

readers are men of intelligence and wealth, and can distinguish between a good and a bad pedigree. The MONTHLY is the best medium on this continent to advertise good pedigrees, and about the worst one for bad pedigrees. Our readers know too much to be humbugged.

A WISE EDITOR.—The editor of a Western stock journal seems to consider all theories of breeding the trotter as quite too trifling a matter to receive any of his editorial attention. He is willing the "boys" outside should discuss this question, but they must not expect the profound wisdom of the editor to come down to any such insignificant topic. He says: "Every year parties, during the winter months, ventilate their theories how to breed the trotter, some contending for a strong infusion of thoroughbred blood, while others reject the thoroughbred blood as one of great injury. We have no theory to advance, but think it is not a bad plan of breeding to hit good sorts as often as you can, without getting a predominance of one sort or one quality, &c." If this gentleman were asked which of the two dead horses, Lexington or George Wilkes, was the greater trotting sire, he would answer that "he had no theory to advance." If a subscriber, wishing to raise a trotting colt, should ask his advice as to whether he should breed to Almont or to Mr. Swigert's imported running horse, he would answer, "we have no theory to advance." We don't know which party deserves the higher commendation, the editor for his wisdom or his others for their intelligence. What a wretched position it is to be placed in, when the editor of a stock journal don't dare to say, "If you want a trotter go to a trotter, and if you want a runner go to a runner." This is the every-day common sense, the common law and the common honesty of the matter, and it is palpable and patent to the understanding of every ten-year-old farmer's boy in the country.

DATES MUST BE GIVEN.—The amount of labor imposed upon us by personal and private questions, requiring searches to be made through publications, records, &c., is becoming a load too heavy to be borne. It is a very common thing to receive a long letter, giving a minute description of some unknown horse, the names of the different owners, how fast he trotted, &c., &c., and yet no date connected with all this that would indicate within ten years of when this happened. Now, we must insist that our correspondents must divide this labor. They must not forget the value of dates. A thousand things have been determined and a thousand frauds exposed by simply fixing the year in which a certain event took place. For example, when it was determined that Funk's Havoc died in a certain year, and that the dam of Pilot Jr. was not foaled

till four years after that, it knocked the fraudulent pedigree "as cold as a wedge," leaving its supporters—Dave Bonner and little Busby—to the terrible necessity of maintaining that the mare must have carried the foal four years. We are always glad to accommodate our friends, but they must not forget that time is money, and we cannot afford to undertake long searches for those who are so neglectful of the central facts of the inquiry.

STANDARD-BRED TROTTER STOCK FOR SALE.—Those desiring to purchase some first-class trotting stock will find it to their advantage to notice Mr. F. D. Norris' advertisement in this issue of the MONTHLY. The animals are nine in number, and by such excellent sires as Stillson, Harry Clay and Earnest, out of fashionably bred dams. They are all warranted sound and gentle.

CATON STOCK FARM.—Among the leading stock farms in the West, the Caton farm justly ranks very high. Its owner has ever been noted for his enterprise and good judgment in selecting and breeding from the very best of trotting strains. The premier stallion of the stud is Don Cossack, 980, five years old, record 2:28, sired by August Belmont, 366; dam by A.'s Abdallah, 15; grandam by Mambrino Chief, 11. He has won several premiums and medals at different fairs, and take him for all in all, is a grand horse. He is ably seconded in the stud by Glenview, 1170, bay horse, nine years old, by Belmont, 64; dam by A.'s Abdallah, 15; grandam by imp. Glencoe, &c. See advertisement this number.

SHENANDOAH VALLEY.—The people of this beautiful region of Virginia, so terribly desolated by war, have always been among the foremost in intelligence and enterprise. They never were much given to racing in olden times, but love for the trotter and the road is now gaining a very strong foothold among them. Sam Purdy, the famous son of California Patchen, has his home there, and the blood of this great trotter is being widely disseminated. Dr. D. D. Carter, of Woodstock, is one of the leaders in this new departure, and he is getting about him some very fine specimens, which seem to be appreciated, judging from his success in carrying off blue ribbons at the fairs during the last autumn. We are glad to note the abandonment of that pernicious heresy so prevalent in Virginia, that has kept them in the rear rank all these years, that the way to breed the trotter was to go to the runner. They are now beginning to appreciate the truth of the laws of heredity.

"WHERE WILL I BE SAFE?"—A correspondent, who seems to have been badly fleeced with fraudulent pedigrees two or three times, comes to us with a very earnest appeal to know where he will be safe, when he wants to buy a well-bred trotting