WHIPPED THEM AGAIN.

Digna Defeated by "Black Men" and Egyptians.

THE LOSS AND THE PRISONERS.

A London cable says: A despatch from Suakim says a feature of the fighting yesterday was the determined rush upon the trenches by the blacks and Egyptians. The Dervishes fought with the utmost bravery, a great many of them dying in the trenches. The charge of the Hussars is also especially mentioned. When the Dervish cavalry saw them coming they dismounted from their horses and planted their spears in the ground, but these proved no obstruction to the Hussars, who swept down upon the Dervish horsemen like an avalanche, cut through their ranks and left half of them dead upon the ground. The Hussars then re-formed and charged the remaining Dervishes, who fled. A large portion of the rebel force was not engaged in to day's fighting, being absent camping at Handoub and the wells beyond that place. It is believed the rebels will be reinforced and make an attempt soon to retake their lost position.

A despatch to the *Times* from Suakim says: The prisoners say they believe that all the mounted gunners were killed. All tell the same story of privation and cruelty at the hands of the Mahdi and Osman Digna. None of them wished to fight, but were forced to do so or persuaded to fight by promises of loot at Suakim and other rewards. The trenches were bare. They found no food, clothing or money, but only Snider rifles and cartridges. The prisoners know nothing of the reported capture of Emin, or of the fall of the Equatorial Provinces. The natives assert that Handoub would fall at the first approach of our troops. The Government ought not to lose this chance. The task is an easy one, as there is not the slightest sign of any gathering of the local tribes.

An official despatch from Gen. Grenfell, dated Suakim, 11.25 a.m., says: The enemy's loss was 400. The Hussars are still pursuing the Arabs; the trenches are nearly filled and two temporary redoubts are being built. The joint forces are entrenched. They will bivouac on the field to-night, the naval detachment with the machine guns remaining in the trenches. I have sent the man-of-war Starling and all the available steamers to anchor off Handoub in order to prevent a force from Handoub coming upon us. During the action the Dervishes were so badly punished that we expect to have a quiet night.

Afternoon—The Hussars who followed the fleeing Arabs have returned. They chased the enemy to within four miles of Handoub. They were still running.

Three zarebas and a stockade were built over filled trenches and manned by four Soudanese battalions and British soldiers. The space between them and the water forts was occupied by a battalion of horse artillery. The Emir of Trinkitat is a prisoner. He is wounded. Osman Digna's nephew and twelve Dervishes have been captured. All were wounded. Serious complaints are made concerning the quality of the sabres and revolvers furnished to the troops. Several cavalrymen returned with broken sabres, and in many instances their revolvers became clogged and were rendered useless.

Lord Salisbury, in his Scarborough speech, said the Ministry had no intention of entangling the country in a new Soudan expedition, but they could not abandon Suakim. The English, Egyptian and Turkish Ministries were unanimously of opinion that Suakim must not be abandoned. Lord Salisbury continued: "As long as the Khedive desires it we shall maintain the Red Sea ports. We are bound under the promise made by Mr. Gladstone's Government to do so. A British statesman's first duty is to prevent foreigners from thinking that every change of Government must necessarily mean the changing of our foreign policy. It would be madness to surrender Suakim when we are on the eve of suppressing slavery, because the final struggle with the slave dealers must be fought upon the Red Sea. By the Treaty of Paris we are bound to uphold the integrity of the Sultan's Empire."

Herr Dilthy, the director of the German East Africa Company, has returned from Zanzibar. He denied that the company is responsible for the rising in East Africa, which he attributes to the slave dealers. He regards the assumption of Imperial sovereignty in East Africa as an imperative necessity.

Murdered in the Streets of London.

A London cable says: The body of a woman, whose name is unknown, was found yesterday morning in the streets of Poplar, in the suburbs of London. An empty phial lay alongside the body, and the impression first formed was that the woman had committed suicide. At the coroner's inquest to-day, however, the physicans who examined the body testified that there were no signs of poison in the stomach, and declared their belief that the woman had been murdered by strangulation. They said the condition of the body justified this belief, and in addition to that there was a mark on the woman's neck, which showed that a small cord had been tied tightly around it. The woman was of low character. When the body was found it was still warm. It was lying in an open thoroughfare, and there is no possibility that the woman could have taken her own life. Some persons believe her murderer is identical with the Whitechapel fiend, who, they think, has adopted a new method of disposing of his victims.

