

PRICE THREE CENTS.

In 1876 only two horses had ten or more 2.30 trotters to their credit. They were Hambletonian and Volunteer. When horse sires ten trotters he may fairly be classed a successful sire. In the following table we have grouped all sires now having ten or more 2.30 trotters, with the number to the credit of each:

Year	SIRE.	Per- centage
1866	George Wilkes.....	54
1854	Blue Bull.....	41
1854	Lamberton.....	41
1863	Happi Medium.....	39
1863	Happi.....	39
1858	Daniel Lambert.....	30
1863	Electron.....	24
1863	Klusioner.....	20
1863	Principes.....	17
1870	John Hambleton.....	17
1864	Harold.....	17
1860	Swigert.....	16
1860	Dickster.....	16
1855	Bashaw (Green's).....	16
1860	Swigert.....	16
1865	Messenger Duroe.....	15
1865	Swigert.....	15
1871	Gro. Sprague.....	14
1865	Whitcomb (Whipple).....	14
1866	Aberdeen.....	14
1866	Whitcomb.....	14
1870	Netwood.....	13
1853	John Knox.....	13
1865	Champion.....	13
1864	Jay Grond.....	13
1864	Edward.....	13
1874	Red Wilkes.....	11
1864	Whitcomb.....	11
1852	Columbus Bg.....	11
1864	John Hambleton.....	11

The new-comers to this table are George Sprague, Red Wilkes and Masterode. The moderate success of the first two is contrasted with a similar table to the close of 1887; are the decided lead taken by George Wilkes over all others as a producer of performers, and Happy Medium's move from sixth to fourth place. Electioneer has been placed in the same position as last year, and probably at the end of another season will press close on Almont.

A Smart Young American Catches Tartar.
[Albany Journal.]

A young bank clerk in Albany is wise as well as rich. He has been married less than a year. He is a bachelor in the bank where he works, and a married man in the inferior position. The new-comer was a small, slight-framed Frenchman, who

English was decidedly lame, but who so soon spoke that it made but little difference. The senior clerk had a decided penchant for the English language, and in the course of his age and position, was unquestionably a good swordsman. In addition he was a most insufferable braggart, and his military accomplishments was his one topic of thought and conversation. One day he was talking to the assistant clerk, which he proceeded to insist upon the Inoffensive Frenchman, and his first familiar slap on the back evidently displeased the latter. He then proceeded to deliver a pompous phrase between the little Frenchman's shoulders produced as response a stinging rebuff, which was so much the more small hand sharply prominent against the Frenchman's ample back, that the young man American.

Speechless with rage the young man found himself in a most awkward position. His friend, challenged the Frenchman to mortal combat, and the latter, with a look of scorn, took all in his power to undo the mischief of his hasty blow in vain. "Nothing but blood can wash this out of my back," he said, and

haughtily. The details were arranged, the Frenchman, as he called himself, was ready. Greatly to the surprise of the hot-blooded young challenger, the cashier of the bank, who had been previously selected as the latter's second. The day and the hour. The principals stopped to purchase their weapons. The Frenchman, with that smooth, gliding sound which is the accompaniment of his movements, Frenchman, whose familiarity with his weapon was evident at the start, confined himself to a few words of advice to his opponent's point with a grace of movement and shadings of the blade that were worthy poetry in action. The young man grasped his thrusts began to have an air of a man a trifle, and, turning aside his opponent's thrust, he made a quick lunge and the Frenchman was down.

Another quick thrust and a turn of the wrist, and the Frenchman was down. A sharp snap and the top button of his coat was flying across the room. Angry at the ease with which he had been defeated, the young man, which was quickly parried, and the next moment the Frenchman was down. Another, the shining buttons on his nat-

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A New Use For Fish Hooks.

[Stockton Cal. Mail.]

"Bill Charters was a very original man, that is, if he was a fisherman. He had devised a way of his own to procure the fish without the keep a fire in the grate and provisions in the pantry," said a man in a San Francisco street car.

"He would, on evenings at home, if he had nothing better to do, he would haul out his fishing tackle and inspect it thoroughly, and then he would take a hook and a line and a tangled fly hooks he'd place the outfit back in its box, at the same time he would say, 'I've hooked my fish tackle for probably a month or two.'"

"He lived in Boston when I first knew him. That was 18 or 20 years ago. He was a fisherman by trade. I went up to see him once, and he was so tired he fell asleep. He was engaged on for several days. Bill was in the method of fishing. He was a fisherman when I entered. After settling our business he began explaining the difference between the fish and the fisherman. He was the funny tribe. This hook was fine and

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"I took some time money with me but I misplaced it and had to go back and again I started for the theatre. There was still a considerable amount of time left and I was considering it and once again I began again my way through for the purpose of procuring a ticket. I called on the ticket agent and he told me to look after myself.

"I was just as I was handed my ticket I felt as I attempted to turn round, when I found I had hooked a very fine-looking man, who was dressed in a very fine suit and wore a shiny tie. I paid no attention to his tugging at my pocket, but he was tugging at my pocket. When I reached home I told my wife that I had hooked a very fine-looking man. When I reached home my wife said: 'William, who is that?' I told her and she said: 'That is a very particular friend of mine.'

"An other standing at the request of my wife, I went back to the theatre and

"Yes," concluded Bill, "he was the biggest sucker I ever caught—must have weighed at least 160 pounds. And this is no fish store either."

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