SUPPLEMENT.

TO THE

GRIGGS COURIER.

JOHN HARVEY'S MISTAKE.

A life was passing away; softly and gently it wrs gliding into eternity. No eminent physician watched its decay; no wealth eased its painful joltings along the road to death; yet no word passed Clara Lester's lips; no traitorous cry that her burden was greater than she could bear came from her loyal heart. Pain had traced many a wrinkle on her fair forehead, but her brows had never been drawn together in angry impatience.

Bel Urmson, loving her sister devotedly, and tending her daily, was kept in ignorance of her danger, and never suspected the slenderness of her hold on life. Bel only saw that Clara was young, and beautiful and delicate. Yes, she was delicate; but then Clara had been delicate from her childhood, and since that dreadful morning when news came to them that the steamship Cawnpore had been wrecked off the African coast, and Capt. Lester's name had appeared among the passengers drowned or missing, his young bride Clara Lester had, as Margaret expressed it never raised her head. Death and her sister were, however, never associated in Bel Ulmar's mind. Clara was delicate and that was all.

Three years had run their course since the wreck of the Cawnpore and Capt. Lester had never come back to his wife; and now, she whispered to herself, she was going to him.

Before Bel had attained her 18th year she was engaged to be married to Lieut. Heywood, a young officer in the —th Hussars; but a misunderstanding had arisen between them, and they parted. Clara used to say to her, "I am sure there is only some foolish mistake between you, and some day Lieut. Heywood will come back to you and everything will be explained."

But Bel had laughed scornfully at Clara's prophecy and refused to place any confidence in it. Her disappointment had shaken her confidence in human goodness and integrity, and she became suspicious, reticent, and sarcastic. But gradually Clara Lester's influence effected a change, and two years later Bel Urmson had learned to love again and was once more engaged to be married.

One morning Bel was seated on a low stool by her sister's couch, her chin resting on her hand and her eyes gazing vacantly on the floor. She had been silent for a long time, when suddenly she spoke.

"I thought John ought to know that I had loved before, and so I told him the story of my love. Was I right?" and she turned her dark, handsome face to her sister, while her glorious brown eyes seemed to repeat her question, "Was I right?"

"Quite right," Clara answered; "you have only forestalled the advice I intended to give you to-day. And he, Bel—what did Mr. Harvey say?"

A blush crept up the girl's cheeks, and her eyes drooped for an instant as she said:

"I don't think he liked it, Clara, he looked so dissapointed; but he said very little. But I do love him, and he has no cause for jealousy. But he is jealous—jealous as Othello"—and with a light, careless laugh she turned away.

"I'm sure Bel does not love him," the sister murmured, squeezing her fingers together in agony at the thought.

"I have come earlier than usual," said John Harvey, who now entered. "The fact is, I have received a telegram from my father informing me of his arrival in England and requesting my immediate presence in Southampton, because, as he expresses it, he is not so well. I do not suppose it is anything serious; nevertheless, I am obliged to leave Sutton tonight."

"I am sorry," Clara said. "I hope you will find him beter, John," she continued, leaning over and laying her hand in his, "my life is so uncertain, I may never see you again. Don't start—the thought is not new to me. Promise me—I will not ask you to swear it, for a man's word should be binding as his oath—but promise me now, before I die, to be always kind to Bel."

Startled and surprised though he was, without a moment's hesitation he answered:

"I promise. To the utmost of my power I will be good to your darling."

"Thank you," she murmured as her sister and the nurse made their appearance. "And now if you will take Bel away, Margaret shall help me go to my room. Good-by, John."

He shook hands with her, expressing hope that when he returned he should find her stronger. Then he and Bel walked to the small iron gate which divided Mr. Lester's miniature garden from Sutton Common, and pausing there he asked:

"Bel, will you write to me while I am away?"

They had been engaged only a month, and this was their first separation; nevertheless, she answered with warm decision:

"No; you will live on my letters and be in no hurry to come back to me."

That same night, Clara Lester found the release for which she had so ong waited.

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"I will never listen to any of Bel's mad projects again," was John Harvey's mental resolution as he stepped out upon the platform of Sutton Station. "I have been away only a fortnight, and it seems an age since I bade her good-by at the gate."

