

To: Alice Ruth Moore
Brooklyn
From: Paul L. Dunbar

Washington, D.C. 2/25/98

My Darling:—

I was afraid you would be worried at not receiving a letter from me in the last three days, so I was stealing myself up to the writing point. Don't be worried, dear, but I am quite ill, have been away from the library since Tuesday, so that your letters reached me only today. Darling I am more anxious to be married to you than you are to me. I have those same strange forebodings and they worry me so much. Alice you are my one rock of salvation - my great hope - my all. Will you marry me in

best? I should feel so much bet-
ter if we were ones, not that I for
a moment distrust you darling,
but who shall say what may hap-
pen to separate us?

I can't write much more, but
if I were going to die tomorrow,
I should still want to marry you.

When if I send you the money,
won't you come down here for a few
days? You needn't see people.

Mum is delighted with her dress &
tells me all kinds of things to say
to you; but I can't now.

Love to meek. Always at me.

Your loving but sick husband
Paul