

# THE WAYFARER.

By THE LADY ARABELLA ROMILLY.

MRS. MILVAIN sat spinning at the cottage door one evening in early summer. Now and again she looked with sad eyes on her garden bloom, for flowers were almost all of sweetness and joy in life left to her now.

Her life had been sorrow all through; now, when she began to hope she might be within a measurable distance of the end, an acquiescence and a peace had come to her unknown hitherto in her stormy life. Something akin to pleasure she felt at the growing and the thriving of her flowers, watching the small shoots working through the soil and the gradual unfolding of leaf and bud to flower. Each plant was a nursing, each separate plot the result of work and economy. And Sylvia Milvain often thanked God that, though nearly all of earth's goods had been taken from her, still enough had been left to make one little garden beautiful. Her cottage, too, expressed herself; she had only three rooms, but these were delicate and dainty, though the sitting room was but a cottage kitchen and the walls of her little bedroom were whitewashed.

Still, a woman must have something to love, and Sylvia, who had had riches with sorrow, now accepted poverty with peace.

A man walked through the woods which surrounded the tiny cottage, and came straight up to the wooden gate, and looked down the flagged path between its candytuft and ivy leafed perennials, to where the fair woman sat at her spinning wheel. For fate, she knew, though youth had long left her, had not age forgotten her, being merciful to some; for age has its favorites, and Sylvia was one. She was dressed like a Quakeress rather than a peasant, in a plain, straight, gray gown; a white fichu, folded, showed a white round neck. Her face was absolutely white, except for her mouth, which had not lost the red of her girlhood, and the eyes were calm and large and gray, with eyelashes curling up toward the level brows.

All this the man noted as he stood with his hand on the latch, and the tenderness of her figure and of her arms and wrists, as she passed in her spinning to look at him. He waited for her to speak, and she, being a lonely woman in a cottage, perhaps had some momentary thrill of fear at his approach.

But he was old, she thought, and she was that he was tired, and it was a long way to the nearest village, so Mrs. Milvain spoke.

"Do you want to find Westford Lees? It is nearly a mile from here."

"I am very tired," he said simply, and leaned with his arms on the garden gate.

He seemed to breathe in the sweetness and beauty of the garden, and Mrs. Milvain waited, wondering whether to bid him come in and rest, for he was a very tired and worn wayfarer, and she saw on his scamed, brown face the marks of much toil and many sorrows. While Sylvia Milvain looked as if she could never grow old, the wayfarer looked as if he had never been young.

"Will you come and rest here?" she said, and went herself to open her gate, and he followed as in a dream.

She, going on before, could not see the expression of his face—surprise, preceding rapture, and rapture anxiety. But he said nothing till they were inside her cottage—a little wooden house, with a primitive wooden kitchen door. For it was really a house, with stone floor and red brick fireplace and oven, and a brick hearth, side which a Persian kitten lay curled up on a sheepskin rug. In contrast to the dresser with its willow-leafed dishes, its pewter plates and tins, the tall clock, the old straight-backed chairs, were the embroidery table, a gold thimble, a rosewood workbox lined with blue satin, a pair of silver-handled scissors. On the wall, unvarnished oak table stood a bowl of flowers, and at the widely spaced lattice windows short linen curtains worked in crewels, and wide window seats cushioned like sofas, where she bade him rest in one while she prepared the tea. She realized at once that he was not a common wayfarer; his speech was as her own. Each recalled the true position of the other, and he was a tired, shabby wanderer on the roads and fields. She saw his hand turn to her bookcase beside the fireplace, and saw a scar about the size of her own little finger; then she sighed and smiled.

And still her delicate fingers held the spinning thread, and her foot tread the spinning wheel, and he, lying back against a cushion, wondered whether earth would ever again show him so fair and restful a picture.

The daylight faded, and she became a shadowy figure against the window. The just sunbeam had lit her hair with a good night kiss. Margaret came in and threw logs on the fire, and still the wayfarer lingered, and still Sylvia gave him no hint that she was weary of him. And a great silence fell. Perhaps she thought he slept.

