The Mystic Spring

A Legend of Cadboro Bay.

By "D. W. H."

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Queen—Your sister's drown'd, Laertes.
Laertes—Drown'd! O, where?
Queen—There is a willow grows askant the brook,
That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream;
There, with fantastic garlands did she come,
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies and long purples,
There on the pendent boughs her coronet weeds,
Clambering to hang, an envious silver broke;
When down the weedy trophies and herself
Fell in the weeping brook.

—Hamlet.

MANY, MANY YEARS ago, when Victoria was called Camoosun and the first settlers built their dwellings and warehouses behind tall palisades and mounted guns on bastions; when the aboriginal tribes were turbulent and not always amenable to the soothing influence of ship's bread and treacle; when painted savages armed and fierce swarmed in numbers in and about the dense forests and sweet meadow-lands that surrounded the stockade; when Fort street began in a swamp and goose pasture at Blanchard street and ended abruptly at the fort gate before which a big Indian patrolled as sentry, and Yates and all the other pretty streets that now add to the convenience of the people and the beauty of the town were but trails that wound through a thick forest; when you, gentle reader, had not as yet left the ethereal blue to take up your sphere of action on the earth's surface—I say that many, many years ago there existed on the shores of Cadboro Bay a small but valiant tribe of Indians. It was at Cadboro that Sir James Douglas first landed on Vancouver Island from the brig Cadboro, a staunch Sunderland-built vessel of live oak, the property of the Hudson Bay company. He was well received by the natives and having named the bay Cadboro (then spelt with its long termination, Cadborough) after the brig, he walked through a forest of oak, pine and spruce till he came in sight of Gamoosun harbor. Here he planted the British flag, after naming the place Victoria, and reared dwellings and warehouses and palisades and mounted guns for the protection of the infant settlement from a native foray. Victoria must have been an ideal place to live in at that time. There were no customs houses nor duties; neither taxes nor newspapers; no sidewalks and no streets; no policemen nor lawyers, nor trustees to vote away the civic revenue without check; and only one doctor; no mayor and aldermen, no politicians, no drainage, no water supply except from wells, and no typhoid. When everything that a fellow ate or drank or wore was not said to be infected with the germs of disease and the only obstacles to a long life were a too free use of Hudson Bay rum and a sly bullet from a Siwash musket.

When the party landed at Cadboro they were struck with the beauty of the beach of white sand and the oval shape of the bay, which was as faultless in its lines as if it had been laid out by surveyors. Great trees raised their heads on every side and gigantic oaks, almost brushed the clouds with their verdant crowns. They were a thousand years old if a day, and alas! were long since converted into firewood at two or three dollars per cord, instead of having been allowed to stand as objects of majestic grandeur and forest pride forever. Sir James was a keen admirer and student of Nature and when from the deck of his vessel he gazed on the picturesque scene before him his senses must have been captivated and charmed. As he stepped ashore and prepared to follow the Indian trail that led to Camoosun his attention was arrested by a huge maple tree which with spreading branches rich with bright green foliage stood directly in his path. No historian has recorded the fact; but I feel sure that Sir James questioned the chiefs as to this magnificent monarch of the forest and applauded their forbearance in having preserved it from destruction, for it was very old, although it showed no signs of decay. At the foot of the tree, so near that some of the roots extended into the water, was a spring as clear as crystal. It was fed by a rill that trickled from the side of the hill which overlooks Cadboro Bay and its waters possessed the rare characteristic of being as cold as ice in summer as well as in winter. No matter how warm the weather the waters of the spring that nestled by the great maple tree were ever as cool as if they had flowed from a glacier. The Indians were proud of the spring and used its water freely. They said it possessed medicinal properties. They also claimed that it was bewitched. Said one of the chiefs in Chinook jargon to one of the new arrivals:

"If a woman should look into the water when the moon is at its full she'll see reflected in it the face of the man who loves her. If a man looks into the water he will see the woman who loves him and will marry him should he ask her. If a woman is childless this water will give her plenty. The tree is a god. It guards the spirit of the spring and as long as the tree stands the water will creep to its foot for protection and shade; cut down the tree and the spring will be seen no more."

