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## A Love Song.

Oh lassie, wilt thou gang with me  
Down the meadows green?  
The pretty thrush sings merrily  
The lilac-leaves between;  
The ox-eyed daisy noddeth low  
Among the grasses wet;  
The soft wind sigheth sweet and low  
Through thy locks of jet.  
And wherefore should I gang with thee  
Adown the meadows green,  
E'en though the thrush sing merrily  
The lilac-leaves between?  
Low nods the modest daisy flower  
The soft wind bloweth free;  
But, at this early morn hour,  
Why should I gang with thee?  
The ivy singeth on the wall,  
With sunlight glints between;  
Oh lassie, thou so fair and tall,  
Come down the meadows green!  
And by you brook grow violets blue,  
Like unto thy sweet eyes,  
Oh come and hear my love so true—  
The love that never dies!  
Yea, lassie, 'neath that be the why,  
I fain would gang along—  
For true, true love doth never die,  
But yearly waxeth strong,  
Oh winds, and flowers, and ivy-vine,  
How sweet you be to-day!  
Oh yellow sun, how bright you shine!  
Come, lassie, let's away!

## KENNETH CARLE'S LOVE.

They are standing upon the cliff together, Kenneth Carle and Grace Ellsworth, and he is holding her hand in his and gazing earnestly into her beautiful gray eyes.

"Grace, turn back," he exclaimed, passionately; "turn back before it is too late. You do not know what you are doing; you—"

"I believe I know my own mind," interrupted Grace, with a forced laugh. "I am perfectly sane, I assure you."

Kenneth looked at her with a sad, doubtful expression on his handsome face.

"I cannot deem it possible," he says. "I never thought that Grace Ellsworth would sell herself for gold, paltry gold!"

She disengages her hand from his clasps, and drawing herself up haughtily, replies in a cold tone that the tears in her eyes belie—

"Neither would I, Mr. Carle. You presume too much upon friendship, but there are some things that even friendship does not make admissible. You are very unjust in your accusation. My heart is my own and I am free to bestow it upon whom I please. Pray do not speak of selling again."

"I am to infer, then," he says "that you have never loved me all this time, you—"

"Infer anything you please," retorts Grace, hotly. "It makes no difference to me."

"Ah!"

It is not a short exclamation that Kenneth Carle utters, but a long, low sigh, that thrills Grace's heart with a strange emotion, and causes the color to rush in her cheeks. Then there is a long silence, while Kenneth gazes fixedly at the grass beneath his feet, and Grace stands motionless now and then casting covert glances at her companion.

"Mr. Carle," she says, suddenly, "look at the darkening sky. There will be a storm soon, I shall return to the house. Will you come with me or stay here?"

"I will stay here," he replies, without raising his eyes from the ground; and she turns and leaves him.

At a short distance she pauses and looks behind her. She sees the rocky cliff, with the sea lashing itself into foam at its base; the tall figure standing near its edge, his head bowed, his dark, Greek-like features clearly outlined against the dull gray sky, and an expression of anguish and pain crosses her face. It is succeeded, however, by a look of stern determination, and in a low, firm voice she says—

"I will not let this foolish love conquer. Money I want, and money I will have. I shall wed this rich stranger, for indeed he is almost a stranger to me, and Kenneth Carle shall never be more to me than a friend."

As Grace has predicted, a storm comes up quite suddenly; and as she is seeking a distance from her home, she seeks shelter in a cottage at the foot of the hill.

It is a quaint, low-roofed building of very ancient date, and has been inhabited for many years by a tall, gypsy-looking woman who, when she first took up her abode there, was a comely, bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked maiden, and now an old woman, yellow-skinned and gaunt.

Her black eyes, though, have never lost their keen brightness, but shine with such a steady, piercing light that, when any valuables are lost, the villagers laughingly remark that they could discover them instantly had they the light of Mother Leman's eyes to aid them.

These bright eyes turn upon Grace now as she enters the one room of the cottage that serves as kitchen, chamber and parlor, and a metallic voice says: "Ah, is it you, my child, Grace? You were caught in the shower; are you not drenched?"

"Oh, no," Grace replies, seating herself. "I have walked very fast, and the wide-spreading trees sheltered me. You are very busy, I see. Do you never rest, Mother Leman?" with an arch smile.