The clock struck, and still he sat there, and she span in the twilight. At last she rose and came near to him.

He was asleep. She bent over him and scanned his worn features with a sort of tender scrutiny, but her expression was contemplative. Then she lifted the lock of gray hair lying loosely across his forehead, and saw a scar about the size of her own little finger; then she sighed and smiled.

And presently he woke with a start. "I beg your forgiveness," he said, courteously, "for having slept in your presence."

"I forgive," she answered. "Meanwhile, you will stay and have supper with me? Rest here."

"He was surprised at a new friendliness and clarity in her manner. Her almost haughty graciousness had altered during his sleep. When she had left him and bade Margaret prepare the supper, his hand stole furtively to the little volume of Keats in the bookcase by his chair. In the beginning was written, 'Sylvia from Stephen.' The date was thirty years ago. Below it was written 'Sylvia Milvain.' They spoke very little at supper, each seemed to be silently watching the other. At ten, as she prepared some coffee, he asked abruptly:

"Where is your husband?"

"He died long ago," she answered, with some reserve of manner, "very long ago. And you—where is your wife?"

"I have no wife. I have never married."

"But you married, and had a son?"

"Yes, but I had to marry, because—well, I suppose you know the old story of Robin Gray?"

"I have read it," he said, "but your husband a Robin Gray?"

"He was not," she said. "But—he is dead."

"And did Jamie never come back?"

Her face was turned away from him, and as a burning fog fell with a clatter

on the hearth he could not guess if she had heard his question.

He looked at her slender waist, the delicately set head, and the coil of soft, ash brown hair. Her fair, slight hands were busy at her household work, but they were white, and over her wedding ring shone a little gold serpent ring, whose diamond eyes sparkled in the firelight.

He did not repeat his question just then.

"Shall I tell you," he said, "why I became a wanderer on the face of the earth?"

She sat down quietly opposite him, her folded hands on her lap. The night-lingale sang loudly and passionately; the moonlight flooded the little room through the still open window.

"When I was a boy—a wild, headstrong boy, if you will, but with a strong, loving heart—I loved one of the sweetest women who ever walked the earth. She was scarcely a woman—a girl, almost a child—an angel."

Sylvia smiled.

"And she loved me, or said she did; and then, and then—Why revive these old memories?"

"Perhaps," she said, softly, "it is better to revive them. There may have been some injustice done, in thought, to some one, which might at last be righted."

"It could never be righted now," he said. "It is so long ago—nearly thirty years."

"What is thirty years in eternity?" she said. "An unconsidered moment."

"She, the woman—or shall I call her the child?—I loved, ruined my life without an explanation, without even a warning. I had gone to London to look for work. I had almost the promise of a situation in an office, a salary on which we might have married—for she was always, even then, thrifty and housewifely in her sweet ways—when I heard from her just these words:

"Forgive me, for reasons I can never explain we can never marry. I am going to marry (here she gave the name) next week!"

Sylvia's voice sounded small and very faint as she said:

"Was that all? Didn't she even send her love? Didn't she tell you that she should always remember your love for her and hers for you?"

"She did," he said. "How well you understand women!"

"Not all women, but perhaps this one."

"There was nothing for me to do," he said. "All was inevitable. I went away. She would not see me. She gave no explanation—none. My father died suddenly. Her father had urged her to marry. My mother was dead. What was left for me? I went away. I could not forget her; I shall never forget her. When I am dead, if my body were opened, her name would be found written on my heart."

"Was she as beautiful?" Sylvia asked, and in the agitation of that moment the femininity of the question passed unheeded.

"She was—herself," he said, "the woman God had made for me, and she rejected me."

"You do not know all," she said. "Perhaps if you knew all, you would be merciful."

"I was never less than merciful to her, God bless her!"

"Perhaps you have never heard that her father forged a man's name for a great sum, and that the man refrained from prosecution on condition of the daughter marrying him."

The wayfarer started from his chair. "Was that the reason? Oh, my God! And did she think so poorly of her lover?"

