

ON THE EDGE

By Ford Henner.

"And Waring?" one of the men asked. "What became of Waring? Did he go off with Mrs. Statham? You know there were bets about it before I went. One remembers that sort of thing out there." "Oh, Waring," the other answered. "No. It was rather funny. He went off by himself. The man from 'out there' whispered softly.

"Dapper Waring," he said, "discreet Waring. Got the giddy mutton; mustache and all!" The other had the air of shuddering a little at the slang. It was a matter of going back to old times, and they were at the club, the old place—in the old armchairs. The man who had come back "wanted to know" furiously.

The other knew; he was the sort of man who did; who knew his way about, too, having stayed for all his life in a town where, for the man who knows, there are more gold and more fruit than in all the other hemispheres. He had put on more flesh than the other, and was the older man and the quieter. His beard was trimmed square, and was thick. At home, he had a collection of very choice water colors, and underneath his broad, bare forehead another of modern instances. All these things gave him an air of balance and assuredness.

"Oh, it was the other way round," he said. "You see, Waring had got as far as packing his bag. Further. You didn't know Mrs. Statham, or Statham?" "Wasn't it Statham who used to sit over there sometimes—sit huddled up in a hooded chair and wear some guy's hygienic clothing?" he said.

The other nodded. "Yes, that was Statham," he answered. "Mrs. S. was another sort. I knew her a bit—very well before she was married. She used to be one of your bright and beautiful English ones; the sort you fellows talk about. Tall, golden hair in coils. And blue eyes. Drooping eyelids, though, and a nose with a tendency to quiver in the nostrils like a blood horse. Looked splendid, sometimes. Splendid!"

"I don't now what she married Statham for. Bored at home, I suppose. I don't know. Anyhow, she married him. And then he began to get on her nerves after a year, or, maybe, two. You see, he discovered his monstrous importance in the scale of things—his scale. Something reminded him that there were such things as death and health."

"As long as he limited himself to pills she didn't mind, I suppose, but when it came to red flannel liver pads she aged a little. Grew up, you might say. It was a sort of foretaste, and opened up prospects."

"Well, Statham grew worse and worse, became the Statham you were speaking of; went to all the doctors in town, and took to wearing hygienic clothes. And then Mrs. Statham became the Mrs. Statham that Waring knew—a woman. And a real woman's the devil. It was tragedy, really, for her. And I began to realize that I, too, was well, growing up when I saw her. I began to think my hair must be getting thin on the top; round the crown. Bit of a tragedy for me, too, eh? You see, I had been away on business for the firm, to New York and Louisiana, and then I came plump into the middle of the whole thing again. We had rather intimate business with Statham's house, and I used to see him a good deal and talk things over at night. I got the whole position in a minute—in two, if you like. You remember Waring—a little fellow, well set up, close curly golden hair, blue eyes, with a twinkle, and that mustache of his you spoke of—a yellow one that looked as if it carried him about. You fellows didn't know the man here—not as I knew him and saw him in that menage. His eyes had a different quality; they didn't flicker, but went soft, when he talked to a woman. So did his voice, and his mustache drooped."

"I hated him, until one day it came into my head that, for the grace of God, there might have gone—me. Anyhow, I pitied her. There we used to sit at that dinner table of theirs; Statham with his head buried between his shoulders and a gigantic screen behind his back; hygienic clothes and a blue flannel shirt that swathed round his neck like that sort of patent legging you see advertised. Well, he had his tragedy, too, poor beast; he looked like an old bad crow on a railing in a dripping fog."

"As for her, she'd sit opposite, with Waring near her. She'd look at her husband, and practically as she looked at him. There'd be lines on her face."

"She had grown up, as I said. Some women never do; but she had, and hardened in type. It was pretty sad to see, because she used to be, oh, a glorious girl. She was a glorious woman, too, when she didn't happen to have her eyes on her husband. But the face was intensely proud."

