

Washington, D.C. Dec. 19th 1897.

Dear little Lady-Bird: -

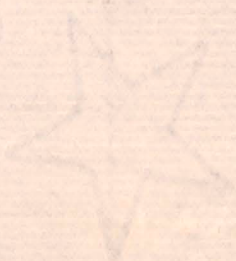
When I ought to be grinding away on a story, I am sitting down here to write to you. But I'd rather act out my own romance than write other people's ~~wouldn't~~ you.

I have been in nearly all day long and have been perhaps a little bit lonesome, but I have thought of you and the time - not too far distant I hope - and was cheered. Do you remember that little old picture I cut out of an old "Woman's Era" and pasted on a card several years ago? Well I came across that to day, and how I missed for the memory of the days that were and for the love that filled the days that are. As I looked at your face peeping out from the jewelry print, it seemed that there had never been a time when you were not mine. It is as if we were twin souls from the beginning of time. I don't know what ^{or how} the few poor letters that I write give you any idea of how I love you. I really think they don't, for this feeling in my heart is too deep for speech. I am aching to hear from you and know that you forgive my gloomy letters of last week.

One thing, dearie, won't you return Miss Baldwin's ring at once. She wants it, and is quite angry with me. I have not told her that you have it because I promised not to let any other girl wear it. But, then you are different, because you are mine and I am yours - so you can wear any thing that I have given to the brides when we get married.

Have you heard any more from your mamma and your sister Lela? Have they or any one else regaled you with the spicy narration of any more

Memoranda



Notes

of my escapades? After all I'm an infinitely obliging fellow to give dear feminine humanity, which so loves to gossip - something to gossip about. However dear, I won't do so any more - that is I won't let folks know if I do. I'll cut Bacchus and go one stage on Venus and you shall be forced to admit that you of all girls have a most exemplary lover with the promise of a rare husband. Fact is, sweet heart, I do love you so much that it would be easy to be good - when you were with me - now stop that significant smiling - I know just what you are thinking and would say - but it isn't at all true. Just try me, and see if I won't be all that I promise to be.

If you need some cash this week, let me know at once, because I shall have to make some collection and tell some lies. I religiously paid out every thing I made last week and over drew my bank account. But I don't begrudge a cent that must for I am getting my ducks before me physically and financially; and when all is done you and I will sit the down and be happy together and in the fullness of our love forget pain and sorrow and waiting.

Oh darling, go on loving me and trusting me and believing in me and I will come up to all that you want me to be. Nothing is a better lamp to the feet of a wayward man than the knowledge that some where there is a little woman who loves him and believes in him. My constant wish, and aim and prayer is to be better for you sake, and, love I will write to me often. Don't go to school unless you want to. It is possible for you not to go. Tell that beast so if he tell you again to make it possible.

Ever, my own love, your devoted Husband

Paul. (DUNBAR)

Dear, I have got the dunks tonight but I didn't give it away, did I? There ain't I good, after all?

