DINNA FORGET OR, LIGHT OUT OF DARKNESS.

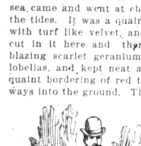
JOHN STRANGE WINTER

INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

CHAPTER I.

IT was in the sweet month of September, the soft afternoon of a day that had been hot even on the borders of the North Sea, which sends its breezes flying over the part of Essex which is not flat and marshy, but rich and undulating, and fair and pleasant to look upon. In London the people were gasping for breath, but here, though the day had been fairly hot, it was now at six o'clock soft and balmy, and by nightfall the air would be sharp and fresh.

It was such a fair day and such a fair view! Behind on the higher ground stood a rambling old house, half hall, half farm-house—a house with a long red-brick front, and a sort of terrace-garden from which you might look across the fields and the long green stretches of land over which the bold sea came and went at ebb and flow of the tides. It was a quaint old garden, with turf like velvet, and raised beds cut in it here and there, gay with blazing scarlet geraniums and blue lobellas, and kept neat and tidy by a quaint bordering of red tiles set edge-ways into the ground. There were fall-



TURNED AND WALKED ON.

trees, too, about this domain, which hid the farm-buildings from sight, and also helped to shield the house from the fierce winter blasts, and in front there lay a rich and verdant meadow sloping gently down to the high-road, where just then a man and a young girl had stopped for a moment as they walked along together.

"Mayn't I come in?" the man said, imploringly.

"No, I don't think you must," the girl answered. "You see, auntie has gone to Colchester, and she wouldn't like me to ask you in when I knew she wasn't there. No, I don't think you must come in this time."

"Perhaps she will be back by this time," he urged; but the girl shook her head resolutely.

"No; for the train does not get to Wrabness till twenty-four minutes past seven—it is not as much past six yet," she said, simply.

"But," he said, finding that there was no chance of his effecting an entrance within the fortress, "are you bound to go in just yet?"

"No, I am not; but you are bound to go back to Lady Jane's for your dog-cart. She knows that you came with me, and she knows that auntie is in Colchester."

"Lady Jane knows too much," he said, vexedly. "Yes, I suppose I must go back. But I may carry your racket as far as the door, eh?"

"No, I think you may do that," answered the girl, demurely.

So together they turned and walked on. The road took a curve to the right, skirting the sloping meadow and rising gradually until they reached the gates of the old house, with its quaint red front and its many gables and dormer windows, and at the gate Dorothy Strode stopped and held out her hand for the racket.

"Thank you very much for bringing me home," she said, shyly, but with an upward glance of her blue eyes that went straight to the man's perhaps rather susceptible heart; "it was very good of you."

"Yes, but tell me," he answered, not letting go his hold of the racket, "the aunt has gone to Colchester, you say?"

"Yes."

"Does she often go?"

"Oh, no; not often."

"But how often? Once a week?"

"Once a week—oh, no; not once a month. Why do you ask?"

"Because for the present I live in Colchester. I am quartered there, you know, and I thought that perhaps sometimes when the auntie was coming you might be coming, too, and I might show you round a little—the lions and all that, you know. That was all."

"But I don't think," said Dorothy Strode, taking him literally, "that auntie would ever want to be shown round Colchester, or the lions, or anything. You see, she has lived at the Hall for more than fifty years, and probably knows Colchester a thousand times as well as you do."

"True! I might have thought of that," and he laughed a little at his own mistake, then added suddenly: "But don't you think your aunt might like to come and have afternoon tea in my quarters? Old ladies generally love a bachelor tea."

"I don't think she would," said Dorothy, honestly. "You see, Mr. Harris, my aunt is rather strict, and she never does anything unusual, and—" At that moment she broke off short as a fairly smart dog-cart driven by a young man passed them, and returned the salute of the occupant, who had lifted his hat as soon as he saw her.

"Who is that?" asked the soldier, father jealously, frowning a little as he noticed the girl's heightened color.

"That is Mr. Stevenson," she answered, looking straight in front of her.

"Oh, Mr. Stevenson. And who is he when he's at home?" the soldier demanded.

"Very much the same as when he is not at home," answered Dorothy, with a gay laugh.

He laughed, too. "But tell me, who is he?"

"Oh, one of the gentlemen farmers round about."

It was evident that she did not want to talk about the owner of the dog-cart, but the soldier went on without heeding: "And you know him well?"

"I have known him all my life," she said, with studied carelessness.

