

Washington, D.C.

My dear Walsh,

It is hard to understand that more than a-month-and-a-half have elapsed since the date of your letter, and it is still unanswered. No excuses—just try to forgive without any. And if you don't succeed in forgiving take it out o' me in cussin'.

I note your criticism of the covers of my book. I left all that to an artist friend—Scheffauer—and am well enough satisfied with his work.

You ask that names of his book and Sterling's. "Of Both World's" and "The Testimony of the Suns," respectively. The former is published by A.M. Robertson, the latter by W.E. Wood, both of San Francisco.

O, I know all the squirrels in Central Park. "When I come" I'll introduce you to several of them that will take nuts, not only from my hand, but from my coat-pocket, and one that will eat them while sitting on my knee—unless, alas, they have passed away.

How is Mrs. Walsh, and do you continue to prefer her to other girls? And the pretty sister?—I dare say she has forgotten that I am still devoted to her.

When you come to Washington don't forget to look me up. Doubtless you will come as a Representative from the Mahwah district.

Sincerely yours,
Ambrose Bierce.

Jan. 21, 1904.