

AT THE SIGN OF THE BIG PUMPKIN



TOM MATTHEWS and his sister Josie were walking leisurely along the lane which led from the lower pasture, up through the cornfield, to the house. They were walking slowly and talking. Tom was sixteen years old—a slim, light-haired boy, with an interesting face. Josie was two years younger, and being much like Tom, and a girl, was of course, pretty. It was Tom who was talking.

“I am going away,” he was saying, “and I am going to be extinguished. I am not going to stay on a farm all my life. I can draw letters now as good as those on some of the signs in town, and I am going to be an artist, and extinguished.”

The two had by this time entered the cornfield. It was autumn, and the cornstalks had all been cut away, leaving scores of great, yellow pumpkins that, in places, seemed to lie so thickly that one could hardly pass between them. A little later they would be gathered and shipped to New York

similar manner. His capital was reduced to two dollars now, and he was eating barely enough to keep him alive. He continued to go to the sign of the big pumpkins for his meagre lunches, as being the one place in all the vast city that had for him a flavor of his home.

Finally, when he had but a dollar left, he spent more than half of it for a shoe blacking outfit, and mingled with the throng of street boys around Printing House Square.

This was a sad end to his dreams. Instead of painting pictures or beautiful signs, or even marking boxes, he was painting boots. He was able, however, to earn enough to pay for a cheap lodging, and be able to eat as high as three ten cent meals a day at the sign of the big pumpkins.

Thanksgiving came late that year. The day before was cold and sloppy, and no one wanted a shine. Tom crept disconsolately down Fulton street to his supper. He had a little money. By dint of economy he had accumulated nearly two dollars as a sinking fund. Perhaps unconsciously he had saved it for a purpose which he did not confess even to himself.

As he drew near the cheap little eating house with the big golden pumpkins in front, his eyes suddenly grew dim and he trembled all over. The light streamed out on the pavement, and in its radiance, he read on one of the great yellow rinds the fatal words he had himself wrought three months before on that beautiful October afternoon, with sweet sister Josie looking on.

“I Will be Extinguished.”

He had learned long since his wrong use of the word. In fact he had misgivings and looked it up before he left home. But it did not seem to him



God's ear of plenty overflows With gracious gifts for men; His loving bounty He bestows In ways beyond our ken.

And so beyond cerulean skies, To His great throne above The thanks of grateful millions rise For His unchanging love.

City, some eighty miles away. The Mathews place was famous for its big pumpkins, and the amount received each year for this crop was no small addition to the income of the little Connecticut farm.

Sometimes during corn cutting Tom had amused himself by scratching sentences on the big yellow rinds with his thumb nail, giving play both to his imagination and talent for lettering, besides feeling that these words would go soon to the great city and be read by people there who were really a part of its bustle, and who saw every day the wonderful sights of which he had only read and dreamed. These letters, etched lightly on the ripening pumpkins, faded over with a white crust in a few days, and became very distinct and easily read. On one he had inscribed, “What Do You Think of Me?” and so on. Finally, the desire to behold for himself the sights of New York, and to seek his fortune like Dick Whittington, and others of whom he had read, had become a resolve.

He had resolved his plan over in his mind until it seemed perfect, and fame and fortune already within his grasp.



TOM LEAVES THE FARM.

He had spoken of it to Josie now for the first time, and charged her to say nothing as yet to their mother, who was a widow, and who, with the help of Tom and the hired man, ran the place.

Josie felt the weight of the secret, but she believed in her brother. She leaned her elbows now on one of the big pumpkins half as tall as herself, resting her chin on her hands thoughtfully. Tom, meanwhile was laboring at something on the other side.

“It's a good time to go,” he was saying to her, “the fall work will soon be done, and by spring I will be making enough to pay for the extra help mother will need, and I will send you

without the aid of numerous policemen. The address of this boarding house had been given him by a neighbor who had once visited the city, and Tom found, by counting the money, and making a mental calculation, that he had barely enough to keep him there three weeks. He must therefore set about securing a position at once.

Artists and their studios were quite different from what he had imagined, and no one seemed anxious to engage an assistant. One man with a French accent offered to take him as a pupil at a rate of tuition that would have used up Tom's capital in a few days, to say nothing of board. Most of them hardly noticed him at all.

At the end of a week he grew disheartened by his unsuccessful efforts to become an artist and had modified his plans. He would be a sign painter. But somehow his efforts in this direction were equally disheartening, and three days later he descended still further the sliding scale of art. He could make letters so well, he would secure a place as box-marker in some mercantile house.

“Let's see how you can mark,” said one man in the shipping room of a big house on Pearl street. Eager to try, Tom took the brush and dipped it into the marking-pot. Then he made a few letters on the smooth board placed before him. The brush was big and mushy, and different from any he had used. He was took anxious to succeed. His letters were ragged and stiff. The man beside him took the brush.

