[Copyright, 1893, by the Author.]

THOROUGHBRED from your nose to your tail, and with legs as sound to all outward appearance as a bell of brass; as quite as a sheep, too, apparently. I wonder how the deuce you came to be harnessed to a hansom cab!"

These were the thoughts that ran through my mind one fine October afternoon, as, having just finished luncheon at the Navy and Military, I found myself in Piccadilly strolling aimlessly along, and gazing at a remarkably good-looking, little brown horse between the shafts of a very smart hansom, who walked past me in the easy, dignified way that only a thoroughbred can. I had been among horses all my life, and flattered myself I knew a good one when I saw him.

"And unless you are very much mistaken, my boy," thought I to myself, "you're looking at one now." The sight of the little brown horse quite fascinated me, in fact.

The cabman, a smart-looking chap, attired in a very "down-the-road" box coat, seeing me look his way, pulled up, with the inquiry: "Hansom, sir?"

I jumped in without a word; not that I wanted to go anywhere in particular, but because I could not tear myself away from the little brown horse. It ended in my driving about the whole of the afternoon from one place to another, and thus I had a good opportunity of seeing what the little nag was made of. His trotting action was like that of many thoroughbred ones, not particularly good, but he was a delightful horse to sit behind, for he never looked to the right nor left, but went steadily on in as old-fashioned a way as it was possible to conceive. I don't believe a traction engine even would have ruffled his serenity of temperament.

"That's a nice horse of yours," said I, addressing the cabman on alighting at my rooms in Bury street. "What's his fault? I suppose he's got one, hasn't he?"

"Fault?" exclaimed my charioteer, scornfully, descending from his perch and patting the little brown horse affectionately. "Fault? Why, bless yer, he don't know how to spell it, this little horse don't. I don't werily believe he never done nothing wrong in 'is bloomin' life, 'ave yer, my lad? I've drove 'im," continued cabby, "gettin' on now for six weeks, and he's never be'aved any different to wot you've seen 'im. He looked wery different, though, when I fust 'ad 'im. Where did I get 'im? Why, I bought 'im of a pal who was 'ard up and couldn't afford to keep 'im properly, and he was a reg'lar bag o' bones, bless yer, in consekence. He soon picked up, though, as yer see, and I wouldn't take fifty of anybody's money for 'im now."

Well, the upshot of the whole business was that after a quarter of an hour's haggling and bargaining the little brown nag became my property for the consideration of fifty-two pounds, ten shillings, an old hat and a bottle of whisky.

The very next day I clapped a saddle on the back of my new purchase and rode him in the Row—which celebrated ride I need scarcely say I had nearly to myself—the verdict after I had put him through all his paces being that he was one of the very best hacks that I had ever ridden.

"If you can only jump, my beauty," I thought to myself as I gave the little nag an approving slap on the neck—a compliment he seemed quite to appreciate—"we'll bustle some of 'em up between the flags as soon as steeplechasing sets in in earnest, see if we don't."

That night I dreamt I won the Grand National on him.

I was not happy now until I had "Come by Chance," as I had christened him, down in the country.

Accordingly a few days afterwards I took him along with me to a hunting-box I rented down in Buckinghamshire.

In a large field behind the house were several artificial jumps of all sorts for my horse to practice over, and hither the morning after my arrival I brought "Come by Chance" to see what he was made of.

With my groom on my best hunter to give him a lead away we went, now over the gorsed hurdles, next the post and rails and then the water jump—not a big one, certainly, but a water jump for all that.

"Come by Chance," to my delight liked the fun just as much as I did, and, never put a foot wrong, thereby causing my man, who had a good deal of experience with steeplechasers in his time, to remark to me afterwards that when he saw how the little horse pricked his ears and laid down his bit in approaching his fences, to remark that, in his opinion "the little brown 'oss had been at the game before, or he was much mistook."

"So much the better," thought I, as I rode him triumphantly back to the stables.

Long was the confab betwixt myself and the groom that afternoon as to the future career of "Come by Chance," with the result that we decided at last to give the little nag a fortnight's rest or so and then put him in training with a view to winning the Tally-ho steeplechase at Sandown in December, a contingency which the groom was pleased to say was a moral if the horse only kept well.

