly devoid of incident in the handling of the yachts themselves.

By 3 o'clock the second stakeboat was well in view, and the Defender's balloon jib was soon replaced by the baby jib topsail. They were preparing to gybe over when rounding the stake. The Vigilant was so far behind that she held on to her balloon jib for some minutes longer, and as it was drawing very well she undoubtedly had regained a bit of her loss on this leg. About seven minutes after the Defender took in her balloon the Vigilant followed, and by the time the Defender was but a few lengths from the stake beyond which the pleasure fleet was massed. Her movements at the turn were easy and well timed. Just before the turn was reached she got in her spinnaker, then eased her boom over to starboard, and then, as her helm was put over, her crew sheeted home the baby jib topsail, and away she went straight for the old Scotland Light.

As said, there were signs of a change of weather to be seen in the sky while yet the racers, under pyramids of muslin, ran out to the second mark. A portentous gloom appeared in the west and southwest. The line of the horizon there vanished. There arose a vast leaden cloud, and on this the spirits of the storm wrote their glittering monograms, while the growling of distant thunder sent a thrill through the attending fleet.

DASHES INTO THE GALE.

The Defender, with every stitch of canvas set that she would carry in a summer breeze, had rounded the turn and was heading straight for the black squall that was plunging down from the Navesink Highlands into the sea. The wild dash into the gale that followed was something to stir the blood of the spectator in a way that has rarely, if ever, been known on the Sandy Hook race course. The wind the old salts had wished for in the first black cloud was coming out of this one, and more than they wanted of it at that.

The pace the Defender set the moment she was around the turn was a caution to all skippers in the pleasure fleet. It was a notice to them that if they wanted to see the finish they'd better set their propeller wheels a-turning through the water. Even the skipper of the committee's tug accepted the notice, for without waiting to time the Vigilant he started his boat driving through the water toward the Scotland Light, and the whole steam fleet came racing along behind.

For a few minutes enough to enable the Vigilant to follow around the turn and head up for the home line, the wind held steady and light, and then, off where the black fog shut down on the sea, a snow-white line appeared on the water and came hurrying toward the fleet, as a fluffy cloud is sometimes seen driving along under the black mass of a coming gale. That line was the sign of the wind, and it was a sign not to be misunderstood. The squall was booming out to sea, piling up the water into heaps that were bursting open and spurting the white upon drift high in air. But with every sail, even her jib topsail, held fast, the Defender leaped into the midst of it. For a moment she swayed before the blast and rose up and faced it again as she was lifted to ease her. At this the tiny jib topsail was brought down on the run. Again the wind struck her down and again she rose, only to go down once more and break the solid black into a milk-white curl beneath her bow. But it was a roaring gale, and the heart of it was upon her. Like a thing of life she turned to meet it, and then a treacherous rope, the jib sheet, parted. For a moment the great sail rose in the air, and then with swish dashed down. The clew split open and the rent crossed the sail like a flash, while the tatters were hurled out of the leach, some whole and some broken, and were scattered over the foaming water.

A CRITICAL MOMENT.

The spectators looked on in amazement and terror. How could the topmast stand the terrific strain of that giant club topsail spread to the gale? For a moment no disaster seemed too great to come. But their terror soon turned to wonder and admiration. The crew ran forward the moment the sheet parted. The yacht lifted till the strain was eased and then down came the rage. The work that followed was something to make the judge proud. A sailor in his efforts to keep the long sail out of the water ran out on the bowsprit at the risk of his life and gathered it in. Others followed and some go down to where the foam was boiling over the ice rail to help.

And then when the timid spectator looked to see the big club topsail hauled down, another section of the crew yanked a new jib out of the hold, snaked it forward and out to the bowsprit end, and then whooped it aloft and hauled it aft till the taut cam as began to pull like a steamboat. That's the kind of sailor Capt. Haff is, and that is the kind of crew he has under him. The squall might rob the ship of a bit of canvas, but men were to be set in a little time. And when the new sail was set Capt. Haff knew just what to do next. It was a heavy blow, but it was a squall, and it would soon pass, so he held his boat sharp up, keeping the topsail half aback until the dangerous weight was passed, and then he eased her off and set his baby jib topsail again.