“This is the way to mark,” he said. As Tom watched the ease and rapidity with which the graceful letters seemed to fairly flow from the soft brush, he turned sick.

“You will make a marker some time, but you need practice.”

His artistic dreams had vanished. He simply wanted work—any kind that would bring money.

The next morning he got his breakfast at a cheap little place on Fulton street, where there were always a lot of big yellow pumpkins out in front to serve as a sign. He came here as often as he could, because the pumpkins reminded him of home.

now to be so wrong either. The tears streamed out of his eyes so he could not see. “It was a true prophecy after all,” he thought bitterly. “I am extinguished, sure enough.” He wiped the tears away and looked among the pumpkins for others with his work on them. He found two more. He would like to have fallen down and kissed them as Columbus did the ground at San Salvador. But he was too hungry for sentiment.

While he waited for his supper within, a boy that he did not know sat near him laboriously reading a letter. Tom ordered pork and beans, because they were cheap and filling, then suddenly remembering and growing reckless, he added a piece of pumpkin pie.

While he waited he glanced sideways at his neighbor and unconsciously read the first lines of the soiled letter: “Dear Son: I hope you are well—”

Again the tears filled Tom's eyes until he could not see. Just then the waiter brought their suppers. Experience on the street had long since made Tom friendly with other boys of his class. When he had eaten a little he said to the boy beside him:

“Is your home outside of the city?”

“Yes—ten miles—out beyond Hoboken.”

“Anybody besides—besides your mother?”

“Yes, I got a father what's sick, and two little twin sisters. Mother goes out washing, and I sell papers over here so's to help along.”

“Do you go home often?”

“Not very. It costs fifty cents every time, but I go once a month, mostly. I couldn't go last month 'cause I saved my extra fifty cents for a present to take to the twins tomorrow.”

Tom motioned to the waiter.

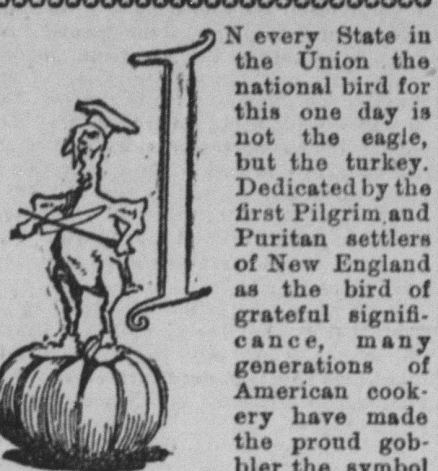
“Bring another piece of that pumpkin pie,” he said, with almost a ring of triumph in his voice. “The pumpkins that pie is made of came off my mother's farm,” he added, turning to the boy. “I want you to try a piece of it. And—did you say it costs fifty cents to take you home and back?”

“Yes.” The boy looked up at Tom curiously. “Fifty cents the round trip.”

“Well,” said Tom, his thin face suddenly glowing with the light of a new resolve, “it costs nearly two dollars just to go to where I live—but I'm going there—to-night.”

CARVING A TURKEY.

DIRECTIONS FOR THE ONLY PERFECT AND PROPER WAY TO DO IT.



In every State in the Union the national bird for this one day is not the eagle, but the turkey. Dedicated to the first Pilgrim and Puritan settlers of New England as the bird of grateful significance, many generations of American cookery have made the proud gobble the symbol of what has become a thorough national festival, proclaimed by the President and all the Governors of the States. The long sermons and the long faces of the colonial days have disappeared. But the turkey remains—a toothsome and triumphant survival, full of a savory satisfaction and a juicy joy, whereof the popular palate promises never to grow tired. Next to the art of cooking this glorious bird stands the art of carving it, and the amateur who is this year called upon for the first time to officiate over the Thanksgiving piece of resistance may do so with great success if he follows the directions as given here:

NO. 1.—REMOVING THE LEFT WING.

Place the fork in the breast of the turkey as shown in cut, having one prong on each side of the breast bone. Grasp the handle of the fork in the left hand and, laying the flat of the knife parallel with and close to the neck, just above where the left wing joins the body, cut downward, catching the joint. A slight pressure severs the cartilage, and a single sweep of the knife removes the wing.



NO. 2.—REMOVING LEG AND SECOND JOINT.

Put the point of the knife into the flesh which holds the second joint to the carcass, and cut downward to where the second joint's bone joins with the carcass.

NO. 3.—SLICING OFF THE BREAST.

The breast may be sliced off in two ways. That shown in the illustration removes it in slices parallel to the breast bone, as indicated by the dotted lines. It may also be removed in slices by cutting crossways.



NO. 4.—REMOVING THE OYSTER BONE.

