Orange County Observer.

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GRANDFATHER'S DREAM.

[illegible] in his big arm chair
Had asleep,
[illegible] that ringed his wrinkled face
Were furrowed deep.

[illegible] of his beard hung from
His cheek and chin,
[illegible] Snow the winds
Had blown in.

[illegible] hands were crossed across
His sustaining staff,
[illegible] the silence the tall [illegible]
Left the lange.

A smile from his parted lips
Spread o'er his face,
[illegible] on a tranquil face
From its starting place.

[illegible] the vision the long ago
Had anchored deep
[illegible] soul was drifting now
Through his sleep.

[illegible] was that dream? Did his childhood [illegible]
Come
And leave a map
[illegible] playing ground is
There in his lap?

Or was it a winding or hard path
And his children's mother, a girl again,
Walking with him?

Perhaps, through time's long sojourn,
He heard a voice
And felt a hand laid on his shoulder,
As he used to [illegible]

Sure we were some brilliant joy
He had met somewhere
Had come to visit the old man there
Asleep in his chair

But soon his hands dropped from his staff,
And drooped his head;
And those who came and went that day
Talked of the dead

We talked only of pearly paths
In a summer land,
Where his children's mother walked with him,
Hand in hand.

For now we knew her angel face
Glad in the gleam
Of a golden city awaiting him,
Was grandfather's dream.

—Alfred Ellison.

INGAR, THE DYNAMITER.

By Montgomery E. McIntosh.

AT "Keel Ridge," on the Messaba, that extraordinary range of smoking hills where iron ore is scooped out of the ground with steam shovels—a process that all miners bred to a right notion of underground workings must ever regard as irregular—lived a young Swede, Ingar Nelson, when the range was new. He was a strapping, penniless giant of twenty, anxious to find work. No men were needed at the mine, but there was enough for him to do in the town, where every day he saw a fresh crop of flimsy buildings springing up, on streets from which the stumps had not been grubbed.

The stout and willing Ingar was presently a man sought after. His hand was turned to every manner of work, from building a house to making Fifth avenue capable of being traveled by wagons. Up to the time of his advent the avenue had been open to foot-passengers only, because the inhabitants had been too busy with other matters to clear out the stumps and boulders. Fifth avenue, so named by a surveyor who had once visited New York, began at the mine hill and ended in a cedar swamp, and was destined to be lined throughout its length with miners' supply stores and saloons.

One day Ingar visited the mine, and watched the men at work there quite ready for a blast. He retired with them when the danger signal sounded from the power-house whistle, and perplexed while the man put the electrical firing apparatus in readiness, and when the smoke was cleared, was a little shaken but generally puzzled by the instant, violent detonation in the mine. Back into the drift again, the litter of rivven rock, from solid walls, made an impression on the youth that was not to be blasted out.

"I tank she have good stuff," he ventured with satisfaction, when given some of the yellow compound that had demonstrated such power to split stone and iron.

It was at this time that Ingar took a contract for digging a cellar beneath the store of Peter Baird. Peter had been in such a hurry to begin business that he built his store first, and arranged for the excavation of the cellar afterward. Ingar did pretty well with the digging, until he came to a boulder so big that it was beyond the strength of man or beast to get it out.

Peter Baird's disgust was extreme, but he was reassured by the contractor. "I fix um," said the laconic Ingar. Mr. Baird was busy for a time after that, and when next he saw Ingar, that herculean Norseman had just emerged from the cellar. Ingar lighted his pipe and went across the street to see how Andrew Larsen was getting on with his new meat market.

At this point Peter Baird went into the storage shed back of his main building to fill an oil-can that had been sent in from a prospector's camp, and this was a lucky circumstance.

In the twinkling of an eye the store was rent and shaken as if a very Vesuvius had broken loose under it, and in one or two more twinklings Mulhale's barroom, on the opposite street corner, suddenly spilled men out of every door. That was where the largest piece of stone struck.

