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 ples. We were boarding, then, and I, of course, had no opportantly of trying my skil, therefore did not feel at all hurt by such remarks.

as I, myself, had often wished for even a look or sulff at some of the oven in the little back kitchen at my girfhood's out one, remember that a kinder shortthe little back kitchen at my girfhood's home. So when we went to housekeeping, (it was in the fall) almost the first thing eatable that Timothy sent home from the market was a great big pump
"Weil, how about the pie?"

"Weil, how about the pie?"

"Yes, you shall have it. You cut it all 'round in rings, you know, and then all 'round in rings, you want a good, and 'round in rings, you want a good,

from the market was a great big pumpkin. I rolled it into the storeroom, after
a tussie with it for nearly ten minutes,
and then sit 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 sat
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," who
was so cruelly imprisoned by her liege
lord for safe keeping. Oh! but it was a
terribly huge specimen—a perfect Jumbo-more than we could cat in a whole lord for safe keeping. Oh! but it was a terribly huge specimen—a perfect Jumbo-more than we could cat 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 open that night 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," he panted, as at last, after an ineffectual struggle to hold likelf together, it succumbed to the vigorous blows of the newly sharpened axe, and lay in hives upon the kitchen floor. "My mother, I'm sure, used to take—

"My mother, I'm sure, used to take—take—the bitcher knife."
"Maybe your mother didn't choose a pumpkin as big as a washtub," I answered.

"I picked out a nice large one, so it would last a good while-I like pumpkin ple, you know, sis" meekly replied the

umpkin chopper. We cut up a small portion of it that We cut up a small portion of it that evening. Timothy he'ping me, so as to show me "just how mother did." I had never made a pumpkin pie, but I felt sure it was easy to do, as I had often seen Norah, the cook, at home, rolling the paste and making pretty little scalleps 'round the edges of the tins, I went to bed wishing it was morning, so I could no to work and I dreamed Tim. I could go to work, and I dreamed Tim-othy and his mother were playing baseothy and his mother were playing base-ball with pumpkins, and using the axe for a ball club. After breakfast, next morning, I hurried into the kitchen, put on my baking apron, and proceeded to begin the delightful task. I do not speak ironically when I say "delightful," task for I was easer to test my skill, and prove to that pie-loving Timothy that there was one woman in the world who could make as good pumpkin pies as could make as good pumpkin ples as "mother used to!"

I concluded that I wouldn't make more than three at first. I found my recipe for the crust that Nora gave me, and

After mixing that sufficiently I paused and again read over the recipe—"Line your tin with the paste-put in the apples"—this happened to be apples, but of course pumpkin was made the same— "season to taste, cover with the paste, and bake." I lined the three ples, put in the little pieces of pumpkin all nice and even, put on some sugar, and then stopped aguin-"What else did Nora put in pies? oh! water: I've seen her put water in apple ples;" I thought, too, a piece of butter wouldn't hurt it any. I had beard her say "An" had heard her say, "An' sure the butther will season up most anything." I couldn't think of anything else to put in, unless it was sait and pepper, and feeling some-what doubtful about these, I omitted them, and hastened to crown the pie with the top crust. I took pains that all the and sugar and salt and scallops should be even, and the little tree I made in the middle with a knife wasn't as graceful as Nora's rel fingers used to fashion them-but the fo lage was much more luxuriant.

I put the three sister pies in the oven,

and they might, with perfect consistency, have been labeled, respectively, "Faith," "Hope," and "Charity," for surely they each wore a benign expression—and two of these virtues had been called into requisition many times since I first set my eyes upon that big, ye low pumpkin being dumped from the grocer's cart at our back door.

"charity," however, came along later, when we came to eat their. I opened the oven door every five minutes to see how near done they were, in spite of which they did bake at last, and I brought them forth from their iron prison and set them in a row on the them, as an experimental plece of my own handiwork. As I looked, it flashed across my mind that somehow they didn't look just like pumpkin ples ought to look; "ought to be yellower." I sail to myself. "Must be they put something egg-or something-on top-kind of cus tard, maybe," But how to do it! I didn't know and I hadn't any recipe book, and I wouldn't ask my neighbors, so I de-cided to wait till Timothy came home, and ask him. Maybe he'd know. As soon as I heard his step at the door, I flew to tell him of my success.

