

(2)

I love you and you love me and
 we belong one to the other. I
 have kissed your letter until the
 paper is wrinkled and blotted
 and have sat dreaming for a half
 hour, seeking to feel your hand
 on my head and hear you who-
 pping, "Little wife, I love you."
 We shall be very happy, shant we?
 I close my eyes and picture our
 little home - and no. Not gram-
 matical - but very dear.

Browsing around in my old
 book shoppe a while ago today
 I found two gems. One a beautiful

From: Alice Dunbar Brooklyn, N.Y. (1)
 To: Paul Lawrence Dunbar, Washington, D.C.

[FEB. or MAR., 1898]



Tuesday,

Husband mine - I am on my
 way to the Manual Training
 Class but stop a minute to
 write to the one who is all the
 world to me. You have been with
 me all day. In the morning when
 I walked from the cars to school
 I breathed the issue of the
 spring-time in deep draughts,
 and smiled at everyone I met
 because I was so happy. Just
 inconsequentially happy because

French engraving of ⁽³⁾ Samson. Paul a most
exquisite thing. I want it for our study,
and - just think - an old Briston's Anatomy
of Melancholy! Being, as usual, penniless,
I had them put away until I can recap-
itate my pocket-book. I'm going to send
Samson to you to have framed - with a
little bunch of pansies for my room.
Will you like?

11:45. P.M.

Here I stopped for dinner and have
just got back. The boys were worse than
tough to night and as my nervousness is
increasing I must lie me to bed.

Paul - Paul - ~~some~~ ^{eleven} days may be
an awful short time in which to draw
conclusions - but, but, but, I have so many
 queer things happening me, the ^{sudden} stopping of
- well something being the worst. But
of this more anon.

With all my love and kisses
for Willie
Alice Dunbar.

Mrs. Paul Laurence Dunbar.