## AS YOU GO THROUGH LIFE.

Don't look for the flaws as you go through life,
But look for the good as you go through life,
And when you find them,
It is wise and kind to be somewhat blind
And look for the virtues behind them.
For the slightest angle lies a bit of light
Sufficiency in the shadows hidden;
It is better by far to hunt for a star
Than the spots on the sun shining.

The carrion of life rank every way
To a noble mind, and it is a great sin,
Don't you find? Force gainst the river's current
Is unwise,
And quite as idle to matter;
Don't make a chute on the mistake—
Remember it lies before you.
Don't look at the dregs with your pretty legs,
But look and let it go out you.

The world will never adjust itself
To suit your whims to the letter;
Some things go wrong your whole life long,
And the sooner you learn it the better.
It is folly to fight with the infinite
And so matter I should be a crank;
The river may change into God's pink
As the water grapes into a nectar.

—Mary Hubbard.

### NOTES.

Could anything be more horrible than for a mother to contrive for infant on "back strike" for the sake of revenging herself on a husband who had brought her to hard ways? It is hard, of course, for an author to draw his characters from the humanities she is he wants to, but really is it expedient? "A Daughter of the Vine," by Miss Sheridan Jones, which deals in the kind of a plot, is about as bitter and brutal a book as has been issued to the public for many a day, and yet a letter of Mrs. Atherton's only close to ask her what to each its effect is one of the marks of an artist while an author can write and Tolstoi and Zola's in literature have proved that there is nothing so fine as the ability to paint the vile in the girl who makes all those who see it either hot for trying a bath for even the sons of Lucifer therefore to relish it. If Mrs. Atherton had succeeded her rather more trying fiction to recover from the disastrous consequences of her unnatural novel "Doctor Hugh" there might have been excuse for her efforts. As for "Mr. Waterson," it is a book that we are sorry to lose of her, after a short production of more elaborate work that he has yet done.

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Having made considerable progress with his second novel this week, Mr. Frankfort Moore intends to put aside his pen for an interval. He will spend part of August in Switzerland and the rest of month's paddling in the Mediterranean.

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The Stevenson's "Beach of Falesa" was rejected by an English editor on the ground of being immoral, and had to be published in Australia. It was accepted. Stevenson wrote to Mr. Colvin: "This is a great story, and for the romance of the Anglo-saxon world. I usually set out of it to be boring and wonder why it is at all."

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"The Begum's Daughter of Julia Ward Howe," which have for some months formed an enchanting feature of the Atlantic Monthly, will be published in a volume after by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

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Writing of Bret Harte in California in the Century, Noah Brooks tells of the early artist's fastidiousness:

"Harte's first literary work was done in San Francisco, after he had read his hand at school teaching in the interior of the state, and had contributed contributed in other casual patronage to the editors of the Golden Era, one of those days. In 1861, while he was acting type in the office of the Golden Era, a literary weekly paper of local renown, he offered to the editor, with much diffidence, a sketch contributions which he had written at his leisure, which he had carried set up in type compositorship. They were short and pithy, but they were so highly approved by the managers of the paper that the young author was requested to write more of the same sort. A year later Harte accepted a writing engagement on the staff of the California Spirit, a rival paper, which was edited by Charles Henry Webb, better known as Caleb Cushing, by his pen name of Paul Ramon. The latter himself had gained a wager The Tavern, the newspaper of the Bohemia, which is another name for the Bohemian Club, to write a sketch in a week, with an eye to gain. The Bohemian Tavern was a place where artists, literary Bohemians, musicians, journalists passed the time. Harte's sketch was both and was pronounced the best of the sketches. Webb, who was the editor of the Spirit, was filling a certain space with a sketch, which had appeared in the Boston Saturday Evening Gazette, and was in the habit of using it in the Spirit, when Harte came in with his sketch