

## REGINALD'S FIRST SCHOOL-DAYS.

One frosty morning in January, two delicate-looking children were sitting before a blazing fire in a long, low nursery, with oak rafters running across the ceiling. Between them lay a great shaggy dog.

"You will take good care of Rover whilst I am away," said the boy, winding his fingers in Rover's shaggy hair, and leaning his head against him.

"Yes, he shall go for a walk with me every day, and in the twilight I will talk to him about you," answered Alice; "you might send messages to him in your letters," she added.

"Would you understand them, old fellow?" asked Reginald, lifting up the dog's head, and looking into his eyes.

The dog wistfully returned his master's gaze, and gave him his paw.

"I believe he understands," said Reginald, throwing his arms around the dog's neck. "Oh, Rover, Rover, if I could only take you with me."

"It would not be so bad then," sighed Alice.

"It won't be really bad when I get accustomed to it. Just at first it may be strange, but I shall be sure to like one at any rate out of the forty boys. It is going out into the world, and my father says it is well for a boy to learn his level early."

"On the whole, I am glad I am going; it is only the first bit of it that one is not sure about."

### II.

It was a large room, with desks and benches on either side, and an aisle, as Reginald called it, up the middle. It had four large windows looking out into the play-ground, and a fireplace at each end, round which some dozen or two of boys were clustered.

Reginald advanced toward the fire-place at the end of the room, hoping that some one might speak to him, and rid him of the strange uncomfortable feeling that crept over him; but none of the boys spoke, though they regarded him critically, as if measuring the sort of being he was, before committing themselves to any closer acquaintance.

So he sat down on a bench half-way down the schoolroom, tried to look unconscious, and half wished himself at home again.

"Have any of you fellows got a knife? I want to cut this piece of string," said a tall boy, addressing the group generally.

In a moment Reginald had taken out his new knife, and offered it to the speaker.

"Ah," said Thompson the tall boy, "a capital knife. Much obliged: will borrow it for the present," and, after using it, he quietly put it into his pocket.

Some of the boys laughed. One of them, however, murmured, in an undertone, "What a great shame!"

Reginald's color rose. He walked straight up to Thompson:

"Will you please give me my knife again?" Thompson looked surprised.

"No, I shall please do nothing of the kind. You offered it, and I accepted it. An offer's an offer."

"I lent it to you to cut the string."

"You did not say so."

"I do not think it just of you to take my knife in that way," said Reginald thoroughly aroused; "and if you do not return it at once I shall speak to Dr. Field about it."

"Oh," said Thompson coolly, "you're a sneak, are you?"

The boys, who had been gathering round Reginald, admiring his spirit in confronting the tall boy, now drew back, and the words "tell-tale!" "blab!" "sneak!" were distinctly heard. And Reginald found himself standing alone, deserted by those who had drawn near in sympathy with him, for Thompson was the tyrant of the school.

Presently when the boys had returned to their places by the fire, and Reginald was apparently forgotten, a merry-looking boy, a year older than himself, sat down by him.

"No," said he, "you must not say anything to Dr. Field. You must let your knife go, and learn wisdom for the future."

Reginald looked up.

"It's mean and unfair," he said.

"That may be; but the boys would say it was meaner still to complain. One has to put up with things of this sort at school, and make the best of them."

"What's your name?" asked Reginald, suddenly, for there was something about the boy that he liked, and he thought this might be the one who was to be his friend.

"Barton. And yours?"

"Murray's enough, without the other."

"I should like you to be my friend."

Barton glanced at the large dark eyes that were fixed upon him, and at the delicate and somewhat mournful face, and felt attracted also.

"I think I shall like you," he returned, "but I must wait and see how you go on. I think you've got the right spirit; but you must take my advice about the knife. Will you?"

There was a struggle in Reginald's mind. It was very hard to give up the knife that Alice had saved up her pocket money to buy for him! Still, Barton had been at school for some time, and knew better than he what ought to be done, so he answered, "I will."

But Barton was not prepared for his manner

of carrying out the decision. To his great surprise Reginald marched straight up to Thompson. "I shall not," he said, "speak to Dr. Field about the knife. It's unfair and unjust of you to take it, and I shan't be friends with you as long as you keep it. But Barton says it would be telling tales if I made a complaint."

Some of the younger boys stood quite aghast at Reginald's boldness; one or two even murmured, "Well done!"

