Los Gatos, Cal.,
May 19, 1898.

My dear Walsh,

I can well understand your "feelings" about that editor's mutilation of your charming skit. I did not dare to read it in print, for I knew the villain must have done much else than leave off your

name — and I hate him hard enough now. He's an all-round sneak, anyhow, and his name is A. J. Watchouse. As he is not big enough to be a whole house "closet" would be better. As to the twelve dollars, that is absurd payment, but as a beginner with a name to make (it's our names that we are paid for — not the quality of our stuff) you must not expect decent payment

for awhile.

You ask why I do not republish "The Monk and the Hangman's Daughter." Because I don't own the copyright. Therefore I can't control it. Besides, publishers have views. For example, Thayer & Williams, of Chicago, who "accepted" two books of mine last summer for publication this spring, have coolly returned the MSS. after keeping them all that time.

Thank you for your efforts to make me famous from one end of Mahwah to the other — from Mah to Wah. But it is a big

fob: I've never had that much "popularity" in my life.

Yes, I'm having asthma most of the time now. But I'm not going to "buy" anything except the temper of my friends.

Sincerely yours,

Ambrose Bierce.

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