"She thought of her father's and her mother's name," Sylvia said quietly, though her white face flushed a rosy red and her hands grasped the arms of her chair. "She knew that, great as love is, honor is greater. Therefore, she knew that she must save her father's name and lose her own. She knew that she must lose the whole world, which was her love, to save her soul, her honor, to save her father's. She knew that she must let the man she loved, the man whom she had loved all her life, whom she had played with and quarrelled with since they were both babies, look on her all the rest of her life as a vile coquette and a flirt. She must send him forth with his faith in womanhood ruined, to seek such comfort as she could never give, ruined by her father; married to a man old in sin, and who only desired her for her youth and what men called beauty; and be despised by the man she loved, and be silent for honor's sake."

Sylvia's tears ran over her cheeks and still the wayfarer never spoke.

"She accepted her lot. The man she loved went away, she does not know where, believing her father and the man she married made her life a tragedy; she dares not let herself think of it. And then came rain. She was glad when rain came. She could work with her own hands for the little son; she loved the child. And the man—she lost everything—health, strength, and all worldly goods, and she nursed him till he died. She knew the price he had paid for her, and she would fulfill the bargain to the uttermost farthing—and it was the uttermost farthing."

There was deep silence in the little room.

Very gently the wayfarer rose from his chair, and he stood before Sylvia looking at the lovely face—lovely still, though the sorrows of many years shadowed the eyes and hollowed the delicate cheeks.

"And now he knows all," he said. "Sylvia rose and put her hands into his."

"Did you know at once?" she asked. "At once, my love, at once. And you?"

Sylvia smiled.

"Even now I can keep secrets."

"And so her wayfarer came to stay and the latter years of their lives were better than the beginning.—The Lady's Realm."

**Harvest Always Being Gathered.**  
Crops are being harvested somewhere in the world during every month in the year. South Africa and Peru harvest in November, and Bengal, Burma and New South Wales in December.

**Jamaica May Grow Cotton.**  
Jamaica is talking of introducing the cultivation of cotton to make up for the decline in sugar. Cotton is being grown in Montserrat, in Santa Lucia and in several of the Leeward Islands.



New York City.—Shirred waists always are becoming to young girls and are greatly in vogue at the present time. The very pretty and attractive



A delightful bodice for a young girl of from fourteen to sixteen years of age is developed in crepe de chine of the palest blue, with a bolero and cuffs of Paragon lace. The front of the waist is finely tucked, and so are the sleeves, except at the elbows, where they balloon out into a full puff. The lace is carried down the sleeves for about two inches on each side of the under-seam, and is faced with blue silk cord and tassels half way down to the elbow, to match the bolero, which is fastened half way down the front in similar fashion.

The Lace Head-Piece.  
No English woman of quality who does a tea gown nowadays considers her toilet complete unless she has tied a piece of lace around her head. The fashion began in country houses, and now both town and country are doing it. They say the lace is so becoming and real, but, as many a woman has none of this description to boast of, any lace, provided it is sheer and dainty, is pressed into service.

A New Pique Waist.  
A white pique waist has been made in rather an unusual way. Fancy bands of heavy cream lace are in the front, and it has trimming of embroidery in a deep cream shade. The sleeves show no lace, but there is a small point of it on the front of the stock. The tops of the sleeves have the cream embroidery.

Coral Collars.  
Wide collars of many rows of coral beads are enriched with a central pique and slides of brilliants.

Black Straw in Favor.  
Black straw will be used profusely, and threatens to take the place of white entirely.

Woman's Gumpie.  
Gumpie dresses have become so common for grown folks as well as for children and young girls that the gumpie may fairly be counted a necessity. The very desirable May Mantion



The very stylish May Mantion one shown in the large drawing is adapted to heavy and to light weight cloth as best suits the season, but is shown in tan colored cravenette in medium width stitched with cordelle silk. It is simple and loose fitting at the same time that it is smart, and allows of wearing over the jacket when occasion requires. The sleeves are large and ample and can be drawn on and off with ease. In each front is inserted a convenient pocket and a concealed opening is made at the seam.

