# THE "UNDERWORLD" OF A REVOLUTION

A WELL-ARTICULATED SKELETON OF LAW AND ORDER IN MACEDONIA

What a Correspondent Found After Getting into Touch with One Hundred and Fifty Rayons-Discipline None the Less Maintained Because Kept from the Eye of the Turk

Sofia, Bulgaria, November 28, 1906.—It is so romantically through dark forests in the good to be back in civilization, to be dodg- | nights, would appear as commonplace poing trolley cars again, and to hear the old familiar whoops of the small newsboys. All | village streets. these things have a new meaning to me; they impress me with a fresh vividness in future. These men of arms, the voyvodas the sudden brilliance of the light, for five | and their chetas are only a small part of days ago I crawled out of the heart of the organization, of which there are somedarkness. A strong, sharp contrast, but a thing like a million sworn members; hardcontrast that helps me to adjust my experiences of the past year in their proper relations to the commonplace. The ego fades into the background, and with it the strong emotions begot of comradeship in danger, emotions which spur one on to activity, but disturb the balance of critical judgment. I feel myself more able now to review my experience with less partiality or prejudice, though no one who studier, a question from near at hand can be absolutely free of them.

My means of travelling through Macodonia, though never before undertaken by a foreigner, have in themselves not been unusual. Such circuits are often made by members of the organization, though all those not on the Central Committee are passed by this year's congress." And he supposed to remain in their zones, or rayons. Such trips as mine are known as stitution and pointed me out article No. "putuvani mesido n rod," literally, going among the people, a phrase especially significant among Lussian revolutionists. Tho men making these journeyings are "rodmaks," or "apostols." In Russia their mission is to awaken the people to a sense of their condition; in Macedonia that phase is passed. There the apostol's work is to follow the footsteps of disasters to inspire the peasants with new courage, to rally them from great moral depressions On my last night in Sofia I sat discussingsome remaining details with the two men

sponsible for my going. "If you choose to write during your wanderings," said one, "do not consider yourself even morally bound to present a a brief for the organization. The greatest service you can do us is to represent faithfully what you see. You are free to criticise the organization's methods when they seem to you wrong. Every door will be opened to you, not by courtesy, but by right, for you go as our deputy. You will be able to poke into our dirty little corners; none of our secrets can be kept from you."

These words were in every particular fulfilled. My movements could never be restricted. Every canal was thrown open to me; I could open it myself.

My journey as an "illegal" began in Vodensko district, whither I went on passport from Bugaria, via Salonica. Thence my route was north to Monastir Vilayet, every rayon of which I visited, twice going into the city disguised as a peasant, to visit the secret central committee of the vilavet. From Monastir I returned to Vodensko, thence across southern Macedonia, crossing the river Vardar, north through the Strymon district, zig-zagging about, until l finally crossed the frontier near the Bulgarian town Kystindil. There I resumed

#### WANDERED FOR NINE MONTHS. During the nine months of my wanderings

I have entered 112 villages, passed through seventeen administrative rayons, and have met nineteen voyvodas, or rayon chiefs, with each of whom I was together at least a week. Everywhere I was received with out question, as a fellow worker, never as a guest. By every one I was considered as much a member of the organization as himself. That I wrote was a side issue, of which many did not even know. My manner of travelling was as I pleased; sometimes alone with a companion or two, chosen by myself from among the chetas; sometimes escorted by the rayon chetas, and sometimes, where Turks or Grecomani mixed in the population, in peasant costume.

Such has been my opportunity for studying the situation, open to any foreign writer who sincerely wishes to see things as they

Before going into Macedonia I had comparatively vague ideas about the working methods of the so-called revolutionists. I thought that the armed bands wandered rather aimlessly about the country, hunting trouble that would be likely to turn out to their advantage, blowing up bridges. hurling bombs into the dining rooms of Turkish pashas or Greek bishops, and sometimes singing revolutionary songs on the tops of inaccessible mountains. I had counted on innumerable bloody encounters with Turkish askers and the hired soldiers of the Greek Church.

