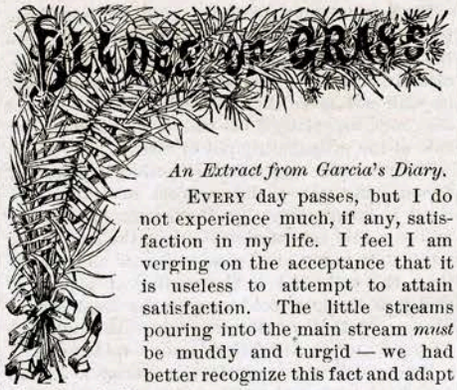
Marquise Chairs.

An extremely comfortable chair, intended to enable delicate persons, even though not precisely invalids, to receive visits without fatigue or detriment to health. The novelty is of French origin, and the chairs very elegant in form, and as to the material with which they are covered. The largest "Sleepy-hollow" is not so large as the "Marquise," which is wide enough to admit of the careful adjustment of the most elaborate dress. Sitting far back, and with the figure supported above the waist on the slope of the chair, the hips, knees, and feet are on the lower curve of the slope. At the foot-rest the chair curves upward. Quilted velvet is used as a covering for the body of the chair, while the arms, which are low and without opening, are covered with satin. A puffing of satin surrounds the top and sides of the frame. The height of the chair from the floor is only a foot and a half. Thus it will be seen that the most fragile frame has a comfortable support, and that fatigue is not superinduced upon existing sickness. Many ladies will greatly rejoice at being thus enabled to receive visits that must otherwise be declined, and that a handsome chair can serve the purpose of the "invalid" chair, which is by no means a handsome article of furniture.

Archery and its Present Facilities.

But a twelvemonth has passed since archery began to be as popular in America as it has long been in England. With their characteristic facility for learning everything, American ladies have fallen into the necessary training, and acquired this most graceful of all out-door accomplishments, which, like lawn tennis, does not present that drawback of croquet in causing the figure to settle itself too much to one side if persisted in for months as an out-door occupation rather than recreation. With that desire for improvement which demands that all things, amusements included, should be capable of being done with the utmost facility and the least possible trouble—which desire is also eminently American—it is demanded that archery should be "made easy." This has brought into use new "archery goods," as they are called, and highly finished bows, arrows, and targets, belts, quivers, arm-guards, and finger tips have made their appearance and been adopted for use. Still, to the uninitiated, their proper service and fitting adjustment remains a mystery, and many the disappointment when, the archery goods being received, the use presents an insoluble problem. To explain this use it is necessary first to state that the folded target-stand must be set up something after the manner of a painter's easel, but it is infinitely less troublesome. No explanation is required as to the adjustment of the target itself, for that is in one piece, and any one can set it who has ever seen a picture representing one. The new bow is made in sections, and these require careful manipulation. The small compass into which this bow can be adjusted, makes it easy of transportation, while it has the advantage, from its construction, of allowing the arrow to pass through the fixed bearings in its center without grazing the wings on a direct line with the center of the tips. It will be easily seen that this obviates that curve at the beginning of the arrow's flight, which is occasioned by the moving of the bowstring toward the center at the instant when the arrow leaves the bow. To acquire the art of holding the bow and arrow is the most troublesome part of the apprenticeship in the art of archery. New arrows accompany the new bows, having wings of fine hair-cloth, which serve the purpose of guiding the arrow. The adjustment of the finger-tips is extremely simple, as also of the arm-guard, nor does that of the belt and quiver require anything more than a natural facility for graceful arrangement, as of a dress belt. Still, simple as all this may appear, it is by no means a slight thing to reach the happy medium between grace and awkwardness, and archery, if ungraceful, had better be let alone.



An Extract from Garcia's Diary.

Every day passes, but I do not experience much, if any, satisfaction in my life. I feel I am verging on the acceptance that it is useless to attempt to attain satisfaction. The little streams pouring into the main stream *must* be muddy and turgid — we had better recognize this fact and adapt ourselves to it.

Right here, at the acceptance or non-acceptance of this, is the cross-roads to life. The mile-post says this way (the draining, the damming, the controlling of these muddy streams) leads to the "shining table-lands" of honor, peace, and satisfaction, but it is difficult and laborious. This other way leads surely to the "dismal swamps of mediocrity." You can find your way along without much exertion for a while, but there will gradually accrue harassing impediments from the debris of mismanagement which at last makes this road beyond telling repugnant. This giving away with cowardly inertness before the turgid *little* obstacles of life is as a ball of error going steadily forward and steadily enlarging.

