

these colts in the Standard Department, because the sire is not registered, and the Board of Censors will not permit us to register him unless he drops the name that don't belong to him. Thus every owner of one of his colts is injured by the stupidity or mulishness of the owner of the horse.

Just the Horse that Somebody Wants.

A CORRESPONDENT appeals to us to help him sell his horse, and as this horse seems to fit a "long-felt want" in certain quarters, we take great pleasure in commending him to those who may be looking for a stock horse of this kind. He says:

"My horse is as fine a specimen of a thoroughbred as can be found anywhere. He is just half an inch under sixteen hands high, and of very just proportions. He is sound in every respect and free from blemish. His color is a very rich bay, bordering on a brown, with the left hind foot white and a large star in his forehead. His resemblance to his sire is very striking, except that he is a little more lofty in his carriage. He has as fine a set of limbs and feet as were ever put under a horse, with a very strong bone for a thoroughbred. He is eleven years old, and was got by Bonnie Scotland, the sire of Scotland, with a record of 2:22½. His first dam was by Lexington, the sire of the grandam of Jay-Eye-See, with a record of 2:10¾. His second dam was by imp. Glencoe, that was the grandsire of Col. Lewis, with a record of 2:18¾. His third dam was by Commodore, that was the sire of Tennessee, with a record of 2:27, and Commodore was a son of Boston, that got the grandam of Maud S., with a record of 2:10¼. His fourth dam was by Revenue, the sire of Exchequer, that got Lucille, with a record of 2:21. His fifth dam by imp. Leviathan. Sixth dam by Sir Archy, &c., running back to one of the royal mares. This horse has very fine trotting action, and many of his colts from common scrub pacing mares are able to show a mile in three minutes or less, without any training. I think, if he had good thoroughbred mares, he would get colts that would trot in 2:40. There are no well-bred mares in this region of country, and so little intelligence among the farming population that they are all disposed to run after mongrel-bred stallions. For this reason, and on account of feeble health, I want to sell this horse and have him go where his pure blood and great merits will be appreciated. I will take four hundred dollars for him, and pay you a good commission if you will find a purchaser.

"W. K. PRENDERGAST."

We will be glad to help our friend to sell his horse, but we can take no commission for it. For a horse so closely related to Scotland, Jay-Eye-See, Maud S., Col. Lewis, Lucille, &c., the price is remarkably low. No horse can be found in all the stud books of purer blood, and his form seems to be as good as his blood. It is true that everybody breeding in this way has either died or changed his mind, or been sold out by the sheriff, but still there are a few connected with the management of the *Turf, Field and Farm* who are clamorous for more

running blood in the trotter. We don't think any of them has any money, unless it be Mr. David Bonner, and as he is now buying stallions, and as this one so exactly fills his idea of breeding the trotter, we would advise Mr. Prendergast to open a correspondence with him at once. If Dave don't want the horse, there is another man of about the same calibre at Rochester, N. Y. His name is R. Huntingdon, but in approaching him it would be well to show how many Arab crosses he possesses. It don't make any difference how far they are away, just so there are plenty of them. These are the only two men we know of who want this kind of a horse.

"What is Chester's Book to be?"

WE have been asked this question several times, and we are not surprised at it, for, judging from the circulars sent out and the free advertising it has had, one would suppose that it is to embody all horse knowledge of all the past, and in a more correct and complete form than anything ever before published. The prospectus is altogether the most pretentious of anything we have seen of the kind in a long time. On some occasions the question has been, "Who is Chester?" and probably we had better answer that first, so far as we can. All that we know of him is that he has been at work in the *Spirit* office for a number of years, and whatever standing he has is due to that fact. Unfortunately, however, he was peremptorily discharged from that office recently, under circumstances that we need not explain. The transferring of his allegiance at once to the *Turf*, and having it blazoned there, do not speak well for the instincts of an honorable man.

The circulars and advertisements give us but little idea of what the book will be, in fact, except that it will be a large octavo volume "of nearly or quite 1,000 pages." From the bulk of the book, therefore, we cannot tell just what it will be, but we can tell what it will *not* be. From 1875 to 1883, inclusive, it happens that the trotting summaries in the MONTHLY have filled just about 1,000 pages of closely printed matter, in small type. It is possible that fifteen or twenty pages might have been saved by crowding the matter still more closely; but it still leaves us with about the same number of pages and the same sized page as announced to be in the forthcoming book. Now, if the summaries of nine years fill 1,000 closely printed pages of octavo size, what is Mr. Chester going to do with the forty other years? Perhaps this will explain it: he says the summaries will be put in "a new and attractive form." In this "new and attractive form," then, we find the secret of how he proposes to make a pint cup hold a gallon of milk. Why has he not