

The Foamy Cicadella

characias), whose milk produces much the same effect as red-hot iron on the tongue; but neither one nor the other would pass from these narcotics or these caustics to utterly insipid fare.

How does the Cicadella manage to feed on anything and everything, for she evidently obtains nourishment while putting a head on her liquid? I see her thrive, either of her own accord or by my devices, on the common buttercup (*Ranunculus acris*), which has a flavour unequalled save by Cayenne pepper; on the Italian arum (*Arum italicum*), the veriest particle of whose leaves is enough to burn the lips; on the traveller's joy, or virgin's bower (*Clematis vitalba*), the famous beggars' herb, which reddens the skin and produces the sores in request among our sham cripples. After these highly-seasoned condiments, she will promptly accept the mild sainfoin, the scented savory, the bitter dandelion, the sweet field eringo, in short, anything that I put before her, whether full-flavoured or tasteless.

As a matter of fact, this strange catholicity of diet might well be only apparent. When the Cicadella punctures this or that herb, of whatever species, all that she does