

POMBS OF THE POPES

SIXTY-SEVEN PONTIFFS ARE BURIED IN ST. PETER'S.

Pope Leo XIII. It is Believed, Has Selected as His Last Resting Place the Splendid Basilica Just Outside the Walls of Rome.

I frequently see a paragraph floating around in the newspapers about a magnificent tomb which Pope Leo XIII. has erected for himself at Carrara marble, with a lion upon the lid whose paws protect the pontifical tiara. On the right is a statue of Faith bearing a candle and the Holy Scriptures, on the left a figure of Truth bearing the coat of arms of Leo XIII. upon a shield. Upon the pedestal is this inscription: "Hic Jacet Leo XIII., Pontifex Maximus. Pulvis est." ("Here lies Leo XIII., sovereign pontiff. He is dust.")

The prelates at the Vatican who have charge of the private affairs of the holy father say that there is not the slightest particle of truth in it and they never heard of the story before. They assure me, writes William E. Curtis, that his holiness has made no preparations whatever for his burial, although he may have indicated in his will where he would like to lie. That is, however, a matter of speculation. It is supposed that his preference is the splendid new basilica erected during the last fifty years outside the walls of the city upon the spot where St. Paul, the apostle, is supposed to have been buried. Pius IX. raised most of the money and did most of the work, and the church is being completed and decorated under the direction of the present pope, although, strange to say, he has never seen it.

It was supposed that Pius IX. would be buried in the new Basilica of St. Paul, in which he took so great an interest, but to the surprise of everybody he selected the old Church of St. Lorenzo, in the most respectable part of the city, near by the principal cemetery. He has been provided with a beautiful tomb in a subterranean chamber, which is lined with the finest modern mosaics in the world. The sarcophagus is a very plain piece of marble, severe in its simplicity, but its surroundings are superb. There was a disgraceful row when his body was moved from St. Peter's in 1882. The procession marched at midnight, after a solemn mass, and to the eternal shame of the municipal authorities, no police protection was given. It was followed by a mob which stoned the priests and threatened to seize the coffin and throw the body into the Tiber.

When a pope dies, the cardinal chamberlain, attended by all of the cardinals, archbishops, bishops, monsignori and other prelates in Rome and all of the high officials of the Vatican, proceeds through the corridors with great solemnity to the door of his chamber and knocks three times. Then he calls the official name of the pope three times, then his baptismal name three times and the name of his family, and there being no answer, he turns, faces his followers and announces: "Dunquo e morto."

The three senior cardinals present then enter the chamber, take the fisherman's ring from the finger of the dead and break it in the presence of the whole company, which marches solemnly back to the main audience chamber, where a proclamation is made and to conclude for the election of a successor nine days later is announced. The bells of St. Peter's then begin to toll and are answered by those of every other church in Rome.

This ceremony has been observed upon the death of every pope for several hundred years.

For 400 years the popes were buried in the catacombs. St. Peter's began to be the official mausoleum with Leo I. in 461, and for two centuries and a half the coffins of dead popes were laid side by side in the crypt until every inch of space was occupied, the graves being under the floor and marked by plain slabs, with Latin epitaphs. But in the sixteenth century, when the cathedral was rebuilt, the tombs of eighty-seven popes were buried beneath the building material, and the greater number of them were desecrated. Only two monuments were considered of sufficient value to be replaced in the new basilica—those of Sixtus IV. and Innocent VIII., who excited the indignation of Savanarola. The rest have entirely disappeared.

Sixty-seven popes have since been buried in St. Peter's, and there are three empty tombs. The first is known as the Memento Mori, a sarcophagus in which the body of every pope is deposited until his permanent tomb is prepared. The second is that of Alexander VI. (Rodrigo Borgia, 1492-1503). He was originally entombed in a beautiful marble sarcophagus, surmounted by a superb figure. Julius II. removed his body to a Spanish church, for Alexander VI. was a Spaniard, but it was allowed to remain there only a few years and finally found a permanent resting place in a little chapel, called Santa Maria di Monserrato, belonging to the Jesuits, in which Loyola preached for several years. Here Rodrigo Borgia's bones were placed in the tomb of his uncle, Pope Calixtus III., and are unmarked by any epitaph. The tomb of Urban VI. is also empty. It is a magnificent piece of marble and bears his figure of heroic size. Upon the side of the sarcophagus is a beautiful bas-relief representing Urban VI. receiving the keys from St. Peter. Nobody seems to know when or why his remains were removed, but it is said that the sarcophagus was used to mix mortar in by the workmen who were engaged in building St. Peter's. It was afterward cleaned and placed where it now stands.—Rome Letter in Chicago Record-Herald.