Place the flat of the knife against the vertebra connecting the oyster bone with the carcass and press the edge in the direction of the neck of the bird. When the knife reaches the place indicated by the dotted line turn the blade, and the leverage causes the oyster bone to fall into the plate. After removing the oyster bone turn the platter and remove from the right side the wing, the leg, the breast and the oyster bone in the same manner as on the left side.

NO. 5.—REMOVING THE WISHBONE.

Place the flat of the knife against the breast bone, next the wishbone, and, keeping it pressed against the carcass, sweep it toward the neck. This removes the wishbone.



NO. 6.—SEPARATING THE OTHER BONES.

The dotted lines show how to remove the oyster bone, the two knees to which the wings are articulated and the breast bone. The latter is removed last of all because the fork is never taken out of its original position in the breast bone until that bone is separated from the carcass.



A Terrible Blow.

Just as J. Turk and family are about to leave for Canada to escape the annual slaughter of their race Papa Turk picks up a paper and reads that the Canadian Government has issued a proclamation calling upon its subjects to observe Thanksgiving Day in the American way.

The man who wants the earth probably never stopped to think what the taxes would be.—Puck.

PHILIPPINES' MINERALS.

Gold, Silver, Copper, Coal, Iron, Marble, and Other Valuable Deposits.

Admiral Dewey has forwarded to the Navy Department a memorandum on the mineral resources of the Philippines, prepared at the Admiral's request by Professor George F. Becker, of the United States Geological Survey. Professor Becker made extensive researches and consulted all the available authorities. Only about a score of the several hundred islands, he says, are known to contain deposits of valuable minerals. He includes a table showing the mineral bearing islands and their resources. This table follows:

- Luzon—Coal, gold, copper, lead, iron sulphur, marble, kaolin.
- Catanduanes, Sylan, Bohol and Panoan—Gold only.
- Marinduque—Lead and silver.
- Mindoro—Coal, gold and copper.
- Carraray, Batan, Rapu Rapu, Samarara, Negros—Coal only.
- Masbate—Coal and copper.
- Bombon—Marble.
- Samar—Coal and gold.
- Panay—Coal, oil, gas, gold, copper, iron and perhaps mercury.
- Biliran—Sulphur only.
- Leyte—Coal, oil and perhaps mercury.
- Cebu—Coal, oil, gas, lead, silver and iron.
- Mindanao—Coal, gold, copper and platinum.
- Sulu Archipelago—Pearls.

Of the coal Mr. Becker says that it is analogous to the Japanese coal and that of Washington but not of the Welsh or Pennsylvania coal. It might better be characterized as a highly carbonized lignite likely to contain as much sulphur as iron pyrites, liable to spontaneous combustion and injurious to boiler plates. Nevertheless, he says, when pyritous seams are avoided and the lignite is properly handled, it forms a valuable fuel, especially for local consumption.

How "Yankee" Grows.

“I was really amused,” said a New Orleans citizen who has lately made a visit abroad, “to notice how the term ‘Yankee’ widens in application as one gets further and further away from the habitat of the real thing. In New York a Yankee is commonly supposed to be a native of Connecticut, Vermont or Massachusetts, and I notice that the name is applied to mean skinflints rather than to the people in general. In St. Louis a Yankee is understood loosely to be any one from the extreme northeast. Here in New Orleans the term includes pretty nearly everybody above Mason and Dixon's line—in short, ‘Northerner’ and ‘Yankee’ are more or less synonymous. Now comes the real absurd part of it, although quite in line with what I have just remarked. While I was in London I found myself continually referred to as a ‘Yankee’ by natives who had learned I was from New Orleans. ‘I think you Yankees are very charming people,’ said a big wholesaler, who wanted to be extra pleasant. ‘I know several from your State.’ I tried to explain at first, but I soon got tired of that. I was sure to be greeted by a stare of amazement. ‘But I thought all Americans were Yankees, doncher know,’ would be the usual protest. Later on I met a very intelligent hotel-keeper, at Berne, in Switzerland, and in the course of conversation he remarked that he had an extremely agreeable countryman of mine staying at his house the previous season. ‘As you are both Yankees,’ he said, ‘you may, by chance, know him.’ ‘Where does he live?’ I asked. ‘In Buenos Ayres,’ replied the hotelkeeper.”—New Orleans Times Democrat.

Possibilities of the Arctic Circle.

The close of the century discloses for the first time in the world's history a practical purpose to develop the resources of the Arctic Circle. The discovery of gold in the Klondike has sent a flood of immigrants into a territory which was supposed to be almost uninhabitable. And now scientists of Great Britain are making a careful investigation of enormous deposits of iron ore, some distance from Stockholm, Sweden, within the area included in the Arctic Circle. These new ore fields are apparently of limitless extent and of the greatest possible value to the iron industry of Great Britain, which is rapidly finding itself unable to compete with the cheap products of American ore. These Swedish deposits are said to be among the most valuable ever discovered on either continent.

