

unbusiness. Standing over me with knife in hand, the sickly yellow light fell upon his countenance, and revealed as murderous a set of features as I should think were ever seen.

"Oh!" cried I, "spare me this, the most valuable article in my stock, surely you would not utterly ruin me."

This excited the wretch's cupidity to the highest pitch, and he dashed at me as if to give the fatal blow.

"Spare me and I will give it you," I implored.

"Where is it?" he demanded.

"In the bag under the seat," I answered. He instantly seized the bag, and tried to open it, but the somewhat complicated spring fastening baffled his attempt. He had evidently become nervous and excited, for his time was running short. "Your open it," he roared, thrusting it towards me.

Terribly conscious of the tremendous issues that hung upon the act, with lightning rapidity I opened the bag, grasped and cocked the pistol, and with all the force I could muster I drove the muzzle against the villain's forehead.

The effect upon him was electrical.

Half-stunned, he dropped the knife, and staggered to the other end of the carriage, as if to make his escape.

"Sit down," I shouted; "move one inch and I will spatter your brains against the wall."

He sank at my command on to the seat, unnerved and almost helpless.

The train had begun to slacken pace, and on this my companion adroitly let down the window, opened the door, and, before I could stop him, disappeared into the darkness of the night. The train was going fast even then, and a hundred chances were against his escaping without at least serious bodily injury. I looked out into the night, but of course could see nothing, and, escaped from the society of the rascal, I felt supreme indifference as to the consequences of his perilous leap into the dark. I reached L—with a thankful heart, and with the firm determination never to travel at night again without carrying in my pocket a loaded pistol. As the train drew up to the platform the flickering lamp went out, and I assure you I was not long in following its example.

FROM "OUR SOCIETY GIRL."

"EDITH" TO "LAURA."

Oh! have you read that poem, dear?
I'm sure 'twas cousin Freddy;
The rhythm was so "shocking bad,"
The wit, so far from "ready."

Ah! what d'ye think has happened, love,
To make him so uncivil?
It almost, dearest girl, seems like
"Possession" by a—"devil."

Then, all that talk of "legs" and "forms,"
(I, too, have "legs," none better);
And the W. C. T. U. reforms
Is so like Freddy's letter.

Well! the W. C. T. U., good folks,
May have "satin" in their "pews,"
For all I know. Our seats my dear
More suit with our "high church" views.

Where, on one bench, sit men and boys,
The wife and widow and maid,
And some who may be none of these,
I am very much afraid.

And, as for "British matrons," dear;
Oh! What is Freddy's mother?
That proud boast is not *ours*, dear girl,
Canadians, one and t'other.

Not even "Matrons" are we yet,
And not being *bullet* girls
Do not support our little child
By the proceeds of our twirls.

But why, because we wear a dress
And don't stalk about in "tights"
Should he insist, that we must be
Such hideous, scraggy frights?

"Envy," indeed! I may, perhaps,
"Envy"—some girls their *noses*;
But in my "form" I'm happy, quite
From shoulders down to toes-es.

So, if I take to "tights" at all,
'Twill be, like Eve, in fig leaves,
Not muffled up in puffy waist,
Befurbelows and jig-sleeves.

We mayn't "go in for" *Pirouettes*,
We do "go in for" skating;
And that gives splendid "muscles," too,
In spite of Freddy's "rating."

And, as for the "kicks" and kicking,
Even Fred, for sure, will grant
Because a girl *don't* do a thing,
Is not, always, "'cause she can't."

A girl may have some self-respect,
And yet not be "hard" at all;
I think that even now, we could
A few kindly deeds recall.

"Smart" girls, we know, who help the poor,
The fallen—the forlorn;
I've yet to learn they look on them
With "hatred" or with "scorn."

For some of "us" are "poor" ourselves,
Not "proud" (though self-respecting);
And even if Fate *should* send us "tights,"
What's "Fate?" but Heaven's directing.

I think we've known of slender hands,
Which held in them a power
So strong, for either weal or woe,
It made a strong man cower.

Which yet have quite forgone the blow
And then, were asked for blessing
By him, who "down," they would not strike;
And it is most distressing

To find their owner's but a "prude"
Fred's nose is upturned at her.
"Words" more than "deeds," is Freddy's way,
For all his highflown Chatter.

But still, you know men "will be boys"
So for "a girl! who dances,"
We must not blame him if he tries
To break Quixotic lances.

But hope some higher power soon
Will send him what he need-th,
And that's—"A little common sense,"
Says Freddy's cousin

"EDITH."

The newest thing on the New York Society cards is the dancing tea. It is an afternoon dance, which shall, it is decreed, commence at four o'clock and end at seven. You are to go to it in dinner dress, so that you may drive off to table as soon as you have danced yourself hungry. If you are exceptionally favored, you may be invited to a dinner to follow the dance under the same roof; but this is not obligatory on host or hostess.