

WALLACE'S MONTHLY.

JOHN H. WALLACE, EDITOR.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY, 1884.

OFFICE: No. 212 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

TERMS.

The subscription price of this magazine is **THREE DOLLARS** per annum, and never less to single subscribers, payable in advance. Single numbers, thirty cents.

From and after January 1st, 1884, six copies will be sent for fifteen dollars, in one remittance. This is a gratuitous copy to the man getting up the club, and not a reduction of price to the members of the club.

After remittance for a club, new names may be added, at the same rate, covering the same period of time as the original club. These additions must be made through the former of the club.

No canvasser is authorized or permitted to accept any subscription for less than three dollars a year.

The Trotting Register as Premiums.

For twelve new subscribers, with thirty-six dollars, Volume I. of Trotting Register or Stud Book.

For nine new subscribers, with twenty-seven dollars, Volumes II. or III. of the Register.

For six new subscribers, with eighteen dollars, fourth Volume of Register.

For thirty-two new subscribers, with ninety-six dollars, complete set of the Register (four volumes).

The Register, Vol. I., and Stud Book, Vol. I., are published at ten dollars each. The Register, Vols. II. and III., are reduced to seven dollars each. Vol. IV. is sold at five dollars, net.

PERFORMANCES FOR 1883.

The **ONLY** complete and available record of trotting and pacing performances is that furnished by the **MONTHLY**. No other is published in the world. The summaries for 1883 have been carefully compared with the official records of all the leading courses in the country, and by authority are marked "official." This feature, therefore, makes the **MONTHLY** an absolute necessity to all who seek to be well informed upon what has been done during the year. The volume for 1883, embracing nearly 1,000 pages, carefully indexed and handsomely bound, will be furnished for **four dollars**.

The New Fight, Its Cause, Its Actors and Its Methods.

It is possible our readers will be none the less entertained if we give them a brief relation of some facts connected with the hubbub that two or three small fry are trying to raise about a new Trotting Stud Book. During the late "onpleasantness" a cowardly loafer, after he got all his wife's relations off to the war, used to hurrah and shout his patriotism on the street corners of a Western town, and his patriotism was always gauged by the amount of whiskey he had inside his skin. One day, when his whiskey thermometer was up in the nineties, and he was proclaiming how patriotic he felt, somebody asked him how he really felt when he felt patriotic. "Why," says he, "I feel just like I wanted to kill somebody and steal sumthin'." This is the same kind of patriotism that is actuating the two or three advocates for a new stud book. Nobody has asked for a new stud book; nobody thinks a new stud book is needed, but these fellows "want to kill somebody and steal sumthin'" under the pretense of getting up a new stud book. Just who is to be killed, and what is to be stolen, will be brought to light later.

A few months ago it was announced in some of the daily papers that somebody in Kentucky had bought the stallion Dictator for twenty-five thousand dollars. The name of the purchaser was not given, and we remarked that we didn't believe it, for we didn't believe there was a breeder in Kentucky so big a fool as to pay twenty-five thousand dollars for that horse. This set the whole pack at our heels, and in the next number we had to show just what the horse had accomplished, and what he had failed to accomplish, in the twenty years of his life. To this statement not a single response was uttered, nor a single point denied nor contradicted. Not long afterwards we received a very angry and impudent letter from Dave Bonner, written in the character of a pot-house bully, informing us, in effect, that he, David Bonner, Esquire, was part owner of that horse, and that we must not talk that way about him. We were greatly surprised at the lack of good manners and good sense in this letter, but we replied to him quietly, and to the effect that if it was a foolish thing to pay 25,000 dollars for that horse, we could not see how it was any the less foolish because he was one of the purchasers. After some whisperings with Little Busbey, and some correspondence with his partner, McDowell, it was determined to have revenge in some form, and the scheme for supplying the "long-felt want" of another stud book commended itself specially to their minds, for it gave them the chance "to kill somebody and steal sumthin'" through the agency of the National Trotting Association. This is the