Thompson stared, half in astonishment, half in anger. "You're too fast, young sir; you'll have to be put down, I see," said he. But he did not give Reginald his knife again.

### III.

School was indeed a new world to Reginald. He made friends, and found enemies; he worked hard, and played well; and, on the whole, was tolerably popular. Thompson, however, still kept the knife, using it upon all occasions, which caused a thrill of indignation to go through Reginald's delicate frame.

"If I can't get it one day I will another," thought he; and he brooded over the knife until he magnified every word that Thompson said to himself, and Thompson, pleased with the power he possessed over the boy, exercised it on all occasions.

So the Spring went by, and Summer came, and the days slipped away, and the holidays were close at hand.

"If I were strong enough I would fight him for it!" said Reginald to Barton, one day when Thompson had been more than usually aggravating.

The remark was repeated to Thompson who was standing by the side of the river that runs at the foot of the play-ground.

At that moment Reginald drew near.

"So you would like to fight me if you were big enough!" said he, with a sneer.

"I should!" answered Reginald warmly.

"Ah, it's a hard state of feeling. If the knife causes such wicked thoughts, the best way is to get rid of it. So here it goes, and there is an end of it!" And drawing the knife from his pocket, he flung it into the river. It fell short of where he intended, and Reginald saw his beloved knife through the clear river, lying within what he supposed to be an easy reach. Without a moment's thought he jumped in after it, regardless of the cry that rose—"The water's deeper than it looks!"

His hand had, as if by instinct, grasped the knife, but as he tried to struggle back through the swiftly-running water, he got confused; for, as the boys had called out to him, it was a great deal deeper than it looked, and just there the ground shelved suddenly and Reginald taking a false step, lost his footing.

There was a general outcry, which brought Dr. Field, and a visitor who had just arrived, to the spot.

"Murray's in the river!"

And they pointed to the spot where the poor boy had sunk.

With such a cry as the boys long remembered, the visitor had plunged into the water, and had caught the boy, who had risen for the last time, by the arm. And the next thing that the boys knew was that a white, dripping form was carried through the play-ground into the house.

Then a whisper went round—"It was his father!"

Then a whispered question—"Is he dead?" And Thompson shuddered as he heard it.

### IV.

But Reginald did not die; he opened his eyes to find his father clasping his hand. At first he could remember nothing; then he looked round anxiously. "Is the knife safe? I went to pick up my knife?"

Then he closed his eyes and remained for a long time silent, and when he spoke again it was in the wild ravings of delirium.

The shock had been too much for the delicate boy. Fever came on, and it was weeks before he could be moved home. And then he was ordered to the south, and Italy was the chosen place in which Mr. and Mrs. Murray and their two children should sojourn until Reginald should have completely recovered his health.

And this time Rover was to go with his young master.

The day before Reginald left home a carriage drove up to the door, and Thompson stepped out of it.

He and Reginald were alone for a quarter of an hour, and they parted friends.

"I have my knife now, Thompson," said Reginald, "and so the quarrel is over."

And Thompson returned to Dr. Field's a better and a wiser boy. He never bullied any one again.

## A TWILIGHT IDYL.

THE YOUNG MAN WHO WANTED A BARREL OF FIAT MONEY.

Last Friday evening Mr. Ellis Henderson, one of our best young men, went out walking with two of the sweetest girls in Burlington. They were nice girls. Beautiful, accomplished and modest. And Mr. Henderson was a nice young man too. He wore that evening a little straw hat with a baby blue band, a cut-away coat, a pair of light, wide pantaloons, a white vest, a button-hole bouquet and fifteen cents. The evening was very warm, and as they walked these young people talked about the base ball match, the weather and sunstrokes. By-and-

bye and one of the young ladies gave a delicate little shriek.

"Oo-oo! What a funny sign!"

"Where? Where? Which one, Elfrida?" asked the other young lady eagerly.

"Ha—yes," said Mr. Henderson in troubled tones, looking gently but resolutely at the wrong side of the street.

"There," exclaimed Elfrida, artlessly pointing as she spoke. "How funny it is spelled; see, Ethel."

"Why," said Ethel, "it is spelled correctly. Isn't it, Mr. Henderson?"

"Ha—why—aw—why yes, yes, to be sure, to be sure," said Mr. Henderson, very huskily, staring as hard as he could at a window full of house p'ants.

