

Wright's Cal.  
Sept. 25, 1899.

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 so 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.