Such was the Indian tradition which had clung to the maple and the spring through many ages of savage occupation. When I first visited the bay in 1860 I reached it by means of a narrow and tortuous trail that led down the side of the hill and terminated at the foot of the big maple. I had heard the legend about the Mystic Spring and rode out to investigate. I drank of the waters and they were sweet and cool, for the day was warm. My companions, who were young men and women from Victoria, knelt at the side of the water and tried to conjure up the faces of their future husbands or wives, without success.

"The moon must be shining and at its full before you can see the spirit, and this is midday. You can't expect to see anything now," said one of the girls.

After that visit Cadboro Bay became a favorite resort. We placed a rude table and a bench at the foot of the maple, which we christened Father Time because of a few sprays of "old man's beard" that hung from a branch. We called the spring Undine, after Lafontaine's famous water sprite, and nearly every fine Saturday afternoon we formed a small party and rode on Indian ponies to the bay. After luncheon we donned bathing suits and disported in the waters of the bay until the chill breeze and setting sun admonished us that the hour had arrived when we must seek our homes.

The fame of Father Time and sweet Undine spread far and wide and many were the trips made by the lovesick of both sexes to the waters. When the moon was at its full the visitors sought to conjure up their future partners. If they met with success I never heard of it. One lovely evening in August, 1862, I rode out to the spring. I wanted to test the truth of the pretty legend and did not expect to meet any other person there. As I descended the hill I heard voices and to my surprise soon saw that two ladies and two gentlemen had reached the spot before me. They rallied me as to the object of my visit at that untimely hour and I frankly confessed that I was in search of the woman who was to be my wife. They were frank, too, and we found that all had come on the same errand. At eight o'clock the harvest moon rose in all its splendor and before nine it shone full upon the enchanted spot. Its rays seemed to force themselves through the foliage of the grand old maple and lighted up the placid waters of Undine which glistened like molten silver.

"Come on, girls," cried one of the young fellows, "let's take a peep."

The girls advanced timidly and then fell back. They were afraid to look lest they should see something that would not be pleasant—the whole affair was so uncanny.

"Well," continued the young man, "if you won't I will," and he gazed long and earnestly into the water and then rising said,

"I saw only the reflection of my own ugly face—I saw that plainly."

I tried my luck next with a like result. The waters gave back only my own features. I squinted and the shadow squinted. I made a grimace and it grimaced. I raised my hand and the figure raised its hand.

"Pshaw!" I cried, "that Indian legend is a humbug—there's no spirit here. Hurry up—try it and let's get home."

One of the young ladies who had gathered courage by this time advanced and knelt at the side of the pool. She was very nervous, but gazed long and earnestly into the depths. I had turned away to untie my horse intending to mount him for home, in deep regret at the time lost on an errand so foolish.

"Thus," said I, "is another collossal Indian humbug bubble pricked."

"I never did believe in the story," said the young man who had not yet tried his luck, "and I never knew an Indian legend that was not false all the way through."

I was about to make a remark in reply when my attention was arrested by a cry from the remaining young woman.

"Look!—look at Annie!" he cried.

I looked. The girl had fallen forward and her face lay submerged in the ice-cold water. To leap forward and lift her from her position required but an instant. She was motionless. We laid her on the grass beneath Father Time and chafed her hands and temples. We at first feared that she was dead. The other girl had a small flask of sal volatile and used it and in a few minutes the patient came to her senses and rose to her feet with assistance.

"Take, oh! take me home!" she murmured and then she went into a fit of hysterics. Her screams were fearful and her peals of laughter were unearthly. It was a new experience for me. I had never before seen a woman in a state of hysteria and all were at their wits' ends to know what to do to restore the girl. At last she ceased to shriek and laugh and cried softly.

"Annie," asked the other girl, "what's the matter with you? Why do you cry? What did you see? You silly little thing to frighten us all so."

"Oh!" she moaned, "that face—that dreadful face—the face I saw in the spring."

"What was it?—tell us," we all cried.

"Oh!" the girl replied with a shudder and with symptoms of a relapse. "It was fearful—the most awful I ever saw. A low-browed, cunning face, deeply lined with wicked thoughts and evil designs, and such awful eyes. He raised his hand to catch me and I fainted. And he's to be my future husband! No, I'd sooner die than marry him."