The programme we had mapped out for my new purchase in horseflesh was carried out to the letter, the result being that when the day arrived for him to be boxed for Sandown it found "Come by Chance" fit to run for a kingdom, and myself and groom brimful of confidence.

Entered as Mr. Somerfield's bay gelding, "Come by Chance" (aged), pedigree unknown, the handicapper had let him in with only 10 st. 7 lbs., and, with a first-rate jockey engaged to ride, I might as well be excused for looking upon the Tally-ho steeplechase as already in my pocket. Mine being a dark horse, too, and trained privately, and nothing consequently being known about him, I should doubtless be enabled to get good odds about him at the post; another advantage I was looking forward to with a good deal of pleasure, you may depend.

Yes, I was a proud man, I can tell you, that December morning, when accompanied by a few chosen friends, all in the "know," and in high spirits at getting on a real "good thing," as they termed it, at a long price, we started from the club in a succession of cabs bound to Waterloo station en route to Sandown.

When I thought, too, of the openhearted way I had imparted the secret to everybody I knew, from my own personal friends down to the landlord at my lodgings, and the servants at the club, I felt quite a philanthropist. There should be no coming up to me with reproachful looks, and "I say, old chappie, I do think you might have put an old friend on to the 'good thing,' 'pon my soul I do." Of that I was determined. There is nothing mean or selfish about me, thank goodness! Oh dear, no.

Arrived at Sandown, we first of all proceeded in a body to the paddock, to where I introduced my friends to "Come by Chance," who, with a stable boy on his back and led by my groom, was walking round and round in his accustomed, old-fashioned manner. We then made tracks for the stand.

The Tally-ho steeplechase stood third on the card, and it looked "healthy" for our luck, as one of my friends remarked when we spotted the successive winners of the two preceding events, a selling steeplechase and a hunters' hurdle.

We went in a body to the paddock to see our horse saddled, in higher spirits than ever. Alas! we little thought, as chattering and laughing we passed through the paddock gate, how unceremoniously our mirth was about to be dispelled, and our joy turned to woe. We were met the moment we set foot into the inclosure by little Capt. Coper (quite the best of the soldiers), who was to ride "Come by Chance," with a face as white nearly as the cap he wore.

"I say, old feller," he exclaimed, rushing up, "there's the devil to pay over yonder," pointing, as he spoke, with his whip to the far end of the paddock where my horse was.

"There's a bucolic party," he went on, "swearing the horse is his, and so far from being a maiden he's won half the steeplechases in England. He was stolen from his place six months ago, so he says, and—but there, for heaven's sake, come and see the cove yourself. I don't understand it, dashed if I do!"

As pale in the face by this time as my poor little friend, Coper, I hurried off, best pace, to learn the worst. Sure enough, when I elbowed my way through the crowd collected round my horse, there was a stout, red-faced person of horsey appearance, evidently in a rabid state of excitement, haranguing the lookers-on generally and my unhappy groom in particular in most aggressive fashion.

"Oh! here you be at last then, be you?" was his insolent greeting as I came up.

"I am Mr. Somerfield, if that's what you mean," said I, loftily. "What might you want?"

"Wot might I want? Haw—haw—haw, that's a good 'un, too, that is!" roared red face. "Wot might I want, indeed? Why, I want my 'oss, to be sure—my 'oss, as was stolen six months ago from my place near Barnet, where he was turned out to grass—and wot's more, I mean to have him."

"'Come by Chance' your horse?" I stammered.

"To be sure he is," was the confident reply—"at least Barnacles is—that's his proper name. Here's his description—"

"MY 'OSS AS WAS STOLEN SIX MONTHS AGO."

see (pulling a handbill from his pocket) and if you don't choose to believe me, ask any of the jockeys on the course; they all know 'im, you see, as well as they knows their own fathers.

"'Come by Chance,' indeed!" shouted red-face, contemptuously. "It's me as should be called 'Come by Chance,' I fancy, for it was only at the last minute I made up my mind to come 'ere."

