

Washington D.C.,  
Sept. 7, 1901.

My dear Walsh,

I know you wrote me, but do not know when nor what; nor do I know where the letter is.

I have been very ill—five weeks of it—and am still engaged in recovering. That is not the worst, not by much. My daughter, who has been with me since we saw you, is down with typhoid fever, and I expect to lose her as I did her brother. She is in a hospital under the care of the Sisters, and all is done for her that is possible in the way of nursing and medical attention, but I think she will die.

So don't expect me to write letters now.

Sincerely yours (with affectionate regards for the pretty sister)  
Ambrose Bierce.

Address:  
N.Y. Journal Bureau,  
Washington, D.C.