THREE LITTLE MOON MAIDS



Three little maids going to the moon, As pretty and sweet as roses in June, Tucked in a basket, no fear have they shown, Traveling away to a country unknown. —Rebecca Boswell in Louisville Courier-Journal.

ZIP AND NANCY.

True story of the Lifelong Friendship of a Cat and a Dog.

Zip was a pug dog, with eyes as green as emeralds. His constant companion was a cat called Nancy. They had been sincere friends for over twelve years. Zip was growing deaf, and his eyesight was beginning to fail him, while Nancy had lost the majority of her teeth, and a few gray hairs were becoming noticeable in her soft black fur.

When a very small kitten, Nancy was carried about by the dog, he gripping her firmly at the back of the neck. In return she would wash him as he lay before the fire, stroking him with her little tongue. They ate from the same dish at mealtime, and whatever Nancy had she willingly surrendered to the dog.

Zip always ran after the cats, and if in mistake he chased Nancy he would run into the house thoroughly ashamed of himself. One day a half starved looking cat appeared on the fence. Mrs. Webster, the lady owning Zip and Nancy, loved animals very much, and she took pity on the starved cat. As the day was Friday she had some fish in the house, which she gave to the cat. He greedily gulped it down and looked for more, which he received. When he was at last satisfied, he realized that he had found a good home and refused to go away. Mrs. Webster felt sorry for the cat and decided to keep him. She had now two cats and a dog. The strange cat was called Tom.

It was an ever to be remembered day when Tom entered that peaceable family. Quarrels followed, and poor Zip generally had a scratch on his nose given by the ever ready claw of Tom. The dog was very much afraid of this new cat and avoided him whenever it was possible. At last Zip died from old age. He went to his cozy little bed one night and never woke again. Tom seemed glad to be rid of the dog, but poor Nancy worried all the time. She would eat nothing and was slowly dying from sorrow. A little grave was dug in the back of the yard, and Zip was laid there to rest. Nancy often stole out and lay down beside the little mound.

One day Mrs. Webster could not find Nancy in the house and went into the back yard to look for her. There, by Zip's resting place, Nancy had stretched herself and died. That day another little grave was dug for Nancy, and there she and Zip rest together. Tom seems very much satisfied and is monarch of the household.—Josephine Church in New York Herald.

A Four-year-old Golfer.

Though only four years, Matthew S. Pierce of Pleasantville, N. J., has issued a challenge to any other child in



MATTHEW S. PIERCE.

the world six years old or less for a golf game over a regulation eighteen hole course.

The youthful challenger is the son of Stephen D. Pierce, superintendent of the Atlantic City Country club grounds. Beginning to play only last summer, he has developed a marvelous proficiency at the game. Each day he practices with a set of small clubs which he uses with surprising dexterity.

Mystery of the Dirty Hands. Aiden, seven years old, woke up one morning and remarked: "Mamma, my hands were washed last night before I went to bed, and now they are dirty. The dark must have got on them."

A BOX OF GATORS.

Story of the Strange Eggs Little Clay Found on the Beach.

Little Clay Reess lived in Florida, and he had fine times on the beach near his home. One day he was digging in the sand, when up came a queer little object. It was long and narrow and had a tough shell that bent and dented in Clay's fingers. He could not make out what it was. So he ran to Clinda, his black nurse, and showed it to her. Clinda laughed.

"Lawsy, honey," she said, "that air an' er gator's algg. Dig er way, an' yer'll done th' er heap mo'."

So Clay dug away lustily, and, sure enough, up came more eggs with every shovelful of sand. Five times he filled his little bucket and carried them home to his mother until twenty-five eggs lay in the box she gave him to put them in. That night when Clay was in his white "nightie" and having his "loving time" with his mother he asked, "How came the eggs in the sand?"

"The mother gator hid them there," answered his mother as she rocked and cuddled her little boy.

"Doesn't the mother gator cuddle her eggs like the mother hen?" asked Clay.

"No, dear. She leaves them in the sand for the hot sun to hatch out."

"Well, I tink the mother gator is a very selfish thing," cried Clay, sitting up in his indignation.

"Oh, no," said his mother, smiling. "That is her way of taking care of them, the way God taught her. She can't cuddle her eggs like the mother hen. She has no soft feathers, and her hard skin would break the eggs if she sat on them. The nice warm sand cuddles them, and the sun helps to hatch them out. She takes good care of them. She often comes to look after her babies, and when they hatch out she finds food for them and will not let anything hurt them."

"Will she go to look at her eggs tomorrow day?" asked Clay.

"I tink she will," said his mother. "Then I'll take them all back," murmured the sleepy little fellow.

