

Timothy's Mother's Pumpkin Pies.

When Timothy and I were first married he used to say a great deal about his mother's pumpkin pies. We were boarding, then, and I, of course, had no opportunity of trying my skill, therefore did not feel at all hurt by such remarks. As I, myself, had often wished for even a look or sniff at the rich golden-looking pies that came from the oven in the little back kitchen at my girlhood's home. So when we went to housekeeping, it was in the fall almost the first thing I saw that Timothy sent home from the market was a great big pumpkin. I rolled it into the storeroom, after a tussle with it for nearly ten minutes, and then sat down to breathe, thinking what a pity we had to pay rent for a home to live in when this big yellow pumpkin shell might serve our purpose so well to set up housekeeping in. I was and thought about it so long—holding my poor, tired hands—that I really fancied I began to feel like the traditional wife of Peter, Peter, pumpkin eater. I was so cruelly imprisoned by her legs laid for safe keeping. Oh! but it was a terrible hour specimen—a perfect Jumbo—more than we could eat in a whole month of thirty-one days if we had pumpkin every day for dinner, and a good sized section in between meals. I got Timothy to chop it up with a knife with the axe, and it took some good stout blows, even for his strong arms. "Well, I didn't know that was the way you open them," I said, "I thought you would use a mallet and a block together, it succumbed to the vigorous blows of the newly sharpened axe, and lay in halves upon the kitchen floor. My mother, I'm sure, used to take—take the blither knife."

Timothy, taking up the thread where his mother had dropped it, "those dear old pumpkin pies. I can almost taste them now." "Well, we will have some tomorrow, my son," was the reply. "Tomorrow came and brought with it a beautiful supply of work, so I went into the kitchen after breakfast to help. No 'blessed help' ruled there, so I felt free to do as I pleased. "I suppose I must make some pumpkin pies for Timothy," she said, as she came up from the cellar, with a pan of milk; and that makes me think, Dorothy. What you said did you mean by making such ugly eyes, and then cursing motions last night?" "Then I told her my own about the pie, and when repeated what Timothy said, she burst out laughing. "The ungrateful scamp!" said she; "her gettin' too particular; you must take her mind off her own work a bit. I'll warrant your pie are better mine, if you're spent so much time practicing. Pies' taste changes as they grow older, and I'm sure you'll find that out. Timothy. The hungry schoolboy of fifteen years ago ain't the same as the busy man of today, and the critics of his day ain't the same as the critics of his today. Dorothy, and I won't let on, and he'll think I made 'em, and let's see what he will say. "Clover! I ran up and put my arms around her neck and hugged her until she grew red in the face and her spectacles fell off, I was so pleased with this idea of her old habit. I made the pies after my own recipe I had worked out in my kitchen—worked out with hopes and fears—with expectation and trembling. I put in the matter with the sugar, and I knew how. They came out of the oven rich and yellow, with a single layer of crust on top, and a delicious odor that made Dorothy's nose and say, as she sat them in a row on the pantry shelf: "Well, well, Dorothy! These are mine. I couldn't eat much dinner, I was in such a hurry for pie. "Now, mother," said Timothy, at last, "I'm ready for some of that famous pie you promised me." The old lady gave a shy wink and went into the kitchen, and brought in a large pie on a platter. Timothy, who was also for his father. "That's it," said Timothy, as soon as he tasted it, "the very same, I'd know that anywhere. Now I'll tell you, Dorothy, that I'm sure you'll like such pie as this, and make me some silk dress. Get me a splendid coat, nothing like your old one. I'll give you a make pie like yours. I suppose it takes a good deal of experience."

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