Meantime some of the spectators had turned for an occasional look at the Vigilant. They saw her jib topsail come down on the run the moment the wind increased a trifle, and then when the real squall came and rolled her down with the lee rail out of sight she luffed up and took down her club topsail. A little later the puff that had carried away the Defender's jib struck, and, luffing up till everything but the mainsail was banging about in the gale, she hung there for just two minutes by the watch, and so escaped disaster. And when the wind got down again to a reasonable speed she set her working gaff topsail instead of the club topsail.

THE MAST DID NOT BUCKLE.

Although the spectators for the most part gave their chief attention to the work of the Defender's crew, there was enough in the motions of the ship herself to excite astonishment. Some of the spectators who watched the mast narrowly said that it buckled and that she narrowly escaped losing it. Others who were looking at it all the time did not see it buckle, and Mr. Iselin said afterward that the stick had proved entirely satisfactory. The truth is it did bend a little, but not at all as much as it might have been expected to do, and no one need have any fears about it. And then there was the way in which she stood up under the blast. The instant those she got barely drove her lee rail down under the water, while the speed that she made under the impulse of the puff was simply amazing.

Of the speed of the wind a fair estimate is at hand. The squall came from the southward and passed from the land out to sea. The edge of it only struck the weather observer at Sandy Hook, and yet his wind gauge showed a speed of thirty-five miles. It is a conservative estimate to say that out beyond the Sandy Hook Lightship, where the yachts caught the heart of the squall, the speed of the wind was not less than forty-five miles an hour.

The worst of the blow was over in fifteen minutes, six of which the Defender had spent in gathering in her tattered jib.

The rest of the story of the race is soon told. The second turn was rounded according to the committee's figures as follows:

Defender	3:16:30
Vigilant	3:24:00

The Defender led by 7½ minutes, and she had gained 2 minutes and 15 seconds running before a light breeze. This will be found particularly encouraging to the jingoes, because, as every one must remember, the Vigilant was always strongest in a run before the wind.

After the squall had passed in the last leg the finish was comparatively a tame affair. The Vigilant had lost so much during the gale that she was hull down astern. As will appear in the table further on, the dash to windward had resulted to her disadvantage by nearly eleven minutes. Summary:

	Start.	First Mark.	Second Mark.	Finish.	Elapsed Time.
	H. M. S.	H. M. S.	H. M. S.	H. M. S.	H. M. S.
Defender	11:20:28	2:01:00	3:16:30	4:10:08	4:49:40
Vigilant	11:20:40	2:06:17	3:24:00	4:28:23	5:07:43

Elapsed times between start and first mark: Defender, 2:40:32; Vigilant, 2:45:37. Defender beat Vigilant 5 minutes 5 seconds.

Elapsed times, first and second marks: Defender, 1:15:30; Vigilant, 1:17:43. Defender beat Vigilant 2 minutes 13 seconds.

Elapsed times between second mark and finish: Defender, 0:53:38; Vigilant, 1:04:23. Defender beat Vigilant 10 minutes 45 seconds.

Defender beat Vigilant, total elapsed time, 18 minutes 8 seconds.

ON BOARD THE WINNER.

A SUN reporter boarded the Defender soon after she dropped anchor in the Horseshoe. On board were Mr. and Mrs. C. Oliver Iselin, Herbert C. Leeds, Newberry D. Thorne, and Nat Herreshoff, Messrs. Duncan and Kane having just left in a naphtha launch to go swimming. Every one looked happy and pleased over the aluminum-bronze boat's great victory, and their faces were wreathed with smiles when they were informed that they had won by 18 minutes and 3 seconds. Mr. Iselin, who is usually rather uncommunicative, took the initiative yesterday and said:

"I would like to contradict some of the absurd stories which have been circulated about the Defender being strained, and that she is structurally weak. I would like to satisfy the American public once, and for all, that the Defender is all right and that she is as sound as the day she was launched. For some unknown reason, these reports, which are entirely false and unwarranted, keep cropping up, and I would like to satisfy the public on this point. Now, if you will only come below you can satisfy yourself that nothing is wrong about the boat."

DEFENDER'S STRONG FRAME.

