

twenty-five miles an hour for half a day, with the full power of the engines against him, does not now get a hundred yards away before he has to stop.

Even when he is alongside and almost passive, with only a little occasional tremor and frothy bubbles from the blow-hole to prove that he is still breathing, the skipper is not satisfied. "There is no telling—he might yet wake up—lance him, Peder." And Peder stabs him with the long lance twice, and after each stab up spouts the thick, dark blood—two streams four feet high and thick around as a man's wrist almost.

"What a great fellow," says the skipper. Already he has said it twenty times at least—"a great strong fellow." And standing by the rail he looks his full. "Is he not what I said? Back in Tromsø will they believe me now? Will they? And the iron that I put in him years ago—see the scar of it! Later I shall myself cut that iron out—and keep it, yes. And to show them at home what a monster he is, I am almost tempted to tow him there—but it is too far—more than a hundred miles—four hundred English miles—it is too far, yes. Put the chains to him now—a strong fellow—and will bring seven—yes, eight or nine

thousand kroner. And what will I do with nine thousand kroner? What? Ho—ho—ho—my oldest boy shall go to the university with it—shall go if he will. But will he? Who can say? He is like his father—he, too, cares more for whale-hunting than for schools. And you, you little fighting-whales,"—he waved a big arm where the fins of the blubber-cutters cut the sea—"you, you little devils, did I not cheat you fine? Did I not, hah? Oh, but I would like to put a lance in some of you. I have a mind to try it—'twould teach you a lesson—yes. And yet, you little fighting devils, but for you I would not have him now. No. But such a strong one—and eight thousand kroner. And the university for Olaf—yes—if he will but go. Ho—ho—such a day—such a day! Oh, Fred, a cup of coffee here. I begin to feel it. Forty hours on the platform—it is a long time without sleep. But to-day I sleep—eight thousand kroner—ho—ho!—the length of him, look! and eight thousand kroner. And not alone the greatest whale that ever I killed, that ever any Norwegian killed, but the greatest that any man ever killed. And oh, Fred, a cup of coffee all around—and let all hands eat, for we hunt no more to-day."

## To Understand

BY MARGARET SUTTON BRISCOE

TO live, to love, be glad, give and be given,  
 Is earth—is Heaven!  
 Laughter and living,  
 Gifts and the giving,  
 Lightly we understand;  
 To love—ah, love is when we suffer  
 Hand in hand!