TURNING POINT

By Mary Imlay Taylor

SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER VI: Hazlett confronts Stenhart, who blurts out: "My God, Sherwin you!" Sherwin (Hazlett) calmly states: "I've come to kill you, but not just now; you're sick."

CHAPTER VII

He held the picture in his hands, looking at it steadily. It had been taken perhaps four years before. The face was almost childish, but the clear straight look was there; a woman like that might keep a man from—from crime! And Stenhart dared to be in love with her! Well, he should not get her. Sherwin smiled grimly at the thought, then his face changed; her honest eyes seemed to challenge him to "make good!"

He heard a sound somewhere, some one moving on the veranda, and slipped the photograph into his pocket. He had no right to it, but he could not leave it there in the litter of the old desk.

He had opened the dog-eared account books again. "I'll try to make good on these, anyway," he thought, and smiled for the first time as he began to run down Jim's slovenly figures. But he had hardly reached the foot of the column before he heard a quick step behind him and Jim himself came in, dusty and fagged.

* * *

"Hello, Hazlett. Quit that stuff, I've got something else on hand." As he spoke he flung himself into a chair and mopped his forehead. "Got most of the strays back, but I've lost about eighty yearlings, besides those you made into beef," he added with a grin.

"Sorry," Sherwin began, "but—"

"No regrets!" Jim laughed, "You can ride, I know that. The men are all busy and I want you to ride over to Hemmings' place, it's about fifteen miles, and get the sheriff. He's over there now. Take him along with you and show him the place where Jordan ran past you—you know, on the highroad. We think he's got some of his rustlers there. Anyway, he's cleared out of this neighborhood, and I want Cutler—that's the sheriff—to know it. You know the locality where Jordan dodged. Mac'll give you a fast horse. Better go right away."

Sherwin was staring fixedly at the books in front of him. He said nothing, and, after a moment, Jim looked around at him.

"Well" he said interrogatively.

"I don't know the roads; I'll lose time finding the place—Hemmings', I mean. Hadn't you better send someone who knows the way?"

* * *

"I've got no one who knows where you saw Jordan. Besides, the road to Hemmings' place is straight—you can't miss it. All the men are busy, and I'm used up. You can make it before Cutler takes a false trail. Here, I'll draw you a map—" Jim reached for a pencil. As he did so he caught a glimpse of the other man's face and whistled, then he laughed. "See here, Hazlett, what's wrong—you're not afraid to meet the sheriff, are you?" he asked lightly.

Sherwin's face whitened. He rose. "I'll go at once, sir," he said gravely; "where's the house?"

Jim struck his hand on the desk. "Here, I say, dont take it like that. I was joking!"

Sherwin met his eyes squarely. "It's the kind of joke I don't like," he replied coldly.

Something in the man's eyes made Jim lean back in his chair and observe him closely. But he turned the matter off as well as he could.

"Sorry, I owe you an apology. But you'll go?"

Sherwin's reply was a mute gesture of assent as he turned toward the door. Jim, feeling that he owed his life to this stranger, called after him.

"I didn't mean that, remember! Mac'll give you a fast horse. Come back with the sheriff; I want to show him the damage here."

* * *

Sherwin nodded, went out and crossed the veranda to the lawn. Under the trees he saw a pretty tableau. Fanny Sewell was reading aloud to the convalescent, and going away from them across the flower-dotted slope that led to the creek, was Jane. Sherwin saw the sunlight on her uncovered head. She did not see him, nor did Stenhart. He, too, was watching Jane. Sherwin's hand clenched at his side but he walked rapidly across the open space and went to the stables.

Old Mac was there with his arm in a sling, but he had already had his orders from Jim, and one of the stablemen had a fast horse saddled.

"Jim says you're to go after the sheriff. He thinks Jordan's made off—" the old man shrugged.

"I see you don't agree with that," said Sherwin, as he sprang into the saddle.

"A fox mostly doubles," Mac replied. "Look out for yourself, lad; Jordan may remember the rough an' tumble you had together."

Sherwin leaned down from the saddle, holding out his hand. "In case he does, goodbye, and thank you!" he said.

"What d'you mean—?" old MacDowell stared in astonishment, but the young man was off at a gallop. He heard his horses hoofs on the bridge before he got his breath. Well, I swum! Spoke like he wasn't comin' back!"

Which was, in fact, what Sherwin thought. Not because of Jordan!

