

RAISULI, THE BANDIT

(Continued from page 6)

indignities that had been placed upon him. I accompanied a regiment of Moorish soldiers to the hills, and saw them devastate two whole villages, burning every house, killing at least twenty men, and shooting an old woman as she begged for mercy on her knees, and then the savage company returned along the wide beach, the red sunset brightening the red, blue-tasseled fezzes, glowing on the brown, sharp-featured faces, the ranks swaying to the lilt of a wild war-song and in the van scores of frightened cattle, driven back for loot. Ten prisoners were pushed along before two wounded sheiks, whose horses were also wounded so that they pawed and staggered homeward. The sheiks, all in white except where a ghastly, red splash showed where the bullets of the hillmen had struck them, managed to keep their saddles, and with uplifted heads joined in the war-song, their eyes blazing with fanatical light. One toppled and fell dead from his horse in a cluster of his women-folks who came to greet his return from battle at the city gates.

But when the Calif found that Raisuli was not among the captives, his rage was so great that he caused two of his Captains to be publicly whipped in the vestibule of the white Temple of Jus-

tice. The boldest deed of Raisuli, bolder even than the kidnapping of Perdicaris and his son-in-law, was the waylaying of Walter B. Harris, and the holding of him for ransom. It was a direct defiance to the young Sultan of Morocco, for Harris and Abd'ul Azziz are warm personal friends.

Harris' home is at the foot of the hills where the Fahs people live. It is on the sea-shore, and was formerly the palace of a prince. Harris started from his home to meet a party of visiting noblemen at the Hotel Cecil in Tangier one evening in August of last year. Raisuli and his band swept upon him, overpowered the three servants with him, and Harris found himself hopelessly a captive. He was taken to a hut about thirty miles from the city. At first the Englishman thought to awe the bandit with the threats of the fate that would come to him, and the retribution that would fall from the Sultan's forces. Raisuli laughed at it. For a time Harris' views were shared by Sir Arthur Nicholson, the British Minister; but as time went on and the Sultan's searching parties returned only with stories of vain searches or of repulses by the bandits anxiety became keen.

Mrs. Harris, wife of the young British

millionaire, insisted that the ransom of two thousand pounds sterling demanded by Raisuli be paid immediately and her husband returned to her. Meanwhile Harris, in a captivity lasting almost two months, had lost heart, and then came the unbearable experience that he was subjected to. Raisuli appeared in the hut one night bearing a headless body. He threw it on the floor. He gave Harris to understand that if the ransom money was not forthcoming his fate would be the same as the unfortunate creature whose body had been flung into the room. At the end of a week spent with this ghastly object before him Harris wrote a letter to the authorities imploring them to meet the bandit's demands. It was done.

What Shall We Have for Dessert?

This question arises in the family every day. Let us answer it to-day. Try

Jell-O,

a delicious and healthful dessert. Prepared in two minutes. No boiling! no baking! add boiling water and set to cool. Flavors—Lemon, Orange, Raspberry and Strawberry. Get a package at your grocers to-day. 10 cts.

Your Baby's Disorders of Summer and Teething

ARE OVERCOME BY THE USE OF

Imperial Granum
an unsweetened **FOOD**

Trial Size, 25 cents at Druggists.

SEND a postal for 32 pp. book, "The Care of Babies." Every page is filled with information helpful for every mother.

JNO. CARLE & SONS, Dept. S.
153 Water Street, New York

Rest and Health to Mother and Child.
MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over SIXTY YEARS by MILLIONS OF MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING, with PERFECT SUCCESS. IT SOOTHES the CHILD, SOFTENS the GUMS, ALLAYS all PAIN, CURES WIND COLIC and is the best remedy for DIARRHOEA. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

AN EMBARRASSING INTRODUCTION

A MAN cannot have a wide experience on the lecture platform without suffering more or less annoyance and embarrassment because of that bugbear of the platform man—the introduction to the audience.

The man chosen to "introduce the speaker of the evening" often has as little ability to perform this duty as he would have to give the address. He sometimes flounders around in the midst of his platitudes apparently unable to come to a finish, although eager to do so. His fear that he will "make a mess of it" sometimes brings about this result.

This was the case of a man who had to "introduce a speaker" to a Western audience. Painfully self-conscious, nervous, embarrassed and wholly unaccustomed to the platform, he stammered:

"Ladies and gentlemen. It gives me great pleasure to—to—to—be here this evening under—under—these auspicious circumstances under which I am now present, and I count it an honor to—to—to—be chosen to introduce a household word—or—or—I mean the name of speaker behind me is a household word in our midst, and I—I—congratulate him on our presence—or—I voice the sentiment of the distinguished audience, including myself, when I—I—hang it all, Mister, go ahead!"