As he approached the cottage his attention was attracted by the figure of a gentleman walking before him—he was the stranger who had spoken to the porters at Sutton Station.

He was several yards in advance of John Harvey, not walking in the desultory purposeless manner of a stranger, but like one who, having an object to accomplish, was already in view of the goal for its attainment.

"A fine fellow!" was John's soliloquy. "But I wonder who he is and where he is going."

Almost in answer to the query the stranger pushed upon the gate of the Home cottage, and, entering, closed it behind him.

In a few seconds more John Harvey gained the gate and, pausing outside, looked once more on the dear familiar scene. The fine old chestnut spread out its branches in the sunlight, and yielded the same cool shelter under its leaves which it had yielded a fortnight before, but Clara's coach was no longer there. Only the small, rustic table and wide garden-seat were there, and on a low chair beside the table, her face buried on her crossed arms, was Bel Urmson.

The stranger had walked silently and unnoticed across the greensward, and, standing within a few yards of her was attentively regarding her.

The girl raised her head and looked at him, then, grasping the back of her chair, slowly rose to her feet.

With a little cry of joy she ran to him and he folded her in his arms and kissed her. She did not shrink from his caresses; on the contrary, she put her arms around his neck and kissed him.

Gently and tenderly he led her to the garden seat; and, seated there, their voices became an indistinct murmur to John Harvey, and he heard no more.

"I know him now," he muttered between his clenched teeth; "Lieutenant Heywood—the old lover."

With an imprecation still on his lips he turned his back on the scene of his happiest hours.

Ten o'clock was striking when John Harvey returned to "The Griffin," and half an hour later he had left Sutton forever.

Two days after his departure Bel Urmson held in her hands a letter from him bidding her farewell and telling her that, though he could not but gratefully appreciate her endeavor to love him, yet knowing as he did know that she had never forgotten her first love he had decided to adopt the only course left open to him and go away.

With a pale face and trembling fingers Bel read the letter, then she folded it up and laid it away in her desk.

At ten minutes to 8 o'clock on the morning of the 30th of June, five years after Mrs. Lester's death, the bell over the porch of the village school at Chippendale rang out its summons. Ding-dong, ding-dong, pealed along High street from end to end, over the playground tolled the lusty tones and the children stopped their play as they heard the old familiar "iron tongue" which recognized they hastened to the door.

Boys and girls rushed together, pushing, laughing, shouting, striking out at each other as some one or the other gained a momentary advantage in the race to be first at school.

"Good morning, children."

The voice was full and pleasant, and the smile broadened into a grin on the little faces as the speaker left her desk and came toward them. She had a word and a smile for each, for it was the opening day of school after the midsummer holidays, and rules were relaxed and a little license permitted by even so strict a disciplinarian as Bel Urmson.

Yes, she was Miss Urmson still—not quite the same Bel of five years before, for sorrow and care had washed the roses from her cheeks; but no one gazing on the pale, beautiful face ever doubted the fact that her spinsterhood was maintained from her own choice.

She was standing up, the children gathered around her preparatory to their dismissal at noon, when the door opened and the Vicar of Chippendale entered, followed by a gentleman.

"Good morning, Miss Urmson," he said, shaking hands with her and nodding to the children. "I am glad you have not dismissed your scholars, as I wished my friend to see them. I shall feel very much obliged. Mr. Harvey, Miss Urmson."

Startling and unexpected as the meeting was, Bel did not lose her self-possession. The coldest, stiffest inclination of her head acknowledged the introduction, then she turned aside and remained silent, with a ringing in her ears that almost deafened her and a mist before her eyes which blinded her to everything save the face of John Harvey. But presently she saw by the children's movements that the vicar was leaving; she heard his retreating footsteps, and, after a pause, she raised her head and said:

"Children, you may go."

Quietly and decorously they trooped out of the room, but not until their foot-steps had died away did she turn to John Harvey.

"Why did you come here?" she asked.

"I certainly did not come with any idea that I should see you," he replied. "I need hardly assure you that had I known of your presence here I should have avoided coming to Chippendale altogether."

"Then you would still shun me?"

"I would. It is the wisest, the only course I can pursue."