The Vanderbilt Style.

Family Man—What is the rent of this house?

Renting Agent—What salary are you getting a month?

Family Man—One hundred and ten dollars.

Renting Agent—Well, that will be the rent.—*St. Paul Pioneer.*

Didn't Want to See Her.

Bobby—"Come and play with me Johnny.

Johnny—"I can't."

Bobby—"Go and ask your mother."

Johnny—"No, I won't; she's been looking for me all morning."

Women distrust men too much in general and not enough in particular.—**Commerson.**

BOB WINTON'S FORTUNE.

Romantic Story of the Scapegrace Son of a Rich Scotch Lord.

HE DROVE A CAR IN JERSEY CITY.

A New York despatch says: A Jersey City street car conductor has blossomed out as a full-fledged heir apparent to an English earldom. Something more than a year ago a young man of about 25 years appeared in fashionable circles in Brooklyn. He was known as Bob Winton. He was remarkably handsome and seemed to have sufficient means to live in good style. He immediately became a favorite among marriageable girls and their mammas, and it is said that some lacerated hearts still smart from the effects of the wounds he inflicted. Rumor had it that the young man belonged to an honorable English family and that his coming to America was the result of a family unpleasantness.

The handsome Briton attended the horse races and won considerable sums. Then he became addicted to cards. At first he was lucky, then fortune frowned, he ran short of money and began to dissipate. One night he visited New York with some companions. In an uptown resort he became involved in a dispute with some rough fellows, was assaulted and badly used up. His companions escaped from the place and the Englishman was not seen in Brooklyn again. It appears that he was removed from the gambling house where the row occurred, to a hospital, from which he emerged a week later without a cent in his purse and his pulse still weak. Feeling keenly his position, and ashamed, in his battered and dilapidated state, to return to his former quarters, he concluded to seek new fields. Accordingly, he crossed over to Jersey city and secured a position as conductor on the Montgomery street railroad. He assumed the name of Bob Hunter. He seemed much sobered by his experiences, and stuck manfully to his work. He was sociable, and became a favorite among the employees.

A while ago "Bob Hunter" again disappeared, but in his room at a cheap boarding house have been found letters which explain his identity and the cause of his eccentric movements.

It appears that "Bob Winton" is none other than the eldest son and heir of Archibald William Montgomery, the Earl of Eglinton and Winton, whose elegant country seat, Eglinton Castle, is situated at Irvine, in Ayrshire. The young Baron, although a scion of one of the oldest and noblest English families, was a scapegrace himself, and although heir to all the vast estates of the united families of the Eglintons and Wintons, was the black sheep of the flock. His follies led to exile and his appearance in New York. His return to England was due to the receipt of a letter of forgiveness from his father.

WHO OWNS THE TIMES?

An Important Question in the Times Parnell Scotch Case.

A London cable says: In the case of Mr. Parnell against the London *Times*, the court yesterday considered the proofs of the validity of the arrestments which had been made by the plaintiff. Two Edinburgh advertising agents testified that the plaintiff had arrested small sums which they owed the *Times*. Neither witness knew who the proprietors of the *Times* were. Their remittances were made to Mr. Wright, one of the proprietors. Mr. Hayman, representing the registrar of newspapers at Somerset House, proved that Mr. Walter was now the registered proprietor of the *Times* in behalf of himself and others, the *Times'* solicitors having written that there would be great difficulty in registering the names of all whom the Act might construe as proprietors, because some of the proprietors were minors, some were married women, and some resided abroad. They also said that in many cases the interest held was very small.

Mr. Walter testified that he had given no authority to register him as the proprietor, but he had expressed willingness to act as registered proprietor. He did not have a list of the proprietors. His own interest in the *Times* was one-sixteenth and a half of the offices. The printing business was his. Mr. Soames, the *Times'* solicitor, said there were a hundred proprietors of the *Times*.

The court adjourned to enable the solicitor to produce a list of the proprietors.

