

Los Gatos,  
June 26, 1897.

My dear Walsh,

I have your letter of the 19<sup>th</sup>. (I had just written Mrs. Hirshberg, so your “regards” will have to wait till I write again. She was here a little while ago, blooming like the rose.)

If you did build an air castle here’s at it! I made an application to Mr. Williams, the business manager of the Examiner, in your behalf. He frankly told me he had nothing in the way of a place, and was unable to make one. I intended to send you his letter, but have mislaid it. I think the trouble is that I have loaded up the Examiner with so many of my friends that I’m thought a nuisance and I had to be abated some time. I shall not forget you, and should like to have you out here, but—well, don’t uprear any more edifices in the “intense inane” of my favor.

About the Evening Sun. It seems that my publishers had already “jumped” that paper for its infringement of copyright, but had accepted an apology and a promise not to offend again.

Never mind about the parody, though (independently of what you tell me) I should like the book of parodies if they struck you as good. If you can obtain it without trouble I’ll remit its price.

So, I’ve published no more stories—nor written any. Indeed, I’m not writing anything now, for I’ve been severely ill again.

Do you ever see Leigh?

Sincerely yours,  
Ambrose Bierce.