As he rode his mind worked quickly. Across the bridge he drew rein an instant, felt in his pocket and drew out a newspaper two days old. He read a paragraph and shook his head. It was too great a risk to ride to Hemmings' place—he must give up his vantage-ground, his chance to be near Stenhart. The way that Jim had sent him lay to the west. He did not take it, but turned east. The road here was skirted by the creek and, half a mile farther, it ascended and commanded a view of Las Palomas. Sherwin followed it. Here, at the very beginning, fate had forced his hand more neatly than even Stenhart could have done it. If he turned back and went to meet the sheriff—? There was one chance in a million that he could carry it off, but if he did not, then he lost all chance at Stenhart. But if he went on to the east—then he must lose his point of vantage and he would never see Jane Keller again!

What madness to think of the girl! Sherwin knew it, but he was young and her clear eyes held him. He heard still her voice when she told him to "make good!"

And he was going—like a craven! Suddenly he turned his horse's head. He would go back; he'd go west and face—the devil, if need be!

Something stirred in the brush below the road, and he saw the branch of a low-hanging tree sway suddenly. Rising in his stirrups, he looked through a gap in the foliage. Below him ran the creek. On the farther bank wild flowers bloomed bravely, the sunlight making a carnival of color. He caught a glimmer of white, looked again and saw a figure there. Jane! She must have come this far looking for flowers; he could see her bending down to pull the blossoms. He dropped from the saddle, led his horse into the shelter of some eucalyptus and left him. If there was any one on the side of the creek he must know it.

* * *

Low bushes grew thick along the bank and a flowering vine, sprawling over them, knotted them together. Sherwin could not see far into the dense green shadows, but he found an opening and slipped on among the spreading branches, dropped to the mossy ground and looked between close-set roots and stems toward the smooth glimmer that was the creek. It was still. There was no sound but Jane's voice; she was singing softly to herself. At first it seemed as if the swinging bough must have been a figment of imagination, but Sherwin knew better. There was no wind—who swung that bough? He waited, holding his breath, for suddenly it came to him that danger threatened Jane. Disarmed by Jim's fixed idea that Jordan had gone they had grown careless; no one was within call. The shadow in the brush was dark, but the sunlight on the water beyond cut clear outlines.

(To be Continued)

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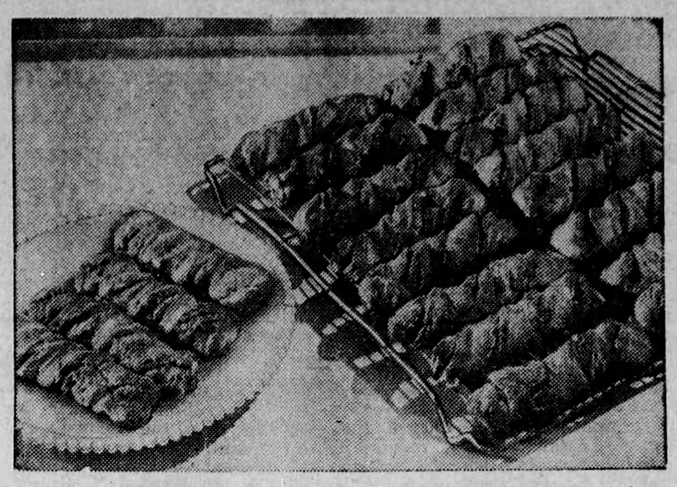

Now that cinnamon has come back from the war, you can delight once again in the fragrance and flavor of this rich, darkly colored spice. These Spice Twists will give the right twist to any afternoon tea or bridge party. The little sugar used permits you to indulge your liking for serving to your guests home-made cinnamon flavored dainties.

Spice Twists

¾ cup sifted flour
1 teaspoon baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons sugar
½ teaspoon cinnamon
2 tablespoons shortening
1 egg yolk, slightly beaten
¼ cup milk
½ cup all bran
1 egg white
1 tablespoon water
¼ cup sugar
1 teaspoon cinnamon

Sift together flour, baking powder, salt, sugar and cinnamon. Cut in shortening until mixture resembles cornmeal. Combine egg yolk, milk and all bran; add to first mixture, stirring only until flour disappears. Turn out onto lightly floured board; knead about 18 strokes. Roll out to rectangle about 7 x 14 inches.

Brush dough with egg white and water beaten together; sprinkle with mixture of sugar and cinnamon. Cut dough in 15 strips, about ¾ inch wide; fold end to end and twist strips. Brush top with egg white and water mixture and sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon. Bake on greased baking sheet in moderately hot oven (425°F.) about 15 minutes.

CHRONICLES of GINGER FARM

By Gwendoline P. Clarke

This is one grand spring day—so grand that it makes one forget all the disagreeable cold, windy days that came before. And isn't that a good illustration of the attitude most of us take towards life in general — the weather, people, worries and family problems.

There may for instance, be some person who takes a pleasure in saying hard bitter things, or who seems to delight in getting a rise out of one, but let that same person do one kind thing and, like a flash, we forget the meanesses the pettiness —or, if we remember, we think we misjudged that person, and so we form new opinions and quite possibly come to like that person because of that one kind act.

