

common Juniper, which we have been describing, will enforce its defence with its sharp, forward-pointing leaves, which make it difficult to grasp the branches of this shrub with the hand, and can make themselves felt even through the clothing. *Juniperus communis* is found in two forms, a somewhat erect one, which is the type, and a low spreading variety distinguished by the name *alpina*.

The leaves are arranged in whorls of three, pointing forward or upward. They are awl-shaped and prickly-pointed. The lower side of the leaf is green and looking from directly above the spreading branches the whole shrub has a green appearance. A view from the end of the branches, however, gives an impression of whiteness and

we see that the upper surface of the leaves are a glaucous white. The flowers are unusually dioecious, that is, the male or staminate flowers are on one plant and the female or pistillate flowers, from which the cones are formed, on another. The cones are small and berry-like and of a purple color when mature, but are covered with a glaucous white bloom, which makes them a conspicuous feature against the green foliage. They are more regularly spherical than the cones of the Red Cedar and are marked at the top with a three-fold division, indicating the three seeds into which they separate. The odor of the berries is aromatic and pleasant. From them is distilled the oil of juniper, which is made use of in medical practice.

Dogs That I Have Known.

By M. B.

When the editor of *Rod and Gun* asked me to write something about dogs, I felt that he was rather out of his latitude, as it is now many years since I was actively in the dog circle, but like all old fellows, as age creeps on, I suppose I become reminiscent and will write about things of the past, which may prove slightly interesting to the present and show that even in the long by-gone days dogs had their place and were quite as good as those which the present age is producing and mind you not so much stress was laid on pedigree then as ability. On this point I well remember a very prominent Irish terrier man in Ireland, after looking over his kennel, I was much taken with one of his dogs, which to me appeared by far the best of the lot. I asked him for the pedigree; his reply was: "He carries it on his back." So that many of the dogs of the present age may trace their pedigree to such. But I am getting away from my text—"Dogs that I have known." Well the first dog that I knew of, for I never saw him, he was killed many years before I was born, but his memory was very dear to the family, and as well as I can recollect, his name was Hughie. He belonged to my father, who

was at the early part of the last century a Manchester merchant, who did his own travelling with his own gig and horse, with "Hughie" as an accompaniment. The stories told of what that horse and dog did filled my earliest recollections, but to particularize some of them is rather hard to place on paper. When my father came to Ireland the dog was with him, at the same time he had large interests both in Manchester and Glasgow, Scotland, and he had to make frequent visits to each city, the dog "Hughie" generally going with him. On one occasion he did not take "Hughie", but had him tied up; but Hughie was not to be balked of his trip to Glasgow. So next day, getting away from his confinement, he made for the docks, and took the next ship for Glasgow. On his arrival there he tried to find father at my sister's, but he was told that the Governor (as everybody called him) had gone home. He went straight back to the vessel and came home to Ireland without a slip. I have been told that Hughie knew every day in the week. Sundays, of course, he always went to church, and if none of the family went, the sexton used to open the door of the high pew where the family