"Yes, when the night comes," replies the old woman. "But, my child, you are ill."

"No, indeed," says Grace. "Why, I thought I was looking unusually healthy. Are not my eyes bright, my cheeks rosy? For once, Mother Leman, your eyes, sharp as they are, have deceived you."

"No, I am sure you are ill," the other says, gazing at Grace so earnestly that she grows flushed and warm and wishes those piercing eyes would turn in some other direction. "You are ill, not physically, perhaps, but mentally. Grace, my child," warningly, "take an old woman's advice and never exchange an old love for a new."

Now, Mother Leman has heard several stories concerning Grace and her two suitors, and determines to discover whether they are real facts or idle rumors. She is satisfied as to their truth when she sees Grace start suddenly, while her face flushes deeply.

"Ah, Grace, my child," she says, "don't act against your own heart. Turn back, turn back, before it is too late."

Grace draws back haughtily, while the same proud, angry expression that she wore when Kenneth Carle uttered the same words crossed her face.

"I don't know what you mean," rises to her lips, but knowing it is useless to try to evade or deceive this sharp-eyed woman, she answers:

"I am acting as my heart dictates. I see no reason why you should warn me."

And Mother Leman, perceiving that the subject is an unpleasant one to Grace, immediately changes it.

It is not long before the storm clears away, and Grace takes her departure. She is fully resolved now; she will marry the wealthy stranger and crush her love for Kenneth Carle. Nothing can alter her decision.

That very day the betrothal is sealed, and preparations for the wedding commenced.

The wealthy suitor showers costly presents upon her with a lavish hand; but somehow they do not afford Grace the pleasure she anticipated. The little ruby ring that Kenneth gave her is far more precious to her than all the millionaire's diamonds.

At last the eventful day arrives, and Grace dons the pure white wedding robes that are worth a fortune in themselves, excepting the costly jewels that glitter on her fair neck and arms, and among the braids of blue-black hair.

Then the bridal party are driven away to the village church, and the marriage ceremony is performed.

Grace stands like a statue through it all, her face white and cold as the sparkling diamonds about her, and the village maidens' envy turns to pity, for they see what the love-blind husband does not, that she is an unhappy bride.

Kenneth Carle is not present at the wedding; he went away a week ago, the villagers say, and Grace is spared the pain of seeing him.

A few hours later Grace and her husband have left the little village and are on their way to the Old World, where, amid new scenes and new people, surrounded by every luxury that money can buy, Grace will endeavor to forget her sorrow.

Ten years later. In the largest, handsomest room that the "Eryrie Hotel" can afford sit two gentlemen: one a slim, blonde young man, whose attire borders on the "dandy" style, the other a tall, broad-shouldered gentleman, whom we have met before, Kenneth Carle. But he is no longer known by that name, for some reason of his own he has changed it to Ellis Cary.

Ten years have altered him greatly; indeed, it would be difficult for his nearest friend to recognize him. He is thinking of old times now; and, chancing to glance into the mirror opposite, smiles at the bronzed, bearded face revealed there as he contrasts it with the smooth, boyish one of ten years ago. He is aroused from his reverie by the voice of his companion, saying—

"I say, Cary, have you seen the new arrival—a young widow, with no end of a fortune? Worth looking after, I tell you. There she goes now."

Kenneth glanced out of the window in time to see a slender figure, attired in deep mourning, pass by; but her head is averted, and he does not see her face.

"Handsome, too," continued his friend. "I got an introduction last evening. I'll present you to-night."

That evening Kenneth Carle, for by that name he is best known to us, meets the young widow in the hotel parlor, and is introduced to her.

"Mrs. Ashly, Mr. Cary."

The widow bows low, and softly murmurs a few words of acknowledgement. Kenneth glances at her face and draws a long breath of surprise, for beneath the dainty widow's cap he recognizes the blue-black hair, the dark grey eyes, the piquant features of his old love, Grace Ellsworth.

"Shall I reveal myself to her?" he asks himself; and after a moment's hesitation decides he will not, for the present, at least. She does not recognize him; let her know him only as Ellis Cary.

The days pass by, and slowly the conviction dawns upon him that he is falling in love with Grace Ashly over again. Yet, is it over again? Is it not the old love that he believed dead rising like a phoenix from the ashes? He cannot tell; he only knows that she has grown very dear to him, dearer than the maiden Grace Ellsworth had been.