The box of eggs was put in a closet, and neither Clay nor his mother thought of them again. A week later Clay went to the closet for some toys and heard a strange, rustling noise. He looked up and saw a box on a shelf, with the cover dancing up and down. "Oh, mother," cried Clay, dancing up and down himself in excitement, "come here, quick! Here is a box—all alive!"

His mother came running in, and there were a dozen tiny black snouts peeping under the box cover. Before she could even scream out popped a swarm of baby alligators and dropped down to the floor, where they scampered off in every direction. All the eggs had hatched, for the closet was behind a stove and the box in a warm place. Such a time as there was! Clay jumped up and down, screaming with glee, but his mother climbed on top of a table to get out of the way of the alligators, who went running about as if in a hurry to investigate this new, strange world in which they found themselves. Black Clinda came running in to see what was the matter. Then for a hunt! The baby alligators hid under the furniture and burrowed under the carpets, popping out of every hole and corner. It was nearly a week before the last one was caught. Father Reess shook three out of his boot one morning, and Mother Reess pulled on her stocking and found one in the toe.

Clay thought they were the cunningest playfellows and begged hard to keep them. But when his mother told him that the mother gator would want her babies he consented to have them taken to the beach. His father let him keep six and made a pen for them in the back yard, with a small tank of water in it. Here Clay played with them, and they became very tame and seemed to know their little master. He was often seen with the whole lot swarming all over him. His mother could not bear to touch the creatures, though Clay assured her that their way of running up his arm and poking their black snouts into his face was their way of loving him. He kept his pets for a year. Then sharp white teeth began to come in their big mouths, and his father thought they might become dangerous playfellows, so one night they all disappeared, and Clay never saw them again. If he had been on the beach next day, he might have seen six young alligators scampering about as if they did not know what to make of their strange surroundings. "I wonder if their mother knew them.—Congregationalist.

RIDGEVALE'S TRAGEDY

By Horton Arnold

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Ridgevale was all excitement, and so was Harrison, three miles down the North river road. Harrison, which took to itself airs and graces owing to the fact that it was on the railroad, while Ridgevale was not, had had a celebration in the morning, in which the town parade had merged with the procession of a one ring circus that showed that afternoon and evening. There had been a "real" Goddess of Liberty robed in the stars and stripes, who had read the Declaration of Independence in the grove and had ridden on top of the lions' den in the parade.

The Harrisonites had never ceased to crow over the good people of Ridgevale, and now Ridgevale was preparing to take its revenge. Harrison was invited over to witness a Washington's birthday celebration concerning which all facts were refused. But when Seth Haskins drove over to Burden's grocery



THE SENIOR WASHINGTON BESTOWED UPON HIS OFFERING A TOY HATCHET.

store for the mailing he loftily informed the crowd of loungers that Ridgevale was preparing an intellectual treat that would cause such a commotion that it was a circus parade to resemble the staid minstrel troupe counting the ties toward home.

The secret was pretty well kept, but toward the end all Harrison knew that Gregory Kinsman, the schoolmaster, had written a little play to be performed in the schoolhouse yard. George Haskins, Seth's youngest son, was to impersonate the Father of His Country, while Dan Smith was to be the elder Washington.

For this reason they were not surprised on the morning of the 22d when they trooped into the schoolhouse yard to find the benches and some extra chairs arranged in rows in front of the building. At the farther end the snow had been shoveled from the frozen earth, forming a sort of stage. Branches of cut evergreens masked the bare brown fence boards, and in the geometrical center of the cleared rectangle a single small evergreen was firmly planted.

Around the lower part of the tree a band of bark, wired on, showed where the shrub had been nearly chopped through. It had been demonstrated when the boys were over in Haskins' lot for the evergreens that, with the toy hatchet furnished young Haskins, the demolition of the tree would require something like an hour and a half. This would have greatly retarded the crispness of the performance. A piece of white cloth fastened on the side farthest from the audience showed the little fellow where to make the initial attack.

Most of the Ridgevale people had already gathered in the inclosure when the guests from Harrison began to arrive. But seats had been saved for the visitors. When the last sleighload had driven up, Kinsman, who was called "professor" in Ridgevale and "platin" "Greg" over in Harrison, opened the proceedings with an oration which had originally appeared as an editorial in a New York paper two years before. Silas Hopkins followed with an extemporaneous address punctuated by "er" and "as I was saying." The First Reader class sang an ode to Washington composed by Kinsman and set to the tune of "Bringing in the Sheaves." Ella Garrison, who was known to fame as a child elocutionist, recited a poem on Washington from Spellman's Fourth Reader. There was a quartet by the choir of the First M. E. church, and then the stage was cleared for the event of the afternoon.

