

WHEN A POPE DIES.

The Curious Ceremonies That Follow His Decease and the Way a Successor is Elected.

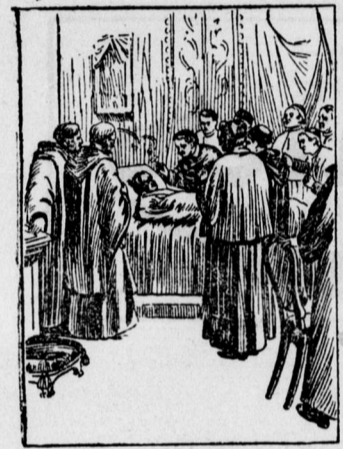
CONCLAVE OF CARDINALS IN SISTINE CHAPEL.

Once again the occupant of the Vatican at Rome has become an object of acute interest to the civilized world. When the news of Leo XIII.'s sudden illness was circulated recently, it was believed that his great age and feebleness would make it extremely doubtful whether he could undergo the operation which his physicians decided to be necessary. His illness resulted from a tumor on the thigh, of thirty years' growth, the excision of which he bore with much fortitude. His physical condition, however, was such that the slightest indisposition could only have a serious result, and the princes of the Roman Church realized the fact that the day was not far distant when another Pontiff must be chosen to the throne of the Papacy.

This is the story of the death of a Pope, of the Conclave which follows and of the election of a new Pope, as told by the New York Times and illustrated by pictures taken from Harper's Weekly.

When he is in his agony his nephews and his servants will remove what furniture they choose from the palace of the Vatican.

When the doctors certify His Holiness to have ceased to live in this world the Cardinal Camerlengo, robed in violet, and the Clerks of the Chamber, robed in black, will approach the corpse and, tapping him three times on the forehead with a silver mallet, they will invoke the dead Pope by the



THE CARDINAL CAMERLENGO VERIFYING THE DEATH OF THE POPE.

name by which his mother called him in his boyhood: "Gioacchino! Gioacchino! Gioacchino!"

If no sign of life be given after this strange summons the Apostolic Prothonotaries draw up the Act of Death. From the lifeless finger the Chamberlain draws the Fisherman's Ring of massive gold, worth a hundred golden crowns, and, having broken it up, divides the fragments among the six Masters of Ceremonies.

The Apostolic Datary and his secretaries carry all the other seals to the Cardinal Camerlengo, who breaks them also in the presence of the Auditor, the Treasurer and the Apostolic Clerks. No other Cardinals may assist at this function.



THE POPE IN THE EVENING OF HIS DAYS. (Scene in the garden at the Vatican devoted to the use of Pontiffs alone.)

The pontifical nephews and the Cardinal Patron must quit the Palace now. The Cardinal Camerlengo takes possession in the name of the Apostolic Chamber, making an inventory of what furniture has survived the spoliation.

Twelve penitentiaries of St. Peter's Church with chaplains see the body shaved and embalmed with new perfumes. They vest it in the pontifical habits, crown it with a mitre and place a chalice in the hands.

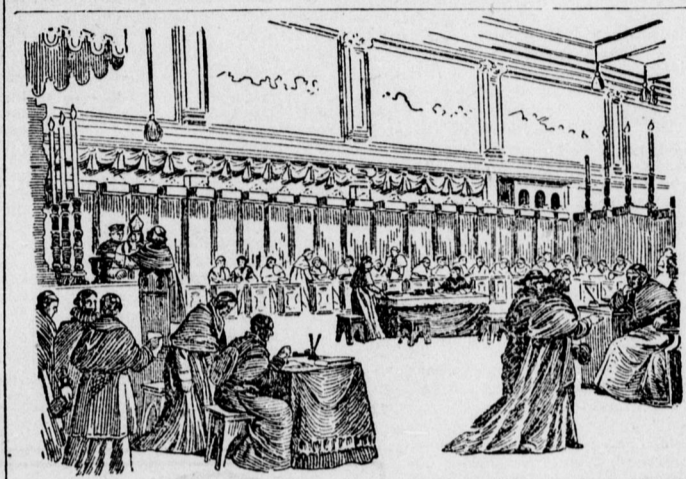
The great bell of the Capitol, which

only sounds when the Pope is dead, knells unceasingly.

