

FACE TO FACE.

Sad mortal couldst thou but know
What truly it means to die,
The wings of thy soul would glow,
And the hopes of thy heart beat high;

I tell thee his face is fair
As the moon-bow's amber rings,
And the gleam in his unbound hair
Like the flush of a thousand springs;

In his eyes a heaven there dwells—
But they hold few mysteries now—
And his pity for earth's farwells
Half furrows that shining brow;

Through the splendor of stars impaled
In the glow of their far-off grace,
He is soaring world by world,
With the souls in his strong embrace;

But beyond the stars and the sun
I can follow him still on his way,
Till the pearl-white gates are won
In the calm of the central day.

As death, with a touch like flame,
Uncloses the goal of souls;
And from heaven above
God speaketh with balahe breath—

My angel of perfect love
Is the angel men call Death!
—Paul H. Hayne, in Harper's Magazine.

CHAPTER X—CONTINUED.
Before five o'clock the Doctor, Pierre,
and the guide, mounted on their mules,
were climbing the second stage of the
ascent—the forest zone.

The Doctor's orders were executed,
and when he had taken his place on a
stool by the fire, the men lay down on
the bundles of straw around him.

"No one, sir," answered Luigi, "we
even took the precaution to search the
ruins of the Philosopher's Tower; there
is nobody there."

"See that a man is always on guard at
the door! You can see a good way to-
night, for it is so clear, and it is
important that we should not be sur-
prised."

"That is a pity, Luigi; that may pre-
vent Zironne from having the honor to
surprise me! Since sundown no one
has been looking round the Casa degli
Inglese?"

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at this altitude rendered still more
sparkling. The moon's crescent was dip-
ping in the west, in the waters of the
Æolian Sea. On a mountain that was
not an active volcano, the calm of the
night would have been sublime.

"There is the Casa degli Inglese,"
answered the guide.
And he pointed to a short wall having
two windows and a door, which its posi-
tion had protected from the snow, about
fifty paces away to the left, and nearly
1400 feet below the summit of the cen-
tral zone.

[Note.—Works have now been com-
menced by the Italian government and
the municipality of Catania; for trans-
forming the Casa degli Inglese into an
observatory. This house, which is
sometimes called the Casa Ætnea, after
having been kept for a long time by M.
Gemellaro, the brother of the geologist
of that name, had just been restored by
the Alpine Club. Not very far away,
there loomed in the darkness the ruins
of Roman origin known as the Tower of
the Philosophers. From its legend
states that Empedocles was precipitated
into the crater; in fact, it would require
a singular dose of philosophy to spend
eight hours of solitude in such a spot,
and we can quite understand the act of
the celebrated philosopher of Agrigento.]

However, Doctor Antekirt, Pierre
Bathory and the guide came up to the
Casa degli Inglese, and as soon as they
reached it they knocked at the door,
which was opened immediately. A
moment afterwards they were among
their men.

The Casa degli Inglese consists of
only three rooms, with table, chairs,
and cooking utensils; but that was
enough for the climbers of Ætina, after
reaching a height of 9469 feet. Till
then, Luigi, fearing that the presence
of his little detachment might be sus-
pected, had not lighted a fire, although
the cold was extreme. But now, there
was no need to continue the precaution,
for Zironne knew that the Doctor was
to spend the night at the Casa degli Inglese.

Some wood, found in reserve in the
shed, was therefore piled on the hearth,
and soon a crackling flame gave the
needed warmth and light.

"Nothing," answered Luigi; "but I
am afraid that our presence here is not
as secret as we wished."

"Because, after we left Nicolosi, if I
am not mistaken, we were followed by a
man who disappeared just before we
reached the base of the cone."

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night, for it is so clear, and it is
important that we should not be sur-
prised."

"Anyhow, he knows it," answered
Pescade, "and he saw that you were
trying to get him in a trap."

