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A Simple Country Maiden

A Story of Pretty Nell Gwyn.

By F. FRANKFORT MOORE.

"I trust, sir," said the king, gravely, "that you are properly penitent."
"That was the condition in which I hoped to find Your Majesty," returned Rochester.
The king rapped his stick upon the floor input feetily advantage of the state of the state

The king rapped his stick upon the floor impatiently—almost augrily—certainly with dignity(as he thought).

"What mean you, sir!" he cried. "I—your king—penitent?"

Rochester heaved a great sigh, the force of which shock his doublet till the gold frings upon its horders rat-

the gold fringe upon its borders rat-tled. He raised his eyes to the ceiling with a mock ugubriousness that was very diverting, while he said: "I faith, Your Majesty, I may have "I faith, Your Majesty, I may have hoped for too much; but Your Majesty, will, I hope, forgive me for attributing to you the only virtue which Your Majesty does not possess." "Saucy as ever," said the king. "Think you that I sent for you to exercise your satirical humors here, you rascal? We have had enough of this same witless wit in the old days at Whitehall."

at Whitehall."
"Aye, sir, 'tis true there was plenty
to spare when His Grace of Bucking-ham had cudgelled his brain into a
brisk trot, and when My Lady Castleat Whitehall. maine was trying—not without success—to compete with Nell Gwyn in that form of repartee which findeth great favor in Lewknor Lane.' The king smiled, and examined the huge amethyst set in the top of his

"Well, perhaps I did you an injustice, my Lord Rochester," he said; "but's life, sir, could impudence—even your impudence—go further than it did in that mad quatrain of

I have a good mind to ring for one of the fellows to show you forth. I tell you your vile verse is in every-body's month."

body's mouth."

"'Tis not even in my memory," said
Rochester. "Nay, nor in Your Majesty's either."

"I remember it but only too well,"

said the king.

"I am a poor man," said Roches-ter, "but I dare wager Your Majesty a guinea that Your Majesty cannot repeat the four lines that have done more to make you popular am-ong your subjects than all that you have done since Divine Providence re-stored to them their rightful mon-

"I take your wager," said the king

'Here lies our mutton-eating king, Whose word no man relied on; He never said a foolish thing,

"Ah, sir, could you but know how I have longed for this reconcilia-I have longed for this reconcilia-tion!" cried Rochester. "Indeed, I feel at this moment like the re-turned prodigal. I have been for long among the husks which the swine do eat. Thank heaven, I have now forsaken my prodigality and have returned to the place where that vice is unknown."

Charles went to him and laid a

Charles went to him hand upon his shoulder.
"'S life, Rochester, I am glad to hack, if I must tell the

see you back, if I must tell the truth," said the king.
"May it please your majesty," said "May it please your majesty," said the favorite, "a departure from your majesty's usual habit is not to be discharged, so long as it conveys such pleasure as your last plirase hath done to one so unworthy, but devoted, as myself."

"And now," said the king, leading him to a gilt settee, "give me the tale of your adventures since last we met. I doubt not that you had as many adventures as will keep all the court laughing for the winter."

"Aye, or crying, sir. But the rarest charm of the many to be found in the circumstance of its laughing at all that should call for tears."

"Luca" Jack, art thou become mel-

Jack, art thou become melall in a turn?

"Nay, sir; who could be melan-cholic when—when Mistress Eleanor Gwyn breaks in so prettily upon our

audence?"

He bowed to the floor at the beautiful apparition which filled up only a small space in the carved doorway. The doorway was too spactous a frame for such a dainty picture. Nell Gwyn stood smiling beneath the big tapestry represent-ing, very quaintly, the Judgment of Solemon. The King was now and again persuaded that the needlework monarch bore a striking re-semblance to himself. It was Nell Gwyn who declared that he was sented as being torn in two by the litigants; and she added, moreover, that one of the ladies was Lady Castlemaine and the other Made-moiselle de Opercuntil

"I had no doubt that Madam Ellen would be the first to welcome me back to Whitehall," said Roches-ter, when Nell had advanced, still smiling, far into the room.

