

In order to observe them better, I now transferred these cocoons to a glass bottle with a piece of gauze tied over the top. But for a week no apparent change took place. Then, I think it was the eighth day, suddenly an angry buzzing in the bottle attracted my attention. And what do you suppose I saw? Why, a digger-wasp, of course, trying to sting a little green ball. Did she succeed? I think not; for when I removed the gauze out flew the digger-wasp and the green wasp unrolled herself and followed, at a safe distance.

ROBIN AS LOCKSLEY

VI.

(Towards the close of the tournament described in Ivanhoe, having seen the knights wage battle in the lists, the spectators remained to see the contest in archery which Prince John had promised. Finally, the prize of a silver-mounted bugle-horn lay between Hubert, a forester, and Robin Hood, who had assumed the name of Locksley).

"**N**OW, Locksley," said Prince John to the bold yeoman, with a bitter smile, "wilt thou try conclusions with Hubert, or wilt thou yield up bow, baldric and quiver to the provost of the sports?"

"Sith it be no better," said Locksley, "I am content to try my fortune, on condition that when I have shot two shafts at yonder mark of Hubert's, he shall be bound to shoot one at that which I shall propose."

"That is but fair," answered Prince John, "and it shall not be refused thee. If thou dost beat this braggart, Hubert, I will fill the bugle with silver pennies for thee."

"A man can do but his best," answered Hubert; "but my grand-sire drew a good long-bow at Hastings, and I trust not to dishonour his memory."

The former target was now removed, and a fresh one of the same size placed in its room. Hubert, who, as victor in the first trial of skill, had the right to shoot first, took his aim with great deliberation, long measuring the distance with his eye, while he held in his hand his bended bow, with the arrow placed on the string.

At length he made a step forward, and, raising the bow at the full stretch of his left arm, till the centre or grasping-place was nigh level with his face, he drew his bow-string to his ear. The arrow whistled through the air, and lighted within the inner ring of the target, but not exactly in the centre.

"You have not allowed for the wind, Hubert," said his antagonist, bending his bow, "or that had been a better shot."

So saying, and without showing the least anxiety to pause upon his aim, Locksley stepped to the appointed station, and shot his arrow as carelessly, in appearance, as if he had not even looked at the mark. He was speaking almost at the instant that the shaft left the bow-