

CUPID, TYPEWRITER.

THE LOVE GOD IN A NEW OCCUPATION.

I

Mrs. Virginia Stillwell, of New York, to Dr. Thomas Barton, of Chicago:

My Dear Dr. Barton—I am writing to express my daughter's appreciation of the beautiful roses you sent her the day you started for Chicago. She would be very glad to thank you personally but for a sad accident which has deprived her, for a time at least, of the use of her right hand. It is a burn—how serious we do not yet know. Needless to say, it is having the very best of care, though I have found myself wishing more than once that you were a burn specialist.

It is very painful, of course, but I think your roses have helped her bear it. With kindest regards, in which my daughter joins me, I am,

Sincerely yours, Virginia Stillwell.

II

Dr. Barton to Mrs. Stillwell:

My Dear Mrs. Stillwell—Thank you very much for your kindness in writing to me. I am greatly distressed by the news of Miss Helen's accident, and sincerely hope that it may not prove serious. I can fully understand your anxiety, and I very much esteem your thought of me in the midst of it. As the roses have proved beneficial, I think I may safely lay claim to being something more than a nerve specialist, and I shall repeat the treatment at the first opportunity. I am writing to Miss Helen in the hope of cheering her up.

Very cordially yours, Thomas Barton.

III

Dr. Barton to Miss Stillwell:

My Dear Miss Stillwell—I have just had a note from your mother, telling me of your sad accident. Believe me, I am deeply grieved by the occurrence, and am tempted to return instantly to New York. But a young man and a struggling practice, particularly in special lines, admits of no desertion, otherwise I should be doing my best to make the hours pass more cheerfully for you.

I have wired to a florist in New York to send you roses every morning until your hand is quite healed—for I know nothing more like a rose than my little friend in New York—and I hope you will accept them with the best wishes of

Your friend, Thomas Barton.

IV

Miss Stillwell to Dr. Barton:

Dear Dr. Barton—Mamma is writing for me, as you doubtless perceive, though I don't know that you ever saw any of the scrawls I call my "writing". Indeed I will accept the roses with pleasure, for the time is very long indeed; and those which came this morning will give me a whole day of happiness. Thanking you for your kind thought of me, I am,

Sincerely yours, Helen Stillwell.

V

My Dear Miss Stillwell—It must be hard for so active a girl as yourself to be kept from doing the things she likes best to do, and thinking of this has led me to take the liberty of providing something for your amusement.

I have a friend in New York who has the agency for the Marigold typewriter, and I have written him to lend you a

new machine. I have told him you would like to try it for a month or so, and, perhaps, after you had learned to use it, you might wish to keep it.

It will be sent to you at once, and you can write all you please with your left hand. I hope you will not deny me the pleasure of doing this small thing for you—and I should like to have some of the letters you will write on it sent to me. Very truly your friend, Thomas Barton.

VI

deRe DR BaRton

The typewrtr hass come asyou(See & I am wRItnng mt frsletter on iT TO you... I was nor Down STIrs yet when it cpmeso Mamma learned how to Use it FrOm the MAN. She puty the paer in it † for me and I write on it & turn the CranLK with my left hand) †t had nO ideaa typeRlchTTing was so eassy and Plea(ant i do not wonder that so MaNNy gir(s lea5v their ho9eS for the Tpwritqr in OFFices it i\$ so simp4e there seemsto be no nEed for for Bu\$ine\$ collegess.? My han)is much better now but the Dr. Thin's theE4 ma7 ha2e to grafft new skin on it frrom my fred\$;shah find out who my fRIendes a&e i would ONt want7to be pealled up for ver many peoplE. I am tired of thee typewrqr now \$so good bye from your fr9d.

helEn StillWell9

VIII

My Dear Miss Helen:

I am delighted with your letter and shall always keep it. Typewriting is, as you say, very easy and pleasant, and when every one learns as easily as you do, there will be no need for business colleges. I am astonished that you should do so well the first time, and with your left hand at that; yet you are so accomplished in so many ways that I should not be surprised—that is, really surprised at anything you chose to do.

Do you remember what a delightful time we had only three weeks ago, when we rode up the Riverside Drive? There is no time like the autumn for wheeling, is there? And here I am in Chicago, waiting for patients who do not come, and my little friend is suffering with a bad burn.

If there is any grafting to be done, Miss Helen, I will come to New York and submit to the operation gladly, since it is for you. Much better results are to be had when all the skin is taken from the same person, and you may tell your physician that one person is ready to supply it all. It is not in the least painful—cocaine, you know, and that sort of thing—and I may have to go to New York anyway. So please consider that question settled and let me know when I am needed. Upon my soul! there comes a patient! Au revoir.

Ever yours, T. B.

VIII

Dear D5 BaRton?

I am very much touched by You8 o44er to come to New 3ok and bee grAFFTdiknowtheremust besome PAIn connte3 with the operation and it is NoBLE and gejjerous of you to subMit to it for Me. I cannot accte ty Jacrifi Ze even iff is neceSXary for somebody to 3e cut up the roses com3 every day and iam more gratefull than words can espre\$8 you are the only friend that pa6s any atte7tion () my Burnabd I shall always reMemer it gratfuly9 yours gratfully He?9en \$ystellwel.