When I had served a week's comittuk. I learned, first of all, that the Macedonian committee is not a revolutionary organization. It took me less than a month to realize that this oppressed people, living under a government that is no government, but anarchy, have constructed a substitute for a government, and that to all practical purposes they already govern themselves, though paying tribute to the Turks. who have more rifles, cannons, and money than themselves. Should Macedonia be freed to-morrow, the framework of this organization would be uncovered, and, though crude, would be found to differ very little from the structure of a free republic. My picturesque friends, the voyvodas would then evolve into country governors with pens behind their ears instead of guns come out in swamps to meet him. But in

[Special Correspondence of The Evening Post.] in their hands, and the chetas, that file licemen, knocking about police stations or

> However, that is looking into a golden ly a "committee."

> I first realized the true nature of the organization when Luca Ivanoff, chief of the Vadinsko rayon, invited me to attend a village election. We two went into the village alone, for the cheta was out in the forest. We were just about to enter the house in which the voters were gathering, when Luca said to me:

> "Give this man your rifle and your revolver." We disarmed, gave our arms to a young peasant, and entered. I looked my

> "Armed men not allowed," he explained, "and only one representative of the cheta. You, not being a member of my cheta, are excepted. Such are the laws opened the printed book of the secret Consomething.

I witnessed this election, as I witnessed

dozens afterwards-an ordinary enough event in a free country. There was the usual amount of discussion and quarrelling Each village has its "natchalstvo." or town council, its mayor, its secretary. its treasurer, its "village voyvoda," who commands the secret village militia. Each ten families elect a "desetnik," who represents them in local affairs. Almost every Sunday all these officials meet, usually in the church, where, if some stranger congregation. Here they discuss matters of local interest; the building of a new mill, some protest to be made to the foreign consuls, some new tax to be resisted. some fellow citizen in prison to be helped financially, some spy suspected, some oriminal offender to be tried and punished, or some quarrel to be adjusted, all followed by reading of reports by the secretary or accounts by the treasurer. The loke of it is, the village has two mayors, the one elected, and another appointed by the Turks, though the latter sometimes plays a double part by being elected to office in the secret town council.

## A RAYON ELECTION.

A rayon election is more rare; I have witnessed only one. The villages hold special elections to choose their delegates, who meet in some forest, or in valley royons, in some village where a marriage celebration is going on, ostensibly as guests. They elect a new rayon committee, or a new rayon finance control commission (which looks over the accounts of the village treasurers). They renew the rayon voyvoda's commission, if he suits them, or, if not, elect a new one in his place. They decide on the local policies, what beys to be boycotted, what enemies of the people to be condemned, what merchants in the town to be economically isolated, and a hundred other questions of local interest. No one not a delegaté may be present unless invited by a unanimous vote.

·Such is the law of the people, in spite of the law of the Sultan. It is not everywhere so carried out, however, for the organization is in a state of evolution, so rapid that you see various phases represented in different localities. In the olden times, five years ago, the voyvoda was what the word means, a war chief. Now he is a yearly elected administrator of the organ- that morning, walked ten miles of rocky

only when cornered. A specimen of the old-time voyvoda I saw in the Enegl Vardar rayon, where the famous Apostol is chief. Fifteen years ago he took up the gun when there was no organization, and he became one of those Robin Hood brigands whose deeds are recorded generations after in the folk songs. He was a true son of the people, illiterate. fond of colored dress and silver ornaments late progress has got ahead of him. The Turkish Government thinks him the most | he is ezar of all he surveys among his fifty

sout-limbed, well-armed boys. ... While I was Apostol's guest a month ago, i met in this swamp a cousin of the Sultan's son, Sheik Kemal, who had been sent by the Government personally to interview Apostol, hoping to effect some compromise with him. That is an honor not paid to other voyvodas. It only shows that the Turks do not understand the recent quick evolution in the organization; my long talk with the shelk-for Apostol deputized me to do his talking-convinced me of that. "You cannot lope," said Kemal, "to gain hy force of arms. Armed revolution is obsolete." "Most of the leaders," I replied, agree with you." The Turkish shelk did not understand me, but then he had not met the other voyvodas, who refer to Apos-

Turks of the imperial family would not everything.

