

glad that I was sure of what I guessed before." Then she brushed her soft brown hair, tied on her fresh blue corset, and buttoned her snowy cuffs, and was ready.

A simple girl, with fresh, quick feelings, is at a disadvantage with women of society. Even at her happiest, Lucy would have felt shy and bashful in the circle to which she was introduced; but with a weight of youthful trouble on her heart, she was conscious of being even awkward.

Miss Montclair was introduced, and smiled graciously. Lucy tried to smile also. It was a vain attempt. She was overwhelmed by the thought of the other woman's happy lot.

Miss Montclair sat in a great arm-chair in a graceful, easy attitude. Charles Malcom stood near her. At first he was talking to all the ladies, but Miss Montclair soon claimed him for her own. She wanted to know all about the people in the photograph album. And so he sat beside her, and they laughed and whispered for an hour. Bessie, though almost as simple in her manner as Lucy, was not bashful. She kept the old ladies in chat, and tried to include Lucy, but Lucy took refuge in an album. She asked nobody to tell her "all about it," and I doubt if she could have told much about it herself.

At dinner-time she sat between Bessie and old Mr. Malcom, who was a kind, silent old man. Down at the other end of the table ever so much brilliant chatter was carried on. Some one was talking about April-fool's day.

Miss Montclair was telling of a trick she had played on some one.

"Charles always fools some of us before the day is over," said Bessie. "We try to punish him, not always with success."

"I shall be here on the first of April," said Miss Montclair. "I dare you to try your tricks on me."

"Don't dare me to any thing; you don't know what might come of it," said Charles. And Miss Montclair flashed him back a look that spoke volumes.

Later in the evening, Charles sat by Lucy's side and tried to entertain her. He was not so merry as with Miss Montclair; and he told Lucy that she was not looking well. His voice was gentle, his smile soft, but Lucy was very stern with herself. She would not be pleased with these things. This man belonged to another woman. It was not for her to be happy in his courtesies.

Then Miss Montclair sang, and Charles turned the music; and while she was singing, Lucy whispered to Bessie that she was tired and sleepy, and ran away and went to bed. For hours she lay awake and heard the voices in the parlor, the music, the chatter, the clink of wine glasses and plates afterward. And her pillow was wet with the hot tears a girl must shed over a broken love dream.

So the visit began. Lucy had heard of Tan-talus, but she did not know much about him. Some of his tortures, however, she suffered. To be with Charles so much, and yet so far from him; to have at times a glance, a word, a touch that thrilled her through, and yet to know it all meant nothing! To feel that life was empty if he did not love her; to be somehow very sure that he could love her were it not for Miss Montclair's existence; and to have the pretty picture of Miss Montclair in her most fascinating mood perpetually before her eyes!

"Oh!" said Lucy, to herself, as the slow days dragged on, "why did I ever come here? Why have I not energy enough to get away? Charles ought not to be so kind to me when he cares so little for me."

Yet she had not the courage to go, lest Bessie should suspect the reason; lest Miss Montclair should guess it; nay, lest even Charles himself might know. Meantime Miss Montclair had her own anxieties.

The windy March days blew away somehow, and April was at hand. She came in characteristically, with a dash of rain against the window-panes.

Lucy opened her eyes, and, as had become her wont, sighed and closed them again. The daybreak used to be a happy thing to her, she remembered, but it only brought pain now. For a few moments she lay quite still. Then the breakfast bell rang sharply.

"I must get up, I suppose," she said.

And her two white feet touched the red carpet, and she stood in her pretty dishabille, putting her soft hair away from her eyes, and staring hard at the door, under which a little white angle was gradually growing larger. It was plain, in a moment more, that some one was pushing a letter under it from outside. Then a light, free step, that she well knew, sounded on the stairs, and she ran quickly forward, and picked up the note as it fell open, and read as follows:

"DEAR LUCY,—I have not been to talk to you this week. I must have an interview with you. I leave home to-day, and will not be back for two months. Will you let me see you alone in the music-room, while the rest are at breakfast?"

Yours ever,

CHARLES MALCOM.

Suddenly the world grew bright to little Lucy. A radiance in her eyes, a flush in her cheeks, a softness about her mouth, made an altered picture in the looking-glass, when she braided up her hair with a bonny blue ribbon. Meet him in the music-room! Oh, what could Charles mean to say?

