Knight's Creek, 
Sept. 25, 1849,

Dear Myles,

It has been so long since I heard from you (I don't know who is at fault, if fault there be) that I'm forgetting the color of your hair. Why not write and describe...
it and — incidentally — tell me how you are, what you are doing, and as forth.
I am well and writing, as of old, for the "Examiner" "Journal".

Dr. Doyle is sitting this evening on my porch, talking outrageous nonsense to two of the hair sex. He's passing a few weeks with me. Of course you know about
his book and the well merited success of it. Another will come out next month. He asks to be remembered kindly; and so he deserves to be.

Fail not to apprise me of your existence unless you are dead.

Yours sincerely,

Ambrose Bierce.