

"Do you think I'll have any?" I
inquired.

"Twins," he responded gravely,
"Twins, exactly nine months after
you go to live with your husband."

And then he grinned incessantly.

But that's rocky, and I won't
tell you any more such yarns. Must
I?

I send in this mail to our house
— may I say that? — two pictures. I
have had them for some time put
away. They are very pretty, I think.
Would you have them framed in some
simple oak frame — it will be very
cheap and you can use them for
the dining-room. Don't you think

From: Alice Denbar
Brooklyn
To: Paul Lawrence Denbar
Washington, D.C.

(1)

[Mar 13, 1898]



Sunday,

My own lover-husband,

I awoke this morning
thinking how much I loved you.
I went to bed last night with
this prayer on my lips and in
my heart. "Dear God, grant that
he will always love me and not
be unkind to me." Because if
you were, dearest, I should simply
cry like Alice in the song who,
"Wept with delight when
you gave her a smile"

And trembled with fear at your frown."⁽²⁾

My husband — I can hardly realize that I have the undisputable right to call you that. I love you, but it is tempered with a fear that you must be angry, disgusted with me. Are you? I thought I was doing what was best for us, for you. Perhaps time will show that I was right.

And then, do you remember this from

Khayans —

"Ah, my Beloved, fill the cup that clears
To-day of past Regrets and future Fears:
To-morrow! — Why, To-morrow I may be
Myself with Yesterday's Seven thousand Years."

You will be my own husband-lover, and
not love me as does the Lord — who chasteneth.
Don't like to be chastened. How low!

Was in to see Dr. P. this morning.
He inquired after you and I love-bowed in a
most piteous way. He didn't know what I was
crying about — neither did I, for that matter.

"I wonder what on earth you'll do when
you have a child?" he inquired.



they will be pretty for that? Now
have them framed, won't you?

Dear, please don't say anything
^{to others} Mum, about our marriage, and
don't feel meanly about it. Believe
me, sweetheart, it was all for the
best. You will see it some day.

Now write me some of your
long, sweet lovelike letters that
you did once, won't you? I don't
like husbandly letters according
to your definition - they're mean
and make me cry big tears



(5)

that splash. There! - Here's one, two,
three, forty-ten kisses from,

Your devoted wife,

Alice Dunbar:

(Doesn't it look swell?)