As I say, my book, I have ariven to this mile-post, and I, of course, prefer the road to the table-lands, but have I the essential qualities for a traveler on this way?

Sometimes there comes to me (it is as though a sweet spirit leaned upon my shoulder and whispered) a faint opening, a dim, sweet vista to happiness. I listen and look eagerly, feeling sure there is something tangible in this line if we could but arrest the way and secure it, but how faint, wavering, and vanishing it is! No; it is not the way that is faint and vanishing, but our spiritual insight diseased by its vanities.

Sometimes there appears to me a woman—my ideal. She lives her life as perhaps a bird or a butterfly do theirs. Of course she thinks, makes plans, works toward them. She reads and has thoughts on other people's lives, has thoughts, perhaps, on difficult facts, but there is much time with her when she simply lives, merging her whole being, physical, mental, and spiritual, into a consciousness of the present moment, and that consciousness is happiness. Bird songs are in her ears, perfumed winds toying with her garments, flowers near—there is a full unconscious consciousness of it all. Life is sweet, her duties are ineffably sweet toward husband, children, home; her love for these dear things impels her to accomplish them with an exquisite, lingering, tender grace. Say to her that a woman's lot is hard and low, and as well might you say the sunshine is impure and unwholesome—she does not comprehend that. A woman's lot is as fit in its place as is a bird's or a flower's—not as high as a man's, perhaps, but full of all pure, beautiful, sweet, holy activities for those who have a true spirit for it.

Man and woman who have the mere natural instinct of loving, love with the heart; but they who have a true genius for loving, love with the soul.

Sometimes that which most delights the heart most cheats the soul.

A Leaf from Gabrielle's Diary.

Jessie sitting at the breakfast-table eating buttered egg-bread (just now a rarity), with seraphic satisfaction says to grandma, her eyes large and earnest, "This chorn-bread is made out of new meal." Her unreserved yet dainty delight over a dish she particularly likes is a refreshing sight.

Valerie, wishing a calico quilt somewhat faded to play with, runs to me, her eyes like animated new needles, her footsteps staccato et allegro, her pause like the plump dip of a robin, says, "Mamma, may we have the *painted sheet* to play with?" I reply yes, watching her movements nervous and firm. She runs back to Hebe in the little room where they have the big bath tub for a boat. Jessie comes in. Valerie says, "We're mighty sorry you've come, ain't we Hebe?" Hebe replies, "Oh, no, she's our darling little sister." Valerie runs back to me with a gay-colored woolen spread, plumps firm and light beside me at the desk, and says, her eyes now like dewy violets, her expression suggesting the soft melody after the nervous prelude, the eyes and expression both assumed as a persuasive to her request, for she knows I do not allow her this to play with, "Mamma, this is to cover my throne, and I'm to be queen."

Jessie—"My little baby's been down sick—is dead and put in jail (grave). My little baby's dead and gone (picking up a piece of newspaper suddenly off the floor), let me read about it—the cars run over my baby playing on the rail-chack."

Out with the bairns into the orchard-grass lot. Throwing up to knock down some grapes the stick got lodged. "Oh, gracious, the stick's mired," exclaimed Valerie. Jessie, with her grandma's hat on, "Make out like I am grandma."

"How do you do, grandma? When did you come?"

"I came to-morrow;" then she says, "How's your family?"

"Very well, thank you—how is yours?"

"Very sick indeed—they's got the hooking cough, got the fever, and got a sore shin (chin)." Here she comes with Valerie all trimmed about with long sprays of the money-moss robbed from grandma's hanging basket. "Now, ain't we pity?" she says, mincing about. Valerie expresses much delight and glorification with her eyes. Jessie smiles and smirks and stretches her eyelids in an amusing manner. "Now let me try them on you," she says, and mounts up into my lap, loops some long sprays into my bosom. "Now that's your watch—hear your watch? (shaking one over my ear) that's goodies in your watch. Mama, I'm going to bring you some little blue laced-up buttoned boots. There's your bracelet (knotting a tendril round my arm); and look here—here are two new rings (running one in and out between my fingers); now look here—look here—they look delightly." Tchit! (in loud tones to the puppy who is jumping about my knees), and she taps him a sharp little tap on his head, "Don't you bite these bands."

There's a racket in the hall that increases to my door and into my room, and here are Hebe and Valerie, like a boisterous push of west wind. Their sailor hats are entirely wreathed about with yellow chrysanthemums, and one side pinned up with a straight plume of orchard grass. "Hebe," exclaims Valerie with her gray eyes twinkling, her feet twitching, "Grandma says these will do to wear to town." Hebe gives a languishing flourish with her big eyes, designed to express