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THE LOVE LETTERS OF AN AMERICAN MAN.

I.

HOTEL MARLBOROUGH,
April 11, 1900.

MY DEAREST: Up at five-forty this morning. Asked the Magnificent Night Clerk for mail. He said, "None till eight." Got a shave. Asked the M. N. C. again, time six o'clock. He said, "No mail for two hours." Read the paper and got breakfast. Met Talboys; he is the fellow I told you of. At seven-fifty-five I slipped away from him and asked M. N. C. for letters. This time he got mad. Finally, at eight-fifteen, received yours of yesterday, and now, at eight-forty-five, am answering it.

You're the dearest, sweetest, loveliest lady in the land, and when I get this Trust formed I'm coming home to tell you so. Yours, AMOS.

II.

April 12, 1900.

LOVING: I'm afraid I'm settled here for some few days more. Chester came up from Richmond. He's fearfully down on trusts, but Talboys and I are putting up a stiff jolly.

I'm glad you're going out a bit. Have all the fun you can. The flowers aren't anything; you know I love to send them.

Chester's a nice fellow. He knows your people. Talk him up to them and see if he goes.

It's almost midnight and I'm dead. Talked myself hoarse today, but Chester held off. Expect Dennis, of Dennis Harvey company, tomorrow. Hope he'll have some effect on Chester.

Do you know how much I love you? O my love, my love, how did a gentle little lady like you pick up with a rough old fellow like me?

Always yours,
AMOS.

III.

April 13, 1900.

DEAREST: Fearfully upset at not hearing from you all day. Wonder if you're ill. Telegraph me if you are, or if you need me, and I'll drop all and go to you. You're first always.

Only time for these few lines. Dennis, Talboy, Chester, Plymton and I meet in a few minutes for a terrible struggle. Iron *must* consolidate.

I love you, love you, love you. If I don't get a letter from you in the morning I'll wire you for news,

Yours,
AMOS.

IV.

April 14, 1900.

SWEET: Glad to hear from you today. Sorry to learn your mother'd been ill. Glad she's better. Don't hesitate to use the horses.

Awful day yesterday; we talked iron all day, Chester stiff as the deuce. We must get him in or all will come to nothing. He's sent for his partner, Carrol, so I'll have to wait till next week, I'm afraid.

Give my regrets to your mother, and don't work too hard taking care of her.

I'm so lonesome for you I don't know what to do. Glad you liked the ring. I saw it here and it reminded me of you, my pearl. Your

AMOS,

V.

April 15, 1900.

MY GIRL: Iron still as hard as ever. Carroll due tomorrow, and I hope he'll make Chester come, It makes me ill to think of the inducements we've offered that fellow.

We haven't done much all day—much business I mean. I slept all morning and certainly was disappointed not to hear from you this afternoon. Chester and I went out to look at the Western Foundry. I liked his way of looking at things, so after dinner I asked him to come down to my room for a smoke. I must be getting soft, I think, for presently I got on your people and then on you. It seems he knows you; he told me that you and he had a summer together in the mountains. Somehow I showed him your picture, and I couldn't help seeing, dear girl, that he's been in love with you, and I can't help seeing that he loves you now. I've been envying him his good looks and youth and money and—well, I felt old and rough alongside of him, but now, now I've got what he, with all that, couldn't get, why, I'm as happy and proud as a prince. He's a good fellow and I don't see why, but I suppose you had your reasons.

Let me hear from you regularly, dearie, or I'll come home.

Ever,
AMOS.

VI.

April 16, 1900—2 P. M.

DEARIE: I'm so tired I ache, but I can't let twenty-four hours pass without some message to my darling.

Still no word from you. How can you treat me so? I've read your last little note fifty times, I think.

Awful day with Talboys, Chester and Carroll. We're succeeding, but it's hollow to me since I've had no word from you.

O my darling, I'm afraid I've been too happy. Your loving

AMOS.

VII.

April 17, 1900—Noon.

MY DARLING: Your letter came just now, and I'm the happiest man in the world. When there was no letter in the morning mail I made up my mind I'd cut home if none came at noon.

Sorry your mother was so ill; had no idea it was so serious; but now that she has a nurse, you'll have time to write me every day, please, if it's only a line.

Dearie, thank you for telling me about Chester. So you guessed he loved you, but he never told you. I wonder why! Well, I'm glad. You might have found him more attractive than me. There, I don't mean that, dearie.

Yesterday was a magnificent success, and now that I've heard from you, I can care about it. Chester's come in, and after a few busy days over detail I'll be home—Friday, I hope.

Talboys is waiting, so must stop. How happy I am, and all through you.

Ever yours,
AMOS.

VIII.

April 18, 1900.

DEAR LITTLE ONE: Day after tomorrow I'll be with you, dearest. Won't it be great? How the time drags! Spent all day talking over ways and means. Talboys is with me. Dennis and Plymton are crafty and think Chester and Carrol' are getting too much; they talk of wanting to freeze out Chester and Carroll, but I can't see it; it won't be a go if we aren't all together. It's a big thing, dearie, and I'm proud of it, for it's all me.

Got you a souvenir of it. It's a stunner, and we'll call it your "Iron Consolidation tiara," your diamond beyond diamonds! And I'll be with you soon, dearie, and tell you for myself all I think of you.

I've been waiting for a letter all day, little one; you oughtn't to treat me so. I suppose you're working yourself to death over your mother. Can't the

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