After four and twenty hours the penitentiaries and the chaplains bear the corpse upon an open bier to St. Peter's Church. Canons meet them. The ordinary prayers for one dead are chanted.

The dead Pope lies in state on a lofty catafalque, where many tapers burn in the Chapel of the Holy Trinity.

After three days the corpse is laid in lead. Two and fifty Cardinals of



THE ELECTION OF THE POPE—CONCLAVE OF CARDINALS VOTING IN SISTINE CHAPEL.

the dead Pope's creation will put in gold and silver medals, having the effigy of their benefactor on one side and some notable act of his upon the other.

The leaden coffin is placed inside a casket covered with cypress wood and walled up in some part of the Basilica.

If the Holy Father shall have chosen his place of sepulchre, either when living or by his will, the translation of his remains must not take place until at least one year shall have elapsed, except a vast sum of money paid to the Chapter of St. Peter's Church.

During the vacancy of the Holy See affairs are administered by the Cardinal Camerlengo, assisted by the Lord Louis Oreglia di Santo Stefano, First Cardinal Bishop, Dean of the Sacred College and Bishop of Ostia and Velletri; by the Lord Miccisian Ledocobowski, First Cardinal Priest, and by the Lord Theodolphus Mertel, First Cardinal Deacon.

The conclave must assemble ten days after the death of the Pope. 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

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

Blank voting papers are handed to the Cardinals. Each voting paper is a palm in length and half a palm in breadth.

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.

When at last a Pope has been elected three Apostolic Prothonotaries record the act of conclave and all the Cardinal's 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.

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—Lord Cardinal Theodolphus Mertel and Lord Cardinal Louis Maocchi—conduct His Holiness to the rear of the altar with the masters of ceremonies and the Augustinian Sacristan; they take away his cardinalial 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 servants of the conclave proceed to pillage the cell lately occupied by His Holiness.

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.

Then the master mason breaks open the walled-up door. The First Cardinal Deacon, the Lord Theodolphus Mertel, 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."

The papal benediction is imparted and the Pope is borne away by twelve porters, clad in scarlet, to his private chamber.

Boston has a municipal telephone exchange.

GROWING MENAGERIE PLANTS.

A Specimen Japanese Ilex, or Larch, Trained Into a Fantastic Shape.

Several fine specimens of the Japanese ilex plant, which have been on exhibition in front of a wholesale florist's shop in Dey street, New York City, have met with great admiration.

The ilex, or larch, plant is peculiarly pliable when young, and the native Japanese have twisted the plants into quaint figures, chiefly of birds and beasts. As a result of their handiwork pedestrians in Dey street are confronted with huge cranes, roosters bearing on their backs broods of young chickens, turtles, frogs, storks and a multitude of snakes twisting about in shapes weird and fantastic.

The plant has a thick, strong root, from which thousands of shoots of green covered with small white petals grow. The Japanese gardener takes charge of it when the plant is young, and by bending and bending the stems with wire gradually forms it into any shape desired. As the stems grow stronger the forms which they were trained to assume when young remain perfect, and when the plant is full grown and ready to transplant the gar-

den has a collection of birds and animals which lends to his garden the appearance of a small menagerie.

The bird and beast plants in the Dey street collection were raised near Yokohama, Japan, and were shipped to this country as an experiment. The plant is almost unknown in this country.



JAPANESE ILEX WITH LEAVES AND FLOWERS.

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CHIMNEY OF ANNOUNCEMENT.

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DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

SUNDAY'S DISCOURSE BY THE NOTED DIVINE.

Subject: "Hold Fast to the Bible"—Lessons Drawn From the Sword of Eleazar—As He Grasped His Weapon So Should We Clave to the Old Gospel.

TEXT: "And his hand clave unto the sword."—II Samuel xxiii., 10.

