

he had imbibed at the festive season, had looked himself in the guard-room, armed himself with a loaded musket, and was threatening to shoot any one who approached him.

"Have you informed the officer on duty?" asked the chaplain.

"The officers, sir, are all away at a dinner-party."

"And where's the sergeant of the guard?"

"Here, sir."

"Well, sergeant, why don't you arrest this man at once and put him in irons?"

The sergeant looked sheepish as he replied.

"Why, you see, sir, it's not as if he was only drunk, but he's rag'lar favin' mad with delirium tremens, he's got every musket in the rack loaded, and he's that desperate he'd pick three or four of us off before we could lay hands upon him. I durstn't chance it, sir."

The chaplain's face grew dour and black; there was a ringing resolute tone of command in his voice as he said,

"Fetch me a blacksmith at once. Tom Baynes is the best man; and tell him to bring his forehammer with him."

A messenger was despatched for the blacksmith. In the interval the chaplain calmly reconnoitred the guard-room, and the soldiers stood looking at him, their voices hushed into whispers, wondering what would come next and what the parson was about to do. They were not long kept in suspense.

The messenger returned, bringing with him Tom Baynes the blacksmith, a big, gaunt, powerful man, black with the grime of the forge, girt with his leathern apron, his forehammer on his shoulder. Touching his forehead to the parson, Tom looked at him in some bewilderment. Motioning to the guard-room door, the chaplain moved forward, saying,

"This way, Baynes."

When the door was reached the voice of the madman was heard within blaspheming horribly, and yelling threats of vengeance against every mother's son of them. The blacksmith paused, and his face lengthened. Here was a queer job; he didn't half like it. He scratched his head and began to reflect, but his reflections were cut short by the chaplain,

"Tom, I want you to break-in that door; a couple of blows will do it."

Tom Baynes hesitated. Then you should have seen our parson. Tom used to say afterwards that he never saw a man "grow so big all on a sudden like." Pointing to the door with a gesture and a tone which there was no disobeying, the chaplain said sternly,

"Baynes, r-nash-in that guard-room door this instant; and you, sergeant, have you picket ready to rush in and secure the man at once?"

"Sergeant, do your duty; arrest that man at once!"

The barrel of Hennessy's musket was directed steadily at the sergeant's head; the sergeant felt uncomfortable, his cheek blanched, and he made a further strategic movement to the rear. The madman gave a fierce derisive yell that might have made any man's blood run cold to hear it.

"Now, you black-coated old devil-dodger, out of the way there, and let me have a clear shot at that sergeant! Out of the way, I tell ye, or else I'll blow your head to pieces!"

"Sergeant," cried the chaplain, in a voice of thunder, "arrest that man at once!"

"Ha, ha!" roared Hennessy, "he knows better. The first man that passes that door I'll send to hell in quick time."

And in extenuation of the sergeant's backwardness it must be admitted that the fellow looked as if he meant to keep his word. He was a desperate, determined, and ferocious man at any time; but now that he was literally and uncontrollably mad with drunk, he was capable of any crime.

"Am I to arrest this man myself, sergeant?" asked the chaplain, in a quiet firm voice, very different from the angry tone of command he had used a moment before.

"Arrest me, parson! I'd like to see ye try it! If ye put a foot or a hand beyond that doorway, I'll shoot ye down like a dog! If ye don't clear out from where ye are before I count three, so help me, I'll fire!"

The parson paid no heed to the raving maniac, but with ineffable disgust and scorn and said to the sergeant,

"What! are you afraid, man? Why, then I suppose a black coat must show you red coats the way, that's all!"

"Clear out o' that!" yelled Hennessy. "I give ye fair warning. One!"

"Come away, sir; come back. He's a desperate chap, he'll fire; he's mad, sir;

there's murder in his eye!" cried half-a-dozen soldiers at once.

"Two!" shouted Hennessy.

Without another word the chaplain marched straight up to the madman, who who covered him with his musket as he advanced, and swearing he would shoot the parson dead, pressed the trigger with his finger as he roared, "Three!" Every one of the petrified and horror-stricken spectators expected to hear the report, and see the parson's skull shattered. But the keen, roseate, unflinching gray eyes of the brave man, who slowly advanced upon him, fascinated the furious lunatic; there was an aspect of command as well as of dauntless courage in the face and bearing of our hero in black, which must have resistibly roused the man's instinct of discipline, and paralyzed his murderous aim, for he allowed the parson to walk right up to the muzzle of the musket was not a foot from his head.

Quietly grasping the weapon in one hand, Joseph Stickler raised the barrel above his head, and that instant the deafening report rang out, and the ball went crashing through the ceiling. So have dropped the discharged musket and seized another from the row that lay all cooked and loaded before him need have been, for Hennessy, only the work of a second. But the chaplain never took his eye of the madman's face, and the fellow was fairly cowed by that calm steady look, which seemed to pierce him through and through. Slowly the parson's hand slipped down the barrel till it rested with a firm grasp upon the man's wrist. Then, without turning, he said coolly, with a ring of withering contempt in his tone,

"Here, sergeant, perhaps now you'll not be afraid to put this man under arrest!"

