POPE LEO'S SUCCESSOR.

Cardinal Gotti Is the Most Prominent Mentioned, But Many Members of the Sacred College Aspire to the Honor—Cardinals Rampolla and Satolli Have Strong Following—Impressive Ceremonies Mark the Selection of a Pope.

Foremost among the candidates for the throne of St. Peter are Cardinal Rampolla and Cardinal Serafino Vannutelli. Then follow quite a number who are well within the possibilities.

It is also suggested that there is a chance that Cardinal Gibbons may be chosen in the event the foreign cardinals were sufficiently powerful to stand out against those of Rome, and in case of a division no French or Spanish candidate could control the German or English cardinals, or vice versa, so that if an opportunity arises for a foreign cardinal to be chosen the most authoritative members of the college think that the only one who could obtain the prescribed majority is Cardinal Gibbons.

Cardinal Rampolla and Cardinal Serafino Vannutelli are both representatives of the conservative policy, but are bitter antagonists of each other.

The most probable liberal candidates are Cardinal Bishop Agliardi and Cardinal Priest Satolli.

The most probable religious candidates are Cardinal Priest Gotti and Cardinal Priest Angelo di Pietro.

All these candidates live in Rome, but a strong party, which might include a good many foreign cardinals, advocates the election of a cardinal who is not a member of the curia, such as Cardinal Sato, patriarch of Venice; Cardinal Ferrari, archbishop of Milan, both intransigeant; or Cardinal Capecelatro, archbishop of Capua.

Cardinal Mariano Rampolla del Tindaro is the present pontifical secretary of state, and was born at Polizzi in 1843. For many years Cardinal Rampolla has been active in affairs of the church, having in addition to his duties as secretary of state been intrusted with the office of administrator of the property of the Holy See and archpriest of the Patriarchal Basolica of St. Peter. He has been close to the Pope, and has been the one man through whom the affairs with the outside world have been con-

CARDINAL SARTO

ducted. There is, however, a tradition that a papal secretary of state cannot become pope because of the opposition his position of necessity excites.

Cardinal Serafino Vannutelli and his brother, Cardinal Vincenzo Vannutelli, are both notable figures in the sacred college. Cardinal Serafino Vannutelli was born in Genazzano in 1834, and for a long period was the papal nuncio at Vienna. Only recently he was appointed vice chancellor of the holy seat to succeed the late Cardinal Parocchi, and it is suggested he was designated for the post because he was becoming too powerful politically. He has been as nearly as it is possible for a cardinal to be an openly avowed candidate for the papacy.

Cardinal Satolli was made a cardinal while he was in America, being consecrated by Cardinal Gibbons. He served for many years as the papal delegate at Washington.

Cardinal Jerome Maria Gotti is a native of Genoa and was born in 1834. He is the pope's candidate for the papacy, and Pope Leo has repeatedly referred to him as "my successor," and has shown in many ways that he would be pleased to have his place filled by Cardinal Gotti, who has been an earnest and zealous worker. The best part of his career has been in South America, where he is greatly beloved.

Cardinal Giuseppe Sarto, who is the cardinal patriarch of Venice, is the strongest candidate outside of Rome.

Cardinal Oreglia.

He was born at Riese, in diocese of Feriso, in 1835, and was made a cardinal in 1893.

Cardinal Oreglia, whose full name is Luigi Oreglia di Stefano, was born in Bene Vagienna, diocese of Mondovi, Italy, July 9, 1828. He studied at the Academy of Rome and gained prominence in theology and language. Later he became a Jesuit novice. He was

CARDINAL GOTTI

ordained to the secular priesthood in 1856 and was a priest at the pontifical court during the temporal power of Pope Pius IX. In 1858 he was appointed an officer in chancery in the Roman tribunal and in 1870 was papal nuncio at Lisbon. Three years later Pope Pius created him a cardinal. He is dean of the college of cardinals, camerlengo of the Holy Roman Church, archchancellor of the Roman university, prefect of the Congregation of Ceremonies, and, in addition to other honors, is protector of about twenty leading Catholic societies throughout the world.

THE ELECTION OF A POPE.

Impressive Ceremonies Mark Proceedings of the Cardinals.

The ceremonies attendant upon the election of a new pope by the sacred college of cardinals are impressive and elaborate. The conclave must assemble ten days after the death of the pope.