They're all done, and they're beautiful, only I haven't put the top on yet," was my greeting as he opened the door. "And don't you know how your mather used to do it—and don't they—" , what are you talking about, asked Timothy, as soon as he

Ain't they nice? If I only knew how they

put the yellow top on."
"Well, Dolly," said Timothy, as he be gan to laugh, and then tried not to. "I guess for this once we'll try them as they are never mind the top. Dat didn't you know, dear, that foks don't put a top crust on pumpkin plea? You've got too much top, instead of not chough, but we can eat them all the same I guest New. can eat them all the same, I guess, New-er mind. Mistakes will happen to the best of cooks."

I wasn't exactly satisfied, but said nothing, and sai down to the table with my enthusiasm somewhat abated. We got through with the steak and potatoes. etc., and then I cut the ple and brought a piece of it to Timothy. I thought it seemed funny, as I peered between the crusts, but concluded further remarks from me might be better uncald, as I ally seemed to expose my lenorance. Timothy looked at it rather suspiciously, I thought, then balanced a dainty morse on his fork and tasted it. He swallowed to help it along. But instead of taking a bir drink of coffee to help it along. But instead of taking any more, he put down his fork and looked across the table at me, with his face drawn-in spite of him-into a smile

"Dolly, how did you make this pie?"
"How?" I asked; "why, put the pumpkin and covered it up, and tucked in
all snug around the edge—just as anybody would."

"What! the ple? No, of course not!" I replied, indignantly, thinking he was

pick 'em all out clean and put 'em under

I thought not if I had to wait to learn how from her.

"Then cut it all up into pieces about so big-measuring with her fingers-and put it all in a kettle and stew it." "Do you put water in?" I inquired.
"Of course, it would burn if you didn't;
but not much. Stir it every little while
with your iron spoon. Tou must have

"How long shall I cook it?" I asked.
"Why, till it's done, of course."
"How'll I know when it's done?" I ventured to inquire, feeling sure the old ady thought me a dunce in the culinary

"Why, it will be all soft, you know, and kinder mushy like, like apple sass; you know how that is?"
"Oh, yes; I know so much. Then how do you make the pie?"
"Just as you would any ple, only the inside is filled with custard, and you

don't have no top crust."

"Well, how do you do it?" I persisted, feeling determined it shouldn't be my fault, if, after this, what I knew about

pumpkin pie wasn't all there was to be "You take some of your pumpkin and put it in a basin or pan or bow, or little pail, or anything you happen to have that will hold all you want to fix; put some milk."
"How much?" I asked.

"Oh, I don't know; it depends on how much pumpkin you have; put in a pinch I looked at her fingers to see how much one of her "pinches" would be.

"Take some eggs."
"How many?" I asked.
"Oh, well, child, just as many as you can afford. Some take more and some take less. And sugar; and then put in

ginger or spices or cinnamon, or all these, just according to taste; stir it all up together and bake it. "How long?" was my next query, feeling that the langer I listened the more I didn't know. "Why, until they're done good. No raw impkin ples for me."
"How will I know when they're done?"

"How will I know when they're done?"
If was growing desperate.)
"We'k, when you think they're done, just take a knife and part it in the middle and see how it looks, and if it seems kinder thickish like, and don't run nor look milky, it's all right."
"Oh, dear, nee how what looks? The ple or the knife? And which looks milky? And put the knife in the middle of what?"

It was all mixed up in my brain, but

It was all mixed up in my brain, but this much I found I had gained as I re-viewed the lesson so patiently told me. I knew now that it took eggs, and milk to myself as I went about my work after Timothy's mother had gone, and made up a little tune and kept singing is up a little tune and kept singing is softly to myself-even adding another line of my own somposition to make out whole verse.

Egg, milk, sugar, salt, Cinnamon, ginger, spice, Timothy's mother's pumpkin pler,

Very fine and nice.

I tried the recipe one day, as near y as I could, from the confused bleas I had gained, and the result was an improvement on my first attempt, though the pie was not "like mother's" after all, and I didn't blame her son for saying so. We ate some of it, though it cut like cheese, and our throats smarted for an hour after our repast, owing to the overdose of cinnamon, ginger, salt and all-spice. Then I wrote and got Nora's recipe in full, and she added in a starting postscript, mostly made up of capitals: "SHuRe and Don't put IN 2 mulCH