Apostol's rayon there are no elections, no rayon committees, no finance control commissions, and the village mayors are of his theosing. He is rayon treasurer, though he prides himself on his exact accounts. Nor does Apostol bother his head about the establishment of schools, the distribution of literature on agriculture, cattle raising, poultry breeding, or medical home treatment. He does not train the people in village meetings. Apostol's ideas are all concentrated in one; to fight, to kill the enemies of the people, to damage the-Turks. It is beautifully romantic, heroic,

picturesque, but-not practical now. Apostol is obsolete. The Committee would like to pension him off, but—his people obvionsly want him. By experience I learned to judge a voyvoda before I met him. After passing through several of his villages alone, and preferably unexpected, I could tell pretty much what he was worth to the organiza-

tion. Some of my pleasantest impressions

are from Kostursko in Monastir Vilayet. I entered Gostursko accompanied only by two chetniks. We came without opening canal; that is, unannounced. Having crossed a high range of mountains, we approached the village just before dawn. We entered; before we had time to knock at some door the open spaces between the houses about us were swarming with armed men, their gun-barrels glinting in the starlight. Thinking the were askers, we threw ourselves behind a stone wall to shield ourselves from the expected volley. "Who are you?" called a voice. It was in Bulgarian. 'Comitajis," we answered. "One come forward," shouted the voice. One of the chetniks, who was known in the village, went forward, and a moment later we were shaking hands with the village voyvoda and his militia cheta. That village could not have been burned by the Church hirelings. Every full-grown

man armed and-vigilant. During the day they took me around to see the village. We entered the church. About a hundred and fifty children were gathered there, all seated on the floor, same reading, others writing, one figuring out a mathematical problem on a blackboard. Two young girls were presidingin peasant dress, but they spoke the Bulgarian of the gymnasium.

"Why don't you have a schoolhouse?" asked, "and why don't you have benches for the children."

"This," said my guide, "is a 'karahoul' school." I understood. Kostursko is part of that large district in which, through the influence of the Greek priests, no schools are allowed. One of the young teachers took me to a window and pointed to a bare hill-top outside the village. I saw two small, black dots moving there; children at play.

said the girl. houle." They were best in lessons yes terday, and to-day they are our outposts. The others at the other end of the village you can't see from here. Askers cannot approach the village unseen. When they come, the karahoule warn us, school disperses, school books and papers are hidden like so much revolutionary matter, and we become common peasant women." I left that village that night and went

to another half an hour distant. When dawn broke we saw that the village we had left was full of askers and all the surrounding heights occupied. The soldiers dug even under the houses, hoping to uncover a hiding place. We had been betrayed by a Greek shepherd in the mountains, who had seen us on the trail going toward the village. We had met and talked with him, and had I been more experienced I. would have heeded the advice of my companions-to spend the day in the forest.

Seeing now that the soldiers were on our trail, and fearing they would find our tracks, we decided to retreat into the mountains. But when villages are searched the surrounding country is often full of scouting patrols. About forty women at once spread out ahead and into the hills on either side of our path, ostensibly to gather wood or grass We waited, though watching the next village.

## HELPED BY THE WOMEN.

In the afternoon, we saw the askers suddenly begin moving up our trail, and we hurried on. Everywhere as we passed we heard the calls of the peasant women "Have you seen my cows, ho-o-o?" signifring that the way was clear. An hour on we met two old women, bent

and fully sixty. "All's clear along the trail," declared one. The two had left the village early

ization's laws, armed to defend himself trail to our destination and now returned. "Who sent you, baba?" I asked. "I volunteered," she replied rather proudly, "at such times all must help.

"Aren't you very tired?" "Not any more than you coming all the way from America to serve comittuk with

Next day we were again surrounded in a village, but managed to escape into some tall rushes along the margin of a small and flashy rings, speaking only the dialect lake. The soldiers had seen us from a disof his locality. When the organization ap- tance with field glasses, but had not been peared he honestly welcomed it, but its able to detect whither we had disappeared. They swarmed into the village, a whole battalion, five hundred strong, searched dangerous of the voyvodas. Innumerable the houses, deployed across the fields, and times they have tried to buy him out. He swept through the tall wheat in firing usually has his headquarters on an island lines, shoved their bayonets into haystacks in a huge swamp quite near Salonica, where and even ventured out on the lake in boats. Then they gathered in the villagers and demanded that they betray our hiding

