



GEORGE STEWART, Jr.,

"MULTUM IN PARVO."

[EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.]

VOL. 2. NO. 24.]

ST. JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, MAY, 1867.

[PRICE 5 CTS.]

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE "GAZETTE."

GOLD and TINSEL.

BY ARTHUR ARCHER.

CHAPTER V.

(Concluded).

The means by which Dr. Bland resolved to destroy his rival, Charles Rivers, were after all much the same as a mere ordinary assassin might have chosen. He resolved many plots in his mind, but none of them seemed suitable for the circumstances of the case; for it was above all things necessary that no shade of suspicion should be cast on him. He determined to poison Charles Rivers but in such a way that it might appear that he had died of disease of the heart, or some such sudden visitation. Being the only medical man in the vicinity, he trusted that if an investigation took place and an inquest were held, that he, being a friend of the family, and altogether above suspicion, would be called on to make the post-mortem examination, and that he could give such evidence as would suit his own purposes. In any case he knew that none of the resident practitioners of the county were sufficiently well up in that branch of medical science to detect the presence of the subtle poison which he intended to use for it was a vegetable extract of his own discovering, of so deadly a character that the person taking it died instantly, and without any of those frightful contortions which make some poisons so terrible in their operation. He determined that on the very first occasion when Charles should visit him he would carry out the dreadful plot which he had been maturing, and for this purpose he had a preparation of this poison made and placed in the bottom of a wine glass whenever the fatal visit should be made. This glass was locked in the wine-closet of his room, and was destined to be the last draught of its victim.

The morning of the wedding day dawned, but Dr. Bland had as yet had no opportunity of carrying out his dark design,—for with wise forethought he determined to use no noticeable

means to bring Charles to his house, knowing that in the course of a few days he would certainly call as was his custom. The wedding passed off as pleasantly as could be desired,—the house was filled with guests—the bridegroom was as is usual all smiles—and the bride all blushes—the old people were sedate and merry—and the young people noisy and mirthful. Dr. Bland was there, and like a cold-hearted hypocrite preserved a pleasant, conventional, outward smile. No one could have suspected that under that specious and smooth surface lurked the cold heart and treacherous soul of an assassin. The world is bad enough and vile enough at all times, yet it is but seldom it has been polluted by the presence of a reptile so vile as Dr. Bland.

About a week after the marriage the opportunity for which Dr. Bland was waiting came. He was sitting in his room as he had sat for days before, waiting the coming of his victim, when he desisted him riding towards the house. In a few seconds he was seated beside him in his room.

Dr. Bland was never more cordial in his greeting, or more friendly than he was on this occasion when he was plotting against the life of his guest. He congratulated him on his happiness, and with such an air of sincerity that Charles could not help a feeling of increased regard for him in turn. After some conversation about indifferent topics Dr. Bland said:—

"Come, let us drink the health of your lady, I have some excellent port here which cannot be put to a better use. I generally abstain altogether from wine, you know, but in festival seasons like this, it is quite another matter."

"Well," said Charles, I have no objections. But if there is any virtue in drinking healths mine should be excellent for the remainder of my life."

Dr. Bland went to the closet and took out two glasses and a bottle of port. Raising the glass containing the poison he filled it with wine and laid it on the table beside Charles. Filling another, he set it in front of his own seat. At that instant, strong and firm of purpose as he was, his heart failed him, and he felt that he