"He will come then!" said Pierre.
"He is coming, Mr. Pierre! But to
the dozen recruits he had from Malta
there has been added the rest of the
band, come in this very morning to
Santa Grotta."

"And how many bandits are there?"
asked the Doctor.
"Fifty," replied Pescade.

The position of the Doctor and his
little band, consisting of the eleven
sailors, Luigi, Pierre, Cape Matifou and
Point Pescade—sixteen against fifty—
was rather alarming; and if anything
was to be done, it should be done im-
mediately.

But in the first place, the Doctor
wished to know from Pescade what had
happened, and this is what he told:
That morning Zironne had returned from
Catania, where he had passed the night,
and he it was whom the Doctor had
noticed prowling about the gardens of
the Villa Bellini. When he returned to
Santa Grotta he found a mountaineer
who gave him the information that a
dozen men, coming from different direc-
tions, had occupied the Casa degli
Inglese.

Zironne immediately understood how
matters lay. It was no longer he who
was trapping the Doctor, but the Doc-
tor who was trapping him. Point Pes-
cade, however, insisted that Zironne
ought to attack the Casa degli Inglese,
assuring him that the Maltese would
soon settle the Doctor's little band.

But Zironne remained none the less
undecided what he should do, and the
urgency of Point Pescade appeared so
suspicious, that Zironne gave orders that
he should be watched—which Pescade
easily and immediately discovered. It
is probable that Zironne would have
given up his idea of carrying off the
Doctor had not his hand been reinforced
about three o'clock in the afternoon.

Then, with fifty men under his orders,
he no longer hesitated, and leaving
Santa Grotta with all his followers he
advanced on the Casa degli Inglese.

Point Pescade saw that the Doctor
and his people were lost if he did not
warn them in time, so as to let them
escape, or at least put them on their
guard. He waited until the gang were
in sight of the Casa degli Inglese, the
position of which he did not know. The
light shining in the window ren-
dered it visible about nine o'clock, when
he was less than two miles off, on the
slopes of the cone. As soon as he saw
it, Point Pescade set off at a run. A
gun was fired at him by Zironne—the one
that was heard up at the Casa—but it
missed him. With his acrobatic agility
he was soon out of range. And that is
how he had arrived at the house only
about twenty minutes in advance of
Zironne.

CHAPTER XI.
THE FIGHT ON MOUNT ÆTNA.
When Point Pescade had told his
story a clasp from the Doctor's hand
thanked him for what he had done. The
next question was how to foil the brig-
ands. To leave the Casa degli Inglese
and retreat in the middle of the night
down the flanks of the volcano, with
Zironne and his people knowing every
footpath and every refuge, was to ex-
pose themselves to complete destruc-
tion. To wait for daylight to entrench
themselves and defend themselves in
the house would be a far more advan-
tageous plan. When the day came, if
they had to retreat, they could at least
do so in broad daylight and would not
go out like blind men down the precip-
ices and solfataras. The decision was
therefore to remain and fight. The
preparations for the defence im-
mediately commenced.

And first the two windows of the
Casa degli Inglese had to be closed and
their shutters firmly fastened down. As
embrasures there were the openings
between where the rafters of the roof
rested on the front wall. Each man was
provided with a repeating rifle and
twenty cartridges. The Doctor, Pierre
and Luigi could assist with their revolv-
ers, but Cape Matifou had only his
arms, and Point Pescade had only his
hands. Perhaps they were not the worst
armed.

Nearly forty minutes passed and no
attempt at attack was made. Zironne,
knowing that Doctor Antekirt had
been warned by Point Pescade and
could not be surprised, had possibly
abandoned his idea. With fifty men
under his command and all the advan-
tages that a thorough knowledge of the
ground could give him, he had certainly
all the chances on his side.

Suddenly, about eleven o'clock, the
sentry reported a number of men ap-
proaching in skirmishing order so as to
attack the hut on three sides—the fourth
side, backing on the slope, afforded no
possible retreat. The malcoire hav-
ing been discovered, the door was shut
and barricaded, and the men took their
posts near the rafters with orders not
to fire unless they were sure of their
object.

