

The Catholic Church in the United States.

Hoffmann's Catholic Directory, the Official Directory of the Catholic Church in the U. S. (published by Hoffmann Brothers Co., Milwaukee, Wis.) furnishes us advance sheets of the forthcoming Directory giving the following statistics, showing the growth of the Catholic Church in the U. S.

GENERAL SUMMARY.

Table with columns for Clergy (Regular, Secular, Total), Churches, Stations, Chapels, Orphan Asylums, Orphan, Theological Seminaries, Theological Students, Colleges, Academies, Parochial Schools, Children attending Parochial Schools, Baptisms (Infants, Adults, Total), Marriages, Burials, Catholic Population. Rows list various dioceses and states like Baltimore, Boston, New York, etc.

A Postboy's Bravery.

(CONCLUDED.)

triumphantly for Bill to see. "I knew I couldn't be mistaken about its being here. Bob told me, you know, and Bob always tells the truth." He had risen to his feet in the meantime, scattering the remainder of the letters from him disdainfully, had opened his coat, and was about to put the package into an inner breast pocket. "Hold on!" exclaimed his companion, rising also. "Open it up, Andy; let's see how much there is in it, anyway."

"Look here, Andy! That's the trick you played the last time. You pocketed the swag and held off and spent it, till it turned out I didn't get more'n half my fair share. That's played out. I want a divvy on this, and I want it now." Andy looked at him coolly a minute before replying. "You had your fair share of everything that wasn't spent in common," he replied at last. "Now, don't be a fool, Bill. I'll keep the money, and when we get to a safe place you'll get what belongs to you." He made again as if to

put the package in his pocket, but before he could do so Bill had seized his arm. "Divide!" he exclaimed gruffly. "I've divided, and do it now." Even by the dim light of the flaring candle I could see the red and white passion glowing in Andy's face. "Hands off, you dog!" he cried, "hands off, or I'll hurt you!" But the other only tightened his grip and muttered the one word: "Divide!"

For a moment there was silence. The two men stood there glaring into each other's eyes, and I, with the candle tipping in my hand and the melted tallow burning my fingers, stared at them in stupid fright. Suddenly there was a whirling fist, the sound of a sharp blow, and the next instant the two men were writhing in each other's arms.

The package over which they fought was hurled from Andy's grasp, struck the candle in my hand, and both package and candle fell at my feet. Involuntarily I stooped and picked the treasure up, and even as I did so the candle spluttered on the damp ground and went out. The darkness was intense.

But the fight went on. Curses, blows, the tearing of garments, all sounds of a hand-to-hand contest told that the men were still fiercely engaged. In that moment I gathered my wits together long enough to plan my escape. Starting out along the path, crawling on my hands and knees, feeling my way, I moved rapidly down the hill.

After a little I gained sufficient courage to rise and walk, and presently I found myself at the bank of the stream. Here I dropped again upon my hands and crept across the log that spanned the brook. On the other side I stopped for a moment and listened. The fight was still in progress. I could hear the curses, the thrashing of the leaves, the cries of rage and pain, then the sharp report of a pistol, and after that silence. But in a minute some one appeared to be coming down the path as I had come. I thought they were giving chase to me, and I turned and scrambled up the hill.

The way was long and steep, but the woods on this side of the brook were not so heavy, and my eyes, accustomed again to the darkness, were of much service to me. But I imagined that the robbers were still following me. I thought I saw the crushing of the underbrush, and I was sure they called out to

every foot of the path. I moved rapidly as I was up the hill, and it seemed to me that I was going at a snail's pace. I had had to cling to the trunk of a tree to thrust it into the path, and I might use both hands to pull up roots, twigs, and stones to clear my progress.

At the foot of the hill, I saw a path leading to the right. From here I could see the parlor and bedroom. Behind me I heard the door open, and I sped, past the open door, and I was upon the porch.

I cried to myself, "They've after me!" I drew the package from my pocket and placed it in the hands of the clerk and sank exhausted

on a chair. For a few moments the excitement ran high. Everybody questioned me at the same time, but I managed to make enough of my story understood to give them a clew to the situation, and in a very short time a party started out in search of the robbers. Not fifty yards from the door they met my father and a neighbor, who had gone out half an hour earlier to meet me, and between them they supported the drooping form of a man. It was Bill. He was covered with wounds and exhausted from the loss of blood. It seems that my father and his companion had gone out to the turnpike by the public road, and then finding that I was already on my way home they had come back by the path, hoping to overtake me. Near the foot of the hill they had come suddenly on the wounded robber, the cut mail bag and the scattered letters. Though greatly alarmed for my safety, my father waited to gather up the mail and to help the wounded robber along; but I shall never forget his look of relief when he saw me sitting safe but exhausted in the big chair at home, in the midst of an admiring and sympathizing circle.

