

MC2465 POOR DOCUMENT

THE GRANITE TOWN GREETINGS

PANDORA
RANGE
The Recipe "Ladies, here's my recipe for Apple Custard Pie:-
Two eggs, four or five apples, grated, a little nutmeg; sweetened to taste; one-half pint of new milk or cream; pour into pastry—then

The Oven
"PANDORA" OF COURSE.

The Result
"Four—pies—that—don't—last—long."
Four pies and pans of bread can be baked in a "Pandora" oven at one time.

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Barker Pays the Penalty

It was a foul plot, but the conspirators rocked not of the anguish when they were plotting to inflict upon which a sail or two was visible. He had many redeeming qualities, said he of the straw hat and waist-coat, but he never yet redeemed anything he left with me, and so I vote for the extreme penalty.

Meanwhile, the victim, all unconscious of his fate, with all the earnestness and seriousness of which he was capable, and that was no small amount, he coming from Aberdeen, upon the importance of adding the ingredients of a salad dressing in their proper order of merit.

A portly frame, surmounted by a rubicund countenance, testified that he was not one who held the good things of this world in light esteem. The smile of contentment which irradiated his features was evident that he was unaware that the sword of Damocles was suspended over his head, and that its golden thread was soon to break.

Salad dressing discourses ended, to him entered the conspirators. We shall see you tomorrow, then, at 12.30 said the sardonic individual, and Barker, the victim, assented. At 12.30 then on the following day which was Saturday, the conspirators and the unsuspecting Barker met at Liverpool street.

Travelling down to an East Coast station in such luxury as a first-class carriage affords, the latter regaled his companions with accounts of the luxurious banquets of bygone days at which he had assisted, and at which jellied roses and nightingales tongues had been the meanest dishes among 18 courses.

By the way, what sort of a menu have we got for this evening on the yacht? he inquired.

Oh! we always leave that to the steward, said Lupton of the sardonic chuckle. He's a good sort of chap, and rarely forgets anything.

The shadow of a smile flickered for a moment over his face, and also over the faces of Richardson and Gilbert, his co-conspirators, but Barker was unobservant. Two hours later saw the party at the little railway station, and, with the remark, "It's just down the road," the party proceeded to tramp steadily down enough, and you have got to paddle the bumpy white track, beneath the glare of an August sun.

A quarter of an hour later a bend

losing time. When you have dumped that box on board come back for something else."

Seeing that there was no help for it, Barker did as he was told, sinking deeply into the mud at every painful step. Reaching the "Iverna," a small sailing boat, he put the box into it, a roll of the boat causing him to bark his shins very badly in the process. The sun was still fierce, and Barker laboriously retracted his steps, reaching the edge of the land in a most distressful condition, perspiration again pouring down his face in streams his bare legs (for he had rolled his trousers up) covered with slimy mud, save where the blood from his grazed shin had oozed through and his feet lacerated by treading on an occasional stone.

As he sat down Lupton called out to him, "Here's a lady to see you." Barker, rising painfully and wiping away the sweat which had trickled into his eyes, saw before him an attractive, hearty girl, who had a few minutes before driven up in a small pony cart.

"This is Mr. Barker, our City Adonis," said Lupton, "and this is Miss Norton, the proprietor's daughter."

Barker groaned almost audibly, while Miss Norton, or Milly, as she was universally called, smiled broadly at the figure before her.

"So you have come down to rough it for a week-end with Mr. Lupton?" said Milly.

"Well, hardly that," murmured Barker. "At least, I suppose it will be roughing it—that is—I thought we were going yachting; but of course it will be very nice, won't it?"

"It may be if you are a good sailor said Milly."

"I mustn't leave Mr. Barker talking to you," chimed in Lupton. "He is no end of a lady's man, and you will be numbered among his other numerous conquests."

Milly took one look at the pitiable figure before her, burst into a hearty fit of laughter, and ran into the house much to the chagrin of poor Barker, who was, however, too far gone to indulge in either explanation or repartee. Another bundle was thrust into his arms and again he waded through the mud to the boat, this time being hauled into it by the other members of the party, who had also been busy leaving sundry bits of his skin on various projecting portions of the craft.

