"IF YOU SEE IT IN The Sun IT'S SO."

The Sun.

VOL. LXIII.—NO. 8. NEW YORK, SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1895.—COPYRIGHT, 1895, BY THE SUN PRINTING AND PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION.—TWENTY-SIX PAGES. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

THE WEATHER PREDICTION
For New York and Its Vicinity:
Generally fair; winds shifting to northerly.

DEFENDER WINS

She Beats Valkyrie in the First Race for the Cup.

IT WAS A GLORIOUS VICTORY.

Won by Eight Minutes and Forty-nine Seconds.

A MULTITUDE AFLOAT.

Valkyrie Was Not in It Either in Beating or Running.

At First, When the Wind Was Merely a Zephyr, the Defender Appeared to Be Losing—The Patriots Were Discouraged Until the Valkyrie Made an Unsuccessful Effort to Cross Our Big Sloop's Bows—Then We Yelled and Cheered, for It Was Seen that the Yankee Had Assumed the Lead—In the 15 Miles of Windward Work the Defender Beat the Valkyrie 3 Minutes and 27 Seconds—Running Home, with the Breeze Quartering, the Defender Was 4 Minutes and 53 Seconds Better Than the British Cutter—A Resplendent Fleet of Steamships, big Sidewheelers, and Pleasure Craft Accompany the Racers—Pandemonium at the Finish—False Reports by the Chicago Associated Press Created an Impression in the West and Abroad that the Valkyrie Had Won.

The first race of a series of three best in five between the British yacht Valkyrie III. and the Yankee yacht Defender for the America's Cup, the token of the championship of the world, was sailed yesterday outside of Sandy Hook, and resulted in a victory for the Defender that was in some respects the most notable known in the long history of English attempts to build a better yacht than the Americans could do. To fully appreciate how great this victory was, it must be remembered that the challenging yacht was especially designed and constructed for use in the light weather that has usually prevailed during the international races of modern times. Further than that, she was the product of the brain of a man who twice before came to America with the best he could make to carry away the cup and failed.

That he had profited by what he had seen in former races need not be said to those who have seen his latest ship under sail. Last of all, it must be known that the very weather which he had seen on former occasions prevailed yesterday. The wind never for an hour was swifter than eight knots in the watch tower of the Government observer at Sandy Hook. And yet in spite of all this the Defender, that was designed as an all-around ship and not as a special light-weather machine, was the winner by the great margin of 8 minutes and 49 seconds.

As a race, there was never one more satisfactory to patriotic Americans. As a pageant—a parade of the American people who are interested in the glory of the old flag on the high seas—there was never anything more imposing.

TABLES TURNED ON VALKYRIE.

And for thrilling interest there was never any event in yacht racing to equal that of the moment when the Valkyrie, believing she could cross the Yankee's bows, tacked around to try it and found that the Defender would cross hers instead, and so made haste to turn tail and run away. The yell that broke from the tens of thousands of spectators who were standing on tip toe to watch the crossing was something the like of which has never been heard off Sandy Hook. It was a yell that should have been heard around the world.

Satisfactory as all this is to every patriot American, the day was not wholly devoid of matters that were at least unfortunate. Because of circumstances that will be explained further on, it happened that when the racers got away over the line at the start they found before them a mass of tugs, yachts, and towering paddle-wheel steamers as impenetrable as a block of tenements. That these excursionists made haste to get away scarce need be said, but they never should have been in the way. It is a consolation, considering the result of the race, to know that this eager, heedless mob damaged the American boat, that had the weather gauge, even more than the foreigner.

Another matter of kindred interest was the extraordinary manner in which a news organization, the Chicago Associated Press, and its ally, the Reuter Company, falsified the story of what was done. That the Valkyrie, which was beaten before even the outer mark had been sighted, should have been reported, not only in the interior of the United States, but among her friends in London, as rounding the outer mark in advance of the Yankee, is something that seems beyond explanation.

It is due to the owner of the defeated yacht to say that she was not only handled with true British skill, but that when beating and reaching about in the legitimate jockeying for a start and at all other times there was no indication of any attempt to take any undue advantage. The days of crowding and the insisting on the letter instead of the spirit of the rule are gone.

And as for the crew of the Defender, it need only be said that for the first time a Yankee victory has been won by a Yankee crew as well as a Yankee ship from the brain of a Yankee designer. We may not call ourselves in port while yet we are outside the headlands and have two more bars to cross, but we've got the range lights in view and the lead says we're on soundings. If the eagle isn't screaming yet he's filling his lungs.