Alas! it was all true that he said, and "Come by Chance," late Barnacles, was, of course, to the infinite chagrin of all of us, ineligible to compete for the Tally-ho steeplechase. I could not make up my mind, however, to part with the little horse, and I therefore made overtures with the rough diamond who owned him for his purchase. It was only after a lavish use of all the persuasive powers I had about me, and the consumption of several bottles of champagne, with one or two glasses of brandy and water thrown in, that I at last succeeded in effecting a deal. Though I paid what seemed a lot of money for him, the little horse turned out a real bargain in the long run, for not only did he win me, ridden by my friend Tommy Coper, no end of races, but he succeeded last year in running into a place for the Grand National. If my sporting readers see "Come by Chance, late Barnacles," amongst the entries for the Liverpool next March, don't forget to back him—for a "shop," at all events.

IN WOMAN'S BEHALF

GIRL BACHELORS.

They Are a Widely Discussed and Independent Class.

Perhaps no class of women are more widely discussed to-day than the unmarried women who can and do earn their own living. A new name has even been coined for this product of modern civilization—she is the "girl bachelor" to the critics who praise and blame. She has had at least a tiny space in almost every paper of note, and all agree on some points. That she is selfish, infinitely selfish—holds a sort of monopoly, as it were, of that uncommon trait—seems to be a favorite theme of her critics. They also assert that she must necessarily become unwomanly, and one of them went further recently and said that the old maid of other days who was "houshold servant in general" to any or all of her relatives had a brighter future before her than the single woman of to-day who supports herself.

The great advancement made by women in the last half century is largely due to the fact that they are, in a measure at least, free to earn their own living by doing the work which they can do best, no matter what that may be.

Only in independence can any class of human beings reach their highest development, and if the unselfishness and true womanliness so much praised and lamented as a thing almost lost in this day means "ignorance and a weak yielding to any fate rather than make an effort to help one's self, it is not such a bad loss after all. Looking back at the life of the single woman of the "good old days" I am deeply impressed with the privilege of living in these unregenerate times.

Fifty years ago the single women of middle age was felt to have no mission in life save to be the unpaid and generally unthanked drudge for such of her relations as were willing to give her food and shelter. This was often given grudgingly enough, especially as she advanced in years and became less able to work. Passed from one to another, as her services were needed or her presence became tiresome, she truly "had not where to lay her head." She was regarded and made to feel that she was an object of charity and must be content with whatever her more fortunate relatives were willing to give her. She might nurse, teach, doctor, keep house, minister to the wants of any or all of her relatives, but wages for her faithful services was an unheard-of thing.

There were exceptions, of course, just as there were slaves who were better off in slavery than in freedom, but the tendency was bad. It gave the idea that women were incapable of supporting themselves. They were not educated to any special calling, because to be "somebody's wife" or somebody's old maid servant did not require any special training.

A woman who could carry on a business, edit a paper, or run her own farm to a profit was almost as rare as a redheaded Indian. Even literary work was looked upon as unwomanly. No wonder women turned to marriage as their last hope, and prayed, "Any one, good Lord, will do."

With the war, which desolated so many homes and forced upon so many women the necessity of earning money or starving, came the awakening to the fact that there is a wide field for women outside of domestic service.

Men were so scarce that women had a chance to show their mettle. It might be said of the civil war that it resulted in the freeing of the Negroes and the old maids.

The single woman—the girl bachelor of to-day, is often the mainstay and money-earning member of her family. For every independent single woman who lives in ease and enjoys "bachelorhood" there are ten who are the breadwinners for a family. They do not make a fuss over it, either, but go quietly about their business as a man would, making no pretense of goodness, simply doing their duty, and a little proud, perhaps, of their ability to do it well. When one remembers the innumerable charities to which women give so lavishly of their time and money, the charge that selfishness is likely to come with freedom seems unfounded.

One point more. Circumstances have made the girl bachelor. All our literature of to-day, from the highest review to the penny newspaper, preaches the necessity of independence for single women. Parents and schools teach it; it is expected of the average girl that she shall be able to earn her own living in some way. From babyhood this idea is instilled into her mind, and usually she "rises to the occasion" nobly and successfully.

Moreover, male relatives are no longer willing to give homes to the single women of their families, and few married women care to admit a single relative permanently to their home circle. In these days of extravagant living few men can afford to offer asylums to their unmarried female relatives; their incomes will not justify the extra expense.

And they are likely to think and to say: "With the many opportunities open to women, she can make her own living as I make mine. Why should she expect to be a burden on my shoulders?"

