



THE Lady of the Night —OR— Amelia Makes a Success

**CHAPTER XXV.
THE RESCUE.**

She went down to the cabin, and sat before a sheet of paper, asking herself to whom she should write, and what she should say. At last she decided to write to Miss Deborah and to Elliot; she owed him that much at any rate. The first letter was short, consisting of only a few lines:—

"Dear Mr. Graham,"—She pondered some time over the question whether she should address him thus, or as "Dear Elliot," but she decided on the former mode—"I hope you have heard long before this that I was picked up after the Happy Lucy was run down, and I hope that you have also heard that Captain Marks was saved. I am going to London, and shall try and get word there."—She paused, with her head on her hand, her brows knit. She wanted to ask him to let her know whether Captain Marks had been picked up or not; but she dared not, for if she asked him to write to her, she would have to give him an address; and if she gave that of Mr. Benson, it would be easy for Elliot to trace her. With a sigh she finished:—

"I hope you have not been very anxious about me. I was very happy on the island. I shall never forget it, or the friends there. Yours very faithfully, CYRIL MERTON."

She had longed to write "Yours affectionately," or "Yours affectionate friend," but she resisted the temptation.

Before he turned in that night the captain reported his finding of the lad, Cyril Merton, to the owners of the Araminta. He wrote another letter also, telling how he had found the boy, and that he would start him off to some friends of the lad had there. This letter the captain printed himself on his astuteness, addressed to Mr. Merton, Loneway Island, North Devon.

"Now," he said to himself, "if, for some reason or other, the youngster doesn't write—there's something queer

about him; run away from home. I reckon the people will know that he's safe and sound. Anyway, I've done my duty by him."

**CHAPTER XXVI.
ALONE IN LONDON.**

Next day the Araminta glided to her moorings at the docks. Captain Butler would not let Nora leave the vessel until he was able to accompany her and start her on the way to her friends; but after he had seen she was safe and sound, and Nora had taken farewell of the mate and the crew, she and the captain left the docks and went to the railway station.

"You're sure you're all right, my boy?" he said somewhat anxiously. "I should like to go with you, and see you safely landed where you are going; but I can't leave the Araminta today or to-morrow, for the matter of that. The cargo is ready, and I must get it on board. Touching that five-pound note."

Nora assured him she did not want it, and thanked him again for his kindness to her.

"That's nothing," he said, with a wave of his hand. "I should like to have kept you, but the vessel would be too rough for you. You're a smart lad, and you'll make your way in the world, and you'll get those letters. Here's a post-box; let's put 'em in."

When the moment of parting came, his reluctance to say good-bye touched Nora so much that she had hard work to keep back her tears; and when he had seen her into the train, she hung over the door, muttering little exclamations of good-will and encouragement.

Nora felt very lonely as she lost sight of him; it seemed as if she were fated to lose all her friends. The strangeness and novelty of her surroundings increased her sense of loneliness, and she was anxious to reach the office of the Mr. Benson to whom she was going. The office was in the City; Nora alighted at the crowded station, and was instantly overwhelmed by confusion. It was her first acquaintance with London, and she had never imagined its vastness, the number of people, the rush and tear which went on around her. She asked her way of a policeman, who pleasantly advised her to take a bus, and actually put her into the proper one, and told the conductor where to get her down; but it seemed to her when she left the bus, that her difficulties had only increased; and she stood at the edge of the pavement, gazing at the huge buildings, and the hurrying crowds with bewilderment.

However, after a few more inquiries, she succeeded in making her way to the office of which she was in search. She climbed up three storeys, and found a door with the man's name printed on it; but the door was closed, and no response came to her timid knocking. While she was waiting there, a boy rushed out of an opposite office with such velocity that he nearly knocked Nora down.

"Ullio!" he said indignantly, "wot's yer game? Wot are you obstructing the King's thoroughfare for?"

"I am very sorry," said Nora. "I want Mr. Benson. Does he live here?"

"That's a good 'un!" remarked the boy. "Why, nobody lives here. And Benson don't even do business 'ere now. 'E's gone."

"Gone," echoed Nora in dismay. "You're clean gone, bust!" said the boy laconically, and the next instant was tearing down the stairs as if his



life depended on his reaching the bottom in a given time.

Nora stood as if transfixed. She had intended to ask this Mr. Benson to help her find a situation; and she had fixed upon him because he did not know of her existence—she had always written to him in her father's name—and there was no one else to whom she could go without risk of discovery. This sudden banishing of her plans reduced her to utter helplessness, and she stood on the landing, trying to decide on some course of action.

She went slowly down the stairs and into the street, and walked up Cheap side towards the West End. The first introduction to London is an astounding one to most persons; it produces on Nora's mind a sense of bewilderment and awe which seemed to crush her. The noise of talking, the roar of the vehicles, the shouts of the omnibus conductors, almost deafened her; and she wondered how any one could live in such a place and under such conditions.

