TURNING POINT

By Mary Imlay Taylor

SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER III: The newcomer tells Jane he is a bookkeeper and she has him start on the ranch books that evening after the work is done. "What's your name?" she asked. He hesitated, then said: "John Hazlett." He flushed and stammered, and she told him that he had not given his right name. He admitted it. "I ask you to make good," she told him. A bullet through the window wounded Hazlett. Dowsing the lights, he rushed from the room to grapple with the assailant. It was Jordan.

CHAPTER IV

A flame shot out ahead of him. He made out the stooping figure of a man; something like a torch shot up in the air, hurtled forward and fell ablazing. As it fell he saw that the gates were open and things were moving. He heard bellows of terror, saw horns flash in the light of a blazing torch, and the very earth shook under his feet. A flood poured out. Another torch blazed of dark, seething, writhing shapes on the other side, another herd broke loose, the gates caught fire, the night was ablaze with flame and smoke, and bellowing animals were rushing together in a great stampede. One herd rushed at the blaze, another trampled over it, with pounding hoofs and whirling horns; bellowing with terror, the cattle stampeded. In the nick of time, the young man sprang behind a huge old tree trunk and the red stream parted and flowed past him. Dust blinded him, but he heard the trampling of horses and the shouts of the vacqueros; they were riding down from the house and he caught a wild cry from the man whom Mac had called "Pete."

"By gosh, he's let loose the yearlings; the gates are afire!"

Not only the gates, but some piled brushwood had caught. The flames leaped up ten feet in the wind and sent out long black streamers over the bellowing herd and the wild figures of the riders. The vacqueros shouted and whirled their quirts, trying to stem the tide, but the yearlings were wild. Some of them were splashing and floundering in the creek, some headed straight for the canyons, but a few plunged into the flames and came out smoking and mad. Bellowing with pain and fury, they charged at the shouting herders.

The man who had called himself "Hazlett" straightened against his tree; he saw a riderless horse coming, his bridle flying loose. With a leap he reached the frightened animal's head, caught the reins and clung by main force. There was an instant of intense action, the horse plunging and kicking, then the man conquered and scrambled to the saddle. The flames seemed to have gained new fuel; when they died down in one place, they leaped up in another. Everything that could burn was afire.

* * *

The young man who had never seen the like of this before, held in the frightened horse and thrilled with a new emotion; he tasted freedom, adventure, the joy of living. He knew nothing of herding these wild things, but he longed to ride into the midst of it, though he felt his horse trembling under him. Then, in a flash, he saw a big car speeding toward him; the moonlight showed it clearly, when it stopped and a man leaped out and came running into the thick of it. As he came he recognized him; it was Jim Keller! Back before he was expected. A moment before he would have been safe, but the herd had broken, some of the yearlings had turned before the shouts of the vacqueros. With a rush they came straight for the single figure in front of them; in half a second it would be too late! Hazlett had no spurs, but he struck his heels into his horse's sides. Frightened, the animal shot forward in front of the oncoming rush, in front of Jim.

"Keep behind my horse—quick!" The young man felt in his pocket as he saw Jim stop and reel with surprise. He rode his horse across the space and turned to face the danger.

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Flame and moonlight outlined the black forms and white horns, fifty—sixty—he could not count them. The earth seemed to shake under them; his horse plunged and he swung in his seat. They were coming, they were almost on him, they would trample horse and rider! Then he did the one thing he could think of, he fired point blank at the front row. There was a terrible plunge and bellow, and a big steer crumpled and fell to its knees. Its mates fled from it, parting in two streams and flowing on either side. In the center the horse and rider whirled in a wild semi-circle, shielding the man on foot. Again and again he fired, and, when he hit, they gave way, bellowing. Flames were behind them, the vacqueros were shouting on their right; they hurtled themselves at the bridge, jammed it, toppled over and went into the water. As the stream of maddened beasts parted and swept past and left them, the young man dismounted.

"Take my horse, Mr. Keller," he said.

Jim looked up at him, dazed. "Who are you? My God, I was a fool; you saved my life!"

* *

The dawn was breaking behind the mountains when Hazlett limped up toward the house. He had been with the other men in the saddle all night. As the day broke the vacqueros had been able to count the damage — the burning gates and brush, the stampeded yearlings, two horses gored to death and a heavy toll of cattle. Meanwhile, Jordan and his confederates had made good their escape; that hit the enraged cowpunchers more sharply than Keller's losses. Hazlett could hear them swearing in a queer medley of Spanish and English. By this time they all knew of Jim's narrow escape and made room for the newcomer more readily, but they drifted past him now to storm Ah Ling's kitchen. Hazlett came slowly, his eyes on those windows into which he had looked the night before. Stenhart's stricken face seemed to rise before him again. He laughed bitterly to himself, then old Mac, coming out of the house, saw him and stopped to slap him on the shoulder with his well hand.