Zironne and his men advanced slowly
and cautiously, taking advantage of the
cover of the rocks to reach the crest of
the Piano del Lago. On the edge there
were heaped up enormous masses of
trachyte and basalt, intended probably
to protect the Casa degli Inglese from
being destroyed by the snow during the
winter. Having reached the plateau,
the assailants could more easily charge
upon the house, break through the door
or windows, and by means of their
super numbers carry off the Doctor
and his people.

whole band rushed on the Casa degli
Inglese. The door was riddled with
bullets, and two sailors were slightly
hurt, and had to stand aside while the
struggle grew brisker. With their
pikes and hatchets the assailants
attempted to break through the door
and one of the windows, and a scuffle
had to be undertaken to repel them
under an incessant fusillade from all
sides. Luigi had his hand pierced by a
bullet, and Pierre, without the assist-
ance of Cape Matifou, would have been
killed by a pike thrust, had not Hercules
seized the pike and settled its possessor
at one blow.

During this scuffle Cape Matifou was
quite a terror. Twenty times was he
shot at, and not a bullet reached him.
If Zironne won, Point Pescade was a
dead man, and the thought of this
redoubled his rage. Against such resist-
ance the assailants had again to retreat;
and the Doctor and his friends returned
into the Casa and reviewed their posi-
tion.

"What ammunition have you left?"
asked he.
"Ten or a dozen cartridges per man,"
said Luigi.
"Hardly midnight."

Four hours still to daybreak! The
men must be more careful with the
ammunition, for some of it would be
wanted to protect the retreat at the
earliest streak of dawn.

But how could they defend the ap-
proaches, or prevent the capture of the
Casa degli Inglese, if Zironne and his
band again tried an assault? And that
is what he did in a quarter of an hour's
time, after taking all the wounded to
the rear under shelter of a line of lava
that did duty for an entrenchment, when
the bandits charged at the resistance,
and drunk with fury at the sight of five
or six of their injured comrades, mounted
the ridge and appeared on the edge of
the plateau.

Not a shot was fired as they crossed
the open, and hence Zironne concluded
that the besieged were running short of
ammunition. The idea of carrying off a
millionaire was just the thing to excite
the cupidity of the scoundrels that fol-
lowed him. Such was their fury during
this attack that they forced the door
and the window, and would have taken
the house by assault had not a volley
point blank killed five or six of them.
They had therefore to return to the foot
of the plateau, not without wounding
two of the sailors, who could take no
further part in the fray.

Four or five rounds were all that
remained to the defenders of the Casa
degli Inglese. Under these circum-
stances retreat, even during daylight,
had almost become impossible. They
felt that they were lost if help did not
come. But where could help come
from? Unfortunately they could not
expect that Zironne and his companions
would give up their enterprise while
they were still nearly forty in number,
unhurt, and well armed.

They knew that the besieged would
soon be unable to reply to their fire,
and they returned to the charge. Sudden-
ly, enormous blocks like the rocks of
an avalanche came rolling down the
slope, and crushed three between them
before they had time to step aside.

Cape Matifou had started the rocks
in order to hurl them over the crest of
the Piano del Lago. But this means of
defence was not enough; the heap of
rocks would soon be used, and the
besieged would have to surrender, or
seek help from outside.

Another belief shattered! Bees have
always been held up before the eyes of
young people as the personification of
industry, and now comes a naturalist—
probably tintured with labor-reform
views—who asserts that these cute little
insects work but three hours a day
individually, being divided into squads,
which relieve each other and thus de-
ceive ordinary observers into the belief
that they are putting in a full day's
work from sun up to sun down. How
he made the discovery is doubtless de-
tailed at length, and the fact properly
sworn to before some justice of the
peace. At first thought it would seem
an extremely difficult matter to distin-
guish any difference between a given
number of working bees of the same
pedigree, but the naturalist no doubt
made use of a microscope and has thus
been able to note individual differences,
the same as exist in the human family,
and probably in every animate family
on the earth. It may yet be demon-
strated that bees, ants, caterpillars,
etc., have a language of their own,
and perhaps even go to the length of naming their chil-
dren. The old distinction between
"instinct" and "reason" is growing
less every day, and the time may come
when reasoning powers will be ac-
knowledged as belonging to all, or
nearly all, animals and insects except
the clam and June fly (also called "May
fly" in some localities, and "Green
Bay fly" in others.)

