

Scotch people are not ordinarily regarded as being very flighty or susceptible. On the contrary they enjoy the reputation of being matter-of-fact, hard-headed and sensible. Yet it is Scotland that furnishes by far the largest share of romance to the aristocracy of the United Kingdom, and the latest installment thereof is provided in the shape of a runaway marriage by Major George North Dalrymple and a Miss Maria Vannett, who has hitherto been working in a dressmaker's establishment at Dundee. She is a pretty, pale-faced girl of about 22, and the daughter of a man who is employed as engineer of one of the small trading schooners running in and out of Dundee. She made the acquaintance of her husband at Carnoustie. They were married by Sheriff Smith of Arbroath. Major Dalrymple, who is 38 years of age, tall and well built, has little or no money, being a son of a younger brother of the present Earl of Stair, while his mother was a daughter of Lord Napier. His cousin, Viscount Dalrymple, heir to the Earldom, came before the public in a somewhat unpleasant light about a year ago in a suit brought against him by his wife for the custody of their children. The charges made by the Viscount were of such a nature that, acting under the advice of her counsel, she publicly specified them. The differences between man and wife had long been a matter of public gossip and discussion in London and Edinburgh, and, while the majority side with the Viscountess, it is only fair to say that Lord Dalrymple, a tall, handsome and powerfully horse guardman, has many friends who claim that her ladyship's charges are just as groundless and malicious as those brought by the Countess of Russell against the Earl. Lord Dalrymple's mother is a French lady, the eldest daughter of the late Duc de Coligny, while his brother is the popular "Jock" Dalrymple, who is Aid-de-Camp to the Duke of Connaught. It was the seventh Earl of Stair whose story was made the theme of so many novels anent the Scotch marriage laws; for, having married a young and lovely daughter of the then famous Countess of Dysart, the union was dissolved a couple of years later on the demand of a woman of evil reputation, with whom the Earl had been unfortunate enough to spend a week as man and wife at an inn at Perth, this being sufficient, according to the Scotch law, to constitute a valid marriage. Nor was it until ten years afterward that he was able to secure freedom from this woman on discovering that she had already a husband at the time when she lived with him.

Mrs. J. A. Barris of this city, who has been visiting in Council Bluffs for the last month, has returned to New York City to continue her studies in music and dramatic art, under Agramonte at the New York School of Opera and Orators. This is her second year there, and her friends expect to hear of her success in the near future.

Pryor Markell, of Omaha, was in the city over Sunday.

The dancing season was auspiciously opened Saturday evening, the Empire club, of late the most active dancing organization in the city, giving a large hop at the Lansing theatre hall. On this, the opening event of the Empire's season, many guests were present. The dancing hall was beautifully decorated with flowers and palms, and the gowns worn by the ladies were particularly pretty: Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. J. D. McFarland, Mrs. Alexander Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Thompson, Mrs. D. D. Muir of Denver, Mr. and Mrs. Rodgers, Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Oakley, Dr. and Mrs. C. F. Ladd, Mr. and Mrs. Carl Funke, Mr. and Mrs. Sutton, Mr. and Mrs. Charles L. Burr, Mrs. S. H. Burnham, Mrs. A. B. Clark, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Green, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Hargreaves,

Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Beeson, Mr. N. S. Harwood, Miss Harwood, Miss Harris, Miss Forbes of Chicago, Mr. Frank C. Zehring, Mr. R. M. Joyce, Mr. Pryor Markell of Omaha, Mr. C. D. Mullen, Miss Hollowbush, Miss Jeanette Wilson, Miss Lulu Clark, Miss Bertie Clark, Mr. Will Clarke, Mr. W. E. Clark, Mr. D. G. Wing, Miss Lau, Miss Ella Raymond, Mr. Will Raymond, Mr. Earl Bridgeman, Miss Grace Oakley, Miss Maude Oakley, Miss Griffith, Mr. Frank S. Burr, Mr. P. L. Wing, Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Burr, Miss Mae Burr, Mr. Will Johnson, Miss Nellie White, Miss Hallie Hooper, Mr. C. A. Hanna, Mr. W. F. Meyer, Miss Olive Latta, Mr. Lew Marshall, Mr. F. W. Houtz, Mr. John T. Dorgan, Mr. Guy Hurlbut, Miss Lewis, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Buckstaff, Mr. Joe Mason, Miss Mae Moore.

Sam E. Low returned Sunday evening from a several months' visiting in Colorado. He will not go back into the county judge's office.

Harry Lansing returned from a quick trip to Chicago, Sunday.

"From a cosmopolitan point of view, New York is doubtless greatly improved in the last couple of decades," says a veteran clubman. "But I question if modern society enjoys itself as much as we used to a quarter of a century ago, when our world was a handful, so to speak, and we knew every one more or less intimately. What good old times we used to have at the Four-in-Hand club, only two or three of whose members had drags! It was built on the side of an impassible hill, but was the scene of lots of jolly impromptu dances and lunches. Do you remember J.'s sleighing party, and how we let off fire-works in Fifth avenue coming home? Fancy doing that nowadays! And the dear old Opera house, with its glittering horseshoe of opera-boxes, and the double rows of 'prosceniums, filled with the most beautiful women of their day—their daughters cannot hold a candle to them, in my estimation—while on the stage stalked our perennial favorite, Brignoli, who season after season sang his 'non te scordar di me,' which we always applauded with the same enthusiasm. Ah, me! I belonged to the jeunesse d'oree then, and now I am old and fat! The women, the beautiful creatures of long ago—good heavens, what changes! Some are gone and others—well, they are my good old friends, and it is one of my chief pleasures nowadays to talk with them of bygone experiences. I must confess, however, to having had quite a shock in meeting Mrs. X. last winter—Mrs. X., who used to be the beautiful Miss B. in my young days, and who had lived abroad ever since her marriage—and in realizing how I, too, must have changed in the lapse of years. She was followed by a tall young girl whom she introduced as her daughter, and after the first very effusive greetings, which I was vain enough to ascribe to personal reasons, were over, the real motive of her eagerness to attract my attention became apparent. 'Oh, Mr. A.,' she exclaimed, persuasively, 'Olive has no partner for the german. With so old a friend I thought I might ask—you know every one—can't you find her one?' Well, I managed to oblige her, though the task was not exactly in my line, and then sat down beside her expecting a pleasant half hour, for in the old days she was most amusing. But I got scant gratitude and small attention. She was completely absorbed in the young men who were dancing with her fledgeling. 'What is the name of that tall young man?' 'Who is the short one?' 'Who is speaking to my daughter now?' 'Is that Mr. So-and-So who has just taken her out?' and so on ad nauseum, until I retired in disgust, realizing more than ever that my day was over and that a new generation occupied the old familiar places."

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