

LADY HERBERT'S ADVENTURE.

[A Story of the London of today.]

Lady Geraldine Herbert picked up the Times. It was indeed remarkable that her ladyship should pick up the Times; she usually had the news read to her by her maid, or depended on Sir Peter's growls at dinner to inform her of the happenings of the great world in which she lived. But Sir Peter's gout had been so bad for the past two nights that he only opened his mouth to curse and cavil at the service; and Betty, her maid, being engaged in buttoning her ladyship's boots at the moment, Lady Herbert, with languid curiosity, picked up the Times.

And this is what her ladyship read on the first page of that most conservative sheet, in the column that contains personal items.

To the Ladies: Any young lady, between the ages of eighteen and twenty-three, of a middling stature, brown hair, regular features, and a lively, brisk eye; of good morals and not tinctured with anything that may sully so distinguished a form; possessed of from £15,000 to £20,000, entirely at her own disposal, and where there will be no necessity of going through the tiresome task of addressing parents and guardians for their consent;—such a one, by addressing a line to K. E., care of Briggs & Bowne, 10 Finsbury square, E. C., appointing where an interview may be had, will meet with a person who flatters himself he shall not be thought disagreeable by any lady answering the above description.

Profound secrecy will be observed. No trifling answer will be regarded.

Lady Geraldine had never read such an advertisement; as a novelty it appealed to her.

"What an interesting man the writer must be," thought Lady Geraldine; "I must meet him." And Lady Geraldine Herbert, aged thirty-nine, a trifle *passee*, more *lassee* and utterly *blase*, proceeded to make an appointment with K. E., of 10 Finsbury Square, E. C.

Having dispatched her note by special messenger, Lady Geraldine put herself in the hands of her masseur, maid and physician, each in turn, and, feeling equal to another night, commenced to live the remaining hours of the afternoon.

Time is a dressing room for eternity, wherein the mirror of life is oftentimes tarnished, blurring our vision in making up for another world. Lady Geraldine never dressed for a dance into eternity; on the contrary, she undressed for the fashionable fast balls of the Corinthian and Kaleidoscope, which she was so fond of attending incog, with her numerous admirers. She had been married twenty-three years. She had come to Sir Peter in all grace, beauty and sweetness of sixteen, and he, a childless widower of fifty, had sacrificed this mere child on the altar of an old man's life.

Her mother taught her that women dying maids led apes in hell; Lady Geraldine had been forced to lead one on earth. A boy had been born to them. At the age of five that boy had been kidnapped—stolen by gypsies while playing with his nurse in the park of Sir Peter's place in Bucks. Sir Peter's pride and hope suffered an awful blow in the loss of the child. His girl wife grieved in silence, but chafed under Sir Peter's continued moroseness, had finally sought relief in the lethe of a London *fin de siecle* life.

Sir Peter never left town, but his wife followed the seasons in and out. Although a marked woman in the eyes of Mrs. Grundy, she managed, by reason of her husband's high position in the financial world, to make use of house parties, Highland shoots, race weeks and the rest, for meetings of the most approved order, saving Sir Peter many sleepless nights.

Was it not natural then, that *blase*

Lady Herbert, with *tout casse, tout passe, tout lasse* for her motto, and all a new woman's thirst for the new, should seize upon this Times advertisement as an opportunity to visit unknown territory, to experience entirely new sensations, perhaps to find love itself?

So Lady Herbert stepped into her brougham to be driven to the Holborn. Her special messenger had returned with an answer from K. E., 10 Finsbury square, and the adventure was now on.

When the Goddess of Reason steps from her throne and calls upon her jester, Impulse, to dance with her, then, depend upon it, her court becomes badly demoralized.

With two trusty men on the box, Lady Herbert felt reasonably safe. Surely nothing embarrassing, compromising or disagreeable could happen with John driving and Robert to open the door and stand ready.

The Herberts dined at 8. Sir Peter had requested her to be at home that evening to do the honors at a dinner given to some local magnates and American capitalists interested in one of his banking schemes. Lady Herbert glanced at the carriage clock and then re-read the answer from K. E.:

"If the fair unknown will call at the Holborn this afternoon at 5, she will find a private room, with service for two, by asking for No. 7."

"Lucky number," commented her ladyship; "but what a queer place for a meeting! And does he expect me to eat at such an ungodly hour? Well, he'll find the ice of her ladyship's manners like the ice of his lordship's champagne if he doesn't turn out what I expect him to be."

Lady Herbert dropped her veil as Robert opened the carriage door.

The familiar figure of Dolly Coster, of the Gaiety chorus, was alighting from a hansom.

"Robert," said her ladyship, "stand inside. Should any one ask for whom you are waiting, give the name of Miss Coster."

"Yes, my lady." An obsequious waiter led the way to No. 7. A bright wood fire was burning in the grate. A table with full dinner service was set for two. A lounge of soft pillows and stuffs made a divan in a corner. Lady Herbert was in a *cabinet particulier*.

She took off her veil and gloves, drew a chair up to the fire, and opened her cigarette case.

