

A little improvement, however, may be made. If the collector, instead of putting in his "Cyanide of Potassium" in "lumps," will pound it to a fine powder, intimately mix it with the necessary amount of Plaster of Paris, and then pour in water till the mixture has by stirring assumed the consistency of cream, he will have a more efficacious, as well as a more lasting box (or bottle). When lumps, particularly large lumps, are used, it is difficult without using too much plaster, to cover the cyanide so that it shall not deliquesce. Of course if it begins to do so more and more of the surface is exposed and the box is always damp, and is liable to act on the colors of the captured insects.

Mr. Mead uses a bottle. I use a box. For general purposes the box commonly used for putting up Baking Powders will answer all purposes except in the "Catocala" season. But a box of that size, or as I think of any size, necessitates the making of a larger one on the same plan. That is a "transfer box," which remains in the house, or remains on the hunting ground, according to circumstances.

After making two or three captures from one tree, I never think of injuring the plumage of those by making an addition to them by introducing a lively moth; but immediately remove these to the "transfer box." By the next morning they are in good setting order. Thus I go through the night, the "transfer box" ultimately containing all the captures.

Of course it matters little whether a box or a bottle is used. In fact, it may be well to have a bottle for home service, and a box for the field. A box, as described, is a much better collecting vessel for Coleoptera than any alcohol bottle.

The best "transfer box" that I have ever used is a tin one about six inches in diameter and about two and a half inches in depth—used legitimately, I believe, for holding coffee samples.

Now, all these supposed improvements are based on the idea that having two or more dead moths in your collecting box, the third one, when introduced, will be absurdly lively for a time. This, at any rate, is my experience. The little fellows seem to have no idea of the important part they have to fill in Entomological Science, and dart about in the most reckless manner. Mr. Mead seems not to have met with such an inconvenience, but my captures have been uniformly obstreperous. Besides, I cannot help thinking that to *boulverse* a box of dead moths, say a hundred times a night, must do some little damage to them.