In the face of her evident unwillingness to enlarge upon the subject, the soldier had no choice but to let her take the racket from him.

"Good-by," she said, holding out her hand to him.

"Good-by," he answered, holding it a good deal longer than was necessary; "but tell me I may come and call?"

"Yes, I think you might do that."

"You will tell your aunt that you met me, and that I am coming to call tomorrow?"

"That is a little soon, isn't it?" she said, laughing. "Besides, tomorrow there is a sewing-meeting."

"And you go?"

"Always."

"And you like it?" incredulously.

"No, candidly I don't; but in this world, at least in Graveleigh, one has to do a great many things that one does not like."

"And you might have to do worse things than go to a sewing-meeting, eh?" he suggested, for it suddenly flashed into his mind that there would be no gentlemen farmers in smart dog-carts at such feminine functions as sewing-meetings.

"That is so. Well, good-by."

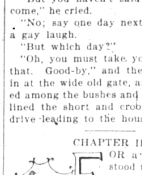
"But you haven't said when I may come," he cried.

"No; say one day next week," with a gay laugh.

"But which day?"

"Oh, you must take your chance of that. Good-by," and then she passed in at the wide old gate, and disappeared among the bushes and shrubs which lined the short and crooked carriage-drive leading to the house.

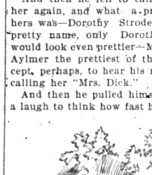
CHAPTER II.



FOR a moment he stood there looking after her, then turned on his heel and retraced the steps which he had taken in Dorothy Strode's company, and as he went along he went again over all that he had said, thought of her beauty, her soft blue eyes, and fair, wind-tossed hair, of the grace of her movements, the strength and skill of her play, the sweet, half-shy voice, the gentle manner with now and then just a touch of roguish fun to relieve its softness. Then he recalled how she had looked up at him, and how softly she had spoken his name, "Mr. Harris," just as that farmer-fellow came along to distract her attention and bring the bright color into her cheeks, and, by Jove! he had come away and never told her that his name was not Harris at all, but Aylmer—Richard Aylmer, commonly known as "Dick," but only to his regiment, but in every place where he was known at all. Now how, his thoughts ran, could the little woman have got hold of an idea that his name was Harris? Dick Harris! Well, to be sure, it didn't sound bad, but then it did not suit him. Dick Aylmer he was and Dick Aylmer he would be to the end of the chapter except—except, ah, well, well, that was a contingency he need not trouble himself about at present. It was but a contingency and a remote one, and he could let it take care of itself until the time came for him to fairly look it in the face, when probably matters would conveniently and comfortably arrange themselves.

And then he fell to thinking about her again, and what a pretty name hers was—Dorothy Strode! Such a pretty name, only Dorothy Aylmer would look even prettier—Mrs. Richard Aylmer the prettiest of them all, except, perhaps, to hear his men friends calling her "Mrs. Dick."

And then he pulled himself up with a laugh to think how fast his thoughts



SITTING DOWN BESIDE HER.

had been running on—why, he had actually married himself already, after an hour and a half's acquaintance and before even he had begun his wooing! And with another laugh he turned in at the gates of Lady Jane's place, where he must say his farewells and get his dog-cart.

Lady Jane was still on the lawn, and welcomed him with a smile. She was a stout, motherly woman, still young enough to be sympathetic.

"Ah, you are back," she said. "Now, is not that a nice girl?"

"Charming," returned Dick, sitting down beside her and answering in his most conventional manner.

Lady Jane frowned a little, being quite deceived by the tone. She was fond of Dorothy herself and would dearly like to make a match for her. She had seen with joy that Mr. Aylmer seemed very attentive to her, and had encouraged him in his offer to escort her down the road to her aunt's house—and now he had come back again with his cold, conventional tones as if Dorothy was the tenth charming girl he had taken home that afternoon, and he had not cared much about the task.

"I heard you say a little time ago that you were going away," he remarked, after a moment's pause.

"Yes, we are off tonight by the boat from Harwich," she answered. "Yes, it is rather a long passage—twelve hours—but the boats are big and the weather is smooth, and it is a great convenience being able to drive from one's own door to the boat itself—one starts so much fresher, you know."

"Yes, that must be so," he replied, though I never was out over by this route. And how long do you stay?"

"All the winter," Lady Jane answered. "We go to Kissingen, though it is a trifle late for the place. Then on by the Engadine, Italian Lakes, and to Marseilles. After that to Algiers for several months."