We rode as far as the farm house of Hon. John Tod, the nonagenarian, by which time the young lady had become so weak that she could not maintain her seat on the horse. Mr. Tod placed his horse and buggy at our service and we reached town without further incident late in the evening. By common consent it was agreed that nothing should be said of the affair, but it leaked out—such things always do—and the fame of Undine spread far and near. For a long time the locality was a favorite resort for bathing and picnic parties and lovesick youths of both sexes. My visits after that night were not frequent and the two young ladies who were present that evening could not be induced to go there at all. I never learned with any degree of certainty that that presence or any other presence ever again appeared at the spring; but the pretty Indian legend clung to it and girls and boys continued to direct their footsteps to the shrine for several years.

Late in the afternoon of the 21st April, 1868, Benjamin Evans, for many years usher of the Supreme court, and who owned a small property facing on Cadboro Bay, was at work in his garden. The day was beautiful. The sun shone warmly and the new grass and the young foliage of the trees gave promise of an early and bountiful season. As Evans delved with his spade he saw descending the road that led down the hill to the bay a handsome young lady. She was stylishly dressed in a brightly-colored gown with voluminous skirts and wore a turban or toque about which was loosely coiled a bright green veil. The young woman inquired if she was on the right road to the bay. Evans replied, "yes."

"And," said she, after a moment's hesitation, "where is the wonderful magic spring?"

Evans laughed good-naturedly as he said, "Ho! ho! Do you think you'll find him?"

"Find who?" asked the girl, archly.

"Why, your future husband," replied Evans.

It was the girl's turn to laugh; but she said nothing and Evans directed her to the locality of the spring and she continued on her way.

Some two hours later and shortly before dark an Indian lad who was walking along the trail saw a well dressed young woman sitting on the rustic bench at the spring-side. Her face was buried in her hands and her elbows rested on the table. Her turban had fallen from her head and lay on the grass. The boy watched the figure for some time. She seemed in great distress and moaned and wept, sometimes rocking her body to and fro in her anguish. Nightfall was coming on and even to the mind of that untutored savage the impropriety of this young lady remaining in that lonely spot all night, exposed to the chill air or an attack from wild animals, with which the locality was infested at the time, was manifest, so he went and told his father and mother who were encamped near by. The old people watched the young stranger for some time, peeping through the underbrush. The lady seemed oblivious to her surroundings. Was she waiting for the moon to rise? If so, she had made an error for there was no moon that night. Had she a tryst? There was no evidence of one, for no one had met her. She just seemed a young person to whom disappointment, sudden and keen, had come and who had sought that lonesome spot to pour out her sorrows to the stars which sparkled brightly overhead. At last her head reclined on her arms and she appeared to fall fast asleep. The watchers left her there.

In the middle of the night the boy awoke with a start and leaped to his feet. He listened and a wail like that of a woman in deep distress fell on his ear. He called to his father.

"That King George klootchman (Englishwoman) is crying. Listen!"

The old man bent his ear and listened for a few moments. All was still. Save for the waving of the mighty pines in the night wind and the lapping of the waves on the beach, no sound disturbed the stillness. "Go to sleep," he at last said, "you piltoh (fool). It's only a panther crying." And the boy went back to his bed.

In the morning, bright and early, the Indian lad was astir. He walked to where he could gain a view of the spring and its surroundings. The stranger had disappeared. He drew nearer. There, lying on the ground where it had fallen, was the turban with the green veil tied about it. His practiced eye detected the marks of tiny footsteps on the sward. He traced them through a clump of bushes to the edge of the bank overlooking the bay. Lying on the bank he found a crinoline or hoop-skirt which had been unbuckled at the waist. He pressed forward to a spot where he commanded a better view of the water and then he saw a Something that froze his young blood, accustomed though he was to gruesome sights. He hastened back to the camp, aroused his father and mother, and the three returned to the spot and drew from the water the body of the strange girl which was floating face downward. She had divested herself of a part of her raiment and fallen or flung herself from the bluff. Death came from drowning and there were no marks of violence. The body was brought to town and identified as that of a most respectable young lady who lived with her parents. Beneath Father Time and near the Mystic Spring were found torn bits of paper upon which there had been words written; but the bits were too minute to be pieced. On the bench was a sheet of notepaper upon which was written the following words from a then popular song:

Farewell, farewell, it is a solemn sound
And often brings a sigh,
But give to me that good old word
That comes from the heart—good-bye.