The sergeant summoned a couple of file to assist him; but the madman, whose eyes were still riveted on the parson's, made no effort at resistance, allowing himself to be seized and led away with a dazed look on his face, as though he had been gazing on something that had dazzled and blinded him. Then, amid the ringing cheers of the soldiers, the Rev. Joseph Stickler walked quietly out of the barracks.

Before next morning every man, woman and child in Donjonville had heard of the parson's heroism. Before the next Sunday the fame of it had spread all round the country-side, and curious folks came in from far and near on Sunday evening to stare at the real live hero, who stood there in unheroic gown and bands, and delivered his homely homily as though wholly unconscious of the admiring eyes that were fixed upon him. I suppose no quality of head or heart so entirely wins the admiration of Englishmen as that of cool presence of mind under danger. We like to think and pride ourselves on the fact that it is preeminently a characteristic of the English race. But from the way in which we worship and adore the men who display it, a foreigner might be justified in cherishing the suspicion that we are conscious of its extreme rarity among us, and value it accordingly. I don't think that we Donjonville folks were one whit less plucky than our neighbours; but we must have been secretly conscious that under such circumstances we should hardly have borne ourselves so well as our parson, otherwise we should not have elevated him as we did with one consent, into the position of a hero. We were too proud of possessing a hero to be critical. His enemies and his detractors, and even he was not without these inevitable accompaniments of fame, said he was a glutton. It was a harsh term to use of one whose exquisite taste in gastronomy was to some of us one of the pleasantest features of his character. He was a genial soul, was Joseph Stickler, when he unbent over those "little suppers," which were veritable *Noctes Ambrosianae* to those who were permitted to partake of them; for our hero was not only witty himself, but the cause of wit in others. Happy mortals those who were privileged to be guests at these symposia! They could forget that they were in dreary Donjonville, and imagine themselves transported to some gastronomic Paradise, some ordinary Elysium. No man is a hero to his valet, if we are to believe Madame Cornuel; but, I take it, a man may be a hero to his cook when that functionary is but the exccutant of ideas which emanate from the master-mind. Joseph Stickler had an excellent cook, and I am sure that in her eyes he was not one whit less a hero than he was in ours. Nor did the aureola of his heroism lose any of its radiance when he sat at the head of his own supper-table, keenly enjoying our enjoyment of the dainty dishes which had cost him more time and thought, perhaps, than any but an epicure could excuse. He

had the ordering of the calendar in such a way that both Brillat-Savarin and Albu Duchesne would speedily have been canonized as saints; and I am inclined to think they deserve the honour as much as some who figure on the saintly beat-roll. However, it was impossible that the *profanum vulgus*, which feeds, but knows not what it is to eat intelligently, should sympathize with this trait in the character of our hero in black. Nor will I insist upon claiming for that trait the right to be considered as an attribute of heroism, or even in itself to be pronounced heroic. But in the case of Joseph Stickler it had a posthumous reflection of the heroic thrown upon it, which is my excuse for introducing it here.

Our hero was smitten down with sickness; the weeks rolled on, and still we missed his portly figure and familiar face, which for five-and-thirty years had been as constant to Donjonville as the dial of the old Elizabethan clock, which from the castle-turret looked down upon the parade. Then at length came the sad news that we should never again see the "last of the Sticklers" in the flesh. He was dying of atrophy, we were told; he could retain no nourishing food; the daintiest dishes in the world were but a mockery to him now. Humorist as he was, he saw keenly the grim irony of Fate; and the last words he was heard to utter were these, spoken impressively, as he laid his wasted hand upon the arm of his oldest and dearest friend,

"They'll say it was a judgment, and they're right. Tell your friends, when I am gone, that you knew a parson who died of starvation because he had 'made a god of his belly.'"

Such was the hard measure he meted out to himself. But we judged him more leniently. We all, high and low, remembered only his virtues; we felt that we had lost a rare man in our hero in black, the like of whom we should never see again.

A Great Many Snakes.

RETAINING THEIR REPUTATIONS FOR LIVELY DOINGS TO THE CLOSE OF THE SEASON.

While workmen were opening a spring at Ralph's Station, Pa., they found fifty-one snakes scroated therein, where they were hid for the winter. The largest was four feet long.

A colored man at Parson's, Kansas, saved his life by his quick motion of his gun. A snake, 8 feet in length and 12 inches in diameter, was about to attack him, when a charge of shot silenced him.

Jacob Francisco, with some friends, unearched for ten copperhead snakes near Carrollton Ky., and was bitten by one of them. His body swelled to an enormous size, and, although kept dosed with medicines, he suffered much until his death.

