

Wright's, Cal.,
Nov. 11, 1898.

My dear Walsh,

Your pathetic account of your ambition's disappointment in the death of The Bee would wring tears from the eyes of a potato. Leigh, I think, took it less hard, and is now reporting on the Journal. He seems content, though I suspect he will "branch out" again some day. He is a good deal changed for the better; is living a decent life, from all accounts, has stopped drinking and I think you'd find him a better fellow to meet.

I recently passed two weeks at Ione with my friends, the Hirshbergs, and Mrs. H.'s pretty sisters and cousins. I think I must have told you that Hirshberg had been appointed Superintendent of the Industrial School (for young rascals) there. It is a delightful place to visit. Mrs. H. wished me to remind you of them.

I have just signed a contract (negotiated by Leigh) for publication of "Fantastic Fables" by Putnams. I'm again doing Prattle for the Examiner, and it is to go (revised) in the Journal—a part of it at least.

Do you do any more humorous skits? I hope you'll not stop from discouragement. I expect you to make a name "to fill the speaking-trump of future fame."

Come and visit me. I'm living (all alone, as is my habit) in a little home overlooking the Santa Cruz country—two miles from Wright's station on the summit of the range.

I visited Lily's grave two weeks ago and shall give it a border of daisies the next time I go down.

Sincerely yours,
Ambrose Bierce.