

# A Cyclone in Mid-Ocean.

BY THOMAS S. COLLIER.

**Hut!**  
The night was dark, with heavy black clouds lying close down to the water, along whose restless mass of foaming, phosphoric waves the wind soughed with the peculiar tone which rarely foretells of a deepening of the tempest.

We were riding out a cyclone in the middle Indian ocean, and the bell had struck four, telling that the first watch was half gone, when this word was uttered close to my ear.

The voice was that of my chum, Jack Walsh, as good a sailor as ever trod a deck. Standing by my side during the two preceding hours, he had watched with me while the Northern Light, the ship of whose crew we formed a part, drove wildly on through the mad tumult of the waters.

"Hut! that was a gun."  
A cold shudder swept over me, and for a moment my heart stood still, for if the sullen boom we had heard was, as Jack said, the report of a gun, it meant but one thing, which was, that near us somewhere amid that turmoil of wind and wave men like ourselves were battling against a death that stared them in the face.

And we were not the only ones who had heard and recognized the message, for as we stood straining our eyes to see if we could discover the vessel that was signaling the mate on watch joined us.

"Did you hear a gun?" he asked.  
"Yes," answered Jack.

"And could you tell the direction of the sound?"  
"No but it must have been somewhere to the windward."

"Let us watch for the next discharge, for if anything can be done to save life the Northern Light will not prove a laggard in the work."

Again our eyes turned to the rough ocean lying about us and we watched the dark expanse with an interest that was painful.

"There!"  
It was Jack again, and as he spoke a sudden light flashed and faded along the waves, and the dull boom sounded out again, nearer to us, and clearer than before.

"Quick! answer with our starboard gun, and let the poor devils know that friends are near. I will go aft and tell the captain."

Jack and I struggled over to the gun, which was loaded, and removing the tarpaulin that covered it, threw back the lock and pulled the lanyard. The sharp report that followed brought the watch below up from their snug quarters in the fore-castle, and the next moment we heard the captain's voice shouting out the orders that quickly brought the ships head close to the wind, and held it there for the Northern Light worked like a yacht.

The wind allows no leisure to those who battle with it, and knowing this we worked on, giving no heed to the vessel we sought to help. Enough for us was the knowledge that our officers were determined to clear the way for rescue, if this were possible.

When the ship was laid to we turned our eyes to the windward, and just at the moment that a broad glare of light shone out illuminating a large vessel tossed on the crest of a large and angry wave.

We could see that she was not of Canadian build, and that her fore and mizzen masts were gone, and that she was laboring heavily. We knew, too, though we could not see this, that the sea had made sad havoc with the hull, and though we could not distinguish the faces of those moving about in the circle of light we felt that they were filled with anxious forebodings.

"Burn a red light," cried the captain, "and men lay aft to man it."

We did so, and even before we were all gathered at the place named, the second mate had the red light blazing on the quarter.

"My men," said Capt. Skewet, as he joined us at the main fire-rail, "you have all seen the ship yonder, and know that her people are in danger. It is a bad night, and a worse sea, what shall we do?"

"Save them if we can, and make the effort at any rate," said Jack Walsh, and several of the men responded.

"Yes, that is the way."  
"I knew you would be true to the flag and the reputation our sailors have won, and now I want twelve volunteers for the life-boat."

We all volunteered.  
"Thank you, my men, but some of us must stay behind to keep ship, and be ready to help those who go in the boat. I shall go with them, and if you agree will choose the crew."

We all cried out for him to do this, and he said: "You, Walsh, will act as coxswain," and then he took half of the crew from each watch, and when all was chosen, told us to man the boat.

The Northern Light carried a new and thorough life-boat, with a patent apparatus for lowering, but even with this the danger of tempting the sea and wind on such a night would have been apparent to the veriest landsman.

Still while we looked with anxious eyes to the dark and restless turmoil about us, we grasped our oars firmly, and waited for the word that would place our lives almost within the jaws of death.

We heard the captain give directions concerning a whip to be placed on the cross-jack yard, and a line that was to be boomed out from forward, and then he climbed into the boat, and the first and second mates took the falls and at his command, lowered away promptly. Fortunately the boat had swung on the lee side, and we got away safely, but now came the struggle, for the wind and sea were both against us and often we seemed powerless to stem their strength.

