

possess some other means of appeasing its insatiable hunger. The mode which it adopts is somewhat similar to that which is employed by the ant-lion.

I have already mentioned that the larva of the Tiger Beetle lives in a perpendicular burrow, and that it has a pair of hooks upon an enlarged segment. This segment is the eighth in order, counting the head as one, and its use is very remarkable.

When awaiting prey, the larva ascends the burrow, but keeps the whole of the body within it. The head is laid flat on the ground, and the wide jaws are extended to their utmost. Considerable exertion would be needed in order to retain this position, but the enlarged segment and its hooks now come into play. The segment is so large that it nearly fills the burrow, and the hooks which project from it serve to keep the larva in position. As soon as an unsuspecting insect comes within range of the jaws it is seized, the hooks are unhitched, and the larva drops to the bottom of the burrow, which is sometimes more than a foot in depth.

Ants form a large proportion of the Tiger Beetles' larva food, for they have very imperfect sight, and are apt to blunder against obstacles which they do not know. Mr. Westwood, who kept many of these larvæ, says that when engaged in excavating they carry the earth on their heads.

Next we will take a vast family of predacious beetles which do not require wings to aid them in catching prey, and are therefore called Ground Beetles (*Carabus*). This last word is Greek, signifying either a crab or a hard-shelled beetle, and has been pressed into the service of entomologists in order to designate the beetles belonging to this particular family. Some of the larger species are singularly graceful in outline.

Plentiful as these insects may be,

their life-history is not easily written. The Tiger Beetles give but little trouble, for the simple reason that they are essentially lovers of light and heat, and, like the ants on which they prey, are children of the sun.

But the great *Carabus* family are as a rule darklings, and whether in their perfect or larval condition, do not care to face the sunlight. This is the more wonderful, because their forms are so graceful, and in many cases their colouring is so lovely, and requires so much light for its manifestation, that we, in our ignorance, cannot understand why these beings should shun the light. A parallel example may be found in the marine worm which is called by the very appropriate name of *Aphrodite*.

Its body is clothed with hairs, each of which when the light shines upon it looks like a waving beam of prismatic light, the hues changing with every movement.

Yet, not even the rat-tailed maggot lives so sordid a life. Nothing, to human eyes and nostrils, can be more repulsive than the black mud which settles upon our shores, and which is almost wholly composed of decaying organic matter. Buried under this fetid mud lies the *Aphrodite*, a phenomenon as remarkable as if the most brilliant humming-bird were to inhabit the Mammoth cave, where no ray of light could touch its gorgeous plumage.

Phenomena such as these ought to make us less ready to pronounce judgment on the work of our Creator, and more ready to echo the wisdom of one who dared to acknowledge that these things were too wonderful for him.

There is one member of this group whose work—or, at all events, a part of whose work—is self-evident. This is the beetle which is scientifically known as *Calosoma sycophanta*, but which, on account of its great rarity in this country, has no popular name.