

**A LITERARY COURTSHIP
UNDER THE AUSPICES
OF PIKE'S PEAK**

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A Literary Courtship Under the Auspices of Pike's Peak by Anna Fuller

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ANNA FULLER

**A LITERARY COURTSHIP
UNDER THE AUSPICES
OF PIKE'S PEAK**

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

PRATT PORTRAITS: Sketched in a New England
Suburb. 16mo \$1.00

"A good book, this, in its cool brown linen cover, to take away to the mountains or seashore, or to put into the satchel, for the long journey, as our copy goes."—*The Literary World*.

"Abounding in humor of a quaint and refreshing quality, crisp and palatable from its unforced originality, there are also hidden springs of pathos which contribute to the beauty of the author's work."—*Rochester Herald*.

A Literary Courtship

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF
PIKE'S PEAK

BY

Anna fuller

'T is but the fancy of an idle hour,
Shut in betwixt the pages of a book.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS

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1912

TO
K. D. H.

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A LITERARY COURTSHIP.

I.

THE POW-WOW.

JOHN BRUNT was a lucky fellow — is still for the matter of that. Everybody knows his books; that capital volume of *Travels at the South Pole*, the two series of essays on *The Modern Wherewithal*, and his *Reign of Louis XI*, which all the historical bigwigs have sanctioned. From the outset, Brunt was blessed with that happiest of combinations, a moderate income and a taste for

literature. Now literature, as has been often observed, is a first-rate thing, if you have an income to back it up with, but for a poor devil out at elbows pecuniarily, like some of us, writing books is about as practical an occupation as keeping a yacht.

John was a great fellow for a discussion, and was never satisfied till he had proved his point. It is my opinion that if he had hazarded the statement that a fairly good pedestrian could walk from Maine to Oregon in so and so many weeks, he would have been ready to perform the feat for the sake of the argument. Luckily, that particular question never came up, for we should have missed John badly at the Pow-wow. Pretty good name for a debating club, by the way. Harry Flint christened it. Flint is a capital fellow, only he insists upon making puns, and his are so much better than anything anybody else can do in that line, that we find them rather a bore.

One night, at the Pow-wow, Hanley