THE MORNING EXODUS.

We who saw the race—the spectators who were numbered by tens of thousands—were astir in the earliest hours of the morning. The yacht sharps in particular—those who made boast of having seen all the international races of recent years—were in haste to get away down to the piers where the shipping lay that was to carry them to the well-remembered race course. And there were hurried toilets a-plenty among all of us who were there and hasty snatches at coffee and rolls in lieu of a breakfast, with many anxious looks at the sky meantime to see what the weather was to be, if we might make a guess as the Weather Bureau had done.

And then singly and in two and threes, and at last in clumps and hurrying groups we came racing down the streets rarely visited by most of us to the water front on both the East and the North rivers. Here we found the shipping—great iron-walled ocean steamers, broad, white paddle-wheeled Sound and harbor boats, and stanch tugs, all fairly alive with bunting of bright colors that flapped in merry fashion in the breeze, while bands of men with brazen and stringed instruments made music to cheer or exasperate the spectator, according to the band and according to the spectator.

At the piers some of us who had come early, but without breakfast, stepped into the long-shore restaurants for a bite to eat, and so it happened that we stared with interest at novel if not always attractive surroundings, while we were at once objects of curiosity and of some other mental processes among the young men and the young women accustomed to serve 'longshore employees only.

Once on our ships, we sat down with a feeling of relief, for there was no longer danger of getting left ashore and none of missing a good seat from which to view the race. And so we turned once more to look at the weather and to ask the nautical sharps for their opinions.

The view was on the whole satisfactory, for there was a breeze, and it came from the north. The Weather Bureau had promised southeasterly winds, and the sharps who had seen the last race between the Defender and the Vigilant recalled the fact that a northerly breeze in the early hours at the piers had turned to one a bit south of east when they reached Sandy Hook Lightship. But the Weather Bureau had foretold fair weather, and here was a sky not only overcast with clouds, but sifting down a thin, fine spray of rain, just enough to make the delicate ones among us put on mackintoshes and wonder why we had left our umbrellas at home. That was not so pleasant as the hope of a breeze, of which the sharps talked so freely, but then no one grumbled very much.

Then the fleet began to leave the piers, the tugs with the newspaper men being the first, and these were followed by the handsome yachts whose owners rejoiced in the opportunity to take choice friends down to see the greatest nautical event of this year, or any other year, and, last of all, the big sidewheelers, whose owners were so glad to make room for a few more people that the first arrivals on board grew hot under the collar with impatience lest they arrive too late to see the start of the race.

Once we were ploughing up the dark waters of the upper bay all signs of breeze, as it seemed to some of us, were gone entirely, but those who thought so were wrong, they were deceived by the motion of the vessel running away before the wind about as fast as the wind was coming, and so creating a calm on the deck. The old sharps of course called attention to the further fact, which we all could see, that a gentle gale was dragging itself over the bay and rolling up the surface into frowning, wrinkled swells, of which some tripped on the inflowing tide, and with whitened, laughing faces went sprawling away before all.

THROUGH CURTAINS OF FOG.

The mist had grown thinner, meantime, leaving nothing but murk and fog that curtained off the scenery entirely a few miles away and left the islands of the bay and the shipping and the buildings of the nearby shore floating in a smoky haze that was illumined here and there where unseen rifts in the clouds above let the sunshine through. It was a beautiful picture that we saw—so beautiful that some of us could not help thinking about those on shore and feeling sorry that they could not be along to enjoy it.

As we ploughed along into the Narrows we began to get a slight idea of the interest the race had excited among the people of the metropolis. If the breeze had stirred the water into life, there were enough steam vessels afloat to make it boil. Never in the history of the outside races had the old salts seen so many vessels bound down the bay at once. Even when the newspaper tugs entered the Narrows there were forty-three yachts and other pleasure craft headed for Sandy Hook, and they were accompanied by a number of sailing yachts in tow. Naturally, since all were bound to see a race, the steamer skippers couldn't help showing they were men of sporting blood. So here and there one and another opened the speaking tube and bawled down to the engineer to tell him.

"That fool on the Mary Ann over there thinks he can keep up with us. Huh! Just give us a little more steam."

And he got the steam every time, and some times the Mary Ann got left and sometimes she didn't.