"Algiers," he said in surprise, "really?"

"Yes, I need a warm climate in the winter, and it gives Mr. Sturt a chance both of life and of sport, so that he does not really feel back out of England for so long."

"And you come back next spring?"

"Yes; some time next spring," she answered.

Dick Aylmer got up then and began to make his adieux.

"Then good-by, Mr. Harris," said Lady Jane, with much cordiality, "and I hope to find you still at Colchester when we come back again." If not you must come and see me in London during the season."

"Thanks, very many," he said, "but my—"

"Oh!" cried Lady Jane, in dismay, "look, look! the fox-terrier is worrying the Persian kitten. Do rescue it somebody, do, do!"

(To be continued.)

HERMIT IN A BIG CITY.

Why an Old Lady Has Shut Herself Off from the World.

Various, indeed, are the ways in which eccentric people indulge their little peculiarities, but a decidedly original manner has been adopted by an old lady living here, says a Paris letter to the London Telegraph.

One of the grand boulevards stands a house with closed shutters and fastened door. Scarcely a sign of life is there about the place and the house has remained in a similiar state over a quarter of a century.

The owner is an old lady, who, on Sept. 4, 1870, the day on which the republic was proclaimed, resolutely determined that no one affected by republican ideas should ever cross the three-hold of her dwelling. To avoid any such contingency she simply declined to allow any one inside and has refused all offers to hire either apartments or the shop below. The only time she breaks through her hard and fast rule is when workmen are permitted to enter in order to carry out repairs. Painters, carpenters, locksmiths and masons once a year in turn invade her privacy and make good any damage. To relatives whose political tendencies are the same as her own she is particularly gracious, but at the death of each one an apartment in the building is sealed up and now all are empty, barring the very small one at the back of the house, which the anti-republican hermit reserves for her own use and that of her three servants. This strange behavior on the part of an old lady has repeatedly excited comment and numerous have been the attempts of people to gain an entrance by some ruse or other. All their efforts are foiled by an aged servant, who guards the front door with dragon-like vigilance, and the would-be intruder soon finds the portals slammed in his face and himself none the wiser for his curiosity.

STAMPEDED AT THE ALTAR.

How a French Bridegroom Was Rounded Up by His Intended.

Paris exchanges tell of a French Captain Bunsby, who was recently led to the altar twice in one day by a Gallic Mrs. Nesbinger. The ludicrous affair took place at the little town of Issoudon. The Frenchman went to the mairie, in company with a widow, for the purpose of being married. When asked, however, whether he would take the woman for his wife, to everybody's surprise he said emphatically, "No, I was too unhappy in my first marriage to wish to begin again." "Come, come," said the mayor, "you should have thought of all that before you came here. You must have known what you were doing." "It is never too late to avoid doing a foolish thing," said the bridegroom, and so saying he put on his hat and rushed out of the place. The whole wedding party, with the bride at their head, ran after him through the streets of the town, amidst the jeers of the passers-by. The fugitive was run to earth at last and brought back in triumph by the lady, who showed by her manner that she was not to be balked of her prey. The wretched man, now thoroughly cowed, went through the ceremony as meekly as a lamb. Cheers greeted the newly-wedded couple as they reappeared on their way to the restaurant where the wedding breakfast was being prepared.

A Clever Ruse.

"Yes, I always let people know that my wife is a Republican and I'm a Democrat. It saves me lots of explanations."

"In what way?"

"Why, when people hear us raising merry turmoil they think, of course, it is only a party dispute."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Similar, but Different.

Landlord (to delinquent tenant)—"Well, what do you propose to do about the rent?" Tenant (examining torn trousers)—"Oh, it's not so bad. My tailor can fix it all right."

UNDER THE MISTLETOE' TO THEIR CHEEKS THE WARM BLOOD FLIES
AS INTO HER EYES LOOK HIS, BUT THERE ARE OTHER EYES.

WHEN SANTA CLAUSE ARRIVES.

With a rub,
And a dub,
And-a rub-a-dub dub,
And a rub-a-dub dub on the drum,
The boy comes a tramping
And stamping
And ramping,
And a rub-a dub drubbing his drum.

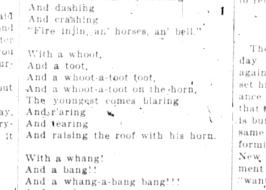
With a rink,
And a rink,
And a rink-a-tink tink,
And a rink-a-tink tink of the bell,
Number Two comes a flashing
And dashing
And crashing
"Fire injin, an' horses, an' bell."

