

THE TWO FACES.

Beauty and I struck hands and swore
We would be comrades-venture.
For what, save her sweet smile, had worth
On all the sea three-veiled earth?

FAST TRAVELING.

THREE MILES IN THIRTY SECONDS.

[CONCLUDED.]

"Such was a fragment of the maniac's
disconnected and passionate rhapsody,
while I stood petrified with horror and surprise,
unable to move. I saw him crouch to make
the dreadful spring, and suddenly I recovered
my strength and presence of mind. Should
he jump, 'twould be death for him and im-
minent peril for me, since the balloon, in-
stantly lightened of one hundred and eighty
pounds of ballast, would shoot upward out
of my control. I closed with him in a fierce
struggle. 'Twas a struggle for life and
death. He seemed inspired with a giant's
strength. Twice he had nearly strangled
me with his fell grip. At last I got above
him with my knee on his chest; but even
then his panther-like straggles and writhings
compelled me to strike several savage
blows, which temporarily stunned him. I
then succeeded in binding the madman
hand and foot, and rose, trembling like
an aspen, from the desperate contest. There
was but one thing to do, to land as soon as
possible and get rid of my passenger; so I
opened the valve and descended from a two
miles' altitude. I made a vow then never to
carry another traveler till I knew something
about his antecedents.

"The aeronaut's story lent fuel to the fire
that burnt within me, and the quick, fierce
graze of nerve and brain forced me on to the
act of sublime folly which would dash me
like thunderbolt, hot from heaven, through
the yawning air.
"Do you ask me, was there no thought of
wife and child, the darlings of my home,
who were waiting and praying for my safe
return way down there a mile or two below,
to calm my growing madness? Yes, I
thought of them, but with a sort of melan-
choly impotence. They were for the time
pale specters, reproachful ghosts, too weak to
fight the demon instinct that literally made
my hair bristle and my teeth chatter. Once
reason had almost forced out the words to
the unconscious Prof. W. For the sake
of God and mercy, hold and bind me too!
Could I have caught his eye, I think the
spell would have been broken; but just
then he turned to examine the aneroid, and
an instrument used to gauge the force and
velocity of the wind, and remarked: 'We
are now sailing at the rate of eighty miles an
hour, a speed far surpassing the swiftest ex-
press train.

"To be a god, floating through this aerial
ocean of rose and purple; and crystal,
by my own supernatural desires, cleaving
swiftly those foaming billows of sunset glory
that reared themselves like giant buttresses
in the gateway of the west, bathing in the
singing deep of cloud, across which the wan-
gling light poured floods of passionate flame—
such was the delirious fantasy that dis-
tinguished me, beauty drunk. Yet, could I hear
distinctly the voice of reason booming out its
tones, clear and solemn as the bells of a
church clock, 'The dream is madness, death,
annihilation.

"No word of the remembrance; no avoid the
sweet distant images of home and love. The
maniac's loquacious frenzy was upon me. Binding
fresh velocity to my longings. My
brain swam; all my limbs and organs seemed
transformed into immense wheels, revolving
out; for there was fierce joy in the race, and
the winged winds were my couriers, my
body guards the bright shafts of sunset.
Again the stroke of that bell boomed through
the skies, this time with a harsher clang—
ONE TWO THREE FOUR!

"All things shivered with the sound
which, bearing against the distant worlds,
reverberated in solemn echoes. The clouds
lent and broke as if with dread at the sum-
mons, and fled from around me in crazy
pam. A dim instinct warned me that the
clock of fate was striking, and that its
stroke, perhaps, were hidden by the hidden
machinery of my own intellect, ticking off
the fatal count with iron precision. That
double knell had broken the embattled
clouds into chaos and ruin. It was also
piercing and scattering the illusory which
had lapped me in sweet dreams centuries
long. What was to come laughed in faint
mockery through the dying echoes of the bell.

