The Dalles Daily Chronicle.

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A Courtship by Letter.

Mrs. Mary M. Stevens, of Lincoln, was married the first of the week at Grand Island to Nelson Wetson, of Cheyenne. The marriage was the outcome of a strange correspondence. A friend of Mrs. Stevens is in the employ of Nelson in Cheyenne, and suggested to him one evening that he knew of a woman who would make him an excellent wife. Nelson agreed, if the fair creature should prove acceptable and could be won, to marry her. He immediately wrote to Mrs. Stevens, setting forth that he was the owner of a large and paying ranch, was well off in the world and wanted some one to share his lot and help eat his potatoes. The lady was not averse to embarking in the matrimonial sea for a second time, and agreed that if everything was as represented and the man was of a good moral character she would accept.

She was fully satisfied on these points and they immediately considered themselves engaged. Business interests prevented Nelson leaving home long enough to come to Lincoln and he did not wish to be so ungallant as to compel his betrothed to go to him, so they compromised and agreed to meet at Grand Island. Mrs. Stevens left for Grand Island, where the couple met for the first time. Both considered that they had secured a bargain and were made one at once. A letter was received in this city from the happy bride, in which she says that he is just glorious and too sweet for anything.—Cor. Omaha World-Herald.

Collecting Back Dues.

The charming blond who presides at the registered letter window of the post office threw up her dainty hands with surprise a few days ago when a gentleman walked up to the window, and upturning a big grip dumped its contents before her. There were 470 letters to be registered. Such a task had never before fallen to her lot. Her appeal for help brought the chief of the division, who provided help in the shape of three assistants for her, and the pile was soon disposed of. The man stood by until the receipts were given him.

"The fact is," he explained, "I am secretary of a fashionable club, and it's the most difficult matter in the world to make them pay up. I send hundreds of bills, and when I speak to members about it it's always the same story: 'I never got the bill, old fel; certainly I'll pay up. Just send me a bill and I'll see that you get it.' There are 470 delinquents in the club and I'll be sure they all get their bills this quarter."

The responses have already begun to come in in a way that foretells the entire success of the scheme.—Philadelphia Record.

The Horrors of Sport.

"Sport" is horrible. I say it advisedly. I speak with the matured experience of one who has seen and taken part in sport of many and varied kinds in many and varied parts of the world. I can handle gun and rifle as well and efficiently as most "sporting folk," and few women, and not many men, have indulged in a tithe of the shooting and hunting in which I have been engaged both at home and during travels and expeditions in far away lands. It is not, therefore, as a novice that I take up my pen to record why I, whom some have called a "female Nimrod," have come to regard with absolute loathing and detestation any sort or kind or form of sport which in any way is produced by the suffering of animals.—Lady Florence Dixie.

The Innumerable Chrysanthemums.

The Japanese cite 269 color varieties of the chrysanthemum, of which 63 are yellow, 87 white, 33 purple, 30 red, 31 pale pink, 12 russet and 14 of mixed colors. A fancy prevails in the country that in this flower the same tint is never exactly reproduced, and that in this it resembles the endless variety of the human countenance.—Garden

Stockings Kept Black.

Black stockings are apt to assume a greenish look after repeated washings. We are told that a simple way of preserving the color is to wash them in soap free of soda, and in the last rinsing water to add a tablespoonful of good vinegar. Wring them out and clap them into shape. A hot iron tends to destroy the color, particularly if they are wet.—New York Journal.

In one of the six existing manuscripts of the ancient Saxon chronicles occurs the following: "Bedwig was the son of Shem, who was the son of Noah, and he Bedwig was the only one born in the Ark."

In colder water the blue shark is king It is not nearly so big as its white cousin seldom measuring more than fifteen feet in length, but in point of wickedness it is hard to beat.

Deserving Praise.

We desire to say to our citizens, that for years we have been selling Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Dr. King's New Life Pills, Bucklen's Arnica Salve and Electric Bitters, and have never handled remedies that sell as well, or that have given such universal satisfaction. We do not hesitate to guarantee them every time, as we stand ready to refund the purchase price, if satisfactory results do not follow their use. These remedies have won their great popularity purely on their merits. Snipes & Kinersly's druggists.

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Brought the Officials to Terms.

A determined German brought the officials of a New Jersey railroad company to terms. So crowded was a local train on the Morris and Essex railroad that many of the passengers could not find seats. As the train started, an indignant Teuton stopped the train by pulling the bell cord and demanded that an empty car on the track be attached. The other passengers sustained him, but the demands were not heeded. When the train started again the German once more pulled the bell cord and announced that he would pull it every time the train started unless another car was attached. After considerable dispute the railroad officials gave in, backed down the train, attached another car, and thus furnished seats for all its passengers.—Yankee Blade.

A Meteor with Gold in It.

The discovery of gold in a meteorite which has just been made by Federa Government Geologist Turner in California, is of unusual interest. The meteorite in question is about the size of a man's fist, and around a good portion of it is a solid film of gold. In one part the metal is about an inch square. Gold has never before been found in connection with meteoric iron, and it demonstrates, says Mr. Turner, "that there is gold in the worlds of space."—New York Recorder.

Found No Indians.

A New Haven small boy who ran away from home four years ago to slay Indians was heard from the first time the other day, when he wrote to his parents. According to his letter he had traveled over nearly every state west of the Mississippi, and had endured untold privations, but had not succeeded in his undertaking. He is said to be on his way home, heartily sick of his wild life.—Exchange.

The town of Fort Benton, Mon., which a few years ago had a population of over 2,500, now has less than 200, and the greater part of this it is expected will be wiped out by the recent action of a railroad company in deciding to move its tracks about five miles away.

While seeing the sights of St. Louis some days ago Mr. T. Julian, of Washington, Ind., visited the morgue. There a painful shock awaited him. On one of the tables he unexpectedly saw the body of his brother, whom he had not seen or heard of for many years.