

nonsense. We cannot ⁽²⁾ live on love,
so I must stay here and make
something that we can live on.

I hope you didn't blurt all
the way home yesterday on account
of the kiss you gave me in the
train. I was bound to have it
and would have stayed on clear
to New Haven, but what I would
have had it.

I have just seen an excellent
picture of Mrs. Matthews in the
Woman's Journal department
of the Sunday Journal. It will
bring her memories green and I
am so glad for her sake. I shall
go over and see her some while
you are gone and I will console
myself by talking about you.

I am writing now at Sally's.
because it is too awfully dismal
to work at my own room.

Of course you are going to have

New York, August 15th 97

My darling: I never remember
to have been so forlornly lone-
some before in all my life.

When it came time to go to
Brooklyn last night, it seem-
ed like I just must go and
find you there.

Mrs. Matthews and all those
people were waiting at the gate
when I got back from seeing
you off; but I gave them that
shift: I wanted to get away
and be alone, and just have
my feelings out with myself.

This morning I have ab-
solutely no appetite and Miss
Brown says it because you
are gone, and I don't know but
that ^{she} you all night.

I feel like starting right on
for Boston today, but this is

you'd have been ⁽⁴⁾ here with me to help me enjoy it. I shall never fully enjoy any thing alone again. I want you to be near me sharing all my pleasures. I want to see your eyes light up with joy & your warm smile, and then my cup of happiness will be full.

Write to me just as soon as you get this, little girl, and believe if I have not poured out my heart in this letter, it is because I felt that the cold medium of pen and ink was too inadequate.

Love me always, my own.

Your devoted love

Paul (Dunbar)

129 W. 30th St.

c/o Sally Brown.

a pretty good time at ⁽³⁾ Boston, but don't want to forget your devoted love, standing on the line in the heat. Give my regards to your mother and sister and miss George's birthday for me. I am very much afraid that Frank Stewart is going to get my horse while you are gone, but I don't believe in the heart to him, anybody else by way of relaxation. However, don't give away too many horses for I shall want a fine report of how many are gone, when I get to Buffalo.

Sarah has made me stop here now to have dinner and I have had to forget you long enough to read the second part of a young chicken. Don't