When his employer cautiously approached the shattered store, very white as to face and with knees not to be depended on, Ingar gravely explained the eruption that had just taken place. In disposing of the refractory boulder he had wished to put his newly acquired knowledge of explosives into effect. From a supply store he had obtained a miner's "stick" of dynamite, which looks very much like a tallow candle, and with it the necessary fuse and fulminating caps. With these it was his design to shatter the stone and surprise Mr. Baird—a statement that caused loud laughter and cheers.

"You done it!" yelled Pat McHale, who had just arrived, loudly demanding to know whom he had to thank for dropping three hundred pounds of very ordinary stone upon his premises. Even Peter Baird slapped Ingar on the back and called him "a bird," but the Swede never knew what he meant.

Ingar had placed the dynamite under the boulder, attached cap and fuse, and then applied the match. He had a notion that when he returned he would find the stone conveniently broken into small pieces, like the ore at the mine, and his chagrin was keen that the exploston should have made such a mess of the building. He did not make the statement at that time, but secretly held the opinion that it would have been a successful operation had he used only half the "stick." Mr. Baird patched up his store and ordered a new stock of crockery.

After that the supply men were not disposed to sell Ingar dynamite. One day, however, he purchased some for the declared purpose of blowing out stumps, at the same time engaging in solemn terms not to employ any of the dangerous substance in the course of cellar-digging.

Ingar had lodgings at a large boarding house on the outskirts of the town, where miners and other workmen were quartered, and in walking down the street with his formidable purchase he thought of a particular offensive stump on his landlord's premises. This stump, remnant of a giant pipe, so firmly rooted that it had resisted all ordinary methods of extraction, was a nuisance and an eyesore.

Ingar recalled perfectly that the force of dynamite was expended vertically, for he had proved this to his satisfaction in Baird's cellar, where the stone certainly went upward and exhibited no tendency toward horizontal movement. Reasoning thus, it was clearly safe to blow up the landlord's stump, which must infallibly be lifted, broken and dropped upon the neighboring land.

This, like the other attempt, was to be a surprise, and owing to the impressive size of the stump, and to guard against failure, Ingar placed two sticks under it.

That stump was blown squarely through the boarding-house, from side to side, and Ingar, who had retreated to a safe distance to watch the explosion, fled from what he believed to be a scene of death. Faith had ordained, however, that at the supreme moment the landlord and his wife should be in the kitchen, engaged in a high altercation with the cook, and no one was in the front of the house, which was the part devastated by the meteoric stump.

In the instant of shock, the cook departed in a cloud of dust, and refused to go near the place again, because she suspected the landlord of having arranged the whole affair with a view to getting rid of her without payment of wages due. So she sent a lawyer to collect the money, and the landlord engaged the same legal gentleman to arrange the settlement of the damage with Ingar.

The honest lad, who had striven so earnestly to emulate the American spirit of enterprise, was now called Ingar, the Dynamiter. The merchants would trust him for anything else, but with respect to explosives they regarded him as a dangerous theorist, and he could not buy dynamite in any store on the range.

In spite of all this it was another sort of experience that gave the Norseman lasting fame. It happened one day when the new powderhouse had just been completed, on a spur of the mine hill and among the only trees that had been left standing on the location.

Some Italians were engaged in transferring the powder and dynamite from the temporary to the new storehouse, and one of them carelessly left the door of the new building open.

Coming up the hill, the men had to turn a ledge of rock before they could see the new magazine, which was covered with corrugated iron and fresh-coated with red paint. On the first trip up, after the careless man had blundered about the door, the party passed the ledge and came upon a sight at which every man turned white.

Through the open door, not a hundred feet away, serenely examining the deadly stores strewn all about, was Master Norman Roberts, aged six years, son of the mines superintendent. His sister, toiling up the path and calling his name, explained the child's presence there.

Master Norman, at the moment when he was discovered, had possessed himself of some dozens of fulminating caps, which he thought were excellent playthings, and had scattered the bright brass liberally on the floor.