"What pitiless power thus doomed my
soul to the conscious measurement of its own
drop, from bliss to despair, from a long
dream to the agony of waking? Waking?
God of mercy, what a waking!

which came of the narrator's pause. "Good
God! you could have been mad enough to
leap from a height of fifteen thousand feet!"
Our guest was too much absorbed in his
own reflections, the nature of which the far-
away look and working features plainly in-
dicated, to take in the drift of the query,
perhaps, for it passed unheeded. In a mo-
ment again he resumed the thread of his
strange confession;

"The mental ecstasy, on the top wave of
which I had been floating, made my leap into
mid-air a passage from the finite to the
infinite. The soul at that moment had com-
plete tyranny over the body and in my con-
sciousness all the force of nature were reversed.
While I was actually dashing toward the
far distant earth earth at the initial speed of
16 feet per second, constantly augmenting in
geometrical ratio, I seemed to be floating in
equipoise, buoyed up an unknown power.
My body had passed away, and left the soul
a pure spiritual flame which burned straight
upward, and sought to plant its seat among
the everlasting stars. Earthly memories
faded out like the dreams of one who had
returned to his strong, waking life. I had
solved by one lightning master-stroke, with-
out pain or difficulty, the enfranchisement of
the soul from its coil of clay. Some subtle,
new-born power, diffused through every
part of my being, lifted me out of the active
processes of life into a state, mirror-like in-
telligence, in which the sense of being was
perfect rapture, for it was perfect knowledge,
perfect content.

"The invisible air through which I moved
clasped me in an embrace so elastic and sweet
that the inner self, dilated to giant size, and
purged to a miraculous refinement, revelled
in a delight far beyond the wildest riot of
the physical nerves. To be absorbed into the
Godhead was no longer a fancy of the
Brahmin mystic, but the living fact of
which I was soon to be the participant.

"On and on I seemed to float through
time and space which knew no end, for time
and space had ceased for me to exist. The
mysteries of the universe were beginning to
uncover themselves, not as spoils snatched
from an enemy's camp by a hard-earned vic-
tory, but as the joyous tribute lavished by
pride and loving subjects. The stars in
their courses danced in their flight, burning
with an inexpressible splendor, and seemed
to dip their flaming crests to me, a freshly-
born celestial. I would scale the very top-
most battlements of the sky, and scale the
the farthest barriers of the unknown. I
thought not, only felt; for thought and
knowledge passed so swiftly into conscious-
ness that they could not be measured. Bound-
less pleasures, but without the tincture of
passion or excitement, buoyed and bathed
me, for hearing and seeing and touch
were become but a single power, strung
to an infinite force. The soul needed no
intervention or scaffolding over which to
climb to its unearthly degree.

"Onward and onward I clef the ether in
swift but unconscious passage, for I was
steeped in passive ecstasy. Seconds, minutes,
hours, years rolled on, for they were all
as one.

"Did I say there was no conception of
time to mark my strange condition? Yes
and no! Taking as a test the intensity of
delight, though its calmness was unruined,
which swept through me in an unbroken
wave, time had no limit. But at last there
came a new experience. A hidden power
opened in consciousness with the swift leap
of a cat's paw. It was as if all the music of
the ocean-surges, of murmuring pines, and
of rolling thunders, joined in a single tone.
It was the stroke of a bell, infinitely sweet,
solemn, deep, resounding through the uni-
verse, and making the stars themselves
quiver. The awful music of that bell tolled
ONE.

"It was potent as the voice of Nemesis,
which, the ancients believed, ruled the gods
themselves. Its magic sound translated me
into a new realm of sensation. I was no
longer the same, floating in serene and pas-
sionless ecstasy. The joy of motion thrilled
me, and the wind of my speed dashed against
me like ocean-spray. A giant cloud with
flaming edges, and shot with all the hues of
sunset, tossed me on its chariot seat and gal-
loped through the skies. 'Was a warrior
armed with lances of light and thunderbolts,
for did not the mighty wheels mutter and
crash as they rolled? Flames coruscated
before my eyes, and took to themselves
shapes that pierced the very arches of heaven
in their mad play, sweeping the whole cir-
cuit of vision in such fantastic whirls as the
eye of sense could never conceive. The now
dimly seen starry height I had left seemed
to have been my abode centuries since, and
its faint reminiscences as vague and unsatis-
fying as the lines of a faded painting. Yet I
knew that the bounds of existence had been
pushed together by the melodious crash of
that bell, swung by invisible hands.