At last he determines to know his fate, and, without revealing his identity, he asks her to be his bride. Grace's fair face does not flush, nor her eyes droop, as she places her hand in his and replies—

"Mr. Cary, let me tell you my story, and then if you are willing to claim me, I will consent. Ten years ago I met Kenneth Carle and loved him. He was not wealthy, and in my desire for riches I cast him off for another, who I knew could give me everything my heart desired. Everything, did I say? Oh, no! he could not give me happiness. Since his death I have traveled from place to place, until I came here and met you. I like you, I respect you greatly, but I cannot love you. I can never love again. If, knowing this, you are willing to make me your wife, I have nothing more to say."

"And if this Kenneth Carle should return and ask you to marry him, would you do so?" her companion asks.

"No, no," replies Grace, sadly; "that is impossible."

"It is not impossible," Kenneth says, passionately. "Don't you know me, Grace?"

Grace looks up into his face with a dazed expression. The resemblance has puzzled her, but it is all clear now.

"Yes, Kenneth, I know you now," she replies. "Kenneth, after wronging you so much, can you still love me?"

"I can and do," he replies. "Grace, my darling, is it yes?"

He looks down into her pretty face, with its flushed cheeks and sherry drooping eyes, and there reads his answer.

And on the following September Grace dons the wedding robes for the second time, and ere the merry bells have ceased pealing she has become the bride of her first and only love, Kenneth Carle.—*Waverley Magazine.*

**A Freak of Fortune.**

A Chicago journalist is an intimate friend of a Chicago millionaire. In a recent confidential conversation occurred the following narrative, as reproduced in the *Chicago Inter-Ocean*:

After sitting in reflective silence for a few moments, Mr. Blank said suddenly: "I've a notion to tell you my story. It is so singular that it may be incredible, and it is certainly not an experience one would think I had gone through."

The reporter expressed a desire to hear the story.

"I will tell you, upon condition that you will never mention my name in connection with it."

The promise of secrecy was readily given.

"I do not propose," said Mr. Blank, as he puffed leisurely a fragrant cigar, "to be so specific that I will worry you. All you want to know is the general circumstances, of course. Well, I came from Devonshire nearly thirty years ago, landing in New York, at about the age of twenty-five, with my wife, a few pounds in my pocket and a stout heart. I had come to seek my fortune like many young men before me who found their native land unkind in care of them. Almost upon my arrival I was taken sick, and before I had secured any employment a fever seized me, and when weeks afterward I came back to life my money was gone and we were in debt for rent. My poor wife had made a few dimes here and there doing cheap sewing, but the little she could do was not enough, and much before I was able I arose from my bed to seek for work. These were sorry days for us, I can tell you. Up and down the streets I wandered, asking every place for work; but I was weak and emaciated, and no one cared to give me employment. I was not worth it, really, and so I went on for two weeks, my health scarcely improving, my case becoming more and more desperate. One day, utterly exhausted and discouraged, feeling miserably sick, ready to die but for my wife, I sank down upon a box that stood near a lamp-post on Broadway. I took my hat off that the breeze might cool my burning head, and I guess that I do fell asleep. Anyway, when I became conscious or where I was and felt somewhat rested, I arose to put on my hat, when some small coins rolled upon the sidewalk. My heart throbbed as though a miracle had been performed. I picked these up, and found others in my hat. Altogether I had nearly \$1. There was a good supper for my wife and me, and I had besides got an idea. I said to myself, I was perfectly willing to work for a little money and no one would employ me, now since people are willing to give me money without work I will accept it that way, and I did. Every day after that I slouched down at a corner on some public thoroughfare and held out my hat. I asked no one for alms, but just sat there with my hat out. As fast as any money was dropped in I transferred it to my pockets. The first day I took in \$2.50, and from that time my earnings were never less and they have run up as high as \$25 in a day. I took to all sorts of tricks to look miserable and played upon the public, though I was soon as well and vigorous as the best who came along. Well, sir, I kept this business up six years, and at the end of that time I had actually taken in a little over \$30,000, of which I had \$20,000 in bank, a little in many banks. I then had two children, and we lived comfortably. When I found I had \$20,000 I concluded to invest it. I did. I bought stocks, and after quietly speculating two years I had made \$22,000, and concluded to give up my old life and become a gentleman again. I came West. I bought land in this vicinity. In a short time that land more than ever made me a rich man, and to-day I am worth not a penny less than \$800,000. That, sir, all came from a beggar's hat in the streets of New York. Strange story? I think so myself. Really, it now seems to me that all this was a dream. It does not seem real."