Further down the bay the wind was found canting to eastward, as the sharps had said it would do, but whether it was holding its own or not in weight was hard to tell, because the water of the channel was so cut up by the steamers that there was no judging of the effect of the wind on it. The mist and the fog seemed thicker at times. "The weather is coming in spots," was the way the sailors put it.

At best it was a light breeze, however, for the big Yankee schooner Charmer, bound out well loaded down, was merely drifting along. Even her new white mizzen topsail, a pretty spread of light canvas that was fit to catch a zephyr, bagged and fluttered as the waves from the steamers rocked her about. And when the nautical sharps saw that, they turned to one another and said, emphatically:

"This is a Valkyrie day. She was modelled for a light weather boat, and she has got what her designer was looking for."

But with the light air was found another factor. As we turned into the Swash Channel we found ourselves rolling and rising and falling over as pretty a swell as ever sent a landlubber reeling in anguish to a lee rail. If the Valkyrie was modelled for light airs, she was not so fit for a rolling sea as a ship of narrower model, so the sharps figured the matter up and said that the breeze was Valkyrie's, but the sea was Defender's, and there was a fair standoff between the two.

And that was just what the sportsmen afloat—the men who had rejoiced to find the time allowance between the two boats less than half a minute—had been hoping for.

SPEEDING THROUGH THE NARROWS.

During the time of the run down the lower bay the picture of the fleet increased in interest. In the narrow channel the ships that had spread all over the upper bay were forced into one great procession—a procession that reached unbroken from the point of Sandy Hook away through the Swash Channel and up to where the mists closed off the view at the Narrows. If it was a picture to attract attention earlier in the day, it had now become remarkable to a degree hitherto unknown. And, what is more, the procession, instead of thinning out on its way to sea, was constantly filling in on the right, for no end of sailing vessels—schooners and sloops—were found there, vessels loaded with passengers that had started at daylight, and even the night before, that they might go cruising about the home line and see the start and the finish if no more. Certainly none of us had ever seen such a spectacle as this.

Then we came to the open sea, black and ominous from heavy clouds away in the south, but with a field of light here and there, where the sun sowed its thin rays on the waves. The swell was long and heavy over the bar—a swell that made the tiny boats of the fleet roll and plunge and the unaccustomed spectator white-faced and weary.

It was a swell, though, that made most of the patriots grin, because it was still more in the Defender's favor than they had anticipated. They calculated that the Defender was going to have a fair show sure enough, and with that assured they had no doubt about where the fickle goddess of fortune would be found when the race was over. Moreover, the breeze was not too bad. It was easterly, and there was hope that it would hold, while in strength it was sufficient to roughen the backs of the long swells into a little tumble. And so all of us who were at all accustomed to the sea, arrived at the starting point in a most comfortable frame of mind.

THE MUSTER AT THE START.

Once there we found the racers already on the ground. They had towed out with mainsails up, and the newspaper fleet found them reaching to and fro near the old Red Lightship, and sweating up on their halliards to get the last inch of them, and set the sails as flat as breadths of boiler plate. The Defender's skipper was the first to be satisfied with the mainsail, and the great jib soon followed. It was more easily set to suit, and then a club topsail was hoisted—a new fabric that she had never used before in a race.

It is common to speak of sails as snow white and milk white, but here was a club topsail that was really white, and formed a striking contrast to her dusky main and head sails. It was a most beautiful piece of canvas, and the old salts looked at it with delight. Apparently the talent on the Yankee yacht were not expecting much of an increase in the breeze, which had dwindled almost to a zephyr.

By the time the Defender had her topsail up the Valkyrie was setting her jib in deliberate fashion, and she followed by sending up a club topsail of the ordinary color. The curious spectators noticed that a man went up aloft and lashed the heel of the club topsail's gaff to the mast on each boat after the sail had been stretched.

At this time the Defender was reaching along at some distance south of the old Red Lightship, while the Valkyrie was heading to the north and at some distance to the north of that hulk so that it was impossible for the spectators to make a very close comparison of the two boats. However, everybody could see that the Valkyrie had a white hull and the Defender a blue one. Then the cloths in the mainsail of the Englishman ran up and down the sail, while those of the Defender were about parallel with the water.

As has already been said, the Defender had a snowy club topsail, and these are about all the differences that ordinary spectators could discover. Naturally about everybody objected to blue as a color for the Yankee boat on the theory that the other fellow was the one to get blue.