"Tis the first time I heard of a

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THIS ARTICLE REMOVED

n ballad through the land?" cried Nell. "Your Majesty's edict did not stay the great plague."

"Would to heaven that it had carried off all the poetasters and the lampooners in my dominion: 'twould then have been a blessing rather than a curse," said JES Majesty. "Get thy ways, Nell."

"I want not to hear a rehearsal

a curse," said it is Majesty. "Get thy ways, Nell."

"I want not to hear a rehearsal of my Lord Rochester's adventures," she cried. "Lug, no! I am not squeamish, having lived in the neighborhood of Lewknor Lane and Whitehall, but my Lord Rochester's stories are just a trifle too rank for my rostrils,"

She was at the point of exit, when the door at the further end of the room opened, and the lovely Miss Stuart entered, having by the hand a very pretty young girl, dressed in the charming simplicity of muslin.

Nell vemained in the doorway, glancing behind her with some degree of curiosity. She had never before seen this young person in muslin, though, of course, she knew Frances Stuart. She saw that both the King and Rochester were greatly interested in the stranger.

"I have brought my friend, Miss Elizabeth Mullett, who is dying to have the honor of kissing your Majesty's hand," said Miss Stuart, leading in the blushing and trembling girl, who glanced behind her once as if she were contemplating a hasty escape. Nell Gwyn, who held kings and their entourage in very light esteem, could scarcely refrain from a laugh at the trepidation of the girl.

"My hand has never been so hon-

He never said a foolish thing,
He never did——'

Gad's life, sir, I'll not gratify your impudence by completing the accursed line. Take your guinea!" and he flung a coin upon the floor.

Rochester picked it up and looked at it for a moment, while the king at it for a moment, while the king has high dudgeon to the further high shad no experience of kings and such like," she added, apologetically. "That is why she is

apologetically. "That is why she is overcome at this moment."
"Would it make it easier for your friend if I were to kiss her cheek instead of her my hand?" said the

King.
"That suggestion should convine "That suggestion should convine

"That suggestion should convince the young lady of His Majesty's kind heart," said Rochester.
"Is't possible that my Lord Rochester has returned to court?" cried Miss Stuart.
"Twas an inspiration, madam," said he. "Tis now quite clear to me that I returned for this moment. M'ss Stuart hath at last found a companion worthy of her companionship."
"Hush!" whispered Miss Stuart.
"You will frighten the little thing away. She is the daughter of a simple Somersetshire squire, and though she hath a fine fortune, she hath never heard a compliment whispered in her ear."

"If she live till she is a hundred

ear."

"If she live till she is a hundred she will never hear a finer one," said Rochester.

Nell Gwyn saw that he was gazing with eyes full of admiration at Miss Mullett, but that she had not succeeded in arousing more than the casual interest of the king. Frances Stuart was resuming her conversation in no measured tone with Rochester, but he was barely listening to her. After she had put half a dozen questions to him, and found that he was not replying to her, she shouted in her usual frank way:

"Bessy—Bessy, look at this fine gentleman who is giving you all his eyes. He is the wickedest fellow in the world, and the wittiest as well." Twas he wrote that funny verse about the king:

"Here lies our mutton-eating"—

Twas he wrote that funny verse about the king:

"Here lies our mutton-eating?"—
"Oh, that!" cried Bessy, her interest quickly roused by the reference to something with which she was familiar.

"S life! am I ever to hear the last of that jingle?" said the King.
"I wonder, Miss Müllett, if you are as familiar with Dr. Ken's hymns as you seem to be with the ribaldry of my Lord Rochester. Methinks that Dr. Ken would come with better grace from such lips as yours."

