



Portrait and Signature of Pope Leo XIII.

POPE LEO XIII.

Picture of the Great Pontiff of the Catholic Church Who Has Just Passed Away.

MARCH 10, 1810, Countess Pecci, daughter of a noble family of Sienna, gave birth to her fourth son, destined to play one of the most important roles in the world's history—to become the "Lumen in caelo" which St. Malacty in the eleventh century predicted would rise after him, who had borne "Crux de cruce," and papacy should be almost crushed to the earth. Surely he has filled a luminous page in the history of the Catholic church.

His mother bore the name of the mother of the Virgin—to the boy she gave the name of the Virgin's father—Joachim, like Joseph and Mary, sweet, familiar names in Catholic countries.

Born and reared among the Volscian hills, he was a robust, sturdy boy. At the age of 11 he contracted a serious illness, which left him the frail, delicate being he was ever after. When 27 he was threatened with consumption. He made his will—before he died, every legate was numbered with the dead. He gave early promise of being great. In his first vacation from school he expressed to his father a desire to read and write like St. Thomas Aquinas—and "I," said the father to his wife, sighing, "wished to make a general of him." "Ah, well!" answered Comtesse Anne, "you can make a pope of him. Let Joachim be pope and Joseph cardinal and you can be tranquil as to the future of our boys." On the last day of the year 1837, 13 years after the death of his much-loved mother, he was ordained to the priesthood.

Gregory XVI. appointed him governor of Benevento—a most difficult position. He was not only obliged to cope with political conspirators, but also with well-organized bands of desperate men, given over to brigandage and smuggling—a position in which older and more experienced men had been baffled and retired. Three days after reaching his post he was stricken with typhoid fever. The best medical skill was summoned from Naples and pronounced the case hopeless. The frail body, weakened with ascetic fervor, triumphed over disease and death. In his convalescent state, he began his battle, bearing harder on the rich than on the poor. Soon the Beneventini saw with joy and surprise the most dreaded chief with his hand led in chains to prison. Conspirators found it unsafe to hatch plots where Gov. Pecci ruled and sought an asylum elsewhere. In three years the reign of law, with order and peace, was established that Pope Gregory recalled him to fill a more important post.

Perugia was the seat of popular discontent; thither Gregory sent the successful young diplomat. Again he was successful, so successful that there came a time when the prisons of Perugia did not hold a single criminal.

There were educational disputes in Belgium; indeed all the affairs of the church were disordered. Gregory again turned to Mgr. Pecci to smooth difficulties and bring order out of chaos. He went as nuncio to Brussels—a post he filled with credit to himself, the church, the Belgian court and people. It was King Leopold's verdict that he was as clever a politician as he was an excellent churchman.

Before his return to Rome he visited London and Paris, and was received by Victoria, Prince Albert and Louis Philippe, to whom he had been warmly recommended by Leopold.

Death had claimed the bishop of Perugia. The hearts of the people and the clergy turned to him, who had endeared himself to them in his brief sojourn as governor. The pope acceded to their wishes, but in-

tended first to bestow the red hat. When the nuncio reached Rome Gregory lay dying.

His successor, Pius IX., confirmed the appointment. For 32 years Leo filled this pastoral mission. Pius was not unmindful of Gregory's design for his promotion, but political troubles which crowded all the years of Pius' pontificate, delayed for six years the insignia of the red hat.

In 1877 was celebrated the golden jubilee of Pius IX. His strength was failing and he knew his end was near. Death had just taken his oldest friend and paved the way for a new Camerlengo. Pius appointed Cardinal Pecci. It was a position involving, during the vacancy of the papal chair, the supreme authority to administer the temporalities of the holy see. It was the Camerlengo who must use the silver hammer upon his brow and thrice call him by his baptismal name before it could be admitted that he was dead. Already the shadow of the cross had fallen on Cardinal Pecci.

January 17, 1878, Victor Emmanuel died in the Quirinal palace—eight days after Pius followed him, whom he had deemed the persecutor and spoiler of the church. When the wires flashed over the world the news of Pius' death, Protestants believed that the papacy which was claimed to have come down from Peter was at an end. The questions arose, will the government not take possession of the vatican and St. Peter's? Will they, can they, allow the cardinals to assemble freely in conclave and elect a successor to Pius IX.? Will not the government raise the flag of Savoy and secure a spiritual head of its own selection who will be amenable to the house of Savoy? Such might have been the case had Victor Emmanuel lived, or had the papacy had at its head a man of less diplomatic skill, less tact, than Cardinal Pecci. He carefully avoided everything that could give offence, but was determined there should be no delay that he could prevent in assembling the conclave, which should be ten days after the death of a pope. At that time the papal tiara was not a crown to be coveted.