Bill recovered from his wounds, and served a term of years in prison for his offense, but Andy was never captured, and even his identity was never known. The mail package contained \$500 in crisp, new government bills.—Homes Green in Philadelphia Press.

The Baths of London.

There are as many great baths in London as there are theatres in New York city. They are Turkish, Roman, vapor, electric, swimming, medicated, hot, cold, tepid and salt. The most interesting are the great public baths. Nearly every district of London has one, and often there are public wash houses in connection with them. Some of the older of these baths are dark and more or less gloomy, but the newer ones are very inviting. Take the Battersea public bath as an example. Its first class tank is 100 feet long by 35 feet wide, with a depth of 6 feet at one end and 8 1/2 feet at the other. It is lined with white glazed bricks, roofed with wood and iron and ventilating skylights, and has fifty locked dressing boxes. In the same building there is a second class bath, 75 feet by 25 feet in size. At certain times women use both baths. The water is heated when it is desirable. These baths are distinctly popular. The first class price varies from a shilling to fourpence, and the second class from sixpence to twopence, the cheaper baths being those in the more thickly populated parts of the city. The wash houses connected with many of the baths seem to be of very great public benefit.—Julian Ralph in Harper's Weekly.

Secret of Saving Gas Bills.

For several months a Brooklyn man has been terrified by the size of his gas bills. He is a family man and enjoys a good income, but he does not tamely submit to swindling and extortion. Believing he was being robbed he complained to the company which supplies him, but it availed him nothing.

Still the bills were presented with unvarying regularity, and as the days shortened and the nights lengthened they became larger. Finally he grew desperate, but was still powerless. At last he found an unexpected ray of hope. It came in the shape of this advertisement in a newspaper, printed in big type:

"Reduce your gas bills over 75 per cent. Secret free by mail for only \$2. Address —, Cincinnati, O."

Eagerly the oppressed citizen sent on his money and anxiously he awaited the receipt of the secret which he felt would be the means of keeping hundreds of dollars in his pockets. In a few days the secret came. With trembling hands he tore open the envelope and extracted a card. On this he saw in big, black type, "Use kerosene oil." For a few days the citizen kept his secret, but at last his wife gave it away.—New York Herald.

Thirteen Years' Work with a Penknife. Nicholas Levisler has erected in his parlor a wooden model of a large country residence which he made with a penknife. The building measures four feet by two, is two stories high, with a French roof and observatory, and has bow windows and porches. A flight of stairs connects the first and second floors, both of which are neatly carpeted, and the walls are covered with paper. The parlor and bedrooms are filled with furniture, and have chandeliers hung from the ceilings.

The model contains nearly "all modern conveniences." It stands in a garden that occupies almost all the parlor floor. On the grounds are gravel walks, with settees, a pump and trough, an airy little structure for courting couples, and a strong watchdog. Mr. Levisler, who is a laborer, has been at work on the model for thirteen years, doing small parts at night when he returned from his day's occupation.—Baltimore Sun.

TAKEN FROM THE GERMAN.



THIS BOY HAVING HEARD SO MUCH OF THE SUPERIOR QUALITIES OF WHALEN'S SHIELD CHEWING OVER ALL OTHER BRANDS, CAN NO LONGER RESIST THE TEMPTATION TO ROB ONE OF OUR GERMAN AMERICAN CITIZENS OF HIS CHEWING TOBACCO.

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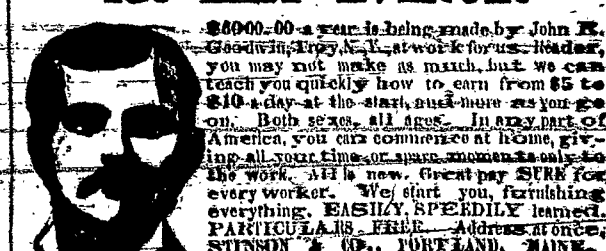
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