"Where are the three comitains" cried the major, flercely, of one young peasant who had been herding cows. "Will you tell, or have your village burned?" The peasant swept his, arm about in a semi-circle, and placed his hand on his

"All comitails," he said, significantly, "and they, too," he added pointing to soveral bables in their mothers arms The Turkish officer fell upon the voting peasant and beat him with a whip, till the blood soaked the thin, rent rags "Where are the comitails?" the Turk yelled, after every few strokes. The young peasant never answered. Then others were beaten, but our hiding place remainel as Apostol is not a brigand; if he were, cure, though we were near enough to bear

ALBERT SONNICHSEN.

# "IIMMIE" OLIVER,

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 12, 1907.

ALBANY LAUGHS AT BOWERY ASSEMBLYMAN

Democrats and Republicans Both Resent His Selection by the Tammany Boss, and They Dread the Long-Drawn-Out Harangues of the Phonograph Statesman-His One Ride in an Ash Cart

[Special Correspondence of The Evening Post.] ALBANY, January 11.-It was after the Democratic caucus had elevated "Paradise Jimmie" Oliver to the minority leadership of the Assembly, and "Jimmie," smiling with true Bowery urbanity, came over to the Senate to receive congratulations, that one unfeeling Republican Senator re- fully, but he kept his word, and "Jimmarked: "Wouldn't Big Bill Devery have been better?"

In phrase, in a certain Celtic mastery allke of pungent epigram and decorative epithet, and in a dialect which is cosmopolitan in its Bowery tang, "Jimmie" Oliver assuredly suggests Devery, but there is just the slightest suspicion that Devery might resent the comparison, for "Paradise Jimmie," after all has been said, is considered a "joke." In Albany he has been described as "Charlie" Murphy's idea of a "statesman." This, in turn, is hard on Senator Grady, Murphy's leader in the Sen-As a picturesque figure, however, Oliver,

the unmistakable product of the Bowery. certainly occupies a central position at the State Capitol. His very appearance is striking. The sixty East Side winters that have passed over his head since he was a boy on Cherry Hill have left him white-haired and a little bent. Alone among his colleagues "Jimmie" insists upon the decorous glory of a frock coat. Day and night he may be seen in sartorial adornments, his coat topped with a high silk hat, the last mark of the statesman, wandering among the corridors of the Capitol and discoursing-always discoursing-in the sweet, languishing accents of the Bowery, for the allimportant characteristic of the new minority leader is his hatred of silence

At the very outset of his present translation "Jimmie" was forced to undergo the harsh and unnatural nunlshment of enforced silence. Named by the Speak r with the Republican leader of the Assembly to Bowery bouncer" and a statesman of the carry a formal message to the Senate, proudly down the main aisle amid the ill- but he invariably prefaces them with forconcealed laughter of the reverend Sena- mal words, such as "the learned gentletors. As a minority representative, of course, he was not permitted to speak. But of his favorite practices last year, when the comic agony on the face of the states. he was a mere assemblyman, was to sit man as he stood listening to the words of in his place and roar forth such gentle sughis associate, the tremendous effort at self- gestions as "Out it out" or "Fergit it." repression that alone kept him silent, these were destructive of all the solemnity of the

HOW HE WON HIS TITLES.

His frock coat has won for "Paradise Jimmie" the pleasing sobriquet of the Beau Brummel of the Bowery." This. thanks to the marvellous facility of Oliver's phrase, has been extended into the other title of "the Chesterfield of the East Side"; certainly, from "Number Nine" above Chatham Square to "Larry" Mulligan's, "Jimmie" has long been a figure of significance. the embodiment of the Bowery's idea of a diplomat. His more familiar title of "Paradise Jimmle" was earned in a fight made

"It will be a paradise for the sons of sunny Italy," said Oliver, in an eloquent address, which the Bowery promptly seized upon, and since that time it has been "Paradise Jimmié."