She was silent, debating within herself whether to bid him go and pursue the same course again or to detain him and ask for an explanation of the letter still locked away in her desk. It was more dignified, more consonant with her self-esteem to send him away but her weak, loving, womanly nature rebelled against the putting aside of probable happiness.

"You sent a letter some years ago," she began, hesitating and blushing like a guilty child. "I never understood it; will you explain it to me now?"

He looked at her and smiled. What coquets all women are? And Bel, beautiful Bel, was as fickle as the rest. She had wavered between the old and the new love years ago, when he had gone away and left her to be true and now he found her still unmarried working, struggling for her daily bread, and desiring to win him back—a desire as despicable as it was futile.

"Bygones are best left to slumber," he said. "I will wish you good morning."

"Don't go," she said gently. "Tell me what you meant?"

"When Lieut. Heywood came back to claim his own what could I do but abdicate?"

"Lieut. Heywood?" she repeated, knitting her brows in perplexity. "I have not seen him."

"Perhaps not lately," he said and laughed. Then, becoming suddenly grave, he continued: "I wish you would try to understand me without forcing me to be more explicit."

"Speak plainly. I have nothing to fear in any revelation you can make."

Proudly, fearlessly her eye met his, and for the first time there dawned on him the possibility that he had been mistaken in the identity of Lieut. Heywood; but no, that was not possible! Nevertheless his manner softened as he said:

"Then listen. The Thursday that I proposed to return to Sutton I did return. At 'The Griffin' I heard of Mrs. Lester's death, filled with tenderness and love for you; but; some one preceded me thither—a young, good-looking man, with the unmistakable military stamp upon him. He went to you and I paused at the gate and saw you meet him. I did not b[illegible] child; to be true to him you had to be false to me; but," with a flickering smile, "perhaps [illegible] know I was very jealous even from the first of Lieut. Heywood."

It was long since Bel Urmau's face had worn so happy and blissful a smile. "It was not Lieut. Heywood who came to me that evening, but my brother-in-law, Capt. Lester."

"Capt. Lester! He was drowned before I met you."

"So we thought, but we were mistaken. He was picked up by an African coasting vessel and carried to Loango, and thence to several places on the Congo. He was kept a prisoner for several years, and," with a little shudder, "I cannot tell you all the cruelties they made him suffer. Finally he effected his escape and landed in England a fortnight after Clara died."

Her voice shook a little and she paused.

"Do you blame me now," she asked, and then broke down in a wailing, piteous cry. "John, forgive me, for I have been true in my love for you."

"My poor love!" he whispered.

Buggy Tracks in Calhoun County.

"I live down in Calhoun, one of the few counties in Illinois that have no railroads within their borders," said a passenger on the Chicago and Alton. "In our county we have no telegraphs or telephones, and are, in fact, pretty well behind the times. Guess I have to tell you a little story to illustrate the extreme backwoods character of portions of our county. A friend of mine drove down into the wild part of the county the other day to attend to some legal business, and was there two or three days. One afternoon he met a native, who acted a little shy at first, but finally inquired:

"'What ye doin' down here?'

"'Oh,' replied my friend, jocularly, 'I came down to see if there was a good piece of government land that I could pre-empt.'

"'I just knowed that some stranger had come into the county,' replied the native.

"'What made you think so?'

"'Caus t'other day I was down to Silver creek hunting and I saw some buggy tracks. The last buggy tracks I seen in Calhoun county was 'bout seven year ago, when there was another durn fool drove in here thinkin' he could homestead gov'ment land, an' not knowin that it was worth $40 an acre. Hain't found any land yet, have you, stranger?"—*Louisville Post.*

Fond of Soda Water.

A North Takoma, W. T. Indian had his first glass of soda water the other day, and liked it so much that he at once proceeded to put ninteen more on top of it. The next day he drank thirty-three more, and wanted to keep it up, but the druggist was afraid that he'd explode and stopped the supply.

There is no boxer equal to the undertaker, after all: He is able to lay any man out.—*Texas Siftings.*

A Famous Frenchman.