Mr. Blank relighted his cigar, leaned comfortably back in his chair and remarked, "Never despise a beggar. You can't tell how rich he may be."

The journalist went his way that afternoon wondering much, envious of the mendicant at the corner, and inclined to turn beggar himself.

After four marriages of a conventional sort, and after arriving at the age of eighty, a Kentuckian eloped at night on horseback with the youthful belle of Buckner, hastened romantically to a clergyman twenty miles away, was chased by the angry father, and is now enjoying a honeymoon tour.

Hartmann, the Nihilist, was not captured by the Russians, but is in London on his way to New York.

Elias Ellis, of New York, was the originator of "dollar stores." He recently died at the age of seventy.

Jenny Lind Goldschmidt is reckoned among the London millionaires.

**LEPROSY.**

Extent of this Terrible Disease in the United States.

The nightmare story of Mr. George Cable of a leper secluded for years in a house in New Orleans, says a New York paper, turns out to be no novelist's fancy, but only a small part of the terrible fact. The annual report of the Louisiana board of health for 1880, contains a detailed statement of the progress of the Asiatic leprosy in that State during the last century. It was brought in 1680 to the West Indies by the negro slaves, and thence to Louisiana. In 1778 this disease was so prevalent among the blacks, together with the African elephantiasis, and another equally horrible, named yaws, peculiar to Guinea negroes, that a hospital for lepers was established in New Orleans. At the present time the majority of lepers in that city are found to be whites of French, German and Russian extraction. The disease seems to be hereditary, and certain families are known to be infected by it and are shunned as corpses would be, could they walk and move and spread about the contagion of death. The mother of one of these families, when the disease showed itself, was deserted by husband and children, and nursed until her death by a young girl who now is a victim to it. An Italian Catholic priest who attended cases of leprosy in the Charity hospital is now dying of it in the same house. New Orleans, it appears, has no separate asylum for these incurable patients, and they are received into the Charity hospital and placed in the crowded wards to scatter death.

The president of the board of health has made a personal investigation into the extent of this disease even venturing into the deathly swamps of the lower Bayou Lafourche. This whole district, he states, is several feet lower than the turbid bayou, sloping back into cypress swamps liable to constant overflow from crevasses. The poor Creole inhabitants live in low huts surrounded by wet rice fields, living upon fish and fish-eating birds. They are separated from the rest of the world, and have intermarried for generations. So impregnated with disease is this remote region that some of the exploring party were struck down on reaching it with violent hemorrhages and fever. Of all foul corners of the world it is the fittest for the disease most dreaded by man since the beginning of the world to hide with its prey. Below Harang's canal President Jones found Asiatic leprosy existing in different generations of six families. Some of these wretched creatures have been driven out from human habitation, and are living apart in the swamps, dying of decay. In some instances their flesh had become as insensate as bone, and they were able to handle fire with impunity. It was impossible to make a correct estimate of their numbers, as a rumor spread among them that the searching party had come to carry them off to an uninhabited island of the sea, and they hid themselves, their friends, too, refusing to tell their names or number.

In self-defence, if for no more humane reason, the people of Louisiana should provide a refuge where these accursed beings may be isolated and heltered. The disease is as incurable and as contagious as in the days of Moses. The only other place where it exists in this continent, we believe, is New Brunswick, near the bay of Chaleur; the lepers there are confined in a hospital in a lonely spot known in the surrounding country as the Valley of Hell.

**A Tortoise with a Supply of Water.**

At a meeting of the California Academy of Sciences, a very fine specimen of the desert land tortoise, from Cajon Pass, San Bernardino county, in that State, was received. The specimen had been carefully prepared, and was as large as an ordinary bucket. The tortoise is a native of the arid regions of California and Arizona, and Professor E. T. Cox who was present, related a curious circumstance connected with it. He found, on dissecting one of them, that it carried on each side a membrane, attached to the inner portion of the shell, in which was about a pint of clear water, the whole amount being about a quart. He was of the opinion that this water was derived from the secretions of the giant barrel cactus, on which the tortoise feeds. This cactus contains a great deal of water. The tortoise is found in sections of the country where there is no water, and where there is no vegetation but the cactus. A traveler suffering from thirst could, in an emergency, supply himself with water by killing a tortoise.