The captain helped, and Walsh kept a steady hand on the steering gear, and we knew that, though making but little headway, we were nearing the stranger, for the wind was drifting her down toward us.

"Hut!" he cried, "and keep the standing part fast, to bows, and look out for the line."  
The order was promptly obeyed, and the people of the ship were so quiet to do what had been shouted to them, and in a little time the end of brace was grasped by four strong hands.

"Now let the strokes lay in their oars, and the rest of the crew keep their going; watch your line, my men, and keep the boat steady, and you, Walsh, manage her, for I must look out for the people."

Clear answers told him that all was as he wished, and then he shouted to the captain of the wreck: "Now throw me a line from your bulwark and let your people slide down it. How many have you?"

"There are but eight left, and two are women."  
"Send them on."  
"Aye, aye I will, look out."

A rope fell across my arm as the word came, and I grasped it.  
"Now hold it firm," cried the captain, "and I will look out for the people."

This was to the after oarsmen, of whom I was one, and we grasped the line with a firm hold.

"Here comes one," said the captain, "by Jove, that skipper is a trump."  
The words were barely uttered before a woman's form came swiftly down the line, sitting in a bight attached to a block that had a whip ready to haul it back, and it was this arrangement that had elicited our captain's approval.

"Cut the sling," shouted the commander of the wreck, "I have others ready."  
It took but a short time, following this direction, to get all of the stranger's people into the boat, and when the captain, who came last, alid down the rope and was hauled in by our skipper, the later said: "Now stand by to put off, get out your oars strokes. The bows will keep their in, and be ready to take our line; stand by to let go from the wreck. Now, give way with the starboard oars! Give way together! Let go!"

And swinging around, the boat swept out from the protection she had found in the lee of the drifting ship, and began her strife with the sea once more.

And now came the hardest part of our toil, for with her heavier load the stout craft was less buoyant, though she rode the sea well and seemed to know that more human trust relied on her strength than had put faith in such a craft before.

Capt. Skewet had taken his position by the side of Walsh, and kept his eye on the light that shone a lurid glaucous the bow of Northern Light.

Suddenly a heavy squall struck us, and the wind whirled and shrieked about us until it seemed that it would wrench the oars from our hands.

"Bend to it, boys," cried the captain, and then, as we put all of the strength we possessed in our effort we heard him say to Walsh: "My God! I have lost the light!"

A shudder, cold as the keen wind that brings the first snow, chilled us. What if we should be swept past the ship, and carried on into the seething hell beyond. There was but one end to such a fate, and that was death.

The darkness had grown in density, but the great force of the wind helped us, beating down the sea. We knew that this would last but a short time, and that a madder frenzy of the water would follow, and oh, how we longed for a gleam that would help us.

The tension of mind that was ours in those few moments is seldom equaled.  
Where was the Northern Light?  
Had we passed her?

There was no reply to those questions, unless it was the high shrieking of the squall. Then, in one of those rapid transitions that seem the result of divine love and care, the sky changed, and, as if torn by the wind, a huge rift parted the clouds, letting the clear radiance of the full moon shine through.

It showed us two things that will never be forgotten—one the Northern Light, lying just ahead; the other the wreck, which, as the moonlight came, suddenly settled by the head, lurched, and disappeared from sight forever.

The squall was sweeping by, but it had served us well, for before the wave rose again we had run to leeward of the ship, the man watching having seen us, and our human freight was quickly transferred to the deck.

The comparative smoothness that had been brought about by the fierce rush of the wind, enabled us to secure the boat with less trouble than we had expected, and just as the day broke, finished the work, and as the cyclone had swept by us, we were able to set sail and keep away on our course.

The people we had rescued were the captain, mate, three seamen, and three passengers of the French ship St. Laurent, bound from Havre to Bitavia. The remainder of her crew had been lost when the foreyard went by the board, or were carried away by a sea that followed this accident. In falling, the yard had hit the hull, and this accident caused the leak that sunk the ship.

I have been in several trying scenes since then, but never in one that so thrilled me with the nearness and the power of death.

**An Apt Quotation.**  
A valued lady correspondent in Hamilton relates the following incident, which actually occurred:—

"A little Oakville boy, whose father was away from home, thought he would please him by writing him a letter. He got all the materials ready, and then paused, totally at a loss for something to say. All at once a bright thought struck him. He would astonish his father by writing something out of his new primer and let him see how well he was getting on. So opening the book at random he laboriously copied out the following:—'Is it an ass! It is an ass.' Your son, Robbie."