"No longer a calm intelligence, to sweep
through space by a mere volition, brooding
in content deeper than air or ocean—I was
become the slave of furious impulse, that
drove me stormily through space a restless
wanderer, like a star shot from its orbit, yet
within a circuit which could not be passed.
Swiftly the cloud which bore me rushed on,
transfigured in varying shapes, each more
weird and wonderful than the last; but,
swiftly as it dashed over its celestial path-
way, I, its driver and burden, knew that some
irresistible edict controlled its speed. A
vague presence hinted of a shapeless
dread beyond the purple mystery, which had
saddled and harnessed its splendors for my
service. Thrilled, but not disturbed, I sped
on; for there was fierce joy in the race, and
the winged winds were my couriers, my
body guards the bright shafts of sunset.
Again the stroke of that bell boomed through
the skies, this time with a harsher clang—
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soul to the conscious measurement of its own
drop, from bliss to despair, from a long
dream to the agony of waking? Waking?
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"Not yet; would I yield even to fate,
though its onward march came with the
trap of God. Will should fight against
fate, and stand proudly entrenched. Fiercely
I had fought on battle-fields wet with
blood of thousands; I would war now against
the invisible.

"Was that hot blood I tasted as it spouted
between my teeth? Yes! it came from the
sword-thrust of that German dragon as he
pierced my cheek with a savage lunge.
One mighty stroke, good sword! Brave
steed, how you gear through helmet and
skull-bone, and bite into the very jaw!
Ha! gallant old man, that was worthy of you
in your palmy days of youth and strength,
when you sauntered Kabyles in Algeria. One
more barbarian from over the Rhine sent
across the Styx! Fiercely I drive over the
battle-field with glittering squadrons of cui-
rassiers as we charge like lightning among
the German ranks. Bodies are piled breast-
high, our own brave fellows among the rest.
But what use the gallantry of despair? We
are driven back in wild rout. The whole
army is in retreat. Like hideous spectres
they rush madly, filling the earth and air,
back toward Paris. One's very ears are
deafened, and eyes blinded by this mad con-
fusion. The enemy is close behind, and there
is no time for rest. At last we are in Paris
again, starving, skinned rats, shut in a trap,
and the German fields grin and gibber at us
from the 'courage, little Eugenie,
thou hast but little to offer, and thy strength
is daily worn out by tender care of the poor
wounded Frenchmen; but thy adoring fan-
der and lover are with thee, and would die
to shield thee from harm. Thy roses are
gone, the dancing light of thy eyes faded
out, but thou shalt recover them again
in the joy of love. How quickly time flies
in this doomed city! Days and weeks go by
like minutes. 'Come, mon /is, let us go and
see the savages come firing from their new
Krupp battery.' Thus speaks M. Pelletier,
spritting in disgust at the hated names, and
we walk through the dusk. There they go,
the monster shells, filling the air full of
screaming death. Hark! the battery speaks,
three huge guns. ONE—TWO—THREE!

"Can the artillery of earth make such a
deafening crash? 'Tis rather the brazen
drum of a vast tomb-creaking with sepulchral
fronter. Not a bell again, the triple
stroke of the bell! 'Three? Do not recollect
three miles high? Again I hear Prof.
W. speak in slow, measured tones, like
those of a schoolboy reading his task:
"It is a strange fact that light and heavy
bodies fall with the same velocities. At the
altitude of three miles, near which we are
now floating, you should strike at the same
moment as this little stone, that is, in a tri-
ple second of time. If you drop a stone out
of the thirty would probably be conscious ones."
"Horror on horrors! I knew it fully
now. Some demonic volition of my own
had been tolling the bell of fate, counting
the seconds off on the clock of consciousness,
and pealing such mighty strokes as sent
them shivering through all space. Plunging
to an end so hideous and unparalleled, self
was kicking off its death-agony like a faith-
ful mathematical machine. Two seconds
of the thirty would probably be conscious ones."
"Horror on horrors! I knew it fully
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of the thirty would probably be conscious ones."

