THE ROMAN PONTIFF.

Looks Forward to Living to the Close of 1903.

Wants to Round Out a Quarter of a Century of His Pontificate and Half a Century of His Cardinalate.

[Special Correspondence.]

POPE LEO XIII., according to a cable message recently received from Rome, has expressed to his intimates the conviction that he would live until late in the year 1903, when, on December 19, he proposes to celegrate the fiftieth anniversary of his elevation to the cardinalate in a manner befitting so rare and distinguished an event. From time to time the newspapers spread the report that the venerable pontiff is at death's door, but from a church dignitary who has seen him several times within the past decade it is learned that he seems to be about as robust now as he was ten years ago.

Pope Leo is one of the most remarkable—if not the most remarkable—men of our age. His character is a rare combination of firmness and gentleness, and with these virtues is combined a brilliant mind, whose grand thoughts have challenged the admiration of thinking men of every creed. Contemporary critics have dealt gently with the aged ruler of the church. They have, almost without exception, given him praise for honesty of purpose and sincerity of intent; the most notable exception being Marie Corelli,

HIS HOLINESS, POPE LEO XIII.

who, in "The Master Christian," draws a picture of his holiness which depicts him as an old, old man governed by senile prejudice and the advice of self-seeking sycophants. Miss Corelli's delineation of Leo's character is ridiculed by churchmen, who assert that the pope is ruler of church in fact as well as name, and that personal considerations never enter into his decisions; and until the talented woman novelist furnishes more proof than mere assertion the world will be inclined to accept the estimate of the pope's associates rather than hers.

The biography of the head of the Roman Catholic church demonstrates that genuine merit, combined with an understanding of the value and power of organization, is the keystone of success in the ecclesiastical as well as the business world. Vincenzo Gioacchino Pecci, the son of Count Ludovico Pecci and his wife, Anna Prosperi, was born March 2, 1810, at Carpineto, in the Papal States. At the age of eight he was placed in the Jesuit college of Vitebo, where he remained six years and distinguished himself for ability and propriety of conduct. His mother dying at the end of this time, in 1824, his father took him to Rome, and in November of that year placed him in the celebrated Roman college. Here his great talents and earnest application were strongly impressed upon his instructors, who were delighted when, at the age of 18, he took the first prize in physico-chemistry. Following this, he took a complete course in philosophy, receiving the laurea in 1831. He then entered the college of Noble Ecclesiastics and learned canon and civil law in the schools of the Roman university. After becoming a doctor of laws, he was appointed by Pope Gregory XVI. a domestic prelate and referendary of the signature, March 16, 1837, his priesthood being confirmed in the chapel of the vicariate December 23, 1837. At this time, although but 27 years of age, he was admitted to be one of the first scholars of Rome.

Pope Gregory speedily recognized the young priest's executive ability by making him apostolic delegate at Benevento, Perugia and Spoleto, in each of which places his administration was marked by great energy and strong common sense. In the first place he suppressed brigandage, which had been the cause of endless disorder, and thereby won the everlasting gratitude of the law-abiding portion of the community.

Designing him for the diplomatic service, for which his great talents and aristocratic bearing preeminently fitted him, Gregory made him, on January 17, 1843, titular archbishop of Damiettea, in order that he might be qualified for the office of nuncio to Belgium. He remained three years at Brussels, discharging the duties pertaining to his delicate post with great tact and to the highest satisfaction of his master who then, in 1846, just a few months before his own death, bestowed on him the see of Perugia.

Pecci's talents made a strong impression upon the success of Gregory, Pius IX., and at the consistory held December 19, 1853, he was, at the age of 43, created a cardinal. Twenty-four years later, in which interval he had rendered the most faithful services to the church, he was selected to fill the most responsible position of cardinal camerlengo of the Roman hierarchy. He was then a man of 67, yet he did not hesitate when thus summoned to assume the weighty obligations resting upon the pope's chief executive officer. Five months later Pius IX. was gathered to his fathers, and the new camerlengo was compelled to assume all the temporal duties of the papal office. Pius died February 7, 1878, and 21 days later Pecci succeeded him under the name of Leo XIII. Sixty-two cardinals were in attendance upon this notable conclave, yet so universally were the merits of Pecci recognized, and so general was the demand that he become head of the church, that not a single vote was cast against him.