* * *

And then there's worry! We all have worries—some more, some less. Sometimes those worries seem like a huge mountain that we can't possibly climb; or like a heavy sea with high waves that we are sure will swamp us. We get frightened and think that we just can't face things. And then something happens—and we notice there is a way to climb the mountain—a winding trail reveals itself.

Or in the case of the sea, the storm subsides and the waves are no more than ripples on the surface. And right away we forget how worried we have been—we take new hope; we look eagerly towards the future and wonder why we ever worried at all.

* * *

Much the same applies to family problems. Parents worry over adolescents—boys and girls are not turning out at all the way they expected them to. We remember the sacrifices we made, the hopes we had for their future, and for a while it looks as if all were in vain.

But, slowly and painfully, youngsters emerge from the adolescent stage; to our unspeakable relief they begin to show signs of stability, of thoughtfulness, of courage and initiative—and we thank God in our hearts for the indications that show they are, or will be, as we hoped they would be. Pretty soon we accept the new status, forgetting there was a time when we had, or thought we had, any reason at all to worry.

* * *

It is well the human race has this tendency to forget—how else could there be any hope, any happiness, for those who suffer greatly—particularly in time of war. Of course, we know there is much that is never really forgotten, it is just that we have that power within ourselves to keep what we don't want to remember in the back pockets of our subconscious minds, and thus, we can if we will, build a new life in our hope for the future.

* * *

The hungry in Europe will not waste energy bemoaning the days and weeks they were hungry once they are assured of more to eat.

No, we can quite imagine they will thankfully make use of such food as we can send them, rejoicing in the increase of rations and looking hopefully towards a more abundant future.

Well, I didn't know one grand spring day was going to lead me on to that extent—but there it is.

I thought I was going to write of the work I had been doing in the garden—of the shrubs and small trees I had been thinning and pruning; of digging up the flower beds—and of the way my hands are scratched and roughened as a result—I never can be bothered with gloves. And, if you could see him, either Partner or I would have to do a little explaining as to how he came to be wearing a black eye—because that is what he has got—and it's a regular "shiner".

But he didn't have a fight with anyone—it was just the seed drill.

The lever snapped back and caught him almost on the temple.

So you see although it looks pretty bad it certainly could have been worse.

* * *

One other little experience we had last week was sending Elmer away. Elmer, you know was that necessary evil we kept at the barn.

The truck came for him one day just as we sat down to dinner.

The driver was alone and Bob was away. We phoned an SOS to Bob and soon he and two neighbour boys came along. Between them Elmer was quietly but firmly persuaded to take a joy ride. Poor Elmer, he did what he could to lessen the beef shortage but what is one beef among so many beef eaters?.

ISSUE 18—1946

Sunday School Lesson

Learning Good Will From Jesus

Mark 3:14-17; Luke 9:49-56; John 4: 7, 8.

Jesus Ordained Apostles

By ordaining, or making the twelve apostles, Jesus provides for the carrying on of this work when He shall be gone. In the near future, however, He was to send them forth to preach, with power imparted by Him to heal sickness and to cast out demons.

Not to be with Christ is to be against Him but Christ declares that if a man is not against Him he is for Him. Those who are working in Christ's name and for His sake are for Him, not against Him. We become either believers or unbelievers, obedient or disobedient, and as such we shall stand before God in the last day.

The time that Jesus "should be received up" was drawing near. But the cross must come before the ascension. In full knowledge of the agony that awaited him, our Lord "steadfastly set his face to go to Jerusalem." He prepared the way for His own approach by sending His disciples as messengers before Him.

Jesus Rebukes His Disciples

On a previous visit of the Samaritans Christ had been cordially received (John 4:40-42); the reception was different on this occasion and the reason is given in verse 53. The disciples were so unlike their Lord that they bitterly resented this treatment. Jesus rebuked them because He loved them.

If we treat with anger and bitterness even those who reject our Lord we shall have His rebuke. This samaritan village having rejected Christ, He passed on to another village. Christ does not force His blessings on those who will not receive them.

The cultivation of love is at last impressed upon the mind of John, "the disciple whom Jesus loved." While the duty of fraternal love stands in the foreground, it is based upon, interwoven with, and enforced by divine love.

Why ought we to cherish and cultivate love to one another? For two good reasons here givin: (1) Love is of God. Hence everyone who truly loves is a child of God; and as a child he knows God in an atmosphere of love. (2) God is love. Hence one who does not love shows clearly that he does not know God.

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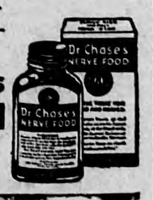

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