In Albany, however, "Jimmie" was a fa, miliar figure long before he became a statesman and a Democratic leader. So thoroughly was the Bowery convinced of his ability that it sent him here to represent it in a much more important capacity, when one of its industries, that of gambling, was menaced. As the attorney for "Al" Adams. Oliver led the fight against the measures the late F. Norton Goddard sent here to be passed, measures which were finally passed and were the cause of "Al" Adams's conviction and imprisonment. It was at this ime, when his arguments with committees on Capitol Hill and in other places were matters of common discussion, that "Jimmie" became a real attraction in Albany. Of all the stories that are told of this period of his career, one will serve to indicate the variety of human experience that has fallen to his lot. It hap pened that on one festive night returning from a restaurant, Oliver had an altercation with certain wellknown citizens of the capital town. Words led to blows, and in the end the Bowery colors were lowered. It is not of record just who struck Oliver, but in the end, an efficient policeman arrived to find him lying on the sidewalk with a sprained ankle, and promptly arrested him.

TO THE LOCK UP IN AN ASH CART. As Oliver could not walk, it was necessary to carry him to the police station. The policeman suggested a patrol wagon. Instantly the dignity of the Chesterfield of the East Side was aroused. He protested—the policeman capitulated. Then carriage was proposed, but a long and weary search failed in finding one. Just at this point an ashman, perched on a dusty wagon, drove along. "Jimmie" and the policeman compromised on this vehicle. Thus it happened that in the gray of early dawn the few Albany citizens abroad saw the present leader of the Democratic minority riding off to the police station on an ash wagon. Here a

There is another story, firmly believed here, that serves to emphasize the degree to which accident contributes to the making of statesmen. Oliver, of course, is the nominee of "Big Tim" Sullivan, and represents a Sullivan constituency. Before the convention, two years ago when

kind newspaper man went his ball, and

the dignity of the statesman was thus

an absence of over a generation, it is said Sullivan was far from enthusiastic about renominating Oliver, who again and MINORITY LEADER again sought and falled to get a promise. one night he came to urge his suit, and found the "Big Fellow" busy with a poker game. Luck was bad, and Sullivan listened to Oliver's plaint impatiently. But "Jimmie" hung round, and the bad luck also stayed. Finally. "Big Tim" looked hopefully Was Educated in Religion, but Pre-

down upon an "ace full" hand; then he turned to "Jimmie" and said: POKER HAND NOMINATION, "If you will only go away and let me Hay this hand I'll nominate you." "Jimmie" went. One of Sullivan's opponents

had "connected" with four small "douces," and the hand proved disastrous. The next day Sullivan was again, approached by

'it's all right, is it, Tim?" inquired

'Junua "

What's all right?" growled Sullivan. "Why, you said you'd nominate me if went away and let you play that hand." Well, was there anything I didn't lose in that hand?" inquired Sullivan mournmie" came back.

Of Oliver's legislative exploits, tales are endless. A familiar one serves to indicate his ability to coin a phrase. One of the petty graft privileges of legislators is that of having the State pay for their postage, The statesmen deposit their unstamped letters with clerks. One day Oliver decided that he would write his letters at his room. Accordingly he asked for his stamps. He was informed that he might leave his letters, but stamps were not issued. He thereupon indulged in an outburst of passion. "What's the matter?" asked some one

who overheard the row. "The clerk won't give me any stamps, stormed "Jimmie." "I guess we will have to 'whereas' him a little." For a whole session "whereasing" was a popular phrase. On the night of his elevation to the minority leadership, he invited all the statesmen at the capital to a punch, given by him. Among those who dropped in was Sherman Moreland, the Republican leader in the Assembly Through the murky room Oliver spied his future antagonist, and instantly receted him in his hest Chester fieldian style.

"My boy," said he, "let us, you and me, make an agreement that whatever shall be said between us during the coming session shall be in the Pickwickian sense only." HIS LANGUAGE OF DEBATE.

