

able, being only kept straight by functional needs; and so some of these evening varieties would be pretty sure to have more faded and whitish flowers than others, and these would best attract the eyes of the fertilizing moths, and oftenest accordingly succeed in setting their seed. After long generations of such unconscious selection, the white-petalled individuals would establish themselves as a permanent race; though even to this day the original pinkiness of their constitution has not wholly died out. It reasserts itself from time to time; for you may often find scented evening campions with very pale pink petals, recalling the old type of the race, just as amongst ourselves a particular bone, or tooth, or eyebrow sometimes still recalls the ancient anthropoid peculiarities. By somewhat the same process the extra attraction of scent must have been acquired. Even the date flowering has accommodated itself to the new conditions, for the red campions are now all coming into blossom and will soon be out in every hedge-row, while the white ones do not open for at least another fortnight. There are plenty of butterflies now in the warm sunshine at noon; but the nights are still far too chilly for moths to venture out as yet from their comfortable cocoons. A white lychnis flowering this week would therefore find its life thrown away, with no friendly insect at hand to help it in setting its precious seeds. Thus all those which blossomed too early have been slowly weeded out, and only the late-flowering individuals have at last been left to perpetuate their kind.

IV.

BUTTERFLY-HUNTING BEGINS.

THE Lammas Fields are now positively thick with various butterflies, so I have come out this brilliant afternoon to watch and make notes, as my wont is, on their habits and manners. The first of May is to the naturalist what the twelfth of August or the first of

September is to the sportsman—it is the real opening of his year, the date when flower-hunting and butterfly-hunting both begin. On the 2d, in spite of backward weather, the cabbage butterflies were already airing their sulphur-yellow pinions in the sun, above the tall lilac sprays of the lady-smocks. Two days later the dragon-flies were darting after midges above the boggy hollows, and the banded hedge-snails were congregating in numbers among the young pale-green foliage of the hawthorn bushes. On the 7th, we had a cloudless blue horizon and warm sunshine, and I saw an orange-tip plimming its unexpanded wings and displaying its beautiful markings on a blade of grass beside the brooklet. This evening, under a mackerel sky, like July weather, I have just been watching a motionless bunch of dry brown leaves on the hedge bank. Suddenly one of the leaves gets up, flutters about in the air a bit, and then settles down again on another brown cluster a few yards off. I creep slowly up towards it, and examine the locomotive leaf as it stands. It is a little brown butterfly, with folded wings, fresh from the chrysalis; and the lower or outer surface, which alone is visible as it sits, seems dappled over with wee light spots, much like the spots of decay upon the leaves among which it hides. I clap my hands briskly, and it gets up hastily, opens its wings to the sunshine, and shows itself off at once as a red-streaked beauty in all its glory. It is not difficult to see that the difference of color in the two sides of its wings must be designed for some special purpose, and that the purpose of the under side is to escape detection, while the purpose of the upper side is to attract attention.

The protective use of the brown under wing is very simply explained. The insect must be much exposed to birds and other hostile creatures as it sits still, and so it requires to resemble the ground, leaves, or twigs, on which it usually settles, in order to deceive

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