

Among the earliest editions extant, the most complete is the first folio, 1623, edited by Heminge and Condell. Valuable as it is, this edition is honey-combed with mistakes, some of which have been discovered and corrected by later editors, while others have been suggested with more or less confidence, but generally with a timidity meant to disarm criticism. The Shakespearean scholar who offers a correction or a new reading knows, in advance, what a storm he will call down; it behooves him, therefore, to be extremely cautious in making his suggestions and explanations.

On account of this zealous—too zealous—regard for the fame of the wonderful genius who remains the marvel of our literature, many of the passages of Shakespeare's plays are still printed in words which convey no sense or meaning, and give the reader no intelligible idea. And yet no true lover of Shakespeare would insist on retaining anything in his plays which would bring dishonor upon their author, or which would show that he thought other than clearly.

The result of the "Shorthand" story is that several editors are correcting the errors of those who tried to transcribe what they heard in the theatre. They are careful to premise that they do not attempt to correct the language of Shakespeare, but to restore it. So much latitude being allowed them, it is interesting to note the result of their labours.

(To be Continued.)

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KEEDICK'S TYPEWRITER.

When Mr. Keedick reached home the other evening, he was confronted by a very angry wife. He had scarcely got inside the door and hung his hat on the hall rack before she blurted out:

"You got your new typewriter yesterday."

"Why, yes," replied Keedick. "How did you find it out?"

"Oh, I am up to your goings on, I can tell you. You got your new typewriter yesterday."

"I did. Who told you?"

"Well, if you must know, it was Mrs. Gaskett. Her husband told her. You needn't think you can keep things from me."

"I have no desire to, dear."

"Don't dear me? Your typewriter is only about eighteen years old?"

"As nearly as I can judge of ages, I should say that was about right."

"And has melting brown eyes?" Mrs. Keedick went on indignantly.

"Possibly, but I haven't noticed them doing any melting."

"Oh, no! of course not. With a soft voice and charming manners?"

"You are nearly right."

"Nearly right! I know I am quite right!" exclaimed the jealous woman.

"Now, I want you to tell me the name of the forward creature."

"You want the name of my typewriter?"

"Yes, I do."

"What for?"

"Never mind what for. I want your typewriter's name."

"It is John Henry Simpson. What are you going to do about it?"