The growth of the excursion fleet about the old Red Lightship, once the boats began arriving, was something wonderful. They came by dozens and scores until the surface for a mile square about the lightship seemed so thickly covered as to hardly afford room for any one of them to turn around. There was an incessant tooting of horns from vessels that wished to change position, and had to notify others that were in the way, and from the new arrivals that wanted to work their way in, and all this, with the shifting of the vessels and the rolling and tossing the waves gave everybody, made a confusion not seen near New York harbor since the day of the naval parade.

At 10:45 o'clock there were ninety-five steamers of various classes about the lightship, besides the sailing vessels of many sizes. This by actual count, and omitting the big liner the Trave and the freighter Manitoba, that happened to pass just then bound to sea.

In the midst of this mass of vessels the tugboat on which the judges of the race were to be found made but a small show. Not one in a thousand of the spectators saw her at all, but while the Valkyrie was reaching slowly along to the north of the lightship and the Defender to the south, a tiny signal was displayed by the committee, which announced a change of the starting point.

The wind was east by south. The course could be laid from the lightship, but there was such a tremendous fleet of excursion boats around it that no room could be made for handling the yachts during the preliminary manœuvres.

At the display of the signal the Defender held her way and the Valkyrie came around and followed her to the south. As that was nothing unusual the excursion fleet, not seeing or not knowing the meaning of the signal, held its place. Even when both yachts were a mile away only a few newspaper tugs were found following them. But when, owing to the lightness of the wind, both yachts called their tenders alongside and took tow lines aboard, the skippers of the fleet saw the turn of affairs, and away the great flock came tooting and bellowing to each like a nightmare flock of wild fowl. They did not intend to lose the view of the start by any such doings, and they didn't. The spectacle of that rush down to the south was delightful to see if one were out for mere scenery, but it was not encouraging to those who wanted a race in clear water.

FORMING THE LINE.

Off the little fishing village called Nazareth below the Navesink Highland, the Race Committee anchored a tiny turboat and hoisted a red ball to a stay stretched from her smokestack to a jury mast abaft the house. This was to be the north end of the starting line. Then the committee's tug was anchored at the usual distance, say two cables' lengths, to the south of that, and the line was formed. A little later three tiny signals fluttered up in a vertical line on halliards stretched to the horizontal stay between the main and the foremast. The yacht sharps with their glasses read these and said: "The course is east by south."

The Defender had just before that cast loose from her tender and was heading off to the south of the judges' boat. The Valkyrie was still in tow, but she soon came down near the line, and a little later, the Defender having worn around and the Valkyrie cast loose also, the two boats crossed each other for the first time. It was a pretty sight, but whether the one or the other moved more easily in the water none could tell.

The more gallant of the sailormen, however, observed that Mrs. Iselin, charming as ever, in a suit of blue with a wide white sailor collar and a sailor hat, was on the quarterdeck of the Defender, while Lord Dunraven's daughters, Aileen and Rachel, graced the poop deck of the doughty Britisher.

The committee made haste to get the signals set for starting the race, but three signal guns were now necessary before the start, since the starting point had been changed.

Accordingly at 11:55 the committee fired a gun and hoisted the American flag to the fore of their tug. This was to announce that in fifteen minutes more the signal for preliminary jockeying would be fired. And at that the boat with the turning stake went steaming off to the East.

But the game skippers did not wait for the fifteen minutes to pass before getting a weather eye on each other and laying low for a choice of positions. The seamanship that was displayed thereafter and the speed and and grace of the two boats were something as fine as ever seen in these waters.

When the gun was fired the Defender was to the north and east—east being the weather side of the line of the northern line boat. The Valkyrie was about east of the southern stakeboat, and both were heading to the north. When the gun sounded Capt. Haff put up his helm and wore the Defender around until she was heading about southwest across the line. The Valkyrie's skipper held fast for a minute, and then he, too, wore around and headed down across the Defender's bows.

Both held their courses for a time, but the Valkyrie, being before the wind, had to make way for Defender, and so she luffed around and headed as the Defender did, and then found herself fairly on the Defender's weather bow. At that the Defender luffed up astern of the Valkyrie, whereat the Valkyrie luffed a bit, too, but the Defender took a position fair in the Valkyrie and, passing her, tacked up to the eastward, while the Valkyrie luffed into the wind, held fast there a moment, and then tacked as if to round the judges' boat until she headed to the north and had the Defender hanging on her weather quarter, about five or six lengths away.