"Yes, my boy, you are correct. The file of a minister of the gospel is very laborious. Between traveling in Europe in summer, going to the White mountains in hay-fever time, and arranging his lecture tour for the winter, he has had enough work to find time to write an occasional sermon. Hey? O yes, son, there are preachers who don't go to Europe, you bet your boots. Some of them only know of Europe as a land a little farther away than heaven, because they do expect to go to heaven some time. But I wasn't speaking of some preachers. I was thinking of some others."

## THE FARM.

### Timely and Practical.

**HAND-RAISED PIGS.**—It is said that it will surely pay to try to rear a young pig by hand, if its mother dies, or if, as sometimes happens, there are more pigs than the pig thus raised will never be better than a runt, and the additional care given it, if divided among the remainder of the litter, will pay far better.

**KEEPING APPLES AND POTATOES IN SAND.**—Dry sand is recommended for keeping apples and potatoes in a sound condition. In a barrel, filled with either of them, sand is poured until all the interstices are filled with it. Parties who have tried this method, say the contents of the barrels are preserved until Spring in a better condition than by any other means they have ever tried.

**CELLARS IN THE FALL.**—Professor Budd, makes the seasonable suggestion that cellars in which fruit is stored during pinking time and the setting in of Winter, should not be opened during the day, but the windows opened during the night, when the air is cooler. The warmer air of the day-time has its moisture precipitated by the cold objects in the cellar, and dampness is engendered.

**A WINTER POULTRY HOUSE.**—In building your poultry house for next Winter, you of course want to make it warm; but don't forget that fowls need a good supply of fresh, pure air, or disease will attack them. If you are making your walls double, do not fill in with sawdust or tanbark. Leave an air chamber between, making the outside wall close by strips, and the inside ones by felt or paper. Let your ventilator be near the top of the house.

**A HINT AS TO HOGS.**—An experienced feeder of swine advises that when hogs are taken from grass, or other bulky diet, to be fattened, the change to a more concentrated food should be gradual, as too sudden a change is often attended with serious results. The animal should at first have light food. Bran and other mill stuff, made into slop and given with grain, is good, and if the refuse from the orchard or potato field is given, that, too, will be beneficial, especially if cooked and mixed with the bran, etc.

**CARE OF LIVE STOCK.**—The farmer should bear in mind that the comfort of his animals is always of first importance and in the line of direct success, observes a writer on stock husbandry. Feed, water and shelter are of equal importance in providing for the comfort of any kind of stock in the Northern States. There the Winters are severe, the water is frozen up, the feed is often buried beneath the snow, and in no way can the stock thrive without shelter and having feed stored and fed to them in the dry state.

**LOOK TO YOUR FLOCKS.**—Sheep need extra care now, in order that they may reach the cold season in full vigor, especially where wool is the object. If kept in a poor pasture till late, and brought to the barn in this fish, it will cost much more to get them into condition than it would to have kept them so. Cotton seed or linseed meal, mixed with an equal weight of bran, giving about a quarter of a pound a day to each sheep, in addition to hay or straw, is one of the best foods to grow wool. Barley, rye and oats are also good, but corn alone is too starchy.

**WINTERING TURKEYS.**—Turkeys that survive Thanksgiving and Christmas will not require as warm quarters through the Winter as other fowls. However cold the weather, they should be allowed to run out of doors every day, except, perhaps, in very stormy weather. If confined in warm quarters, and not allowed to run out of doors, they usually show signs of indigestion, lose their appetite, become dumpy and inactive, and not infrequently die. They are very hardy birds and easily wintered. About all they require is a place to roost at night, where they will be out of the wind, with plenty to eat and drink, and their liberty during the day.

**DRYING SEED CORN.**—The old plan of hanging the seed-corn to the joists of the kitchen by the husks, which had been stripped back and plaited together for the purpose, always seemed to make "seed that would grow," because it was thoroughly dried, says a contemporary. Not many farmers' wives will allow their kitchens to be cluttered up this way nowadays; and so we suggest that the corn be hung in the smoke-house and regularly smoked, like hams. This will secure its thoroughly drying, which is the essential point, and the smoke will tend to keep birds and insects at a respectful distance when planted. But, whatever plan you may adopt, be sure that the seed is thoroughly dried before it is reached by cold weather.