With a whoot,
And a toot,
And a whoot-a-toot toot,
And a whoot-a-toot on the horn,
The youngest comes blaring
And tearing
And raising the roof with his horn.

With a whang'
And a bang'
And a whang-a-bang bang''',
And a whang-a-bang bang all aroun',
Hurrah for the noise!
And the joys
Of the boys
When Santa Claus cometh to town!

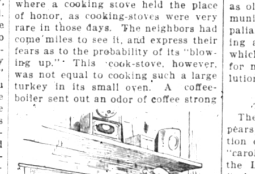
—Carl Currie.

Christmas IN THE Country



Christmas in the country forty years ago was a different affair from what it is now. I never think of Christmas in those days without thinking of a lovely winter day, bright with sunshine, and snow everywhere; large drifts, through which the horses plunged as they drew the stout sled on which was the sack filled with hay, and covered with blankets and buffalo-robes, where we cuddled down as we rode merrily away to spend Christmas at grandpa's. We could hardly wait till the horses stopped, so near were we to wish grandpa a merry Christmas; but he was generally ahead of us with his greeting of "Christmas gift." That entitled him to a present instead of us, but a kiss all around was usually the way we paid off our indebtedness, while some stripped sticks of peppermint candy, laid up for the occasion, were given us. Our aunts, uncles and cousins came next for their share of good wishes and merry jokes.

A bright fire burned in the fireplace, and there, suspended by a stout string from the ceiling, was a great turkey packed full of dressing, and sending forth a most delicious odor as it turned round and round, gradually browning before the fire, the juice dripping into a great pan on the brick hearth; and from this pan grandma occasionally dipped the juice with a huge iron spoon and poured it over the crisp sides of the turkey. Other preparations were going on meanwhile in the kitchen, where a cooking stove held the place of honor, as cooking-stoves were very rare in those days. The neighbors had come miles to see it, and express their fears as to the probability of its "blowing up." This cook-stove, however, was not equal to cooking such a large turkey in its small oven. A coffee-boiler sent out an odor of coffee strong



A BRIGHT FIRE BURNED.

and fragrant, while a long table covered with snowy linen (the work of grandma's own hands) stood at the farther end of the long kitchen.

As soon as the turkey was pronounced done and the gravy made in the dripping-pan, the chairs were placed near the table and we were called to dinner. No one was left to wait, and such a merry time! After grandpa had asked a blessing on the food, he carved the turkey and supplied our waiting plates bountifully with any piece we wished, together with all manner of good things in the way of vegetables. A rice pudding with plenty of raisins, pumpkin pies and rosy-cheeked apples served for dessert, and our only sorrow was that we could eat so little. After dinner we children played games in the kitchen, around the fireplace that was used when there was no fire in the cook stove. Here we popped corn, cracked nuts, told fairy stories and played blind man's buff while the older ones visited in the "keepin'-room" until the time came to return home.

PURITAN CHRISTMAS.

The riotous celebration of Christmas day prejudiced the early Puritans against the holiday. In Scotland Knox set his face against the special observance of the day with such determination that to this day the holiday in Scotland is but slightly observed, and much the same feeling animated the Nonconformists of England. Naturally in the New England settlements this sentiment prevailed. Cotton denounced the "wanton Bacchanalian Christmases spent in reveling, dicing, carding, masking, mumming consumed in compotations, in interludes, in excess of wine, in mad mirth."

Of the first Pilgrims' Christmas, but little was known, except that it was spent, as was many a later one, in work. Bradford said: "Yt 25 day began to erect ye first house for comone use to receive them and their goods." On the following Christmas the Governor records with grim humor "a passage rather of mirth than of waight." Some new company, noised themselves from work on that day, saying it went against their consciences. The governor answered that they should spare them until better informed. But returning at mid-day and finding them playing pitch-the-bar and stool-ball on the streets, he told them that it was against his conscience that they should play and others work, and so made them cease their games.

By 1659 the Puritans had grown to hate Christmas more and more. The very observance smacked to them of incense, stole and monkish jargon; any person who observed it as a holiday by forbearing of labor, feasting or any other way, was to pay five shillings fine, so desirous were they to "beate down every sprout of Episcopacie." Judge Sewall watched jealously the feeling of the people with regard to Christmas, and noted with pleasure on each succeeding year the continuance of common traffic throughout the day. Such entries as this show his attitude: "Dec. 25th, 1685. Carts come to town and shops open as usual."