"Well, there, Hank has the best of him, as you'll see," said Capt. Cates of THE SUN'S tug G. M. Winslow, and so the event proved.

PERFECTION OF JOCKEYING.

The signal announcing the beginning of the ten-minute limit for jockeying had been fired meantime, and the ten minutes had about expired. The Valkyrie headed into the lee of the judges' boat in order to come up and point away on the starboard tack for the outer mark. The Defender, from her weatherly position, shot down on the Valkyrie's quarter and then luffed up between her and the flagship. The Valkyrie crossed the line just ahead of the Defender, but the Defender had the weather gauge.

It was not a start that had any great dash or splutter about it, but it is not often that boats are as cleverly handled and timed as these were.

The official times at the start were:

Defender.....12 20 50
Valkyrie.....12 20 46

To fully appreciate what followed one must keep in mind that during all this time the wind was from east by south, and that it had been, so far as any one could see, steady. It was a breeze that usually filled the lighter sails of the two racers as they took it in over the bows, but there was a long dead swell coursing under the breeze, and when that made the boats jump the sails flapped in cheerless fashion.

It was not a white cap breeze. The Government observer on Sandy Hook measured the breeze and it was blowing at just six miles an hour. It was, as said, just the day the Valkyrie's designer had calculated on, and it was for that he had put 13,027.93 feet of canvas into the sail area of his boat. They were to have not exactly a drifting match, but the next thing to it at the start. Moreover, it should be said that while the Defender's jib topsail was the larger, the Valkyrie spread a fore staysail that more than made up for any lack in canvas aloft. Her staysail was really a reaching sail according to Yankee ideas, but if it had been cut to fit more nearly the hole it was in it would have been remarkably effective.

They were having, in all respects, an equal chance at the start, but that is not to say that they had a fair show for making a good race just then.

RECKLESS EXCURSIONISTS.

The monster excursion fleet had come flying down from the north in a wide procession, and those that came last went sprawling out to the eastward and then stopped as if they supposed the racers were going to run, steamer fashion, right into the wind's eye. So it happened that when the racers crossed the line, heading say northeast, they pointed straight into a wing of the fleet where steamers and tugs were massed four deep and actually overlapping each other.

Of course there was a skurrying to get out of the way, and neither yacht did actually hit an excursion boat, but there was a disgraceful condition of affairs, and what is more the Defender, being the weather boat, got the worst of it.

To get the excursion fleet in order was a herculean task. The yacht club had appointed a number of small yachts as patrols. Each carried a blue flag having the word "Patrol" on it in white letters. The fair-minded yachtsmen looked on in sorrow as these little fellows spurted about and tooted and screamed. Everybody was sorry because such small yachts had been chosen, but while they looked their sorrow turned to congratulation.

The handsome little flyer Embla had a commander who could make up in daring what he lacked in size. Standing at the helm with the whistle cord in one hand and the wheel in the other he drove his craft to and fro right under the noses of more than a hundred steamers that towered above him like tenements over a shanty in the goat district. Spectators looked on in amazement, especially those who knew something about the danger of shoving a yacht under such huge hulks.

But the work of the parrols began to be effective from the moment the Embla started in. They cut open the front of the fleet and spread it out into a vast crescent—a crescent, say a mile and more across the horns, the horn to southward being thin and straggling, the one to the north, substantial and overlapping, while the body of the crescent was one great mass of vessels of every sort.

This done, the patrols took positions at intervals just within the circle of the crescent, and there maintained by frequent snubbing and tooting a pretty fair condition of order in spite of the tacks that were afterward made.

FIRST CLEAR VIEW OF THE RIVALS.

Having a somewhat clear field about the yachts, the old salts turned to see how they were getting on. The view they got was most discouraging. The Defender was holding up well, and was going, considering the wind and the waves, at what seemed to the sharps to be a good speed, but the Valkyrie not only sped through the water more swiftly, but seemed to point higher as well.

Steadily, as every one could see, the water opened out between her and the Yankee rival. The amateurs who had rejoiced when the Defender had sliced through the other's lee before the start, looked on in astonishment, and the salty old jingoes settled down and lighted cigars and puffed meditatively. They were fain to admit to themselves that the burst of speed in the Defender had encouraged them somewhat also. The Valkyrie was gaining, so far as any one could see, and yet there was no way of accounting for it except on the theory that her designer had at last found a model better for a light wind than anything the Yankees knew of.