**CARE FOR THE COLTS.**—Now is the time to make the young colts grow into valuable horses, or so stout their growth that their value, in comparison with their cost, will be almost nominal, says the Stockman. The colt, if properly cared for now and through the Winter, will grow right along, and come out in the Spring in condition to make rapid headway in development. On the other hand, if not properly fed and cared for at this season of its existence, it will soon become "pot-bellied" and stunted; and, if it does not die before Spring, will at least never grow into as valuable a horse as it otherwise would. Nothing on the farm, in fact, pays in cash returns better than so treating the young colts that they will develop into the most valuable animals that their peculiar conformation will allow of.

**SCALES ON THE FARM.**—Every farmer should have scales whereon to weigh his own produce. In discussing this matter a contemporary pertinently observes that there are many farmers who do not properly estimate the value of being able to weigh upon the farm whatever may be produced thereon, especially that portion to be sold. The dealer in stock who comes to your farm to buy, is estimating and weighing daily, and becomes so expert that he can guess the weight of an animal within a few pounds. The majority of farmers cannot do this. The dealer is going to buy as cheap as he can. He asks the farmer his price. The answer is often made that he does not know what it is really worth; what will he pay for it? The reply is, he cannot buy and sell; you must set the price. If the farmer is really ignorant of the value the dealer will discover the defect and act accordingly.

**Heaves, Ringbone, Spavin,**  
Frequently Cured by Chapman's Celebrated Formula.  
Prepared with full directions, mailed for One Dollar.  
CHAPMAN CHEMIST, London, Ont.

**DR. J. H. BARNES' REMEDY FOR RHEUMATISM,**  
placed in Druggists, Trunk, and other stores. They drive away and destroy Rheumatism and other troubles. It is a powerful and delicate perfume to the clothing, carried or worn upon the person they are by their powerful concentrated disinfectant properties, a perfect means of protection against infectious disease, giving off at the same time a most delightful odor; made entirely of sassa in assorted colors, very pretty, unique, and neat. Every one should have them. Price 10c each—three for 50c. They may be had of the gold medal, London, Eng., 1884. Large cakes, price 15c, or 50c per box of 3 cakes, sent postage paid to any address upon receipt of price. Address: THE HYPO-CRISTOL COMPANY, 179 Orange St., Montreal. Circulars and descriptions of our English Crystal and Crystal preparations mailed free on application. Agents wanted. Write for terms.

**Christmas Cards**  
BY MAIL  
At less than wholesale prices. All well assorted. No two alike. Postage prepaid. BIRTHDAY CARDS may be included. Not Fanned. Fanned. 25 CARDS, good value, for \$ 25 15 50 25 " larger, " 50 25 25 " very fine, " 1.00 25 25  
Orders may be proportionately mixed. Cash to accompany order. Address,  
**Matthews Bros. & Co., Toronto**

**Free Lands and Cheap Homes**  
FOR THE MILLION  
Along the line of the Chicago and Northwestern Railway in Central Dakota and Northern Nebraska. New sections are being opened up and rapidly settled in these wonderfully productive regions, and the "free comers" will have "first choice" of location.  
For full information (which will be sent you free of charge) about the free lands and cheap homes, apply to  
**JOHN H. MORLEY,**  
Western Canadian Pass. Agent, C. & N. W. R., 9 York St., Toronto, Ont.  
**R. S. HAIR, General Pass. Agent,**  
Chicago, Ill.

**PURE GOLD BAKING POWDER**  
PURE GOLD MANUFACTURING CO.  
18 FRONT ST. EAST, TORONTO.

ONLY \$15. ONLY \$15.  
**"SUN" TYPE-WRITER!**  
This is not a rubber stamp, but a genuine metal type-manufacturing machine. Just the thing for clerks, men, teachers, business men and others having limited correspondence. As a guarantee that the machine is as represented, I agree to receive in any time within 6 months at price paid in exchange for the Celebrated Remington Perfected Type-Writer.  
**GEORGE BENGOUCH, Sole Agent,**  
34 King Street East, Toronto.

