

THE LIFE OF THE MIND

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PART I.

I WISH I had the courage to begin this tale by turning to my professional visiting books and, taking at random any month out of the last twenty years, give its record as a fair sample of my ordinary work. The dismal extract would tell you what a doctor's—I suppose I may say a successful doctor's—lot is, when his practice lies in a poor and densely populated district of London. Dreary as such a beginning might be, it would perhaps allay some of the incredulity which this tale may probably provoke, as it would plainly show how little room there is for things imaginative or romantic in work so hard as mine, or among such grim realities of poverty, pain, and grief, as those by which I have been surrounded. It would certainly make it appear extremely unlikely that I should have found time to imagine, much less to write, a romance or melodrama.

The truth is, that when a man has toiled from 9 o'clock in the morning until 9 o'clock at night, such leisure as he can enjoy is precious to him, especially when even that short respite is liable to be broken in upon at any moment.

Still, in spite of the doleful picture I have drawn of what may be called "the daily grind," I begin this tale with the account of a holiday.

In the autumn of 1864 I turned my back with light good-will upon London streets, hospitals and patients, and took my seat in the North Express. The first revolution of the wheels sent a thrill of delight through my jaded frame. A joyful sensation of freedom came over me. I had really got away at last! Moreover, I had left no address behind me, so for three blessed weeks might roam an undisputed lord of myself. Three weeks were not very many to take out of the fifty-two, but they were all I could venture to give myself; for even at that time my practice, if not so lucrative as I could wish, was a large and increasing one. Having done a twelvemonth's hard work, I felt no one in the kingdom could take his holiday with a conscience clearer than mine, so I lay back in my seat and enjoyed the coming pleasure of my brief respite from labor.

There are many ways of passing a holiday—many places at which it may be spent; but, after all, if you wish to enjoy it thoroughly, there is but one royal rule to be followed. That is, simply to please yourself—go where you like, and mount the innocent holiday hobby which is dearest to your heart, let its name be botany, geology, etymology, conchology, venery, piscation, or what not. Then you will be happy, and return well braced up for the battle of life. I knew a city clerk with literary tastes, who invariably spent his annual fortnight among the mustiest tomes of the British Museum, and averred that his health was more benefited by so doing than if he had passed the time inhaling the freshest sea-breezes. I dare say he was right in his assertion.

Sketching has always been my favorite holiday pursuit. Poor as my drawings may be, nevertheless as I turn them over in my portfolio, they bring to me at least, vivid remembrances of many sweet and picturesque spots, happy days, and congenial companions. It is not for me to say anything of their actual merits, but they are dear to me for their associations.

This particular year I went to North Wales, and made Bettws-y-Coed my headquarters. I stayed at the Royal Oak, that well-known little inn dear to many an artist's heart, and teeming with reminiscences of famous men who have sojourned there times without number. It was here I made the acquaintance of the man with whose life the curious events here told are connected.

On the first day after my arrival at Bettws my appreciation of my liberty was so thorough, my appetite for the enjoyment of the beauties of nature so keen and insatiable, that I went so far and saw so much, that when I returned to the Royal Oak night had fallen and the hour of dinner had long passed by. I was, when my own meal was placed on the table, the only occupant of the coffee-room. Just then a young man entered, and ordered something to eat. The waiter knowing, no doubt, something of the frank camaraderie which exists, or should exist, between the followers of the painter's craft, laid his cover at my table. The newcomer seated himself, gave me a pleasant smile and a nod, and in five minutes we were in full swing of conversation.

The moment my eyes fell upon the young man I had noticed how singularly handsome he was. Charles Carriston—for this I found afterward to be his name—was about twenty-two years of age. He was tall, but slightly built; his whole bearing and figure being remarkably elegant and graceful. He looked even more than gentlemanly—he looked distinguished. His face was pale, his features well cut, straight and regular. His forehead spoke of high intellectual qualities, and there was somewhat of that development over the eyebrows which phrenologists, I believe, consider as evidence of the pos-

session of imagination. The general expression of his face was one of sadness, and its refined beauty was heightened by a pair of soft, dark, dreamy-looking eyes.