And yet when the sharps looked at the two boats critically they noticed that the splash the Valkyrie was making as she plunged over each wave and into the next was greater than the Defender made under like circumstances. The Defender might touch a wave under her bow with the end of her bowsprit, but the Valkyrie plunged hers clear out of sight repeatedly. The wake, too, of the Valkyrie was a bit more noticeable than the Defender's, though neither in that air left much of a wake.

With these points in mind, how could it be that the Valkyrie was beating the Yankee in such a depressing way? One after another the jingoes relapsed into silence, and the more frank began to say they hoped the next race would not be in such weather as that.

At a few seconds before 12:40 o'clock the Defender went about. She had been heading up say northeast, and now, being on the port tack, headed down to the southard and out to sea. The Valkyrie was after her in no time, and she still continued to open out the water. And yet Defender was the quicker in stays. It looked for all the world as did the last race between the Vigilant and Valkyrie II., when the Englishman gained so notably in the thrash out, but here it was being done in a mere breath of wind. There was something wholly unaccountable in all this.

Then, at 1:12 o'clock, the Valkyrie went back to the starboard tack, heading to the northeast, and she was followed by the Defender, and again the Defender turned more quickly. The sea was coming in from the south of east, and the Valkyrie seemed to get along easier in the roll of it than when plunging into it. And on this tack the racers drove on and on, with the green sea widening between them, and the Valkyrie constantly going ahead.

There was but one other change noted in the situation, and that was soon after the tack was made. The Valkyrie for a minute after the turn was able to lay up to the wind in a way that made the old salts groan. The Defender was soon pointing as high, but no matter, the Valkyrie had the best of the puff, for there was a change in the wind of perhaps two points, and the Valkyrie got it first. Moreover the breeze began to freshen slowly from that moment, grew to eight knots, according to the observer on Sandy Hook, and the sharps saw that Valkyrie's sails filled out round and firm first. She had gotten the best of that, too.

DEFENDER STOCK RISES.

And then came a move that thrilled the fleet as such a crowd has not been thrilled since the day of the first race between the Mayflower and the Galatea. The Valkyrie's crew were plainly feeling good. They were looking over their shoulders at the Yankee yacht and talking to one another in animated fashion. And while the close observers were making note of this, the crew jumped from their places amidships and ran to the head sheets. Down went the tiller and up came the nose of the Britisher. A moment more and she was around, heading to cross the Yankee's bow.

The moment the excursion fleet noted this more than 50,000 good patriotic souls turned to gaze on the scene. Never in the history of modern international races had the sporting people of the metropolis seen an English sail flash across the face of the Yankee yacht.

The racers had seemed to be making fine speed for that wind before, but now, so great was the anxiety of the spectators, they hardly seemed to crawl. Up and down bowed the Valkyrie over the seas—up and down nodded the Defender. The Yankee would hold fast and take whatever was to be given him. Up and down, up and down, over the waves—closer and closer they drew until scarce a length seemed to intervene, and then down went the Valkyrie's helm, and there was one wild yell from ten thousand throats.

A hundred sporting skippers pawed the air in haste to clutch their whistle strings—pawed and for a time failed because they were of the ten thousand jingos who were yelling, and they danced as they yelled and so could not find the string. But they got a good hold at last, and then if the clouds didn't tremble with the vibrations from the brazen throats it was the fault of no one in that fleet. But the one feature of the race that will stand out in the memory of all who had ears was the spontaneous yell that preceded the tornado.

The proud Briton had thought to cross the Yankee's bow and had found that, though the Defender was seemingly astern, she was really right up on the weather bout. She had gained the four seconds, if no more, by which the Valkyrie had led the way over the line.

When the old jingos had shouted till there weren't any more shouts in them, they told the youngsters of that other race that had had much the same sort of a thrill in it—the race that started before a mob of boats off Owl's Head, in the upper bay, in the presence of a great fleet. The Mayflower and the Galatea were struggling for a lead down the Narrows, tacking to and fro when it was seen amid breathless silence that the Yankee could cross the British bow, and then the skipper of a tiny tug grabbed his whistle cord and made the steam say: "Toot! toot! toot—toot—toot!" The shout and the noise that followed were like unto that heard at yesterday's race, but in volume they were as a popgun beside a Winchester rifle.