Talk about a "grand old man," le Comte Ferdinand de Lesseps is one, if you like. No man in France is worthier to occupy the position of president of the committee of the Franco-American union and to have occupied a representative and conspicuous position at the Bartholdi ceremonial. Men of 80 years of age usually prefer their dressing gown and slippers and a siesta after dinner to crossing the turbulent Atlantic ocean in search of excitement. A duty at their own doors they may attend to conscientiously and faithfully, but when 3,000 miles of everlasting wet lies between duty and pleasure it is apt to submerge the fiercest sense of public spirit. Not so the dashing and lion-hearted De Lesseps.

With an ordinary hand bag he hurried off to America, as most men run over to Boston or Philadelphia to spend a couple of days. I remember meeting him a few years ago in Algeria, and he had crossed the dessert and made a tour of the towns along the African side of the Mediterranean, having been absent from his home in Paris quite three months. His baggage consisted of one trunk and a case containing a rifle His secretary, a man less than half his age, carried imoedimenta enough to make a tour of the world. I have often thought that the great Suez magnate must purchase his raiment as he goes, for he invariably looks "spick and span" and ready for any social emergency. Unlike French men generally, he detests a dress coat, and I'm sure he shirks gloves and the cravate blanche when he can decently dodge them. Even as a young man, when he was consul at Barcelona, I am told he received his visitors in a loose, easy, coat, zouave cut trowsers and bonnet Grec. His offhand, insouciant way puts everybody instantly at their ease.

Like Victor Hugo, the Comte de Lesseps is enormously fond of children and one of the prettiest sights I know of is to behold him on horseback in the greenglades and leafy avenues of the Bois de Boulogne with a group of charming children mounted on ponies. His animal spirits and bright face illumine the forest, and as he dashes along with the youthful calvacade shouting merrily at his heels presents a picture of infectious gayety and vigorous, hale old age that commands the most fervent admiration. And his children—in fact, all chidlren—adore him. He enters into the spirit of their sports and pastimes with so much elan that he is more of a child at times than the children themselves. I dare say he has more child friends than any man in the world, for his first impulse when he meets children of any of his countless friends—and he has friends all over the earth—is to give them cordial greeting and then to hurry them off to the nearest toy shop or confectioner's and load them with bibelots and bonbons. The little folks never forget attentions like these. He has spent a fortune in making the little ones happy. He protests that his incessant devotion to them keeps the fire of youth aglow in his heart. I think he is right. His juvenile parties at his splendid mansion are the talk of Paris, and Victor Hugo was once a constant visitor on these merry, innocent occasions.

Like most men of intelligence and spirit, M. de Lesseps feels an interest in the drama and delights in the boisterous fun of the comedies of the Palais Royal. I have seen him nearly fall out of his fauteul with laughter when Grassot, Hyacinthe and Ravel were enacting a droll scene in one of Labiche's gay pieces, and I have observed he was equally serious and scrupulously attentive when witnessing the pure classic works of Racine, Moliere, Alfred de Musset, or George Sand, as the case might be, at the Francais. So pronounced is his dramatic taste he often gets up amateur theatricals at his home, and he has written a smart little comedie vaudeville, in which the elder of his children assume the principal roles. Coquelin or Mme. Jane Hading will look in now and again at the De Lesseps theatre and direct the rehearsels and "put the piece on its legs," as the French say. It is very amusing to see the count teaching the youngest child his part and humming in parlante fashion a simple tune from the famous "Cle de Caveau," from which, by the way, most French authors draw the melodies for their vaudevilles.

M. de Lesseps is a many-sided, accomplished man, but he can not sing. The children roar with laughter when he attempts to teach them a tune. They draw the line here, and he laughingly relates that he heard one of the chick's saying to a companion: "Papa's voice, mon cher, is like that of a lunatic linnet." But the gifted Frenchman is not to be chaffed out of his functions. It was said of the late Lord John Russell that he would attempt any undertaking, from forming a coalition cabinet to commanding the channel fleet. Nothing comes amiss to M. de Lesseps, and if asked to create an ocean in the middle of the desert of Sahara or direct an opera bouffe he would attack either with the vivacious alacrity for which he is world-renowned.

