

aware, on all sides, of tiny rustlings in the foliage, prelude to the drowsy hum and blundering flight of shard-borne beetles; a sound familiar enough, and one that should have surely set me down not more than two or three years or 100 miles away—in the school playground, say, Port Hope, at the height of the June-bug season; but there must have been something peculiar in the keynote of this symphony, for it set vibrating a far more distant chord of memory: a little tilt between the mind's deft fingers, one magic turn of the kaleidoscope we call imagination, and on the instant I found myself a schoolboy in a narrow Kentish lane between chestnut trees and hawthorns, watching at dusk for cockchafers and the occasional prize of a stagbeetle soaring out of the hedgerow. I had no net with me, and though I could tell the beetles were larger than June bugs, capture was out of the question, so I turned in for the night.

Next day I was heading towards the Heights before 6 a.m. For some time I stuck to the main road, for the dew was very heavy; but near the Monument Station I sensed unmistakably the neighborhood of a certain fungus, and following my nose like a questing hound, presently spied, by a clump of red cedar, a small colony of what I was in search of—*Ithyphallus impudicus*—"Stink-horns," to use the vulgar and all too expressive name. Two of the horns, already sinking into putrescence, were tenanted by nearly a score of silphids, dark-winged and with reddish margin on the thorax.

From here, as it was too early for the car-service, I tramped up the belt railway towards the Glen; the sides of the track showed plenty of New Jersey Tea, but it was too soon in the day for insect visitors; on some plants of purple vetch I found great numbers of "the old-fashioned Potato-beetle" (*Macrobasis unicolor*) feeding; and a couple of miles further up, when I was within a few rods of the Glen enclosure, it being after seven o'clock, with the sun hot and strong in its course, came gliding out towards me from the shrubbery that fringed the lip of the gorge, a magnificent yellow-banded snake, larger and stouter than any garter snake I had ever seen before; forward he drove with that wonderful motion that, unaided by limbs, yet rivals in grace and mastery of self-control the most perfect athlete's—rigidity and suppleness