**IMPORTANT TO ALL WHO DESIRE MORE LIGHT.**  
**THE HARVEY SAFETY LAMP**  
is superior to every other domestic light used, not excepting gas. This is a Central Draught Burner in Glass Bowls in various ornamental designs on metal and glass stands. It consumes but half the quantity of oil that the so-called electric lamp uses. It is the brightest of lamps ever invented. Manufacturers also of the "Solar Star Lamp" in Glass and Nickel. This lamp has openings at the collar permitting a constant circulation of air downward around the wick-case, thus preventing the wick from becoming saturated with oil, a small tube conveying a sufficient oil through to the wick. This lamp is constructed upon a thoroughly practical and scientific principle, and the result attained is a beautiful, soft white light, which for economy, brilliancy and steadiness is not surpassed by either gas or electricity. —Toronto Truth.  
Correspondence with dealers, and inspection invited.  
**OFFICE: 9 Adelaide St. West, Toronto**

**HARVEY & TRUAX**  
**R. HAY & CO.**  
TORONTO.  
**LIQUIDATION SALE.**  
Owing to the falling health of the senior member of our firm we have been obliged to abandon the contemplated continuance of the business.  
The manufacturing premises, machinery, &c., have already been sold.  
The entire stock of furniture, upholstering material, &c., amounting to over \$30,000 must be disposed of as speedily as possible.  
The furniture is all our own manufacture, and the reputation earned by the firm during the last 50 years is a sufficient guarantee of its quality.  
The liquidation being peremptory, dealers and the general public are now afforded such an opportunity as has never occurred heretofore in Canada.  
Toronto, 12th Nov., 1885.  
**R. HAY & CO.**

**FROM THE**  
**BOOT & SHOE MANUFACTURERS**  
**OF MONTREAL.**  
Whereas the reports of the epidemic in Montreal have, for obvious reasons, been greatly exaggerated, we, the undersigned Boot and Shoe Manufacturers of Montreal, beg to inform the trade and the public generally that our manufacturing establishments are entirely outside and far removed from what is known as the infected District; that the extraordinary precautions taken by us render it extremely improbable that contagion can be carried in our goods; that every employee in our establishment has been vaccinated and re-vaccinated (their families also being vaccinated), and that a thorough examination of the homes of our operatives has been made by competent physicians; and that it is acknowledged by the Medical Faculty that the combination of chemicals used in the tanning, colouring, and finishing of the leather used in Boots and Shoes is in itself a potent disinfectant.  
We have also complied with every requirement of the ONTARIO BOARD OF HEALTH, and after close examinations of our factories by Dr. Governor, that Chief Inspector, we have received his certificates.  
**AMES, HOLDEN & CO.,**  
**JAMES LOSTON & CO.,**  
**JAMES POPLHAM & CO.,**  
**JAMES WETNAM & CO.,**  
**GEORGE SLATER,**  
**SHARPE & MACKINNON,**  
**JAMES MCCREADY & CO.,**  
**R. MCCREADY & CO.,**  
**COCHRANE, CASSIS & CO.,**  
**G. BOIVIN.**

**CAUTION**  
EACH PLUG OF THE  
**MYRTLE NAVY**  
IS MARKED  
**T. & B.**  
IN BRONZE LETTERS  
**None Other Genuine**  
**CANADA PERMANENT**  
**LOAN & SAVINGS CO.**  
Incorporated, A. D. 1885.  
Subscribed Capital..... \$1,000,000  
Paid up Capital..... 250,000  
Reserve Fund..... 100,000  
Total Assets..... \$1,350,000  
**OFFICE:**  
**Company's Buildings, Toronto**  
Toronto.  
The Company has now on hand a large amount of English money which it is prepared to lend on first-class securities at the lowest rates of interest. Apply to  
**J. HERBERT MARSH,**  
Managing Director

**CUT THIS OUT**  
The New Co-Operative  
**Sewing Machine**  
—IS THE—  
**BEST IN THE MARKET**  
NEW STAND! NEW FEEDER!  
**Latest Improved Attachments**  
Agents price for similar machines  
Our price only \$25 each.  
Before buying send us stamp for our elegant illustrated catalogue of sewing machines and samples guaranteed for three years and not a trial.  
An led machine will do well to with a  
**THE CO-OPERATIVE**  
**Sewing Machine Co.**  
22 JAMES ST SOUTH, HAMILTON