"What she clung to most desperately was the tradition of indistinguishability, of being like everybody else. Anything else amounted to what you call it: 'albinism' when you're a white chameleon in a flock all alike. It's a race instinct, accentuated by a moral code, when you come to think of it, and this was like a blow from a clear sky, some-

thing, a shadow of and quite hateful. She was horribly afraid was was 'indiscernible' as far as Waring went. I could see it in the way she looked at me, as if she were trying to catch me 'noticing.' It frightened her, and fascinated her; and Statham was no kind of moral support."

"She would look at him, and I could see a sort of light in her eyes; flashes of rebellion against, not Statham, but the infinite that had tied her to him. Then Waring would say something, in a voice as if he were gargling eau sucree, a voice you never heard here. She would take a sip of wine, and brighten up; flush all over; become like a Bacchante. There was a sort of fitness of things in it. That sort of man will do the trick for that sort of woman; and any one would have looked well opposite Statham, even I."

He paused, and began dropping lumps of sugar into his coffee; gazed at the little clusters of bubbles that resulted, and separated them with the extreme point of his teaspoon. His friend looked at him with the suspicion of a grin. "You were pretty hard hit, old chap," he said. "Oh, I don't say," the other answered. "Anyway, I saw the tragedy of her position. Waring either did or didn't see, I don't know; Statham certainly did not—I don't believe he ever spoke to his wife, except to tell her what Dr. Ferguson had said in the morning, and Dr. Thwaite at lunch time, and both in consultation with Sir Saul Samuelson on the morning of the day when he had felt such palpitations."

"I don't know what put the screw on—in Waring's affair, I mean. Things reached a head in one way or another, and they decided to knock the head off in the approved way. You know how these things come about; or, perhaps you don't. It probably upset little Waring when it came; he too, had a sort of fear of the noticeable. Anyhow he got his bags packed and deposited at Charing Cross, and the tickets taken (told me that himself), and put on a bowler hat and a long coat for traveling in. Then he trotted to their house to take her for a trip—outside the radius."

"She was standing there gloved and veiled and frozen, ready for traveling to—the Isles of the Blest. Waring saw she had a letter in her hand. It struck him that she had been writing to Statham; the sort of letter one leaves on a dressing table, I believe."

"Ready?" he asked, a little throaty, but determined to avoid a scene or anything like it, as if it were a matter of a trip to Putney. "Oh, I'm ready," she answered. "But—look here." She held the letter out to him.

"I knew what was in it; I'd written it. I had had to go round from us to Statham's—it was something about bonded business. I had found him with a couple of doctors called in by his head clerk. And there was a basin full of something red—and a sponge. Poor beggar, we had never taken his maladies seriously, and he knew it. He was anxious to see his wife, as far as we could tell, because he was speechless. I think he wanted to get some sort of acknowledgment from her. It was a triumph for him; if he had been able to speak, he might have said, 'I told you so!' I had sent the office boy in advance with the letter I wrote, and then I followed with Statham in a cab."

"That was the real tragedy of her life, poor thing, that scene in the drawing room. I don't know just what passed. I imagine that she must have tried to—not to persuade exactly—but to point out that the letter did not make any difference; that it was probably only one of Statham's 'little ways.' But Waring had a lively sense of the conveniences, you know."

"I expect, too, she didn't look quite up to the mark that morning. She used to get washed out pretty easily then. Probably she had had a bad time the night before, thinking of the momentous step, and there remained in her face nothing but—oh, the pride and something else, a little alarming for a man like Waring. He had a sort of vision of the future, of what she would be for ever and ever, in that pale woman. That and the idea of running away with—with the wife of a corpse were a little too noticeable even for Waring."

"Anyhow, as we were carrying Statham up the steps—all that remained of him—Waring was coming down. He never saw her again; took a trip round the world; bolted, in fact. He would have faced the scandal the other way; he would have stuck to her, too; he'd even have faced out the being tied to her as he saw her then; I suppose because he would have had the run for his money—the glow and the glamor. That's what it amounts to."

He came to a stop, and relit his cigar. "And Mrs. Statham?" the Colonel asked.

"She's still Mrs. Statham," "And you?" "I'm still I—not more of a fool than Waring, and a little less than Statham. And I began to get bald soon after."