The coat is made with fronts and back and is fitted by means of shoulder and under-arm seams. The fronts are faced to form lapels and the neck is finished with the regulation coat collar. The sleeves are in full bishop style with roll over cuffs. The loose back is confined to the waist by a belt that passes through the under-arm seams and closes under the fronts, but which may be worn over them if so preferred.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is five and one-half yards forty-four inches wide, or four and seven-eighths yards fifty-four inches wide.

**Millinery Novelty.**  
For fair ones who found the old English walking hat very becoming the new boat-shaped hat is the thing. Its lines are rolling, graceful as sea billows, and it turns up on both sides. An exceedingly smart example from Susanne Blum is of the finest and richest black straw. It is faced with burnt Cluny, which is caught down, or studded, with black straw nail heads. The only trimming is at the left side, where two ostrich plumes curl along the brim and droop over the hair. One is of black, and one of champagne color. The black one is over the light one two-thirds its length, and its quill is hidden in a pleated and tatted bow

of black taffeta, which extends quite to the edge of the front brim.

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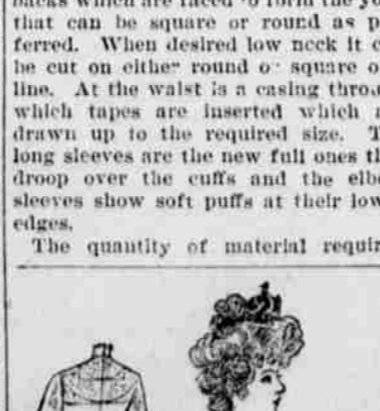
Gumpie dresses have become so common for grown folks as well as for children and young girls that the gumpie may fairly be counted a necessity. The very desirable May Mantion



one illustrated is made of shirred batiste with a yoke of lace and is high at the neck with long sleeves, but the same combination can be used with the low neck when preferred or the materials may be anything which best suits the gown.

The gumpie is made with fronts and backs which are faced to form the yoke that can be square or round as preferred. When desired low neck it can be cut on either round or square outline. At the waist is a casing through which tapes are inserted which are drawn up to the required size. The long sleeves are the new full ones that droop over the cuffs and the elbow sleeves show soft puffs at their lower edges.

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## Arizona's Rangers A Picturesque Body.

Cattle Rustling is Becoming a Thing of the Past, Thanks to Them—President Diaz is Co-operating with Arizona's Governor in Stamping Out Border Outlawry.

THE opponents of Arizona's statehood claims who have made a point against the Territory as the home of the "bad man," the bandit, the train robber and the cattle rustler, have evidently not kept posted on the work of the Arizona rangers.

This most daring and picturesque body of mounted police in the world has literally "cleaned out" Arizona's rough element, a statement that means a great deal in view of the fact that the Territory has always held more than its share of the law-defying swaggers and ruffians who have gone under the descriptive name of "bad men." This work has not been accomplished without loss. Several of the rangers have been severely wounded, and two of them have been killed in combat with desperadoes. But for every ranger killed or wounded many lawbreakers have bitten the dust or have been brought to justice. The ranks of the rangers have always been kept without a gap, as there are plenty of determined men willing to step into the charmed circle of twelve—for the rangers have never increased beyond that number.

Thanks to the rangers, cattle rustling is getting to be a thing of the past in Arizona. Two years ago the largest cattle owners in the Territory were talking seriously of seeking other ranges. Cattle rustlers, recruited from the ranks of Mormons, Gentiles and Mexicans, preyed upon flocks and herds. No man's sheep or cattle were safe from the depredations of the lawless. Local authorities were powerless. The cattle thieves in many instances worked in organized bands. They would descend on a range, drive off the cattle or sheep, and have the stock disposed of before a posse could be put on their trail. Many ranchmen were in collusion with the desperadoes, some of them being frightened into an alliance with criminals.