"The jolly buzzing of the flies, as they
drone and hummed on the window-panes,
alone broke the death-like silence as Mr.
Jones paused. He drank deep of the brandy
and water, for the terrible memories which
he had marshaled were fast beating down his
self-compassionate. Again he spoke in low and
broken tones.
"There are some phases of suffering which
may come to a man's life beyond the capaci-
ties of expression. Words, by very contact
shrivelled up into weak and worthless
things. Such was my condition when my
mind was startled into a full apprecia-
tion of the actual facts. I had done
nothing, I was condemned by an irresisti-
ble force, to possess a very irritable tem-
per, and her name has become a synonym of
"vixen," or "sodd." It is more than pos-
sible, however, that the judgment passed up-
on her by mankind has been too severe. A
more charitable disposition would undoubt-
edly have discovered in her, many good
qualities, and have attributed her failings
more to physical infirmities than to moral ob-
liquity. The part most intimately acquain-
ted with her, and therefore best able to form
a correct opinion, gives her credit for many
domestic virtues. It is now well known
that many of the diseases to which women
are subject, have a direct tendency to render
them irritable, peevish, cross, morose, un-
reasonable, so that they chafe and fret over
all those little ills and annoyances that a per-
son in health would bear with composure. It
is fair to infer that most of the instances of
Xantippe were due to these causes alone;
and could Socrates, as he returned from the
Senate, the Gymnasium, or the Athenium,
have stopped at Peste and Mortar's Drug
Store and carried home a bottle of Dr.
Pierce's Favorite Prescription, now and
then, no doubt he might have evaded many
a "Kurtain lecture," allayed many a "do-
mestic broil," made it much pleasanter for
the children, and more enjoyable for himself,
and rescued his wife's name from the un-
enviable, world-wide, and eternal notoriety
it has attained. Thousands of women bless the
day on which Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescrip-
tion was first made known to them. A sin-
gle bottle often gives debate and suffering
women more relief than months of treatment
from their family physician. In all those de-
rangements causing backache, dragging
down sensations, nervous and general debil-
ity, it is a sovereign remedy. Its soothing
and healing properties render it of the ut-
most value to ladies suffering from internal
fever, congestion, inflammation, or ulceration,
and its strengthening effects tend to
correct displacements of internal parts, the
result of weakness of natural supports. It is
sold by all druggists.

"The loving fingers play
with the curls early hair brushing her lap,
and the sweet voice goes on:
"Then the devil taketh him up in the
holy city, and setteth him on the pinnacle
of the temple.
"And saith unto him, If thou be the Son
of God, cast thyself down: for it is written,
He shall give his angels charge concerning
thee; and in their hands they shall bear
thee up, lest at any time thou dash thy foot
against a stone.
"These blessed words sounded like angel
music. All the expiring energies of the soul
gathered in a last effort of supplication:
"Christ Jesus, who didst resist all tempta-
tions, and didst die to save men, save a
despairing wretch—save me! That giant
struggle broke the fetters of fate, and suc-
ceeded in lifting the last two words of the
prayer into a terrible outcry that rang loud
and shrill.