On the floor of the Assembly, Oliver is easily the most striking figure of recent years. His method of parliamentary procedure is a combination of the ways of a "old school." He roars forth the most man," "my distinguished opponent." One Oliver's first encounter with the Speaker, this year, was probably typical of his future methods. A minority member had selected as his seat a place custom has assigned to the sergeant-at-arms. Oliver valiantly and vociferously supported the claims of his colleague, and there was some confusion, which terminated only when the Speaker politely but firmly remarked that the sergeant-at-arms must have the seat. "All right," retorted Oliver, with a pro-

found bow. "You're the doctor." The thing that the Assembly dreads, how ever, is the probability that from now until adjournment the so was of the lower house will be little mo e than one continued address by Oliver. Albany has never known any one to talk as much as he. A year ago a former lieutenant-governor, now blind, returned to the Senate and sat with the lieutenant-governor, listening to the session. He was presently asked to make an address, and said: "I perceive that Grady is still talking."

But Grady yields the palm. From the prayer until adjournment, Oliver, with all the inevitable determination of a phonograph, talks and talks and then talks. Much of what he says, moreover, if not purposeless, is yet irresistibly funny. It is true that the elevation of Oliver has provoked much criticism among the legislators. One Republican Senator said

of every one in the business." The Democrats, on their part, resent the thing, because it reduces the party in the Assembly to the merest laughing stock. But all the dissatisfaction is, perhaps, of little importance, when one has seen Oliver in the full, fresh glory of his new dignity. Already he has taken to marching through the Capitol corridors, swinging a cane file is not walking either for exercise or for business. It is manifest in his very manner that he is on parade, showing a wondering world how a statesman should appear If the world laughsand it does-"Paradise Jimmie" does not FRANK H. SIMONDS.

## A CHANGE OF METHOD.

"Investigations don't seem to be held in the spirit of courtesy and forbearance that once prevailed" remarked the old-time

"No." answered Senator Sorghum; "the situation is becoming rather difficult. People now hold investigations because they really want to find something out, instead of merely for the sake of soothing their minds "- (Washington Star.

THE VEARS Years are only jewels, flushing row on row, Like a golden necklace, round the throat, you know: Like a chasp of heauty, where, upon the breast. Love has laid the roses to be kist, kist, to rest! Years are only blossoms, gleaming in the sun; Youth leans down w.'b laughter, plucking one by

Four o'clocks and clover, popples in the wheat. Velvet to be danied on by the fightheart feet! Years are o'ly trinkets- saffron, purple, rosa. little weary noman hugs one as she goes: Tells it me bory s secrets, sings It songs lov

Two became the shalous of the gray perfume Jewels, b. seems felt kets, ashes, grief, and tears. Soft arms are the brok'sce that I love best through

### RAISULI, SCOURGE OF MOROCCO

ONE BRIGAND WHO IS AN

ferred the Lucrative Business of Cattle Robbing-Has Despoiled Caravans, Extorted Money from the Natives, and Blackmailed the Foreign Office -Now His Power Appears to Be Broken

Can it be possible that the career of the audacious Raisuli is to end ignominiously? Can it be true that he no longer holds the key to the Moroccan situation, over which the lealous nations of Europe have wagged their heads, sputtered, and nearly fulminated? Raisuli, glittering marauder, despoiler of caravans, kidnapper, blackmailer, who for years has trifled with the dignity of a dozen legations, laughingly defled the Sultan, Muley Abdul Aziz, and been the scourge of Tangler and the nearby districts.

One is almost inclined to other an exclanation of regret, for about Raisuli's name there hangs a glimmer of romance. He has been described as "a sort of mysterious personage, half-saint, half-blackguard, whom every courageous male tourist has voluntered to capture, and many a still more courageous female tourist to marry." The man who wrote this knows the brigand well, and he has given the following account of his ancestry:

'Mulai Ahmed ben Mohammed er-Raisuli s a man of about forty years of age. He is by birth sprung from one of the most aristocratic families in Morocco, and is a shereef, or direct descendant of the prophet, through Mulai Idris, who founded he Mohammedan empire of Morocco, and was the first sovereign of the idrisite dynastv. The children of Mulai Idris were stablished in various parts of the country, and it is from Mulai Abd-es-Salam, whose tomb in the Beni Arres tribe is a place of great sanctity, that the famous brigand is directly descended, his family and he him-

self still holding a share in the lands, the ights and the privileges which were enjoyed by their renowned ancestor A branch of the family settled in Tetuan, where a fine mosque forms a mausoleum for his more recent ancestors and is venerated as a place of pilgrimage."