Of tHE PunKON. You'SE plinty of

MHAK Remembering the emphatic caution, 1 used all the milk I bad in the house, and then halled a passing milkman and bought another two-quart pail full. The consequence was, when I took my ples from the event. m the oven, there was only the crust and a brown bister over the bottom of the tin. The pumpkin was almost as thick as the crust-not quite-by actual measurement. Then I gave up and con-cluded I couldn't afford to be making pastry for my neighbors cats and doss to quarrel over, so for a time we bought our ples, but they were not "like moth-ers" and one day, in-disgust I made up my mind, and made it up to stay, that I wou'l know how to make pumpkin ples if I had to learn all by myself, and spend the remainder of my life in learning, So I began cautiously experimenting, adding a little here and leaving out a little there. Timothy all the while supposing they came from the bakery, saying row and

dear, don't this taste like your mother's

"No, not one bit. Oh, Dolly! I wish you could cat some of her pumpkin pie the following: "The National Association of Wool Manufacturers will publish."

Deaf Manufacturers will publish.

Well, we will have some temerrow, my

and a delicious odor that made Mother Clover sniff her nose and say, as she saw them in a row on the pantry shelf:
"We'l, we'l, Dorothy! Them beats mine."
"I couldn't cat much dinner, I was in much a hurry for pies. "Now, mather," said Timothy, at last, "all ready for some of that famous pie you promise!

"The general trade of Bugaria in 1894."

silk dress. Dolly's a splendid cook, mother, but you know it's quite a knack to make plea like yours. I suppose it takes

"I thought maybe you meant the batch | ture, I made when I was there last week."

"You make?" "Yes; I made some for you."
"Why, you didn't say enything about it, Dolly," said Timethy looking representative at me. "Were those the

prise you, but after you expressed your opinion about them and spoke of valt-ing here, I concluded to wait awhile before telling you." "Well, they weren't much like these. These are spignifid."
"My son," faid his mother again, "Twe

'Yes," I faltered, "I thought I'd sur-

mething else to tell you; I didn't make You didn't? Wel, who did?"

"Your wife, Dorarhy."
"Your wife, Dorarhy."
"Doily? Doily make these?"
The look on his fact was indicrous to
se. But I had my hand on his arm, and my face close to his, and I whispered, "Forgive me, dear, I only wanted to know my pies were just as good as other's ples. I'll take that slik dress,

Well, Dolly, you shall surely have it. for though a little sooner than I thought, you have fairly earned it, not only by our ple-making, but by your wemanly tact in bringing your husband to his

How Father and Mother Clover dia laugh, and we all joined in till Timothy declared he knew he had room for another piece of "mother's ple."

as "mother" used to make, don't pout g feel burt at the insinuation, but take the dear mother-in-law into confidence; maybe she'll help you as mine helped me, and maybe-lf you manage just rightyou'll get a silk dress in the bargain.

GOLD PRODUCTION AND PRICES

London Statist says: "When the rise n prices comes which is certain to fol-ow upon the enormous increase in the told production of the world, that is now Timothy all the while supposing they came from the bakery, saying row and then:

"I believe they must have a new baker down at Brown's shop; these ples are a great deal better than they used to be."

"Aren't they most as good as your mother's?" I atked, one day.

"Why, of course, they are not like hers," he said, "but then, for baker's ples they are exceptionally good."

One day Timothy's mother came over to see him on business. She arrived in aiready stowed, ready for ples, and a happy thought struck me—she should make the ples. The next morning I lied my big gingham agreen around her portly form, and she went at it. She attended to go, At dinner time I brought a place to Timothy, it was the kind that was dark looking and strong tasting. He didn't seem to have and so would be recovered in the meantime population is growing, the had to go, At dinner time I brought a place to Timothy, it was the kind that was dark looking and strong tasting. He didn't seem to have and a surple strong the form place are the country will grow up to the doctor, the stoward and some others, is moving, of course, and the purser, the doctor, the stoward and some others, is moving, of course, and the purser, the doctor, the stoward and some others, is moving, of course, and the purser, the doctor, the stoward and some others, is moving, of course, and the purser, the doctor, the stoward and some others, is moving, of course, and the purser, the doctor, the stoward and some others, is moving, of course, and the purser, the doctor, the stoward and some others, is moving, of course, and the purser, the doctor, the stoward and some others, is moving, of course, and the purser, the doctor, the stoward and some others, is moving, of course, and the purser, the doctor, the stoward and some others, is moving, of course, and the some purposite tast and the purser, the doctor, the stoward and some others, is moving, of course, and the some purposite tast and the courty the goods of it kinds in the country, of course, the doctor, the stoward and

WOOL CLIP OF 1895.

once."

