From: Paul Laurence Dunbar

(1)

Washington - Mar. 19th 1898

To: Miss Alice Ruth Moore
Brooklyn, N.Y.

My Sweet Wife:—

Why did you have me read this horrible story: it gave me a bad half hour this morning. I saw it in the Times which I had in my hand last night; but did not read it. However, I shall always be true to you, and I won't lie to you.

I am at work but my throat is still very bad, and really seems to get no better. But enough of my ailments.

I came near say that I am glad you were fancied, I had rather hoped — but I must wait I suppose. You accuse your people, wife, of being folks of one idea. Is it not a family trait? You still think that honor and duty should keep you away from your husband? Oh love — plague take honor and duty. We want each other.

I-19-19

I am not so sure about making the world bow at anytime as you are, dear. But I'm not going to argue and I'm not going to scold. I know malicious washing too better than you do, and later on when you see that I was right as you will see I shall take a fine dish satisfaction in saying: "I told you so."

I am feeling pretty "warm" this morning because I dreamed about you all last night - dreamed things that were sweetly naughty - real husband-ly things in which there were twin beds but only one of them came in for use. Well, you're my wife, can't I say this to you? My desk came last night, too. It is rather large, but is a beauty and I did lots of work at it until I went to bed to have those naughty and disturbing dreams.

2-19-20

(3)

Really dear, no woman can be a substitute for your sweetness, but if you don't soon come, I will not be responsible for what I do. I am human and mere human.

I wrote you that last foolish little letter last night just because I couldn't help it.

Kiss me and run away, now for I must go to work

Your devoted

Lover - Husband

Mrs. Paul Laurence Dunbar.

I just started to address the envelope so.

2-19-21