

AMERICA STILL AHEAD.

Gen. Paine's Yankee Yacht Volunteer
Easily Outsails the Vaunted
Scotch Thistle.

Mr. Bell's Syndicate Craft Beaten by
Nearly Twenty Minutes in a
Light Wind.

He Knows He Hadn't Oter.

That Cap'n Bell
(The British swell
Who comes across the water
To try to scoop
Our Yankee sloop)—
He's feelin' lonesome, sorta.

The cup's been here
Nigh forty year
With all the world agin it,
An' there don't float
No hostile boat
That's good enough to win it.

Our folks don't go
Much on the blow,
But, gods an' little fishes!
We know our b'z,
An' that's ere is
The art us skimmkin' dishes!

We don't care what
May be the yacht—
Just set her on the ocean
An' we will show
She's plagnay slow
Aside our Yankee notion.

So when that swell
Named Cap'n Bell
Come sailin' in his Thistle
To get that cup
We spunked right up—
You'd oughter seen us bristle!

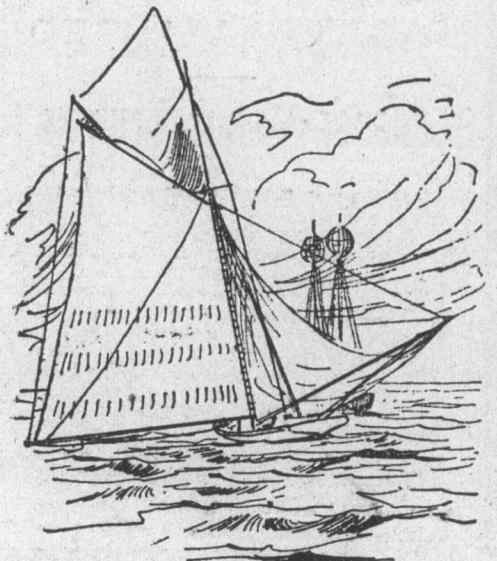
And then we—well,
That Cap'n Bell
Is actin' like a b'z;
And sad is he
That he crossed the sea,
For he knows he hadn't oter!

—Eugene Field, in *Chicago News*.

Detailed Account of the Race.

The seventh contest for the possession of the America's cup—the previous ones having been sailed in 1851, 1871, 1872, 1876, 1885, and 1886—came off at New York on Tuesday, Sept. 27, and resulted in another victory for the Yankee colors. The following detailed report of the race, sent by telegraph from New York, will be read with interest:

At 12:20 the preparatory gun is fired, and a minute later a pigeon circles twice around the Electra before conveying the joyful news. The Volunteer breaks out her jib topsail three minutes before the starting gun is fired. At 12:30 the starting gun booms forth, and the excitement reaches the



THE VOLUNTEER ROUNDING THE LIGHTSHIP.

climax. Both yachts are on the port tack north of the line. The Thistle goes about like a top and heads for the line on the port tack. The Volunteer follows a hundred yards astern. At 12:30 a sharp blast from the whistle of the lightship announces that the Thistle is over. The volunteer immediately tacks to port to her level best. The whistle that announced the passage of the Volunteer over the line is lost in the volume of sounds, but it was given at 12:34:58. Then all the steamers got in motion, and scores of paddle-wheels and propellers churn up the waters as the steamers start after the yachts and close in upon them.

