

(3)

Suppose it contains the quint-
essence of her love for her
Uncle Paul.

Write as often as you can
darling, and tell me if you
love, even a wrenthy bit.

Your own
W. Fleming.

[Mrs. Paul H. Dunbar]
West Medford, Mass.

To: Paul H. Dunbar
Library of Congress

(1)

[1898]

Monday, Aug. 30.

My dear Polypheenus -

Little

brown head been wondering
what for it doesn't get any
little letters. Wonders likewise
if it ever will get one any more.

We just missed Lysa Ridley
at Newport. He went down just
after we did to Eela's and
returned a day or so ago.

In Sunday N.Y. Sun among
the "poems worth reading"
was your "Life". Funny, eh?
That they should at this late
day unearth something out

of your book. But it ⁽²⁾ speaks well for the
Lins' literary taste.

If you don't want the story, would you
mind building up a tale of that cir-
cumstance which gave yours? I have an idea
in connection with it - a rarity for me,
you know.

Oh, I do miss my hubbino so. I wish
you were here. Footins is toddling about
cooing and prattling and gurgling in the
sweetest manner possible. Don't you wish she
was ours?

By the way, dearie, if you get the Book-
man, Scribner's or any of the magazines,
would you mind sending them to me after
you have read them? It wouldn't be so very
much trouble and would save me the expense
of buying them here, for three magazines
counts for mighty, you know.

I gave Baby pen, ink and paper
write you a letter, and the enclosed is the
result. She did it all her very self, and I