From: Paul Dunbar To: Alice Dunbar Washington, D.C.

Jacksonville 4/7/1901.

Dear Heart:

It is a beautiful though chill Easter Sunday here and I can hear the singing in the little Episcopal church just across the field from me. Somehow, it makes me feel very wicked and neglectful, for as usual I rejoice to be persuaded to go to church. Indeed Jim and I are of one mind in this matter today and he is working over here while I am in my room scribbling these lines. What day was it you failed to get a letter? did it not come afterward? I have not missed a day's writing to you, though I don't know whether or not I can keep it up as well when I go to Tuskegee for there there are no conveniences for writing in the different rooms.

I have been forgetting all along to say that Mrs. Jarvis did not hand me my books through the car or any other window. I missed them as soon as I got on the train found that I had those minutes, got off & ran back to the gate & Mrs. J. was gone and no where in sight. I sat at the window of the forward Pullman and could not have missed her.

Jim has just come in and wishes to be cordially remembered. We are going to the post office now where I hope to find a letter from you. You had better send me $20 as soon as this reaches you for fear that the reading tomorrow might may not pan out and I do not want to go broke.

I yearned for you last night and this morning. Somehow I have developed a nervous & restless heart ache that never leaves me & no one can help it save & except you. Love to me a.

Yours

Heart.

2-26-9