

English and American Weddings.

The marriages of Lady Margaret Primrose in London and Miss Virginia Fair in America have given rise to some comparisons. Both were of unusual opulence in display, and attracted a great deal of public attention. In one case the bridegroom was the Earl of Crewe, in the other Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt. The English wedding was made splendid with 100 bridesmaids and tons of flowers, to say nothing of the distinguished guests, from the Prince of Wales down who assembled in the abbey and the enormous crowds that besieged the historic edifice on the outside. But, substantial as were the wedding gifts and sumptuous as was the appareling, it is doubtful if in these respects it materially outshone the American wedding. Time was when the daughter of an English earl would be very apt to have a wedding that no democratic country could imitate, but that time has passed. A rather plain and unpretentious American gentleman marries his daughter with all the splendor of an oriental prince. The London Spectator, which in common with other English papers made elaborate mention of the affair at Westminster abbey, turns aside a moment to acknowledge that a similar affair is going on in democratic America, and calls attention to the fact that the plutocracy is rivaling the aristocracy and thinks it advisable to advertise its splendor. In fact, the display on both occasions was remarkable, for it was in the main a display simply of wealth, and two nations looked on as if it were a masquerade got up for public entertainment. One obvious reflection will be made by every serious minded person, and it is that the spectacular character of those matrimonial events furnishes no additional guarantee of their happiness or their well being, but, on the contrary, has on more than one occasion served only to make a hideous contrast of the after disappointments.

How strangely law and order sometimes work to produce misfortune! Here is a poor German woman who after toiling for years saves up \$450 and comes to this country to take a humble apartment in New York and continue her labors. She put her \$450 into a mattress and sewed it up for safe keeping. She had not been in her domicile long before she conceived the idea that some of the disreputable people in the building had formed a plot to rob her. As the fears grew upon her she went to the police station and made her complaint. She was there directed to a magistrate. Her emotional excitement led the magistrate to believe that she was deranged, and he had her examined by doctors, who sent her to Ward's island. While confined there, her landlord seized upon her effects for rent, and among the other chattels carted off her mattress containing the \$450. Not long after, the poor woman was released, the charge of insanity being unfounded, and then she set out in a wild hunt for her mattress. Her difficulties were enhanced by her inability to speak the language plainly and by her hysterical condition. Failing to get any trace of her property, she finally in sheer desperation wrote to the governor of the state, and he turned the letter over to his wife, whose sympathies being excited by the strange case gave her personal attention to hunting up the mattress. At the latest accounts it had not been found, but the ponderous machinery of the state is set in motion and is moving with much creaking and revolving of wheels toward justice.

A touch of nature that makes the whole world kin is furnished by Bucks county, Pa. A well to do farmer, John Lewis, recently died, and then his two sons who helped him work the farm followed him. Mrs. Lewis, another son and the hired help are down sick and unable to work the farm. They were in a pitiable condition. Then the farmers of Bucks county came together and said something must be done. Having said it, they did it. Fifty plows went to work with 50 teams and 50 harrows. One hundred acres were plowed and seeded down. Then the farmers went back to their own farms, but the Lewis family will have their harvest as usual.

Lightning kills more people in France than anywhere else. Flammarion has discovered this and thinks that the gods love Frenchmen:

A Maidenly Device.

Evelyn—So you've broken off with Jack again?
Etta—Oh, yes! I'm tired of the old ring, and he always gives me a new one when we make up.—Jewelers Weekly

The Hunt For the Ghost.

The chase of the disembodied dis-furber continues to be lively. New York has just organized a society of psychical research in imitation of the parent society in England. Its object is to investigate all well attested cases of haunted houses, walking phantoms and disturbed furniture, for, strange as it may seem, the recurrence of these things and the interest in them continue, in spite of the progress in physical science and the growth of materialism. By common report, ghosts still walk as they did in the days of Mrs. Radcliffe and Sir Walter Scott. Houses continue to be haunted in the largest of cities in spite of all modern improvements, and men and women continue to be warned as they were in the time of the oracle at Delphi. The sum total of investigation made by the English Society For Psychical Research by no means does away with the old ghost business. On the contrary, the latest report points out that the society has met with many phenomena that it cannot explain and that nothing can be more unjust than to dismiss all the current ghost stories as destitute of every particle of truth.

Exportation of Wives.

The French have adopted an entirely new feature in their colonization schemes. Hitherto they have been unable to compete with other nations on account of the difficulty of making French people propagate themselves. It is all very well to establish colonies, but the reproductive industry is essential if the colonies are to grow, and here, for some reason best known to themselves, the French have been invariably beaten. The French minister of the colonies has now opened in Paris a central emigration office for women, and he proposes to establish branches all through France. Healthy marriageable maidens are to be offered special inducements to go abroad. They will be provided with a wedding outfit costing \$60, with \$20 pocket money and a free passage to the colony. According to the French way of looking at things, this scheme will not only induce Frenchwomen to go abroad and become wives, but it will hold out a bait to men to become colonists. The scheme is to be tried first of all in Madagascar.

Mayor Samuel M. Jones of Toledo is securing considerable attention outside of his state by the independence of his views on politics generally and political reform. As he has been spoken of in Ohio for governor, his views are worth attending to, and the other day in an address delivered in New Jersey he laid down the following platform: "Principle before party, equal opportunities for all and special privileges for none; public ownership of all public utilities; no grant of new or extension of existing franchises; an eight hour working day and the employment of organized labor in skilled work, for organized labor has done much to teach the people the meaning of government and of liberty." Mr. Jones said in his address, that in his opinion the real issue, deeper than any municipal, national or industrial, was the moral issue, and some day, sooner or later, the moral issue will be definitely stated in a national platform. This is touching what somebody has called "ethical hardpan," and there is a great deal in it worth thinking about.