But the people of Arizona began to bestir themselves in earnest, and soon things took a different turn. The Arizona rangers sprang into existence. Burton W. Mossman, of Bisbee, the first captain, was chosen because of his known coolness and his skill with the revolver. Eleven men were put under his command and eleven are under the command of the captain today. The force is never enlarged, but when a member is killed another quickly steps into his place. These twelve men represent the finest type of fighters in the world. It is the same type that composed such a large element in Roosevelt's Rough Riders, and that gained the admiration of the foreign representatives on the field in Cuba during the Spanish war.

Every member of the Arizona rangers is an expert shot with the rifle or revolver. He has had experience on the cattle range, and knows how to use the lariat that hangs at his saddle. He knows the strength and weakness of every criminal in the Southwest, and he is even too ready to meet the most dreaded outlaws, even though the odds be all against him. Every ranger is always armed and ready for emergencies. He is always in touch with his chief, and always ready to carry the law into any part of the chaparral with the rifle. A crime is reported, from a horse stealing to a stage robbery, and the rangers promptly hurry to the scene—or such of them as are available. They never leave the trail until they have something definite to report. Unless a ranger is too far from civilization to do so, he is expected to send in a report to Governor Brodie every week. A sample report from one of these brave and modest troopers is as follows:

"From first to third, left Clifton and scouted toward San Francisco River. Arrested Mexican at Rattlesnake gulch, turned over to authorities at Clifton. Went out after Jose Jacob, murderer. Killed resisting arrest."

Hardly less laconic is the report of Captain Mossman concerning his capture of Bert Alvord, the notorious train robber, and Augustin Chacon, better known as "Peleo," a notorious Mexican bandit, who inaugurated a reign of bloodshed in the Southwest. Chacon's career in Arizona and in Mexico will be talked of as long as the career of "Billy the Kid." After the organization of his band of cutthroats people living in the mining camps of the Chiricahua mountains did not dare to travel into the fastnesses. With the utmost boldness he rode through Central and Northern Arizona, holding up gambling houses in Jerome, robbing a stage coach en route to Agua Fria, near Phoenix, and returning to Clifton in a trail of blood. The gang killed two hunters in the Bonita mountains without an apparent object. Friends who found the bones of these men a month later returned in desperation, for Chacon himself appeared before them and announced that in the future travelers would not be permitted to so much as bury their dead in these mountains.

Chacon had a record of killing twenty-eight persons, and doubtless this record would be larger if all his victims were known. The capture or death of this bandit was demanded by the people of Arizona and was one of Captain Mossman's first expeditions. The captain learned that Chacon had gone to Mexico by Alford, who had held the Southern Pacific train at Cochise. Alford was fired of by rangers, but concluded to betray Chacon. Captain Mossman induced Alford to cross the line with the Mexican. Chacon came with him, ostensibly to steal a bunch of horses, and Mossman, learning that his man was in an adobe house near the Mexican line, entered alone, caught the bandit off his guard, compelled him to give up his weapons and turned him over to the authorities. Chacon was legally hanged, to the delight of the entire Southwest, but it is with difficulty that the modest Mossman can be induced to talk of his part in bringing the bandit to justice.

Captain Mossman is a most picturesque character. He differs utterly from Captain Rynning, his successor. Rynning was second lieutenant in Troop B of Roosevelt's Rough Riders and commanded the company in the

Cuban campaign after Captain McClintock was wounded at Las Guasimas. It has always been Mossman's policy to keep the rustlers and desperadoes on the jump and to arrest suspects on general principles. Rynning is quieter, though not less effective. Mossman was for years foreman of the Atsee Cattle Company, owning 40,000 head of cattle near Holbrook, Ariz.

Mossman's early experiences in the cattle business have made him an expert rider and rider, and his feats with the revolver are the talk of the southwest. As a man hunter he is relentless, and on the trail he knows no such thing as fatigue. To see the man in Phoenix or Bisbee, dressed in what he terms his "store clothes," and with a flower in his lapel, one would never pick him out as an individual to strike terror to the heart of a desperado. But it is a fact, nevertheless, that this man, both through his own prowess and through his wonderfully effective organization of the rangers, is held in more dread than any man since the active days of Pat Garrett, the captor of "Billy the Kid."