What a glorious thing to preach the Gospel! Some suppose that because I have resigned a fixed pastorate I will preach the Gospel with less vigor than I ever have. If the Lord will, four times as much, though in manifold places. I would not dare to halt with such opportunity to declare the truth through the printing press. And here we have a stirring theme put before us by the prophet.

A great general of King David was Eleazar, the hero of the text. The Philistines opened battle against him, and his troops retreated. The cowards fled. Eleazar and three of his comrades went into the battle and swept the field, for four men with God on their side are stronger than a hundred on the other side. "Fall back!" shouted the commander of the Philistine army. The cry ran along the host, "Fall back!" Eleazar, having swept the field, throws himself on the ground to rest, but the mus-

ket and sword of his hand had been so long bent around the hilt of his sword that the hilt was imbedded in the flesh, and the gold wire of the hilt had broken through the skin of the palm of the hand, and he could not drop this sword, which he had so gallantly wielded. "His hand clave unto the sword." That is what I call magnificent fighting for the Lord God of Israel. And we want more of it.

I propose to show you how Eleazar took hold of the sword and how the sword took hold of Eleazar. I look at Eleazar's hand, and I come to the conclusion that he took the sword with a very tight grip. The cowards who fled had no trouble in dropping their swords. As money I expect you might hear their swords clanging in every direction. It is easy enough for them to drop their swords, but Eleazar's hand clave unto the sword. In this Christian conflict we want a tighter grip of the Gospel weapon, a tighter grip of the two-edged sword of the truth. It makes me sick to see these Christian people who hold only a part of the truth and let the rest of the truth go, so that the Philistines, seeing the loosened grasp, wrench the whole sword away from them. The only safe thing for us to do is to put our thumb on the book of Genesis and sweep our hand around the book until the New Testament comes into the palm and keep on sweeping our hand around the book until the tips of the fingers clutch the words "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." I like an infidel a great deal better than I do one of these namby pamby Christians who hold a part of the truth and let the rest go. By the way, God preserved this Bible in Damascus, and it is a Damascus blade. The severest test to which a sword can be put in a sword factory is to wind the blade around a gun barrel like a ribbon, and then when the sword is let loose it flies back to its own shape. So the sword of God's truth has been fully tested, and it is bent this way and that way and wound this way and that way, but it always comes back to its own shape. Think of it! A book written nearly three centuries ago, and some of it thousands of years ago, and yet in our time the average sale of this book is more than 20,000 copies every week and more than 1,000,000 copies a year! I say now that a book which is divinely inspired and divinely kept and divinely scattered is a weapon worth holding a tight grip of. Bishop Colenso will come along and try to wrench out of your hand the five books of Moses, and Strauss will come along and try to wrench out of your hand the miracles, and they will come along and try to wrench out of your hand the entire life of the Lord Jesus Christ, and your associates in the office or the factory or the banking house will try to wrench out of your hand the entire Bible, but in the street to the Lord God of Israel and with Eleazar's grip hold on to it. You give up the Bible, you give up any part of it, and you give up pardon and peace and life in heaven.

Do not be ashamed, young man, to have the world know that you are a friend of the Bible. This book is the friend of all that is good, and it is the sworn enemy of all that is bad. An eloquent writer recently gives an incident of a very bad man who stood in a cell of a Western prison. This criminal had gone through all styles of crime, and he was there waiting for the gallows. The convict standing there at the window of the cell, this writer says, "looked out and declared, 'I am an infidel.' He said that to all the men and women and children who happened to be gathered there. 'I am an infidel.' And the eloquent writer says, 'Every man and woman there believed him.' And the writer goes on to say, 'If he had stood there saying, 'I am a Christian,' every man and woman would have said, 'He is a liar!'"