The poor girl was overwhelmed with confusion. Frances Stuart came to her assistance.
"I did not carry her here to be soolded," she said. "I tell you I will not have her scolded."

"It beems to me that nothing

not have her scolded."
"It beems to me that nothing could come with ill grace from such lips," said Rocehster, bowing."
"That's true, though you say it,

my Lord Rochester, cried Miss Stu-The King laughed. He looked at lockester for a moment, and then

The King laughed. He looked at Rochester for a moment, and then laughed again.

"Hie thee back to Dr. Ken. Miss Mullett—aye, and as duickly as you please," he said; "for fiftis trae that nothing could come with ill grace from your lips, 'tis more than true that nought that is graceless should approach those same lips. Take her away. Frances; take her away as far as is possible from all here,"

"Nay," said Rochester, "I disclaim being associated with the ogres. If Miss Mullett do but stay, I vow that she will win more converts than ever Dr. Ken hath done."

The girl looked at him curiously for some moments, and then her eyes fell.

"I am a simple country girl," she said. "But I know how to make cowslip wine."

"Prithee, let us into the secret, my dear," said the King.

"May it please your Majesty, the whole secret is in the gather-ing of the cowslips," said the fresh to be of any value—the least taint spolleth the brew."

The king looked at her seachingly. "You are the simplest girl that ever made a fool of a wise man, and methinks you know it, Miss Mullett," I

said he.

"Ah, sir," said Miss Mullett, "I protest that I am country bred; I cannot think that a wise man would ed my help in that direction."

Take her away, Frances; take her ay," said the king in a very audiwhisper. "Your friend's simity is like to overwhelm as with wisdom."

wisdom."
Come hither and make your neatcourtesy to the king, and thank
for his gracious words," said

threes.

The girl seemed to be once more a fright. She went backward by side of the maid of honor, and de a flustered courtsey, say-

I thank you, sir, for your kind I thank you, sir, for your kind couragement."
Then she slipped through the door. By the Lord Harry, Miss Mullett ha pretty wit." said the king. "I say she looked at you with some niration in her eyes, Rochester." How could it be otherwise, sir? I not Miss Stuart tell her that I is the most admirable man at the irt?" said Rochester.

She said the most wicked," cried te king.

She suid the most wicked," cried the king,
"Your Maejsty was ever fond of hair-splitting," said Rochester.
"Look you here, you rascal," said the king. "The girl hath a fortune, and you can make her a countess."
"Only with Your Majesty's help."
"You shall have it, Jack. Know you how to make cowelip wine?"
"I would fain acquire the secret, sir. By my soul, the fragrance of a meadow breathes through the room already; the air is full of the scent of cowslips fresh grown."

Nell Gwyn, without making her presence known, had been an interested observer of the whole scene; not one word had escaped her quick cars, but she had slipped away without hearing if Rochester had any reply to the bold suggestion of the king relative to the future of Miss Mullett.

Two days later she observed from

Two days later she observed from that high terrace of her garden which overlooked the bosky walks of St. James' Park, the Earl of Rochester by the side of the girl, accompanied by a brilliant train of courtiers, among whom were Frances Stuart and the king and queen, setting out with the well-known embroidered bags, which she knew contained the remains of biscuit and cake for the feeding of the foreign birds in the king's aviary. It was a favorite pastime with the dwellers in Whitchall and St. James' at all sensons of the year.

The party was a merry one, and Neil did not fail to notice that Miss Mullett's face was pleasantly flushed, Two days later she observed from

Mullett's face was pleasantly flushed, and that the expression upon Roches-ter's face was one of unaccustomed

earnestness when he audresses a re-mark to the young lady or answered one of her innumerable questions. That same evening she learned at Whitehall that Miss Mullett was par-taking of supper with Frances Stutaking of supper with Frances Stu-art, and that Rochester was of the party. She herself had sat down with an equally brilliant party, that in-cluded Lord Carnegy and Sedley and Tom Killigrew, and the conversation turned more than once upon the reappearance of Rochester and of the rumor that he actually meant to re-form, taking his first step in this di-rection by entering into the bonds of matrimony with a young woman from the west whose fortune am-ounted to several thousands of ounted to several thousands of pounds a year. Before the evening had passed the king entered the apartment and scated himself on a settee by the side of Nell Gwyn.
"Your Majesty is the most generous of monarchs," said she.
"I' faith, Madam Ellent I am beginning to believe that you speak the