"Gosh, you're a trump, Hazlett!" he said heartily. "You sure saved the boss. He wants to see you; I reckon you can get any place you want round Las Palomas now!"

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Hazlett stared down at the mud and dust that covered him from head to foot.

"See me? Now?" he gasped, thinking of Jane, "I must get a bath somehow—better jump in the creek with my clothes on, hadn't I?"

"Afterwards—afterwards," urged MacDowell heartily. "Go right in now, you're wanted. If you'd only caught Jordan—Jane says you tried, leaped right out on him!"

"He nearly broke my head; the honors are his," retorted the younger man grimly.

Old Mac nodded. "That's like him, the fox! Come on over to breakfast after you've seen Jim."

"Where is he?" Hazlett was red with reluctance, but he saw no way to evade the inevitable.

Mac pointed toward the front door and the young man, still reluctant, crossed the wide veranda and entered the hall. There was no one in sight; the sun had not yet topped the mountains and that long corridor was shadowed by day-gloom. Far down was a door that shut in Stenhart! Involuntarily the newcomer took a step toward it, then he heard a quick movement across the hall, a door opened and Jane came to him, both hands outstretched.

"You've made good," she said, her eyes shining, "you've more than made good; Jim told me!"

(To Be Continued)

Hasty Stew

1½ cups diced potatoes
1 cup diced carrots
2 cups boiling water
1 small onion
1 lb. minced beef
⅛ tsp. pepper
1¼ tsp. salt

Cook onion in a little fat till brown, add potatoes and carrots diced in ½" squares, add boiling water. Boil 10 minutes. Add meat, stir with fork until well mixed. Cook 5 minutes. Thicken with 3 tbs. flour mixed to paste in cold water. Cook 5 minutes longer.

Serve with "SALADA" TEA

A SMILING ROYAL VISITOR

First public engagement of Princess Margaret Rose was a visit to the children's "Magic Nursery" in London. Afternoons, the nursery becomes a club for older children.

TABLE TALKS ... Eggs ...

To maintain their original quality eggs should be properly stored. Keep them in a clean, cool, dry, well-ventilated place. The temperature should never be above 60°F, and preferably around 45°F. Temperature also plays an important role in successful egg cookery. A low oven heat gives a palatable, tender product, which is easily digested.

The home economists of the Consumer Section, Dominion Department of Agriculture, say that left-over egg whites will keep for several days if tightly covered and stored in a cool place. However, never allow them to freeze. They may be used in sauces, icings, meringue toppings, for pies and puddings, whips, souffles and angel food cake. Left-over egg yolks may be hard cooked by dropping them into simmering salted water for 15 minutes. They may then be sieved and added to sauces, French dressing or used to garnish a salad.

Creole Eggs

½ cup raw spaghetti (1 inch pieces)
3 tablespoons fat
2 tablespoons all-purpose flour
1 cup milk
2 tablesponns chopped onion
1 cup canned tomatoes or tomato juice
1 clove garlic, mashed (optional)
¼ teaspoon chili powder
4 hard-cooked eggs, sliced
¼ cup dry bread crumbs
1 teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper

Cook spaghetti in boiling salted water and drain. Meanwhile make cream sauce of 1 tablespoon fat, flour and milk. Add seasonings. Cook onion in 1 tablespoon fat until tender, but not brown. Add tomato juice, garlic and chili powder. Cook until thick. Add to cream sauce. Place alternate layers of spaghetti, sauce and eggs in a greased two-quart casserole. Sprinkle top with crumbs which have been mixed with the remaining tablespoon of fat, melted. Bake in a moderate oven, 350°F, for 20 minutes. Six servings.

Savoury Sauce for Poached Eggs

3 tablespoons fat
1 small carrot, grated (about 4 tablespoons)
2 tablespoons onion, chopped
1 bay leaf
1 tablespoon flour
½ cup water
½ cup sieved canned tomatoes or tomato juice
½ teaspoon salt
Dash of pepper

Melt the fat, add the carrot, onion and bay leaf. Brown slightly. Add the flour and stir to make a smooth paste. Then add the water and tomatoes or tomato juice and stir until thickened. Add salt and pepper. Serve over poached eggs, or omelette. Six servings.

Sunday School Lesson

Our Response To Christ's Call

Mark 1:16-20; 5:18-20; 10:46, 52; Luke 5:27, 28.

Golden Text.—And he left all, rose up, and followed him. Luke 5:28.

Call To Discipleship

The four fishermen in the Sea of Galilee left their boats and business in answer to the call of Jesus. It was a clear call to full discipleship with Jesus. It meant a change of occupation but without hesitation they obeyed the call, leaving their nets in order to follow Christ,

There was no delay, no questioning; their response was instant and complete. Thus Christ caught these four men out of the sea of humanity; and they in their turn became fishers of men. A heart full of love to God and man and under the control of the Holy Spirit is the great secret of winning souls for Christ.