There came a tap at the door the next minute. She thought it was Bessie who tapped, and opened the door quickly. In gilded Miss Montclair. Her eye caught the note upon the dressing-table as quickly as though she had been looking for it. Perhaps she was.

"My dear Miss Lucy," she said, with a smile, "I hope you don't forget that this is the first of April!"

"I did forget," said Lucy. "And Charles Malcom has not," said Miss Montclair. "He is such a tease! If I were you, I'd—I'd not take any notice of a note, or anything of the sort, that he may send you. I shall scold him for trying to play tricks on you, you good, innocent little soul."

All the color faded from Lucy's face on the instant.

"There is no need to trouble yourself, Miss Montclair," she said. "I am not quite so easily deceived as you think. I know an April trick when I see it."

Then she stooped to lace her garter, and kept her back to Miss Montclair until she was gone. Of all her pain this was the worst; of all her trouble this was the greatest. That Charles should try to make an April-fool of her in this wise, seemed more than she could bear.

She did not even pass the parlor door on her way down to breakfast. She slipped down the back stairs, and she said to the servant who was dusting the hall:

"When the stage passes, stop it, please. I am going home to-day."

"I am waiting for Charles's trick," said Bessie innocently, as she entered the room. "He always succeeds in fooling some one on the first of April. Last year it was papa himself."

"He may fall this time," said Lucy scornfully.

Miss Montclair smiled, and shrugged her shoulders.

In spite of Bessie's entreaties, Lucy's trunk was in the porch when the stage passed, and she took her seat within the vehicle without delay.

"You have been so kind," she said to Bessie. She could not say, "I have enjoyed myself."

Somebody else hailed the stage also, but it was an outside passenger. Lucy was glad of that. Perhaps Charles Malcom was ashamed of himself, for he did not speak to her, or even bow, as he clambered to the roof; but Miss Montclair waved her kerchief from the piazza, and it may have been his whole attention was absorbed by that.

The stage rattled on. Lucy could not cry, for there were two or three other passengers. Her heart was very heavy, and she did not much care what became of her. She wondered how she could keep on hiding all her trouble from her grandparents; how she could bear it when news of his wedding came to her. She should never marry—never. She should die an old maid.

"Good Lord have mercy on us!" suddenly cried an old gentleman opposite her.

"Jump out!" cried one woman.

"Sit still!" screamed another.

Something tramped and rumbled close at hand; a shrill whistle filled the air; the driver yelled to his horses; the stage was whirled backward and over on its side; and before Lucy lost consciousness she was aware that a long train of steam-cars had rushed by, and that the stage had just escaped it.

"Lucy, little Lucy."

Some one whispered this in her ear, some one who held her in his strong arms as he might a baby. She opened her eyes, and saw Charles Malcom's face close against hers.

"Are you much hurt?" he asked.

"I think not," she said. "And you are safe. Is any one killed?"

"No," said Charles. "We have been in fearful danger, but there are only a few bruises and slight cuts to show for it. We missed the train by one yard. Did you know that, Lucy?"

"Yes," said Lucy. "I think I can stand now, Mr. Malcom."

She was beginning to remember. So was he. He put her down, and offered her his arm. She declined it, and leaned against a tree. Then the man looked at her long and earnestly, and suddenly drew close to her again, and said softly:

"Lucy, did you find my note?"

"I did," she said. "Did you believe that I was such a—"

"Such a what, Lucy?" asked Charles.

"I knew it was an April-fool trick from the first, and I had not the least intention of meeting you while the rest were at breakfast," on the first of April, I assure you, even had Miss Montclair had not told me," fibbed Lucy.

"The first of April! Is it the first of April? Hang it! I forgot," cried Charles. "But why did you tell Miss Montclair?"

"I didn't," said Lucy. "She, I—I don't know. I thought—it was April-fool day, you know."

"Lucy," said Charles Malcom, "a gentleman does not play a trick like that on a lady. I wanted to say something to you. Perhaps you guess what it is. Shall I make an April-fool of myself if I say it now?"

Then he said it.

