



The slight change for the better in the weather this week has not been accompanied by any noticeable increase of activity in social circles. Next week the state fair will furnish the excuse for a number of outing parties. There will of course, be the usual coaching parties at the races. The formal opening of the new Funke opera house Wednesday evening will doubtless attract considerable attention. Roland Reed is a favorite in Lincoln, and his appearance under such favorable auspices as will surround the opening of the Funke will be sure to bring out a good attendance.

A New York contemporary discusses in an interesting way a young member of the British aristocracy who is just now receiving much attention from society in New York and the Atlantic coast summer resorts: Few young members of the British aristocracy lead a more exciting and varied life than Robert Peel, the son of Sir Robert Peel, and grandson of the late Prime Minister, Sir Robert Peel, who repealed the corn laws and founded the metropolitan police of London, whence their nick-name, peelers. Mr. Peel, who is generally known as "Bobbie," is a good specimen of a typical *fin de siècle* Englishman—good looking, good tempered and out for any fun coming his way. "Bobbie" has always evinced a fondness for ladies of the stage, and when he attained his majority and came into his money, footlight favorites gave him valuable assistance in spending it. "Bobbie" has always been a devotee of all sorts of sport, and has made the acquaintance of Mr. Sam Lewis, of Cork street, Piccadilly, London, who is the general "uncle" to British swiftness. "Bobbie," doubtless, inherits his sporting propensities from his father, who is a rare old sportsman, having made and lost at the Derby some years ago the largest bet ever made on a race course. During the time "Squire" Abingdon Baird was maintaining Mrs. Langtry, "Bobbie," who was in bad luck, became an object of sympathy on the part of the Jersey Lily. It was the sort of pity that is akin to love, and just what "Bobbie" was after. It resulted, not unnaturally, in some objections on the "Squire's" part. It is said that Lily has not forgotten the objections to this day, for she received from Baird "two lovely black eyes" and other decorations that hurt. "Bobbie," who considers it a mistake to interfere between man and wife, or people suppositiously occupying that position, kept away from Mrs. Langtry. The next morning the Lily got \$150,000 cash for wounded feelings, etc., and two new race horses. When Abingdon Baird died in this country, Langtry was at liberty to associate with whom she pleased, and last season at Monte Carlo, where a young Frenchman, with what "Bobbie" describes as barrels of money, came along, and annexing the beautiful Lily (regardless of the fact that she was old enough to be his mother) rushed her off to London. It is always in moments of sadness that a man is most ready to fall in love seriously, particularly if the dear one is a rich American. So when Miss "Kittie" Sanford, of Bridgeport, Conn., appeared on the Peel horizon, "Bobbie" suddenly discovered that his time for sowing wild oats was over, and that he wanted to settle down and become respectable. Miss Sanford liked the idea of reforming such a notorious *mauvais sujet* as "Bobbie" so they became engaged. Miss "Kittie" Sanford's father is professor of music at Yale, and he appears to have sanctioned the engagement subject to the young couple waiting a year. Miss Sanford is nineteen years of age, and is said to be beautiful and highly educated. But her grandfather is Henry Sanford, president of the Adams Express company, and a very stern and starchy gentleman of the old Puritan school, and he has taken literal possession of his granddaughter, and proclaiming Robert Peel as an unsuitable person for a husband, has refused to countenance any engagement, even acquaintance. There are love letters galore, secret messages, detectives, and tears, and the usual surroundings that make up a love story of the Laura Jean Libbey type. Meanwhile "Bobbie" is here, and as

his motto is "Kittie or death," some ingenious plans to storm the Sanford fort will be heard of shortly, for "Bobbie" (who is not really half so bad as he is painted, and who will have a good income and a fine property when he succeeds to the title,) has some of the spirit of his grandfather and the patient dignity of his uncle, the present speaker of the House of Commons, in his veins, and will not give up his "lady love" without a hard fight.

I wonder why it is that nearly all the army of penniless counts and barons and other things make such an abrupt stop in New York instead of penetrating the fastnesses of the west in search of the lady who is usually their quest when they cross the seas. There is a wail in California that its wealthy heiresses are forced to go abroad and into strange countries if they would capture rank and distinction. It seems really an act of charity to give the impecunious foreigner the necessary *renseignements*, and as I am always eager to do a kindly deed I am inclined to give a partial list of the glittering maidens they might attack were they to go to San Francisco. The veteran Miss Flood is, of course, first among them. Miss Adelaide Mills, neice of Deo Optimo Mills, is radiantly beautiful and charming, a type of high-bred English girl rare enough in this country. Miss Houghton, whose sister married Governor Bulkeley, of Connecticut, is another heiress, and Miss Mary Eyre's fortune will go into the hundreds of thousands. Miss Emily Hager, to whose hand "Charley" Baldwin is said to aspire, is not only very handsome but is clever, and the best-dressed girl in San Francisco. Miss Ella Goad is exceedingly pretty, and she and her sisters will each have a large fortune. Then there is little red-haired Miss Blair, who posed here last year as the heiress to millions, but without result, and whose fortune may be safely put down at three hundred thousand. The Hobarts, who are storming the social citadel at present, are three young orphans, who are on \$15,000 a year apiece, independent of the world and of each other. There are two daughters and a son. The latter is making a name for himself as a four-in-hand driver, and is so impetuous that he carries off *portes cocheres* with him, tips out his passengers, and astonishes his steeds in a manner both original and diverting. These rich young people are very desirable "catches," as they are, entirely unencumbered. Miss Celia Tobin, whose engagement to Lord Ennismore was rumored last year, is lovely and fascinating, and would be a prize for any man even without her splendid *dot*. Miss Fanny Crocker and her sister Julia are also among the heiresses. They are neices of the late effusive and susceptible Charles Crocker, whose charming daughter married one of the blue Presbyterian Princeton Alexanders, of New York, and lives in West Fifty-eighth street. Finally there is Miss Edith Pillsbury, who is a dream of loveliness and who will have a great fortune. What an array to tempt the fish into the gilded net! The fortune hunter should follow the star of empire if he would show wisdom.—*Town Topics*.

"Chicago's *howt mundy*—to give the correct Lake Shore Drive pronunciation—has once more been cast into convulsions of delight by the announcement, made this time with every appearance of authenticity, that Miss Florence Pullman is to wed Prince Isenburg-Birstein after all," says "The Saunterer" in *Town Topics*. "With Mrs. Pullman in Europe, and the head of the household only seen at odd moments in Pullman and in Chicago, investigation of the report is a difficult matter. I believe, however, that it has been practically confirmed by a relative who has been left in charge of the Palace in Prairie avenue during the absence of the family, so that it seems certain that Miss Pullman is to make quite the most brilliant match in all Chicago's variegated social history. Should the marriage take place, the great carmen will deserve congratulations upon the firmness he has displayed all through the negotiations in refusing his sanction until the exact position and rank to be enjoyed by the Princess should be absolutely understood. In view of the great wealth of the bride, the Prince's family could afford to make concessions, and that the magnates of the house of Isenburg-Birstein should have met in solemn conclave, as they are reported to have done, and agreed to recognize, by formal document, the equality of Mr. Pullman's possible grandchildren with their own side of the family, does not seem surprising. It is Mr. Pullman's very natural wish that his grandson, should the marriage bless him with one, shall inherit the title of Prince, and it was not until this point was absolutely settled that this sturdy American parent would consent, as one might say, to talk business with his would-be son-in-law. He