"I fath, Madam Filent I am beginning to believe that you speak the truth; though why you should only now have become aware of this fact I cannot tell," said he.

"What," she cried, "have you not received my Lord Rochester back to favor, giving him a liberal endowment?"
"Nav." said, the kings (V. have

dowment?"
"Nay," said the king; "I have nought with which to endow even the least deserving reprobate."
"To be accounted the king's favorite is ample endowment for any man," said Nell. "So at least that worlte is ample endowment for any man," said Nell. "So at least that pretty child who is now supping with Miss Stuart will fancy."
"Pour soul!" said the king.
"Poor soul, indeed!" said Nell. "She knoweth nought of the wickedness of man."

man."

"Nay," said the king, "this is her second visit to Whitehall."

"And she hath been by the side of any Lord Rochester for an hour to-day already. Both it not seem to you a shame that so sweet a creature should be flung in his path for him to pick up as one doth a young peach in the orchard of Hampton Court?"

"Oddfish, Nell!" said the king. "If the girl should fall in love with Roch-

the girl should fall in love with Rochester and agree to marry him, 'twill be well for the twain. He will prove be well for the twant he will plot to the large husband."

"That is not saying very much, and

"That is not saying very much, and she deserves a bettler," said Nell. "I have heard that she hath an honest country lover. If Your Majesty were to extend the royal favor to him rather than to the reprobate Rochester, you would do more for the happiness of the girl."

"How can you tell? There are as bad hus in the country as ever

dwelt in the town. I do not to so far as to say there are any in town unter so bad as may be found without the aid of a lanthorn at the Palace of Whitehall. 'S life, my dear, the girl is not my daughter, that I may give to whomenever I please, if she hath another lover, iet him show himself, she shall marry the one she favore, whether he be the king's favorte or another, and now to supper."

"I shall keep Your Majesty to your word," said Nell.

(To be continued).

(To be continued.)

says the London Standard, has col-lected a great quantity of Tolk leg-ends which were current in Egypt at the time when this manuscript was written, about A. D. 70-80, and the payyrus may certainly be de-scribed as one of the richest collec-tions of first-century tales ever dis-

Moses and the Janes and Jambres. Here we have two curious echoes of the plagues of Egypt. The magicaln said to his mother, the Negress, as a sign: "When thou shalt eat and drink, thy water shall be the color of blood and the floods shall turn to the color of blood, and the Haven shall be the color of blood." Here we have certainly the echo of the first plague (Exodus vil. 19), So, also, in another passage is the plague of darkness preserved. One of the magicians, who is in prison.

So, also, in another passage is the plague of darkness preserved. One of the magicians, who is in prison, says: "I would cast my spell upon Egypt and I will cause the people of Egypt to pass three days and three nights without seeing light," words which certainly resemble those of the plague of darkness. (Exodus, x. 21).

The treasures of this curious document are not exhausted, for we have also the story of Moses and the bulrushes, for one magician rebukes the other with the words: "Art thou not Hor, the son of the Negress, whom I saved from the reeds of Ra?" The manuscript contains many more valuable gleanings from the traditions current in Egypt in the frst century of our era, a period when Alexandria was the emporium of the literary wares of all the known world. This valuable papyrus is but an earnest of what we may expect as the rubbish heaps of Fayoum and Lower Egypt are explored.

have him shot."

The officer understood the joke, and replied: "All right, colonel."