FORSOOK THE PATH OF HOLINESS. proceeds of their robberles with a lavish demanded represented the losses inflicted and. Murder followed in their wake, and by the bashaw. It was a masterstroke, Raisuli himself did not hesitate to sacri- and Raisuli, the diplomat, began his negofice the lives of his victims. Once a tiations. shereef, who had married the brigand's sis-Il's sister objected, and went to her brother. On the night of the marriage, while the festivities were in progress, Raisuli and his marauders went to the shereef's house and murdered the bride and her mother. At last the brigand's lawlessness could 10 longer be countenanced. The late Sultan ordered his arrest, and Raisuli was betrayed by a friend. He was cast into the filthy dungeons of Mogador, and loaded with chains. His neck and wrists and ankles still bear the ugly scars of the irons. For nearly five years he was a prisoner; then a file was smuggled into his cell. He worked at night with his instrument for

several months, and at last the chains were severed. He esopped, but was recaptured: the chains had weakened his limbs. He was loaded with heavier chains, and paced his dungeon for two more years 🎉 At the end of that time he was released, Imprisonment had sobered Raisuli, and he went to his home with the intention of indignantly. "Why, it lowers the dignity leading a peaceful life. But it happened that his betrayer had become powerful in the Government, and had confiscated Raisull's property. He had no redress, ex-

> cept force of arms, and he went back to the ways of a freebooter. He found plenty of desperate followers. He was the same Raisuli of old, perhaps a little more courageous and cruel, if that were possible. He stole cattle, exacted tribute from the poor, blackmailed the rich, and despoiled countless caravans, with

much loss to peaceful traders and a resultant gain to himself. FIRST DESCENT ON TANGIER.

His first descent upon Tangler oc curred about seven years ago. One of the members of the Spanish colony living outside the gates, on the shore of the Mediterranean, was a reputed miser, who, in reality, was a shabby old man of small husband, and beir two young children, Raisuli had he d and believed the stories but at last it was resolved that France of the old mak's wealth, and with a few of his followers he entered the Spaniard's | The convention soon becomes effective, and cottage one night and carried off the dil-dren, after killing their father, who had

bravely tried to defend them. Immediately the bandit demanded a ransom from the aged Spaniard who pitcously explained that he had no lidden fortune. He even permitted solle of Raisuli's men to search the house ! nd dig in the garden, but they found no Then they departed.

More than three years later a graveller brought word of the children's fate. It was a short, but villanous story. Hearwere a myth Raisuli had the children brought to his tont and brutally put to the sword. This, perhaps, is the blackest of Raisuli's many dark crimes. On one occasion he captured Ab'd e

in a cunning manner. Malach had kidnap- Tangler and its 40,000 inhabitants. His the was named for the Assembly after -[Bentzman Bard in the Baltimore Sun. ] ped a man of the Falis tribe in order to

#### coerce the people into paying heavy taxes. This was the usual method of Moroccan officials who wished to replenish their treasuries. The man in question was the

ARISTOCRAT

son of a chief, and, therefore, was an important hostage. Malach objected to Raisuli's activity in certain districts, because it interfered with the lieutenantgovernor's tax-gathering expeditions. So Raisuli, who feared that Malach's malign influence might bring about his downfall, induced the Fahs chief to send his son's young wife into Tangler with the ransom, This was done, and the imprisoned maa was released. But Malach kept the girl and forced her to enter his harem. This treachery incensed the tribesmen, and Raisuli, taking advantage of their indignation. Incited them to seek revenge. The Fahs people nursed their grievances and waited. One day they heard that Malach was coming to their village again withwa company of tax-collectors. They greeted him with guns and scimitars, scattered his forces, and took old Malach. unto themselves. Then they tortured him. in flendish ways devised by Raisuli.

By way of showing his villanous power, Raisuli Kidnapped Walter B. Harris, the Moroccan correspondent of the London Times, one August evening in 1903. As Harris was a friend of the Sultan, the brigand could not have offered a more direct insult to the Moorish ruler. The capture of Harris occurred while the correspondent was returning from Tangler to his home outside the city. He was carried to the bandit's camp, which was less than two-score miles from Tangler.

