

"Yes," I answered, perhaps a trifle patronizingly, "it hibernates, I know."

She looked a little puzzled, but went on: "I don't know about that, but he jest gets along somehow through our cold Francony winters. Sometimes I find 'em stickin' to the rafters, or snuggled two or three together in a hole between the stones o' the old wall there, or inside the shed, or in the wood-pile, lookin' 's if they was dead as door-nails. But come to bring 'em in by the fire, or hold 'em a spell in my hands, they come to life agin. An' warm sunny days they'll go crawlin' round, an' in the spring, when the frost goes out o' ground, an' the weather gets settled, they come out for good. But they're pretty hard-lookin' then, an' they don't live long arter layin' their eggs, an' the second crop don't come round till along the fust o' August or thereabouts."

"What is its name?" I asked.

"Waal, I don't know this one by his fust name; he's a stranger to me—come from further down the road, I guess. The fam'ly name I give 'em is Tough, 'cause they stan' the cold so well, but I don't know all their given names. Lizy an' Mary Ann spent the winter under the stone out there by the wall, an' Caleb stayed in the shed, but I've lost sight of 'em now, though" looking around towards the garden) "I thought I see Wilbur just now out by the fence."

Shades of Linnæus and Hubner forgive her! *Vanessa antiopa* vulgarized into Mary Ann Tough!

One day I found her in the little garden, holding a saucer carefully in her hands, while a ragged specimen of the common cream-coloured butterfly of our vegetable gardens, *Pieris rapæ* sipped at the contents.

"Posies is so scarce just now," she said, softly, without moving or looking up, lest she should disturb her fluttering guest, "that I bring out sugar 'n water for 'em once 'n a while. This one 's dreffle fond o' surrup, an' can't never get too much. This is one o' the Cabbagers, 's I call 'em, 'cause o' what they raise their young ones on. Her folks live 'round here, an' she was born an' reared jest back o' the house. Why, I rec'lect jest 'as well as anything when she was a mite of a caterpillar that couldn't do nothin' but crawl an' eat. I tell ye, she an' her brothers an' sisters did make the cabbage-leaves fly; I never see nothin' like 'em for that sort o' garden sass—cold slaw, 's ye might call it. An' now Malviny—that's her given name—has forgot her beginnin's, an' won't take nothin' but sugar, for she 's got a sweet tooth—if butterflies ever have sech things."

"But how do you know Malviny from any other white cabbage butterfly?" I asked.

"How do you know your dog Kent, that you an' the boys are so fond on, from ary' other black curly dog, or your yellor horse, Pirate, there, from ary' other long-tailed sorril? For one thing, I know her by that split in her right-hand back wing, an' that rubbed place between her shoulders. But it's her ways I tell her by, mostly; we've all got ways, ye know."