

# • Massey's Illustrated •

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## THE GREAT YACHT RACES.

WE have great pleasure in giving our readers an illustration of the English yacht *Valkyrie* and the American yacht *Vigilant*.

The races between these two yachts for the cup so long held by America has been an event of great interest. Fifty thousand people afloat watched the races. From the New York press boats, every five minutes carrier pigeons were sent over the forty miles of sea with items of the race, which were read almost simultaneously in England and America.

The *Valkyrie* did not win the cup, but her record shows that Lord Dunraven was fully justified in sending her across the ocean to try and win. In some respects, at least, she is certainly the best boat afloat, triumphant *Vigilant* to the contrary notwithstanding. The *Valkyrie* made a noble fight in the third race, and but for a piece of ill-luck would have won it. When just 20 minutes from the line, and with sufficient lead to land her a winner, her spinnaker split from top to bottom. Another was quickly substituted only to give way at once. This cost the valiant *Valkyrie* her chance for the cup.

Losing the race by only 40 seconds corrected time she made the best bid for the cup that has been made since the British began seriously to compete for it, and she has done much to uphold the merits of the keel type. Her splendid thrash to windward in the first part of the last race, when she held the weather position from start to stake boat in a good smart breeze, what they call half a gale here, was a vindication of all that has been said for her and her class. Most yachtsmen regard the windward qualities of a yacht as the test of her ability. By this measure the British cutter may fairly claim first place. To be sure, all points of sailing must be provided for in yacht racing, but it was shown that though in the supreme test the cutter is better for all-round work, the American sloop has fairly held the palm. This was no ordinary race; the course was not in the tame inland waters, but clear away to ocean, stretching thirty miles from Sandy Hook, where each competitor would have to face the rude, rough waters of the Atlantic. It is pleasing, too, that from start to finish there was not a whisper of unpleasantness.

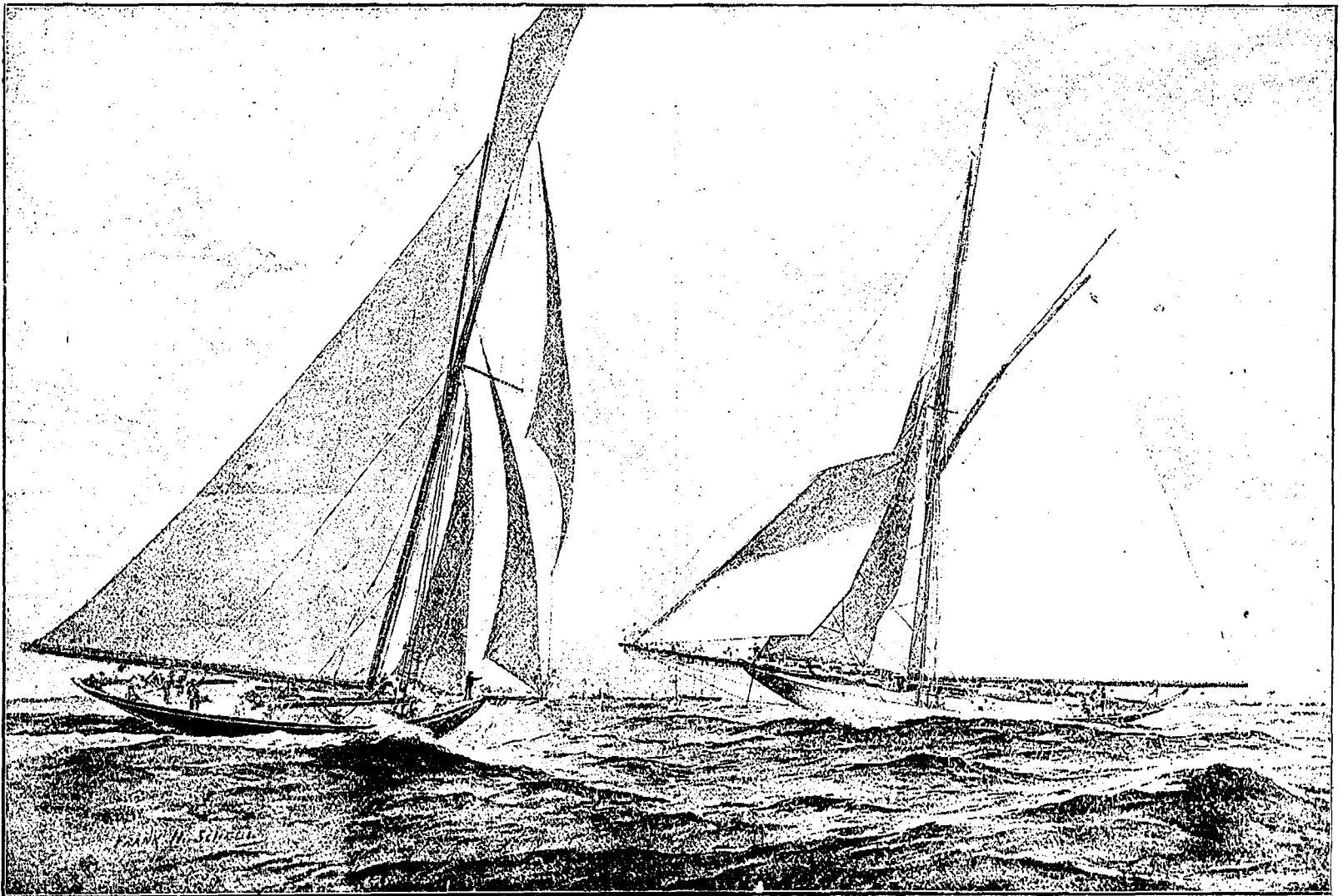
*From the Youth's Companion.*

## LOST IN PATAGONIA.

IN FOUR PARTS.—PART III.

HEARING the Twelches in the pass below them, the young sailors began to repent of their haste in seeking such a hiding-place, for if discovered, buried up in a pile of little stones, they would be speared, with no opportunity for defence. Their only chance was to lie perfectly still; Frost had even thrown away the lance. So they lay and trembled. Rummy shook so much as fairly to make the stones rattle around him, and the drops of perspiration, driven out by terror, rolled into his eyes and half blinded him.

The savages halted, looking for their tracks, and immediately discovered traces of the fugitives in the coarse gravel of the slide. Two of them climbed on a rock hard by to look about. Curiously enough,—yet it is perhaps not strange,—they overshot their game, for seeing the traces up the side of the "shoot," they appeared to jump at once to the conclusion that the whites had climbed up the crags above, and, leaving the pass, had ascended the rocky side of the mountain.



VALKYRIE.

VIGILANT.