

Los Gatos,  
Dec. 11, 1895.

My dear Mr. Walsh,

Both your letters are received. I'm right glad to know that you went into your old place without friction because the other man didn't fit the hole.

Thank you for what you send me about Lily. I had a copy of the little paper published at the Berkeley Institute, which I meant to send you, but have lost it. It contained an appreciative article on Lily and her loss.

On Monday last I went to Oakland and visited her grave with a view to improving it, as we talked of. There has been so little rain, though, that the mound is not settled enough. After a few weeks of rainy weather I shall have the little plot sown with grass and later enclosed and marked. I wish I were permitted to put her wittily pathetic epitaph on her headstone. I would do it, sure. I hear from Dr. Doyle every few days. He frequently mentions you in a kindly way. Miss Hogan I have not seen since you were here. She is to marry soon, I believe.

I hope time is doing something for you in your double bereavement—I have not yet become reconciled to my single one.

Sincerely yours,  
Ambrose Bierce.