

Los Gatos, Cal.,
Nov. 14, 1897.

My dear Walsh,

Yours of Oct. 29 received. I have not "cut Hearst," but have dropped "Prattle," and my connection with his papers is less close and more precarious, for I fear he won't "be good."

I'm still on salary but working only when I feel like it, and at whatever I please.

Tell your sister that Benedicta's bad bread-making was doubtless prophetic, for her "cake is all dough" at the cast. I was but the humble instrument of Providence in revealing darkly her future.

I have not forgotten your desire to come to California, but, alas, have been unable to do anything toward its gratification. I go to San Francisco only once in several months.

You will, I hope, be pleased that Putnams are to bring out a new edition of "Soldiers and Civilians," which has never had a chance. Also, "Can Such Things Be" is to be published in London; and Way & Williams of Chicago are to publish two books of mine next spring if they don't "assign" before that time.

Sincerely, and somewhat egotistically, yours
Ambrose Bierce.