"Why, Mr. Henderson," said Elfrida, in tones of amazement, "how can you say so? Just see, i-c-e, ice, e-r-double e-m, cream, that's not the way to spell cream."

"Oh, Elfrida," cried her companion, "you must be near-sighted. That isn't an e, it is an a. Isn't it, Mr. Henderson?"

And Mr. Henderson, who was praying harder than he ever prayed before that an earthquake might come along and swallow up either himself or all the ice cream saloons in the United States, he didn't much care which, looked up at the chimney of the house and said:

"That? Oh yes, yes; of course, why certainly. How much cooler it has grown within the past few minutes;" the young man suddenly added, with a kind of inspiration, "surely that cool wave the signal service dispatches announced as having entered this country from Manitoba, must be nearing us once more."

And he took out his handkerchief and swabbed a face that looked as though it had never heard of a cold wave, nor even looked into the face of a man who had heard of one. He knew when he talked of its being cooler, that his face would scorch an iceberg brown in ten minutes.

By this time they turned a corner and the appalling sign was out of sight. Mr. Henderson breathed like a free man.

"I always like to stroll along Jefferson street in the evening," said Ethel. "It's so lively. My, just look at that crowd of people going in that door. What is going on there, Mr. Henderson?"

Mr. Henderson looked across to the other side of the street as usual, and said:

"Oh, yes, that was Raab & Bros.'s clothing house."

"Why, no, Mr. Henderson," exclaimed Elfrida, "that's an ice cream saloon."

Ethel laughed merrily. "Do you know," she said, "I wondered what so many young ladies could want in a gentleman's clothing house?"

Mr. Henderson said, "Ha, ha, to be sure."

And oh, the feeble, ghastly tincture of mirth there was in his nervous "ha, ha." It sounded as though a boy with the car ache should essay to laugh.

"Is it true, Mr. Henderson," asked Ethel, "that soda fountains sometimes explode?"

Mr. Henderson, gasping for breath, eagerly assured her that they did, very frequently, and that in every instance they scattered death and destruction around. In many of the eastern cities, he said, they had been abolished by law, and the same thing should be done here. In New York, the young man went on, all the soda fountains had been removed to far outside the city limits, and were located far in lonely meadows, side by side with powder magazines.

"I am not afraid of them," said the daring Ethel, "I don't believe they are a bit dangerous."

"Nor I," echoed Elfrida. "I would not be afraid to walk up to one and stand by it all day. Why are you so afraid of them, Mr. Henderson?"

Mr. Henderson gnashed his teeth and secretly pulled out a great sheaf of hair from his head in his nervous agony. Then he said that he once had a fair, sweet young sister blown to pieces by one of those terrible engines of destruction while she was drinking at it, and he had never since been able to look upon a soda fountain without growing faint.

"How sad," said both the young ladies, and then Ethel asked:

"How do they make soda water, Mr. Henderson?"

And while the young man was getting ready to recite a recipe composed mainly of dirt and poison, Elfrida read aloud four ice cream signs, and Ethel read on a transparency "Lemon ices, cooling, refreshing and healthful," and Elfrida read "Ladies and gentlemen's ice cream parlors," twice, and Ethel looked in at the door and said, "Oh, don't they look nice and cool in there! How comfortable and happy they do look!" And then Elfrida said, "Yes indeed it makes this dusty street and scorching sidewalk seem like an oven, just to look in at them even," and then young Mr. Henderson, who for the last ten minutes had been clawing at his hair, and tearing off his necktie and collar, and pawing the air, shouted in tones of wild frenzy—

"Oh, yes, yes, yes! Come in; come in and gorge yourselves! Everybody come in and feed up a whole week's salary in fifteen minutes. Set 'em up! Soda, ice cream, cake, strawberry cobbler, lemon ice and sherbet. Set 'em up! It's on me. Oh, yes, I can stand it. Ha, ha, ha, ha! I am John Jacob Vanderbilt in disguise! Oh yes; it don't cost anything to take an evening walk in Burlington. Oh no! Put out your frozen pudding! Ha, ha, ha-a-a!"

They carried the young man to his humble boarding-house, got him into bed, and sent for

his physician. He is not yet entirely out of danger, but will probably recover, with care and good nursing. The physician does not know exactly what ails him, but thinks it must be hydrophobia, as the sight of a piece of ice throws the patient into the wildest and most furious paroxysms.