It only remains to add that, from his attire, I judged him to be an artist—a professional artist—to the backbone. In the course of conversation I told him how I had classified him. He smiled.

"I am only an amateur," he said; "an idle man, nothing more—and you?"

"Alas! I am a doctor."

"Then we shall not have to answer to each other for our sins in painting." We talked on pleasantly until our bodily wants were satisfied. Then came that pleasant craving for tobacco which, after a good meal, is natural to a well-regulated digestion.

"Shall we go and smoke outside?" said Carriston. "The night is delicious."

We went out and sat on one of the wooden benches. As my new friend said, the night was delicious. There was scarcely a breath of air moving. The stars and the moon shone brightly, and the rush of the not far distant stream came to us with a soothing murmur. Near us were three or four jovial young artists. They were in merry mood; one of them had that day sold a picture to a tourist. We listened to their banter until, most likely growing thirsty, they re-entered the inn.

Carriston had said little since we had been out of doors. He smoked his cigar placidly and gazed up at the skies. With the white moonlight falling on his strikingly beautiful face—the graceful pose into which he fell—he seemed to be the embodiment of poetry. He paid no heed to the merry talk of the artists, which so much amused me—indeed, I doubted if he heard their voices.

Yet he must have done so, for as soon as they had left us he came out of his reverie.

"It must be very nice," he said, "to have to make one's living by art."

"Nice for those who can make livings by it," I answered.

"All can do that who are worth it. The day of neglected genius has gone by. Muller was the last sufferer, I think—and he died young."

"If you are so sanguine, why not try your own luck at it?"

"I would; but unfortunately I am a rich man."

I laughed at this misplaced regret. Then Carriston, in the most simple way I could understand, told me a good deal about himself. He was an orphan, an only child. He had already ample means; but Fortune had still favors in store for him. At the death of his uncle, now an aged man, he must succeed to a large estate and a baronetcy. The natural, unaffected way in which he made these confidences, moreover made them not, I knew, from any wish to increase his importance in my eyes, greatly impressed me. By the time we parted for the night I had grown much interested in my new acquaintance—an interest not untinted by envy. Young, handsome, rich, free to come or go, work or play as he listed! Happy Carriston!

II.

I AM DISPOSED TO think that never before did a sincere friend's help, or one which was fated to last unbroken for years, ripen so quickly as that between Carriston and myself. As I now look back I find it hard to associate him with any, even a brief, period of time subsequent to our meeting, during which he was not my bosom friend. I forget whether our meeting at the same picturesque spot on the morning which followed our self-introduction was the result of accident or arrangement. Anyway, we spent the day together, and that day was the precursor of many passed in each other's society. Morning after morning we sallied forth to do our best to transfer the same bits of scenery to our sketching blocks. Evening after evening we returned to dine side by side, and afterward to talk and smoke together, indoors or outdoors as the temperature advised or our wishes inclined.

Great friends we soon became—inseparable as long as my short holiday lasted. It was, perhaps, pleasant for each to work in company with an amateur like himself. Each could ask the other's opinion of the merits of the work done, and feel happy at the approval duly given. An artist's standard of excellence is too high for a non-professional. When he praises your work he praises it but as the work of an outsider. You feel that such commendation condemns it and disheartens you.

However, had Carriston cared to do so, I think he might have fearlessly submitted his productions to any conscientious critic. His drawings were immeasurably more artistic and powerful than mine. He had undoubtedly great talent, and I was much surprised to find that good as he was at landscape, he was even better at the figure. He could, with a firm, bold hand, draw rapidly the most marvelous likenesses. So spirited and true were some of the studies he showed me, that I could without flattery advise him, provided he could finish as he began, to keep entirely to the higher branch of the art. I have now before me a series of outline faces drawn by him—many of them from memory; and as I look at

them the original of each comes at once before my eyes.