The gallantry of M. de Lesseps keeps pace with his love of children. He shares with the late Abbe Liszt the reputation of being a staunch admirer of the fair sex. It est la coqueluche des dames, say his compatriots. I once introduced him to a pretty young lady, a painter who was temporarily residing in Paris. The count bought several of her sketches and promised to call on her in London. Two years after, when visiting the English metropolis on most exacting business connected with the Suez canal and parliament committees, he found time to climb the stairs of an obscure second-floor front in a by-street and call on the young lady in question, much to her surprise, as she naturally imagined that her name and address had long since passed from his memory.

Without making any solid pretense to oratory pure and simple, he is a fluent and effective speaker in a general way. He makes what John Bright declares a difficult achivement—a neat and amusing after-dinner speech. He is flowery and complimentary. Now and then he gets off a raspish mot, as, for instance, one night at a large meeting an adolescent comte of juvenile appearance was bold enough to oppose some measure De Lesseps had introduced. The monarch of the Suez rose and convinced the meeting by saying with affected gravity: "Why, citizens, the whole question was settled at a time when you young comte was in his perambulator."

Someone referred to the present callous and vicious Duc de Morney as a "probable pillar of the state." De Lesseps' reply was to the point: "Say rather a pilaster, which has all the pretensions of the colum without affording any of its support."—*New York World.*

French Decoration Day.

Another Toussaint has come and gone, mingling mourning with meriment. Damp, dirt and fog did their worst all day, but the Parisians snaped their fingers at the elements and honored their dead as usual. From noon till night thousands and tens of thousands thronged the cemeteries, streets, squares, and market places on their way to Pere la Chaise. Mont Parnasse and Mont Martre were fragrant with flowers and aglow with the color of countless immortelle wreaths. There were acres of chrysanthemums, banks of voilets, cartloads of faded trophies—black, white, and blue. Every other person you passed was bound for some cemetery, and carried a bouquet or wreath in his hand. Most of the pilgrims seemed cheerful though they wore sad clothes. It would often have been hard but for their immortelles to tell whether they were pilgrims or picnickers.

There were over a hundred and fifty thousand visitors to Pere la Chaise alone. At times the whole Rue de la Rouquette was black with heads. The venders of galettes, "all hot," died a varing trade, while the younger plgrims got much amusement in watching the red, green, and blue waves of the enterprising air-balloon merchants outside of the cemetery.

Inside the gates the avenues and lanes were gay with floral offerings of all shapes and sizes, with the usual inscriptions: "A mon mari." "A ma belle-mere," "A mon beaupere," "regrets," "souveniers," and many others.

The heroes, poets, and politicians who lie so thick together in Pere la Chaise are not forgotten. Alfred de Musset's tomb is bright with ivy and chrysanthemums. Admiring crowds cluster around the gothic monument in which rest the blonde figures of Heloise and Abelard. None had remembered Rossini or Auber this year, but Michelet's grave on the hights was covered with evergreens and violets, the most brought by fair hands.

I saw only two cheap yellow wreaths at M. Thiers' shrine, while blood-red boquets were heaped high above the tombs of Raspail, Blanqui and the graves of the nameless Communists who sleep on obscurely in the shadow of the historic wall. The wine-shops and restaurants are doing well to-night and the theatres are crowded.

How Quaker Boys Swear.

A story of two little indignant Quaker boys is an interesting bit of language study. In a dispute the little Quakers became angry, so angry, that they would have liked to use the strongest terms in the language, if they dared. They hurled epithets at each other for a few minutes, and finally the older boy, with a gleam of rage in his eyes, clinched his hands, and in a tone of great excitement poured his wrath in one climax of language. "Thee's you," he exclaimed, emphatically, as if he could say nothing worse The other boy looked at him in horror struck silence. Then he said, sorrow fully, "I shall go to tell mother that hee swored."

An Over-worked Word.

Some of our able young journalists are overworking the word "lurid," we think. It is a tempting and taking word for the class of writers addicted to "weird" expressions. But is not precisely descriptive to speak of the red glare of a conflagration as a "lurid scene," nor is it accurate writing to say a red-haired young man has a "lurid top-knot," as we had the opportunity to read the other day. The "lurid," as set forth in Webster, is "ghastly, pale." It may meen 'gloomy,' also or 'dismal," but never flaming, fiery, nor any sort of red, though these able journalists seem to say so.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*