"In the shining depths of the pier-glass
an awful haggard apparition glared at me—
hair bleached to snow, wrinkles like trench-
cut deep in the features, blood streaming
from mouth and nostrils, the haunting look
of the damned in the eyes and face, the fig-
ure sheeted in its night-dress and shaking
with a palsy! I was seated upright in bed,
so dazed and crushed that I could not speak,
scarcely think, much less recognize the spec-
ters in the mirror for the strong man of yester-
day, rioting in the pride of joy and youth.
Where was I and what was it all? Wife
bending over me, sobbing, moaning, praying
with inarticulate sounds of love, and grief,
and wonder. My baby-boy pressing his in-
nocent cheek to mine.
"I was saved, indeed, but the scars of the
agony were branded on me for life. Had
the fatal dream lasted a moment longer,
the life would have been crushed out of me
as infallibly as if my body had actually spun
through three miles of actual descent.
We did not even smile at the simplicity
of Jack Randall's look and tone of disappoint-
ment as he said:
"It was all a mere dream, then?"
"No!" replied our guest, solemnly, "not
all. I had actually made the voyage safely
with Prof. W. The fantastic thought of
falling from a height of three miles took such
hold on my imagination that at night it
shaped itself into a dream. The early part
of the vision reproduced with minute fidelity
what had occurred prior to the conception of
the weird fancy. The mind plays remark-
able tricks in sleep, and it cut off the last
half of the journey, replacing it with its horrid
creation, without a logical break or flaw.
The facts as amended by sleep-inspired imagi-
nation have blotted out in my thoughts the
commonplace of a safe return. The dream
was the terrible and essential fact which
crowds out from memory the nominal reality.
That midnight experience was the most
genuine thing in my life, and takes prece-
dence of all other recollections as a living
truth. Let us call things by their right
names, and recognize reality in that which
works the permanent effect. I fell from that
height by every physical and metaphysical
test as veritably as if my body had been
hurled from a balloon."
Mr. Jones suddenly glanced at his watch
and, with a forced smile, which showed how
difficult it was for habitual cheerfulness to
overcome the emotion incident to his story,
said:
"By Jove! I'm late to keep a dinner ap-
pointment. Do you walk up the street,
Wanley? By-the-way, if any of you would
like to see that posthumous article of M.
Pelletier's, which was one motive of my as-
cent, you'll find it in the December number
of the *Magazine des Sciences, Paris, Archives*,
gentlemen.—*Appleton's Journal.*

Xantippe.
It seems that the memory of this woman,
like that of her renowned husband, is likely
to be kept alive to the end of time. She is
said to have possessed a very irritable tem-
per, and her name has become a synonym of
"vixen," or "sodd." It is more than pos-
sible, however, that the judgment passed up-
on her by mankind has been too severe. A
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fever, congestion, inflammation, or ulceration,
and its strengthening effects tend to
correct displacements of internal parts, the
result of weakness of natural supports. It is
sold by all druggists.

A young man who resides in Ottawa,
Que., and who wears a set of store teeth,
went to sleep while sitting in his chair a few
days ago, and while sweetly sleeping and
dreaming of love and other nice things,
was slowly removed his teeth and pawned
them for all the soft-water the boys want
to drink. There was mist in the air when
the toothless sleeper awoke, but he paid for
the drinks like a little man.
Moody says he never saw an old man that
wanted to live in a country where there was
no churches and no Bible—a happy
thought and a very suggestive one.

The chief textile manufacturers of India
will be illustrated in a grand national work,
to be published under the authority of the
secretary of state for India in council, by the
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£150, which simply covers the outlay of the
production. It will consist of 13 quarto
volumes, 8 royal folio volumes, containing
240 lithographic and chromo-lithographic
plates, and 30 glazed frames round a pillar
of some six feet in diameter for the exhibition
of these plates.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869.
CANADA: IN THE COUNTY COURT
PROVINCE OF ONTARIO, OF THE COUNTY OF
COUNTY OF WESTWORTH, WESTWORTH.

In the Matter of W. T. ECCLESTONE,
an Insolvent.

THE UNDERSIGNED HAS FILED IN THE
Office of this Court a Deed of Composition and
Discharge executed by his creditors, and
ON THURSDAY, THE THIRTEENTH
DAY OF JULY NEXT,
he will apply to the Judge of the said Court for a
confirmation of the discharge thereby effected.
Dated at the City of Hamilton this 1st day of
June, A.D. 1876.

R. R. WADDELL,
Attorney for the Insolvent et altem.

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Pants to Order from \$1 25 to \$3. 421

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JOHN FINAGIN,
Hamilton, April 1, 1876. 43

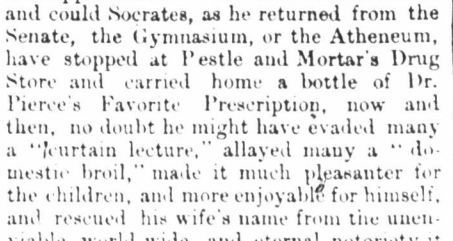
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