

Washington, D.C.

My dear Walsh,

I enclose the promised photograph of Lily's grave. It is the one in the foreground. The stone is inscribed (on the beveled top) simply with her name and the the dates of her birth and death. The little flowers in the grass are daisies.

Yes, sixteen years are a long time; I was sixty-nine last month. Thirty-seven seems pretty old too—for you. I trust that you and Mrs. Walsh are happy, and that sometime your story-loving children may be so far “advanced” as to read (cautiously; one or two in a decade) the entirely lovely tales of Ambrose Bierce. I'm sure the Oradell yeggman finds them admirable to cheer him in his lonely work.

Sincerely yours,
Ambrose Bierce.

July 12, 1911.