Jacob Terwillinger, a farmer in the mountains near Kingston, tells a rattlesnake yarn that is exhilarating. While gathering apples he fell into a bed of rattlesnakes. More than one of the snakes attacked him before he regained his feet, and one was fastened in his clothing. His 12 year old son, who was near, was of little help, but Terwillinger got a rough stick and attacked the snake. In less than an hour he killed eight rattlesnakes, the largest measuring five feet and having seventeen rattles. He was bit twice, but says whiskey saved him, and that it isn't bad for any kind of illness.

When Hans Wiger, a German but her of Harrison, Ark., awoke from his little nap by the roadside, he was terrified to find a rattlesnake of the diamond species coiled about each leg, and both looking him hungrily in the face. He dropped bank and lay as one dead, and went into a swoon. He lay long he remained in that precocious state to tell, but sometime after dark both snakes uncoiled themselves, and, after crawling under his neck and around his head several times, moved quietly away. Water made tracks for the nearest house and felt fainting. After some trouble he was revived, but it was found that during his lying still blood had oozed from his eyes and mouth, and his hair, which he said was before raven black, had almost an iron-gray cast.

THEY have a new way of curing women's hysterics in India. They tie the patients' hands and feet together and then thrust cotton wicks steeped in oil up their nostrils and into her ears. A woman who has had hysterical dumbness will recover her speech in a very short time under this treatment.

PERSONAL.

GENERAL GARFIELD'S youngest son, Abe, is quite an artist. One of his favorite drawings is a train of cars, in which everything is so faithfully represented that even an expert would find no part omitted.

THE house of Rothschild has recently been reorganized with a capital of \$10,000,000. The financial head of the house, and director in its large operations, is Baron Alphonse Rothschild, who is also head of the house in Paris. He is a man of indefatigable industry, simple in habits, and proverbial as a pedestrian, one of his chief pleasures being a walk through the streets of Paris both before and after dinner. Baron Alphonse and Gustave and E. Rothschild each furnish a third of the capital. The registration of the deed of partnership cost \$12,400.

COLONEL FORNEY, in the last number of *Progress*, has this paragraph: "I have just heard a good piece of news about my dear friend Jay Cooke, the philosopher, who, while as a marvellous leader as a banker, had to yield temporarily to misfortune, and to postpone the payment of his obligations. He is now on his financial feet again, and will soon be able to pay all his debts. Considering that he went down in the crash of 1873, this is quick and honorable redemption."

"Why are we brokers?" may be answered by the fact that the business is so remunerative that last week Mr. Metcalf, a partner of Mr. Ives, the president of the Stock Exchange, bought the seat of Mr. George Chapman for \$20,500, and paid \$1,000 admission fee to the Exchange in addition. The value of seats has of late appreciated more rapidly even than the price of stocks, for it is only a year or so since Mr. James Gordon Bennett paid out \$10,000 for a seat, which he presented to his friend Mr. Lawrence R. Jerome. At the rate paid by Mr. Metcalf, the 1100 seats of the Exchange are worth about \$22,000,000. One of its advantages is that at the death of a member his family or estate is entitled to \$10,000.

THE new hotel of Baron Rothschild in Paris was formerly the property of the Marquis of Pontalba, who had repaired the fortunes of his family by marriage with a very rich creole of New Orleans. A capricious passionate woman, she led him a life which he patiently endured until she one day, in a pet, sneered at his poverty, and reminded him that the splendid mansion they occupied was hers. The Marquis said little, but presently with his children withdrew to a modest lodging, where they lived in the simplest manner on his own small means, in spite of the lady's entreaties for his return. The hotel was brought, stone by stone, from the Faubourg St. Honore to its present site. It is a beautiful edifice. All the Rothschilds are invited to the house warming.

THE Princess of Wales, having visited Kensington Palace to advise on the fitting up of the apartments allotted to Princess Frederica of Hanover, was fascinated by Frederica's charming portrait of the Pompadour, who is depicted in a flowered silk dress, with lace fichu gathered up at the top of the bodice by a bow of ribbon, striped carmelite and white; upon her head is carelessly thrown a fanchon of lace, loosely fastened under the chin with a bow of the same striped ribbon. The whole toilet is as simple as possible, and in the most elegant taste. The Princess was immediately struck with the ease and grace of the coiffure, which, instead of depriving the countenance of any shadow, as is the case with the mob cap which has been the fashion so long, throws a shade becoming to every complexion over the face. The fanchon is consequently to become the fashion.

A Stalwart View of Art.

Scene—A room in a Highland mansion. Associate of the Royal Academy, arrived to paint portrait of a lady, encounters butler.

A. R. A. to butler—"Perhaps you will kindly give her ladyship my card, and ask her what hour will suit for sitting?"

Butler—"Sittin'! Good gracious! Her ladyship'll not set and watch you paint!"

A. R. A.—"My good man, I am going to paint a portrait."

Butler, pointing to a portrait—"What! Like these things on the wa'?"

A. R. A.—"Yer, just so."

Butler—"Weel, weel, that bates a! I'm thinkin' a big strong man like you would be far better paintin' houses."

THE British Geographical society is preparing for an Arctic expedition by way of Franz Josef land.