To: Paul Lawrence Dunbar
Library of Congress

[Apr. 4, 1898]

Monday night. – Brooklyn

Heart of mine, – I know you have wondered why I have not sent you that war ballad. Well, I cant find it anywhere. As soon as I get a chance I am going up to Budd's and see if its there, and then the dearest hubby in the world shall have it.

Dear the only good thing I can say about to-day is that it is gone and I am nearer to you. Will the time ever come? I cant sleep any more for eagerness. I am awake early thinking – "Twelve more days!" I have a thousand things I want to say to you – a thousand kisses I want to give you – a thousand caresses I want to bestow upon you. Really, I did not think I loved you so – did not dream that I could ever be so impatient to see and kiss you. I believe you have bewitched me. for I am not myself any more – just another strange creature, hungering, palpitating, longing for a husband's kisses and tender care and love. Dear I am going to try so hard to be the best wife imaginable – and I know I'm going to be the best

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one you ever had.

Apropos – How is Rebekah?

Tell me all the news about our home. How are matters progressing – and how is mother? Give her my love.

Baby sends kisses to Uncle Paul. She is deeply absorbed in a very abstruse thesis, at present, as becomes a Boston young lady, but removes her glasses long enough to send "an osculating embrace to my relative who is a member of the family, not by consanguinity, but by the hymeneal bond between him and my maternal aunt."

Now!

Kiss yourself – a hundred times!

Your devoted wife, who loves you better than anything – Alice Dunbar.

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