Some scientist will, very likely, make
an exhaustive study of ants one of these
days, and demonstrate that they are not
the industrious, sagacious and provident
toilers which they have always been re-
garded, and that Solomon was way off
his base when he advised the improvident
man to "Go to the ant, thou slug-
gard, consider her ways and be wise."
This is a great age for discoveries, and
while nobody wishes to deprive the ant
of his (or her) reputation, if they have
been sailing under false colors, the
somer they are unmasked the better.
Let no guilty ant or New York alder-
man escape.—Peck's Sun.

A Vulgar Fellow.
"You know Popley, don't you,
Jiggs?"
"Yes, I do, saw."

"What do you think of him?"
"He's a low, vulgar fellow, saw, a
low, vulgar fellow."

"What reason have you for thinking
so?"
"Why, saw, habits, saw. I am as-
saulted by pawsons who know him well,
that he lives in a sawt of place call'd a
bawling house, and dwinks some howid
stuff call'd lawgrw beah that you buy
law five cents a glaw."—Town Topics.

ROBBING THE INDIANS.

Alleged Unlawful Occupation of the
Crow Reservation by Favored
Cattlemen, Friends of
the Agent.

The current number of Forest and
Stream (New York) contains the fol-
lowing:
The Crow Indian reservation includes
about 4,500,000 acres of land in west-
ern Montana south of the Yellowstone
river. Except along the river bottoms
it contains little arable land and no-
where can farming be carried on with-
out irrigation. But the broad prairies,
rolling foothills, and mountain parks
are luxuriant with nutritious grass, and
the reservation's advantages as a stock
country are unsurpassed. This reser-
vation is all that is left to the Crows of
the broad lands that once were theirs.
Here they live subsisting on what the
government issues to them, for few of
them have made any progress in indus-
trial pursuits, and there is no game
left. A few of the Crows have cows
which were issued to them by the gov-
ernment, and they have a good many
ponies, but they have as yet done hard-
ly anything toward learning how to till
the ground.

Over the length and breadth of the
reservation the cattlemen's herds feed
and fatten on the acres which belong
to the Indians. The few cows belong-
ing to the latter range with the thou-
sands owned by the whites, and are ab-
sorbed by them. It is the old story of
the poor man's one ewe lamb which
his rich neighbor coveted.

The trespassing of these cattle on
the reservation is expressly forbidden
by the regulations of the Indian depart-
ment, but under sanction of permits
issued by Agent Williamson to a num-
ber of firms, the practice still continues.
Having acquired this foothold, the cat-
tlemen propose to make still more sure
of this great pasture land. They wish
to secure it beyond a peradventure and
for all time. They desire to fasten
their grip upon these lands so firmly
that it can never be loosened. This is
their plan: They have arranged with
the present agent to give them permits
to throw their cattle on the reserve.
Having secured these permits from the
agent, they have turned in the stock in
large numbers and are now taking
possession of the best locations. The
permits which they have obtained cover
the best agricultural and grazing lands
on the reserve, and on these lands the
cattlemen are building permanent im-
provements, which will enable them to
hold the land should the reservation
ever be thrown open to the public and
to bluff actual settlers.

Among the firms and individuals who
are alleged to have succeeded in get-
ting permits to throw cattle on the
reserve are the following: Briggs & Ells,
renewal of permit to graze cattle on
the reservation, at 50 cents per head;
Hoskins & McGill, permit to graze
bulls on the reservation which were not
needed with the cows that graze north
of the Yellowstone; Ash, permit to
graze a small band of cattle on the
reservation.

