

audible all thro' the ⁽²⁾ house. Ella went to
pieces - from the nervous strain and lack of
sleep so I had her over here for three hours
in the evening. Later she went home for news
and returned about eleven o'clock to stay
all night. Now don't brack your eyes. It was
all straight. She told me to tell you that
she enjoyed sleeping in your bed immensely.

Dr. Taylor died this morning at six
o'clock. The funeral service was held at
Park Temple to-night at eight, as his sister
is taking his body home to Atlanta on the
10:42 train to-night. The black, cold, gusty
night seemed to make the service particularly
sad and eerie. There was quite a number
of Jews - and a cluster of white men
and few from Mr. Paul Lawrence Dunbar. I
thought you'd like me to do it for you, dear.

I don't think the desolation of death
ever struck me more forcibly than when I
saw poor little Edith wondrously draped in
mourning leaning on her father's arm in

To: Mr. Paul Dunbar
[Albany, N.Y. ?]
From: Mrs. Paul Dunbar
[Washington ?]

(1)
Monday night, [DEC. 5, 1898]
10 P.M.

My husband, - I have so much to say
that I scarce know where to begin, so
"like a woman" I'll begin at the end. Now
what on earth is ^{Rosie} Mann Dersauer writing
to you for? For I'll almost stake my neck
that the enclosed is from her. Likewise, I
want to know what the Youth's Companion
folks said, as I notice the envelope they
sent you was not a long one.

The Chicago Record published your ^{article}
on the lynching business and the Times re-
produces it this morning. The Outlook
came to-day with the Back-Log Song, and
next Sunday's Journal will have the two
Christmas stories. Aren't we splendid?

The storm of yesterday was something
awful. At times it seemed the house fairly
rocked. Everyone was more or less interested
in poor Dr. Taylor. All Saturday night and
Sunday morning his dying struggles were

the church. It is said that⁽³⁾ he loved her very much, and she must have loved him too, and when I think how much love and tenderness the girl is missing I could simply put my arms about her and just hold her. It is my great love for you, my husband, that makes me pity her so. I seem to be constantly realizing some new phase of tenderness and love for you. Last night - oh darling - my arms ached to press you, my bosom ached for a dear old sleepy head snuggled down on it. I could have cried aloud for you, and yet, I think you must have been dreaming of me or thinking of me for I felt you near me in that delicious, tantalizing, elusive nearness of a spirit-life. I even turned and looked at the other bed - and there lay Edla.

To-morrow will be nine months married for us. May it be a happy day for you!

Oh, dear, I wish I could say all to you that is in my heart to-night: "I love you, husband mine", seems so colorless.

Mia is not very well, but it is nothing much. She went on a blackberry pie spree last evening, and has been regretting it exceedingly much ever since. She orders good beer - or would if she knew I was writing, but both of us having devolved to our fill in funeral details, she has gone to sleep.

What do you think of the enclosed clipping?

Write to me, dear, and tell me about the food tins in Albany. I noticed a letter from Mrs. ^{Murrel} in the mail which I forwarded you. Let me know if it reached you in time.

God bless you sweetheart. Stick to your trunk though temptations assail. Did you put yourself and It to Albany on the same train?

Livingly, longingly, lovingly.

Regards to
Wm. Tolson.

Bryant Ward