William Bennett, of Denton, Ala., wanted to marry a servant girl. "If you make such an alliance we will disinherit you," his father wrote. "The girl refuses me, and I am about to commit suicide," was the message returned by the son before killing himself.

The Lewis College, at Northfield, Vt., has conferred the degree of Doctor of Philosophy upon Edison.

**MULE MEAT AS A DELICACY.**

Expedients of the Confederate Soldiers at the Siege of Fort Hudson.

D. P. Smith, in the Philadelphia Times, says: The twenty-first of May, 1862, found Fort Hudson invested by an army of thirty thousand men, while Farragut's fleet guarded the river; but the garrison of six thousand men was provisioned for two months, so no alarm was felt in regard to short rations, as no one realized that the siege would last more than a few weeks. About the tenth of June a shell—they had been seeking it for three weeks—found the commissary building, set it on fire, and, with it, destroyed two thousand bushels of corn and the grist-mill. Heavy were the hearts of the corn-bread-loving soldiery. Reduced rations of unground corn and cow peas were issued for several days, till the commissary rigged up a portable grist-mill in the depot, banded from the driving wheels of an old locomotive blocked up. The commissary was getting so low that the expedient was tried of mixing it with peas, but it was not a success, as the pea-meal would not cook in the bread, and the peas were issued as a separate ration. On the nineteenth of June the mill was in good order, and a pound of meal was issued per day, with a liberal ration of peas and half a pound of bacon.

The supply of fresh beef was exhausted early in the siege, but the bacon lasted till about the twenty-fifth of June. A number of mules remained, which, unworked, had grown fat roaming through the fields and woods. Some of these were slaughtered and the meat served out to all who would take it. The flesh was rather coarse but tender, with much of the flavor of venison. It was very fat, and the "Dutch" ovens in which it was baked would be half-full of yellow oil. Many of the soldiers could not eat the novel food, and lived on a corn-meal-and-pea diet. To suit these delicate stomachs the commissary coined a considerable amount of choice portions of the meat, and, announcing that forty barrels of corned beef had been discovered issued it to all. The general verdict was that it was an unusually good article. The garrison who kept well did not suffer for food, for when other rations failed there were cow peas, and these well boiled made a very tolerable dinner. Beaten in a mortar till the hull was loosened and then winnowed, they were not far inferior to English split peas. They were stewed in bulk on the floor of an old church, whose windows the concussion of the bombardment, and, perhaps, a stray shell or two, had shattered into fragments. In spite of care it was not uncommon to get a splinter of glass in the mouth while eating dinner. The soldiers were accustomed to pea fare at home, but seasoned with bacon, and they pronounced it dry eating with glass as a substitute for meat. As the well men had to eat at the breastworks day and night, the cooking was done by negroes and details in sheltered spots in the rear; but the cooks had no bomb-proof positions, and minnie balls and fragments of shell fell even in the fires. One of the most serious questions to be solved by cooks and commissaries was to provide food for the sick. By the latter part of June at least fifteen hundred men were on the sick and wounded lists. Boiled cow peas and mule steaks were not dishes for invalids, but their well comrades devised way to give them some delicacies. Bullets were cut up into shot and a wandering bird occasionally killed, but the bombardment was too heavy for many such to find their way into the lines. Rats, however, were plentiful, burrowing even under the fortifications, and many a one was served up in the hospitals as squirrel. On July eighth, with about a week's rations for the twenty-five hundred men able to eat still on hand, Fort Hudson was surrendered.

**She Took Her Sister's Place.**

Daisy Shoemaker, the pretty daughter of a farmer living near Richmond, Va., had agreed to elope with Westland Pierce, but when the critical moment arrived she feared to transgress her parents' wishes, and would not go to the rendezvous. Her sister Jane, two years her senior, begged to keep her trust with her lover, but all in vain.