Farewell, farewell may do for the young
When pleasure's throng is nigh,
But give to me the ——

(The rest was too blurred to be deciphered.)

The cause of the death must ever remain a mystery. She was a light-hearted and sensible girl and as pure as the virgin snow. Had she with only the stars to light up the pool seen the presence that had so affrighted the girl eight years before, and had she fled to the water to escape a supposed impending fate? or was her case one of disappointed love?

Nearly twenty years later the vandal hand of man seized upon Father Time. The hand held an ax within its grasp and before its sharp strokes the monarch was laid low. It fell with a great crash, which shook the earth. An old Indian witnessed the desecration. His forefathers had worshipped that tree and he wanted it saved. Could he have expressed himself in verse he probably would have wailed,

Woodman, spare that tree,
Touch not a single bow,
In youth it sheltered me
And I'll protect it now.

With the tragic end of the old tree the Mystic Spring disappeared and was seen no more.

I almost forgot to say that the young lady who received such a fright married a few months later and that she got for a husband one of the best fellows on earth. She is still a resident of Victoria and so are her children and her grand children. I hope that I may be pardoned by the lady and her descendants for having related the adventure without having first obtained their permission.

ACROSS THE TEA TABLE

"The Art of Minding One's Own Business."

Written for the Sunday Colonist.

IT WAS may day at home and the conversation had run on various topics, while a number of visitors had stayed long beyond the time of a formal call to investigate a subject which I had sprung upon them, half in fun.

"Everyone looks so interested that I'm quite anxious to know what is under discussion," said a later caller to me, as she glanced at the animated faces round her.

"The art of minding one's own business," answered a voice near us, which in its distinct emphasis attracted the notice of all. "Oh! that's something new!" A general laugh greeted this announcement, in which the speaker joined.

"What I mean is that I have never thought of that as an art," she explained.

"What is an art but that which can be acquired?" I asked. "True, O judge! So kindly repeat for my benefit the arguments which have gone before."

Bella, as we will call her, was my old-time school-fellow, and later, classmate at college. We were, again, neighbors, and she, from the superior vantage ground of the married state, considered it her privilege to laud it over her old schoolfellow who lived in single blessedness.

"We have found that the art of minding one's own business holds both passive and active virtues," I began, somewhat nervously. Bella nodded.

"It makes the very ground for that growth of reticence which is the heritage of culture. It supports the all-powerful law of charity, which is, no doubt, oftener broken verbally than in any other way. Does some man's youthful indulgences or mistakes (which have probably blasted his whole career), come to our ears? It may effect our own standing with him but should stop at that, unless, indeed, loyalty to principle, or to another friend, absolutely compels us to speak. Then we students, for I hope to enroll you all, must put ourselves through a rigid examination, asking ourselves, not only 'is it true, but is it my business to repeat it?'" Bella was nodding energetically and with the light of battle in her eyes, though she merely asked:

"Why call it an art?"

"Because I hold that any art in its cultivation exacts close attention, sheer hard work. It is constantly in the minds of its devotees, to the exclusion of smaller issues, and therefore I maintain that the special study of this subject as such, would develop tactful, Christianlike characters." Then Bella threw down the gauntlet. "Not a bit of it. It would develop selfishness in its very essence. It would be nothing to us to read of the wrongs of Christian women in a barbarous country. To know that the filth of vivisection is to be poured into the ears of the young, in the schools of our own country. To have ocular proof of the institutions at our very doors, filled with orphans to educate and clothe, asked to care for, young girls to protect, who are thousands of miles from their own homes. What would all this matter to us, who under this high-sounding art could get out of all responsibility, could calmly sit down and echo Cain's words, 'Am I my brother's keeper?'"