Out of sixty-four cardinals three were absent. Two were ill and McClosky only arrived in season to do homage to the successor of Pius IX. The Camerlengo prepared for a long session. The doors were closed. None might enter, none pass out. But two ballots could be cast in one day—morning and evening. Two-thirds majority was necessary to an election. If no choice were made, a little smoke emitted from the burned ballots told the fact to the outside, waiting people. The first balloting gave 23 votes to Cardinal Pecci—he was seen to be greatly disturbed—his face expressed dismay and grief. At the second balloting the name of Pecci was called 38 times—great tears rolled down his cheeks—his pen dropped from his trembling hands. Before the third balloting he begged the cardinals to drop his name and choose one more worthy. The third balloting began—44 votes were recorded against his name. He rose declaring his unworthiness. "I am old, I am feeble. I shall soon end my days; it is not the papacy, it is death that should be given me." Finally he bowed to what his brother cardinals declared to be the Divine will and gave Leo XIII. for his pontifical name. He trembled at the threshold of this unknown glory, where he must be solitary, so high above those who were nearest to him. The hour was very bitter. There was not a stain upon his name. In statecraft he ranked with Gladstone and Bismarck—when they passed away he stood alone as the greatest statesman in Europe. By his uniform, steady line of action, his aims were attended by remarkable success. Leo's benevolence,

his self-denial surpassed even his zeal and worldly wisdom. To aid the poor he stocked all the streams he could control with fish. The fruits of his gardens he ordered to be preserved and dealt out to the needy.

A late empress craved an audience with him—had the poor taste to denounce certain doctrines of the church. Leo listened with gentle courtesy. On leaving, she was bold enough to ask for his photograph and request that he would write something beneath it. "Leo XIII., to those who walk in darkness and will not see light," was what she read.

The war between Spain and the United States gave Leo infinite distress. He was so torn between the appeals of his people in Spain and the reliance his loyal following in the United States placed upon his upholding the righteous end of the cause that it was feared he could not bear the strain.

The queen of Holland appealed to Leo to use his influence to end the South African war. He declared no war had caused such bitterness of spirit—a war that was inspired neither by ideals of civilization nor by just national interests—but humbly added, "I can do nothing but pray for the dead."

His life was regular and simple. He rose at six—rather his valet, called him at six, but often found him at his desk. It is etiquette that a pope eat alone, which he did with all the hurry of a business man. At eight he entered upon the business of the day with one of the cardinals. That over, he walked in the vatican gardens, which he supervised. A gardener, whom he censured for raising poor ivy, exclaimed: "His holiness can teach everyone, from his cardinals down."

After his walk he would return to his reception room and receive all entitled to an audience. Receiving, a pope remains seated—the visitor makes three bows, one on entering, one in the middle of the room, one when kissing the pope's slipper—audience over, he backs from the room. If Leo received an American he directed he should act as if he were being received by the president of the United States. He dined lightly in the middle of the day, committing but one excess. When he could elude the eyes of his doctors he would eat salad. Once when made ill by this indulgence he humbly confessed he had eaten of the forbidden thing. After dinner he indulged in the siesta, so dear to Italians, then drove in the gardens, attended by members of the Swiss and royal guards. After the drive he again began work with his secretary. At 10 he took his evening meal. After supper and prayers, all of interest in the newspapers was read to him. He loved the news and kept posted on all the political events throughout the world. There was nothing in science, literature, art or philanthropy with which he was not familiar. He sat up late writing verses or conceiving those wonderful productions he sent out to the world; often would rouse his secretary in the middle of the night to take notes. He had none of the English dread of American inventions, but wanted everything about him up-

to-date, even to house-cleaning, which never occurred to any other pope. He employed an army of scrubbers, and, as he had 1,100 rooms, it was a work of time, but it was done with the thoroughness of a New England housewife. He did not scorn a typewriter, but thought it undignified for him to use one.

His manner and his person, his mind and his speech were peculiar, like none round him. His disposition was serene—his faith sublime. He had a strong sense of humor and a vein of sarcasm. A royal lady painted his portrait—it was such an atrocious caricature it amused him. She asked him to affix his autograph—he wrote in Latin, "It is I; be not afraid. Leo XIII." A physician and scientist who visited him in 1899 said: "Leo will not die like one of us; he will flicker out like a lamp having consumed its last drop of oil." He loved life, said nothing could happen to lessen his love, but added it was not for the mere love of living. He knew, as all knew, that he was mentally as lively as ever; said he was ready to battle in the intellectual arena as long as his bones held together. The scientist said he never saw one of his age whose organization was impaired so little. He scorned doctors and doctors' stuff, yet he was cared for and watched over like a baby by Dr. Lapponi. He ascribed his youthful spirit to his blithe, contented mind, for which he gave thanks and glory to God, but would add, with his peculiar smile, "I take a little credit to myself, too, and am proud that I feel as young as I do. If one has something to live for, then one must put off growing old as long as possible, and that is what I have done."

Leo delighted in disputes. His eyes would sparkle—by smiles he would encourage his opponent in every way possible. For him it was real mental gymnastics. The scientist retired and said he never saw such subjugation of matter to spirit as in Leo XIII. It was no figment, as is claimed, that he was a prisoner of the vatican. He might, indeed, pass out, but he was mindful of the insults and violence used toward those who bore the body of Pius IX. from the city—bore it at midnight, in order to give the least offence. He would not have the papacy humiliated in his august person. The Italian government would not give him the protection accorded to the poorest citizens in more favored countries.

