

the first time, the line of chestnuts. They wondered at this row of trees, many of them old and bent and began to follow it. They walked on and on, and at last when they came to the end of the line they were near the mountain. They sat down to rest, and while sitting there, one of the men noticed a few bleached bones lying beside his foot. He carelessly stirred them about, and there among them was a rusted object. It looked like an old jack-knife. They examined it for a few minutes and then the truth dawned upon them. The mysterious disappearance had been explained. The chestnut trees showed where the nuts had dropped from the boy's pockets during his efforts to free himself, the pile of bones and the rusty jack-knife showed where he had met his death."

The landlord rose from his chair, yawned, and remarked that we might have rain before night.

But I was still thinking about the chestnuts.

"But, landlord, how did they know that an eagle had carried the boy off?"

He slowly rubbed his chin, and at last said:

"Well, I really can't tell you, but then that's what they say."

I knew it was of no use to question further, so I settled with my host, and mounted my horse which had been brought around for me.

"I must try and reach Wilton before evening. Well good day landlord."

"Good-day sir and a pleasant ride to you."

C. N. F., '04.