"No, no," protested an old lady who had not spoken before, her usually placid face quivering with excitement. "Miss Reed does not suggest our leaving off duties, but that we should resume a neglected one, which is to my mind, a very necessary one. Have we not heard of the ruination of such institutions as those mentioned being brought about by their own officials? Whole-souled, honest workers, women with the interest of such things most at heart. But women who have not learned when to speak and when not to speak, in other words, to mind their own business. Have you, none of you, known subjects from those same institutions, who, because of some fault, perhaps had been followed wherever they went, to the hurt by the criticisms of those same officials? Officials who might truly, with greater profit, have been attending to their own faults, myself included," she ended sadly. The impressive silence which followed her speech bespoke conquest. In her, both age and ripe experience had spoken, for, being a widow, with few home ties, many years of her life had been devoted to philanthropic enterprise.

"Yes, and we could all bring up cases where friendships have been wrecked by officiousness, without an atom of ill nature in it," remarked another.

"And wouldn't the virtue of charity towards one's neighbors cover the ground?" asked Bella, meekly, for her. "Charity did not prevent a much revered and beloved old clergyman, in the South of England from breaking up a friendship between two lives which we knew of, Bella," I reminded her. She started a little. "No, it did not, and he was certainly the most charitable of men. I never heard an unkind criticism from that dear old man all the years I knew him."

"What did he do?" came from several.

"Well, just as a case in point, he met and congratulated a man on his engagement to a girl who was simply collaborating with him in his work as an illustrator of magazines. The two had turned out perfect work conjointly for some years. Both were too absorbed in their profession to think of minor events as that suggested by the clergyman, besides which, the man was too poor to marry. Nevertheless, there existed a keen friendship between them, such an one as is possible only between men and women of such unity of interests and ideas. This was shattered and the business arrangement brought to an abrupt end by the interference and that, as we knew from the artist himself afterwards would be to his own lifelong regret," I told them.

"I expect the man drew into his shell and the woman's pride was hurt," remarked someone.

"Well," said Bella, pulling a wry face, "it was awful to have the wind taken out of one's sails like this and to be dragged into a new port!"

"You admit it is a port," asked someone.

"I intend to explore it, meantime, I move an adjournment, or Harry, my husband, will be here to enforce, with me at any rate, the law of minding one's own business," she said.

Here our old lady rose to take her departure, saying;

"This has been a delightful afternoon, Miss Reed, and I should like to know what subject you are going to treat us to next week?"

How would "Woman's underselling of labor do?" or "Traveling circles?" I asked.

"Circles of what? Circles of what," cried Bella.

The old lady smiled.

"The latter sounds scientific," she remarked. "Couldn't we have the former first?" To which I assented, to quite a chorus of promises "to be here."

—Penelope.

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REVOLUTION IN SAN DOMINGO

Clyde Line Steamer Fired On By Revolutionist and Hull is Perforated.

Monte Cristo, Republic of San Domingo, Saturday, Feb. 6.—The Clyde line steamer New York (from New York January 30), arrived here late this morning, followed by the Dominican gunboat President. Lighters were sent alongside the New York to bring ashore ammunition, which formed part of her cargo. When the lighters had nearly reached the steamer, the gunboat fired on them and the revolutionists on shore replied with cannon and Mausers.

The New York, being in danger, thereupon left Monte Cristo for Porto Plata. She was hit twice by shots and apparently by hundreds of bullets, for she stopped and lowered boats, evidently to plug the holes made in her hull. The failure to land the ammunition is a serious blow to General Jiminez, for whom it was intended, and may cause him to lose the ground he had already gained. The attack on Santiago De Los Caballeros had been fixed for Sunday.

The German steamer Altonburg was here on Monday. The revolutionists did not permit her to discharge cargo at this port.

Washington, Dec. 9.—Drastic measures will be taken by the United States government to end the anarchy in San Domingo. Continued violation of international law, destruction of American property and disregard of foreign interests have convinced the officials that affairs there can be best improved by force. Its handling has been turned over to the navy and Admiral Wise has been given wide latitude in the protection of American interests. It is believed that Admiral Wise already has taken steps to obtain an apology and full reparation for the firing on the New York.

NO WHITE MAN ALLOWED.

Towns in Indian Territory That Are Peopled Exclusively by Negroes.

