

# RAISING SWALLOWTAILS

---

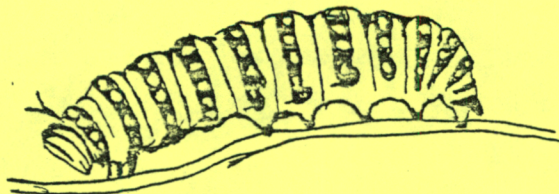
by Mrs. R. Louis Cairns, Lower Freetown, P. E. I.

One fall I was surprised to discover a number of small black caterpillars on my carrot tops. It was late for small caterpillars, unless these were from a second brood.

Out of storage came my gallon jar with its five centimeters of soil, and into it went a handful of carrot leaves and a few caterpillars. Each day they increased in size.

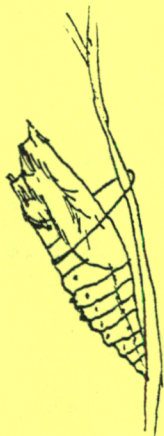
One day there was little activity and I realized they were moulting. Soon the caterpillars were back at work on

the carrot tops, decked now in shiny black with white saddles across their backs. I decided this must be the second or third instar. After another rest period I looked again for the beautiful black larvae with their white saddles but there were none to be seen. Suddenly a green striped head poked itself around a carrot leaf and crawled into view. What a beauty! It was a lovely green with black, yellow-spotted bands around each segment. And how these fellows gobbled up their food supply!



When the caterpillars dropped to the ground and lost interest in their food, I removed all but a couple of carrot leaves and put in a few twigs. The next morning some of the twigs had caterpillars anchored firmly by a silk girdle. As time passed, the chrysalis took shape and hardened. One had a greenish tinge, another was a soft buff.

During the winter I periodically sprinkled the cocoons with water and in the spring set them into the light where they could be closely watched. Gradually the chrysalles turned darker until they were nearly black. One day I could see a row of yellow dots showing through the wall and I knew emergence was near.



That night I was up every two hours, but each time there was no change that I could see. At 5 a. m., I sleepily crawled back into bed with "I'll see you in half an hour." Two hours later I came to. Clinging to the twig an inch above the chrysalis was a tiny black body with two droopy balloon-like bags, each one black with a row of yellow spots. The creature crawled upward a few millimeters, clung and trembled, and then pulled itself upward again.

By mid morning a beautiful black swallowtail butterfly clung to the twig lazily fanning its wings. The wings