

Mr. Watson came down on the evening train, and I reported my lack of success. We held a council of war, and decided that, in view of the scarcity of *polios* in the local field, it would be wise to move our base of operations to Lakehurst, a few miles further south, where also the species was known to occur.

We boarded the 9.05 train the next morning, and reached Lakehurst at 9.20. Crossing the dam of the cranberry bog just north of the station, we started for the highway running back to Lakewood. A rod or two along the north edge of the bog we found two *polios* playing beside the path, and I sat down to watch them. Mr. Watson elected to go ahead. I soon concluded from the actions of the butterflies that they were unmated males, so turned my attention from them to the surrounding vegetation. There was no sand-myrtle to be seen, and I noticed only one small patch of pyxie. The butterflies were resting on leaves of bearberry (*Arctostaphylos uva-ursi*), to which they returned after short flights induced by touching them with a grass blade. Although this plant had not been observed at Lakewood nearer than a quarter of a mile from the road where the butterflies were taken, the fact that it was an ericaceous species suggested the advisability of looking it over. Oh, happy inspiration! On the pedicel of the very first flower examined there was an egg, echinoid and undoubtedly Lycinid. With a lens the sculpture could be made out, and I recognized it immediately as the egg of *polios*. Concealing my elation, I proceeded along the path in the direction taken by Mr. Watson, intending to give him a surprise. I was given one instead. He arose from a bed of *Arctostaphylos* with a shout of triumph, and handed me another *polios* egg which he had found at the base of the leaf-bud. This double discovery was made at 9.35, fifteen minutes after leaving the train.

Past disappointments were forgotten. We began a systematic search for the ova, and within an hour had collected ten more and an empty shell.

On the return journey another bearberry patch attracted attention, and we halted long enough to secure five more eggs. A female taken near-by was confined in a can under gauze with some young shoots, and generously added four eggs, bringing the total up to nineteen. Arrived at the Lakewood locality, we put aside our collecting outfits and carefully went over the ground, looking for the food-plant. It was not to be found. We then examined the bearberry nearer the village, in the vicinity of