Mr. Iselin led the way down the companionway and the reporter entered a small saloon, which was handsomely, if not luxuriously, fitted up for a racing yacht, the walls being covered with canvas crossed with diamond-shaped squares formed by narrow strips of stained wood, while the transoms on either side of the room were upholstered in cretonne. Crossing the cabin ceiling at regular intervals were aluminum deck beams, with thin and narrow straps of aluminum running in all directions for strengthening purposes. On either side a steel angle iron shelf runs fore and aft under the ends of the deck beams. There are also similar steel angle irons the whole length of the bilges, and from the shelf to the bilge steel braces are run at angles about four and a half feet apart, the whole forming a perfect bridge truss, so to speak, and giving her the strongest frame ever seen in an American yacht.

After the reporter had carefully examined the Defender's construction, as far as it could be observed without going below the orlop deck, Mr. Iselin said:

NOT EVEN A PAINT CRACK.

"Now what do you think of her? Has she been strained in any way?"

To the reporter assuring him that he saw no signs of weakness anywhere, Mr. Iselin said:

"No, she is the best built yacht I ever was aboard, and I have been on both the Colonia and Vigilant. There you could poke your finger in cracks in the seams of some of the braces, that opened under the great strain which naturally comes when you drive a boat in a race. Now, on the Defender you will notice that not even the paint around the deck frames," said Mr. Iselin, pointing to the white enamel coating which covers the Defender's deck beams, "has even cracked. Now, if those reports were true, certainly the paint would have cracked.

"Come forward," said Mr. Iselin. "Now, up here by the mast, where the greatest strain comes, not a nut or a bolt is loose or a frame bent. If this boat is not well built I would like you to find me one that is."

When asked about yesterday's race, Mr. Iselin said:

"Well, I think it speaks for itself. Don't you?"

In speaking of the accident to the Defender's jib, Mr. Iselin said:

"The club on our jib broke in two and then the sail split right in half."

DOESN'T MIND LITTLE SQUALLS.

"Why did you hold on to your club topsail so long, Mr. Iselin; did you think the squall would blow over?"

"Well, we thought we could stand a little squall like that. We carried our sail all right. There was no trouble about that, though it blew pretty hard for a time."

Mr. Leeds broke in here with the remark that while it blew some in the squall they had a very light air on the first part of the race, and even welcomed a breeze that blew away, saying:

"How did your new mast stand the strain? It seemed to us to buckle a little at times," said the reporter.

"Oh, the mast stood it very well indeed, I thought," said Mr. Iselin, "but we have not tried it in a seaway."

"What do you think of the Valkyrie?"

"Well, we had no chance to study her. She seemed to come out with the shore breeze; when it left her she stopped just the same as we did."

"How did the Valkyrie stand the squall?" was then asked in a chorus. On being told that the English yacht had taken down her club topsail and let her light canvas down on the run the Defender's amateur crew smiled, but said nothing. Mr. Iselin said, as the reporter left, that beyond the split jib no accident had happened to the Defender, and that she would be at the starting line to-day.

MR. GOULD'S PLEASANT SAIL.

After the reporter left the Defender he rowed over to the Atalanta, the flagship of the Atlantic Yacht Club, owned by Commodore George J. Gould, who has spent nearly $30,000 in putting the Vigilant in commission for a trial horse or a cup defender, as the committee may decide. Commodore Gould, who had just returned from the Vigilant in a steam launch, received the reporter courteously, and in response to a query as to what he thought of yesterday's race said:

"I enjoyed it very much and had a very pleasant sail."

He laughingly continued: "We had a good rear view of the Defender, and I must say she has a very beautiful stern.

"The Defender sailed remarkably fast in the light weather and developed great speed when it began to blow. I always said the Defender was a very fast boat, and I still think so."

"Well, Commodore," interrupted F. T. Adams, Vice Commodore of the Atlantic Yacht Club, who is one of Mr. Gould's guests on the Atalanta, "do you think the Valkyrie will win the cup?"

"Well," answered Commodore Gould, "I think the Valkyrie is the fastest yacht yet turned out in England, but in my judgment the cup is safe and will remain here."

