

It was here that I secured my second New England record (first one at Wales, Me.) of *Geotrupes semiopacus*, which was boring in the earth beneath excrement. A sluggish *Chalcophora fortis* that was waiting on the end of a log for the sun to appear again, fell over backwards to escape my menacing fingers and landed in the waiting net.

Near here, on a sunny day, I swept two *Agrilus crinicornis* from the leaves of the red raspberry. This genus does not seem to be abundant in Maine, where I have collected. I have once found *A. bilineatus* in numbers on red oak leaves and logs, and at another time captured a good series of *pensus* on the leaves of *Ostrya*. This species was also taken in small number by beating *Alnus incana* after sunset. A single specimen of the rare *lateralis* was taken at the same time at Wales, Me. A very few specimens of *obsoletoguttatus* have been taken on oak and scattering individuals of *politus* are occasionally seen.

Among the other species taken in this locality were the following: *Schizogenius amphibius*, *Amara erraticus*, *Rhizophagus approximatus* (?), *Lathridius liratus*, *Tyrus humeralis*, *Connophron fossiger*, *Xantholinus cephalus*, *Conosoma littoreum* and *knoxii*, *Gronovus* (*Corylophus*) *truncatus*, *Ernobius luteipennis*, *Annobium notatum*, *Ptilinus ruficornis*, *Cænocara scymnoides*, and *Anthicus ephippium*.

A week is a most deplorably short space of time for an entomologist to explore the possibilities of a new region, and yet, with all the fields and forests before me, I return again and again to the sun-baked piles of logs and slabs, fascinated with the thought that just ahead there is another rarity. The noon hour passes into oblivion, and the faintly stirring memory of an early breakfast vanishes with the capture of a handsome Buprestis. The rays of the afternoon sun come slanting down between the pines and I say to myself, "Just once more around the piles," but the six o'clock mill whistles find me amid the flying bark-beetles and the falling dusk sends me reluctant toward the supper table.

To the entomologist there comes anticipation—and the mind conjures up a beautiful country swarming with unknown forms; realization—and the nature student is delighted with the never-failing unexpected; retrospection—and time has softened the harshness, effaced the petty annoyances, and magnified all that