The situation was desperate. Within the space of a few feet were hundreds of pounds of every sort of high explosive, from ordinary "giant" to the most terrific combinations of nitro-glycerine. The concussion of an exploding cap, of the sort with which the lad was playing, meant death and destruction to every soul on the hill.

The Italian who first got a view of the situation went down upon his knees—somewhat gingerly, to be sure, for he had twenty pounds of dynamite in his hands. A dozen men huddled together behind him, afraid to startle the boy by a sound, lest they might hasten the moment when those childish feet would annihilate them, and not daring to run because they knew they could not get away from so much dynamite. Besides, there was the superintendent's little boy.

Ingar Nelson, swinging up the hill on his way to the power-house, where his brother now worked, saw the shrinking group and hurried to them. One of the foremen delegated to watch the filling of the powder-house had recovered himself enough to signal frantically to Norman's approaching sister. She, astonished by the earnest pantomime and not divining its cause, stopped on the hillside and ceased to call her brother's name.

Ingar understood the instant he arrived, for he knew something about dynamite now. He stopped a moment and scratched his head. The circumstances did not seem to favor conversation, and besides, Ingar was rather a taciturn man; so after an instant's pause, in absolute silence, he tiptoed stealthily toward the open door.

Little Norman had his back turned to the interested spectators of his play, and was joyously tossing his new found playthings about. The men in the path bent forward until their trembling fingers almost touched the ground. One cannot avoid some nervous agitation when he approaches a baby who is playing with fulminate among cases of nitro-glycerine, and the palms of Ingar's hands were moist before he made many steps.

Softly he stole to the door. Norman was babbling merrily and thinking it all fine fun, when he was suddenly gripped by the back of his waist. A powerful arm raised him, struggling and crying with fright, and held him high above the dangers with which the floor was spread. Then Ingar, tossing the tiny figure upon his shoulder, pranced down the hill, releasing the tension of his nerves by giving such cheerful whoops that Norman concluded it was all a lark.

Twelve crouching figures straightened and twelve voices made so much joyful noise that all surface work at the mine was suspended, while the day shift came to see what the clamor meant.

He is Ingar the Dynamiter still, but the name is not without honor.

He was the first man to show that something could be done with a market-garden in this far northern land, and if you will drive out on the Iron Mountain road, on a summer day, you will doubtless behold his honest blue eyes surveying you across a domain of potatoes and cabbages. Superintendent Roberts never rides that way without a friendly greeting for the man whose mettle was so well tested, and he always gets a hearty answering halloo, delivered by Ingar, Mrs. Ingar and little Ingar—the last an eminently robust sprig of the Viking stock, already somewhat expert in the use of the hoe.—Youth's Companion.

The Beech Hedge.

The tourist in Scotland, as his brothers elsewhere, with his hurry and scurry, forever in haste to see everything in a few days, too often passes by the smaller objects of interest and thus really accomplishes little of his vast undertaking, says the New York Tribune.

The beech hedge is one of these too often neglected wonders of nature. Not that it is a smaller object of interest by any means, for it stands over 100 feet high. The beech hedge is the property of the Marquis of Lansdowne, at Meikfour, Perthshire, and was planted in or about the year 1745 by a party of highlanders encamped there for a few days while on their way to join the pretender, Prince Charlie. This mammoth hedge, which indeed deserves the name of being one of the modern wonders of the world, is a fitting monument to commemorate the pretender's defeat at Culloden, "the last battle ever fought on English soil."

"Harry, please don't whistle 'The Girl I Left Behind Me.'" "Why not, Clara?" "You know, we haven't an idea whether Bridget will be there when we get back home or not."—Chicago Record.

FARM TOPICS

Keep Young Hogs Growing.

