

a netted purse, and the caterpillar, feeling safe, and evidently knowing it will need that door no more, reverses its position by turning head over heels in readiness for future flight; that is, if it happens to be Mr. Bagworm, as he only is privileged to lead a gaysome life

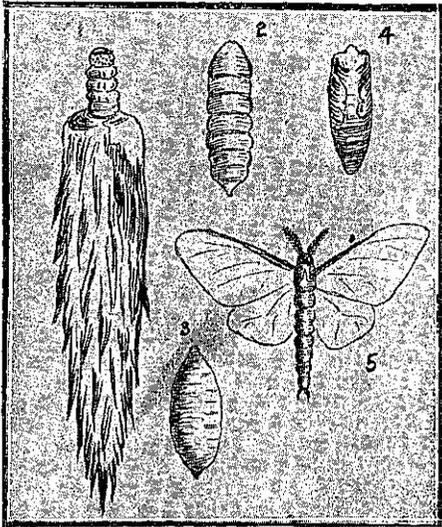
ghost of a quiver, when touched; just sufficient to indicate the resentment of such familiarities.

On one occasion, I was fortunately in time to see the acrobatic feat mentioned above; it was done to repair a rent I had let in upon the tenant's seclusion. Busily it began macerating all the edges and fluffing them out with a view to screening itself, and when all was satisfactorily ready, it returned, head downwards, to its rest. Generations of seclusion have made the family shy, for they get into a very uneasy state when any part of their anatomy is exposed, and no matter how often it occurs all operations are suspended to effect repairs.

Before the chrysalis period of their life arrives, however, many are the enemies which lie in ambush to annihilate them, chief among these is a greenish dipterous fly, who seems to be filled with a murderous longing towards the whole family, for it invades and demolishes them at an enormous rate. It is remarkable how these unbidden guests gain possession of the caterpillar's interior through the tough, leathery case. Anyhow, the eggs of the fly are buried beneath the skin, and as the fly larvae hatch out they literally eat every internal substance piecemeal, and eventually kill the kind friend of their early days by taking the vital parts as a finish up.

I have found as many as fifteen of them in their little brown envelopes, packed lengthwise beneath a flexible tent of caterpillar-skin, and the only noticeable difference in the defunct creature that had no further claim to the title of insect, was its lack of locomotion and a stiff, gorged appearance like a sack of bottles on a small scale.

Now comes a curious phase in this strange story of pillage; the plunderers are not all destined to enjoy the final state of activity which their mother intended owing to the superior cunning of a mid-get ichneumon. She took them



The natural course of a Bag Worm

2 and 3.—Chrysalis and perfect female.

4 and 5.—Chrysalis and perfect male.

5 of above is after Hudson, as the two I had died in the cocoon.

His wife is denied the pleasure of wings, and knows nothing of the world beyond her own front door; for the abode she made in her infancy, sees the cycle of her life, and becomes her sepulchre when she dies.

If she ever thought at all on the subject, it must have puzzled her when she reached her last mile-stone in the journey of life, to behold what an odd, unfinished form she had. Just a stout, creamy-coloured object, not unlike the kernel of an almond, and about as featureless; no wings, not the vestige of a leg, and not even one solitary eye to wink "I am alive" to the beholder.

She is not overburdened with energy, and her "too too solid flesh" can only make the faintest