From the very first I had been much interested in the young man, and as day by day went by, and the peculiarities of his character were revealed to me, my interest grew deeper and deeper. I flatter myself that I am a keen observer and skillful analyst of personal character, and until now fancied that to write a description of its component parts was an easy matter. Yet when I am put to the proof I find it no simple task to convey in words a proper idea of Charles Carriston's mental organization.

I soon discovered that he was, I may say, afflicted by a peculiarly sensitive nature. Although strong, and apparently in good health, the very changes of the weather seemed to affect him almost to the same extent as they affect a flower. Sweet as his disposition always was, the tone of his mind, his spirits, his conversation, varied, as it were, with the atmosphere. He was full of imagination, and that imagination, always rich, was at times weird, even grotesquely weird. Not for one moment did he seem to doubt the stability of the wild theories he started, or the possibility of the poetical dreams he dreamed being realized. He had his faults of course; he was hasty and impulsive; indeed to me one of the greatest charms about the boy was that, right or wrong, each word he spoke came straight from his heart.

So far as I could judge, the whole organization of his mind was too highly strung, too finely wrought for everyday use. A note of joy, of sorrow, even of pity, vibrated through it too strongly for his comfort or well-being. As yet it had not been called upon to bear the test of love, and fortunately—I use the word advisedly—fortunately he was not, according to the usual significance of the word, a religious man, or I should have thought it not unlikely that some day he would fall a victim to that religious mania so well known to my professional brethren, and have developed hysteria or melancholia. He might even have fancied himself a messenger sent from heaven for the regeneration of mankind. From natures like Carriston's are prophets made.

In short, I may say that my exhaustive study of my new friend's character resulted in a certain amount of uneasiness as to his future—an uneasiness not entirely free from professional curiosity.

Although the smile came readily and frequently to his lips, the general bent of his disposition was sad, even despondent and morbid. And yet few young men's lives promised to be so pleasant as Charles Carriston's.

I was rallying him one day on his future rank and its responsibilities.

"You will, of course, be disgustingly rich," I said.

Carriston sighed. "Yes, if I live long enough; but I don't suppose I shall."

"Why in the world shouldn't you? You look pale and thin, but are in capital health. Twelve long miles we have walked to-day—you never turned a hair."

Carriston made no reply. He seemed in deep thought.

"Your friends ought to look after you and get you a wife," I said.

"I have no friends," he said, sadly.

"No nearer relation than a cousin a good deal older than I am, who looks upon me as one who was born to rob him of what should be his."

"But by the law of primogeniture, so sacred to the upper ten thousand, he must know you are entitled to it."

"Yes; but for years and years I was always going to die. My life was not thought worth six months' purchase. All of a sudden I got well. Ever since then I have seemed, even to myself, a kind of interloper."

"It must be unpleasant to have a man longing for one's death. All the more reason you should marry, and put other lives between him and the title."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Novel Plan of Building.

A German inventor has built a house of hollow tubes, whose advantages are, he says, a constant temperature, and incidentally strength, comfort and beauty. He first put up a frame of water tubing, allowing continuous circulation to a stream of water. Around this frame he put his house in the ordinary way. The peculiarity is that all floors and ceilings are crossed and recrossed by the water pipes. The water, having passed through horizontal tubes under the floors and ceilings, passes through the vertical tubes until all have been gone through. In the summer fresh, cool water circulates under pressure through the net work of tubes, cools off the walls, and after having run its course, flows considerably warmer than when it entered. In its course it has absorbed much heat, which it carries away. During the long and severe winter the water entering through the basement is first heated to nearly 100 degrees and then forced through the ceiling. Of course much of the heat is left all over the house, and at the outlet the temperature of the water is about 40 degrees. The speed of the circulation of water can be regulated, so as to allow fixing a certain temperature, equal throughout the building.

Dumb Once Every Four Years.

