

THE TOUCHHOLE LEFT.

"Here," said an old gentleman to his young friend, "is a family relic of which I am proud, and the sight of which should inspire in your heart feelings of the loftiest patriotism. It is a musket, borne by my father in the Revolutionary war, and before its deadly aim many a redcoat bit the dust in that struggle for liberty."

The young man handled the venerable relic tenderly and reverently, but he ventured at last to ask :

"But where is the bayonet?"

"Oh!" said the old man, "one of the boys was poking in a hollow tree for a coon, and broke it, and the pieces are lost."

"Where is the ramrod?"

"Why, that was splintered so badly that I had a new one made of iron at the blacksmith shop, but young Will used that to mend the bear-trap."

"These marks on the stock look quite fresh."

"So? Oh, yes! Jim broke the old stock last year cracking hickory nuts, and I had a new one made."

"The barrel seems well preserved."

"Well, the old barrel busted last hog-killing time, so I've got a new one."

"I was not aware," said the young man in a thoughtful mood, "that they used percussion locks in the Revolutionary war."

"I think that's so," hesitatingly replied the old gentleman, "but I believe the touchhole is left."

HE LEFT THE BOOK.

He entered the street car with a parcel in his hand, and as he sat down he placed the parcel at his back.

"Book?" queried the man at his left.

"Yes."

"Taking it home to read this evening?"

"Yes."

"I see. Had to go half a mile out of your way to buy it?"

"About half a mile."

"Just so. Dollar and a half book, I presume?"

"That's exactly the cost."

"Think I've read it?"

"Can't say, but it's only out to-day."

"Then I haven't read it. Thank you for taking this car."

The man with the book looked at the other in a queer way for half a minute, and then said:—

"Do you want to see the book?"

"Oh, no. I'll take it home with me, you see."

"But I can't loan it to you."

"No need to. You'll leave it on the car."

"Oh, I see. Well, I shan't leave it." He reached for the book, and laid it on his knees, but after riding three blocks he slid it down alongside his leg. After two blocks more he worked it behind him again, and became interested in the young woman opposite. The encouragement he received was slight, but it was enough to keep his thoughts busy, and the first thing he knew he was carried a block past his corner. He suddenly started up and skipped out, and as he went the man who had been talking with him reached back for the book and chuckled.

"Told him he'd leave it behind and I'd take it home."

But the book wasn't there. The woman beside him had already gobbled it, and as it rested on her lap she stared straight out of the opposite window, and never moved a muscle when he growled out, "That's a — of a game."

Banks are more dangerous to the liberties of people than standing armies.—Jefferson.