The private exhibiting no alarm said, "Boil me a ham, cap'n, stew up a couple of chickens, bake two or three pounds of potatoes, fetch a gallon o' beer, and load yer guns. With such inducements the man what wouldn't be willing to die is a blithering idiot."

A hearty meal was prepared for

ROYAL AND OTHER OATHS

The King's Accession Oath has created quite a political storm ow-ing to its allusion to religion. Pretmuch the same kind of oath, however, is made in other countries. The King of Portugal takes an oath

Curious Echoes of Biblical History in Ancient Papyr.

THE DOINGS OF SI-OSIRIS.

In the year 1895 the trustes of the British Museum purchased a fine papyrus roll, written on both sides, the obverse bearing in series of revenue returns dated in the "7", year of the Emperor Claudius, B.C., 46-47, and the reverse a series of magic tales written in Demotic. The latter, with a fine facsimile, have been published by the Clarendon Press, Oxford, accompanied with a translation and commentary from the pen of Mr. F. L. Griffith, the Egyptologist.

The writer of these stories wilch centre in a fire facsimile, have been followed by the country could subsist for a year. Anyhow, the taking of an oath is a content of the prices of the p

swore and still swear. The Bible is ease that the time when this man the still swear all getter died out of the year the time when this man the still swear all getter died out of the year the time when this man the still swear all getter died out of the year that the time when this man the still swear all getter died out of the year that the time when this man the still swear all getter died out of the year that the time when this man the still swear and the same of Setting of the birth of this youth is given. It is a still swear in the same of Setting of the birth of this youth is given. It is the still still same is revealed to his father. The grew big, he grew strong and went to school, and "that he rivaled the series when we read again to talk with the series in the House of Life (the library of Memphils) in the Temple of Ptah, and "all the land wondered at him."

The resemblance between this extract and the story of the birth of Christian swears on the Bible, the boy Si-Osiris reached 12 years the boy Si-Osiris reached 12 years the boy Si-Osiris reached 12 years when we read again more stood that we read again and reading or writing, or magic. "In the passages we have an adaptation of the story of the birth of Christian should not he will be the boy of the story of the birth of Christian should not be such as the part of th Chinese, have a variety of oaths. The Laws of Maun say: "Let the judge cause the priest to swears by his veracity; the soldier by his horse or weapons; the merchant by his cattle, grain, gold, or other possessions; and the servile man by imprecating curses on his own head." When the Gentoo swears he touches his hand to the foot of a Brahmin, while the Brahmin swears by touching another Brahmin's hand with his own. In Mexico many prople still adhere to a curious old form of oath. They swear by touching earth with the finger and then placing the finger on the tongue, which signifies, "If my tongue speak falsely may I be reduced to dust." Until comparatively recently a priest in France simply swore "On the word of a priest."

document are not exhausted, for we have also the story of Moses and the bulrushes, for one magician rebukes the other with the words: "Art thou not Hor, the son of the Negress, whom I saved from the reeds of Ra?" The manuscript contains many more valuable gleanings from the traditions current in Egypt in the first century of our era, a period when Alexandria was the emporlum of the literary wares of all the known world. This valuable papyrus is but an earnest of what we may expect as the rubbish heaps of Fayoum and Lower Egypt are explored.

Willing to Die on a Full Stomach.

Colonel Kekewich, during the siege of Kimberley, was approached by a private, who asked:

"Colonel, when do you expect we are going to get something to eat?"

"Eat!" exclaimed the colonel, "did you join merely to get something to eat?"

"Well, that's about the size of it."

"Here," calling an officer, "give this man something to eat, and then have him shot."

The officer understood the joke, and replied: "All right, colonel."

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The Board of Education of Wood-istock is making raducation of the literaty wares of the celestian and the provide and the unity of the souls will be smallarly mutilisted in draw-loud the such raducements the man what wouldn't be willing to die is a blithering idiot." have the greatest variety and most

The Chinese

The Board of Education of Wood-stock is making a range ments for the introduction of manual training and domestic science into the schools upon the tax valuation of Ha a liberal scale.