While talking to some friends at Wilkesbarre, Pa., Patrick Healey was stricken deaf and dumb. He wrote on a piece of paper: "Do not be alarmed, this will pass off in three days. I know what it is. I have had it before. It seems that Healey, when in Ireland ten years ago, was thrown from a horse. As a result of injuries received, he was deaf and dumb for three days. Every four years since he has had a similar attack, lasting in each instance three days.—New York Press.

IS SPAIN'S ARNOLD.

DR. ZERTUCHA ALLEGED BETRAYER OF MACEO.

A Man of Many Sides—He Will Have a Hard Time Convincing the World That He Is Not a Traitor to Mankind.



R. MAXIMO ZERTUCHA, the supposed Benedict Arnold of the Cuban revolution, who is alleged to have betrayed the gallant, fearless Maceo and his staff to death, is a man of many political sides. He has been

by turns friendly to all parties in Cuba, and has participated in the political agitation of the island for many years. After Maceo's death he "surrendered" himself to the Spaniards and was protected by them. It was on the information given them by Zertucha that the story sent out by the authorities at Havana was made up. The doctor, in telling how Maceo met his death, said that the general had a force of 2,000 Cubans who were attacked by 600 Spaniards. Maceo and his staff were in the center of the forces. In the battle that followed, Maceo and his entire staff were killed. The Cubans fled. This story is laughed at by the Cuban agents in this country. They say that officers like Maceo and his staff do not expose themselves to fire. Dr. Zertucha, say the Cubans, has been variable in his sympathies for years, at one time holding to Spain, at another allying himself with the islanders. The doctor was



DR. MAXIMO ZERTUCHA.

(formerly surgeon in the army of Spain. Many years ago he went to Cuba, and by political intrigue was made the mayor of the town of Melena in the province of Havana. He has been more or less intimately associated with every political party in Cuba. He was at one time prominent as a leader in the party of the autonomists. Next he became identified with the reformist party, and then he became a conservative. When the present revolution was sprung, Zertucha changed into an outright rebel and offered his services to Maceo. He was an able and scientific surgeon, and was of great service to the cause of Cuba libre. He is a finished botanist, and his knowledge of materia medica is extensive. This, coupled with the fact that he is familiar with the medicinal qualities of every herb on the island, made him an invaluable man in the service of the revolutionary army. He freely gave his services for the cause of liberty, but his alleged treason has made his very name odious throughout the world, and it is thought vengeful Cubans will never be satisfied until his body fills a dishonorable grave.

The Manitoba Question Settled.

The long-voiced question of denominational schools in Manitoba, which has occasioned much controversy in the courts and in the legislatures of the province and the Dominion of Canada, has been settled, so far at least as the governments are concerned, by an agreement which provides for religious teaching in the public schools at the close of each day's session. Attendance upon this religious teaching is not to be compulsory, and in schools where there are both Catholic and non-Catholic pupils, the time allotted for religious teaching is to be equally divided. There is to be no separation of pupils by religious denominations during secular work. Where the average attendance of Catholic children reaches a certain number, at least one Catholic teacher is to be employed; and a corresponding provision is made regarding non-Catholic children. Provision is also made for teaching in both French and English, under certain conditions. The Roman Catholic hierarchy does not accept the settlement, and will endeavor to prevent its going into effect.

When Grease Was Used in Boilers.

Whenever grease gets into a boiler the evil effects are common to every type. In the old days grease used to be purposely introduced in order to prevent scale; and most of us have heard of the man who was sent to clean a boiler, and who made himself so comfortable that he fell asleep inside. He was forgotten and the boiler closed up and set to work. After the usual lapse of time, boiler cleaning day again came round, and to the astonishment of every one the boiler was found to be free from scale. The mystery was, however, explained when the bones of the missing man was found at the bottom. It is, however, more than doubtful if any other kind of animal or vegetable fat would have produced such surprising results, and boiler-makers are not available every day for such a purpose.—Casier's Magazine.

AFTER THE JAMESON RAID.

It Was a "Bit Different" from the Last Ride.

