

enough, but it was to repeat a part of his employer's last words—"You must now understand the full consequences of your carelessness." Did he?—a great blast furnace to be cold for two months because he, the Chemist, had made a guess at *one single* analysis! N. W. B., '99.

## THE LEGEND OF THE CHESTNUTS.

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ONE hot August day I was riding along in one of those sparsely settled mountain districts of Pennsylvania. I was expectantly looking for some small town or perhaps a roadside inn, where I might secure food for myself and horse, and have an hour's relief from the piercing heat; and I was not disappointed, for at last, when I came to the top of a long gradual slope, I was rewarded by the sight of a cluster of buildings in the distance. I stopped to rest and while looking toward the village I noticed a curious sight: the road made a long tedious turn to the right, but on a straight line between myself and the village was a line of trees and they all appeared to be chestnut trees.

I now galloped toward the little town and soon rode up the main street and dismounted in front of the village inn. After I had eaten dinner I went out front to talk with the landlord. During our conversation I mentioned the long row of trees.

"Oh! The line of chestnuts, you mean? Did you ever hear the story about them?"

On my replying that I had never heard the story but would like very much to hear it, he leaned back in his chair, placed his feet on the chair in front of him and began:—

"The story runs something like this:—

"One day many years ago, a few of the young boys of