First the mass of the Holy Ghost is chanted in the chapel of St. Gregory. Then the cardinals go in procession, two and two, according to their rank, surrounded by the Swiss guard and singing "Veni Creator Spiritus," to take possession of the cells assigned to each by lot.

These cells are erected in a hall of the vatican communicating with the Sistine chapel. They are mere frameworks of wood, hung with fringed curtains. Five are green in hue, because their occupants were created by Pius IX. The drapery of fifty-two will be of violet, because their occupants are creations of Leo XIII.

On one side of each cell is a curtained doorway, over which the cardinal's armorials are shown, and higher still is a little swinging window. Each cardinal has a bed, a table and a chair.

Cardinal Satolli.

Three hours after sunset doors are shut and walled up on the inside with masonry. Guards on the outside watch every avenue. The cardinal camerlengo and the cardinal dean attend to this. The apostolic prothonotaries write it as an act of the conclave.

One door is not walled up, in case some cardinal or conclavist must needs retire because of illness. Such may not return. There is a lock on each side of this door. The outside key is with the Prince Savelli, hereditary marshal of the church. The cardinal camerlengo holds the inside key.

Each day at noon and sunset the officers of the cardinals' households come to the square of St. Peter in their masters' chariots. There they go afoot to the major domo of the conclave, demanding meals for their masters. Meals are given to them in baskets.

They enter the palace of the vatican and carry the basket to an open-

Cardinal Rampolla.

ing which the mason of the conclave makes from the interior through the wall.

At this opening they cry their masters' names, and each squire of each cardinal responds in turn, receiving the basket of food.

The Sistine chapel has been furnished for the conclave. On both sides thrones are set, having canopies which can be let down by pulling on a cord. The reason of this will presently be made plain.

On a long table before the altar are silver basins full of voting papers. These are blank.

On the altar are two great chalices of gold with patens. Here is also the oath which every cardinal must swear before he records his vote.

There are five ways by which a pope may be elected:

1. By compromise—i. e., when the cardinals appoint a committee of themselves with power to name the pope.

2. By inspiration—i. e., when a body of cardinals put themselves to shout: "The Jesuit cardinal is pope!" or "The cardinal of Westminster is pope!" by which method other voices are attracted and the minimum majority of two-thirds plus one attained.

3. By adoration—i. e., when a minimum majority of two-thirds plus one of cardinals go spontaneously to adore a certain cardinal of their college.

4. By scrutiny—i. e., when each cardinal records a vote in wrting secretly. A pope is rarely found by scrutiny.

5. By accession—i. e., when the scrutiny having failed to give the minimum majority of two-thirds plus one to any cardinal, the opponents of him whose tally is highest shall accede to him.

The first three ways are obsolete, and these two—scrutiny and accession—alone need to be considered.

Their eminences take great care that none shall overlook them while they write and seal their vote.

Each cardinal in turn takes his folded voting paper between the thumb and index finger of his ringed right hand, holding it aloft in view of all. So, and alone, he goes to the altar, makes his genuflexion on the lowest step; on the highest step he swears his oath aloud that his vote is free.

On the paten which covers one of the great golden chalices he lays his voting paper. He tilts the paten till the paper slides from it into the chalice. He replaces the paten as a cover and returns unattended to his throne.

At the end the last scrutineer takes the folded voting papers one by one, high and slowly, so that all may count them, and puts them from the full into the empty chalice.

If there be more or fewer voting papers than there be cardinals present he burns them all, and their eminences must vote again.

But when the number of voting papers equals the number of cardinals present the first cardinal bishop, the first cardinal priest and the first cardinal deacon bring the chalice full of voting papers from the altar to the table of scrutiny. They retire and the scrutineers approach the table and face the sacred college.

The first scrutineer empties the chalice onto the table. One by one he opens the folded voting papers, looks at the name of the cardinal on each and passes the paper to the second scrutineer. This one also looks and passes the paper to the third scrutineer, who reads the name aloud.

The voting papers are filed by the third scrutineer and placed in the empty chalice.

This counting is repeated a second time, and the voting papers re-examined by the three scrutineers.

When the scrutiny brings forth no pope with a majority of two-thirds plus one, the sacred college tries election by accession.

Fresh voting papers are used, on which the cardinals who wish to vote in favor of him who tallied highest in the scrutiny will write: "I accede to the Lord Sorafino, Lord Cardinal of Frascati," or "I accede to the Lord Dominic Mary, Lord Cardinal of Tyre." These accessions are placed in the chalice on the altar with the ceremonies of the scrutiny, but the oath is not resworn.