Oh, deary I didn't know you had to."
I soubed, just as the laugh across the table broke out uncontrolladly, but it caused as the tears rolled down my chroks.

"Well, poar little girl," he sald, "vou didn't know, did your I'll have morter came down here for a visit, and show you how; then well have some pee, won't we, Doly?"
I loved Timothy's mother, I want some pumpkin ple in the house an hour when I drew my chair up close and asked her it she would begin at the beginning and tell me skew to make pumpkin girl, "Oh, those ples I made!" began the old large in the house and asked her it she would begin at the beginning and tell me skew to make pumpkin girl, "you, child," and show with large in the house and asked her it she me and and made mentions and shook my final me show to make pumpkin girls.

What have her come. She had bardly been in the house an hour when I drew my chair up close and asked her it she would begin at the beginning and tell me skew to make pumpkin girls.

"White, you, child," and sho, taking of her me and shook my final me mentions and shook Once will do, I thought. We never have in its September Bulletin the results of its

othy, taking up the thread where his mother had dropped it, "those dear 520 or suint, and therefore of lighter pumphin ples. I can almost taste them shrinkage, although the change has in" ome cases resulted from a dry season.

"Well, we will have some tomergoz, my son," was the repay.

Tomorrow came and brought with it a bountiful supply of work, so I went into the kitchen after breakfast to help. No "hired help" ruled there, so I felt free to do this.

"Well, I spoze I must make some pump-kin pies for Timothy," she said, as she came up from the cellar, with a pan of milk; and that makes me think, Dorothy. What on earth did you mean by making such ug'y eyes, and all them curls motions last night?"

Then I told her my rule about the pies, and when I repeated what Timothy said, Then I told her my ruse about the plea, and when I repeated what Timothy said, she burst out laughing.

The ungrateful scamp!" said she; "he's gettin' too particular; you must take his high notions down a bit. I'll warrant your plea are better'n mine, if you've rpent so much time practicing. Fo.ks' tasts changes as they grow older, and that's 12-17's the matter with Timothy. The hungry schoolhoy of fiften, years ago din't the same as the busy man of today-not on the vittles question. Now, I want you to make the ples today, Dorothy, and I won't ist on, and he'll think I made 'cm, and let's see what is concerned, it takes a fair share of our manufactures. The people are houser of our manufactures. The people sare industrious and thrifty, and appear to be quite ready to adapt themselves to the latest principles of co-operative combination; in fact, so sensible are they that one wonders how they can tolerate the scandalous outrages on life and property that are so common in Soila, and cuminated in the murder of M. Stamburght, Mr. Vice-Consul Dalviel reports that joint stock enterprise continues to find great favor, and a company has taken over the oldest private brewery in Roustchouk, while another company has bought up the rival private establishment for making aerated waters, and has now and he'il think I made 'cm, and let's see what he will say."

Dear old Mother Clover! I ran up and put my arms around her neck and hugged her until she grew red in the face and her spectacles fel off, I was so pleased with this idea of her old brain. 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; but with final victory. I had measured everything, from the salt to the sugar, and I knew how. They came out of the oven rich and yellow, with a tinge of brown over their shining tops, and a delicious odor that made Mother Clover sniff her nose and say, as she

"The general trade of Bulgaria in 1894 some of that famous pie you promise!

me."

The old lady gave a sly wink and went into the kitchen, and brought in a large piece, handing it to Timothy, and one also for his father. "That's it," said Timothy, as soon as he tasted it, "the very same, I'd know that anywhere. Now Dolly, if you'll learn just how to make such piez as this, and make me some when we get home, I'll buy you a nice slik dress. Dolly's a splendid cook, mothing the provious year, owing principally to the diminution is the wheat exports on account of a poor harvest and low agricultural prices. The did exports amounted to £2,918,225, of which grain represented £2,24,552, and the decrease of £740,000 under this head, as compared with 1893, is almost exactly accounted for by the smaller sum realized for grain. The statistics show that 23,969 tons less grain were exported in 1894 than "Seems to me these are better'n usual, mother, Said Father Clover. "Yes, your mother does make uncommon good pies, Timothy."

"Instituted by the fact that while in 1894 the exports of grain were 33,500 tons larger than in 1892, their value was about 173,000 less. On the other hand, the imports last year amounted to 53,963,186, an "My son," said Mother Clover, "don't increase of about £20,000 over 183, atyou think you are a little grain notional
about pumpkin ples? Now, I believe Dorothy can make just as good a ple as
was, however, an increase of nearly £100,othy imports uniffected by the reserved. othy can make just as good a pie as this."