After a while she grew hungry; but she was literally afraid to enter one of the innumerable restaurants; they all looked too gorgeous, too expensive. To escape the noise and the crowd she turned up one of the streets on the right of the Strand, and presently came, near Holborn, to an unpretentious coffee-house, where she got a cup of tea and some bread and butter; and a little encouraged by the simple meal, she continued her purposeless walk. The London pavement made her feet ache, and her head ached in sympathy with them; she knew that she would have to find some place in which she could spend the night; and she began to wonder anxiously how long her money would last, and how soon she would be able to find employment.

In one of the quieter streets to the north of Holborn she saw a small hotel, and she went in and asked for a room.

"Oh, yes, we've got a room," said the woman at the little office in the hall. "Is your luggage here?"

"I haven't any luggage," said Nora, colouring.

"Oh," said the woman coldly and suspiciously. "Well, you'll have to pay in advance; bed and breakfast, five shillings and sixpence; and if you don't pay the money, inspected her room, which was little larger than a cupboard, at the top of the house, had a wash, and went out into the

streets again. It was growing dusk, the lamps were being lit. After wandering about until her headache had become almost intolerable, she was glad to return to the hotel and get to bed. But she was as wakeful as London, which never sleeps. The street was one of the thoroughfares to Covent Garden, and the big market carts lumbered and rattled under her window during the night; and for the early hours of the morning cabs and omnibuses took up the burden of the noise and shade the dawn hideous.

She got up early, a day with her sense of helplessness weighing heavily upon her, walked round one of the squares which make an oasis in the London desert. Early as it was, there were a large number of people about, and as Nora looked at the boys hurrying to their work, she envied them; how long would she be permitted to enforce idleness; and what chance of employment would there be for her in this great city, which already seemed to be over-populated.

She went back to breakfast, and while she ate it, tried to pluck up her old spirit. There was a newspaper lying on the table, and she read the advertisements eagerly; but everybody wanted some one who could do something definite. But she was determined not to be discouraged, and immediately after breakfast she went out in search of work.

The details of the failure which met her at every place where she applied need not be set down. Sometimes she met with a polite refusal; but more often she stood on the sidewalk, trying to decide on some course of action.

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Now On Sale—Mid-Month List Advance June Releases

Columbia Records

Jolson's Swede Girl and Blossom Seeley

A delightful musician, but dangerous as a cook, is Jolson's Swede girl "Scandinavia," newest, funniest character created by this exclusive Columbia artist. Coupled with "Funeral Blues," first Columbia Record made by Blossom Seeley, star comedienne.

A-3382—85c

Frank Crumit Is Unlucky in Love

Laugh at this rejected lover's lament, "I Used to Love You But It's All Over Now." Then hear this exclusive Columbia artist burst into tears in "No Wonder I'm Blue," and laugh louder still.

A-3388—85c

Hickman's Orchestra's 1921-Model Fox-trots

Here are two new 1921-model fox-trots combining speed, syncopation, and pep. "Siren of a Southern Sea" and "Day Dreams" are delightful dances, both just recorded in San Francisco by this exclusive Columbia organization.

A-3387—85c

A Few More Mid-Month Hits

Turkey in the Straw
The Gann-Suckers March
Toddle, Fox-trot
Beela Beela, Song One-step
I Lost You, Fox-trot
Yokohama Lullaby, Medley Fox-trot Intro. Kentucky
Just We Two
Rose of Athlone

Percy Grainger A-3381
Percy Grainger A-3382
Paul Biese Trio A-3383
Paul Biese Trio A-3384
The Happy Six A-3385
The Happy Six A-3386
Howard Marsh A-3387
Howard Marsh A-3388

New Columbia Records on Sale the 10th and 20th of Every Month

**U. S. PICTURE & PORTRAIT CO.,
Grafanola Department.**

Young Girls Need Care

FROM the age of twelve a girl needs all the care the thoughtful mother can give. Many a woman has suffered years of pain and misery—the victim of thoughtlessness or ignorance of the mother who should have guided her during this time.

If she complains of headaches, pains in the back and lower limbs, or if you notice a slowness of thought, nervousness or irritability on the part of your daughter make life easier for her.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is especially adapted for such conditions. It can be taken in safety by any woman, young or old.

Read How These Mothers Helped Their Daughters

Cobourg, Ont.—"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was recommended to me for my daughter. She had trouble every month which left her in a weak and nervous condition, with weak back and pain in her right side. She had these troubles for three years and frequently was unable to attend school. She has become regular and feels much better since she began taking the Vegetable Compound and attends school regularly. She is gaining steadily and I have no hesitancy in recommending Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Lydia E. Pinkham's Blood Medicine."—Mrs. JOHN TOMS, Ball St., Cobourg.

