

been asserted on high authority that a racing yacht cannot be a comfortable cruiser, and the tendency of the times is toward constant increase of mechanical contrivances and devices of construction (as in the fin-keel type) which all combine to carry out the assertion.

With what gain? I hold with most loss!

Let us examine the highest class:

Vigilant of '93 would undoubtedly beat *Puritan* of '85, but by comparatively little margin. In the last race against *Genevra* the *Puritan's* speed over a forty-mile course was within a very few minutes per mile of that of the last Cup Race of '93—the latter being but thirty miles:

I freely grant some gain for *Vigilant*, but was it worth the cost? *Puritan's* price was \$28,000; *Vigilant's* about \$48,000. *Puritan* was and still is a comfortable cruiser as a sloop; *Vigilant* even as a schooner never could be.

Her principle of design is bulk on top of water and not form below it; improvements(?) on her on the same principle of design would produce a yacht of eighty-five feet load-line with thirty feet of beam and seventeen feet of draft, according to her own designer's admissions.

To what end? To produce an actual monstrosity that may lower the records by but a few seconds, cost ten per cent. more to build and twenty-five per cent. more to keep in repair from interminable and unavoidable accidents.

It would be a good thing if all the yacht clubs would follow the lead of the Larchmonts in their thirty-four rating class and prescribe the limits of length and canvas for all classes; there would then be a return to the legitimate "search for the finest form." More than that, the beam, the depth and draft should also be expressly restricted and by percentages of allowance of one to the other.

We have passed through the various stages of construction from wood to iron and to steel; the *Vigilant* is partially built of Tobin bronze; in another year or two some millionaire will have a yacht of aluminum, capable of carrying seventy-five per cent. of her total displacement in ballast and she can swing a proportionate sail "loft"! What then? No matter what her form, she will be a "world-beater"!

Mechanics have their proper scope in the propulsion of vessels, but their illimitable resources should be restricted on sailing vessels.

A yacht, in years gone by, when no longer able to carry racing-sails, could be sold for commercial purposes and remained useful for many more years because of her seaworthiness from both shape and construction.

Of what earthly use will *Gloriana*, *Wasp*, *Colonia*, and *Vigilant* be in the very near future?

The sooner these obvious facts are seen, the better it will be for the sport and its real service to science.

A YAQUI BOAR-HUNT

BY FORREST CRISSEY.

ALTHOUGH the average tourist sees enough of Mexico, in traveling it by the prescribed routes, to pronounce it more ancient and foreign in appearance than the old world itself, it is only the mining superintendent or "boss" who, by penetrating far into the interior on business, sees the real life of the country. In this capacity I have passed a residence of many months in the interior, and have been entertained in a variety of unique and pleasing ways by the old grantees and owners of ranches. My most unique experience was gained at a boar-hunt

after the style of the old Yaqui Indians. Our host was a jolly Frenchman, of about middle age, whose ranch was in the main range of the Sierra Madre Mountains in the State of Sonora.

He was, evidently, as keen for the sport as we were, although it was a familiar experience to him. This was a sure guaranty to us that we would not be disappointed in finding the chase full of the most stirring interest.

The preparations for the hunt were exceedingly simple. In the morning one *moso* (servant) made ready the pack of dogs and our mount of hardy native

mustangs, while another brought to our host the instruments of the chase, a collection of *cuchillos*, or long knives with curved blades, and a bundle of *masquite* clubs. He selected for his use and ours the most savage blades and bludgeons. Our knives were honed to a keen edge. The other knives and clubs were distributed among the servants who were to accompany us.

It was high noon when we mounted our mustangs and set out at the heels of the pack. As the day was clear the heat was scorching until we reached the cooler shades of the *arroya* (gulch) where we were informed that the boars were usually encountered during the middle of the day.

No sooner did we enter the *arroya* than the dogs dashed away with sharp zest. They were curious looking brutes, which our host had himself bred by crossing a very fierce and tenacious strain of hound with the Scotch collie. He found them better adapted to that variety of sport than any pure breed. We were compelled to spur our mustangs into a brisk lope in order to keep up with them before they struck a trail or routed game.

After a couple of hours of this sort of riding, we heard a series of grunts and snorts, and several yellowish-brown bodies darted out of a clump of small cacti, and disappeared in the cloud of dust raised by their own hoofs. The leader of the dogs instantly set the pace and the whole pack joined in full cry and close pursuit after the fleeing swine.

We could not suppress a northern yell of delight, and plunged the spurs into our horses, supposing that we were expected to overtake our bristling game, lean from our saddles and slash them in true cavalry style.

"O, Fren's! Fren's! Vait! Vait!" shouted our host.

We drew rein while he told us that it was no part of the chase to overtake the boars, but simply to drive them into the caves at the upper end of the cañon. Thereafter we galloped leisurely by the side of our host, contented to learn, by observation, each stage of the game.

"See! See! There's another drove!" shouted one of the party, as the dogs started up more of the dirty brutes.