"I must keep to what happened to-day," says a writer in Scribner's. "We struck York road at the back of the Great Western terminus, and I half hoped we might see some chap we knew coming or going away; I would like to have waved my hand to him. It would have been fun to have seen his surprise the next morning when he read in the paper that he had been bowing to jail birds, and then I would like to have cheated the tipstaves out of just one more friendly good-by. I wanted to say good-by to somebody, but I really couldn't feel sorry to see the last of any one of those we passed in the streets—they were such a dirty, unhappy looking lot—and the railroad wall ran on forever, apparently, and we might have been in a foreign country for all we knew of it. There was just sooty gray brick tenements and gasworks on one side and the railroad cutting on the other and semaphores and telegraph wires overhead; it looked exactly like the sort of street that should lead to a prison and it seemed a pity to take a smart hansom and a good cob into it. It was just a bit different from our last ride together—rather, when we rode through the night from Krugersdorp with hundreds of horses' hoofs pounding on the soft velvet behind us and the carbines clanking against the stirrups as they swung on the sling belts. We were being hunted then, harassed on either side, scurrying for our lives like the Derby dog in a race track, when every one hoots him and no man steps out to help—we were sick for sleep, sick for food, lashed by the rain, and we knew that we were beaten; but we were free still and under open skies, with the derricks of the Rand rising like galleons on our left and Johannesburg only fifteen miles away."

AN ARIZONA MUMMY.

Was Once a Very Rich Person of the Ancient Aztec Nation.

An Indian mummy has been found in Arizona, near Prescott, that is believed to have once been one of the great men of the Aztecs, says the New York Journal. It was found by John F. Blundy, who communicated the facts to George F. Kunz, the New York diamond expert. Beside the mummy was a basket filled with a half-peck of turquoise. With the Aztecs green was a sacred stone, and wealth was gauged generally by the number of green stones the person owned. Every man's treasure in those days was buried with his bones and neglect to do this was regarded as highly sacrilegious. For the nourishment of the departed soul a few ears of corn were added. The turquoise Mr. Blundy found were in the form of beads. These the Aztecs firmly believed saved the wearer from fevers, serpents' bites and diseases. The mummy is a singular specimen, altogether unlike the Egyptian variety. The skin is dried firmly over the bones, giving it a withered appearance. This is due to the rare air in Arizona, which dries, but seldom has the decomposing effect of our atmosphere.

A BIG VENTURE.

Prof. Gayley of California Undertakes a Wonderfully Difficult Task.

Professor Charles Mills Gayley of the University of California will soon go east and to Europe to select twenty of the best English scholars in the world to collate a book, to be published by the university. It is to be a grand edition of representative English comedies until and including the time of Oliver Goldsmith. Such a collection has never before been published, and the University of California will get the credit of the work, for



PROF. GAYLEY.

its impress will be on the title page. Professor Gayley is now in communication with Professors Kittredge of Harvard, Gurnere of Haverford, and Flugel of Stanford as to the best corps of assistants on this work. It is proposed to get up a sumptuous edition of old English comedies, consisting of plays by Heywood, Udall, Tily, Peele, Greene, Johnson, Shakespeare, Beaumont and Fletcher, Chapman, Massinger, Cowley, Congreve, Steele, Gay, Coleman, Sheridan and Goldsmith. Thirty-two plays will be selected, and will be so treated as to show the evolution of English comedy as a literary type. Professor Gayley will visit all the leading universities, but will spend most of the year he will be abroad at Oxford. The publication will be classic as soon as it will be issued from the press, and will, by extending the fame of the university, more than repay the institution for the expense.

Many Systems of Shorthand.

Between the systems of Willis in 1602 and Pitman, 1837, there were 261 systems of shorthand published, and since that date there have been 281, making a total of 542.

IN GERMAN UNIVERSITIES.

Women Have Been Recently Admitted with Encouraging Results.