This may sound hard, and be thought untrue—perhaps it is untrue of the richer classes—but "down among the rose roots," among the "great common people," from which class the girl bachelor most often comes, it is sadly true.

But the girl bachelor does not expect support. "The bread of charity is bitter," she knows well, and "that of honest toil is very sweet. So she goes her way, busy, honest and independent, knows the pleasure of earning what she spends and spending what she earns, and the content that only comes to those who owe no man a cent.

She is only solitary from necessity, as witness the innumerable clubs, "homes" and flats in which working women congregate. And as for rubbing off the sharp corners—well, those of us who have really had to work for a living know that our contact with the world in the struggle for bread generally polishes us off.

It may be—we know it is—much pleasanter to have one's own home circle to love and work for. But all can not have this, and there often the independent single woman of the family is the sturdy oak, while the other members are the "clinging vines."

Such lives as those of Louisa M. Alcott, Clara Barton, Florence Nightingale and Susan B. Anthony are enough to prove that the independent woman is not necessarily a selfish woman.—Sharlot M. Hall, in Detroit Free Press.

A WOMAN OF THE WORLD.

She Is a Great Blessing to Every One She Meets.

She had been talking pleasantly to two or three women; she had made her good-byes all cheerful and bright, and, after she had disappeared, one woman turned to another and said in a tone that was scoffing: "She is a thorough woman of the world." Now in this case the woman who had said none but pleasant words, who had stopped by a bright story the discussion of a petty scandal, was a woman who was as brave-hearted as any that ever lived and who bore, not only her own, but the burdens of a good many other people, yet she saw no reason why she should inflict her troubles on her friends, nor why, while she was in the world, she should not be in its best sense a woman of the world.

A woman of the world is one who feels that the story told to hurt your feelings is essentially bad form.

A woman of the world is the one who is courteous to old people, who laughs with the young and who makes herself agree to all women in all conditions of life.

A woman of the world is one who makes her good-morning a pleasant greeting, her visit a bright spot in the day and her good-by a hope that she may come again.

A woman of the world is one who does not gauge people by their clothes, or their riches, but who condemns bad manners.

A woman of the world is one who does not let her right hand know what her left hand does. She does not discuss her charities at an afternoon tea, nor the faults of her family at a prayer-meeting.

A veritable woman of the world is the best type of a Christian, for her very consideration makes other women long to imitate her. Remember that Christ came into the world to save sinners and be in the world and among it and the people who made it, and to do your work as a woman of the world means more than speaking from platform or assumed elevation.

A woman of the world is one who is courteous under all circumstances and in every condition in which she may be placed. She is the woman who can receive the unwelcome guest with a smile so bright and a handshake so cordial that in trying to make the welcome seem real it becomes so. A woman of the world is one whose love for humanity is second only in her life's devotion, and whose watchword is unselfishness in thought and action. By making self last it finally becomes natural to have it so.—Florence Wilson, in Ladies' Home Journal.

Plucky Women.

A meeting of the Alliance in an Arkansas county was attacked by a mob. All the men ran away and, for what we have heard to the contrary are still running. The women held their ground, and Mrs. Duncan mounted a box and told the mob it "ought to be ashamed of itself." And yet they tell us that Eve was taken from under Adam's arm as a symbol that man will protect woman.

A Bright Newspaper Woman.

Miss Eva Lovering Shorey, the new president of the Ladies' Aid societies of Maine, is only twenty-one years old. She was born in Bridgton, Me., and after being graduated from its high school became the business editor of the Bridgton News, published by her father. She possesses the journalistic instinct, and can do good work in nearly any department of the paper.—N. Y. World.

POINTS OF INTEREST.

MRS. MARY RANLETT has built up an extensive business in a sailors' shipping office. She furnishes seamen in any desired number.

THE new factory inspection law of Pennsylvania requires that of the deputy inspectors five shall be women. They receive a salary of $1,200 a year.

THERE is to be no lack of openings for female medical practitioners in this country, for the Indian bureau announces seventeen vacancies for women.

PRINCESS LOUISE, in the studies that have resulted in the production of the queen's statue at Kensington, had the assistance of Miss Henrietta Montalba, a talented Canadian woman.

