

reared, getting more and more brutal in the increasing gale.

It was neck-and-neck at the second round of the first mark. *Snow Flake* at this point parted her throat halyard block, and dropped out of the race. *Avalanche* was far in the rear.

With a scream through the wire rigging, the snow squall pounced upon them. "Give that peak jib drift," shouted Jim to his man Andrew.

The head of the sail flopped wildly, and with the small jib she still had true balance of duck, and tore over the second leg, with the gale on her beam, at the rate of over a mile a minute.

A cry of terror rang out from the *Snow Flake*. "Hang on for your lives, crew! Good God, give me ice room!"

The *Snow Bird* had taken the bit in her mouth and bolted,

With the increased speed of the *Icicle*, she was just able to keep three boat lengths ahead of her larger rival. The *Snow Bird* reared sharply in the air and the two runner-board men were lifted fourteen feet from the frozen surface. The lee shoe did not cut the ice, and as she flew sideways as well as ahead, the situation was appalling. Luckily the

extreme lee end of the *Snow Bird's* runner-board struck shell ice, jumping her sharply in the wind's eye and about, nearly throwing the crew from the yacht.

The' fury of the squall had passed and the *Icicle* was a half-mile ahead at the second flag stake, with a slashing sailing breeze over her stern.

On the boats flew, on the finishing leg, the *Icicle* wearing, dropping her peak and gybing, while the *Snow Flake* lost by being compelled, every few seconds, to come about at each turn.

Like a pair of frightened sea-gulls, in long, graceful, undulating curves, snake fashion, they flew to the home line with a dead free wind. As the *Icicle* rushed over the finish line, her rival, nearly double her size, was over two miles astern, and Jim Flagner, with his peerless sloop *Icicle*, had won the coveted championship and the silver loving cup of the Silver Lake Ice-Yacht Club.

A cheer went up, which was echoed and re-echoed by the hills, for the plucky owner of the *Icicle* and his daring struggle against overwhelming racing odds. Science had beaten mere brute force, as it always will.

## HOMeward BOUND AT CHRISTMASTIDE.

Like a living thing the straight  
rails sing

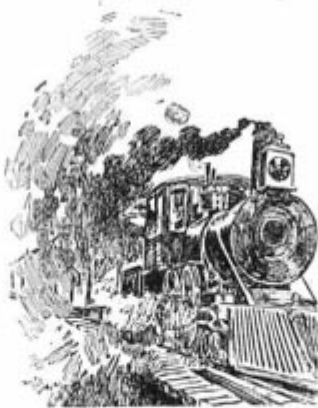
A high, exulting strain;  
The coaches reel o'er the shin-  
ing steel

As we thunder across the plain.  
Through night, through day,  
we leap away

With rattle and crash and  
roar,

And our pulses leap as we home-  
ward sweep,

And Christmas comes once



The smoke flung back on the  
shining track,

Like a banner floats and furls:  
With a leap and bound, like an  
unleashed hound,

The engine forward hurls.  
Beside us fly the field and sky  
And the woods with echoed  
roar,

And our hearts beat fast as the  
miles sweep past,

For Christmas comes once  
more!

DOROTHY DEANE.

