A STREAM THAT FLOWS FOREVER.

In Willow Brook I cast my hook,
And long I stood and waited;
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;
I only sought to take a thought
From the stream that flows forever.

But I was told by one not old
(I wondered he should know it),
The hook must skip, and bob, and dip,
And so, and so, you throw it,
And many a trout was hurried out
To pay his deft endeavor—
I only sought to take a thought
From the stream that flows forever.

His trout now dead, had others bred,
For life is ever flowing:
This willow spray, unfurled to-day,
Six thousand years was growing.
The ripples glanced, and tripped, and danced,
With steps that lingered never;
While yet I sought to take a thought
From the stream that flows forever.

The brooklet drains the hoarded gains
The mountain-hand secureth;
Each drop is dead that fills its bed,
The stream alone endureth.
Be world on world to darkness hurled,
Succession endeth never;
Jehovah's thought hath all things caught
In the stream that flows forever.

—*A. E. Allaben, in Overland.*

A "TERRIBLE MISTAKE."

Mr. John Jones:
You are requested to draw two weeks' salary, and for reasons with wh ch I trust you are acquainted, seek another position.
P. V. KNICKER,
President Drovers' Bank.
PHIADELPHIA, Dec. 18, 1887.

How many times John Jones had read this note he could hardly have told. "Reasons with which I trust you are acquainted." He, the cashier of the Drovers' Bank, dismissed for reasons with which he was acquainted. What did he mean? What were the reasons, and why was he supposed to be acquainted with them? These were some of the questions which he was putting to himself as he sat in his room almost stupefied.

He did not fear inability to procure another situation. John Jones was too well known and had been too faithful in his services at his bank to fear that; but why was he dismissed?

Well, he couldn't find out until the next day, unless, to be sure, he called upon Mr. Knicker at his home, and that John couldn't do in the state of mind he was in just then.

The feeling of injured innocense is altogether unpleasant after all, and finally dispersed the constantly re- ing questions, and prepared to go . He would go and see Beth, his eth, and together they would talk over he matter, and he would decide what to do.

John Jones had been sick all day. A blind headache had begun to bother him before he had left the bank the day before, and had grown constantly worse all that night until when morning came he was unable to go to his business. The headache was forgotten now; occasion- a throb of pain would make him wince physically, but his thoughts were too thoroughly occupied with that unaccountable note to realize the pain.

He soon left the house and decided to walk up Chestnut street and thence to see Beth. He saw no one, did not even feel the exertion of walking, until he brought up with a bang against a gentleman who was going in the opposite direction. He mechanically apologized and started on, but soon did the same thing again, and saw he was unable to think about the present, even enough to dodge his fellow pedestrians. He called a cab and gave the driver orders to take him to Beth's home. Before he realized that they had started he was aroused by the sudden pulling up of the vehicle, and the man, clambering down from his seat, opened the door and stood waiting for him to get out. He did so, and started up to ring the bell when the driver called after him. He had forgotten the man's fee. He paid him, and then pulled the bell.

The door opened and he passed in, not speaking to the servants who admitted him. He seated himself and didn't move for three or four minutes. This vant who aroused him. sh to see, sir?"

for the first time the man before. the man started if he were ill. John n to his question, but Miss Hughes that Mr. e parlor. Then he set- former position and did in until Mr. Hughes en- :

?"

d up and asked for Beth. ghter is engaged at present," Mr. Hughes.

Beth engaged when he, her betrothed band, was waiting to see her? That s very strange; he couldn't under- and it. Bnt he said: "Very well, I ill wait."

"Miss Hughes will be unable to see ou this evening and requested me to e you this package. I am sorry, Mr. Jones, but I must beg you to discon- tinue your calls."

Great God! What did it mean? John was thoroughly, painfully wide awake now, and sprang to his feet.

"Bertha can't see me, and you ask me to discontinue my visits? Please tell me why?"

He was now standing perfectly straight and gazing composedly but intently at Mr. Hughes.

"I trust that you understand the sons, Mr. Jones, as well as I do," said Hughes, with a peculiar look.

ost the identical words Knicker d in his note. John turned with- rd and left the house. He did n his overcoat, although the old. He tipped his hat over walked. He now realized was. His head throbbed it would burst. What ven made him smile a He pulled his hat that its tightness ed if that would ny harder. He ould ache any hould like to here he was d himself ouse, go- . Ah! He isery ch of

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The door opened and he passed in, not speaking to the servants who admitted him. He seated himself and didn't move for three or four minutes. This was the first time anything had aroused him.

"Mr. Hughes, with a peculiar look. "Mr. Hughes, I do," said Jones, as well as I do," sa- ssons, Mr. Jones, ssons, Mr. Jones, as well as I do," said Mr. Hughes.

"Mr. Hughes, with a peculiar look. "Mr. Hughes,