There is an impression among farmers that hogs in summer at pasture can get enough with the swill from the house and what they can get in the fields. This was all right, so long as skim-milk, one of the best foods for growth, was part of the swill, and uncooked refuse from the table was also thrown in. But in many places the skimmed milk is now sold in some form, while a better use for table refuse is found in giving it to the poultry. So the pig is starved in summer, which is the time he ought to grow the fastest, and is the poorest preparation for the heavy corn feeding that will begin in September and continue until the pig is turned over to the bucher. A half-starved animal loses the power of digesting hearty food, for the stomach, like every other organ of the body, needs to have something to do to keep it in good health and strength.

Artichokes For Pigs.

Occasionally some one writes enthusiastically in favor of artichokes for swine, but the great majority of swine breeders and feeders do not seem to be fascinated with this valuable tuber. The fear of difficulty in getting rid of them, after they are once in the ground, is one cause of this indifference. As a matter of fact there is little danger of artichokes remaining in the ground, if hogs have free access to the field. They will not leave any to speak of. It is not probable that artichokes are quite all that some writers would have us believe, but nevertheless, if a swine feeder once tries them, he will not be apt to give them up. They seem to be just suited to the hog's taste and system, are conducive to the health of the animal, and in food value, as a part of the ration, are worthy of high esteem. If pigs are allowed to run on artichokes, and also fed grain, the artichokes will save about two pounds of grain for each pound of gain in live weight. They are an easy, economical crop to grow. Plant them in rows three feet apart, cultivate a few times, and then let them and the hogs have it out together.—The Epitomost.

Sheep Like Wild Pasture.

From my experience in sheep raising, I have come to the conclusion that the more access flocks have to the woodlands the better they will thrive, while the more they are confined in narrow pastures where the wild growths have been exterminated, the more unprofitable they become. Years ago in this section when a larger area of the lands was in forests than at the present time, our sheep raisers let their flocks run in the woods the year round, and they did much better than they do of later years.

There is something peculiar to wild land that is necessary to the growth and a healthy condition of the sheep. They always seek the higher grounds for repose. Confine them in a field and if you notice, you will invariably see them lying on the highest point at night.

We are led to believe that there is an instinct that prompts them to do this. If they be left to range at will, they find every nook and corner that is classed as "commons," and will have a clean, thrifty appearance, while if they be confined in anything like close quarters, they become diseased, take on a bad appearance, and a decrease of numbers is the ultimate result.—Frank Monroe Beverly, in Farm, Field and Fireside.

Effect of Fat on Yield of Cheese.

The result of an experiment made by J. W. Decker, the instructor in cheese making at the Wisconsin dairy school, may surprise many. With six samples of milk, each weighing 200 pounds, ranging in butter fat from nothing to five per cent, cheese was made with the result that the cheese made one per cent. butter fat milk was one-third larger than the one made from the milk containing no butter fat. That made from two per cent. milk was still larger and so on to the four cent. which cheese was fully twice as large as that having no butter fat. The cheese from five per cent. milk was a little larger than the four per cent. and the quality of the cheese improved with the additional fat in proportion to the increase in size.

This seems to prove that the same care should be exercised in taking milk for cheese as for butter. Milk with a good supply of butter fat is as essential to the making of good quantity of cheese as for making a good quantity of butter, and still more essential in its bearings on quality. Milk with little butter fat will make good butter, but it will make but little of it, whereas milk with little butter fat will not yield heavily in cheese under any conditions, and it loses in quality also. This experiment shows pretty clearly why we are obliged to eat so much poor cheese or not any at all. We are eating cheese with but little natural butter fat in it, and of this the consumer has a right to complain. Another important feature of the experiment is that the fat must be native to the milk and not added, in order to get the results here mentioned.—New England Homestead.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

To Take the Sting Out of Sunburn.

A good cure for sunburn is made by slicing and soaking a cucumber for a few hours in milk, and bathing the face two or three times a day with it. Dry the face carefully afterward, using a soft towel.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Pictorial Labels For Fruit Jars.