## SHAKSPEARE'S SLANG.

HOW IT DEFIES ELUCIDATION—NEW THEORIES OF DR. MACKAY.

With very few exceptions the slang of Shakspeare has defied elucidation; and the never-ceasing controversies to which almost every word or expression still gives rise, show how far we still are from any sure solution. Dr. Mackay's endeavors to reconcile many of them with a Gaelic origin are quite legitimate and full of interest. It must be remembered how many of Elizabeth's courtiers had made an Irish campaign, and how prone to the use of new and affected words was the society of the day. Nothing is more likely than that the slang and "catch" words of the taverns and theatres should contain a considerable element of Erse in more or less distorted forms. At the same time we must distinguish between the current slang of the time and what Shakspeare designed should be received as mere meaningless patter, especially the ranting of Ancient Pistol, by which in all probability he meant to satirize the mouth-swelling declamations of the contemporary tragic stage. We are, therefore, doubtful whether we should accept the Gaelic origin of Pistol's

"Under which king, Bezonian? speak or die,"

which has hitherto set all the commentators at defiance; or whether we should continue to receive it as a grandiloquent word invented by the Ancient in his excitement upon the spur of the moment. The derivation suggested is "*biaosht-onach*," a gross word which could hardly with any propriety have been applied to a starveling like Justice Shallow, however aptly it would have fitted Falstaff. Still, as a conjecture the Celtic explanation is quite as admissible as the Italian *bisogno*. Dr. Mackay, if not more fortunate, is certainly more ingenious in his treatment of the much controverted "minching mallecho," which Hamlet interprets to mean "mischief." Endless efforts have been made to find a reasonable etymon for these words, but all with indifferent success. Nares has suggested the Old English *mich*, "to skulk," and the Spanish *mallechor*, which he says signifies "poisoner," and Staunton and Knight have adopted similar derivations. We cannot curtail Dr. Mackay's explanation of this curious phrase: "The words occur only in Shakspeare, and are always held to apply to the poisoning of the King. But an attentive reading will show that they may apply not to the murder, which was a malefaction, a mischief done and accomplished beyond recall, but to the subsequent wooing of the Queen by the murderer. The stage direction says: 'The Queen returns, finds the King dead, and makes passionate action. The poisoner, with some two or three mutes, comes in again, seeming to lament with her. The poisoner woos the queen with gifts; she seems loath and unwilling awhile, but in the end accepts his love.' It is at this latter point of the dumb-show that Ophelia, surprised at such a passage of courtship between the murderer and the Queen, exclaims: 'What means *this*, my lord?' and that Hamlet replies, 'Marry, this is *minching mallecho* and means mischief.' Here it may be inquired if it is the murder or the wooing that means mischief? In the murder the mischief has been done beyond recall; in the wooing the mischief is in the future, a mischief that will in due time be completed by the marriage of the guilty pair. Here we find a clue to the meaning of the Gaelic *mailleach*, defer, postpone, procrastinate, *mailleachadh*, postponement, procrastination. The qualifying adjective is *miannach*, desirous; so that the 'wild phrase' that Shakspeare puts into Hamlet's mouth, when, in his indignation, he bursts forth into the passionate language of the people, expressed his idea that though the woman was desirous of procrastination in the marriage for decency's sake, the man being so recently dead, she would after all make more mischief by marrying the murderer." By "*minching mallecho*," therefore, we are to understand "desirous of procrastination," a signification which suits well enough with Dr. Mackay's interpretation of the action of the play. But if we understand Ophelia's question and Hamlet's answer to apply to the whole of the spectacle, we are as much at a loss as ever. And we cannot in the case of Hamlet, as in that of Pistol, satisfy ourselves by assuming the words to be mere patter. There are numerous passages of Shakspeare, hitherto but unsatisfactorily explained, upon which a new light is let in by reference to the Gaelic.

## THE GLEANER.

"LEADERETTE" is a new French name for a brief editorial article.

The Sultan of Turkey is obliged to have 365 suits of clothes a year; he never wears the same garments twice.

WHAT the country wants is a new kind of parlour-match that will not blow itself out by the explosion when it is scratched.

Punch prints the following very neat epigram:—

From the winner, just weighing, look back at the starter,  
One name, if not one race, the blue ribbon shows;  
From a Countess of Salisbury come the first garter,  
The last to a Marquis of Salisbury goes.