This Bible is the sworn enemy of all that is wrong, and it is the friend of all that is good. Oh, hold on to it! Do not take part of it and throw the rest away. Hold on to all of it. There are so many people now who do not know. You ask them if the soul is immortal, and they say: "I guess it is; I don't know. Perhaps it is; perhaps it isn't." Is the Bible true? Well, perhaps it is, and perhaps it isn't. Perhaps it may be true, and perhaps it may not be true. They despise what they call the apostolic creed, but if their own creed were written out it would read like this: "I believe in nothing, and I believe in heaven and earth, and in nothing which it hath sent, which nothing was born of and which nothing descended into nothing and rose from nothing and ascended to nothing and now sitteth at the right hand of nothing, from which it will come to judge nothing. I believe in the holy agnostic church and in the communion of nothingarians and in the forgiveness of nothing and the resurrection of nothing and in the life everlasting." That is the creed of tens of thousands of people in this day. If you have a mind to adopt such a theory, I will not. "I believe in God, the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth, and in Jesus Christ, his only begotten Son, who came down from heaven and in the communion of saints and in the life everlasting. Amen!" Oh, when I see Eleazar taking such a stout grip of the sword in the battle against sin and for righteousness, I come to the conclusion that we ought to take a stouter grip of God's eternal truth—the sword of righteousness.

As I look at Eleazar's hand I also notice his spirit of self-forgetfulness. He did not notice that the hilt of the sword was eating through the palm of his hand. He did not know it hurt him. As he went out into the conflict he was so anxious for the victory he forgot himself, and that hilt might go deeper into the palm of his hand, it could not disturb him. "His hand clave unto the sword." Oh, my brothers and sisters, let us go into the Christian conflict with the spirit of self-abnegation. Who cares whether the world praises us or denounces us? What do we care for misrepresentation or abuse or persecution in a conflict like this? Let us forget ourselves. That man who is afraid of getting his hand hurt will never kill a Philistine. Who cares whether you get hurt or not if you get the victory? Oh, how many Christians there are who are all the time worrying about the way the world treats them! They are so tired, and they are so abused, and they are so tempted, when Eleazar did not think whether he had a hand or an arm or a foot. All he wanted was victory.

We see how men forget themselves in worldly achievement. We have often seen men who, in order to achieve worldly success, will forget all physical fatigue and all annoyance and all obstacle. That after

the battle of Yostkova in the American Revolution a musician, wounded, was told he must have his limbs amputated, and they were about to fasten him to the surgeon's table, for it was long before the merciful discovery of anesthetics. He said: "No; don't fasten me to that table. Get me a violin." A violin was brought to him, and he said: "Now, go to work as I begin to play," and for forty minutes, during the awful pangs of amputation, he moved not a muscle nor dropped a note, while he played some sweet tune. Oh, is it not strange that with the music of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and with this grand march of the church militant on the way to become the church triumphant, we cannot forget ourselves and forget all pang and all sorrow and all persecution and all perturbation?

We know what neck accomplish under worldly opposition. Men do not shrink back for antagonism or for hardship. You have admired Prescott's "Conquest of Mexico," as a brilliant and beautiful history as was written by the man who got the other way. Oh, how much more will endure for worldly knowledge and for worldly success, and yet how little we endure for Jesus Christ! How many Christians there are that go around saying, "Oh, my hand; oh, my hand, my hand hurt! Don't you see there is blood on the sword?" while Eleazar, with the hilt imbedded in the flesh of his right hand, does not know it.

Must I be carried to the skies On flowery beds of ease, While others fought to win the prize Or sailed through bloody seas?

When they were dashed down to death. Oh, how much more shall we endure for Christ! We want to ride to heaven in a Pullman sleeping car, our feet on soft plush, the bed made up early, so we can sleep all the way, the big wheels run on rails that take us up into time to enter the golden city. We want all the surgeons to flit our hand up. Let them bring on all the lint and all the bandages and all the salve, for our hand is hurt, while Eleazar does not know his hand is hurt. "His hand clave unto the sword."

As I look at Eleazar's hand I come to the conclusion that he has done a great deal of hard hitting. I am not surprised when I see that these four men—Eleazar and his three companions drove back the army of Philistines—that Eleazar's sword clave to his hand, for every time he struck an enemy with one end of the sword the other end of the sword wounded him. When he took hold of the sword, the sword took hold of him.