All sorts of labor-saving devices and arrangements are now brought out for the convenience of the busy women of to-day. Among the most recent and really helpful of these may be reckoned the pictorial label which is destined to take the place of the hand-written labels which used to distinguish the different preserves and jellies stored in the fruit closet from each other, and which took so long to prepare. Many a weary, busy, hurried housekeeper will bless the pictorial label this season.

The pictorial label is simplicity itself. The colored representation of the fruit indicated explains its object and purpose alone. There is nothing to confuse the eye of the housekeeper as she runs it over the shelves of her preserve closet in search of a particular fruit. The labels can be used but once, but they may be purchased very cheaply, and come all gummed and ready to attach. It is safe to say that many a progressive housekeeper will make liberal use of them this year, and the fact that the fruits which they distinguish may be recognized much more quickly and readily by means of their aid than with that of the old-time written label constitutes no insignificant point in their favor.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Suggestions For the Picknicker.

A meal served on a tablecloth is more attractive than one served on crumpled newspapers; so take one when you go on your outings. It may be old and thin, but if it is clean no one can find fault. Take paper napkins, enough wooden plates to go around, knives, forks, spoons and granite or tin cups.

Here is an excellent menu for a picnic luncheon:

Fruit, Berries or Melons.
Cold Fried Chicken.
Cheese Waters. Watermelons.
Chopped Ham Sandwiches. Sardine Sandwiches. Olives.
Lemonade. Fancy Cakes.

Make the sandwiches (of which there should be a liberal supply) of bread at least twenty-four hours old, but of course not stale. They should be wrapped in oiled paper and packed in tin boxes. Always remove the crusts. Make the ham filling as follows: Chop a sufficient quantity of cold boiled ham very fine. Mix with it a salad dressing and spread thinly on buttered slices of bread.

For the sardine filling remove the bones and skin from some canned sardines and pick them to pieces with a fork. Mix with them a good quantity of lemon juice and fill in the sandwiches.

If you take berries procure large, clean ones and serve them with the hulls on. Have a package of powdered sugar and give each guest a little heap of it, in which to dip the berries.

The chicken should be fried the previous day. To carry it safely, wrap first in plain white paper, then in large table napkins, and pack in pasteboard boxes.

For the lemonade take sweetened lemon juice in bottles, and prepare it as needed when the luncheon hour arrives. Watercress may be carried in tin boxes and placed in water before it is used to freshen it.—New York World.

Recipes.

Cherry Marmalade, Simple—Put the pitted cherries with an equal weight in sugar in alternate layers in a preserving kettle. Cover and let stand till next morning, then place over the fire and boil till the marmalade drops from the skimmer in beads. Remove and fill into small jars, cover when cold.

Eggs in Revoltillo—Fry in a little butter a good-sized onion chopped fine. When brown add three large fresh tomatoes and one sweet green pepper cut into small bits. Let simmer until the tomatoes are quite cooked, add a level teaspoonful of salt and six eggs which have been beaten. Stir while cooking and serve soft, as you would scrambled eggs.

Boiled Rice, Cuban Style—Having thoroughly washed the rice, place it in a saucepan with three or four times the same quantity of boiling water, salt generously and allow to boil until the grain is soft, but not broken. Drain off carefully all the water, cover the saucepan tightly and place at the back of the stove, where it will finish cooking slowly and become dry through the action of the steam.

Sour Milk Corn Cake—Mix one cup bread flour, one-half cup fine yellow cornmeal, one-half teaspoon salt, one-half teaspoon soda and one-fourth cup sugar. Beat one egg very light. Pour one cup sour milk into the dry mixture, add the beaten egg and two tablespoons melted butter or beef dripplings, then stir all together and beat vigorously. Pour it into a shallow cake pan well greased, and bake about twenty minutes.

THE WOMAN AND THE PAINT-POT.

Oh! get thee hence, my children,
And hide away till night
For your mother's on the war-path
To wage an eager fight;
She's painted all the door sills,
And all the pans and pails
Will wear bright coats of yellow
Before the sunlight fails.

