

though still alive, was revealed in the very centre of a stump cosily mixed up with the damp saw-dust left by the ants and other borers.

An egg of *Archippus* is a very tiny thing, and not easily found, even when sought for, and as Mr. Edwards says, "there are thousands of *Asclepias* plants to one *Archippus* butterfly," especially a successfully hybernated butterfly, as probably not one in ten of the hosts of September and October flies live to leave their hybernacula in the spring.

How many people have found eggs of *Hemaris Thysbe*? Yet in most places *Thysbe* is as common as blackberries, and the larvæ are often to be found on the snow-ball bushes, though not one in a dozen ever reaches maturity. Once I spent an hour looking for the egg which I saw *Thysbe* deposit on a tiny bush which might have been covered by a three quart pail, yet had to depart without it in the end.

Mr. Marsh, though an unusually intelligent and original observer, only succeeded in finding one egg, which goes to prove that *Archippus* eggs are harder to find than the larvæ or butterflies.

Mr. Fritz Senff, another very intelligent and accurate observer, though a recent acquisition to our small band of students and collectors, tells me he saw two perfectly fresh examples of *Archippus*, July 3rd and 6th, one flying in the veranda of his home in New Windsor, the other, which he caught, in a field not far distant; these were, doubtless, the first brood from the eggs of the hybernators; besides these, we saw while driving June 19th, 1888, five or six examples, none of which were broken or faded, though we were not near enough—that is, we had none in our hands, so as to be able to distinguish that rich plum-like bloom so dear to the collector of cabinet specimens, but which no butterfly ever carries having once flown even "for a few short hours."

Every collector or exchanger well knows how perishable is that same bloom, and how utterly different is any hand-raised specimen, from a poor wind-blown, grass-scratched passé imago, or even one who has dragged its undeveloped wing through the sharp blades of grass to find a resting place whereon to expand them.

Surely *Archippus* is one of the most perishable species, for the "bloom" is as ephemeral as the dew of a summer morning, or the purple down of all the *Hemaris* tribe; one slight breath and it is gone forever!

As to any species laying "for a month or so," what collector or breeder