Knight's Cal.,
Aug. 1, 1898.

My dear Walsh,

I'm a long time getting down to your letter on the file.

I shall expect you to keep me informed of the effects of the "holy stocking." That was "worn by a priest." By the way, that sort of treatment is fruitful of suggestion. For example, now, if a fellow read a
and case of jokes — but let us turn to other themes.

Your study of wild flowers and trees is wise: if you’re to be a writer you must know things. Ruskin says that the artist is the man who knows what’s going on, and I fancy that is particularly true of the artist in literature. I find my chief disability is that which Matthew Arnold attributed to Byron: I don’t know enough. Leigh is editing a new weekly (illustrated) in New York. It is called...
at "The Bee." Of course, being a Fusionist, I'm doubt.
ful of it's success.

My health is improved by my sojourn in the mountains, and sometimes I'm almost encouraged to hope that I shall be well again now and then.

Being in Oakland the other day, I and my little friend Hattie Hershberg visited Lily's grave, from which we took, for you, these stems of clover and little red flowers.

Sincerely yours,

Ambrose Bierce.