

(♂ and ♀) of *M. gibbulus* as soon as I returned from camp. A few days after, I received a letter of acknowledgement, with a P. S. which declared that the writer had for years greatly desired to possess in his cabinet a specimen of a small beetle found, but rarely, on fungus-covered logs in our northern forests; it was called *Gonotropis gibbosus*. I had never heard this name before, nor did I know to what family the beetle belonged; so, naturally, my first thought was that I could never have come across the insect or I should have known the name, and further, that among the 10,000 or 11,000 beetles known in North America, it was most improbable I should ever stumble upon the particular one my correspondent desired.

When, moreover, I returned from the backwoods and drew out my Henshaw to find *Gonotropis* a weevil, I felt still more certain it was a case of looking for a needle in a haystack; nor was it much better to learn that it belonged to the small family of *Anthribids*, for of these I had only 2 or 3 representatives at most. However, I turned up the two works I possess on the weevils, LeConte and Horn's monograph and the recent book of Blatchley and Leng; here, avoiding the small print of detailed description, I looked to see the range and record of captures; from the older work I found that the insect was *sui generis* and (worse and worse!) that both generic and specific descriptions were founded on a single specimen from Colorado; the recent work did indeed record it over a very wide range on both sides of the border, but it was evidently extremely rare, for the senior author, Leng, was the very man who had written to me about it.

Having gone so far, however, I glanced over the detailed specific description: "convex, black; white face, proboscis and scutellum; broad, saddle-shaped patch of white near the base of the elytra; two humps on the 3rd interval;" and suddenly there rose out of the page before me the picture of a stony market-garden, two mocking men with hoes, a snake-fence, a dead hemlock rail, and that queer little pair of weevils squatting on the bark, like hobgoblins in a fairy tale. I jumped for the shelf on which my July captures lay cabined, and from the middle of a box most ludicrously labeled "Bachelors," drew out the tiny pair of