Oh, we have found an enemy who cannot be conquered by rosewater and soft speeches. It must be sharp stroke and straight thrust. There is intemperance, and there is lust, and there is drunkenness, and there is trust, and there are 10,000 battalions of iniquity, armed Philistine iniquity. How are they to be captured and overthrown? Soft sermons in morocco cases laid down in front of an exquisite pleasure will not do it. You have got to call things by their right name. You have got to expel from our churches Christians who eat the sacrament on Sunday and devour widow's houses all the week. We have got to stop our eyes on the great rocks of the Gittites and the Jebusites and the Girgathites and let those poor wretches go and apply our indignation to the modern transgressions which need to be dragged out and slain. Ah, here, Herods here, strike for God so hard that while you slay the sin the sword will adhere to your own hand. I tell you, my friends, we want a few John Knoxes and John Wesleys in the Christian church today. The whole world is to be redeemed on Christian work. We keep on refining on it until we send apologetic word to iniquity we are about to capture it. And we must go with sword silver chased and presented by the ladies and we must ride on white palfrey under embroidered housings, putting the spurs in only just enough to make the charger dance gracefully, and then we must send a missive, delicate as a wedding card, to ask the old black giant of sin if he will not surrender. Women saved by the grace of God and on glorious mission sent, detained from Sabbath classes because their new hat is not done. Churches that shook our cities with great revivals, sending around to ask some demonstrative worshiper if he will not please to say "Amen" and "halleluia" a little softer. It seems as if in our churches we wanted a baptism of cologne and balm of a thousand flowers when we need a baptism of fire from the Lord God of Pentecost. But we are so afraid somebody will criticize our sermons or criticize our prayers or criticize our religious work that our anxiety for the world's redemption is lost in the fear we will get our hand hurt while Eleazar went into the conflict, "and his hand clave unto the sword."

But I see in the next place what a hard thing it was for Eleazar to get his hand and his sword parted. The muscles and the sinews had been so long grasped around the sword he could not drop it when he proposed to drop it, and his three comrades, I suppose, came up and tried to help him, and they bathed the back part of his hand, hoping the sinews and muscles would relax. But no. "His hand clave unto the sword." Then they tried to pull open the fingers and to pull back the thumb, but no sooner were they pulled back than they closed again, "and his hand clave unto the sword." But after awhile they were successful, and then they noticed that the curve in the palm of the hand corresponded exactly with the curve of the hilt. "His hand clave unto the sword."

You and I have seen it many a time. There are in the United States to-day many aged ministers of the Gospel. They are too feeble now to preach. In the church records the word standing opposite their name is "emeritus," or the words "minister without charge." They were a heroic race. They had small salaries and but few books, and they swam spring freshets to meet their appointments, but they did in their day a mighty work for God. They took of more of the heads of Philistine iniquity than you could count from noon to sundown. You put that old minister of the Gospel now into a prayer meeting or occasional pulpit or a sickbed, and it is the same old ring to his voice and the same old story of pardon and peace and Christ and heaven. His hand has so long clutched the sword in Christian conflict he cannot drop it. "His hand clave unto the sword."

The czar and two emperors to meet. There will be a meeting of the czar, the German Emperor and Emperor Francis Joseph at Sciencesville, Russia, upon the 20th of a great hunting party next autumn.

A MEMORIAL BOWLING.

engraved, and has already been taken from the hillside of the Lewiston mountain, on the lower Niagara. This boulder monument will be erected on a low foundation at Fort Porter, in the city of Buffalo.

The illustration represents the huge stone which has been selected and quarried for this purpose. It is egg-shaped, and is of red granite, ten and one-half feet long and seven feet high.

Paderewski's Relics.

Paderewski lives in a house that is a veritable museum of musical relics. Articles that have belonged to all the great composers are everywhere; and the faces of their departed owners gaze upon you from the walls. Flowers there are in profusion, for admirers send to the famous pianist great bunches daily. The whole of the wall in one room is occupied by the enormous laurel wreath presented to him at Leipzig.