Following the discovery of gold in Alaska, this may be taken as an indication that the mineral wealth of the Arctic regions may ultimately lead to the establishment of a large population in those parts of the world nearest the North Pole, which have hitherto been little explored, because of their inhospitable climate. An ingenious philosopher has outlined the theory that the precious metals of the world will be found in greatest abundance in the Arctic regions, because, when the world was a molten mass, revolving on its axis, the tendency of all metals was, naturally, toward the axis or the poles, and that when the plastic mass solidified, the gold and silver were concentrated near the Poles.

Phantom Guests.

Once upon a time, as the story used to run in a newspaper office in Philadelphia, it became necessary at the last moment to remove two names from a list of persons staying in a hotel at Cape May, and to substitute for them the first that occurred to the man that was revising the paragraph. When he read it in print, his invention—a sonorous name of three parts and many

syllables, worthy of Rittenhouse Square—so pleased him that for the rest of the summer in appropriate paragraphs he carried his phantoms, as the American custom then was from watering place to watering place. By autumn they amused his acquaintances as much as they did him, and if due course they elected to pass the winter in Philadelphia, where they went often to large dances, dinners and entertainments in general. In a few months their inventor had so well established them socially that he began to find their names in lists of guests sent to him for publication by hostesses, who wished to persuade the town that they had everyone worth having in their drawing rooms. Such semblance of flesh and blood soon brought vexatious questions to his door, and he prudently sent his phantoms to Europe, where the husband died, and the wife chose to dwell permanently.—Boston Transcript.

Wrong Man at a Wedding.

Talking about singular coincidences, there are a clergyman and a physician living in Philadelphia who bear identical names, but never heard of each other until last week. At that time the physician received a hasty call for his services and lost no time starting for the given number. It was quite a little distance away from where his office is located, and on arriving he was considerably surprised to find the house indicated lighted up and apparently filled with guests.

On entering the hallway he was met by a middle-aged woman, who seemed to be greatly astonished as his appearance. She explained that her daughter was to be married that evening, and, as the clergyman had failed to show up, she dispatched a messenger boy to find him, and not knowing the address, had directed the boy to look it up in the directory; hence the mistake.

The physician, after receiving profuse apologies for the error, was about to depart, when a gentleman was assisted up the steps and into the hallway. He proved to be the belated divine, and explained his lack of punctuality by stating that a bad fall which he had received while en route had resulted in a sprained ankle.

The physician immediately tendered his services, but the minister insisted on performing the ceremony first, and did so.

While dressing the wounded limb the doctor made himself known to the D. D. and related the curious circumstance which had brought them together. The story was afterward told to the guests, and the two doctors were a greater attraction while they stayed than the bride and bridegroom.

Straight Tips for Bargain Hunters.

1. Get up before sunrise and go without your breakfast.
2. Follow the crowd, always keeping to the left.
3. Elbow everybody like everything.
4. Begin with the basement. Things are lower there than elsewhere.
5. Take elevator to seventeenth floor, always forgetting to wait for your change.
6. Take elevator back to basement, always leaving your last purchase behind you.
7. Begin all over again.
8. Keep this up for four or five hours, until you are ready to fall in a faint.
9. Then, instead of taking time to rest a bit and eat a sensible little something, just bolt a couple of chocolate eclairs and drink a mixture of two or three kinds of ice cream soda.
10. Begin where you left off, only don't buy anything the rest of the day. Just go in for samples, etc.
11. Leave your umbrella somewhere or other—where you can't possibly locate it later.
12. Keep this up until you can't keep it any longer.
13. Be sure to leave your pocket-book on the trolley and all your packages in the train and—
14. Last, but not least—do the same thing all over again the following Monday.—Criterion.

A Derelict Church in London.

There is a derelict church in the Charing Cross road, the existence of which will be news to most Londoners. It is called by the title of St. Mary the Virgin. Desertion seems to have taken place because the fabric was crumbling away. Of late nobody has cared to own it, no funds being available to keep it in repair, and the public authorities have been obliged for the safety of passing pedestrians to undertake some precautionary work. They are naturally anxious to discover an owner, and have summoned him by notice on the door of the edifice to make good the structural defects; but if there is really an owner he is scarcely likely to place himself in evidence and assume considerable pecuniary liability. The old place will no doubt have to be removed altogether. As some of the walls threaten to fall at any hour the council has charged itself with the duty of shoring them up, and will duly file the account against the missing owner.—Liverpool Mercury.

Solitude's Solace.

“Yes, there's some consolation in everything!” remarked Robinson Crusoe to the brisk young reporter along with the rescue party. “You see, I had nobody on the island to say ‘I told you so!’”—New York Journal.

The American Indian is beginning to be depressed by the realization that while he is a noble figure in poetry and romance he is an exceedingly poor hand at a trade.