The indignation meeting of the bruised passengers was over. The stage was all right again. "All aboard," yelled the driver. Charles helped Lucy in, but this time sat beside her; and oh, what a happy journey it was, through budding woods and lanes, and past the pleasant fields, back to grandmammas!

If Miss Montclair felt that she had played a trick and failed in it, she kept her own counsel; and when Lucy was married, sent her a bouquet and her congratulations. And many an April has come with smiles and tears since that time, and still I am sure that Lucy and her husband would both declare that on All-Fools'-day they committed the wisest action of their lives.

"JONES."

[The following little story, with its moral, though written for the Macon (Ga.) Telegraph, is quite too good to be enjoyed by the farmers of the South alone.]

I know a man and he lived in Jones—Which Jones is a country of red hills and stones,

And he lived pretty much by getting of loans, And his mules were nothing but skin and bones, And his hogs were as flat as his corn-pones, And he had 'bout a thousand acres of land.

This man—and his name was also Jones—He swore that he'd leave them old red hills and stones, For he couldn't make nothing but yellowish cotton,

And little of that, and his fences were rotten, And what little corn he had, that was bough-ten,

And he couldn't get a living from the land.

And the longer he swore the madder he got, And he rose and he walked to the stable lot, And he halloed to Tom to come there and hitch,

For to emigrate somewhere where land was rich, And to quit raising cock-burrs, thistles and such,

And wasting their time on barren land.

So him and Tom they hitched up the mules, Protesting that folks were mighty big fools That 'ud stay in Georgia their life time out, Just scratching a living, when all of them might

Get places in Texas, where cotton would sprout

By the time you could plant it in the land.

And he drove by a house where a man named Brown Was living, not far from the edge of the town, And he bantered Brown for to buy his place, And said that seeing as money was scarce,

And seeing as sheriff's were hard to face, Two dollars an acre would get the land.

They closed at a dollar and fifty cents,

And Jones he bought him a wagon and tent, And loaded his corn and his women and truck, And moved to Texas, which it took

His entire pile, with the best of luck, To get there and get him a little land.

But Brown moved out on the old Jones farm, And he rolled up his breeches and bared his arm,

And he picked all the rocks from br'n the ground,

And he rooted it up and ploughed it down,

And sowed his corn and wheat in the land.

Five years glided by, and Brown, one day,

(Who had got so fat that he wouldn't weigh)

Was a sitting down, sorter lazily

To the grandest dinner you ever did see,

When one of the children jumped on his knee

And says, "Yan's Jones, which you bought his land."

And there was Jones standing out at the fence, And he hadn't no wagon, nor mules, nor tent,

For he had left Texas afoot and come To Georgia to see if he couldn't get some

Employment, and he was looking as humble As if he had never owned any land.

But Brown he asked him in, and he set him down to his victuals smoking hot,

And when he filled himself and the floor, Brown looked at him sharp and rose and swore

That "whether men's land was rich or poor, There was more in the man than there was in the land."

COLOR.

As the tropical countries are those in which the ardent power of the sun calls forth the most brilliant colors both in the vegetable and in the animal world; and as the amount of land near the Equator is proportionately so much larger in the old than in the new hemisphere, so it is chiefly to the former that we are accustomed to look for examples of brilliancy of color. In Brazil and the West Indies, and no doubt in many a deathly swamp untroubled by the white man's foot, humming-birds and butterflies may vie with the sunbeam in lustre. But the animals of the Old World, for the most part, occupy a higher place than those of the New. Among African birds, the simple combination of red and black, as in the case of the Bateleur eagle and the Barbary pigeon, forms one of the most perfect lessons in coloring to be found in the great book of nature.

The sun has not only clothed his favorite children, the natives of the equatorial regions, with special glory of coloring, but has imparted to the human races that can bear his beams, as if in recompense for the bronzing or blackening of their skins, a special instinct in the application of color. Black, indeed, is not the actual hue with which he tints the African. The negro infant, a birth, is of a dull cherry-red, and this color, darkened to the extreme, is that which he bears through life. In the north of Africa exists a splendid race, with aquiline noses, and true hair, the youthful members of which resemble Greek statues in bronze. The North