"What is the hour?" she asked.

"'Arf after five, ma'am," answered the waiter, tendering her a lighted match. "The gentleman begs that you will excuse his unavoidable absence, as he 'ad to see a friend for a moment."

As he spoke, the door of No. 7 was pushed open, and a young man entered the room. He motioned the waiter to leave.

Lady Herbert turned her head slightly and glanced up nonchalantly at her host. His youth and Adonis-like beauty pleased her; she laughed low and musically.

"Well, do I come up to your expectations?" she asked.

Now bear in mind that Lady Herbert was a well preserved and decidedly well made-up woman of thirty-nine. In the pink-shaded candle light of the *cabinet particulier* she looked a fascinating three and twenty. The fire light played upon the faces of the two as they caught the reflection of their images in the mirror above the chimney place; the resemblance between the two was startling.

"Madame must pardon the English in which I addressed her sex in this morning's Times: I am a foreigner, and do not write or speak the language correctly."

Lady Herbert threw her cigarette away and seated herself at the table. The young man touched a push button

BLACK DRESS GOODS.

The *Couch* thirty-first night of this month you will have yourself down to Florence Farwell's at 8 o'clock sharp, or you'll get it. Wear any old thing, but be sure MEDIUM PRICED GOODS, AND VERY FINE QUALITIES.

THE VERY LATEST STYLES, BEST POSSIBLE VALUES, AN IMMENSE ASSORTMENT.

Miller & Paine.

FUNKE OPERA HOUSE

FRANK C. ZEHRUNG Manager.

ONE SUPREME NIGHT.

Friday OCT. 30.

FIRST TRIUMPHANT APPEARANCE OF THE QUEEN OF SONG,

LILLIAN RUSSELL.

And her superb organization of seventy artists, presenting the latest lyrical novelty

"An American Beauty."

Book by Hugh Morton. Music by Gustave Kerker. Direction of Canary and Lederer. A wealth of scenery. Gorgeous costumes. Augmented orchestra led by Paul Steindorff.

PRICES FROM 50c TO \$2.00.

Seats on sale Wednesday morning, the 28th, at 10 a. m.

Fitzgerald Dry Goods Co

SELLING OUT 50c on the dollar.

We bought Twenty Thousand Dollars worth of Dress Goods, Dress Linings, Household Cottons and Linens, Hosiery, Underwear and Men's Furnishing Goods for Ten Thousand Dollars - Spot Cash.

We will sell as we bought—at the Lowest Price Ever Known for First Class Merchandise. READ THIS AD. Come early Saturday morning and investigate our offer.

FUR and PLUSH CAPES

at almost half price.

- Our \$8.40 Coney fur capes for \$4.98.
- Our \$10 Coney fur capes for \$6.98.
- Our \$14 French Coney fur capes for \$6.98.
- Our \$15 Electric Seal fur capes for \$9.98.
- Our \$18 Electric Seal fur capes for \$11.48.
- Our \$23 Fine Electric Seal capes for \$14.98.
- Our \$25 Astrachan fur capes for \$12.48.
- Our \$10 handsomely braided plush capes for \$7.48.
- Ladies' cloth capes and jackets at cut prices during this sale.
- Our \$3.75 cloth capes for \$2.48.
- Our \$5 cloth capes for \$3.95.
- Our \$6.75 cloth capes for \$4.95.
- Our \$5 cloth jackets for \$2.98.
- Our \$10 fine black and Navy Kersey jackets for \$6.95.
- Our \$5 Misses' Reefers for \$3.25.
- Our \$4.50 Misses' Jackets for \$2.95.
- Our \$1.75 Children's Eiderdown long coats for 95c.
- Our \$3.75 Children's Eiderdown long coats for \$1.95.

DRESS LININGS.

- Best kid finished skirt lining worth 5c, for 3 1/2c.
- Canvas dress facing worth 12 1/2c, for 7 1/2c.
- Selicia, all colors, worth 15c, for 7 1/2c.
- All linen dress canvas worth 18c, for 10c.

DRESS GOODS.

- 19 pieces 27 in. half wool Scotch novelties, actually worth 20c, will be sold for half price, 10c a yard.
- 21 pieces 36 in. English Mohair, changeable brocade, elegant designs, all shades, good quality, would be cheap at 25c, for 12 1/2c.
- 15 pieces black and colored, 46 in. French Serge, worth 50c, for 29c.
- 13 pieces 52 in. Boucle Novelty, blues, browns and greens, actually worth \$1 a yard, for 49c.
- 137 all wool and silk and wool dress patterns at half price.

\$1.73 for the Dress.

35 dress patterns in this lot, consisting of 8 yards all wool novelty and all wool French Serge, worth \$3.

\$2.98 for the Dress.

52 dress patterns in this lot, consisting of all wool Scotch checks, all wool boucle novelties, pure English storm serges, all wool black novelty, mohair and wool black novelties, figured English mobairs, worth \$5.

\$4.48 for the Dress.

50 dress patterns in this lot; elegant imported goods, none worth less \$7.50, all late fall fabrics, in black and colors.