

is nothing short of a Belgian Atrocity. For anybody, except a confirmed dog fancier—a dangerous class at best—can see that the silky brown ears, sensitive and alert, are right and beautiful, have scale and tell the truth. The clipped ear gives the pup a swollen head, are out of scale, ugly, meaningless and interfere with the hound's purpose in life, whatever that may be—but after watching Hillery for six years—must have something to do with chipmunks.

Hil. weighs twenty pounds plus and is anatomically perfect. She has a grace and refinement of line when in action which recalls the modelling of animals on Grecian vases. The muscles flow with an exquisite rythm under the seal-brown skin; but for all her refinement her body is sturdy, vigorous, and purposeful; well modelled and full of character.

Her looks, perpetual joy though they may be, are as nothing compared to her soul, her spirit and her thoughts, for it is these that count, except with a confirmed dog-fancier. Dog fanciers are proper fiends when it comes to points, but I have known a so-called mongrel, whose show value was .0007 to have the qualities of genius, and 1,000 point dogs whose proper place was in the museum—stuffed.

From early morning till dark Hil. is on the watch for chipmunks. There was a time when she hunted them but she has fallen under the fashionable spell cast by efficiency and now she sits at a vantage point and waits for one to chirp. Let one enthuse over a well found acorn and Hil. is off, feet doubled under her, tail straight out and ears quivering with excitement.

She has certain definite rules for her hunting but they are sincere or merely matters of pose is a question of much conjecture. Her habit of racing into the bush and scurrying this way and that and after due preliminary bother, discovering the highest tree in the vicinity and vigorously jumping up it in quest of a chipmunk, who has safely arrived home and is talking the matter over around his fireside, may show great and indomitable courage—the kind that stays not at petty things. On the other hand it may show plain damphoolishness and a neutral would incline to the latter opinion.

At times I am forced to the same conclusion for I have come upon her digging a fallen log to pieces, the perfect tail and two white feet showing through a fog of brown dust thrown