The man from "out there" hummed involuntarily the tune that goes with—

Combien je regrette
Mon bras si dodu.

The other was scratching a minute speck of mud off his coat sleeve. "Oh, it hardly amounts to that," he said.

HUDSON-HIGHLAND BOBACATS

The Doodletown Nimrod and His Dunderberg Quarry.

Bobcats, wildcats or lynxes, as one may prefer to call them, are certainly not extinct in the Hudson Highlands. A woodsman friend of mine who lives in Doodletown was the possessor until recently of a bobcat killed by his young son last winter in Dunderberg. This man is no mean hunter himself, and he knows the mountains like a book. He is a great grandson by marriage of a member of the expedition which found (and immediately thereafter forever lost track of) the famous Long Tinker's mine, the story of which was told at length a little more than a year ago.

The writer visited him yesterday in his home at the foot of the Timp Pass, and in the course of a conversation about a fine raccoon the Doodletown hunter had just brought in was informed of the bobcat episode.

"The boy shot a link on the mountain early last January," he said, "and not long ago he sold him for \$25 to a man at Tompkins Cove, who had him stuffed. It was a yearling kitten, and when the boy brought him in I saw it was thin and poorly from the hard feeding of winter, but even then it weighed forty-five pounds. If it hadn't been so poorly it'd weighed seventy-five pounds."

Any one who doubts this story may easily obtain proof of its genuineness. This bobcat happened to be shot just south of the Orange county line, but my informant asserts that a friend of his had an encounter with one last summer near Fort Montgomery—W. T. H. in New York Sun.

RODE A HIPPOPOTAMUS.

The meeting here of Lord Selborne, High Commissioner of South Africa, and Luanika, Paramount Chief of Barotseland, was full of quaint incident.

Nothing could be more picturesque than Luanika's arrival. A fleet of 250 native dugout canoes came up the board Zambezi, led by the chief's own enormous boat, with its crew of thirty paddlers.

There broke from the hundreds of women assembled on the shore the royal song of welcome as Luanika's craft drew nigh. Dressed in every imaginable brilliant color, black faces shining and black eyes sparkling with excitement the women marched slowly forward to the rhythmic clapping of hands, chanting as they went; to the river front, and then, with wild shrieks and peals of laughter, broke their ranks and raced to bathe their hands and faces in the water in which the king's boat swam.

In the evening the Paramount Chief presented Lord Selborne with a young hippopotamus. This beast, which is perfectly tame and about half grown, had followed the chief's canoe 300 miles down the river from Lualaba, taking no more than a passing interest in the herds of wild "hippos" on the way. It slept peacefully through the greater part of the presentation ceremony, and was finally gallantly mounted and ridden out of the courtyard by a member of the Paris Missionary Society.—Sesheke Correspondence London Daily Mail.

MAKE-BELIEVE MASCOTS.

Gamblers are notoriously superstitious, as all who have visited Monte Carlo know. There you will find a parasitic class who live on the superstition of frequenters of the tables.

They are hunchbacks, and the gamblers imagine that they are certain to have a run of luck after touching the humps of these unhappy wretches. Accordingly, one finds at each entrance to the Casino a row of waiting hunchbacks ready to bring luck to any one who will pay them. Each has his own list of patrons, and a very comfortable income some of them earn.

Not a few of them are normal in every respect, their humps being simply padding and framework strapped upon their shoulders. One such was recently exposed and punished summarily.

A rumor had spread among the gaming fraternity that he was a fraud, so one of his patrons, instead of patting him gently on the back as usual, gave him a resounding thwack, which effectually dislodged the bogus hump.

Having thus effected a record quick cure, the gamblers determined that their patient must also take the waters in the lake of the Casino gardens in case he should have a relapse.

After a lengthy dip he was so thoroughly cured that he left Monte Carlo never to return. But there are still bogus mascots at the doors of the gaming hall, and there always will be till the foolish superstition dies out.—Answers.

In Preston, England, the power generated by the burning of the city's waste suffices to operate the electric railways.

