

mediately spied another specimen, this time on a poplar billet; then I found 2 more, and by the time I had made the round of the pile I had captured 10; before I returned home I had taken 29 specimens, all from the top layer of billets.

Generally the insects kept perfectly still and submitted to capture rather than allow themselves to be disturbed, simply crouching as flat as they could lie in the form where they were resting. If, however, they decided, like a startled hare, to make a sudden dash for it, they very rarely released their hold at the edge of a billet. Occasionally one's attempt to pinch them up from the billet between finger and thumb was a failure; and usually if you thought to drop them into the killing-bottle by simply opening finger and thumb, they declined to humour you, but would run rapidly up your finger in a spiral and elude pursuit. I found it best, whether using a pair of forceps or just the naked hand, to jar them quite sharply in the instant of opening the jaws that held them, so that they fell into the bottle. The insect proved to be *Hyperplatys aspersa* and apparently was emerging from the bark of the poplar; I thought at first the wood was the American aspen, but later I found the stumps from which it had been cut and they were all balsam poplar or balm-of-Gilead. I have since found the beetle very abundant on newly cut poplar of this species, and occasionally on living trees; it is also fairly abundant on staghorn sumach. No doubt the few specimens I had found on grape-vine were really waifs and strays from one of these two trees.

This being the first time I had ever seen *Hyperplatys* at home (so to say), I determined to take all I could get in case the find should prove a lucky haul unlikely to recur. On the 9th and 11th, I secured 22 and 33 specimens respectively; and it was on this latter date that I tried turning over every billet in the 2nd and 3rd layers as well as the top. Had the result been merely to increase the total of captures, the experiment would not have been worth repeating. But on taking a billet from the 3rd layer, I discovered nestling snugly up against one of the blackened furrows in the area of a branch-axil, a dusky grey insect that at first I took for a crouching spider. So well had it chosen its station, that but for a certain symmetry about the little patch of grey and