Washington, N.C. Dec. 6th 1897

Dear little Wife to Be:—

I am very much disturbed at not hearing from you. Pray what on earth is the matter? Have you thought me wrong and learned to hate me, or are you too ill to write? If you know that I lost interest in my work and all else me became gray and gloomy ~~you~~ when you do not write, you would not punish me so. Surely, you know is worse than a painful pause, you know is worse than a painful certainty. Won't you write to me at once and ease my mind? Darling, you are stringing far than I have, don't be hard upon the weak. I shall have enough to bear in the days to come without the memory of your contempt.

I love you, yes even I — love you madly and only want a chance to prove to you that this love is all to me — that it has filled and purified my heart, my soul, my life.

If you are too ill to write, have someone else drop me a line to end this suspense. And now I must try anyway to work. I have an order for a play and want to finish my romance tonight.

With devoted love,

I am Your own Lover

Paul

(Dunbar)

2-16-61