As the steam floated away from the whistles of the excursion fleet Defender went about to the port tack, and that left the two heading away from each other, the Valkyrie being already on the starboard tack. So everybody fell to speculating as to which would get the wind more favorably as they separated. But we were not left long to speculate so. It was at 1:40 o'clock that the Valkyrie gave up her attempt to cross the Yankee's bows and half a minute later when the Defender split tacks with her.

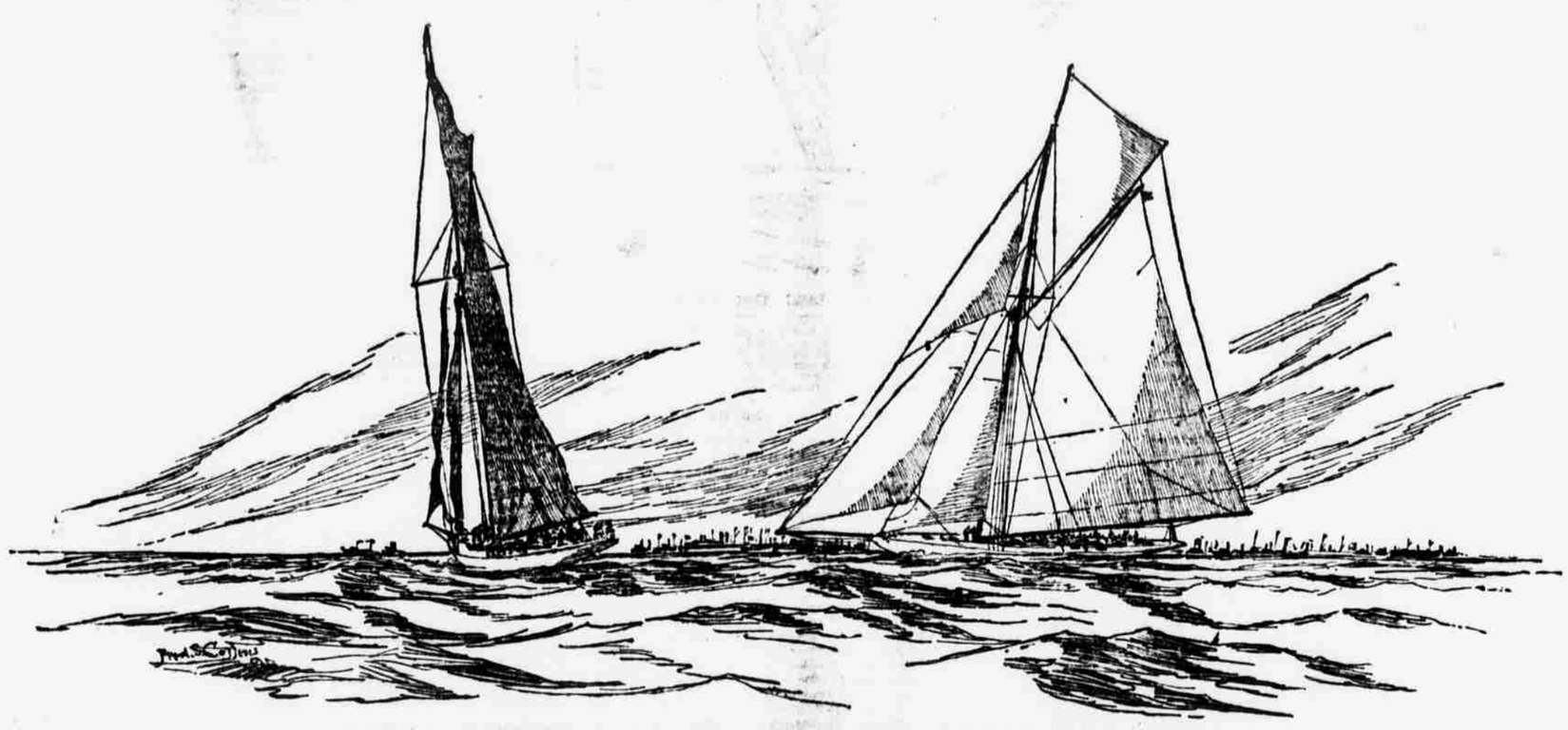
At 1:53 the Valkyrie came about to follow on the Defender's quarter, and a half minute later the Defender came about. The Yankee was now the one to try to see what could be done in the way of crossing bows. But there was no strain on the nerves of the jingos this time. They had regained all their lost confidence in their ship, and they looked on with enthusiasm only. And the events justified their confidence.