The boat was soon slipped from its moorings, and, with sail set, was running merrily along the coast before a nice little breeze which had sprung up. Barker had sunk exhausted in the stern, but the bobbing of the boat soon roused him from his lethargy, and it was not long before deep groans betrayed the fact that he was paying tribute to Neptune. Fortunately for him the run was not a long one, and after an hour, the boat was grounded on a shelving beach. The other members of the party, leaping out, pulled up the boat, and pulled out Barker. Recovering somewhat, the latter was set to work, assisting to pitch the tent, knock tent pegs in, etc. while Gilbert was busy with the stove. The meal was soon prepared, and Barker was given some tea in a tin, the comestibles being, of course, all of the tinned variety.

By this time his illusions had completely vanished. When he set out from London he had visions of stepping into a smart boat furnished with velvet cushions, with a couple of sailors to row him to a luxuriously fitted yacht, which he described to himself as "lying in the offing." Stepping gracefully on board, he would be saluted by the captain, while the steward would be waiting deferentially to submit to him the menu for the evening dinner, which he had been assured he would be allowed to fix.

Alas! that vision had been cruelly shattered, and he fully realized that he was undergoing, very much against his own will, an educational process.

That process was vigorously continued by the trio, who saw that Barker did his share—and more than his share—of the work which always has to be done under such circumstances, and who managed that he should "rough it" in the fullest sense of the term. "Washing up," with his feet

in the sea water, sleeping on the hard ground, with only a waterproof sheet intervening, and eating sitting on mother earth, with his plate between his legs, he moved about at last like one in a hideous dream, praying that his awakening might soon come. His cuffs soon wilted up, and his collar had two or three reefs in it.

How he got through Sunday he never quite realized. After a disturbed slumber that night he was aroused early on the Monday morning, and notwithstanding that breakfast was even more rough and ready than the previous meals, Barker began to feel quite cheerful at the prospects of being once more in London with his legs beneath a well-spread table at his favorite restaurant.

The sail back to the place of disembarkation was soon accomplished, but again the tide was unkind, and Barker had, perforce, once more to tuck up his trousers and wade through the mud with sundry packages, this time under the eyes of Milly, who was standing on the shore. Although conscious of the fact that he presented anything but a dashing appearance Barker, emboldened at being again within measurable distance of civilization, resolved to rehabilitate his reputation as a charmer of the fair. He was carrying a somewhat heavy load, and approached Milly, who looked quite charming, her plump but little figure well set off by a simple cotton frock, and her healthy looking face, with its bright eyes, ruby lips and roguish smile, surmounted by a coronet of fair hair.

Barker, having shouted "Good Morning!" from the distance, was thinking of something smart to say. His attention was thus distracted from his footsteps, and he trod unwarily upon a stretch of slimy, green mud. His feet shot from under him, his load went flying, and we went down on his broad back with a resounding smack, in a mixture of ooze, mud and sea water.

It would be difficult to say whether the laughter of the trio who were unloading the boat, or that of Milly on the shore was the louder; but there need be no hesitation in saying that the curses of Barker were the deepest although the vicinity of the lady prevented him from making them too audible. Unable to rise, owing to the slimmest of the particular mud-patch he had struck, he had to lie there until Lupton and Gilbert, approaching warily, were able to hoist him onto his feet. Meanwhile Milly's mirth was inextinguishable, and the sight of Barker being led ashore covered with mud sent her into fresh paroxysms of laughter.

When she recovered herself a little she helped to scrape the poor fellow down, even then bursting into laughter now and then at the ludicrous figure before her.

How Barker got back to the city he was never able subsequently to describe; but he got there somehow. It was sometime before he was able to speak civilly to Lupton and his colleagues, but he eventually forgave them. Still, when he begins to stretch the long bow regarding his doings with the ladies, the question, "How's Milly?" suffices to bring him up with "a round turn," as his more nautical friends describe it.

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Lest we forget—lest we forget!

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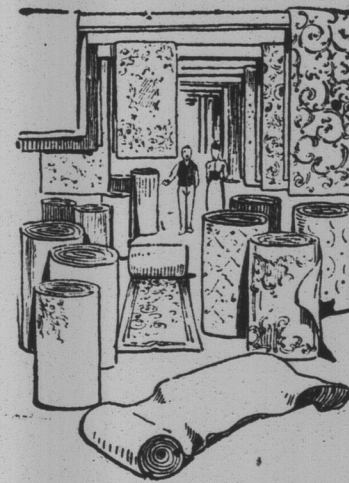
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