Mr. Gould, in speaking of the Vigilant, said that nothing had been carried away, and that while they got several bad knock-downs in the squall, no damage was done and that she would be on hand for to-day's race.

"You know," said Mr. Gould, "we know the Vigilant is going to be beaten, but we are willing to go out and race the Defender as often as they please if it will help save the cup."

Commodore Gould then returned to the Vigilant and took a long swim, getting back to the Atalanta for dinner.

SURPRISED ON VALKYRIE.

No one cared to talk on the Valkyrie about yesterday's race, but they were all anxious to hear if the Defender had carried her club topsail in the squall. On being told that she did they seemed greatly surprised, but declined to talk about the race, as they claimed they were not near enough to see the yachts well.

Mr. Gleannie, when asked if the date of the first cup race, Sept. 7, was satisfactory to Lord Dunraven, said:

"Perfectly so as far as I am aware."

ON THE N. Y. Y. C. STEAMER.

How the Yachting Sharps and Landlubbers Enjoyed the Race.

Probably the merriest party afloat during the trial was that which boarded the tug Edgar F. Luckenbach, chartered by the New York Yacht Club for its members and guests. All were on hand promptly at pier 4, to the evident disappointment of the leisurely dock frequenters who deserted their fishing lines in the hope of having some fun with late arrivals. It may have been the proximity of Buttermilk Channel that suggested thirst. In any case, the steamer was soon down by the stern with the rush of excursionists toward the ice tubs. Some were too patriotic in their sentiments to touch anything not bearing an American brand, but others, presumably backers of the British cutter, favored an exhilarating beverage consisting of "Scotch" and imported ginger ale.

The trip to Scotland Lightship was uneventful from a yachting standpoint, but it served to draw a distinct line between the veteran salts and those whose connection with the briny was limited to racy looking reefers and the newspapers with which every pocket was stuffed. The former improved the occasion by hoisting in all the solid and liquid nourishment in sight, while the landsmen seemed to lose all interest in mundane affairs before Liberty was left well astern. Under the veneer of enjoyment there was a strong feeling of anxiety as to the existence of a Defender hoodoo, and not a few seemed to fear that something on the syndicate boat would give way if a fresh breeze sprung up. It was clear, however, that the N. Y. Y. C. representatives aboard regarded Defender's victory as a foregone conclusion, all the trial tickets being taken up, with the proviso that fresh ones would be issued if a third trial was considered necessary.

Among those aboard were Delancey A. Kane, Edward Kelly, J. V. S. Oddie, Harold Oddie, Cecil Baring, A. P. Ketchum, Gen. Thomas Watson, J. M. Davis, A. S. Ranlett, Frank T. Redwood of the Baltimore Y. C., Chester E. Munroe, Capt. James D. White, A. Cary Smith, Commodore Mayhew W. Bronson, N. Y. A. C.; Howard S. Jaffray and party, E. E. Chase, A. M. Griswold, H. Edward Ecken, N. Y. Y. C. House Committee; Capt. Arthur H. Clark of Boston, F. M. Hoyt, Clifford Hendricks, J. Brien Foulke, H. M. Dombaugh, G. De Forest Grant, Isaac Townsend Smith, W. P. Stephens, George W. Jones, and F. A. Gould.

Passing the Horseshoe, all glasses were levelled toward Valkyrie's moorings, and the challenger was soon made out coming gracefully toward the starting point. She was not near enough to furnish the critics with much material for debate, and they transferred their attentions to the Defender and Vigilant, which were discovered hovering around the lightship waiting for the committee's signal. The Gould boat was again canvased to perfection, and she was immediately labelled "dangerous" in the light and fluky breezes which prevailed before the start. Defender's appearance also aroused favorable comment, and the shellbacks insisted that she looked far more like genuine racing than before she went to Bristol for her last overhauling.

The appetites created by the salty zephyrs of the lower bay were smothered for a time by the enthusiasm which followed the preparatory signal. As the two rivals finally made for the line like a team, the yachting sharps were beside themselves with delight and several liquid bets were made on the spot. The principals did not trouble any outsider to hold the stakes, and for some minutes the bartender had a busier time than Fatty Haff and Harry.