HE IS DRIVING MULES.

Prosaic Sequel to One of the Most Romantic of Recent Elopements.

A few weeks ago the Chicago papers contained accounts of the elopement of Miss Roach, the 19-year-old daughter of a millionaire capitalist of that city, with a young clerk named Cunningham. The young lady, it seems, was a society belle, and the marriage created the usual nine-day gossip in a large circle of friends and acquaintances. After the marriage the young couple came to Kansas City, and for a few days boarded at a leading hotel.

Their money running out and no remittances coming from the wealthy but irate father, Cunningham was forced to seek work. All the work he could find to do was as a street-car driver, and he is now swinging the whip over a pair of metropolitan mules, and his little wife is keeping house in a humble home on Charlotte street.—*Kansas City corr. Chicago Tribune.*

The Horrors of War.

An old officer tells of a gruesome experience on the field of Champigny after the battle. Seeing one of the gravediggers pushing a body into a trench, which he proceeded to fill up, he called to him that life did not seem extinct. "Nonsense," was the reply, "you evidently are not accustomed to this sort of thing. If we were to listen to them, there never would be a single one buried."—*Courier des Etats Unis.*

Just Like Him.

He—You don't mean to say you've got another new hat! Where's the one I bought you last week?

She (much surprised)—Why, my dear, Mrs. Parkins has one just like it!

He (staggered)—Oh, ah! (Is left trying to understand.)

In mediæval times it was the public crier who went abroad enumerating the goods that a certain merchant had for sale.

WHOLESALE MALPRACTICE.

The Social Sore Which a Chicago Reporter Has Laid Bare.

A Chicago despatch says: The *Times* has created an immense sensation by its exposure of the length to which malpractice is carried on by doctors and midwives. A reporter of that paper engaged a young woman to go with him to many doctors and midwives. He represented himself as brother of the girl and anxious to save the family from exposure of the consequences of her misconduct. A great number of the persons called upon consented to perform a criminal operation, stating there was no danger in it, that they had performed hundreds such operations, that they would provide a place for the girl to stay at and would entirely avoid publicity. The reporter so arranged it that both he and the girl heard from every person called upon some part of the answer sufficient to proceed upon. The *Times* is now publishing the names and addresses of the doctors and midwives called upon, with an exact report of their answers. In some cases the physicians refused to have anything to do with the case. In others they refused, but sent the girl to other doctors, who, they said, would take the case. So far the *Times* has published the names and addresses of twenty-two doctors and midwives who agreed to undertake the job, and of five who would not. From statements alleged to have been made by two of the doctors a maternity hospital on Calumet avenue near Thirtieth street, and described as an institution in which clergymen and physicians are interested, is a place where malpractice is systematically carried on. The Chicago Medico-Legal Association and the Chicago Medical Society have written to the *Times* commending its course, and signifying their intention of bringing all the guilty persons to justice. The *Times* promises still further disclosures.

A CANADIAN DOCTOR

Mysteriously Murdered in Detroit on Tuesday Evening.

A last (Wednesday) night's Detroit despatch says: Dr. Alfred E. Ecroyd came to Detroit from Mount Forest, Ont., with his wife and three children, in 1883, and located at 282 Third Street. Last evening he was found dead in front of his house, stretched out on the sidewalk. Neighbors discovered the body, alarmed the household, notified Coroner Lansing, and sent for Dr. J. B. Kennedy. Arriving at the house, Dr. Kennedy and the coroner carefully examined the body and found fresh contusions on the back part of the head, partially concealed by his hair. These wounds or bruises are such as may have been made by a sandbag or some kind of a blunt instrument, but not such as would result from a fall. About a month ago the doctor was sandbagged and robbed of a gold watch and $40 in money, but last night when found nothing on his person apparently had been disturbed or taken. A careful investigation of the immediate surroundings disclosed the fact that the doctor's footsteps could be traced in the snow leading towards his house, while larger ones were found coming from a passageway and finally mingling with the doctor's. Dr. Ecroyd was a graduate of the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons, London. He belonged to an old and aristocratic family, and is said to have brothers in Montreal and London who occupy high stations in life. There is a mystery connected with his sudden demise, which it is hoped and believed will soon be unravelled.

