

19
Los Gatos,
Aug. 2, 1897.

Dear Walsh,

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

Do you mind tell-
ing 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 Francisco
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.

Don't give up the lit-
erary ship. Keeps on turn-
ing out manuscripts
— and keep the manuscripts.
I mean, don't destroy
it when it is rejected.
Some day, when the light shines

of popularity crawls wear-
ily along your way, you
can use it all to profit.
And don't go to Klond-
ike.

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 any-
where.

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

I'm promised a visit
from Mrs. Hishberg, 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-eat-
ing shark, but I'm not
a shark-eating man, and
all the advantage of Doyle's
piscatorial skill accrued
to the domestic hog.

Sincerely yours,

Aubrose Biere,