"Some somehow observe the day, but are vexed. I believe that the Body of people profane it, and blessed be God no authority yet to compel them to keep it." When the Church of England established Christmas services in Boston a few years later we find the judge waging hopeless war against Governor Belcher over it and hear him praising his son for not going with other boy friends to hear the novel and attractive services. He says: "I dehort mine from Christmas keeping and charge them to forbear."

Christmas could not be regarded till this century as a New England holiday, though in certain localities, such as old Narragansett, an opulent community, which was settled by Episcopalians two weeks of Christmas visiting and feasting were entered into which zest by both planters and slaves for many years previous to the revolution.

The Custom of Carol Singing.

The practice of singing carols appears to be as ancient as the celebration of Christmas itself. The word "carol" is believed to be derived from the Latin "cantare," to sing, and "rola," an interjection expressive of joy. In the early ages of the church the bishops were accustomed to sing carols on Christmas day among their clergy. In process of time these Christmas hymns became very much secularized, and latterly were nothing more than festal chants sung during the revelries of the Christmas season.

In his "History of English Poetry," Warton notices a license granted in 1562 to John Tysdale for printing "Certayne goodly carrowles to be songe to the glory of God," and again "Christmas corowles, auctorisashed by my Lord of London." This may be regarded as a specimen of the endeavors made at the time of the Reformation to supplant the old popular carols by compositions of a more devout character, and in Scotland instances of the same policy are found in the famous "Gude and Godly Ballates" and "Ane compendious book of Godly and Spirituall Songs."

A Prince an Electrician.

Prince Victor Emmanuel of Naples is said to be an expert electrician. He experiments on all its applications to light, sound, motive power, and photography, and was one of the first persons in Italy to investigate the Roentgen rays.

THE USE OF CORAL.

It Is by No Means as General as It Was Formerly.

"The beautiful coral necklaces and brooches that were once so fashionable are seldom worn now by women in this country," said a New York dealer in rare and curious ornaments to a Washington Star reporter recently. "Thirty years ago the material was in great demand for all sorts of articles of personal adornment. At the present day coral is used largely only in such countries as Abyssinia, the Congo, the Cape, India and Ceylon, Siberia, China and Japan. The choicest pieces are used for the buttons of Chinese mandarins or for ornamenting the turbans of rich Mussulmans, while the inferior qualities are sent to less civilized countries, where they are employed for various purposes. Coral has been often used as money in oriental countries, but that use of it is now declining. Barbarous and semi-civilized peoples employ it largely for ornamenting arrows, lances and pikes, and also for decorating corpses before interment. Prices have varied much of late years, a rapid decline in value having taken place, owing principally to the scarcity of good and the comparative abundance of inferior qualities. Besides the loss accruing to the fishermen the present scarcity of coral is very seriously affecting the large number of people employed in preparing the material for market. There has been a great decline in the number of women thus engaged at Leghorn, and the same state of affairs is evident at Naples and Genoa, the other principal seats of the industry. Nowadays, the proportion of inferior quality is so much larger that fewer persons are required to manipulate the quantity. No machinery or mechanical process is employed. The workman simply takes pieces of coral into his or her hands, one after another, and, according to their thickness, quality and defects, works them into certain forms. Their wages run from 15 cents to 35 cents per day."

Census of Electrical Journals.

That electricity is a progressive science needs no proof, and the rapidity and the extent of its daily growth is astonishing. The vast number of people interested in the various branches of its commercial and scientific application is forcibly illustrated by the number of journals devoted exclusively to electrical topics, there being no less than fifty-eight of these, while there are an equal number of allied journals that treat of the new developments in special fields. Of the electrical journals fifteen are published in France and eleven in the United States, while the balance are scattered all over the civilized world. With these facts in mind the difficulty of the electrical engineer in keeping thoroughly posted on the developments of his art may be appreciated.

Population of Russia.

The revised returns of the Russian census gives the total population of that country at 129,000,000. This makes Russia third in rank among nations, China coming first, with an estimated population of 400,000,000, and the British empire next, with 208,000,000.

Somewhat Stale.

Simkins—Your friend Blowell is rather fond of ventilating his opinions, isn't he? Timkins—Yes; and goodness knows the most of them need ventilation.