Raisuli demanded a ransom of two thousand pounds sterling. Harris was not worried at first, and he threatened his captor with swift punishment by the Sultan's troops. But the soldiers could not find Raisuli's hiding-place, and the bandit only jeered at his prisoner. Two months west by, and the ransom was not offered, despite the protestations of Mrs. Harris. who feared for her husband's life. At last Raisuli grew tired of the delay, and he showed his impatience in a characteristic and horrible manner. He threw a headless body into Harris's hut one night and walked away. The hint was sufficient. In: the presence of the grewsome object the Englishman read his probable fate should his friends persist in holding out against the bandit's demands. Harris thereupon sent a letter to the authorities, and the ransom was paid. His release followed Immédiately.

PERDICARIS AND VARLEY SEIZED. A year later Raisuli startled the world y kidnapping Ion Perdicaris, an American citizen, and Cromwell Varley, his stepson, a British subject. He surrounded the villa of Mr. Perdicaris at night, clubbed the servants and their master, and carried off his captives, who were in evening dress, to good looks, an adventurous disposition, a The violence attending the capture was cruel nature, extreme courage, and he for- not repeated. Raisuli treated his prissook the path of holiness for the more lu- oners with kindness. Their seizure, in crative calling of cattle robber. In Mo- fact, was merely a political move on the occo this is not an altogether dishonorable | part of the brigand. He wanted to insure profession, and Raisuli speedily achieved a the release of certain of his followers, name for himself. He also became a terror | who had been imprisoned by the bashaw of to the country. He and his followers Tangier, an enemy of the brigand, and his robbed right and left, and they spent the | foster-brother as well, and the ransom he

The United States sent a fleet of warter, planned to take another wife. Raisu- ships to Tangler; the British Government took a hand in the proceedings; the services of France were enlisted. The two shereefs of Wazan. Mulat Alt and Mulat-Hamet, acted on behalf of the authorities. the former remaining at the brigand's camp with the prisoners, the latter trave elling back and forth between Tangier and modify his demands. He held the whiphand, and he knew, moreover, that no foreign nation would attempt a campaign against him. The wildness of the country, the treachery of the natives, the absence of railroads, the elusiveness of the brigand himself-all these offered insurmountable obstacles to such a plan.

> Negotiations dragged on, and toward their close Raisuli had the distinction of heating the blood of the patriotic Republican delegates assembled at Chicago in June, 1904, to nominate Theodore Roosevelt for President. At one session of the convention Chairman Cannon read what purported to be a dispatch sent by Secretary Hay to the Moroccan Government. It said: "We want Perdicaris alive, or Raisuli dead." The delegates cheered themselves into a frenzy. No such dispatch had ever been

transmitted. But that was a small mat-

ter. Enthusiasm had been aroused, and

Two days later Perdicaris and Varley were free. The Sultan had surrendered on all points. Raisuli's price was stupendous. He obtained the following terma: A ransom of \$70,000: the governorship of all the districts in the neighborhood of Tangler: the removal from office of the existing governor, the man who had betraved Raisuli: the release from prison of all his friends.

THE ALGEORAS CONFERENCE. The Algerias conference on Moroccan remeans. With him lived his daughter, her forms was called. The nations squabbled. France and Germany nearly came to blows. and Spain should jointly police Tangier. this is the reason why it is deemed necessary to get rid of Raisuli, or at least to render him politically impotent.

Prior to his flight the other day. Raisuli was all-powerful. He began his governorship, after the Perdicaris affair, in a manner that augured well for the country. He refused to permit the desnoiling of caravans within his jurisdiction, and he atforded greater security to life and property. Raisull was as good as he could be. But his virtue did not last. The greater his influence, the more despotic he being that the tales of old Spaniard's wealth | came. He blackmailed the Maghzen, or Moroccan Foreign Office; he extorted money from the poor: his followers entered Tangier, and flegged men to death within sight of the legations. The Maghzen

was helpless, and Raisull knew it, Yot Malach, the lieutenant-governor of Tangler, he was in a measure the protector of

1. Lieut. tailed as tice Capt.

rening in Moore Saturday s annual ficers -belegates to en at Alows: Col. ris, Capts.

Baldwin. and Capt. the regionvention.