Los Gatos,  
Aug. 2, 1897,  

Dear Walsh,  

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

Do you mind telling me how you knew what the author of the book evidently did not — That that piece was mine? I wrote it, really
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 literary ship. Keep on turning out manuscript—and keep the manuscript. Some day, when it is rejected,
If popularity spreads widely along your way, you can use it all to profit.

And don't go to Klein

like...

My health, bad today, is better generally. But I seem to have picked the climatic change 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. Heiskelberg, but that eccentric young woman...
has a most horrible way of disappointing those who have the deep and
shaky 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-eating 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,

Ambrose Bierce.