When the snowily draped racers were fairly away on the first lee attention was concentrated on the luncheon and the viands disappeared in a fashion which would have puzzled Prof. Herrmann. Only those making their first trip ventured to turn for a glance at the rival yachts, as the slightest inattention was immediately seized on by practical jokers and ice cream got mixed up with lobster salad in a most embarrassing way. After the menu card had been decisively knocked out in the sixth round there was a general tendency to coop, as the yachts were barely creeping along the first leg.

Something came to the rescue at the critical moment with a set of lines, and half the excursionists were soon fishing for anything the sea might be pleased to give up. The first "bite" announced brought all the enthusiasts to the side of the lucky fisherman. Dozens of hands grasped the straining line, and after a few thrilling moments the combined efforts landed an empty quart bottle which had been confiscated an hour before. The Luckenbach had apparently drifted into a school, for the anglers to port and starboard kept landing bottles, sandwiches, and other relics of the lunch in amazing profusion. The coveted fish were apparently away on another tack, or didn't care for the bait which the chef had previously guaranteed as irresistible.

A decided change came over the scene as the yachts rounded the second mark and started on the last leg. The wind freshened suddenly and blicked to a fresh breeze, which brought the yachting cranks to their feet with renewed interest. The occasional boom of distant thunder, with lightning and rain as side effects, brought the old sheltucks to the rail with glasses fixed and eyes sparkling with excitement. Something like a sigh of disappointment went up when the storm again gave way to sunshine, but the enthusiasm did not subside until all on board had cheered the victorious Defender again and again. Then all settled down resignedly for a quiet run home, and it is safe to say that the same party will be on hand again this morning for another day's frolic with old Neptune.

Another Race To-day.

The America's Cup Committee, after consulting with C. Oliver Iselin and Commodore Gould, held a meeting on the committee boat immediately after the race. Commodore James D. Smith announced that the third trial race would be sailed to-day, starting from either Scotland or Sandy Hook lightships at 11 o'clock. The conditions which will govern the race are as follows:

The start will be made off Sandy Hook or Scotland Lightship, the preparatory signal being given at 11 o'clock in the morn ng.

Course No. 1 (Letter C).—From the starting line to and around a mark ten miles to windward or to leeward and return, leaving the mark on the starboard hand.

Course No. 2 (Letter D).—From the starting line, eight miles to and around a mark, thence eight miles to and around a second mark, and thence eight miles to finish line, turning the marks on the outside of the triangle, to port or starboard, according as the yachts are sent around.

Start up and finish lines will be been a point on the committee boat, with an orange flag and the malaphone of the lightship. These lines will be at right angles with the outward and home courses respectively.

To Sail Twice Over—Two red balls will be displayed vertically, and in turning the lightship it must be left on the same hand as the outer mark of marks.

Compass courses will be signaled before the preparatory signal is made. The signals for course No. 2 must be read beginning forward.

Marks will be floats displaying a red flag with white strip.

Starting Signals—Each signal will be accompanied by a fifteen second blast of whistle.

Preparatory—The blue peter will be hoisted.

Signal for the Start—Ten minutes later the blue peter will be lowered and a red ball hoisted.

Handicap Time—Two minutes later the ball will drop.

Recall Signals—A yacht crossing the line before the starting signal is made will be recalled by a blast of the whistle and the display of her private signal on the flag.

Letter F.—All yachts come within hail.

All signals will be made by the club code.

Dunraven Boards the Valkyrie Early.

After passing the night on board the White Star Steamship Teutonic the Earl of Dunraven, who, with his daughters, arrived on Wednesday night, turned out of his berth at 7 o'clock yesterday morning. After breakfasting with his daughters, Lady Rachel and Lady Aileen, and Designer Watson, the Earl expressed a wish to get down the bay and on board his yacht Valkyrie III. as soon as possible. Shortly after 8 o'clock the tug Pulver, with H. Maitland Kersey on board, tied up to the White Star pier, and a half hour later Lord Dunraven and Mr. Watson trotted down the Teutonic gangplank and boarded the tug.

The Earl looked as if he anticipated a pleasant day, and waved an adieu to his daughters, who remained on the steamship. The Pulver steamed down the bay at full speed, and the Earl boarded the Valkyrie shortly after 10 o'clock. His daughters left the steamship at 9 o'clock, and were driven to the Hotel Waldorf.