Around the corner of the woodshed strolled Master Haskins in a gorgeous Continental costume. A bag wig of cotton batting was surmounted by his Sunday hat of black felt, carefully plumed into an imitation of cocked head gear, while he wore the patent leather pumps that the previous June had been the admiration of all on the occasion of the annual school "commencement" and exhibition.

Fully conscious of his importance as a historical personage, Master George strutted forward and in a childlike treble informed the audience that this was his birthday, and that great joy had been brought to his heart through the bestowal of many gifts. His joy was not in that he valued the interest

of the offering, but in the fact that the matter was heardly appreciated, and then through the gate came Dan Smith, who had secured the use of paper cambric and had devised a costume that was startling, if not historically correct.

Under his black cutaway coat he sported a yellow vest, cut into squares by red and green stripes and set off by a massive brass watch chain and a darning red necktie. His legs were incased in a pair of blue bicycle knickerbockers, the extremities being clothed with a pair of white stockings, which Danny McKeever of Harrison promptly declared belonged to Dan's Aunt Mary. In default of patent leather pumps a pair of brand new rubbers glittered almost as effectively.

Pausing a moment to allow the ride Harrisonian laughter to subside, the senior Washington approached his son and in a copy book speech bestowed upon his hopeful offspring a toy hatchet. After this he retired to enable the youngster to chop down the evergreen, which by courtesy was supposed to be a fruit bearing tree.

All Ridgevale and the most of Harrison held its breath as the future hero of the American people raised his ax on high. With a swinging stroke he brought it down on the carefully marked patch of bark, quite in accordance with instructions. There was a ringing crash, with a louder howl, and the hope of the Washingtons executed with great spirit an unheeded war dance upon his left foot only, while he nursed with one hand a bruised foot and brandished with his other the remains of his hatchet.

Harrison shouted and Ridgevale waxed indignant. A hurried examination showed that a bar of steel had been carefully placed under the bark at the point indicated for the cut and that this unexpected addition had caused the breaking of the cheap hatchet, which in falling had bruised George's foot and effectually stopped the performance.

The visitors from Harrison departed after much chaffing, which did little to soothe the injured vanity of the Ridgevallians. The latter charged bad faith, but could not locate the culprit. They do say, though, at Burden's store, that Blanche Burden, in whom local pride ran high, became engaged to Ray Bronson, the Ridgevale blacksmith, that evening. And Bronson declared it was the first time he had ever forged a wedding ring out of a bar of steel.

The Musical Committee.

The Committee are a musical people. The well to do own pianos and are fair musicians. Others have organs, and many, many more possess accordions. They enjoy singing and are fond of American popular songs. Their own songs are rather weird and somewhat, though always harmonious. At night the voices rise in sharp, nasal tones, singing the "novens," a term applied to nine days of special worship to some particular saint. Novens are ever in evidence, for no sooner do they finish with one than it is time for another to begin; consequently "neighborhood sing" are frequent.

The accordions are pleasing to the natives at their dances and fundanzas or weddings. These latter always occur Thursday mornings at 4 o'clock. The names are cried in the church three times before the wedding. Wednesday evening there is a social gathering of the families and friends of the bride and bridegroom, with dancing and refreshments. Guests accompany the happy pair to the church, where the priest unites them. Often there are three or four weddings on the same morning, and happiness reigns supreme—Independent.

Origin of the Wedding Ring.

The wedding ring is the subject of quaint historical facts and endless superstitions. It was probably chosen as the symbol of marriage more for convenience than anything else. It is supposed to be a symbol of unbroken love and of power and to carry special curative virtues with it. The old woodcock saying about it is, "As your wedding ring wears your cares will wear away." The ancients, Pliny among the rest, believed that a delicate nerve ran directly from the "ring finger" to the heart and that the ring placed on that finger was very closely connected with the heart. In early Christian marriages the bridegroom put the ring first on the bride's thumb, then on the first finger, then on the second and last of all on the third, saying as he did, "In the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost." The thumb and first two fingers represented the trinity; the next finger was the one the ring was left on to show that man to God, a woman's duty was to her husband.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Heardly Complimentary.

A certain author, having explained the nature of his occupation to an old Maux woman, was hardly prepared for the comment, "Well, well, what does it matter so long as a body makes his livin' honestly?" the words being evidently meant to put him on better terms with himself. But worse still fared an English clergyman, for some time vicar of a Maux parish and from ignorance of the people and their ways not a very popular one. Having received preferment elsewhere, he started on a round of farewell visits, but without heeding a single regret.

"At last," one old woman told him she was "mortal sorry." In his delight the vicar let curiosity outrun discretion, and he asked for her reason. "Well," said she, with touching candor, "I had a lot o' passins over here from England, and sees one has been more than the last, and acts worse than I'm feared they'd be, and I'm glad to see you go."—Devil's Own.

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