**AN EGYPTIAN**  
Story of Love and Wild Adventures in the Camps  
The Author of "NINA, THE NIBBLIST," "ETC."  
CHAPTER X.  
AVENGED VENGEANCE—MATCH-MAKING EXTRAORDINARY.  
Having read this ominous warning on the crumpled up paper whereon it was written and thrust into her pocket and terribly frightened her, but she determined to tell her mother nothing about it if they had arrived home, so as not to alarm her needlessly.  
Five minutes later they were seated in a well-horsed chariot, but as they were driving into the next street a loud howl was heard from the cry of "Look out there!" caused the coachman to curb his horses back almost to their hanches, to escape being run over by a four-horsed, painted and gilded page, as grand and tawdry as a London Mayor's carriage, which flashed past through the animals that drew it were run away, yet not so quickly as to prevent a black man, dressed in a costume of red and scarlet, and gold, who was seated in the dusky complexioned and turbaned man on the box, but also an unveiled woman's face glaring out upon her from the window of the game-pie shaped vehicle, with a face white as a hos, eyes of red, and parted lips, the upper of which curled in a sneer above teeth that looked like pearls, but which seemed to be lying against each other in a paroxysm of rage. A moment later galloping past, a dusky driver, monster coach, and a very vehicle were gone, and only the remembrance of the beautiful but vengeful that had glared through the rattling window at her, remained to the fair girl; but what the mere recollection was terrible enough in itself, for she had recognized an instant by the eyes, and the eyes as that of the lady whom her lover, Donnelly, had saved from the crocodile who had bestowed on him as a reward the ill-omened opal ring.  
It is she who sent me that cruel threat, written in French, too, so that by no ability I could misunderstand it. Oh, that woman has stolen Frank's heart me, and not content with that victory, she for even having once possessed it, she is that she can care for such a being, though she is so beautiful. I'm sure as a man I should fear her almost as I were, being only a girl."  
These were Nellie's thoughts as the coach started his horses and whipped them trot; but they would have taken a terrified form still had she observed the meaning of some swift and silent signs that the ennuh Aga had to some tall, swarthy Bedouins who had part of the motley crowd that had gathered to see the Opera House disgorge its quota of tired pleasure seekers, by indicating their especial carriage by hand motions and a so the paying of cash.  
Bedouins, in their picturesque desert and carrying those arms, which they lay aside, even on entering a mosque, slipped out of the press and by short cuts which they were familiar gained neighborhood of the Gate of Victory, they watched and waited.  
Mount Carmel equipage meanwhile (though by a more roundabout route) in way in the same direction, lighted by the moon, for the only street lamps are those that immediately front public buildings, the principal and the few places of a userent, on dark night's carriages have to trust to own lamp and pedestrians to their own, which are universally carried; yet of all this, roll back as it were, the sun of periods of popular tumult, the hot Eastern blood boils over, are unknown.  
It was not destined to be the case on that occasion, however, for as the carriage neared the Gate of Victory, it was a very lonely and deserted spot in the night, a group of half a dozen men rushed out from its shadow, brandishing and uttering guttural Arabic, surrounded the carriage, signifying that death would follow resistance, while a couple laid hold of the heads, two more menaced the coachman with leveled rifles, and the driver burst into the carriage, seized the occupants, and grasping them by the throats, would there can be no have dashed them across with their sharp knives but for a shrill warning from their companions of "Cavan! Cavan!" (the gendarmes or police) followed a rush of their retreating feet, whereon they muttered ejaculations of chagrin, they hastened to make themselves scarce in turn, happily leaving their task unaccomplished.  
Nellie were in almost a fainting condition when three horsemen surrounded her in turn, whilst he who was the most clad dismounted, and throwing his head back, she had escaped from one of the vehicle and its soothing accents the occupants that all danger was over.  
Intelligence took almost immediate to the older lady, who became profuse thanks to (as she termed him) "her rescuer," but Nellie did not speak, for she had sufficiently recovered to do so, however, recognized in their rescuer the man who had saved her from the crocodile, she was minister, and instinctively that she had escaped from one of the vehicle and its soothing accents she hastened to lose her senses entirely.  
"Nothing to fear," said Arabi, "the mother become fussy. Permit me to place her in a more comfortable position. Now time will do the rest. She would be more strange if she had been anything else."  
"I'm not a girl," moaned Mrs. Donnelly, "I'm a woman. I would be more strange if she had been anything else."  
"Under our protection."