It is believed that there is no law for
this permit system which is being car-
ried out by Agent Williamson, and that
any citizen has as much right to
turn his cattle on the reservation as
those who have these permits.

It is stated by those who are perfect-
ly familiar with the reservation that
Nelson Storey, of Bozeman, is building
a permanent ranch on the reservation
near Pryor mountains, and that he has
a permit to graze his cattle on the re-
serve. Whether he has such permit or
not his cattle are there by thousands.
So also are those belonging to I. K.
D. Worth, making with those of Storey
perhaps twenty thousand in all. Last
winter and spring they dotted the
whole country between Pryor river and
the western boundary of the reserve.
Storey had then a bay ranch and cor-
rals on Clark's fork. Several of the
cattlemen have boasted that they have
the reservation securely in their power.

It is not only the cattlemen who are
encroaching on the reservation, for
Thomas Barry, a sheepman of Rock
Creek, stated last spring that he had
a permit to graze his band of 6,000 on
the reservation up to June.

On the south, a cattleman of Wyo-
ming, H. C. Lowell, whose stock
ranges on Sage creek and Stinking
Water, takes advantage of his prox-
imity to the reservation to graze his
cattle there, too. As the case stands at
present, the cattlemen seem in a fair
way to gain absolute control of the re-
servation. This control will not benefit
the Indians, who are at present un-
aware of this state of things and would
strenuously object were they not de-
ceived in the matter, and when the time
comes for throwing open the reserva-
tion the desirable locations will be found
to be all occupied by the cattlemen,
who will find some means of holding on
to them. The people and press of the
Yellowstone valley are very silent on
this matter, for the great cattle firms
interested have too much influence to
be openly resisted.

The greater portion of the reserva-
tion is now under the control of the
cattlemen. The Crows receive little
or nothing in return, certainly not
enough to pay them for the risk
to their own small bands of cows
and horses which are certain to be ab-
sorbed by the herds of the white men.
The reservation should not be thus tak-
en away from the Indians without their
consent and handed over to the con-
trol of the rich cattle firms, who, if
they once fairly become established in
it, will with difficulty be removed.

A searching investigation of this
whole matter ought to be instituted by
the interior department. If the agent
has any authority for issuing these per-
mits it ought to be at once removed,
and the agent too.

He Soared Above It.
"Hello Jim," said a gentleman to a
friend whom he met on the top of a
mountain; "what on earth are you do-
ing away up here?"
"Well, you see, for many years I
have been under a cloud" in Chicago,
and I thought I would get out from
under it, if but for an hour, to see how
it seems, so I came up here, and am
last above the clouds."—National
Weekly.

Knowledge With Intelligence.

A man may have intelligence, and
can scarcely be without knowledge. A
man may have a good deal of knowl-
edge and hardly have much intelligence.
We see multitudes coming out of our
colleges every year with a good deal of
knowledge and very little common
sense. We see men that have plundered
right and left through the whole of
history and in all directions; but they
are not intelligent men after all. They
do not know what to do with it, and
they are no more rich in knowledge
than the ass that carries gold from the
mine to the mint is a rich ass. But
where one has both intelligence and
knowledge, and where he is growing in
them both, that is a transcendently
noble thing. It is said, in the eager-
ness of some men for religion, that in-
telligence, or education, without re-
ligion, is prejudicial; and it has even
been said that intelligence without re-
ligion is educated vice. Truth is sacrific-
ed here to a phrase. It is the direct
tendency of intelligence and knowl-
edge to produce morality. I
aver, without fear of contradiction,
that if you take the statistics of vice
and of terrible crime you will find that
by far the largest number of those that
have stumbled on the threshold of life
and are ruined for life were men with-
out knowledge and without any reason-
able degree of education. They are
poor, ignorant creatures, that have fol-
lowed their passions. I declare that
education, or the development of the
knowing parts of a man, gives to him
so large a view of the field of life that
he is more likely to see that morality
is safety, than if he were ignorant; and
that the general fact stands proved that
intelligence and knowledge tend on the
whole by immense measure toward
goodness, respectability, virtue and
morality. So that if we shall grow in
knowledge and grow in aptitude for
intelligence and knowledge, we shall
make a long stride away from animal-
ism and from the dangers that beset
the passions and the appetites of human
life.

