

moving faster than anyone could follow, and upon reaching the crest, instead of dropping rapidly down the precipice on the eastern side, as they might have been expected to do, they kept right on at the same angle of elevation directly up into the air and out of sight, as if they were going to the moon. In coming up the slope they all made directly for the highest peak, and did not drop over the side of the crest, as they might easily have done. No other species was with them. So, on Mt. Hood, in Oregon, *V. Californica* flies in countless millions. About the great glacier, at an elevation of 7,000 to 9,000 feet, I have seen them in vast numbers flitting about in the lee of the trees or resting on the ground in the warm spots. I never ascended the high peak of Mt. Hood, but the guides, and every one else who had been high up, spoke of the clouds of this one butterfly to be seen upon the peak. Sometimes the remark was made that "they were all flying in one direction."

The larval food plant in California is Manzanita. Doubtless the larvæ feed also on other plants, as must necessarily be the case in a species so widely spread. The butterfly itself is but rarely seen feeding on flowers. It is often seen at water on the sands of little mountain streams, and is oftenest captured in such places, as its flight is so rapid and strong that it is difficult to capture one on the wing. I had often marvelled that it is so seldom seen on flowers, and at length, several years ago, found it in numbers feeding on sap or dampness that envelops the freshly opening young leaves of fir trees, *Abies*. They were so eager and absorbed in lapping up this nectar that I could pick them off with my fingers, or push the cyanide bottle over them without alarming them, and did so capture a number, which is saying a good deal for a butterfly that is so uniformly wild and difficult of approach. From this circumstance, and from other corroborative indications, I judge that the sap of *Abies* is their chief food in the imago state.

This species of butterfly, like *P. Cardui*, is something of a hoodoo: it is of no value itself, it is usually present when you don't want it, and its appearance seems to be the signal for more interesting species to disappear. It is also of quite a quarrelsome disposition, taking delight in dashing at a nice *Argynnid* or other nice thing just as you are about to capture it, and chasing it out of sight. For all these things, and for others, it is no pet of the butterfly man, and if it has recently irrupted into British Columbia the invasion is one that will give the lepidopterists of that country no joy, it is evident.