Mothers-in-Law in Abyssinia.

Abyssinia's social code provides for a fair chance to young married couples by forbidding the bride's mother to visit her daughter till a year after the marriage.

WITH THE WRITERS.

A posthumous work of the late Philip Gilbert Hamerton is on the press. It is entitled "The Quest of Happiness."

Mr. Maurice Thompson has three books nearly ready for the printers: "Stories of Indiana," a novel, and a collection of out-of-door papers.

The Chap-Book argues vigorously on Lillian Bell's last book, "From a Girl's Point of View," which it calls "the servant's handbook to courtship and marriage."

Miss Mary Rachel Dobson, a daughter of Austin Dobson, is one of the most active workers in the university settlement for women in Bombay, India. Their work is principally among the Parsees.

The next story from Mrs. Burton Harrison's pen will be "Good Americans." It is a study of the growing tendency of the wealthy and cultured classes to unfit their children for life at home by teaching them to find their chief pleasure in foreign countries.

Anthony Hope's new novel, "Simon Dale," is a story of the time of Charles II. of England. This means Mr. Hope has given up his modern romances and has gone back in history, to the disappointment of the admirers of his fairy tales for grown-up people—notably "The Prisoner of Zenda."

Miss M. G. Tuttlett ("Maxwell Gray") is the daughter of a medical practitioner at Newport, Isle of Wight. Upon his death, a few years ago, she came up from the Isle of Wight to a pretty little house at Richmond, where she still lives with her widowed mother. She is an invalid and does not often leave the four walls of home, finding her consolation indoors in reading and writing and in the society of pet cats. This love for cats explains the self-assertiveness of Mark Antony in "The Silence of Dean Maitland."

Mr. Owen Wister is not the first to make the name of Wister known to readers of fiction. That had already been done by Dr. Furness' sister, Mrs. A. L. Wister, whose translations from the German have long been deservedly popular. The class list and anticipated Musset, but wrote original verse. Mr. Wister sacrificed a musical career in order to become a lawyer. Whether he means to sacrifice the law in order to remain a writer is a question.

Weak Stomach

Feels Perfectly Well Since Taking Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"I have been troubled for over two years with a weak stomach. I concluded to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. After taking a few bottles I felt perfectly well, and I cannot speak too highly of Hood's." Mrs. M. H. Wright, Akron, Ohio.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills are the favorite cathartic. 25c.

A CHRYSANTHEMUM QUEEN.

Miss Edith Whitney of Chillicothe, Mo., in Demand at Festivals.

From the Chicago Chronicle: Miss Edna Whitney of Chillicothe, Mo., queen of the late Topeka corn festival, whose picture and story the Chronicle printed some weeks ago, has evidently gone into the "queen" business as a profession. Since it was heralded around the country that Kansas City had refused to accept her as the queen of its corn festival because she was a working girl, though elected to it by the votes of her friends, she has filled the onerous position of queen of numerous festivals in the West. Her latest engagement in this capacity is with the chrysanthemum exhibition in the Home Products Show building in Kansas City. This is really the first time the Kansas City public in general had had an opportunity of seeing Miss Whitney, and if the crowds which visited her the day the exhibition opened is any indication she will be compelled to do as much bowing and hand shaking as a political candidate this week. The first thing that visitors ask when they come in the door is: "Where is Miss Whitney?" and there is a steady stream to her station. Miss Whitney sits in a handsome booth, gorgeously decorated, with five chrysanthemums. Above her is draped the American flag, and the visitor may take off his hat to the beautiful flowers, the stately "lady" beneath and the stars and stripes at the end of the same. She is on exhibition from 2 to 5 in the afternoon and from 8 to 10 in the evening. All that she has to do is to look pleasant and hand out chrysanthemums to those who are willing to pay for them. Miss Whitney is not exactly a mere slip of a girl. She is very tall, and graceful withal. She has a commanding presence and is fully fitted to act as "labor's queen."

The Spanish press is apparently pleased with the President's message as it is believed to strengthen the cause of Spain by Cuba and also as there is no cause for intervention by the United States.

Gen. Ruis Rivera, of the Cuban insurgent army, and Col. Batallao, his second in command, who are in a Spanish prison at Havana, were both pardoned by royal decree of the queen regent of Spain, but absolutely refused to give their word not to fight against Spain and now Gen. Blanco refuses to release them.

Mail-box robbers have secured about $3,000 by their depredations at Toledo.

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