If no one yet attains the minimum majority of two-thirds plus one—that is to say, thirty-seven votes—the conclave will retire from the Sistine chapel until the following day, and the ineffectual votes are burned.

This procedure obtains day after day until all cliques are broken down, all doubts have disappeared, until the

Cardinal Svampa.

Holy Spirit sends his light to lighten the minds of men that they may see the will of God and give it force.

When at last a pope has been elected three apostolic prothonotaries record the act of conclave and all the cardinals sign and seal it. The cardinal dean demands the new pope's consent to his own election and the new name by which he wishes to be known. (This custom of changing his name arose with Pope Sergius III, whose own cognomen was unpresentable—Osporci.)

Each cardinal releases the cord of the canopy of his throne, which folds down. No one may remain covered in the presence of the pope. A new ring—the ring of the fisherman—is given to the sovereign pontiff.

The first and second cardinal deacons conduct his holiness to the rear of the altar with the masters of ceremonies and the Augustinian sacristan. They take away his cardinalitial scarlet and vest him in a cassock of white taffeta, with cincture, a fair white linen rochet, and the papal stole, a crimson almuce, and shoes of crimson cloth, embroidered in gold.

The new pope sits upon a chair before the altar of the Sistine chapel and the cardinal dean, the Lord Louis Oreglia di Santo Stefano, who is Ostia's and Velletri's bishop, followed by other eminences in their order, kneels to adore his holiness, kissing the cross upon his shoe, the ring upon his hand, whereat the sovereign pontiff makes the kneeler rise and accords the kiss of peace on both cheeks.

Cardinal Serafino Vannutelli.

Then the master mason breaks open the walledup door. The first cardinal deacon goes to the balcony of St. Peter's and to the city and the world proclaims, "I announce to you great joy. We have a pope."

STAGE DRIVER MADE HORSES BEAT A RUNAWAY COACH

Back in the good old days when nerves and railroads were little known an old stage road ran from Lake Champlain to Ogdensburg, N. Y., passing through the little town of Sodom. This village nestled in a valley between two great hills, over which the white ribbon of the road wound steeply.

Upon one of the trips of the stage the regular driver, who had been at home for some weeks recovering from an illness, was riding inside while the red-haired, mild-featured, big-boned Irishman acting as his substitute occupied the driver's seat upon the box. The day was a beautiful one and the passengers were enjoying their drive keenly, their appetites increasing as the distance lessened between them and the town of Sodom with its promised pause for refreshment.

Suddenly, as the heavy stage lumbered over the brow of the hill, down which the road plunged at a sharp angle, running through the little town at its foot and ascending the hill beyond, the passengers became conscious that their pace had been recklessly increased. Faster and faster they went, dashing down the hill at a rate rapidly becoming a furious one. Trees and bushes at last became but a dizzying blur along the road. All clung to the reeling stage and held their breath in terror, while on the stage raced, down the hill with ever-increasing speed, into the town, past the hostelry with the waiting host left standing in amaze at the door, past the post-office without pause, and out upon the road leading up the face of the hill beyond. There the pace slackened, and as the incline grew more steep at last the smoking horses came to a standstill. With one accord the dazed passengers tumbled out and surrounded the driver, who now stood at the head of his reeking leaders.

"What is it, Pat? What is it? Did they get away from you?" came the breathless questions.

"Nope," replied Pat with a set face, "it wor that," pointing grimly before him. There lay the stage tongue dragging uselessly on the ground at the heels of the horses, and completely severed from the coach. At a glance the regular driver comprehended the meaning of the danger to which the passengers of that stage, deprived of its sole means of guidance, had been exposed, and, realizing the miracle of their escape, he turned sick and fainted where he stood.

Later, back at the inn, when the excitement had somewhat subsided and fresh horses were being put to the repaired coach, someone turned to Pat and asked:

"Pat, what was your first thought when the pole dropped?"

"Well, sor," he answered, settling the quid more comfortably in his cheek, "me furst thought wor, 'Lord, ha' mercy on our sowls!' Thin thinks I tc meself, 'Damn a horse that can't outrun a wagon!' and I licked the poor divils all th' way down the hill!"—Lippincott's Magazine.

ONE TIME WHERE TWINS WOULD HAVE BEEN WELCOME

It was their first baby. The young mother was in a perfect rapture. It was, without doubt, an ugly baby, but she did not know it. Happy young mother. All of them are like her.