Dover, England, will have a new harbor, which will be completed in 1910, when it will accommodate 50 men of war.

It appears that, excluding warships, there were 450 vessels of 1,000,000 tons gross, under construction in the United Kingdom at the close of the quarter ended September 30 last.

The furks are manifesting great delight in automobiles, but their poor roads make it difficult to use them.

CANNON BALL HOUSE.

An Old Colonial Mansion on the Schuylkill River.

Although it lies on the west bank of the Schuylkill, none of the old timers in "the Neck" were unacquainted with the traditions of the Cannon Ball House, which stands some distance from Fairview Ferry road and about half or three-quarters of a mile west of the Fairview Ferry bridge. The house is notable for the window in its chimney, which certainly is unusual. It has been explained that the window was not part of the original plan of the house, but was cut into the chimney for a convenient lookout for officers of the Continental Army at the time of the Revolution. The house is near the river, not far from the junction with the Delaware, and at the time of the Revolution there was nothing to prevent a clear view of the stream for a great distance, as most of the ground in the vicinity is low and the fort was built on very low land.

White Col. William Bradford, the printer and newspaper publisher, was in command of the fort near the house, known during the revolution as Mud Fort and later as Fort Mifflin, the fortification was attacked by the British in force. This was at the battle of Red Bank, in October, 1778. During the attack on the fort, it is said, a cannon ball ploughed its way through the walls of the house, and although the family was at dinner at the time in the room through which the shot passed no one was injured. There is still to be seen in the walls of the old mansion the place where the shot entered.

On the old map of Settle & Heap, published in 1760, the house is shown lying in the township of Kingsessing, on what is called Carpenter's Island. It is called Blakeley's house and was the only one in the vicinity. The date of the building is not readily ascertained, but from the character of the brick employed in its construction it is evidently of great age, dating from the early years of the eighteenth century. In the days before 1850 the house was to be approached only from the east side of the Schuylkill by means of the rope ferry at this point. Then the bridge was erected and, taking its name from the family in the neighborhood, the Penrose, who had the monopoly of the ferry, the road was called Penrose Ferry road and the bridge given the name of the ferry. In recent years the Southwestern trolley line has brought Cannon Ball House into closer touch with the city proper.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Victorious Every Time.

With this number of our weekly we offer our most respectful and hearty congratulations to the happy celebration of his birthday, which occurred on November 3, fifty-five years ago, to his Majesty, the beloved Emperor of Japan; and we also dedicate all the respects and filial piety to our Imperial ancestors and to the nation who guided and guarded our nation so successfully and uniquely for an unbroken reign of 2,561 years.

Out of all the reigning Emperors of our nation, the present Emperor is the most beloved by his subjects, and best known to the world, not only because of his memorable successes and ability in the matter of statecraft, but also because of his devotion to his subjects, his sincerity to friendly nations, and his magnanimity to the nation's enemies. Ever since his accession to the Imperial throne forty years ago, there have been many political difficulties, upheavals, and internal and external wars, which endangered the nation's existence, yet he has been courageous and fortunate enough to come out victorious every time. There is no question that the Emperor's wisdom, energy and his subjects had to do much to attain these national glories and successes, but we all agree that the virtues of the Emperor and his ancestors were infinitely great factors of them all. To us the Emperor is dearer above all things and creatures, and therefore his birthday is the greatest national holiday, and as the Fourth of July is to the American people, so the Emperor's birthday is to the Japanese people.

Let us all answer the Imperial edicts which we are reproducing elsewhere, in fullest measure, and let us guard and maintain happiness and prosperity of our Imperial throne equal with heaven and earth.

Three times "Banzaï" for His Majesty, the Emperor of Japan.—Japanese American Commercial Weekly.

A plan for the construction of a tramway line at Peking, elaborated by a Japanese, has been presented to the Bureau of Foreign Affairs by the Japanese Minister at Peking. He demands a monopoly of 10 years, after which the concern may be bought by China.

That Tomsters are right-handed and left-handed is a new discovery by St. J. Chelton Brown. About 90 per cent have sharp teeth only on the right claw, but a few have them teeth on the left side.