One Trouble.

Some girls know too much about pyrography and too little about pie-making.—Ohio State Journal.

REALISTIC FINISH.

Where There Was to Be an Automobile an Ambulance Was Necessary.

"This," said the dramatist, who was elaborating the scenario of his new play to the manager, according to Judge, "is to be a realistic society drama. The heroine makes a thrilling entrance in an auto."

"What does she do then?" asked the manager.

"Why, of course she meets the hero and the villain and the soubrette and the rest, and the play goes on to the usual happy ending."

"Well, you start realistically enough, but you weaken on your finish."

"How's that?" asked the puzzled playwright.

"If she's going to come in on an auto she and a few of the rest ought to make their exit in an ambulance."

He Feels Good.

Caddo, Ky., July 20th.—"I believe I could climb a mountain without drawing a long breath," is the way William Ball, of this place, describes how he is feeling.

As Mr. Ball has been on the sick list for a long time, this declaration from him comes as quite a surprise.

When asked to explain how he had become so strong in such a short time, he says: "I did have Kidney Trouble very bad, in fact I had to get up four or five times every night to urinate. I had shortness of breath which distressed me terribly. I was badly used up, and was really of no account for anything."

"I used three boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills, and that's what has made me well. I can sleep all night without having to get up. I feel splendid and as I said before, I believe I could climb a mountain without drawing a long breath. Dodd's Kidney Pills did it all."

A Broad Instanlation.

The fat man slid into the only vacant seat just ahead of the woman who was about to take it.

The man standing up was so disgusted that, as the car swayed, he permitted the end of his cane to dig the fat man in the ribs.

The man standing next to the one with the cane leaned over and told him that he was needed at the stockyards.

"Me?" cried the man with the cane, indignantly.

"Yes, you!" replied the other. "That is where they pay good prices for pig stickers."

Then they both looked at the fat man, who acted as if he would like to hit some one.—Chicago Post.

The Thousand Islands.

There may be somewhere on the earth a more delightful region than that of the Thousand Islands, but if there is, it has not been discovered. It is the Venice of America, but also has good hotels that can be kept warm if there shall happen to be a cold rainy evening. It is as fine as the Bay of Naples, with 2,000 picturesque islands scattered along the twenty-five miles of one of the most beautiful rivers in the world. You can find out a great deal regarding it in No. 10 of the "Four-Track Series." "The Thousand Islands." Copy will be mailed free on receipt of a 2-cent stamp by George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, Grand Central Station, New York.

Our Queer Town Names.

"You have such strange names for your towns over here," said a titled Englishman, and ever so many others, don't you know?" "I suppose they do sound queer to English ears," said the American, thoughtfully. "Do you live in London all the time?" "Oh, no," said the unsuspecting Briton. "I spend part of my time at Chipping Norton, and then I've a place at Pokesgot-on-the-Hike."—Boston Christian Register.

It Cures While You Walk.

Allen's Foot-Ease is a certain cure for hot, sweating, callus, and swollen, aching feet. Sold by all Druggists. Price 25c. Don't accept any substitute. Trial package FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Why He Did It.

Guest—You bring me the same potato every time.

Waiter—You never eat it, sir.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

There is lots of consolation in a cigar—and a good deal of experience in it, if it's the first one.—Chicago Tribune.

I am sure Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my life three years ago.—Mrs. Thos. Robbins, Norwich, N. Y., Feb. 17, 1900.

Worry is a bad bedfellow. Kick it out.—Chicago Daily News.

Iowa Farms \$4 Per Acre Cash, bal. 2 crop till paid. Mulhall, Sioux City, Ia.

It is easier to be forgotten than to forget.—Ram's Horn.

Matrimony is like boating—the man rows, but the woman steers.—N. Y. Press.

GET WELL—STAY WELL.

The thousands of people who are every day being made well by Doan's Kidney Pills and the free trial herewith offered makes further delay, "Kidney neglect."

They correct urine with brick dust sediment, high colored, pain in passing, dribbling, frequency, bed wetting. Doan's Kidney Pills remove calcium and gravel. Believe, heart palpitation, sleeplessness, headache, nervousness, dizziness.

NEWBURN, KY.—B. C. Jones writes: "I was unable to get anything to stop the too much flow of water. For

forty years I had headaches day and night—could not sleep well—was very weak, and about giving up all hope. I got Doan's Pills and they cured me. That was five months ago, and I can say, to-day, my water is regular and I have not had headache for five months. For bed wetting, scalding urine, and headache, Doan's Kidney Pills have no equal. I have recommended them to fifty different persons with good results. I first read of Doan's Pills in *Smith's Banner*, sent to you for sample and afterwards purchased the pills from Jolley Bros., Grand River."—B. C. JONES.

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