

the village were out gathering chestnuts. The leader of the crowd, a little fellow not yet in his teens, had climbed the tree and was shaking down the chestnuts. The tree was so full of nuts, and the burrs were so loose, that the chestnuts rained upon the ground and upon the boy who was in the tree, so that he, too, soon had his pockets full of nuts.

“But while he was shaking he did notice a dark object that was coming nearer and nearer to him, and the first notice of danger that he had was when he felt himself siezed from above and carried up into the air. At first he was too much frightened to speak, but he soon realized that he was being carried away by an eagle, and he struggled with all his might to get free. The eagle kept a tight hold on the boy until it flew quite a distance, but it became weaker and weaker, and finally dropped its victim to the ground.

“The other boys were so busily gathering the chestnuts, that for several minutes they did not notice that the nuts had quit falling from the tree, until one of them looked up and saw that their leader was gone. They supposed that he was hiding and began hunting for him, but soon gave it up and went home. The missing boy did not return that night, or the next day, or the next. The days became weeks, and the weeks months, and still no traces were found of him.

“The other boys became separated, some going with their parents further into the country, some moving into larger towns, forgetting about their play mate who had disappeared.

“Many years passed and a reunion was held in the village. Of the boys who had gathered chestnuts but two remained, and they were old grayhaired men. They were walking together and talking over old days, and in their walk they came across the old chestnut tree, now dead and decayed. And while standing there and discussing the curious disappearance of their old playmate, they noticed, for