The purest breed of Arab horses are the Kuchani, whose genealogy has been preserved for 2,000 years. They are said to be derived from King Solomon's stable.

Who is that man mooning over his meat? That's the star boarder.

THE POWER OF WOMAN

By Una Hudson.

I stirred my tea thoughtfully and looked at Patricia over my teacup. She is very good to look at, Patricia, and is a charming widow in the first stages of consoling affliction.

I have known Patricia for a very long time. In saying this I do not, however, wish to intimate that Patricia is hardened with years. On the contrary, she is well under thirty and looks even younger than she really is. But I have watched her development from a lanky girl into a graceful young woman; so, surely, I am well within the truth when I lay claim to having known her for a long time.

"The power of woman," I said, apropos of nothing at all, "is very greatly overrated."

I confess that I said this not without malice prepense. It is by means of just such remarks that I have perfected in Patricia that spiciness of temper so charming in a woman.

I was pained to observe that she at once followed my lead.

"You are entirely mistaken," she said, perhaps a trifle more aggressively than the occasion seemed to warrant. "Any woman can get anything she wants from any man if she only goes about it in the right way." This sounded interesting.

"Prove it," I said judicially. Patricia was all animation. Her cheeks were pink; her eyes bright, and she was very, very pretty. I confess I am rather susceptible to beauty in women.

"I will," she said determinedly. "I will decide upon something that I want you to do, and then I will make you do it."

"Of course," I suggested parenthetically "you will tell me what the 'something' is."

"Certainly not," Patricia said dally.

"But," I said, bewildered, "I don't know what it is you want me to do. How on earth am I to do it?"

"You will do it," Patricia told me, "because you don't know what it is I want. If you knew, you probably wouldn't do it."

"I suppose," I said, discomfitedly, "I shall have to see you a great deal?"

"It's not at all necessary," Patricia assured me cheerfully.

Whereupon I immediately decided that I would call upon her quite often. It seemed only fair to give her every chance in the world, the more so that it was my private opinion that she had undertaken a large contract.

It did not appear to me that Patricia was making any special effort to induce me to do "something." I intimated as much to her. She smiled wisely and asked if I had made all my appointments.

I have neglected to state that I had managed to secure a rather responsible political position, attached to which there was considerable patronage.

I thought that remark of Patricia very tactless and somewhat obnoxious.

"My dear girl," I said, "I am in your power. And what a peculiar sort of power it is!"

"You should have told me so," she said, without beating about the bush. "An appointment was made, wasn't it?"

Patricia lay back in her chair and laughed till the tears rolled down her cheeks.

"You precious old goose," she said, when she was able to express herself coherently. "I don't want a position for my own use and pleasure. But I think, she went on with sudden gravity, that it is very foolish of you to assume that my ultimate purpose was to work you for a favor, for some friend or mine."

I apologized and I told her how all my pride and pleasure in my recently acquired position had turned to bitterness because of the attitude of my so-called friends in respect to those same appointments. The number of applicants for each place was positively appalling. And Patricia, I was made the recipient of any little friendly courtesy I had come to believe that somewhere hanging to it I would find that odious and everlasting request for a job.

I told her, too, what a joy it was to know that there was one person whose friendship for me was entirely disinterested. That seemed to please Patricia. She let me hold her hand for quite a long time when I bade her good-by. She has a very charming hand, Patricia. I think it is what a palmist would call a "psychic hand." When you hold it it sends little warm thrills all over your body. I think I shall be holding it again. That is of course if Patricia will permit me.

I think, too, that I will cultivate the habit of sending her an occasional bunch of flowers or a box of confections. While I was calling on her this evening a box came from the florist. It contained carnations. Patricia said they were a very nice and very beautiful. I don't do not really admire carnations, but I will send her some.

They were from a florist who had just moved to the city. I had heard that he was a very nice fellow, and I had been thinking of going to see him. I had heard that he was a very nice fellow, and I had been thinking of going to see him. I had heard that he was a very nice fellow, and I had been thinking of going to see him.

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