

(2)

My fears of yesterday are vanished.
Dr P. - well, I must tell you this.

I really thought all sorts of things
had happened to me - imagination
simply provoked symptoms. So I
rushed to Dr. P. Sunday - when I
wrote you. Sat down and looked
mournful and he guessed the
rest. I hung out a long list
of symptoms and was very blushing
about it.

"Well what do you want me
to do?" he said. "I can't do anything
for you" - and there where he got
off that turn joke.

From: Alice Dunbar
Brooklyn, New York

To: Paul Laurence Dunbar (1)
Washington, D.C.

[Mar 16, 1898]



Wednesday

My darling husband, - I was ^{se}
disappointed not to have a
letter from you to-day. You are
real mean now, just because
you don't get a letter from me, you
won't write me. There, I don't mean
that, because I know you are
tired and sick and need your
wife to nurse you and give you
that mustard foot-bath that
her heart yearns for.

He told him the sooner ⁽³⁾ I knew the quicker
I'd hustle to Washington to avoid talk. Well,
he gave me a thorough examination and
reported everything all right. Still I
was unconvinced. Then he looked out
the window,

"When did you see your husband

last?"

(The "see" substitute any old thing.)

"Friday" I asked.

"And when before that?"

"Wednesday", were I told!

Then did Dr. P. ⁽⁴⁾ throw his head
back and roar and roar and
roar.

"How on earth do you expect
me to know anything in ten days?"
he inquired in the midst of his
laughter - and hustled me home.

But - the country is safe
now.

The cabinet was sold during
Dolores' illness to another furniture
dealer, and she is trying to find
out where it went and if she can
buy it.

By the way, dear, did you ever
pay for me? I mean did you send

(6)

So Mr Bruce is very ill. It was reported ^{here} last night that he was dying.

Paul, my husband, I do love you more than your Valeria and I would like to come to you at once. But can't you see, dear, that honor, duty, will keep me here a month or two longer. It sounds awfully, but we will write each other every day, and the time will fly. As for the world - why we can make it broad when we choose. It will

(5)



the "unctions" (unctions is good) Derrick the far? Must claim goods, you know, before you pay for them.

Read over this little story. It strikes me as being peculiarly pathetic. I felt so sympathetic for the little woman. Not that I compare you with the man - a thousand times no - but I do think of you ceased to care I should die. But you never will - will you?

to so much better to ⁽⁷⁾ wait a wee bit until
we are both quite ready.

x x x

Paul, I wish I could write letters
like you. Letters that make one's very
heart leap for joy. I can only show you in
a great dumb way - that won't express
itself prettily - and only wants you,
your voice, your touch, your presence,
your letters. I close my eyes ~~when~~ and
fairly tremble with expectant ecstasy
when I think of the day when you and I can
at last shut the world out, and clasp me
in your arms, you will say - "tuck", but oh so
beautiful - "Aline at Last."

Let us cherish our ideals while we may,
dear heart. Let us keep them as long as we can, keep
the freshness of our hearts, the idyllic qualities
of youth as long as ~~they~~ life will permit us.

I kiss you in spirit

Your wife

Alice Dunbar.