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ulphur Said to be a Preventive of

Mosquito Bites.

One of our readers informs us that, having seen a statement in some English medical journal to the effect that sulphur, taken internally, would protect a person against flea-bites, it occurred to him to try it as a preventive of mosquito bites. Accordingly he began taking effervescing tablets of tartar-lithine and sulphur, four daily. He provided himself with several lively mosquitoes, and having put them into a wide-monthed bottle, inverted the bottle and pressed its mouth upon his bard arm. The mosquitoes settled on his skin, but showed no inclination to bite him. If this gentleman's experience should be borne out by further trials, it might be well for persons who are particularly sensitive to mosquito hites to take a course of sulphur during the mosquito season, especially in view of the growing opinion that the mosquito is the common vehicle of malaria.—N. Y. Medical Journal. Mosquito Bites.

Floating Fun.

"Did you observe 'children's day' "Oh, no! Ours is one of the most fashionable congregations in city."—Chicago Record-Herald.

"Do you take cook away with you in the summer?"

"No, oh, no; we can't afford to go to the kind of place that would satisfy her."—Chicago Record-Her-

Mrs. Housekeep-That was a very mail quart of peaches you sent me, and besides they were very green."

Dealer—Yos'm; I noticed they were green, so I shought I'd better not send you enough to do you any harm.—Philadelphia Press.

Deacon Dunkirk-Brother Snooze s having his church pew upholstered.

Deacon Danbury—Is, eh?

Deacon Dunkirk—Yes; he's been losing sleep on Sundays because the seat was so uncomfortable.—Ohio State Journal.

"If you would like light reading." said the girl, "here is a very good book 'A Trip to the Moon'." "I prefer something deep," said he; "something like "Twenty Thou-sand Leagues Under the Sea.'" — Chicago Record-Herald.

"What verdict did the coroner's jury bring in?" inquired a man who had seen the lynching.
"Sulcide," answered Bronco Bob promptly. "He must have known perfectly well that stealin' a hoss in Crimson Gulch was bound to prove fatal."—Washington Star.

"Oh, yes, the Rev. Mr. Kurves is a 'I understand that he was once a aseball pitcher.

"Yes; and a fine one."
"Ah I I suppose that's where he got his good delivery." Absence of occupation is not rest; a mind quite vacant is a mind dis-

ressed.-Cowper The poet is not glad these days-You may depend upon it.

It's hard, with summer's sun ablaze,
To write a Christmas sonnet.

often defeated by the tenderness the best of hearts.—Fielding. She-There! I knew I had forgot-

The prudence of the best heads to

en something. He—What is it? She-My bathing suit.
He-Oh, I wouldn't worry over a little thing like that.

Frugality is a fair fortune, and hab-

ts of industry a good estate.-Frank-"Men are all alike," declared the evnical old maid "Yes, I suppose all men look alike to you," murmured the frivolous young thing.

"The legless man is always put-ting his foot in it," observed the Living Skeleton to the Snake Char-

mer. "What has he done now?" "Last night we were having a friendly game, and he asked the armless wonder to take a hand."-Baltimore American

"Why didn't you study the time table and then you would not have missed your train?"
"That was the trouble. While I was trying to translate the time table the train pulled out."-Boston

Journal. Mrs. Wunder—Yes, our new cook is an awfully good girl, but I think she is almost fanatical.

Mrs. Askit—How's that?
Mrs. Wunder—Why, she is so opposed to flirting that she will not mash the potatoes.—Baltimore American.

Country Doctor (catechlsing)—
Now, little boy, what must we all
do in order to enter heaven?
Boy—Die.

*Quite right; but what must we do

before we die?
"Get ill and send for you."- Glas-When a full grown man

bird's nest, he is not in category as the small bo inded to as an ornitholog