

234 N. 52 St., N.Y.,
March 20, 1901.

My dear Walsh,

I've only time to thank you for the invitation to Mahwah. I hope it will be possible to accept, but at present cannot look farther ahead than Leigh's bedside.

This is supposed to be his critical day, and he is a little better. We have barely a hope that he will pull through.

I have quarters at the Hotel Lincoln, nearly opposite Leigh's lodging. Should like to ask you there, but am seldom there myself, except to sleep.

Sincerely yours,
Ambrose Bierce.