Although the freshly-routed drove at first fled before the pack as precipitately as the others had done, when one

of the dogs lost his head and pressed too closely upon the heels of the rear boar the brute instantly, turned, and with a sidewise upward slash of the head laid open an ugly gash in the breast of the rash canine. His taste of blood seemed to rouse all the savage fury of the beast and render him insensible to fear, a characteristic thoroughly typical of every member of the hog kind when infuriated. Our host flung a volley of choice Parisian oaths at the boar, but discreetly pulled his horse to a slower pace, as though in no haste to overtake the stolid defier of his pack. Then he shouted to the dogs, inciting them to the onslaught. His cry was taken up by the Yaqui servants who accompanied us, and took effect upon the pack as quickly as a firebrand applied to a straw-stack. They leaped, plunged and tumbled over one another in the wildest confusion. The pack was large and composed of big, muscular members, and we expected that it would make short work of the one rather small boar which was foolhardy enough to stand at bay.

But the next few moments taught us a very practical object lesson upon the nature and combative powers of even a small wild boar. A few desperate lunges here and there among the writhing, plunging mass of dogs laid out four of them in the final agonies of death, and, for the moment, it seemed as though he would come off victor of the field. But another babel of inciting shouts from their masters seemed to put new courage into the dogs. They rallied and made another onslaught. Some of them were fortunate enough to fasten their jaws into his limbs, while others so tore the flesh from his vital parts that if our host and the Indians had not been instantly on the spot to force the dogs off their prey they would have torn the boar into shreds. The whole combat was as exciting and ferocious a brute encounter as I have ever witnessed.

No sooner had the dogs been pulled off from their vanquished enemy than they again took the trail of the main herd of swine, which had retreated to hiding places in the caves at the end of the gulch.

When we reached the mouth of the cave not one of the brutes was to be seen, all having disappeared within. The

Indians quickly set about gathering the dry, dead leaves and stalks of the cacti, placing them in piles at the mouths of the caves.

"You gentlemen who are unused to handling the cuchillos had better remain mounted until you see how the boar is killed," was our host's advice.

We cheerfully assented to this program and prepared to take in the whole proceedings from a safe standpoint.

The combustible pile at the mouth of the first cave was then fired, and gave out a large volume of pitchy, resinous smoke which had an unpleasantly strong and pungent odor. Some of the servants had come provided with large spreading fans, with which they forced the smoke back into the caves, while our host and the other servants stood with their cuchillos and masquite clubs. In the course of about thirty minutes there was a quick sound of stampeding hoofs in the recesses of the cave and we expected to see the swine rush out of the entrance. But there was a momentary stay of proceedings, during which the manipulators of the fans forced the smoke into the opening with redoubled energy. Then the exit was resumed, and a half-dozen snouts appeared at the mouth of the cave. This was the signal for quick work, for, although the brutes were considerably stupefied by the smoke and its peculiar anæsthetic qualities, they quickly recovered their full senses when in the open air.

The Frenchman sprang at the largest boar and dealt him a blow with the club, upon the snout, then whipped out his knife and flashed its keen blade between the creature's plainly visible ribs. The boar tamely rolled over upon its side and gave our host no more trouble, save by spattering his hunting blouse with blood. Before we were able to realize it, every one of the swine had been slaughtered in a similar fashion, by the Indians, who were even more experienced in the sport than the Frenchman.

"Well, do you want to try it?" he inquired of us. It looked like a comparatively easy feat, so we bravely replied: "Certainly!"

The heap of dry cacti in front of another opening was then lighted and the fans again sent the thick smoke into the interior of the cave. The fire had been in progress only a few minutes, and I was stooping over the head of the dead boar examining his savage tusks, when we were all surprised by the sudden and premature exit of the swine.

It was all over in an instant; but during that time my attention was so completely occupied with the boar which devoted himself to me, that I saw nothing of the other features of the affray. I was only conscious of an avalanche of bristles and a pair of gleaming tusks bearing down upon me with uncomfortable swiftness. There was scarcely time for me to lift my gnarled club for the long range blow which I aimed at the snout. Fortunately for me, the club crashed into the brute's open jaws and snapped off the tusk nearest to me close down to the root. Had it not been for this lucky stroke, I would have probably felt that bit of "hog-ivory" ploughing through the sinews of my leg. The blow was so hard that the club slipped from my grasp. The boar stumbled upon his knees and before he could regain his feet I managed to make a slash at him with my knife. It entered his neck close to the shoulder, and though the wound was ultimately fatal, the animal was under sufficient impetus to plunge the stub of its remaining tusk, which had also been partially broken, into the calf of my leg, lacerating it painfully. The Indians bound my wound up with healing leaves and we returned to the rancho in triumph, bearing, as trophies of the chase, the bodies of four boars and seven sows. This was a much larger number, so our host informed us, than was usually taken at a hunt.

Our phenomenal success was probably due to the fact that this *arroyo* had not been the scene of a chase for many months. Of course a grand feast, of almost feudal style and proportions, concluded the hunt, which was by far the most enjoyable one I have yet experienced—notwithstanding the lacerated leg, which soon healed nicely.





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[SEE 'A YAGUI BOAR-HUNT,' P. 815.]

OFF TO THE CAVES.