"Well, if you don't keep your word with West. Pierce, I'll do it for you," she said, and indignantly leaving her sister, she got into the buggy and dashed off, despite the screams of her sister. Miss Jane reached the waiting place; explanations were made; she said she was willing to take her sister's place. The lover, touched by her pluck, and captivated by her determination not to let the plan fall through, did actually marry her.

Be not diverted from your duty by any idle reflections the silly world may make upon you, for their censurers are not in your power, and consequently should not be any part of your concern.

Strawberry shortcake is so called because it is short of strawberries.

**ITEMS OF INTEREST.**

Napoleon's "N" on the Seine bridge is being chiselled off.

Philadelphia and New York are connected by more telegraph wires than any other two cities in the world, the number being 110.

A bride is reported to have lately said: "I told all my friends to have my name put on my presents, so that if divorced George should not be able to claim them."

Sunday dances are coming into vogue in England, and many of the clergy approve of lawn tennis and cricket, but the "unco gude" still draw the line at the gross shop and shun the museum.

The Prussian government has ordered the provincial authorities to send detailed information of the extent and causes of emigration, which, however, has somewhat slackened in some districts.

The new Tichborne claimant, who almost convinced San Francisco of his honesty, and told a story of adventures filling many columns in the newspapers, has been identified as C. O. Ferris, a swindler.

John Momfort married a widow at Buena Vista, Ga., and on the day after the wedding undertook to whip his stepson. The bride seized her husband and held him fast, while the boy killed him with a knife.

An exhibition of pipes and snuff boxes at the Crystal Palace, London, contains numbers of pipes collected by the Emperor Maximilian, which were found in the buried cities of Mexico. There were smokers thousands of years before Raleigh.

A Cincinnati seamstress grew tired of the needle, and hung out a sign as a doctor. Her first patient was a man who had congestion of the brain, but she thought it was rheumatism, and nearly covered him with alum plasters. The treatment killed him.

A crowd of side showmen, peddlars, and gamblers follow every circus, and pay for places close by the main tents. A soap vendor retained the customary tribute to Forepaugh's menagerie, but persistently forewaded his wares near the main entrance. Mr. Forepaugh whipped him and fined \$24.

**Longevity of Animals.**

A German paper states that in Lapland an eagle was shot and that "around its neck it had a brass chain, to which a little tin box was fastened. The box contained a slip of paper, on which was written in Danish, 'Caught and set free again in 1792.'" The study of the longevity of animals is wanting in accuracy, but it does seem quite certain that the span of life of some few of the lower creatures is much more extended than that of man. The Hindus believe that an elephant lives to be 300, and there seems to be several authentic cases noted by Europeans of these animals having arrived at the mature age of 120. Camels are shorter lived, the ordinary breed living forty years. Recent zoologists state that the swifter race of camels are even shorter lived. A horse at twenty is considered an old animal indeed, but he has been known to do some service even when he was thirty-five. Oxen are short-lived, twenty years being considered as about their limit of life. Dogs rarely live beyond their fifteenth year. The stories about fish must be taken with a great deal of discrimination. That of the lives of carp extending over hundreds of years rests on very poor authority. It is quite certain that numerous species of fish, especially the salmon, are not long-lived. When we hear, then, of trout fifty years old we might think that there were exceptions to the general rules governing the "Salmonidae." The whale is said to live up to 500 years, a certain bone structure giving a possible clue to his age, but this does not rest on the best authority. As to the birds, certain kinds do live very long. There are a great many parrots, as well known in families as the men or women composing them, who have lived fifty years and over and then been killed by an accident. There seems to be good reason to believe that a parrot in the south of France came to Marseilles when he was full grown during the First Empire, and is as hale and hearty and garrulous to-day as when he was contemporaneous with the Emperor Napoleon Bonaparte. A chicken will live from ten to twelve years. A story some time went the rounds of a 100-year-old goose. Though swans of seventy-five years old have been known, it is not likely that geese outlive them. As to the eagle, he is known to be long-lived, and sixty, seventy and even 100 years may be found in the books as the limit of his life. The present bird shot in Lapland, if the story is to be believed, had been captured ninety-one years before. As he might have been of a certain age when taken, the account would make us believe he was 100. A remarkable longevity for an eagle is possible, but, on the other hand, it is quite certain that the tin box around this particular bird's neck would have rusted and gone to pieces in less than ten years.