President Diaz of Mexico has co-operated with the governor of Arizona in stamping out the reign of outlawry on the border. Colonel Kostelsky and his famous company of rangers have patrolled the border on the Mexican side with a vigor and skill that is second only to the work of the Arizona rangers. Americans and Mexicans frequently place their tents together while on scouting duty. Several times details of rangers have crossed the line in hot pursuit of criminals fleeing for Mexico. Colonel Kostelsky and his troop once invaded the United States in a similar manner, but no questions have ever been asked and no red tape formalities have ever been demanded.

The difficulty of operating against these southwestern outlaws may be imagined when it is known how thoroughly organized the desperadoes have been in recent years. The gangs have spies in mining and cattle camps who keep them well posted on the movements of the authorities. When the alarm is given the bandits retire to rendezvous in the most inaccessible parts of the mountains. Some of these hiding places are veritable fortresses which are well stocked with arms and provisions. Until the rangers were organized the desperadoes practically ruled Arizona, as they could not be successfully hunted down after their raids. But the work of Mossman and Rynning and their men has completely baffled the desperadoes. The "bad men" never know where the rangers may be scouting, as it is the policy of this remarkable organization to travel singly or by twos, unless some emergency calls them together. The rangers are always on the move, and they are likely to turn up in any part of the country at any time. They are always surprising lawbreakers red-handed and their long record of arrests of desperate characters shows how thoroughly they are accomplishing the work of ridding Arizona of the lawless.

Governor Brodie, who takes great pride in the work of the rangers, is himself an old-time Indian fighter and well acquainted with the yules of the southwestern "bad men." Brodie has given every encouragement to the rangers, and it would not doubt afford him keen delight to be able to participate in their active work. He has made many suggestions that have resulted in clearing certain districts of criminals, and as long as he is in the governor's chair Arizona will continue to make rapid headway against its lawless element. Certainly the work of the rangers, since their organization under ex-Governor Murphy, has been little short of marvellous, and the novelist who is looking for thrilling incidents for a romance could do no better than follow the record of these rough-riding police of the southwest.—Denver Republican.

**The Fuel Problem Solved.**  
Consul-General Mazon, whose reports from Berlin are always illuminating, has just contributed a fresh instalment of information on the German fuel-briquette industry—a matter that was of poignant interest last winter and may be so again.

Briquettes are made in Germany of brown coal, or lignite, peat and coal dust. There are 286 brown coal briquette factories alone, working up annually over forty-four million tons of lignite. The product is compact, clean, easy to handle, burns with a clear, strong flame, is practically smokeless and cheaper than good bituminous coal.

The raw material needs to have about forty-five per cent. water. The German lignite is a little too wet and the Austrian a little too dry, but a sample from Alabama is pronounced "ideal." It contains the correct percentage of moisture, crushes easily and moulds readily into firm, shining black briquettes, so clean that, as one of the experts at Magdeburg said, "they might be used for paper-weights."

There are thousands of square miles of such fuel in the Gulf States. There are 58,000 square miles of lignite beds almost as good in the Dakotas and Montana, and immense quantities in Missouri, Iowa and other parts of the West. The use of this material would make consumers independent of the coal trust.

Briquettes have made Berlin a smokeless city. They are sold at from \$1.06 to \$2.14 per ton of 2,240 pounds on the cars at the factory. At these rates the factories pay dividends of fifteen to twenty per cent.

**Value of Time in Korea.**  
Recently a high dignitary in Seoul called upon a Japanese who was staying there in connection with the Seoul-Fusan Railway. The talk turned on how long it would take to travel from the Korean capital to Fusan when the railway was completed. About twenty hours, said the Jap.

The Korean assumed a very perplexed air. "The distance requires at present," he remarked, "with a knowledge of the remaining five days and four hours if the journey can be done in twenty hours by train."