

nothing. In my Bremen List I suggest the identity of *bombyciformis*, Sm., with *electilis*, and this, considering what Prof. Thaxter says of the variability of *electilis*, may prove to be the case. The two descriptions do not contradict essentially. On page 59 of his paper, Prof. Smith says: "I do not know where Morrison's type is to be found." On page 57 he says: "There is a badly-rubbed specimen, I believe in the Tepper collection marked 'type' by Mr. Morrison, in which the basal dash is broad and suffused; but I did not otherwise compare it with the description." I may ask why this specimen is not Morrison's type, since all other types in coll. Tepper are pronounced without doubt to be "the type"? With such a variable species as *electilis* evidently is, I cannot do more than suggest that Morrison's type be looked up by Prof. Smith. This type must be still in the Tepper collection, from which Prof. Smith has again had types only recently in working the *Hypeninae*. To have this matter cleared up would be a great help, as "*electilis*" is cumbering our lists without being positively applied to any species in the collections.

JOHN B. LEMBERT.

The tidings of the tragic death of "the Entomologist of the Yosemite," as he was locally called, was a great shock to his many correspondents. On the 19th of April last, a passing Indian found the body of Mr. Lemberg lying dead in his cabin, with a large bullet-hole in his head, over the right temple. He had evidently been murdered, as the cabin was found locked on the outside with a padlock. The crime is supposed to have been the work of some Indian whom he had offended, as he had no money or other valuables. From the condition of the body it was considered that the murder had been committed about the first of April.

Mr. Lemberg was a native of New York, but had lived for many years among the mountains of California. He owned a bit of land at the headquarters of the Tolumne River, at an altitude of 9,000 feet, and lived there like a hermit till his property was included in the Yosemite Park. As he wrote me last year, he then lost his home and was "shut out of making a living from the stock-men. Mr. Dyar came along like an angel unawares, and, at the age of fifty-one, he commenced to collect insects, having been living in the sight of nature continuously for twenty years." He occasionally acted as guide to parties visiting the mountains, and in this way made the acquaintance of Mr. Dyar, who in-