A new stage in the development of the question of the admission of women to German universities, and one that has been looked forward to with interest and curiosity, has just been reached, says an exchange. In the last few years American and English women and, in smaller numbers, Russians have been storming the doors of German universities, and where they have been successful in gaining entrance, they have done so by virtue of the certificates and training they have received in their own countries. In all but a few exceptional cases German women were debarred—by their lack of preparation and of the means of obtaining it—from such privileges as were granted to foreigners. A German woman applying for permission to enter a university where an American or English woman was studying was told that she must either go abroad and return with the degree or diploma presented by her foreign sister or that she must attend a gymnasium of the fatherland and pass its final or abiturienten examination. The latter course was impossible—for all gymnasia were absolutely, and perhaps wisely, closed to women; the former course was in general impracticable. To put an end to this state of things two or three gymnasia for girls were founded on exactly the same lines as those for boys, and girls were prepared for the same final examination which admitted their brothers to the university. From the girls' gymnasium in Berlin six girls have now passed this examination, and, armed with the same certificates and training as men students, have presented themselves for admission to the University of Berlin and three to the University of Halle. Halle has acted with thorough consistency in the matter and admitted them (two as medical students and one as a student of natural science), without restrictions, to all its lectures and laboratories. Berlin has, however, been less liberal; the two students who wished to study medicine have been refused admission to all the anatomical lectures and laboratories, and the professors have availed themselves freely of their liberty to refuse to admit women to their courses—even in philology, the subject taken by the third student. Before pronouncing Berlin grudging in the matter we must, however, remember that with its 8,000 students and its situation in a gay capital, it stands on a different footing with Halle and Göttingen, and it behooves it to be careful what it undertakes. The result, on the whole, seems to be sufficiently encouraging, however, for the number of students attending the gymnasia is steadily increasing.

"PARSON JIM."

In the Little Dugout He Told the Boys Why He Came Out West.

From the New York World: It was the season of the year in Texas when the cattle are rounding up to be driven north for better grazing. The cowboys had just finished supper, and sat around their little dugout swapping lies. Gradually the conversation turned on the motives which prompted the different members of the group to go west. They all told of the more or less discreditable causes for their migration, with the exception of a rather taciturn but generally popular fellow who was known as "Parson Bill," because of the clerical cut of the attire which he universally affected.

"Why did you come west, Parson?" queried Swamp-angel Sam.

"Well," drawled out the individual addressed. "I left the east because I didn't build a church."

Everybody smiled at what was considered the drollery of the Parson, who, not noticing the merriment which he had created, continued:

"It was this way. We used to hold meetings in the district schoolhouse in Massachusetts and I did the preaching. The little flock grew, and it was decided to build a small church. The funds, as they were collected, were put into my hands for safekeeping." He paused. "That's why I came west."

BIG SPRINGS FOR UNCLE SAM.

Some to Be Buffers on Big Guns and Others Placed Behind Armor Plates.

Soft cushions to take up the recoil of Uncle Sam's great guns are being made in Pittsburgh, Pa. Experiments are also under way to apply the cushions to the breastworks of fortifications and battle ships so as to lessen the force of the shock caused by a heavy projectile coming in contact with armor plate. The principle of buffers on the ends of the platforms of railroad passenger coaches is to be applied to guns and armor plate, and the experiments will be watched with considerable interest by everybody. If a success they will mark an era in the building of battleships and forts. The cushions for the guns are huge spiral springs made of the very best steel. Some are square, while others are round. They are being manufactured in considerable quantities.

Disgusting Scotch Fashion.

A new fashion has arisen in Scotch country houses during the last few years. All sporting men like porridge for breakfast. Now, it is not a pretty spectacle to see mustached and bearded men eat porridge and cream, so now that delectable compound is placed upon a side table behind a screen or in a little ante-room and when the lords of creation stroll down on a Sunday or rush down on a week day to breakfast, according to up-to-date etiquette, they eat their first breakfast course standing. This fashion reminds an observer of the Russian habit of eating zakuska or hors d'oeuvre at a side table in the drawing-room before descending to the dining-room.—New York Tribune.