Indian Territory has several exclusive negro towns. One is called Rentiville, after one of the promoters, and is located fifteen miles south of Muskogee, on the Missouri, Kansas & Texas railroad. The Creek nation has a number of other negro towns, among them being one known as Wildcat. It is a government townsite. Everything in the place is the property of colored people. The people of no other race are allowed to settle there. It is said by those acquainted with the place that if an occasional white person chances to come in on business or otherwise, the word is soon passed around to him: "White man, don't let the sun go down on you here." A hint is all that is necessary.

Another negro town is Wybark, located on the Kansas river, at the point where the Oklahoma branch of the Missouri, Kansas & Texas railroad leaves the main line north of Muskogee. This place is a shacktown, and is well known to commercial men making the territory. By many it is regarded as "upper tendom" in colored society, on account of the location of a negro academy within a short distance.—Kansas City Journal.

The Four Travelers—The Proletariat; Also St. Peter.

By CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS.

By special arrangement with the New York Herald.

APLUTOCRAT, an aristocrat, a scientist and a pugilist found themselves traveling together. They were all of a size, each one was inclined to be arrogant, and while they were outwardly polite to each other there was not a man among them who did not look down upon the other three.

And a proletariat walked afar off beneath the contempt of any one of them.

In the course of their journeylings the four entered into a great building devoted to trade and full of men of business, who as soon as they saw the plutocrat began bowing to him and asked him to come and take the highest seat. "For," said they, "you began with one cent and now you have a thousand millions."

The aristocrat sniffed, the scientist sneered and the pugilist snorted, but there was no doubt of it that if every dog has his day the plutocrat was now having his.

But the proletariat walked afar off beneath the contempt of any one of them.

After a season they left the hall of the men of trade and traveled to an antique Colonial mansion, which they entered. And here the aristocrat took precedence, and, while the other three were treated with civility, it was he to whom the honors were paid. "For," said one, "his line runs back for many generations, traced in the bluest blood."

And the plutocrat said: "Why, I can buy him out."

And they bowed the plutocrat out.

The pugilist jeered audibly at the family pretensions and he also was asked to go outside.

The scientist sneered to himself, but he was suffered to remain, for an ancestor of the aristocrat had been a patron of a scientist of the fifteenth century, and there was a tradition in the family that it was quite the proper thing to condescend to science.

Now the scientist was plainly bored at the rigid etiquette and ceremony of the place, and after a time he rejoined his companions, who were waiting outside, and in a little while the aristocrat came out also, being of a restless temperament and loving travel.

But the proletariat walked afar off, beneath the contempt of any one of them.

It so happened that in their travels they came to a university and all four entered it.

And now it was the scientist who was honored and was invited to a chair, the chair of learning. Whereat the pugilist openly scoffed.

And he went out—with undergraduate help.

For in those days pugilism had not been recognized as one of the fine arts.

And the plutocrat said: "What's the matter with my giving a million dollars to this institution? I guess my name will then last as long as that of the scientist."

But he was not a good guesser.

The aristocrat said: "I understand the reason for these honors to our good friend the scientist. What a pity the fellow has not blood as well as brains."

And the proletariat walked afar off, beneath the contempt of any one of them.

After a time they took up their travels again and came to a great stadium where games and trials of strength were in progress. And it was free to all in honor of the birthday of the ruler of that country. Yes, even the proletariat was there!

The pugilist had begun to swagger as soon as he had come in sight of the stadium, and when the multitude saw him they let forth great cheers, and said, "Make way for the only champion!" And he took a seat of honor, glad that his three companions had lived to see this day.

But the scientist drew back in disgust, and marveled that the world should worship brawn.

As for the plutocrat, he said, "I could give every man in this crowd a thousand dollars and never notice it."

