

## The Life of the Caterpillar

tion of the separate shells. All these frames rest upon those adjoining and, mixing up their threads, become a common edifice wherein each grub contrives a shelter for itself. Here at last the real cocoon is spun, a pretty little piece of closely-woven work.

In my rearing-jars, I obtain as many groups of those tiny shells as my future experiments can wish for. Three-fourths of the caterpillars have supplied me with them, so ruthless has been the toll of the spring births. I lodge these groups, one by one, in separate glass tubes, thus forming a collection on which I can draw at will, while, in view of my experiments, I keep under observation the whole swarm produced by one caterpillar.

The adult *Microgaster* appears a fortnight later, in the middle of June. There are fifty in the first tube examined. The riotous multitude is in the full enjoyment of the pairing-season, for the two sexes always figure among the guests of any one caterpillar. What animation! What an orgy of love! The carnival of those pigmies bewilders the observer and makes his head swim.

Most of the females, wishful of liberty, plunge down to the waist between the glass of