American Indians are of a real copper hue. But we are not referring to the color of the skin, set off as it is by lustrous hair, and by eyes that resemble stars, to be met with in Eastern travel. We are referring to the rare subtlety with which the textures of Eastern fabrics are wrought as concerns their color. Quaint forms of pine, or shell, or pyramid, so conventionalised, ages ago, as to convey no meaning in themselves, are made the vehicle for such harmonies and contrasts of color, now full and bright, now subdued into magical semi-tones, as to leave the European colorist absolutely nowhere. It is the same in the porcelain of Persian or Moorish origin. It is the same in the glorious stained windows through which the daylight has to struggle before it can kiss the most sacred spot in the world,—the mystic Sakhrah Rock, under the shadowing dome of the mosque of Omar. Wherever Oriental taste deals with color, the result is like that of Nature herself. One exception, alas! we noticed in the Indian display at the Kensington Exhibition of 1872. The cheap aniline dyes have reached the Indian market. There is a queer metallic lustre in their colors, that is, after a little time, extremely wearying to the eye. The vulgarisation of the Oriental work that results from their introduction into Indian tissues is indescribable.

The beauty and vitality with which the painter clothes his work, when he is a master of color, can be only very faintly echoed by the engraver, although he makes a technical use of the word, and translates the hues of the canvas, to some extent, by his wonderful monochrome. But it is very striking to observe the utter failure of photography to produce anything like a good engraving, when the camera is applied directly to a polychromatic object, such as a highly colored picture. This difficulty is not to be overcome by skill,—it is an inherent chemical condition. The only rays that chemically affect the negative are those of the blue end of the spectrum. Red light and yellow light are invisible in photography, except in so far as they may contain a small portion of blue light. If a richly-colored painting, in which these three colors are boldly introduced, is exposed to the camera, the dark blues will look white in the image, and the yellow will be turned to black. Thus, while photography may be a great aid to the engraver, it can never be a rival—never other than a servant, when monochrome is left behind. The magnificent picture by Gustave Doré, representing Christ leaving the Precinct, which attracts so large and so hushed, almost awed, an attendance to the Gallery in Bond-street, is thus being reproduced for the engraver. The picture has been photographed, and the photograph enlarged, to the size of the intended engraving. On this photograph, printed of course but lightly, an artist is engaged to color after the original. From this the engraver will work, employing the aid of photography to give absolute accuracy to his forms, and then using the instinct of his art to translate the color. This is the true method. A mechanical process may be called in to aid the living artist, but it can never rival nor supersede, his genius—when, indeed, genius is present.

But the point where the command over color is lost by the painter is what we call its play. In all the magnificence of nature, in all cases where color, either of a splendid or of a gloomy tone, produces the most powerful impression on the mind, it does so by the aid of nature. The most glorious sunrise would lose the greater part of its charm if the evanescence of its hues could be arrested. Nothing can make up, to the human imagination, for the absence of life. When color is avowedly absent, as in pure sculpture, an order of emotion is excited which is not altogether sensuous. The imagination gives life to the statue, if it be one on which the potentiality of life has been impressed by the sculptor. The seated figure on the Medici tomb is not regarded by any cultured observer as a piece of marble. The grand idea of Michael Angelo scowls from under that shadowy casque; and it needs but little effort on the part of the awe-stricken spectator to attribute a ghostly life to the figure. With a painting this is altogether different. We are not speaking now of human expression, or even of the expression of animal life given by such magic pencils as those of Landseer and Rosa Bonheur. We are speaking of the harmony of color. With reference to this, nothing can make up for the want of that constant interchange which is the result of motion. The very constitution of the optical powers of man involves this law. Thus we may partly account for the intoxicating influence excited over the minds of many, if not of all, by spectacle. If we can make abstraction, of that common sympathy which is so remarkable an incident of all great assemblages of people, and if we select instances where the intellectual interest is low, or is feeble, as in the case of a well-known play, there yet remains a powerful effect on the imagination which is due to color,—to bright light, sumptuous dresses, flaming jewels, and all the external movement and glitter of a stately assembly or well-dressed crowd.—*Bulwer.*

The following notice was recently found posted on the doors of the Arkansas Senate chamber: "Job work executed with economy and dispatch."

A speaker before a temperance society one Sunday evening expressed the broad conviction that "next to Beelzebub himself, Bacchus, inventor of spirituous beverages, brought more sin and misery on the human race than any other individual of whom Scripture gives us any account."