SCRATCHING A TOAD'S BACK

SOME men resemble toads," remarked the Old Codger with his accustomed philo-acridity. "Jevver scratch a toad's back? No, I presume not. Well, it's funnier than watching the clown to see how the toad enjoys it.

"At first he looks a bit suspicious at the twig as you advance it towards him; but after a few passes down his back his eyes blink with satisfaction, he spraddles his feet wide to support his augmented adiposity, and his whole person swells to double its ordinary size, as if to get more room for enjoyment.

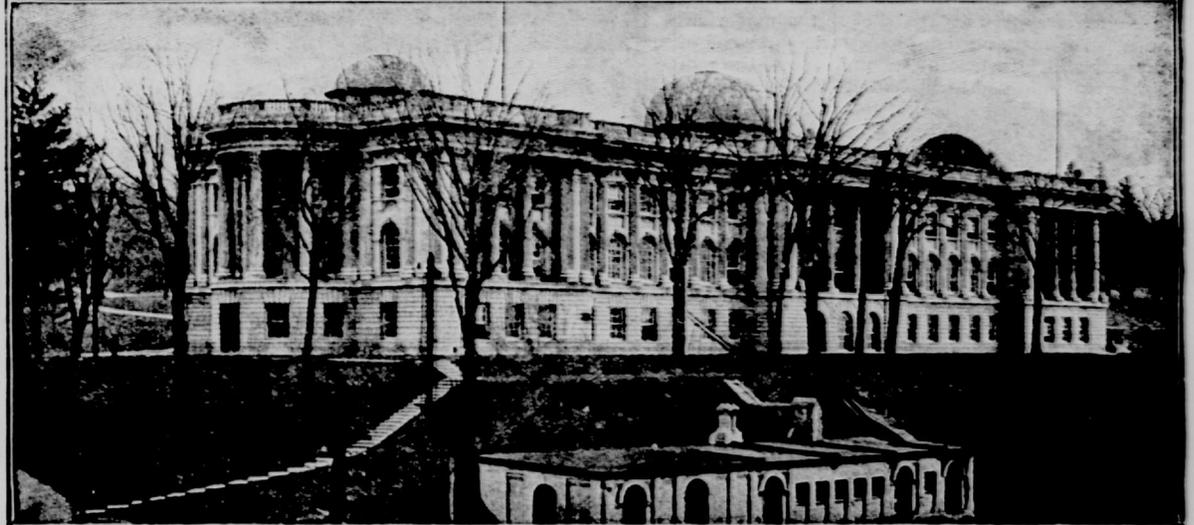
"He stays like that until he gets his fill of petting, then, with a long-drawn puff of regret, he reduces himself to his original dimensions, and hops away, through with you for the time bein'.

"That is the way with a good many men. They puff and swell and glow as long as you pat 'em on the back and let 'em talk about themselves; but when you want to talk about yourself they cease to enjoy the session or to have any time to waste on you. It strikes me that toad nature and human nature are a great deal alike, in that one particular anyhow."

NEW KIND OF BAND

PRUNTYTOWN'S newly organized brass band was about to perpetrate its first open-air concert, and the various members of the aggregation were comporting themselves after the fashion of village musicians.

"Here! Here!" impatiently ejaculated their director, who was a one-time brass-bu'ster with the Greatest Show on Earth. "Quit gappin' at them girls, will yeh? Wad da youse guys t'ink dis is, anyhow—a rubber-band?"



HOME OF THE "COSMOPOLITAN" AND THE "TWENTIETH CENTURY HOME," IRVINGTON, N. Y.

If condemned for life to a desert island, and allowed a choice of Five Hundred Books, you would take the World's best.

WHAT ARE THEY?

The "Twentieth Century Home"

has a commission of college professors preparing the list.

SEE JULY ISSUE

PRICE TEN CENTS

¶ The "Twentieth Century Home," the new periodical "for women who plan their lives and do," is published from the office of the "Cosmopolitan Magazine." It is issued in the belief that there are many millions of people who have arrived at the point of demanding the treatment of household topics in a scientific way; that everything affecting the home and the members of the family deserves the most thoughtful consideration of the ablest men and women who have in mind the improvement of the conditions which make for happiness.

¶ Among the features are: "Home Education"—"The Fairyland of Science"—"Home Entertainments"—"The Laboratory of the Kitchen"—"Women's Virtues that are Vices," etc. Each month a number of short stories and articles to interest the woman of fashion and the woman of the home—beautifully illustrated.

"BEGINS RIGHT, ENDS RIGHT, RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE."—NEW YORK CENTRAL.