

**GOLD SHOD**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649238781

Gold shod by Newton Fuessle

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**NEWTON FUESSLE**

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By Newton Fuessle

Author of "The Flail"

1921  
P. 243

**BONI AND LIVERIGHT**  
PUBLISHERS NEW YORK

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Dedicated variously to my friends and publishers,  
Horace B. Liveright and Clarence Britten, who have  
advised with me tirelessly; to the late Frank G.  
Hancock, who moves through some of these pages;  
to Cyrus Lauron Hooper, who wanted me to write  
a story of divided aims; to George Wm. Sweney  
and to Milton Fuesle.



*His steed it is gold shod and crested with silver.*

*His cloak it is long and its lining is silken.*

*Oh ay, 'tis the guiltless must smart, said the devil.*

PEER GYNT.

**BOOK ONE**  
**THE STRINGS**

# GOLD SHOD

## CHAPTER I

TOWARD the close of a cool afternoon of March, a travel-stained top-buggy drawn by a smartly stepping black mare, rolled with an air of importance into the outskirts of Elyria, Ohio. The driver was a man of about fifty, and there were pinches of gray in his pointed brown beard and moustache. On the seat beside him was a black leather valise containing his obstetrical instruments and medicines. An air of melancholy brooded over his strong features; he nodded gravely in reply to the greetings of several passers-by; the whole town knew Dr. Anton Glinden.

The country doctor listened vaguely to the drumming of the mare's hoof-beats, cushioned by the damp road. He gazed moodily at the streaks of soiled snow that lay alongside the road, sullen souvenirs of the Ohio winter. He scanned the hickories and beech-trees in vain for signs of spring. His glance ascended to the slate-hued clouds that crossed the path of the sun and gave the skies the appearance of tarnished silver.

A stream of somber musing bore him back over the life he had lived. He thought of his harsh boyhood on a Pennsylvania farm, with the ignorant peasant uncle who had brought him up, and the nest of ill-remembered aunts. He clenched a mental hand and shook a mental fist at the memory of those dead. The farm from which he had just come and something about the sordid childbirth which he had attended lugged these disturbing memories nearer.

As he drove past Elyria's familiar opera house, hotel,