

Los Gatos,
Aug. 2, 1897.

Dear Walsh,

I'm greatly obliged for the book, which is entertaining and useful.

Do you mind telling me how you knew what the author of the book evidently did not—that that piece was mine? I wrote it, nearly thirty years ago, for an obscure San Franciscan weekly, did not (I'm sure) sign it, and had utterly forgotten it. Now, how the devil could you know? Have you a special kind of nose for such matters? Do, please, tell me at once who wrote the "Junius" letters.

Dont give up the literary ship. Keep on turning out manuscript—and keep the manuscript. I mean, don't destroy it when it is rejected. Some day, when the lightning of popularity crawls wearily along your way, you can use it all to profit.

And don't go to Klondike.

My health, bad to-day, is better generally. But I seem to have sucked the climatic orange of Los Gatos dry, and shall have to move on. It is likely that I shall go to Washington, D.C., if anywhere.

I get good reports of Leigh, but nothing from him.

I'm promised a visit from Mrs. Hirshberg, but that erratic young woman has a reprehensible way of disappointing those who have the deep and dark misfortune to love her.

Dr. Doyle sent me the other day a young shark, duly gutted, and insisted on my eating it. It was a man-eating shark, but I'm not a shark-eating man, and all the advantage of Doyle's piscatorial skill accrued to the domestic hag.

Sincerely yours,
Ambrose Bierce.