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THURSDAY, JUNE 28,1888,
SALEM


## 

| A STREAM THAT FLOVVS FOREVER. <br> In Willow Brook I cast my hook, And long I stood and waited; But not a trout could I fling out. But not a trout could I fling out. Though well my hook was baited; Nor did complain, while yet no gain Repaid my slack endeavor; From the stream that flows forever. |  |  |
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| But I was told by one not old <br> (I wondered he should know it), <br> The hook must skip, and bob, and dip. <br> And so, and so, you throw it, <br> And many a trout was hurried out <br> To pay his deft endeavor- <br> I only sought to take a thought <br> From the stream that flows forever. |  |  |
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| His trout now dead, had others bred, For life is ever flowing: <br> Six willow spray, unfurled to-day, The ripples glanced, and tripped, and danced, With steps that lingered never; While yet I sought to take a thought |  |  |
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| The brooklet drains the hoarded gains <br> The mountain-hand secureth; <br> Each drop is dead that fills its bed, <br> The stream alone endureth. <br> Be world on world to darkness hurled, <br> Jehovah's thought bath all things caught <br> in the stream that flows forever. <br> -A. E. Allaben, in Overland. |  |  |
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| A "TERRIBLE MISTAKE." |  |  |
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