MARRYING A CHILD.

A Girl of Thirteen Cajoled Into Marriage With a Man of Twenty-Four.

A Lyons (N. Y.) telegram says: A few days ago intense surprise was manifested when it was learned that Anna Davenport, 13 years of age, was married to Mr. McCarthy, 24 years old. It is to-day charged that Mrs. McCarthy, the mother of the bridegroom, exerted undue influence over the child to bring about the marriage. She has been arrested. Rev. A. H. Stearns, who performed the ceremony, is 70 years old and in very poor health. He makes the following statement: "I was sent for to come immediately to Mr. Shears'. Upon arriving there I at first declined to marry them, as I thought the girl too young; but Mrs. McCarthy assured me that Anna was 16 years old and that they must be married, that it was necessary they should be, that Miss Davenport's family demanded it, and so I married them, although it seemed very queer to me that her parents should not be present." It is hinted that when the question of Mrs. McCarthy's undue influence comes to be investigated a sensational story will be evolved.

A Disgrace to Humanity.

A Boston despatch says: The most scandalous episode in the long history of Harvard University is the terrible disgrace that yesterday fell upon Prof. Henry Preble, assistant professor of Greek and Latin, who was discovered in the act of committing a nameless crime upon a young boy. Developments proved that such practices had long been the habit of the distinguished and heretofore highly-honored scholar. Details are impossible. The discovery, resulting from the depraved man's own carelessness, was a tremendous shock, not only to the faculty, but the entire city of Cambridge, where the news spread rapidly. There was no time for explanation given the disgraced man. He was not even allowed to resign, for Prof. Eliot ascertaining the truthfulness of the report, gave him only two hours to leave the University grounds. Prof. Preble has taken refuge with his family, who are doing their utmost to hush the disgraceful affair up.

He Was Fond of Dogs.

An English lady travelling in a Paris railroad car carried a pet dog in her lap. A French dandy beside her began to caress the dog. "Well, sir," said she snappishly, "I must say that you do ppear to be very fond of dogs!"

"Madame," said he, "I learned to love them during the siege, and since that time I scarcely ever eat anything else!"

Mr. W. C. McLeod, of Woodstock, put $215 in his bank book and started down to the bank to deposite it. When he reached the bank he found only $15 and is now puzzled to know what become of the other $200.

ON THE NATURE OF SLANG.

Where Some of the Commonest Expressions Originated and How They Have Been Preserved.

What is slang? The first answer to this would be: "Something vulgar," something to be avoided, something of the vocabulary of the prize-ring, the bar-room and the stable. But that is not all of slang. It may be the "giving of nicknames to things" and ideas, but it is after all a genuine and an influential branch of speech. Some one defines it as one of the "feeders of what may be called a standard language," which, with little scruple, adopts and adapts the words it happens to want, but whether from technical terms or from a love of fun, it is entitled to be treated with respect, like any other working dialect. Slang is a condensation, the jelly of speech, says the *Mail and Express*, and it develops itself, curiously enough, along with the general laws of language. Thus it is of great use to the student.

Our common language, our mother tongue, is a great bond, but not so great as is that familiar misuse to which we sometimes put it when we freight it with our epithets and smiles. The public is no bad judge of any humor, yet it sometimes adopts a senseless bit of chaff, or a poor contemporary of the "meatier" slang, such catch words as "walker," "Whoa, Emma," and the infinitely silly chestnut being examples, Chestnut, as an equivalent for a stale joke, has become very stale itself—in fact, moldy. There are the failures, the abuses of the noble art of slang. It used to be a habit of etymologists, when a word became troublesome, to altar it a little, so as to put sense into it.

Perhaps the best exponent of useful slang was the adoption of the word contraband as expressing a fugitive negro. Gen. Butler is to be accredited with the discovery that "contraband of war" applied to a runaway negro; therefore he gave a new word to the language. The necessity of the occasion produced the word, and a contraband is a synonym for a colored man at Washington to this day.