There is, therefore, in our great
land, a good deal of reason why we
should bring to bear on all classes of
men—the sweaty laborer of the farm,
the dusty men at the smithy or in the
mine, everywhere, up and down,
through society—we should exhort men
to abate their passions and to learn
pleasure out of the development of in-
tellect and knowledge. There is no
reason in this land why men should be
ignorant except original limitations of
capacity. We are a reading people,
and if we were a thinking people in the
same ratio with which we read we
should be a very wise people. The
food for knowledge was never so
abundant.—Henry Ward Beecher.

How to Tell Counterfeits.
The United States Treasury Depart-
ment has, of late years, adopted for
bonds and currency, a peculiar paper
described below, and which is deemed
a stronger protection against counter-
feits than that used by the Bank of
England, which has recently been dan-
gerously counterfeited in £50, £100 and
£500 notes.

As the first issue of greenbacks,
which were not printed on fiber paper,
were most dangerously counterfeited,
but have almost wholly disappeared
from circulation, therefore, receive
them with great caution, or refuse them
if in doubt about their genuineness.

All other genuine greenbacks, gold
and silver certificates, and later issues
of national bank notes are printed on
the government fiber paper; the first
kind with the fiber distributed in short
pieces, localized with a blue tint, de-
tected by picking it with a pen; the
other with the fiber in two parallel
threads, red and blue silk, running
lengthwise through the note, seen by
holding the note up to the light. The
public are cautioned not to draw these
threads out of the paper.

If in doubt about the genuineness of
any bank note in the report refuse it
unless printed on government fiber
paper. All national bank notes not in
this report are genuine, whether printed
on government paper or not.

The counterfeit \$10 and \$20 silver
certificates are not on government pa-
per.

Some of the counterfeit \$5, \$10 and
\$20 greenbacks (series of 1875) and \$50
and \$100 (series of 1869) are an imita-
tion distributed fiber paper. Very dan-
gerous. These are all the counterfeits
on the new greenbacks worth noting.

Better refuse all twenties, fifties and
one hundreds, on the banks in this re-
port, unless printed on the government
paper.

All genuine bank notes, having
brown back and seal, have both kinds
of the fiber paper combined; while the
counterfeit \$10, on the Third National
Bank of Cincinnati, O., and the photo-
graphic counterfeit \$5, on the First Na-
tional Bank of Milwaukee, Wis., have
no fiber. These two are the only coun-
terfeits on the Brownbacks.

Better refuse all pieced notes. All
United States currency having a brown
seal has the parallel threads or cables.
All United States currency printed
since 1869 is on government fiber pa-
per.

There are in circulation a great
many very dangerous counterfeit \$10
greenbacks, dated 1875. All the genu-
ine of that date are on distributed fiber
paper.

Strength and Diet.
The Roman soldiers, who built such
wonderful roads and carried such a
weight of armor and luggage that would
crush the average farm hand, lived on
coarse brown bread and sour wine.
They were temperate in diet, regular
and constant in exercise. The Spanish
peasant works every day and dances
half the night, yet eats only his black
bread, onion and watermelon. The
Smyrna porter eats only a little fruit and
some olives. He eats no beef, pork or
mutton, yet he walks off with his load
of 800 pounds. The coolie, fed on rice,
is more active and can endure more
than the negro fed on fat meat. The
heavy work of the world is not done by
men who eat the greatest quantity.
The fastest or longest-lived human is
not the biggest eater. Moderation in
diet seems to be the prerequisite for en-
durance.