The old dog-house is reeking
With colors laid on thick,
And Fred will roar with horror
When he sees his walking stick;
Our home is permeated
With the smell of turpentine,
But a radiant happy creature
Is the woman I call mine.

Go take your baby with you,
Oh, my children, with a rush;
For your mother holds the paint-pot,
And wields a frisky brush.

—Ione L. Jones, in Puck.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

"He's proud of his poetry." "Well, at any rate, he seems to be full of poetical conceits."—Town Topics.

She—"If I were to die you would never get another wife like me." He—"What makes you think I'd ever want another like you?"—Tit-Bits.

"Old Brown won't live long; he has one leg in the grate." "You mean one leg in the grave." "No, he's going to be cremated."—Pick-Me-Up.

After the people have worked themselves to death to raise a preacher's salary, he decides that he can do better elsewhere, and resigns.—Atchison Globe.

She—"Are you a symbolist?" He—"To be sure." She—"What does it mean?" He—"O, if I could explain it, I wouldn't be one."—The Widow.

"The more I pull this molasses candy," said the little girl at the waif's party, "the darker it gets. But my hands is gettin' awful clean."—Chicago Tribune.

Munson—"What became of your idea of starting a monthly to be known as the Powder Magazine?" Pendip—"Oh, that was exploded long ago."—Philadelphia North American.

Dilver—"When I took this place it wasn't fit for a dog to live in. I have spent nearly a thousand dollars on it." Sanson—"Don't you think it would have been cheaper had you killed the dog?"

"Tommy," said the teacher, "is there any difference between the words 'sufficient' and 'enough'?" "Yes'm," replied the youngest. "'Sufficient' is when mother thinks I have eaten enough pie, and 'enough' is when I think I have eaten sufficient."

"I tell you," said the unobtrusive man, "that Paris mob must be made up of wonderfully well-informed people." "But they merely parade the streets and shout." "Yes, but think of how often they turn out and how much study it must take to know exactly what they are shouting about every time."—Washington Star.

Bobby (at the breakfast table)—"Maud, did Mr. Jiles take any of the umbrellas or hats from the hall last night?" Maud—"Why, of course not. Why should he?" Bobby—"That's just what I'd like to know. I thought he did because I heard him say when he was going out, 'I'm going to steal just one, and—why, what's the matter, Maud?"

Old Lady—"I'd like to get a pair o' shoes, young man." Polite Clerk—"Something pretty nice, ma'am?" Old Lady—"I want 'em good 'n stout." Polite Clerk—"Well, ma'am, here's a strong shoe—an excellent strong shoe. It has been worn a good deal this season." Old Lady—"Man alive, I don't want no shoe that's been worn this season, nor any other season, I want a bran' new pair."

An Artistic Failure.

"Never!" said the stern-faced father to the fair-faced daughter, who stood before him in an attitude of petition. "You have brought me the surprise and disappointment of my life. Marry a Smith! I say most emphatically and decidedly, no! That is final, my child. We trace back beyond the flood and through a royal line. We were among the first to visit the shores of this new world and among the earliest settlers of Detroit. Have you no pride; no proper sense of your importance? Has it come to a point where I must exercise paternal authority in such a matter?"

"Oh, I guess the Smith family is as old as it is numerous, for the girl has a dash of American independence. "No Indian maiden ever saved any of our family in the early history of the country, that I can discover, and if you make it an issue, I'll undertake to show that the Smiths have all the best of it.

Now the old gentleman's face was red, and his eyes were snapping. It has been his way to cow his family by dramatic action, and in this case he wanted to throw in a little of the melodramatic. To do this he must be upon his feet, and have room. He sprang forward with the air of a tragedian, but he was in one of those narrow chairs with a frayed cane bottom and stiff arms. The chair clung to him as he leaped and he looked too ridiculous for words. He swore violently. The daughter screamed with laughter. His supreme dramatic effort was a howling farce, and he collapsed.

"Smith" is on the cards.—Detroit Free Press.