In the matter of dress, the venerable pontiff is punctilious, his wardrobe being one of great magnificence. For ordinary wear he has a white robe, made in winter of fine cloth, in summer of moire silk. When he goes into the garden he throws over this a long mantle of red cloth, which has a border of gold embroidery. When dressed for private ceremonies he wears a surplice made of costly lace, and a red pelerine, of cloth in winter and of satin in summer. For great festivals he first puts on the "falda," a wide seamless coat of white satin, around which is tied a broad striped sash of gold, red and white. Above this is a beautiful garment covered with jewels, and last comes a mantle of gold-embroidered velvet. On his feet the pope always wears red velvet shoes. In addition to his episcopal ring the pope is fond of wearing other costly rings, often composed of single stones of great beauty. He seldom dons the pontifical tiara, which is a threefold golden crown, lined with red, green and blue velvet, and covered with priceless jewels. For great ceremonies his costume is so heavy that it is impossible for him, at his great age, to stand or walk, and he is carried in a chair.

Like almost every other human being the pope has a hobby—the writing of poetry. Most of his verses are written in Latin, and eminent critics have pronounced them among the finest specimens of modern poetry.

STORY OF AN INDIAN.

His Fate Was Far Worse Than That of Capt. Dreyfus.

Apache Chief Who Was the Victim of an Army Officer's Hatred — Wronged by the Men He Had Befriended.

[Special Washington Letter.]

THIS is the story of Es-kim-in-zin, the Apache chief who suffered unmerited imprisonment, and died in confinement.

It is a pathetic story of wrongs never righted. The whole world sympathized with Capt. Dreyfus, but he lived to be restored to his family and friends. Poor old Es-kim-in-zin never received justice, and was returned to his home and family, only in a dying condition, within a month of his decease.

One of the stanch friends of Es-kim-in-zin was John P. Clum, post office inspector. Formerly Mr. Clum was Indian agent at the San Carlos agency, in Arizona. His record there was superb, and he was regarded as the best Indian agent in the service. His word alone ought to have been sufficient to secure the release of the persecuted Apache, but it was not. Gen. O. O. Howard was also one of the firm friends of Es-kim-in-zin, but even his efforts to procure his release were unavailing.

In the war department the statement of Es-kim-in-zin is on file, under date March, 1892. He says: "Seventeen years ago I took up a ranch on the San Pedro, cleared the brush, and took out water in a ditch which I made. I plowed the land and made a fence around it like the Mexicans. When I started I had three horses and 25 head of cattle. I was on the San Pedro ten years. Then I had 17 horses, 38 cattle, a large yellow wagon, for which I paid $40, and another wagon, which cost me $90, but which I had given to some relatives. I also had many tools. For about three years I drew rations from the agent. After that I did not draw any more till I was sent to the agency by Lieut. Watson. I bought all my family clothing and supplies with the money I made. In 1888 Lieut. Watson came to my ranch and gave me a paper from Capt. Pearce, the agent, and told me that I had better go to the San Carlos reservation, as citizens would kill me if I did not that there were about 150 citizens coming with pistols.

"They came the next day after I left my ranch, and they shot at my women, putting bullets through their skirts, and drove them off. They took 515 sacks of corn, wheat and barley, destroyed 523 pumpkins and took away 32 head of cattle. After that I went to Washington, and when I returned they asked me if I did not want to go back to my ranch on the San Pedro. I said no, I would not be safe there, and would feel like a man sitting on a chair with some one scratching the sand out from under the legs. Then Capt. Pearce said that I could select a farm on the reservation, so I went with Lieut. Watson and selected a piece of land on the Gila just above the subagency. Lieut. Watson surveyed it for me. I made a ditch for irrigating, and had water flowing in it, and had nearly finished fencing the farm when I was arrested. Since I have been away my wife and some of my children have looked after the farm for me."

