

branch in the same neighbourhood; also on July 4th, revisiting this dead limb of my first captures west of Chemong, I took 4 more specimens, including a mating pair and a single specimen in the very act of emerging, its head and antennæ alone being visible. Examination of the insect's burrow and of others in which I found larvæ, went to prove that it is fondest of dead wood and that it does not bore deep, the tunnels being all either in or just below the under bark. For nearly a fortnight I came across occasional specimens of the beetle, and had the unique experience of making one capture on a dead *maple*; altogether my catch for the season of this rare longicorn was well over 40 specimens. It never rains but it pours.

Part II.

On this holiday of July 2nd, it was still early afternoon when I returned to the picnic ground; learning there that the men, after landing a small sunfish, had been converted from angling-rods to hoes, I hurried off to encumber them with help. When I reached the fence and hailed the toilers, I found that the stony land in a fit of wanton mischief had smashed one of their hoes and—in short they scorned my proffered help and (in much the tone that the Athenians of old consigned a man "to the crows") they bade me be off to my beloved bugs.

"There's many a true word spoken in jest," though that was not the comment I muttered as I turned away in the direction of a fallen poplar by the roadside. It was a balsam or small balm-of-Gilead, and on it I found 2 specimens of *Hyperplatys aspersa*, my first that season. Working east, I then skirted the fence between the road and the market-garden. Almost at the corner of the half-acre lot I noticed, doing duty for a top rail in the old snake-fence, a dead brush-head of hemlock; branches, twigs, and actually a few cones still in place; quite dry, even to the patches of resin upon it. I examined this closely in hopes of longicorns or buprestids, as the sun poured its burning rays over the surface, and presently on the south side I noticed a curious looking weevil that was strange to me; it was black and rough on the back, with a conspicuous, broad patch of dull, white across the elytra near the base; it reminded me a little, in pattern at least, of a somewhat uncommon beetle called *Eurymycter* which I have occasionally