

To: Miss Alice Ruth Moore [Dunbar]
33 Poplar St.
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Wachungton - Jan. 16th 1888

From: Paul Laurence Dunbar

Oh my darling! - How tired I am and how hungry
to see you. It seems that every body who has been
here today, and then have been ready, in some way
suggested you. Among others, Micky Cook and Ella
have been here and Mr. & Mrs. Gray and Alice
Strange Lewis. I am worn out. If it is ^{going to be} any worse
when you come, I shall grow to dread the time.

How I wish you were here now, my love; what a comfort
we should be to each other tonight when we had closed
our doors on all our guests and had only ourselves to
ourselves. I don't see how I am going to wait much
longer. I am struggling with a terrible impatience. I am
wishing that you would" say "Miss Lymas and
have to come to me. My life seems very black and
barren without you and I can never be satisfied again
until you are mine - all mine

I shall go to work with a will tomorrow on the novel
and hasten to get that money in hand, for if you will
consent, I don't see why we need wait for a very few
away vague and misty summer time to come before
we can be happy.

I am in a most peculiar mood now, unsettled,
nervous and unhappy. I feel that if you were to
throw me one just now I should kill myself. I have
never felt so before and it frightens me.

I cannot write any more. I write me a line
when you can.

Your own husband

Paul.

My dear wife: I have up your letter again.
I was not well last night when I wrote you and am
not so now. I will not promise definitely, but I hope
to come up on next Saturday to see you. I dreamed
of you all night last night. The sweetest part of my

dream was where you lay in bed beside me and my brother came in and said, "why, who is this?" You were lying with your head on my arm and I hugged you a little closer and said proudly, "this is my wife." and my brother leaned over and kissed you. It was all so sweet and simple and pure, not a casual suggestion in it all.

No dear, I shall never desert you to marry any one else. The happiness of my whole life depends upon my union with you. I shall go on trying to be the man which you would have me be, and watch out for the moral, mental and physical good of those I love and little ones of ours.

Starting, you make me look on life with a so much deeper seriousness than I have ever experienced before. I think that my love for you is going to be my salvation. I am only sorry that you cannot be nearer to me, and so keep a closer eye upon me; but you are always with me in spirit, love.

I like your idea of a collection of nursery rhymes and folk tales. But I want you to do them yourself. I want the triumph for you alone. As for the name Alice Ruth I will not write it, but it would mean as much as any other name. I have such entire confidence in your powers. I admire so your style of writing that I have no doubt of the outcome, if you will only try the little tales again.

I am working away upon my novel, trying my best to get the corrections finished so as to have it back in Lippincott's hands by Wednesday. As for the new one, I have a special reason why I don't want to sign my name to it, besides its raciness. I will explain this to you when I can talk with you.

Your devoted Husband,

Paul.