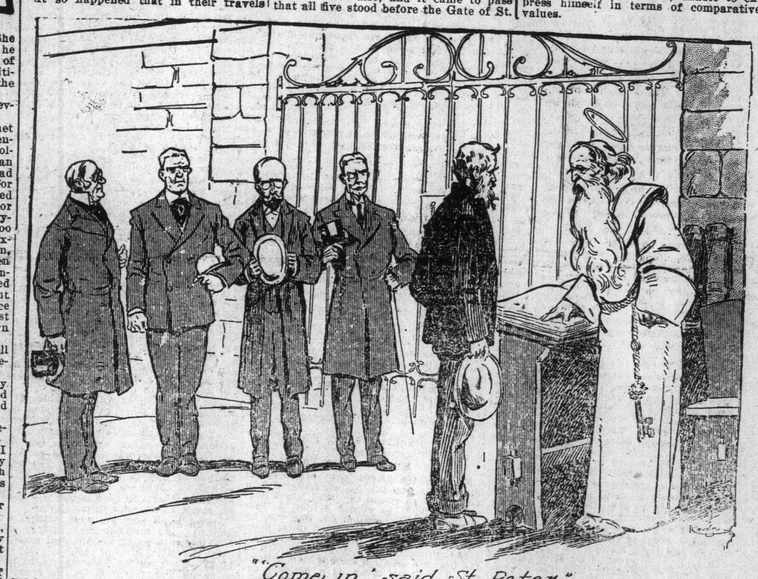
But he didn't do it.

The aristocrat was once more in his element, and proceeded to patronize the pugilist, and took him off to introduce him to some of his titled friends. For it is known that for ages the Blueloods have patronized sport.

On a sudden a great outcry arose in the stadium. Smoke was seen, and cries of fire were heard, and men rushed hither and thither, and the crowd swayed backward and forward, seized with a panic that each moment grew more wild. And in the thick of the crush was the proletariat, who was as poor as the pugilist and as innocent of music as the scientist and as destitute of blood as the plutocrat and as weak of intellect as the aristocrat.

But being a brave man he stood his ground undaunted and called upon the crowd to stop its mad rushing, and his voice was charged with magnetism, so that the crowd obeyed him and a great disaster was averted. But he himself was crushed to death.

That night the other four were summoned hence also, and it came to pass that all five stood before the Gate of St. Peter, who asked each one in turn to give an account of himself.



"Come in, said St. Peter."

Said the pugilist, "I've knocked out more men than any prize fighter who ever lived."

"Stand aside," said St. Peter, sternly, looking toward the nethermost regions.

"I," said the scientist, "gave my whole life to the propagation of the theory that an apple cannot rise from the grass to a tree on account of the law of gravitation."

"How did that benefit humanity," asked St. Peter.

"I was not thinking of humanity," said the scientist.

"Stand aside," said St. Peter.

The aristocrat advanced with beribboned cap in hand and, bowing, said:

"There is no doubt that I will be admitted. I am Percival Blueblood, patron of learning and the fancy and a gentleman. Please direct me to the bath."

"Stand aside," said St. Peter.

Then the plutocrat advanced and said:

"I am the richest man in the world and I want an extra commodious suite. I have done a great deal of good with my money since I turned fifty."

"How many people blessed you for the way you made your money in the first place?" asked St. Peter.

"Well, to tell the exact trust—as a man ought to do at such a time as this—I was cursed not a little in my early years, but I gave a hundred thou"—

"Stand aside," said St. Peter.

Last of all came the proletariat, who said:

"What are the qualifications, St. Peter?"

And St. Peter said:

"How far can you trace your ancestry back?"

"I do not know of a certainty who my father was."

"Umph!" said St. Peter. "How much wisdom have you absorbed?"

"I never went to school."

"Worse and worse," said St. Peter. "How many men have you knocked out in the arena or in business?"

"I am afraid I never knocked any one out. I tried to keep within my rights and meddled with no one. I lacked initiative. I am afraid."

"Umph!" said St. Peter. "Well, how much money have you given to the poor?"

"I had none to give. I tried to make it up by"—

St. Peter interrupted him: "How about that time you quelled the panic at the stadium?"

"Oh! that wasn't anything! Any one would have done that."

"How is that?" said St. Peter, addressing the four who had been told to stand aside.

"He was worth a hundred men that day," said the plutocrat, unable to express himself in terms of comparative values.

"He showed a self-sacrifice worthy of a scientist," said the man of learning.

"He acted like a thoroughbred," said the aristocrat.

"He was a man, all right," said the pugilist, holding out his hand to the pauper.

"Come in," said St. Peter to the proletariat, who left his companions and entered in.

"We might as well continue our journey together," said the aristocrat, with a shrug of his shoulders.

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