Es-kim-in-zin, in concluding his final plea, says: "Since I put down a

THE WRONGED APACHE CHIEF.

stone with Gen. Howard many years ago, and promised that I would never do anything wrong, I have not broken my promise. I ask to be sent back to my family at San Carlos and given the land surveyed by Lieut. Watson; that it be given me forever, and I will never ask for rations or anything else for myself or my family, from the government. I want to work like a white man and support my family. I can do it, and I will always be a good man."

It was claimed by those who interested themselves in Es-kim-in-zin that the order expelling him from Arizona was, at best, a military precaution, and certainly could never have been regarded as a military necessity. Capt. Wotherspoon, commandant at Mount Vernon barracks, was also a sympathizer with the imprisoned chief. Vincent Colyer stated to the authorities that Es-kim-in-zin was the first Indian chief who came into the military post at old Camp Grant, Ariz., in the spring of 1871, and asked to be allowed to live in peace. It is asserted that while there under the protection of the American flag, and assured by the army officers that he and his people could sleep in their camp in as perfect security as the soldiers could in theirs, they were, in the early dawn, set upon by a band of assassins, under the leadership of Americans, and 128 of his tribe, his family, relatives and friends, old men, women and children, were brutally murdered and their bodies mutilated.

Es-kim-in-zin saved only one member of his family from the slaughter, and this was a little girl, two and a half years old, whom he caught in his arms as he fled. Es-kim-in-zin, the day after the massacre, returned to

THE FLIGHT AT MIDNIGHT.

Camp Grant, where the commanding officer assured him that no soldier had any part in or sympathy with this brutal butchery. With this assurance he returned with the survivors of his band, and once more placed himself under the protection of the troops. Within six weeks his camp was charged by a troop of white soldiers, his people assaulted and driven into the mountains. It was stated in extenuation by the authorities that "this was a very unfortunate blunder." It appeared to Es-kim-in-zin like trickery and he became enraged. He was stirred to revenge, and later, either he, or one of his friends, killed a white man.

His friends maintain that it was wonderful that he stopped at the death of only one of a race with which he had formerly maintained relations of perpetual war, and who, since a truce was declared, had exercised, as he believed, and had reason to believe, so much treachery and cruelty toward him and his people.

The enemies of Es-kim-in-zin emphasized his alleged crime by saying that the man who was killed had befriended him. His friends said that these people lost sight of the fact that all this treachery, cruelty and murder toward the Apaches was enacted after the most solemn assurances of friendship and protection had been made to the Indians by the commissioned officers of the American government.

One of the papers filed in behalf of Es-kim-in-zin contains the follwing paragraph: "Is it not strange that we can pass lightly over the 128 treacherous and cowardly murders instigated by white men, while we carefully treasure the memory of a single killing by an Indian, and after the lapse of 23 years point to him and say: 'This man murdered his friend,' without even giving him the benefit of the circumstances which instigated the crime."

Within the two years which followed the massacre of old Camp Grant, Special Commissioner Colyer and Gen. O O. Howard visited Arizona. Post Office Inspector Clum says that these officers did not find Es-kim-in-zin "treacherous, cruel and bad," but that, on the contrary, they had great confidence in him, and that Gen. Howard believed in the old chief. Mr. Clum states that when he went to Arizona in 1874 as the Indian agent at San Carlos he found Es-kim-in-zin a prisoner of war at new Camp Grant in irons, engaged in making adobes for the soldiers, and that then, as now, there were no specific charges against him. Mr. Clum said that the officers at the post told him the Indian was confined because "a certain major of the United States army did not like him," and regarded him as a bad Indian.

In 1874, in compliance with an official request from Indian Agent Clum, Es-kim-in-zin was released, and up to the time of the departure of Agent Clum from that agency the old Indian was faithful, and never found wanting in action or advice. When the agent's life was sometimes in danger, he relied upon Es-kim-in-zin, and the old chief always did his duty well. It was in 1877, after Agent Clum went elsewhere, that the undeserved outrages were heaped upon the old Indian, who had done nothing wrong, but had done everything to deserve a betetr fate.