Many of the English words of the last century came from the gypsies. Thus kidnap comes from the napping or stealing of a kid, gypsy for child. When we talk, therefore, of kidnapping an old gentleman for his money, we mistake the etymology of the work, unless he is in his second childhood. One sometimes travels far to find out the meaning of a word. No one thinks he is speaking Italian when he says he "has made a fiasco." Yet it is the Italian for flask. Why does it mean failure then? Because the glass blowers of Murrano, trying to make a piece of window or mirror-glass, and failing in the attempt, merely blew or made a common flask, or "fiasco," with the bit of glass. So with fresco, which simply means fresh. The paint must be put on for a fresco when the lime is fresh. Fresco painting is fresh painting.

The common slang word "mash" is from a beautiful gypsy word, "mafado," which means "to charm by the eyes." These vagabonds by the wayside are responsible for much beauty as well as dirt. The word "loafer" comes from the German "land laufer"—a vagabond, an unsettled roamer over the country.

Why should a man be called a spoon? Why spoony when he is making love? Simply because he is a "loeffel," which also means spoon. The idiom is also Swiss-German, "Liebe macht loeffel holz aus manchen jungen Knaben stolz"—"Love turns many a proud lad into wood to make a spoon of him." The word boss comes from the low Dutch. The word boss means master. "A rum chap" is simply a gypsy lad; it has no relation to the product of the still. A far-famed beverage, which inebriates more frequently that it cheers, has not to answer for the phrase "he's a rum un to look at.' It simply means he is a manly man. Certainly, it is not by literary dignity that we have to measure language in these days, and yet it is curious how many slang terms are from the most classic sources. To "nigg at whist" means to renig, that is Saxon for deny. Pal is a brother, and "conk" for nose comes from the sprouting fountain, the concha of the Romans. "Pow-wow" comes from the Indians. It is curious we Americans have no more of this hereditary language of the red Indian tribes.

A few years ago a wit declared that his antagonist was not "worth a tinker's execration," which was thought very funny, until some other wit exclaimed: "What is a tinker's dam? It has nothing to do with swearing. It is merely the dam or stoppage, made of flour and water, with which the tinker stops the gap he is mending, until the tin or the pewter has cooled." When this bread pill is thrown away it is a very worthless piece of dough. Hence its name and fame. It has passed into a proverb for worthlessness. It is much harder to trace the origin of a proverb, or to find out a quotation, than to follow up a word, because both are frequently quoted wrong. For instance, the "goose hangs high" is entirely wrong. It should be: "For everything is lovely when the goose whangs high," meaning that if the geese flying south utter their peculiar "whang," then the weather is sure to be fine.

As for quotations, many people sought lately for the familiar "Praise from Sir Hubert," and could not find it. The true phrase is "Approbation from Sir Hubert Stanley is praise indeed," the line coming from "A Cure for the Heartache," the well-known old play.

The time of Spain's glory as a sea-faring and all-conquering nation is brought back to us in words redolent of the Gold Coast and of the Spanish main. "Boxing the compass" comes from the Spanish "boxar," "boxear," to sail round, to call at all points. Calaboose, a prison; picaroon, a pirate palaver, to talk, are all Spanish. The latter comes from the noble Spanish "palabra," meaning a word. The good dictionary word "vamp" was at first, on the contrary, a slang word, being rubbing up of old hats and shoes. Now, from being a cobbler's word, it has become a classic, and we talk of revamping the language.

It would seem a natural way of accounting for a slang word that it came through the interchange of money. Thus, "I do not care a rap," or a stiver, recalls two old Dutch coins. The word "dollar" is hard to account for. No one seems to know whence it came. It is probably Spanish.

The French argot is probably the richest, most peculiar and perfect language of slang known to civilized men. Those who have read Victor Hugo's novels have felt the need of Francisque-Michel's "Etudes de Philologie comparree sur l'Argot" to understand half of that wonderful book.

Demijohn comes from the Arabic damaghan; itself taken from the Persian glass-making town of Demaghan. How it got twisted into its present shape must be referred to that well-known elementary process of language, or that English habit of calling words as they are not spelled, which seems a part of the language.

Slang usually increases its store of words by formation at home, by the necessity of the case, by the happy inspiration of some humorist, who has found the fitting phrase, or by adoption from abroad. There are, however, words which come at night, spring out of the ground, as it were, which cannot be traced. Thus "dude," meaning a dandy, has no appreciable derivation. Like Topsy, it growed.