IX

My Dear Little Girl:

Nothing that I could do for you would be entitled to the name of sacrifice, since it would be a selfish pleasure. There is absolutely no pain connected with the operation of skin grafting, and it is simplicity itself. If it has to be done to your pretty, dimpled hand, I

want to help. It will be no deprivation—I have any amount of skin, and can spare it just as well as not. Please, Mistress Helen, let me do it!

Yours always, T. B.

X

Dear D.2artPm

I have cRIed ovver your ltrr till I ca44oy hardly see the typericbter. I was bGinNINH to think I had no frieDS? nobody comes to seememamma Had to gO to Ab Albany and I am all alone except for PaPa and he doessest caR3 how much my haCd hurtx i dojy believx tha& wil ha ve to graft butt I shall always remEMb er your kind offr5 I am so lonesome and nob8iy care7 and my head aches.

Sinxerylours

HeLe? StilL3el?

P. S. Don't you thin8 I am imprO5ing in my typwritng????

XI

My Very Dear Helen:

Your letter has touched me very much more than mine could possibly have touched you, and my heart aches for the poor little girl who is so bravely bearing her suffering alone. You have certainly improved very much in your typewriting—even the most critical could not wish for anything more mechanically perfect than your last letter.

You don't know how happy it makes me to have you tell me your troubles and to feel that you trust me. I care, Helen, whenever the slightest thing perplexes or pains you, and I would gladly share your burden, or relieve you of it entirely.

I am sure we shall be better friends than ever now; and won't you call me Tom and let me call you Helen? This is only a note, for I have a lecture at the college, and am late now.

Devotedly your friend, Tom.

XII

Deartom thank you foy your sym-PATHiit makes me braver;;the han9 is very muxk jetter and they havvent got to gradt, but of course itt hurts and keeps me awkesometimes I cr7 a l night quith the pain of it.. I done see what has becoMe of all my friend\$ you are the only one now that gaRe\$ what 4ochMMes od me. I dont care about the OtTheres but I hope you will always LOke me.

HEln\$"

XIII

My Sweet Little Helen:

Of course, I shall always love you. Why need you express a doubt of it? I wanted to tell you before I came away, but I dared not, and now your woman's heart has guessed it—of course you shall have it always. I am terribly rushed, but will write again soon.

Lovingly, Tom.

XIV

Mr. Thomas BarTon\$

Dear Sir;

It is NEadles to say your letter has very much astonished me. I think you must be Crazyienclose yourMeTTr so you4 can see whaT you wrot3 to a helpe\$\$(guff righ GI2L.

I do not care to EVEx hear from you AGAne. If you will please return my ltrr\$ and st8p the ROies from coming I shall be Gratly indebtde to you.

yours very truly, Helen StiLLwell.

XV

My Dear Miss Stillwell:

I have just read your amazing letter. I do not see what there is in my note, which you enclosed, to call forth anything like this. You wrote that you did not care for the others, but you hoped that I would always "loke" you, and I supposed you meant "love" you.

Of course, I am not such a fool as to

think you meant anything but fun, and I wrote in the same spirit—to cheer you up. I see now that it was not just the thing to write, even with fun in mind, but I was terribly rushed, and I thought you would understand.

I return your note, to which the offending one was an answer, and if you insist, the others will follow. But I hope you are too sensible a girl to think I meant an insult, and with all my heart I ask you to forgive me.

There is no woman in the world whom I honor and respect more than I do you, and no one, man or woman, the loss of whose friendship would be so great a blow. With assurances of my profound regret, I am,

Very sincerely,

Thomas Barton.

XVI

My dear Tom;

After reading my own noTe I do not wonder that you wrote as you DiD; and of course I forgive you I 5eany to write LIKE and I do not wonder that youmisse4ool. It was all the fault of the maShins bu I am taking grat pains now to makl m9 tyPeKichT Tng perfect I see now your NOte was onl fUn.

Yours,

Helen.

XVII

My Dear Helen:

You are an angel to forgive me for my foolish stupidity. It was all my fault, and I do not want you to blame yourself in the least. Yet I must take the risk of losing you.

When I sent my last letter to you, Helen, I realized in a single, painful instant what you are to me. If you had not forgiven me for my foolish blunder, I should have dropped my practice and gone to New York to plead with you, and I think, Helen, for you.

It seems a little thing to say, but my whole heart is in it—I love you. I have not much to offer you, but all I have is yours, and ever will be.

Words do not come easily to night—I have written this a dozen times and then destroyed it. It is only this, Helen—I love you—love you—love you!

T.

XVIII

My dear Tom;

I am very muchh surprised but I cannot say I am DIeplese4. MaMMa says I am tZo young to be engaGed and She made me promise I wil not Get enGaged nor give aNNy ma4 any hOpe so I mustt not till I am 22, but [l quil NEVE" marr aftybod'y but you.

Helen.

P. S. Can I kepe the typeWRchtter???

H.

Town Topics.

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