Es-kim-in-zin was confined for many years at Mount Vernon barracks, Alabama, and ultimately was sent to Fort Sill, Oklahoma, where he remained until 1895 without seeing even a glimmer of justice to cheer his pathway to the happy hunting grounds.

SMITH D. FRY.

FOR THE HOUSEKEEPER.

Odd Bits of Information That May Be of Value in Her Everyday Labors.

One way to care for fine laces is to keep them in envelopes of blue paper, sprinkling them with a little powdered magnesia before they are folded away, says the Boston Budget.

Soup of almost any kind is better warmed over for the second day's dinner than when newly made. If the warming over is done too quickly, however, the soup is likely to be scorched. If it is left upon the fire too long a time after it has become hot, it is likely to be insipid. With these two exceptions, soup is better on its second appearance than upon its first.

Irish moss lemonade is an esteemed drink for a patient with a feverish cold. Made according to a formula in a nurse's course, it requires a half cup of Irish moss, picked over carefully and soaked in enough cold water to cover. Remove the moss, add two cupfuls of cold water and cook 20 minutes in a double boiler. To half a cupful of the liquid, add the juice of one lemon and sugar to sweeten.

A scientist now tells us he has discovered that mice have a wonderful antipathy to peppermint oil, and that some of it placed around their haunts will successfully keep them away. There are a good many who are continually fighting these little pests, and the suggestion may be worth trying. There are many objections to the use of poisonous articles for the elimination of mice, and this discovery, if proven to be effectual, will no doubt be a boon to those who are troubled in this way.

Rice croquettes are extra good when made by these directions: To two cupfuls of cold boiled rice add one tablespoonful of cream, or, if the cream is not at hand, one tablespoonful of butter. Add a little salt and one teaspoonful of sugar. Grate in a mere suggestion of nutmeg. Spread this mixture out in thin pieces, and fill each piece with some jam or jelly, folding it up in croquette shape, the jelly inside. When all are ready, proceed as in the case of any sort of croquette.

Cream cheese mixed with equal portions of minced chives and parsley, using perhaps two teaspoonfuls each for one small cheese, then made into small balls and served with lettuce salad, is very good. Or take one-half pound of a rich dairy cheese and work it to a cream with a tablespoonful of butter. Add a teaspoonful each of mustard, sugar and Worcestershire sauce. Dash in a little cayenne and add one and one-half tablespoonfuls of vinegar. Beat all together and serve on crackers that have been placed in the oven till crisp and hot.

SNARING THE SUBURBANITE.

An Instance of His Bent for Any Kind of an Old Game on the Train.

"I beg your pardon!" said the well-dressed young man, "but do you ever play a friendly game on your short runs?"

"Very seldom," responded the suburbanite, shortly and cautiously, says the New York Herald.

"Well, of course, eucher and whist are too long, but I have a little game that is perfection. I just stick pins in the back of the seat in this manner, and then you ring them with this little brass circle. The center pins pay ten dollars, and the nearest five dollars; all the others pay one dollar, and it only costs one dollar a toss. Just look. See, sir, I drop it on the ten pin every time I toss.'

The suburbanite was interested in spite of himself.

"I'll just take one toss," he said, fishing a crumpled note from a lower pocket.

"Right on the five. You are in luck, sir. Take six tosses for five."

The suburbanite risked and lost.

"One more!" he said, but again the little brass circle failed to ring.

"Twelve for ten?"

"Yes, but I hate to do it. If it should ring every time I would have to hand over a hundred and twenty."

But it did not even ring once.

"I am broke."

"Make out a little check. Just for six more. You cannot lose."

The final throws were no more successful than the previous.

"I am done! Not another toss."

"It's about time. Here is your money."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, your club engaged me to fleece you. Don't boast about being unapproachable, and don't kid the members who have been up against three-card monte. You are the biggest fool yet."

To Soften the Hands Quickly.

First wash them in tepid water till every vestige of dirt is removed. Then, before drying, well rub in glycerine and lemon juice mixed in equal proportions. Thoroughly dry with a soft towel, then quickly wash again with cold water and any good soap, keeping them in the water as short a time as possible. Again dry thoroughly and powder with oatmeal.—Washington Star.