But the father had dark misgivings. His salary was only $20 per week, and babies are expensive luxuries.

Her father was rich, but had frowned upon their union, and had heterodox and heretical notions as to supporting a son-in-law.

Cruel old man.

One day, when the baby was a month old, the father came home from his office and found his wife radiant.

She was even happy when the baby was out of her sight.

"What is it, Jeannie?" asked her husband, gloomily, for he was yet uncertain as to the blessing conferred by the baby. He was also sleepy.

"Oh, Charlie," she chirruped, "I heard from papa to-day."

Charlie looked gloomier than ever.

"Don't say anything, dear," she pleaded, for she knew her husband's opinion of her father. "He has heard of our baby, and, though he has not yet determined to forgive us, he sent us $1,000 for dear baby's sake."

At first the young husband's face showed a gleam of pleasure, then it shadowed again.

"Aren't you glad, Charlie?" she asked, with a quivering lip.

Then he smiled joyfully.

"Yes, darling," he whispered; "but we should have had twins."

LOVE IN TRIUMPH OVER THE PRECEPTS OF WISDOM

Though Wu Ting Fang is no longer a resident of the United States, memories of him still continue to augment the gayety of the nation. At a dinner party the other night a guest recounted a speech of Mr. Wu's. "He was discoursing," said the guest, "upon love. He spoke poetically. It was delightful to hear him.

"He told how a certain mandarin once determined to bring up his son in perfect ignorance of women. Accordingly, he took the boy to a hut upon a mountain top and dwelt with him there alone, teaching him to love the gods and to fear those evil spirits and devils that molest mankind.

"In this manner the boy grew into early manhood. He was not aware that women existed. He knew nothing but the precepts of the philosophers of old time. He reverenced all the gods; he hated all the devils.

"Then, one day, his father took him part way down the mountain and by ill chance three maidens appeared in the distance. They drew nearer. They passed close by. The youth regarded them with profoundest interest.

"'What are they, father?' he asked.

"'They are devils, my son. Hate them,' the father replied.

"From that moment the boy became melancholy. He sat for long hours motionless, gazing far away. He would eat little. He sighed often. He grew thin and pale.

"'My son,' his father asked him, finally, 'what is the matter with you?'

"Sighing, the youth said only this:

"'Oh, father, that tallest devil! that tallest devil!'"

THE INNOCENT MAID, THE DOLLAR AND THE KISS

On the Kronprinz Wilhelm one moonlight May night a young man and a girl were discovered making love. The news of the discovery spread among the passengers and many a joke was cracked. But Senator N. B. Scott, of West Virginia, said in the smoking room:

"There is nothing to laugh at here. Innocent loyemaking is natural in the young. This fact was well brought out by an adventure that happened to a friend of mine years ago in the mountains of West Virginia.

"The young man was hunting. He came to a lonely cabin, and, being thirsty, he knocked at the door for a drink. The drink was handed to him by a girl so charming that, with a smile, he said:

"'Would you be angry if I should offer you a dollar for a kiss?'

"'No, sir,' the girl answered, with a little blush.

"So my friend took the kiss and then he gave the maiden the dollar. She balanced it in her hand a moment. She knitted her pretty brows in perplexity.

"'What,' she asked, 'shall I do with all this money?'

"'Why, anything you please, my dear,' said my friend.

"'Then,' she murmured, 'I think I'll give it back to you and take another kiss.'"

American Club for Manila.

An institutional club for Americans is to be founded in Manila, $25,000 having been raised for the erection of its quarters. Yale university will equip its gymnasium, and $1,000 is being raised at Princeton for its billiard room. Harvard and Pennsylvania will furnish the living rooms of the club.

Comes of Patriotic Family.

Ira Condit, son of a revolutionary soldier, celebrated his 95th birthday at Roseland, N. J. He is the youngest of eleven children, all born in the same house where he lives to-day. His father enlisted when 16 and his grandfather also was a soldier in the continental army.

Back to the Padded Cell.

"Why," asked the man with the ingrown conundrum habit, "is the body of a fish such a great puzzle?"

"Not guilty," said the party of the second part. "The answer is up to you."

"Because," continued the bughouse candidate, "you can't make head nor tail of it."

British To Adopt American Ideas.

William P. Charles, proprietor of the Charles Commercial school, Brooklyn, has gone to Barbados, in the West Indies, where he has been invited by the British authorities to explain the American system of commercial schools and endeavor to establish the same on the various islands.