

up by her pawing and rooting, while the chipmunk sitting on a near by tree, complacently chewing and watching the proceedings with great curiosity and interest. She is always cheerful, however, and no matter how many failures she has had she is always ready to hop on three feet at a moment's notice and to attempt to scale the highest tree on the point.

Hildred is undoubtedly one of the most human of dogs. Not on account of any great sagacity and intelligence but on account of amazing and inexcusable lack of it.

Had I any doubt about her human failings—her virtues are mainly among her animal qualities—it must have been dispelled after her unfortunate experience with the dog Ring. Ring was part wolf and part husky, vicious and bad tempered but brainy and powerful. The pups were such as to cause any mother great grief. Hillery, true to the well known sacredness of motherhood—of which we hear so much and think so little—attended to them for two whole days and then left them in the care of a nurse.

I was the nurse. Periodically I dragged her back to them, with much reluctance on her part, whenever I deemed that they needed sustenance and nourishment. Her indifference, her total lack of interest in their welfare, in their goings and comings was remarkable for an animal.

For motherhood is a biological fact and has certain natural rites. It is only among the human species that we see those rights disregarded. The incident corroborated my opinion that motherhood is sacred only when it is, and fraught with occult significance when we make it so.

Joy, laughter, conceit, appreciation, sorrow, disgust, are all parts of Hillery's make up. The night she met the skunk and had to have her face bathed half the night—and a long, long night it was—she was the most disgusted and humiliated person ever I saw.

When fate has been kind to her and a lame chipmunk passes to the great beyond by way of Hillery's jaws, she will come trotting back to the cottage, chest out, ears stiff and tail wagging in a slow and reminiscent manner, conceited joy written plainly in every self-satisfied hair on her body. Her memory is well developed for she knew me after a two years' absence and welcomed me with three broad licks of her pink tongue, in a way