Carbon, Alta.—"I was in a general run-down condition with a weak back and a tired feeling so that I did not feel like working. My mother was taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and recommended it to me, so I have taken it and my back is better and I am now able to do my work. I recommend the Vegetable Compound to my neighbors and you may publish my letter."—Mrs. JOSEPHAT A. GREENER, Box 47, Carbon, Alta.

The Sensible Thing is to Try

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO. LYNN, MASS.

Just Folks

TEN-FINGERED MICE.

When a cake is nicely frosted and it's put away for tea, it looks as trim and proper as a chocolate cake should be. Would it puzzle you at evening as you brought it down the table? To find the chocolate missing from its smooth and shiny edge?

As you viewed the cake in sorrow would you look around and say, "Who's been nibbling in the pantry when he should have been at play?"

And if little eyes look gaily as they hungered for a slice, would you take Dad's explanation that it must have been the mice?

Oh, I'm sorry for the household that can keep a frosted cake smooth and perfect through the day-time, for the hearts of them must ache—

For it must be very lonely to be living in a house where the pantry's never ravaged by a glad ten-fingered mouse.

Though I've traveled far past forty, I confess that I, myself, even now will nip a morsel from the eight things on the shelf. And I never blame the youngsters who discover chocolate cake. For the tiny little samples which exultantly they take.

Household Notes.

Egg stains on silver may be removed by rubbing with a little salt.

Whole hominy should be cooked for twelve hours to be thoroughly done. The house fern should have a little ammonia in the water twice a week.

Slices of pineapple, bananas and sweetened strawberries make a good salad.

A good cedar floor oil applied generously is one way of preventing moths.

A dingy rug will come up bright and clean if wiped with ammonia water.

Mixed raisins and nuts added to the plain cookie mixture makes it delicious.

A heavy cold on the chest will be much relieved if hot compresses are applied.

LETHE.

Forget the symptoms of disease over which you're prone to cry aloud, those signs of string-knit in your knees, and hints of cricks along your back; forgetting all such things as these, you'll be surprised how high you stack. For brooding over all the lines; far better hear the woodland choir, or catch a fish where streamlets shine; far better buy a wholebone lyre, and turn out madrigals like mine. And talking of your divers' life is surely bound to make them worse; forget the doctor and his pills, the undertaker and his hearse, and walk along the sunlit hills, and chant a glad and grateful verse. He to the greatest age survives who doesn't let the briny pour, who romps and gambols with his wives, and shows his head is never sore; and if you talk of itch and bites, you only make yourself a bore. No dismal talkers are required in this, our mortal

Flocks of Suns.

Every new invention of the astronomer's observatory enlarges the distance he can peer into space and measure its receding boundaries, so that one can never say which is the farthest star.

But we can say which is at the farthest distance measured. This honour is at present borne by a tiny blur of light, which has no name, and a few years ago was not noticed, but which is now identified in the New General Catalogue of stars as Number 7,006—or, more precisely, N.G.C. 7,006.

It is not really one star, but a great flock of stars, probably containing more than the equivalent of a quarter of a million of our suns; and it is so far away that if some unknown astronomer could flash a light-signal at us from one of the suns or planets there, it would be nearly a quarter of a million years before that message could reach us.

There is good reason to believe that this flock of stars is moving toward us. It is hardly necessary to say that it will take a long time coming.

The fastest moving star—it is not really a star, but a blaze of gas which will some day become a star—travels at the rate of about 730 miles a second. If it were coming toward us from the same place as the "farthest star" it would take 67,000,000,000 years to reach us.

Fads and Fashions.

Dresses of satin and chiffon are draped on princess lines and worn with capes to match.

The skirt of oyster-white silk is popular. It is usually pleated and shows a novelty pocket.

A standing pompon of black moire ribbon is used on a smartly tailored hat of panne velvet.

Old flannel is best for polishing brasses.

A Healthy Skin.

Here is a valuable family remedy for skin affection, etc.

Sunburned, chapped, cracked, chafed, and irritated skin is quickly restored to its natural softness and smoothness, by the application of

Vaseline

Trade Mark Reg.

Petroleum Jelly

It is also very soothing and healing in case of burns, wounds, sprains, chilblains, etc. and taken internally, is very effective in the treatment of coughs, colds, sore throats, etc.

"Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly has so many uses that it should always be kept on hand in every home, and on every vessel.

Start a Medicine Chest with a liberal supply of "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly and the other "Vaseline" preparations shown here on the lid of the chest.

Sold at all drug and general stores.

Chesebrough Manufacturing Company, New York City.

W. G. M. Sheppard, Distributor,
137 McGill St., Montreal, Canada.