"We have had pretty good ones from the bakery," replied Timothy, "but the last we had were horrid. They're not to be depended upon."

The o'd mother lasted. last we had were horrid. They're not to be depended upon."

The o'd mother looked at me and 'fier her evebrows. My face felt as hot a though it had kept company with the ples in the oven. She then looked straight at Timothy. "Timothy, my son, that statement don't seem to agree with your other remarks about your mother's cooking."

If may be doubted where much reliance can be placed on the official figures, for the custom nouse return of the export of attar of roses is wholly inaccurate, acan't mist the considering to our vice-consul in Eastern Roumelia. Returning to the general condition of Bulgaria, it must certainly be admitted that, considering her Internal troubles and her few years of independ-"I was speaking of those we had at coubles and her few years of independent ome," he answered, "from Brown's bakent political existence, progress has been made which is encouraging for the fu-

SALARIES

(New York Press.) Unless a man has a strong liking naval life there is little reason for him to ship on a man-of-war in any capacity. The commander of a cruiser like the Columbia gots \$4,500 a year if a captain: a commander, \$3,500, the subo officers ranging from \$950 for naval ca dets to \$2,800 for Neutenant commanders Captains of marines get \$2,000 a year, en-sineers intl attreons from \$1,700 to \$1,200 and so on. The crew are enlisted men, and get from \$10 to \$15 a month. Petty officers go up to \$30 and \$40. From a pecuniary standpoint a berth on a naval vessel is not a very good thing, and there is not one chance in 10,000 for promotion for any but officers.

All hands among the men are, however sure of their jobs till the term of enlis ment expires, and of pensions in case of disability which comes in the line of duty. Officers have life situations, cer tain promotions, as those above the die, are promoted or retired on accour excellent social position during

of age, excellent social position during the and half pay when the age limit To the average, ambitious young Amer declared he kfiew he had room for another piece of "mother's pie."

"Now, if you are a woman reading this, and if you are married, and if you are married, and if you are your own cook—a so your husban I's—and if Tom, Dick or Harry have ever hinted that they don't get such pies, or puddings, or doughnuts—or something lean the opportunities for advanceme year. A big liner's chief officer, on who the bunk of the beavy work falls, go only 31,500, and promotion comes pretty slowly, since taste are few first-clas-iners, and few of their captains die an-

none resign. The second, third and fourth officers set from \$60 to \$1,200 a year. The chief engineer receives \$1,000, and his assistants range downward from \$1,500 to \$1,000. \$1,000. Stokers get \$30 a month, or a dollar a day. The purser gets only \$1000 the doctor \$300, the chief steward \$1,500

and so on.

the meantime population is growing, the stream and she went at it. She attended to the taking of them all, and then she had to go. At dinner time I brought a Disce to Timothy. It was the kind that was dark looking and strong tasting. He didn't seem to have much of an appetite for it. Finally he spoke:

"Just what I was waiting for. Toat baker's got his old man back, I guess. This doesn't begin to be as good as those we've been having lately."

I thought so myself, but I said: "Way, dear, don't this taste like your mother's word and strong the foundations of new industries are being laid, and utimately, no doubt, if congress does not pass some other inflation act, the country will grow up to the need for all the money it possesses at an average of \$50 a trip, which is high considering the look the need for all the money it possesses at an average of \$50 a trip, which is high considering the look the need for all the money it possesses at an average of \$50 a trip, which is high considering the look the need for all the money it possesses at an average of \$50 a trip, which is high considering the look the need for all the money it possesses at an average of \$50 a trip, which is high considering the look the reach trip. Which is high considering the look the need for all the money it possesses at an average of \$50 a trip, which is high considering the look the reach trip, which is high considering the look the reach trip, which is high considering the look the reach trip, which is high considering the look the reach trip, which is high considering the look that is complement of passengers at an average of \$50 a trip, which is high considering the look the reach trip, which is high considering the look the reach trip. Which is high considering the look the reach trip, which is high considering the look the reach trip, which is high considering the look the reach trip, which is high considering the look the reach trip. Which is high considering the look the reach trip, which is high considering the look the reach tri Naval vesseis could not take freight, for every available inch of space is occupied by stores, coal, quarters, guns and ammunition. If men-of-war were so built as to be able to take passengers

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