

but they whirled away and passed out of sight. On another day he had seen a newly-emerged female *Bairdii*, and was near it, but a low intervening bush prevented him using the net. Just then down pounced a male *Oregonia*, and the pair rose vertically in the air, circling about each other—as butterflies do in courtship—and were soon lost to view. These and other similar observations had made Mr. Bruce believe firmly in the inter-copulation of the two species.

The relation of the facts then known in the CAN. ENT. excited some little interest and some surprise, together with more or less incredulity; and I determined to accompany Mr. Bruce on his 1894 trip to Glenwood Springs, if he would let me, and go through the necessary experiments with him. Though if I had been as well acquainted with Mr. Bruce as in his company for six or seven weeks I became, I might have saved myself the journey, for nothing can be more thorough than his method of working. Nothing escapes him, and he makes no mistakes. But I am glad that I had the pleasure of his personal acquaintance and company, and I can commend Mr. Bruce as a companion and chaperon through Colorado to any lepidopterist in search of pleasure and specimens for his collection.

We reached Glenwood Springs on twenty-ninth June, from Denver, by the Rio Grande R. R., via Pueblo and the Royal Gorge Canon of the Arkansas River, which river was followed many hours to Leadville—elevation, 11,000 feet; then descended the Eagle River (a tributary of the Grand) to the Springs. The Grand River is one of the two principal streams which form the Colorado River, the other being Green River;—the junction in Utah. The whole region is semi-desert, and nothing grows without irrigation except the native clothing of grasses and scrub, and such pines and other trees as will stand the dry climate. The sun shone clear nearly every day that I spent at the Springs; very hot after 8. a. m.; with occasional showers. But in August, which the people call the “rainy season,” there was rain pretty nearly every afternoon; and in all there were two or three days that might properly be called rainy. The elevation of the hotel is 5,700 feet—high enough to ensure cool nights all the summer; and the mountains rise quite abruptly from the river, sometimes precipitously, to the height of 2,500 or 3,000 feet more. Everywhere the bottoms are narrow, and the road above the hotel has been cut out of the slope of the hill. Wherever there is a space fit for cultivation, from half an acre to twenty or thirty,