The Delivered Demoniac

This man who had been possessed of the devil was now obedient and resigned to the will of God. Now he, who so lately uttered hideous cries and frightened all who came near him, tells to wondering people what the Lord has done for him; all marveled at his testimony.

The Blind Beggar

The blind beggar of Jericho had begged of passers-by for coins; he now begged, pleaded and prayed for Jesus to show mercy that he might receive his sight. It was his faith which gained for him his sight. Possibly he received both physical and spiritual light. His faith in Christ's power and mercy was shown in his persistency in his refusal to be silenced. Having received his sight he followed "Jesus in the way," He joined the festal company following his leader and glorifying God.

The Prosperous Publican

Levi was probably the name by which Matthew was known to his Jewish brethren. He was a provincial custom-house officer who collected taxes for the Romans. It was a calling utterly despised by the Jews, and it was one that lent itself to greed and oppression. It is this despised and much-hated man whom Christ calls to follow Him.

There was no hesitation on Matthew's part. He was ready to give up his living, his home, his friends to become a follower of Christ. Henceforth he would "walk by faith." He left behind him the old life of greed and oppression, and he began the new life of self-denial, service and suffering for Christ's sake.

Pick and Mix

The Nu-Hue System, developed by the Martin Senour Co., uses standardized formulas to mix basic paints of six colors, gray, and white, into any one of 1,000 shades, says Newsweek.

Color-sample charts enable a decorator to pick the desired color quickly and accurately. Each sample is marked with its formula.

HELP BUILD UP RED BLOOD TO GET MORE STRENGTH

If your blood LACKS IRON!

You girls and women who suffer so from simple anemia that you're pale, weak, "dragged out"— this may be due to lack of iron in blood. So try Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound TABLETS with added iron—one of the best home ways to help build up red blood—in such cases. Pinkham's Tablets are one of the most effective iron tonics you can buy!

CHRONICLES of GINGER FARM

By Gwendoline P. Clarke

Well, well, last week when I mentioned the fact that our Women's Institute was catering to a banquet I had no idea that we would make the headlines. But that is what we did—very definitely. Maybe you saw the pictures in the Toronto papers—pictures of about a dozen women coming into the banquet hall armed with vegetable dishes all ready to serve the two hundred and eighteen guests who were present. It was quite a night. It all came about because the local Canadian Club wished to welcome home all the boys who returned home after serving in the armed forces. The members of our Institute considered it an honour to be asked to cater for such an occasion and I am sure there wasn't a member but who gave gladly whatever was required of her — and that included two pies apiece—which is really something in these sugar shortage days.

* * *

But oh dear, what a lot happens that no one ever hears about in the ordinary way. For instance, press reports gave us full credit for putting on a good meal but they wrote nothing—and knew nothing, of the fact that a fuse was blown in the kitchen just before it was time to lift the vegetables, leaving the women to work almost in darkness until the caretaker could be routed out of his home to repair the damage. And no press report could tell you how each convener and helper spent hours previous to the banquet collecting enough dishes and flatware to serve the twenty people for whom they were responsible. Nor of the anxious time after the banquet rounding up those same dishes, which never stayed where they should be despite the care everyone took to keep her own property from wandering.

You go along picking up your plates or your flatware and finding one or two pieces missing; you run around from one person to another, sample in hand, asking "Has anyone seen a knife like this, or a dish like that?" Maybe you are lucky, or maybe you are not, because things have an uncanny way of getting into places where you least think of looking for them. Finally you get so tired of this game of hide and seek that you think longingly of a nice comfortable bed and a place to rest your feet that you give up the quest for dishes and head for home.

* * *

We often see the question—"Does it pay to advertise?" Here is the answer.

One day last week a neighbour came around asking if we had seen anything of two pigs that he had lost. We hadn't seen a sign of them. Next day I opened a weekly paper that we take and saw an advertisement which stated that two pigs had strayed to the farm of the advertiser. It didn't seem possible that they could be the same pigs but I phoned our neighbour anyway. And they were his all right. But here is the real point of the story. The weekly paper was not our home town weekly but one issued in the northern part of the county. Had the advertisement not been inserted, or had I not read the paper, those pigs would not be back to their rightful owner today as they had travelled approximately ten miles from home.

So you see what I mean—it does pay to advertise—and to read the advertisements too.

How Can I?

By Anne Ashley

Q. How can I oil a clock?

A. Try dipping a small rag in kerosene and laying it inside the clock. Leave it for several days. The oil will loosen the dust in the works, oiling them at the same time.

Q. How can I prevent rugs from curling at the edges?

A. Make a thin starch. Dissolve a small amount of gum fabric in a little water and add to the starch. Turn the rug upside down and apply the solution with a paint brush. Let it dry.

Q. How can I remove yellow spots from old lace?

A. Either wet the lace and spread it where it will freeze, or wet it and spread it in a very hot sun. Either method may require several days to bleach thoroughly, and it must be kept wet all the time.

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