The Germans are making the most of our investigations of the army beef contracts. A meat inspection bill is being pushed in the reichstag which, if passed, will virtually exclude all-American canned meats. The advocates of this bill have collated the evidence of our investigating commission and all the adverse press reports and are using them to show that every can of meat that enters Germany from America ought to be inspected. The passage of such a law will be tantamount to a prohibition against American meat, and such action, it is now said in Washington, would be answered in America by requiring every bottle of German wine that arrives here to be opened and tested.

Captain Coghlan of the Raleigh, while being feted in New York, made a singularly indiscreet speech at the Union League dinner about the Germans and recited some doggerel verses whose bad taste was glaring. It is very seldom that a naval officer goes as far as Captain Coghlan did in expressing opinions about international affairs, and whenever he does he oversteps the limits of that discretion which has always been characteristic of our navy commanders. His foolish remarks have been resented in Germany and regretted in Washington.

Recent American Humor.

Mr. Dooley, the cynical humorist of the Spanish war, has attracted considerable attention in England. He is a product entirely of the recent war excitement here and belongs rather to the burlesquers than to the wits of the time. But his humor has the strong flavor of Celtic Americanism, and, like all American humor, is slightly irreverent. In this respect he is to be classed with Nasby and Orpheus C. Kerr and Josh Billings rather than with Artemus Ward or John Phoenix, and of course does not belong to the higher category in which one places Lowell and Saxe and Holmes. It should be remembered that all the humorists that came into existence during the war of secession passed out with it. No one reads or even remembers Orpheus C. Kerr now, and yet his "Mackerel Brigade" and his "Gothic Horse" were the funniest of all the ephemeral things that made the nation laugh amid its tears. Dooley has seized upon some of the largest issues and reduced them to the lowest level. The sense of absurdity goes with them, but soon wears. It would be a curious task to collect now all the burlesques that were written on Abraham Lincoln from the time of his inauguration up to his death. How ghastly and extravagant and unjust they would appear in the calm light of the present! He was pictured as a boob. His manners and conversation were reflected in the coarsest and most repulsive extravagance. No one can read these things now without resentment and disgust. And this, perhaps, is the ultimate test of pure humor. All that was funny in Saxe or Lowell is just as funny and as acceptable today as it was when it was written. Mr. Dooley's cleverness consists in a graphic interpretation of the passing moods of the hour. When the moods have changed, Mr. Dooley will cease to be funny, unless, indeed, Mr. Dooley should apply his talents—to a higher range of subjects and shake himself clear of the mere extravagances of humor. So far he has written in dialect. When he can be funny without it, he will cease to be Mr. Dooley, but he will become a genius.

Theodore Thomas refused the other day when in Atlanta to play "Dixie" when requested to do so and quite lost his temper. He said that his time had been spent in training his men to play only classical music and that they did not pander to the street music element. This was unnecessarily severe. "Dixie" is not a classical tune nor in any sense a very high order of composition, but it is well to remember that a great many of the world's most precious tunes are not at all classical or even excellent, but they are associated in the minds of millions with great events, and the desire to hear them occasionally well done is not, as Mr. Thomas would have us believe, altogether an evidence of very bad taste. "Yankee Doodle," "The Star Spangled Banner," "The Marseilles" and "Old Hundred" are not usually found on a classical programme, but they have swept millions on to victory and to immortality, and any conductor might bend his classical back a little at the request of an honest crowd and play them that which is linked in their minds with great events and great emotions.

The queen of Italy has always prided herself on her extraordinary collection of pearls and diamonds. She is now disconsolate and threatens to go into retirement. The reason is that at two recent court balls she was completely eclipsed in both diamonds and pearls by Mrs. Draper, the wife of the American ambassador, and Mrs. Potter Palmer, who, according to the Italian papers, was a mass of diamonds from her head to her heels. It is now understood that the queen of Italy has made up her mind not to wear any more jewelry. A London paper points out that the queen should have imitated Mme. de Tongy, who, when she met Mme. Otero, put all her jewels upon the maid who attended her and appeared without a single gem and, in the plainest attire, while her maid and Mme. Otero were overloaded.

As an evidence that the divorce business is being rapidly divested of its former acrimony and bad feeling the case of the wife of Mr. Gordon McKay of Washington may be cited. His divorced wife married Count Alfred Von Bruening with the apparent consent of her former husband, who not only continues her former alimony, but has settled \$100,000 on her. In the woman's department of a Washington paper Mr. McKay is pronounced "a daisy."

Flower Seeds, at Bartlett's.

Fish Poles, from 10c up, at Bartlett's.

FOR SALE—A pretty, speedy brown mare, five years old, not afraid of steam or electric cars and perfectly safe for any one to drive in city or country. F. E. DAWLEY.

The hope that the czar's disarmament conference would result favorably to peace is slowly vanishing. There is not an official newspaper in Europe that speaks of the conference with any assurance of its beneficial results. The emperor of Germany selected as his delegate to the convention Professor von Stengel, the most proacious war-horse that ever flourished a pen or set a column (of type) in the field. This selection looks to England like gory irony. How it looks to the czar nobody has been able to find out.

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