Slang, like other dialects, comes from the common people. A slang dictionary is not very pretty reading. It is primitive, to say the least, but slang is effective when it takes ready-made words and adapts them skilfully to new ideas. It is especially witty in the mouth of a refined person who uses the language of factories and stables and kitchens and shops, of prize fighters and artisans, philologically, with a sense, not only of its primitive meaning, but of its possibly funny application. American humor as developed by Mark Twain, Bill Nye, Bret Harte, and a thousand newspaper writers, is rich in this rollicking swagger of strange words, reminding one of old Stefano and Trinculo, in "The Tempest," "witty in their cups."

OFTEN SO.

The Man who Wants to Growl will not be Long Without an Excuse.

He was a large, elderly man, with an expression of discontent in his face, and when the porter had deposited his travelling bag in a section of the sleeping car the elderly man looked around at the ventilators, then critically at his neighbor across the aisle, and then he said to the porter:

"Where do we stop for supper?"

"Dining-car on the train, sir," was the answer.

"Is hey; what time is supper ready?"

"It is being served now, sir."

"Is hey—h-m; what time do we get to Albany?"

"Nine-fifty."

"Connect there with the train from Boston?"

"Yes, sir."

"Wait long?"

"No, sir; only ten minutes."

"H-m; what time do we get to Buffalo?"

"Six-fifteen to-morrow morning."

"What time does the next train leave Buffalo for Cleveland after we get there?"

"Six-forty, sir."

The elderly man looked over his spectacles at the porter for a moment and then said:

"Want my ticket?"

"No, sir; the conductor will take it by and by."

"H'm—does that Cleveland train pass through Dunkirk?"

"Yes, sir."

"What time?"

"Six forty-three."

"How big a town is Dunkirk?"

"About 10,000 inhabitants, sir."

The elderly man seemed to be annoyed about something, and as the dialogue continued he became more so. He eyed the porter again and asked:

"What time does the train reach Erie?"

"Three minutes past 8, sir."

"How much bigger is Erie than Dunkirk?"

"About four times, sir."

This concluded the interview. The porter walked away and the elderly gentleman sat down, but he didn't seem to feel easy. He glared at the passengers across the aisles, then he took off his overcoat, sat down and commenced reading the evening paper, but threw it aside almost immediately, and rising again walked gloomily to the back end of the car and looked out of the window. Then he went back to his seat and sat there sullenly until the porter came that way again, when he said:

"See here, young man, if I take that 6.40 train from Buffalo to-morrow morning what connection can I make at Chicago for a northwestern train that stops at Kenosha, Wis.?"

"I don't know, sir."

The elderly man eyed the porter fiercely for a moment through his spectacles, then over them, and then he said sarcastically:

"You don't know!"

"No, sir. You see——"

"I see, yes I see, you don't know! When a passenger asks you a civil question—you don't know. Great scott! Why don't the railroad companies hire wooden dummies and save expense? Say, do you know beans when you see 'em? Do you know when it's night? Why don't you travel around with your eyes open? Say, why don't you—just one day? I would if I was you!" And as the porter went quietly about his business the elderly man took up his newspaper again. He seemed to feel more contented after that.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Circumstances Were Against It.

Proprietor of Cafe—Come, James, let's close up and go home.

James—'Fraid we can't, sir.

Proprietor of Cafe—Why?

James—That party in room 4 has just begun to sing "We Won't Go Home Until Morning."—*Jewish Messenger.*

Why Tumblers Were So Called.

They were originally round bowls about the size of a large orange. When one of these bowls was empty, if placed upon the table, mouth downwards, so cunningly was it balanced, it flew back into its proper position, as if asking to be filled again.

Fashions on Rotten Row, London.

The severe and perfect style which has always characterized the dress of men and women riding in the Row is passing out. For women the tall hat and perfectly fitting dark habit and plain linen collar and cuffs have been succeeded by conical and soft Tyrolese hats, sometimes even decorated with ribbons and feathers, and also gray tweed caps and other styles. A well-dressed man on horseback is rare.