At 12:39 the Thistle goes about on the starboard tack, crossing the bows of the Volunteer and compelling her to keep off a little. The Volunteer follows her at 12:41. They are smart jockeys, though, on the Electra, and they get even for the little trick—all fail though—that the Thistle played on them. At 12:44 the Volunteer, which had been crawling to windward of the Thistle, went about, forcing the Thistle to follow suit at 12:46. The Volunteer gains both the wind and the windward position. The Thistle runs into a calm right in the neck of the Narrows, which the Volunteer escapes by standing in close to the Staten Island shore. The Thistle hangs there for a few minutes, more or less, waiting for luck for the Thistle, and, to make it worse, there goes up a joyous cheer from nearly every steamer whistle in the fleet. The Volunteer, earning a good breeze, while her rival is becalmed, goes sailing through the Narrows, and it begins to be observed that the Volunteer is no slouch of a boat after all in light weather. The steamers crowded around the frantic efforts of those on the bridge of the Electra to get them to hold back. They cannot well help it; the Narrows is like the mouth of a bottle, and a large fleet going through must crowd together. At 1:05 the Thistle catches a faint breeze and is wrenched out of her unfortunate predicament. But, in the meantime, the Volunteer has obtained a lead which looks much like half a mile. Thus, early in the race, the tables are turned and the Thistle has a stern chase, and no boat ever got in existence behind that saucy cocked-up stern of the Volunteer that did not find the chase a long one.

Once out of the Narrows, the Thistle gets a fair share of the breeze and bends over to it a little, small jets of spray dashing away from the bows and falling in after her. The steamers on either side of her. The conduct of the steamers at this point is outrageous. Several steam right across the bows of the Thistle and give her the benefit of their wash, as though she was not getting beaten badly enough already.

The fleet-footed Volunteer continues to open the gap between her and the Thistle, and besides lies closer to the wind. At 1:30 the wind backs to the southeast, a shift that helps the Volunteer, enabling her to lay her course nearer to the Southwest Spit. She drops the black cutter suddenly; there is no change in

punity," avails nothing. They laugh at it on the Volunteer. It is a "cold day" for the Scotchman, and many expressions of sympathy are heard for pretty Mrs. Bell, who, on the Mohican, witnessed the mournful spectacle.

The Volunteer passes to starboard of buoy No. 10 at 2:31:33, the Thistle passes at 2:30:45. She gets only a few consolatory toots, for most of the steamers are following in the wake of the victorious Volunteer, and the Thistle gets some of their wash. The Volunteer slips along with such an easy, graceful motion that it deceives the observer as to the speed she is making. The Thistle, too, moves easily and gracefully, keeling over a little more than does the Volunteer, and sailing faster as beautiful as a picture; but somehow, all seems to be said for the Electra; but, somehow, she does not get there like the other boat. From buoy No. 5½ the yachts are able to reach, with sheets eased off a bit, to buoy No. 5, off the point of the Hook. Thereafter

they lie their course close hauled to the Sandy Hook light-ship.

The wind is found to be a little fresher after the yachts get outside the Hook, and the sea is a trifle lumpy. The Volunteer keels over more, but yet her lee rail is always level and above water; the white foam that starts from her shoulder gets broader, and the waves make nervous little jumps at her sides in a vain attempt to get over her lee rail. The Volunteer rounds the Sandy Hook light-ship at 3:42:12. There is a scampering of men on her decks. Sheets are eased off, and with the wind abeam, she is off on the home stretch at a pace that bids defiance to any pursuer, and the Thistle, half down, shows a white streak of sail approaching the light-ship. It is 4:15:15 when the Thistle reaches the line, having eased her sheets for the run back, taking down her jib topsail and replacing it with a larger one. The Volunteer gained on the Thistle from buoy No. 10 to Sandy Hook light-ship 3 minutes 21 seconds; from the start to Sandy Hook light-ship the Volunteer gained 30 minutes 35½ seconds.

The race home is easily told, as it is devoid of every aspect of race, as far behind is the Thistle. They are so sure of victory of the Thistle, that they take things somewhat easy, and it is not until they get some distance from the Sandy Hook light-ship that the home stretch that she sets a larger jib topsail. The race is off again at 4:30:14. For the rest of the way home it is a run before the wind. The main boom is swung out to port and the spinnaker boom dropped to starboard, but there is no hurry displayed in breaking out the enormous spinnaker. When it is set the Volunteer swoops along with accelerated speed. Onward she sweeps with such an escort as never hury had before. She crosses the finish line at 5:28:10½.

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