

Written for The Wisconsin.
THE DIAMOND RING.

BY CECILIA E. SIMON.

He had told her that he loved her,
But her heart was strange and cold;
So he talked about his rentals,
His stocks and mines and gold,
Then her maiden heart relented
At the thought of those, poor thing!
And she graciously consented
When he bought a diamond ring.

'Twas a gem of purest lustre
He was fain to have her wear,
In a fashionable setting—
A brilliant solitaire—
How admiringly she turned it,
And unweariedly she gazed
On its tridescant splendor,
Till her aching eyes were dazed.

And the donor? True her pulses
Felted to quicken at his tone,
And in secret she admitted
It was certainly a shame;
But she never said she loved him,
So her conscience needn't sting,
For his worth depended solely
On the value of the ring.

But one day there came a suitor
Such as ne'er was seen before
Since the days of good King Arthur
And his valiant knights of yore;
Who with gallant word and measure
And a lover's skillful art
Wrought at length the sweet confession
That he'd won her guileless heart.

But her guileless heart was flattered,
And her soul with anguish burned,
At the harrowing reflection
That the ring must be returned,
For her new found love instead,
It was only the "fair thing."
Strong she couldn't wed the fellow,
To send him back his ring.

The ring? Ah, yes, the circle,
'Twas the mere ghost of a law
The clever maid detected
In the letter of the law,
When a happy inspiration
Made her compromise the thing
By picking out the diamond
And sending back the ring.

A GREAT WHALE HUNT.

Hundreds of Monsters of the Sea Killed
by Hardy Islanders.

[Despatch from Faroe Islands, Dec. 21.]

The 12th of November was the red-letter day of the year on Suderoe, the southernmost island of this bleak

half-circle outside the school, after driving it toward the mouth of the nearest convenient bay or "vig," and, starting simultaneously toward the shore, chase the whales before them with loud yells and splashing of stones, that form a chief part of the armament of all Faroe fishingsmacks liable to meet with grind. The timid monsters run about, vainly seeking to escape through the lead, and finally ground in shallow water or rush in their distress through the breakers clear up on the beach, where the rest of the population wait for them with their murderous two-edged knives.

The school at Tamiem proved to embrace nearly 300 whales, of which a score or more made their escape through an unguarded point in the open line of boats and put for the deep. The rest of the school was about following like a flock of sheep led by the bell-wether, but at the critical moment a well-directed stone hit the uppy black snout of the forward one and made it turn toward land in great haste. From that moment the battle was decided. An hour later the waters in the little vig were dyed red with blood of the mighty beasts. Once aground in shallow water, the whales gave up all other resistance than to aimlessly thrash the sea with their tails. The islanders kept completely out of the way of the powerful fins. Rushing into the breakers, shoulder deep, those on shore joined their friends in the boats in the wild carnival of murder. Slashing the struggling captives over the neck, just back of the head, with their keen-edged knives, they cut them to the backbone and left them to bleed to death. The struggling, surging, madly shouting mass in the reddened sea formed a singular picture in the sunset. As the dying agony of one whale after another ceased, and the monsters rolled lifeless on the water, rescuing parties on the beach drove stout iron hooks into the eyes of the dead and hauled them up on the shore out of reach of the tides, where the body was left lying till the next day, when the division could take place. When all had been landed, it was within an hour of midnight, and the exhausted

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Hundreds of Monsters of the Sea Rilled

by liardy Islauders. [Dispatch from Faroe Islands, Dec. 80.1

The 12th of November was the redletter day of the year on Suderoe, the southernmost island of this bleak group, just as July 21 was in 1885. On November 12 a flock of grind

whales was sighted off Vaag, on the almost inaccessible west coast of the fishing-smack that sighted the flock made all haste al the important discovery to the inhabitants of the little settlement Tamien by the usual expedient of hoisting a pair of trousers or an oilskin coat at the masthead, and the observed

lighted on the hilltops, and runners went from "bygd" to "bygd," spreadingthe news and summoning the population Leaving all other cares

island. The solitary

to sign

signal was no sooner ashore than fires were

to the shore. and concerns, they obeyed to a man,

or a woman for that matter, and

made for the little bay at Tamien, where, if they did not escape, the grind would be driven ashore. word grind has power at any time to cause a break on the Faroe Islands, more than once coming on a Sunday during church services. It has broken up the meeting in a general rush, head:

ed by the parson, for the water, and

no wonder, for the parish. Priest's

share of a grind-catch may, if it is a

good one, easily reach and even ex

ceed \$500, h, eum not to be made every day up here in the shadow of

the North Pole. But in this case the extra danger that the grind would escape, the bay at Tamien being notoriously the poorest "grind-place" on the island, lent additional speed to the rush, and nearly one-half of the 2,400 persons island—men, women and children—

were soon en route for the settlement.

Eighteen boats had come by sea, hardly a corporal's guard, to contend with a big school of frightened whales, and lay in a wide half-circle outside the floe, as a barrier between it and the open sea, waiting for re-inforcements. But the evening shades were falling and none were in sight. It was determined to risk an attack rather than take chances on having the school escape under cover of the darkuees. The sysselmand or bailiff of the "bygd" having inspected the boats and ascertained that each had its full armament of whale harpoons, strong two-edged knives fixed on six-foot

sticks, the signal was given and the

start made amid general anxiety on

shore where an ever-increasing throng, armed with knives, were waiting to take part in the

slaughter. Probably no reader of a New York newspaper ever witnessed a "grindedral," j.e., grindkilling. Indeed, it would be strange if any of them had, for the Faroe Islands are apparently the only places favored with the periodical visits of these monstrous ocean travelers, or where the people know enough to take advantage of their calls. , The grind whale (pronounced ɔː attains a length of fully fifty feet. It is a social creature and never travels alone, like its still larger brethren, but is found in Schools from a hundred to several thousands. Yet these

are believed to be merely stray parties detached from the main body that is supposed to range the ocean within the Arctic circle. Be this as it may, upon these visits that are too often, like angel's visits, few and far between, depend the few comforts the Faroer

lander enjoys; in seasons of poor barley and potato crops, even life itself. A good grind-catch assures the islanders of plenty of meat for the long, dark "winter. Grind, meat, though coarse to the palate brought up on porter-house steak and Southdown mutton, is a royal treat to a hun native of these high regions, and, salted down, will keep as long as there is any left. The oil will keep the Faering's lamp lighted in the long evenings when fog and storms rule the Sea; what is left to sell will buy him clothes to keep him warm, and a bright kerchief or ribbon at the government store for the women to smarten up with. The head alone of a full-grown grind yields from fifty to sixty quarts of oil, worth from \$5 to \$8 at the stores. Hence, no wonder that the message that a grind had been sighted turns the fortunate island upside down, and sets everything that had legs to run with piling for the shore. As many boats as are handy or can be hauled up within a distance of ten or a dozen miles are sent around by water to join in the attack, for the Jattle with the whales is essentially a

naval engagement. They form in a

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tion" is the debilitated woman's best-remedy - steric tonic. - ---- -

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