Washington, D.C.,
Feb'y 16, 1896.

My dear Mr. Walsh,

I have been trying ever since my arrival here to find time to reply even briefly to your letter of a month ago. I am living in a whirl of "moil and turmoil" and hardly get time to eat and sleep. So all my correspondents are neglected. I came here...
(with my boy) Three weeks ago, and since then have been in New York three times; so you can see that I'm "on the jump" a little. Even when there I saw none of my friends, and had no time to look you up—though I don't know if you are to be found there.

Did I tell you? I'm looking over some of Lily's papers. I found a photograph of her—a fairly good one, apparently taken 3 or 4 years ago. So do not bother to look up one for me.

I saw Miss Hogan last
once since Lily's death,
and that was before get-
ing your letter; so I can-
ot say anything about the pillow.

Since coming here I
have written Mrs. Hirsh-
berg instructions about
beautifying Lily's grave;
the kindly undertook to
do so. Before I left
not enough rain had
dropped to settle the little
mound and make it
possible to get the grass
spreading. It will be all
green now and when I
go back I shall give it
a border and a stone;
so if I do not go back
some Mrs. Hirshberg will
attend to it for me. My
movements are uncertain.
I am on a special mission here for "The Examiner", but it may expire any day, and then it is likely I shall go to New York for "The Journal" for a while. I was summoned up there by telegraph a week ago to-day to write one editorial.

Your village experiences with the sages of the parish must amuse you. As yet I have been unable to find Mahwah. Has it been discovered by anybody but you?

My boy Leigh is in N.Y. working in the art department of "The Journal". I suppose he would care to see you.

Sincerely yours, Ambrose Bierce.