MRS. PEARY, of Arctic fame, is a tall, willowy woman, whose personality is very attractive. She says her height aroused much curiosity among the Esquimau women, who are rather below size, and they were anxious to know if all white women were "so high."

IN Roumania there are women who are modified commercial travelers. They do not deal with merchants, but with families, making a specialty of supplying trousseaux and similar outfits. They are from Paris, and carry quite large stocks with them.

IN the last year four hundred patents have been applied for in England by women. Some of these have reference to textile manufactures and electrical and railway appliances, and articles for the use of the sick have also received considerable attention.

Now, then, since the best thoughts are to rule, let women think the best ones—best for the race. But in order to do this she must keep herself informed of what is going on in the world about her. She must feel that it is in all respects just as much her world as man's world, and that equally with him she is concerned in the management of its affairs.—Abby Morton Diaz.

AN ERA OF RETICULES.

Well-Dressed Women Have One for Every Gown.

They Are Not Expensive, But Useful and Decidedly Chic—How Some Ingenious Women Have Developed a Pretty Idea.

If you want to be very chic just now you must wear with every gown, be it for the promenade or house, some sort of a "reticule" in which kerchief, pocketbook, card-case or lozenge box may be stowed away with the double convenience of a pocket.

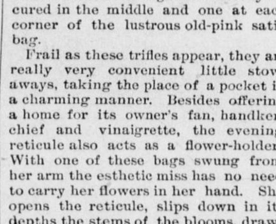
The most voguish street reticule, keeping apace with modish gowning, is made of hop sacking, and seldom claims anything more elaborate in the way of decorations than a tiny nosegay of violets, pinks or rosebuds tacked down in one corner of the quaint bag.

Girls who can afford it secure this blossom supply direct from Dame Nature, but others who cannot indulge in the luxury of natural blooms substitute for them bunches of silken or velvet posies.

FOR THE PROMENADE.

Lovely in its way, but fantastic enough to cause the greatgrandmother of the owner to stare her eyes out in wonder, is the reticule of a certain dainty damsel who catches a few dress whispers from Paris and develops them in prettiest style herself. This reticule, the owner assures me, is carried only with her favorite toilets, and after a glimpse of the exquisite creation one does not wonder that she prizes it. It is fashioned of shot "rainbow" gauze made over a white satin foundation. In the center of the gauze is a branch of cherries painted in water colors, while about the top, sides and bottom of the bag are gathered three ruffles, one above the other, the first of satin, the second of shot gauze, while surmounting this is a waterfall of white lace. Amid the sheen of satin and of foamy lace, at the top, several clusters of ripe red cherries are tucked, luscious looking even in their artificiality. Each of the four corners of the bag is tipped with a bunch of cherries, and the wide white satin ribbon from which the reticule swings is finished at the top with a lace rosette centered with an especially tempting specimen of the fruit.

On another equally dainty reticule the cherries are replaced by bunches of sweet peas, and still another of these conceits has a gauze butterfly secured in the middle and one at each corner of the lustrous old-pink satin bag.



Frail as these trifles appear, they are really very convenient little stowaways, taking the place of a pocket in a charming manner. Besides offering a home for its owner's fan, handkerchief and vinaigrette, the evening reticule also acts as a flower-holder. With one of these bags swung from her arm the esthetic miss has no need to carry her flowers in her hand. She opens the reticule, slips down in its depths the stems of the blooms, draws the ribbons loosely together, while peeping out of the top in sauciest fashion are the buds and blossoms of the bouquet.

A "CHERRY-RIPE" RETICULE.

I know a bright-witted young woman who utilized her reticule for preserving, the evening through, some very choice blooms which in the heat of a crowded room would soon have lost their fragrance with their beauty.

How did she do it? Why, in the simplest manner possible.

Just before leaving home the girl cut in two a raw potato. Making several holes in each half she inserted the stem of a flower in each, storing away potato and stems loosely wrapped in tissue paper into the reticule. There's nothing better than a raw potato in which the stems of the blooms have been inserted for keeping fresh flowers which have to be out of water for several hours; and in this case the effect was wonderful.

Before the evening was half over most of the belles carried a bouquet reduced to a hopelessly wilted condition, while my little friend had the satisfaction—thanks to the potato—of enjoying to the last moment the fresh beauty of her posy-laden reticule.—Dorothy Maddox, in Chicago Record.

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