

of a lot of larvæ also will make their cases after second moult, others after third and in the following spring. Some, but not all, of those which hibernated after second moult, will pass three more moults. There would seem no reason why some larvæ of the first of the three Virginia broods should not make cases, as some of the second (in mid-summer) do. And certainly we could not say positively that they do not; nor do I see how one could say positively that some of the first New England brood do not make cases. The evidence against it is negative only. I have found that caterpillars and butterflies are apt to do just what we would think they could not. I never knew of a larva hibernating after first moult, as it is stated that they "not at all infrequently" do, on page 275; nor do I think the small larvæ, after that moult, would have the physical ability to cut out and weave together a case.

A RAINY DAY ON THE MOUNTAINS.

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There is a tradition extant in Denver that the sun shines in Colorado nearly every day. This last summer was a woeful exception, however, for, from the middle of April until the end of June, the weather would have been thought respectable only in Labrador, but the unusual wet and cold spring, although it retarded the insects, gave such an impetus to the growth of flowers and herbage on the mountain sides and tops, that, when the hot weather set in, all species of diurnals appeared to be unusually abundant, and every kind seemed to be flying at one time. I had collected for some time with indifferent success during this wet season in the foothills and lower canons, and I made up my mind, despite the weather, to try the higher ranges. So I climbed above timber line one showery afternoon the beginning of June, and spent the night in the same shanty I had occupied on my visit in 1887; the proprietors, two honest miners, welcomed me heartily. The next morning was gloomy, cold mists rolled up from the valley and white clouds collected round the peaks, but I donned a pair of miner's overalls and went out determined to do something. In a drizzle that seemed as much snow as rain, I climbed the sloping sides of Mount Bullion, which was covered more thickly with