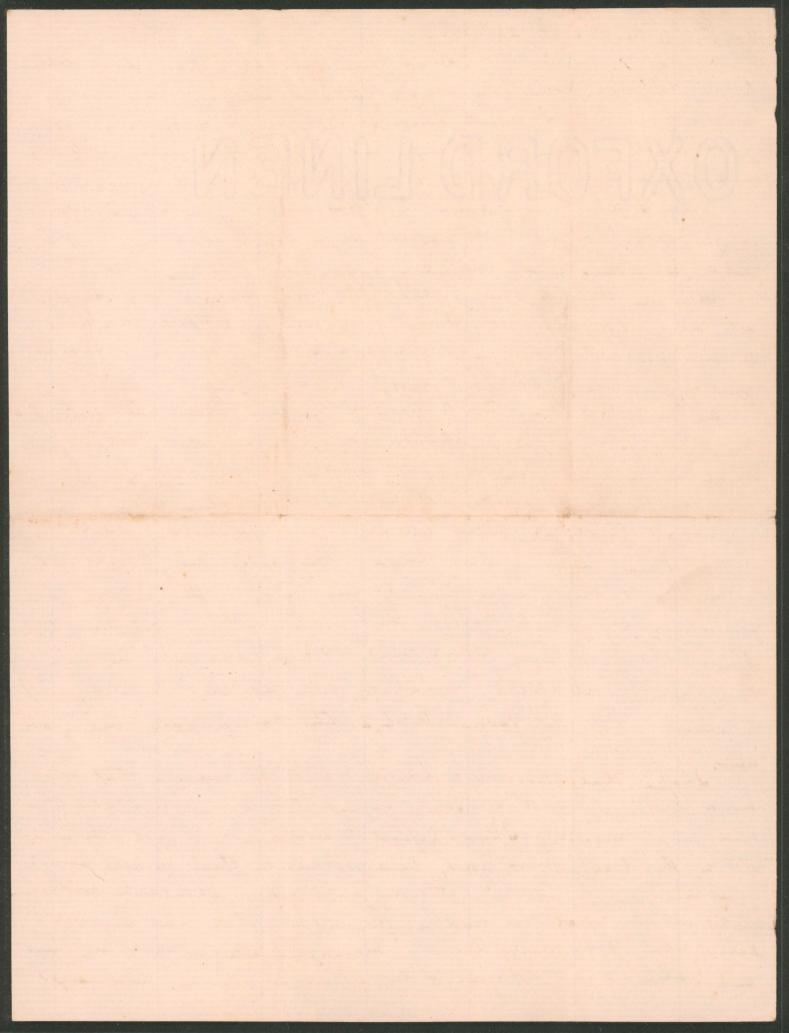
From Paul Dunbar hio. O c.T. 28" 95. New Orleans, La. Dear Mies Moore: Your last leller to me has not done very much toward allaying my suchies insur for you. I musi confess that your letter was not just, such an one as i expected. For after coming to my senses and realizing what I had done, I aloud aghart at my own frollanders and wondered what you would or would ray in reply. I did not expect to be death with in half so geniles, considerate om taciful a manner. It is one thing to realize that one has been a fool and another and quite different thing to be made to feel this bould by some one alone. You ded not make me feel so. It was good of you. But I did not deserve the kindness, In future & shall Try to write as of you have nothing I my fuling for you, and should wer a gleane of my real heart break out again, I can only trust that you will forgive me as you have in this ruseauce, and treat me to another letter as seensuite and kindly as the one which I now treasure. I am morting very hand, day after day to get out a new and larger collection of my verses. The incline from for which I want to name the volume is not get fruitel though There many more there I can publish in one book, ready at hand. I shall only use a baker's degen of The verses from my former book, a The remainder being all That that your book has mee with the success that its merits deserved and minerally regret that 2 was not able to do more for its success. I had hoped to surprise you with a review of it in the Checago News a Record, and for mearly three months frame 2 have been furning with rage that my contribution should be held over until all its timeliness had evaporated. What was my our know when I haved that the managing edutor who is my freed and to whom I had addressed the article in presson, had sarged



his last arriving mail, literally booked from the office, Taken have for her fork, and sailed thence for europe. Where my poor reruis, 2 do not know. Wheelier at his me some European monste. bashet or pollans vainly and ever varily the peragnicalisms of this recreat editor. This is the lat of the pour quiel driver. Have you ever sure any of your stones to the Bohemian "at Cincinate? It is a new publication and is send to Somition a heart- stoner that you write so well. I am anxious to see your work where it belongs, in some of the leading white papers of the land, and it will get there too. I should like much to know quat what work you are himmers out now as the result of your summer thating it Bay Li. Somis or is it to early gut for you to begin give winters overto. aucher from which I am trying to fineigh for my book is to be called " Ione". It is a lyric manative and to be orme: what long. for sum some how to be were with die fatrie of it, but that is true of all my works now. This is verging on, dangerous ground again to, I will warm myself away and class. God bless you, my fruid, helpir and suspiration!
Suriently Jours.

Paul Punta.