Very easily now the two racers stood up toward each other until almost together, and then the Valkyrie went about to avoid the inevitable. The Defender was fair in the lead and would have crossed her bows in two or three seconds more. As it was, the Defender tacked so nearly on the Valkyrie's weather bow that some expected to see her take the Valkyrie's wind, while the steamer skippers broke forth with another whistle tornado.

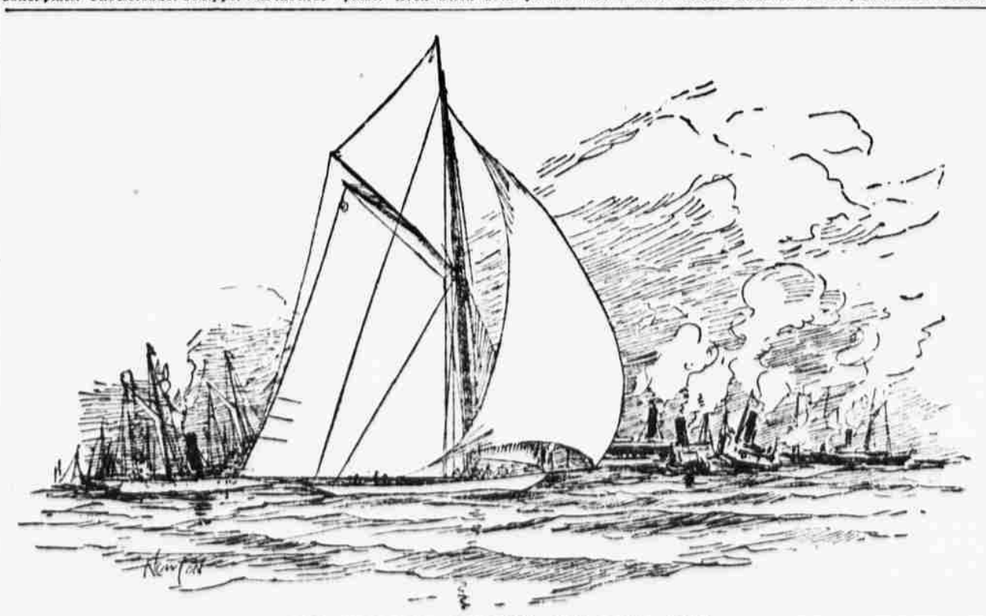
NEARING THE TURNING STAKE.

Having split tacks again at 1:57 o'clock, the two yachts stood apart until 2 o'clock sharp, when the Defender once more came to the starboard tack, and thus the yachts held on until able to round the turning stake.

Then the old sharps had time to consider why the Valkyrie had seemed to be gaining so much when, in fact, she was not ahead at the test. And it answered that during those minutes that were so weary to the jingos, the Defender had seemed to lose because the Valkyrie was running freer, and so was able to outfoot her. It is not unlikely that while the breeze remained at six knots the Valkyrie had a little advantage of her rival, but the truth is, Valkyrie looks higher than she sails, and that is a point the yachtsmen should keep in mind, she makes leeway at a rate that is disencouraging to her friends, and if Watson while taking the beam of the old skimming dish for his new boat



THE VALKYRIE FAILS TO CROSS THE DEFENDER'S BOWS.



THE DEFENDER CROSSING THE HOME LINE.

Excursion Rates to Louisville, Ky.

On account of the G. A. R. annual convention, the B. and O. R. R. will sell excursion tickets to Louisville, Ky., and return for all trains Sept. 7 to 10, inclusive, good returning until Sept. 20.

The rate from New York will be $17.94, and correspondingly low from other stations.—Adv.

Schaefer's Beer First—No Second.

That's the opinion of all who have tried it. Delivered direct from Brewery, Park av. and 51st st.—Adv.

E. & W. Midawaska. E. & W.
A deep banded collar.—Adv.

Megaphones. Speak a Mile. Loud. Clear.

For yacht deck or steamer (pilot house, $5). Aluminum, $10. Bunnell & Co., 70 Cortlandt st., N. Y.—Adv.