



GEORGE STEWART, Jr.]

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GOLD and TINSEL.

BY ARTHUR ARCHER.

CHAPTER II.

Charles Rivers was seated at his desk in his snug little office in the village, having just closed the review of an important point of law to which he had been giving his attention. He looked at his watch, it was just four. The hours of business were over; and Charles Rivers was quite as punctual in leaving at the proper hour as he was in arriving. He was just about turning the key in his office door, when Dr. Bland rede up to it.

"Hullo! Leamuel, where the deuce have you been? Your horse looks as much splashed with mud as if he had been over Sackville marsh!"

"I have not been to the deuce, my good Charlie," replied the doctor; "but I have been riding for life and death to see a man in Nappan, who injured himself badly by falling from the roof of a house; and I thought as I was coming home I'd just turn in your way to see if you would not come over and take a quiet cup of tea with me.

By-the-by, I'd like to know what sort of time that new mare of yours makes in the sulky. They say she is fast: though as you have had her so short a time, I suppose you have never tested her speed."

"I have, though; and I tell you what it is, she makes the dust fly when there is any wind,—at other times the mud.

What do you think of 2.43 and that on an ordinary road?"

"Impossible."

"Fact; but I'll yoke her up, and show you how she drives. That catering rascal of yours will have to be spry if he means to keep alongside of me."

Charles Rivers started for the stable at the hotel where his horse was, and was soon driving his fast trotter out towards his house at a tre-

mendous pace, the doctor galloping alongside, and keeping up a rapid conversation with him.

The doctor had for some time been on excellent terms with Charles Rivers, and many did not hesitate to call them fast friends. This was, however, scarcely correct. There was, perhaps, too much difference in their tastes and habits to make them so; but still they had a very high respect for each other.

Of late, the doctor had been particularly friendly, and he and Charles were now very frequently together, and seemed to seek each other's society. This was only one of the frequent occasions in which the doctor was in the habit of inviting Rivers to his house.

"Pull up, Charlie, or you will kill that beast of yours," exclaimed Dr. Bland, after they had proceeded rapidly for some distance. "A merciful man, &c.; you know the rest."

"I hate texts, but that is no reason why I should kill my mare; so, 'pull up' is the word."

"That beast trots famously. I am not so sure, but your timing was correct. I have not seen a trotter for many a day that stood old Rambler such a tough gallop as your's has done to-day."

"Did you ever see her match?"

"I think I have one that is almost her equal."

"Where?"

"In my stable. He is a new beast; just got him to-day. He is said to be very fast."

"Where did you get him?"

"He was brought from Annapolis for me. Perhaps you would like to try him."

"Yes, I would."

"Very well, we'll have him put in the sulky when we get to the house, and you can see what there is in him."

As soon as the friends got to the stable they went to have a look at the horse, and even Charlie who was a critic in such matters could find no fault with him. There he stood,—a tall, straight-looking horse, full seventeen hands and coal-black, without a single white hair.

"Is not he a beauty?" said the doctor.

Charles could only echo the sentiment.

When tea was over, Dr. Bland called his man and told him to put the new horse in the sulky and bring him to the door.