

they cut on working man's garb
and, delve in the mine, and sweate
the forge?" but neither the garments
or the robes did they put off. And I
wandered in the sut . . . and I said:
"Where do they bury the dead of this
great city?" and I looked along by the
wall where it would be most beautiful for
the dead to sleep and I saw castles, and
towers, and battlements; but no mansions,
urns, nor monument; nor white
slabs could I see. And I
went into the great chapel of
the town, and I said: "Where do the
men worship? Where are the benches
on which they sit, and the voices were:
"We have our altar in this great city,"
and I wandered out, seeking to find the
place where were the houses of the destitute;
and I found

MANSIONS OF AMBER,
and ivory, and gold, but no tear did I see
in sigh near. I was bewildered, and I
sat under the shadow of a great tree and
I said: "What art thou, and whence comest
thou?" And at that moment came the
storm among the leaves, skipping up the
overy paths and across the sparkling
sprays, a very brilliant sparkling group;
and when I saw their step I knew it, and
when I heard their voices I thought of
them. Then I saw appear what seemed so
different from anything I had ever seen.
They bowed, a stranger to me, and
said: "Welcome! Welcome!" and
they clapped their hands, and
shouted: "Welcome! Welcome!" and the
mystery was solved, and I saw that time
had passed, and eternity had come, and
that God had gathered us up into a single
home, and I said: "Are we all here?"
and the voices of innumerable generations
answered: "All here," and while tears
of gladness were raising down our cheeks,
the branches of the Lebanon cedars
were clapping their hands, and the towers
of the great city were chiming their wel-
come, we began to laugh, and sing, and
dance, and shout: "Home! Home!
Home!"

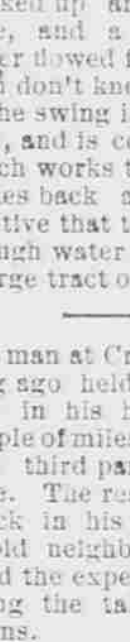
Then I felt a child's hand on my face,
and it woke me. The children wanted to
play more. The children always want to
play more.

Queer Use for the Darlings.
Los Angeles Cal Times.

A former named August Pirch, who
lives near Garvanzo, is the happy possessor
of a dozen fat, healthy children.
These youngsters grow fast, eat three or
four hearty meals a day, and the way
they wear out clothes is enough to make
a woolen factory think a cyclone had
struck it. Mr. Pirch has been in hot
water with his little folks for years, and
was about to give up in despair, when a
bright idea struck him. He had
a tract of land that could not
be used for the want of water.
But how to irrigate the land without
expending a large sum of money was a
mystery. A ditch would cost thousands
of dollars, but he decided that he would
so plentiful in the Pirch family as his
father could have wished, and his
bank book showed a balance of a few
hundred dollars instead of thousands.
He figured on the cost of a well and
found that he could stand a sixty foot
well, a cheap pump and one of those
great big fanley screws which are noticed
at pleasure gardens and German picnics
around. The well was bored, the pump
set up and the swing was put in working
order.

"Here, you little rascals," said the
elder Pirch to his little fishes, "come out
here and get in this swing. I'm going to
give you something to play with." In
five minutes the children were diving back
and forth through the air. The pump
worked up and down, making a merry
noise, and a fourteen-inch stream of
water flowed from the well. The chil-
dren don't know that they are working
as the swing is some distance from the
well, and they are too busy playing with
what works the pump as the swing vi-
brates back and forth. Mr. Pirch is
positive that the youngsters will pump
enough water during the day to irrigate
a large tract of land.

A man at Creek Settlement, Mich., re-
cently long ago held the wires of his telephone
line in his hands and had his sister, a
couple of miles away, talk through his bod-
y to a third party on the other end of the
wire. The result was a pleasant tingling
in his fingers and arms, and a good friend
neighbor who heard about it also at-
tempted the experiment, his mother-in-law
observing the talking, and she was torn to
atoms.



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