

boy, for the horse had a fairly large, square box attached to each foot.

"They look like Saratoga trunks," I remarked. "Who's to drive him, Duncan?"

"This young gentleman is my jockey; you know how to win a race, don't you, sonny?"

"You bet—" began the boy, when Foster, in a smart yellow sulkey, came plunging down upon us at full gallop.

"Am I late?" said he, checking his framework's mad career, and jumping down.

"Not a bit. Are you going to drive yourself?"

"No, dear boy. Alec Meloy has promised me—here he comes."

Meloy was a professional driver; a tall, taciturn Canuck, with sleepy eyes, high cheekbones, and a skin tanned to a dark mahogany color. He got slowly from his buggy, and tied his horse to the fence.

"Wal," he remarked, looking at "Rattler," "that's the kind o' horse to run his head agin a brick wall and not mind it!" He then paid me the compliment of saying that "Cockney" was a dandy, and fit to hang on your watch chain.