Rules and Regulations for the Cup Races.

Last evening the America's Cup Committee held another meeting at the New York Yacht Club house. A programme of the rules and regulations which will govern the Cup races was drafted. This programme will be submitted to Lord Dunraven when he holds a conference with the committee to-night. The committee, it is said, will meet the Earl at the club house at 8 o'clock to-night, and as several interesting points are likely to be brought up the meeting will probably be a protracted one.

New Sails for the Defender.

NEW ROCHELLE, Aug. 29.—Three new sails for the Defender reached here from Boston this morning. They consist of a balloon topsail and two jib topsails. There will probably be a surprise in yachting circles when these sails are stretched on the Defender, as it is whispered that they are something out of the usual style, both as to size and material.

Defender's New Steel Spar.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Aug. 29.—Defender's new hollow steel spar was shipped to New York on the barge Wasp at 5 o'clock this morning. Workmen were engaged on the spar until 2:30 A. M., when the last rivet was driven. The weight of the boom is 4,045 pounds.

Our test for color of fabric is ten consecutive days' exposure to sun, wind, rain or snow weather—far rougher usage than a garment would usually get.

If boiling in caustic potash (an infallible test) shows any trace of cotton we reject the goods. We may be "crotchetty" as the cloth makers call us; but only cloth standing these tests will make clothes upon which we can stake our reputation—a reputation gained by selling just such to-be-depended-upon clothes.

ROGERS PEET & Co

Prince and Broadway.
Warren and Broadway.
22d and Broadway.

MORE ARMS REACH CUBA.

An Expedition from Philadelphia Safely Landed There.

The Cuban party in this city was informed yesterday that an expedition had landed on the eastern end of the island near Santiago.

The expedition to which this despatch had reference left Philadelphia on Wednesday of last week. It was commanded by Francesco Sanchez Echeverria, and consisted of fifty men. The steamboat which carried the men left the port in broad daylight so as not to excite suspicion. Besides the men the vessel had on board 300 Winchester rifles, 200,000 cartridges, and a large supply of medicines and provisions. It was reported here yesterday that the men would at once join the forces of Gen. Antonio Maceo.

The reason for sending such a small number of men and such a large quantity of arms and ammunition is because there are already many men in Cuba ready to join the insurgents, but they cannot for lack of arms. The men sent to Cuba on these expeditions are sent more as a protection for the arms and ammunition sent than to fight in the insurgent ranks.

Francesco Sanchez Echeverria, who has successfully piloted this latest expedition, is a man of about 50 years of age, tall and athletic. He came to this city about two months ago from Vera Cruz, Mexico, where he went after being expelled from Santiago de Cuba for participation in the insurrection. He was notified by the Spanish authorities that unless he left the island he would be taken prisoner. Señor Echeverria comes from one of Santiago's best families. His brother, who was a leading merchant in that city, has, since Francesco's arrival here, also been expelled from Cuba.

Señor Echeverria is a veteran of the ten-year war. The first expedition he attempted to take to Cuba was in 1879 from Wilmington, Del. The United States authorities, however, stepped in and prevented his sailing.

Then Lieut. Echeverria, for that was his rank, went to Hayti to join an expedition under Gen. Julio Peralta on the steamer Hornet. After all arrangements had been made it was discovered that coal could not be had.

His third attempt to reach the island was made in 1871, and was successful. That expedition was commanded by Col. Codina, and it landed in the Eastern district, after passing right by the Spanish gunboat Churruca, which was there to watch for filibusters.

Lieut. Echeverria proved himself a brave and fearless soldier, and for the part which he took in the previous insurrection he has the confidence of the entire Cuban party.

The fact that the expedition left Philadelphia will probably be a surprise to most people. The reason for this action was that the Southern coast of the United States is now watched by both United States and Spanish boats.

CUBA'S STRUGGLE.

A Little Fighting Almost Every Day—More Help for the Patriots Landed.

SANTIAGO DE CUBA, Aug. 21, via Key West, Aug. 29.—The two young men who arrived here the other day from Havana to join the rebels, and who were detained in the office of the