Aurora, Va.,
Sept. 13 1903,

Dear Walsh,

I'm a month or so behind my correspondance owing to illness and—well, a stupid negligence to writing letters. Really I am becoming a curmudgeon philosopher. I was ill all summer but could not well leave Washington until a month and a half ago. Since then I've been here on the summit of the Alleghenies, looking down into the country where I soldiered forty-two years ago when the world was new.
and worth while.

They found a dead rebel with his rifle down in one of those lazy valleys a little while ago, and I shall go down and beg his pardon.

When the frost begins to pinch my nose I shall gather a pocket-full of chestnuts and go back to Washington, D.C. Later, I may go to New York and occupy one of your rose jars for a night, wouldn't that jar you?

I trust that Mrs. Walsh has learned how to be happy, though married to you. When I marry to claim there will be something doing in-the-way of superior happiness.

You may give both ladies my love if you happen to
remember when you saw them.

Say, I've had three more books dedicated to me recently — when am I to have yours? Or is your literary career at an end? Your light still "lies along the paths of men" — you are my "favorite author".

How will you be good?

Sincerely Yours,

Ambrose Bierce.

My Washington address is best.