

**GOLD THAT DID
NOT
GLITTER. A NOVEL**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649220649

Gold that did not glitter. A novel by Virgilius Dabney

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

VIRGINIUS DABNEY

**GOLD THAT DID
NOT
GLITTER. A NOVEL**

GOLD
THAT DID NOT GLITTER.

A NOVEL.

BY
VIRGINIUS DABNEY,
AUTHOR OF "DON MIPP."

PHILADELPHIA:
J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY.
1889.

PS
1499
D48
G6

Copyright, 1889, by VIRGINIUS DABNEY.



GOLD THAT DID NOT GLITTER.

I.

HE was One of the Finest.

And whenever he swung jauntily along his beat, carelessly twirling his persuasive locust, house-maids ceased, for a moment, polishing window-panes, baby-carriages stood still, cooks peered through basement windows. For the brass buttons stood high on his bold chest, and the blue cloth lay flat and smooth on his broad back. Trim was his moustache, too, elastic his tread, and the roses on his cheeks made a pretty contrast with the azure of his laughing eyes.

But, although he was considerably under thirty years of age, Delany's figure had al-

4 *Gold that did not Glitter.*

ready begun to hint that he was not to escape the fate of policemen; for already had grace of outline begun to give way to solidity of form. So he puffed a little as he mounted the flight of steps that lead from the river level to the terrace which overlooks East River at the foot of Fifty-First Street. When he reached the topmost step, or, rather, the one next the last, he gave a good strong puff, and, leaning on the parapet, cast his eye carelessly up the street.

Night had fallen, though somewhat prematurely; for black clouds veiled the sky, from which was floating down, flake by flake, the first snow of the season.

There were not many people on the street,—here a man stalking home to his dinner, there a woman scuttling along to save her new winter bonnet. Blocks away a lamplighter hurried from post to post. In the nearer distance a messenger boy sauntered, whistling.

All these the professional eye of the officer took in at a glance, lingering, however, upon one figure,—that of a young man who approached with bent head, and staggering from side to side.

Definitions are proverbially difficult. A hundred philologists will give you a hundred equivalents of the simple word drunk, for example; their wives a hundred more. For the definition of this word, as of others of an objuratory tendency, is apt to be a sort of etymological lasso, of which you hold one end while the other nooses your friend.

But a policeman is not a philologist. A man of action, rather; and, as such, he has adopted, in reference to what constitutes drunkenness, a very simple working hypothesis: if a man falls half a dozen times in one block and rises after each tumble, whose business is it? Men, meeting him, may smile, women shrink, affrighted, against the wall, troops of boys follow in his zigzag wake,

jeering joyously; but the guardian of the peace sees him not. But let him fall once too often,—fall and rise not,—and he straightway becomes a professional fact.

So Delany, rested now, takes the last step of the stone stairway, and goes sauntering up the street, carelessly twitching the leathern thong of his club, with head thrown back and eyes fixed on the lowering clouds above.

About forty or fifty feet from the terrace is a lamp. Under this the two men met; and although Delany, with his eyes riveted upon the clouds, swerved considerably to the right, a sudden lurch of his *vis-à-vis* brought their shoulders together. Even so, the stalwart officer, with a momentary glance to the left, was passing on without a word.

"I beg your pardon," said the young man, quickly; and then, raising his eyes and seeing that a policeman stood before him, he staggered back with a troubled look.

A flash of interrogation swept across the roundsman's intelligent face as he heard the words and saw the look.

The two men bowed and passed on.

But Delany had lost his interest in the sky. With head bent forward and pursed brows, he moved slowly forward. Presently he stopped, and, half turning in his tracks, looked back over his shoulder. The young man was doing the same thing, and their eyes met. Each quickly turned and moved forward again.

But something was on the policeman's mind; for he had not gone forward five paces before he stopped again, and stood still, meditatively tapping the snow-clad pavement with his club. Suddenly he wheeled about and fixed his eyes upon the retreating figure. He watched it for a moment, then moved forward two or three steps, then halted again, then a few more steps in advance; till, presently, coming to a decision apparently, he threw