TURNING POINT

By Mary Imlay Taylor

SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER VII: Stenhart, in love with Jane, feigns more illness than he feels. Jim is anxious to catch Jordan and sends Sherwin (Hazlett) to the Hemmings. But Sherwin, still wanting to kill Stenhart, goes in the opposite direction.

CHAPTER VIII

Sherwin became aware of a stealthy sound close to the edge of the creek. He stooped lower and discerned a crouching figure; a man was crawling on his hands and knees toward the water. As he dropped lower to pass under a bough, his head was silhouetted against the light and Sherwin knew him—it was the rustler, Jordan! Instinctively, Sherwin's hand went to his revolver, then it dropped. He dared not shoot. The creek was narrow here and Jane was too near A miss, and—! He must get the man from behind, pinion his arms, drag him, if need be, into the water and drown him.

* * *

Softly he crept after the skulker. There was little sound except the occasional cracking of a twig, and Jordan, making similar sounds, did not seem to notice them. The two crept on, the first almost at the water's edge, the second almost near enough to grasp the crawling legs in front. Jane's voice rose just opposite, singing a Spanish song. Sherwin stretched out his hand and almost got the ankle nearest him; then suddenly, Jordan faced about and saw him, uttered an oath and plunged into the water, swimming straight for the girl on the opposite side. In an instant, Sherwin divined his plan—he meant to get Jane and dictate his own terms to Jim! He knew that Sherwin could not shoot and endanger the girl. But Sherwin broke through a tangle of vines, plunged into the creek and swam after him. Still, the other man had the advantage. As Sherwin struck the water, Jordan leaped out on the other side and was after the girl.

* * *

Jane did not run. She faced her pursuer and tried to fight him off, but Jordans arms were around her and he had lifted her from the ground when Sherwin came up out of the stream, dripping. Knowing that, while he carried the girl, he was safe from gunfire, Jordan started to run to cover, but, burdened, he was not quick enough. Sherwin leaped forward and, throwing his powerful arms around him, dragged him back. Caught by an iron grip above each elbow, Jordan released Jane and tried to turn on his assailant. There was a moment of wild conflict; the two men struggled, twisted and went down together. Sherwin had no time to draw a weapon and he meant that Jordan should not have a better chance. Wrestling and panting they rolled over, slipping down the bank toward the creek, while Jane tried to help Sherwin, and cried for help.

Sherwin twisted and strained at the other man, when they came to a cleft in the bank, fell through it violently and struck water, Jordan uppermost. The force of the contact, the sudden rush of water over his head, loosened Sherwin's grip, and his antagonist drew a knife and struck once, furiously. The blade drove into the other man's arm, and there was a moment more of fierce conflict, the water growing red; then Jordan broke loose and swam ashore. He had crossed the creek. Sherwin still heard Jane's cries and, wounded in the arm, he struck out for the shore and, reaching it, climbed to the top of the bank dizzily. He saw that the girl was there alone and, faint from loss of blood, sank to his knees beside her.

* * *

"Oh, you re hurt, you're bleeding!" Jane was down beside him, trying, with shaking hands, to find the wound and stanch it.

Sherwin, looking up into her face, read something there that went to his head.

"It's only a scratch," he whispered hoarsely. "Thank God I was near enough to help!"

"But you're bleeding, he's shot you in the arm!" She was trying to bind it with her handkerchief. "And it was for me — Oh, I thought he'd kill you!"

Sherwin laid his hand over hers. "Would you care?" he asked, and his voice shook.

The girl lifted brave eyes to his, the color ran up to her dusky hair, but her look answered his.

"Jane!" he cried, "Jane!"

She did not speak, but her clear eyes misted. In the madness of that moment he cast his last resolution to the wind.

"I love you!" he said softly. "No matter what is said of me—I love you!"

The girl looked back to him with her sweet gravity. "I don't even know your real name!" she said gently.

He groaned. It all came back to him and turned the world black. "I'm mad," he said bitterly. "You'll hate me soon for this!"

"John!"

* * *

He turned and saw her white face lifted, her blue eyes steady and brave.

"Tell me the truth," she said, "tell me—I'll believe you!"

He covered his own eyes with his shaking hands. Then he drew a long breath. He would tell her, he'd tell her all!

There came suddenly a shout and the sound of men rushing toward them.

"It's Jim," Jane said, "and old Mac—looking for me."

Sherwin realized all it meant! He had made love to the girl—she had not definitely repulsed him, her eyes has spoken much, and he was—! The hot blood ran out of his face, his look was haggard. He stood still, trying to hide the blood on his sleeve. It made no difference now; nothing mattered, whether he lived or died. Then he heard her telling them what had happened and how brave he was!

Jim caught at his unwounded arm and wrung his hand.

"To the rescue again! You seem to have taken out a contract for pulling this family out of scrapes, old chap, and—" Jim choked a little, looking at his sister—I don t know how to thank you!"

* * *

"Unfortunately, I always seem to let that rogue slip through my fingers!" Sherwin said. He knew that Jim must wonder how he got there, but Jane broke in with her cry about his arm.

"Jim, he's been shot—stabbed, I mean. You must see to his arm; I couldn't stop the blood!"

"Of course we'll see to it, Sis! Which way did Jordan run, Hazlet?"

"Into the brush," he pointed; "he got me in the arm first and—" he stopped, clapping his hand over the wound which stung painfully now.

"Oh, you must get that arm fixed up!" Jane said to her brother. "Where's the sherriff? He's needed here!"

Sherwin gave her a quick look, something grim in his smile, but Jim answered readily.

"I'd started Hazlet for the sheriff—by the way, where's your horse?" he asked suddenly.

"Over there—" old Mac pointed across the stream—"I seen it croppin' grass. Kinder wonder Jordan didn't swipe it."

Both men stared across at one of the fastest horses in the stables—who should have been half way to Hemmings' place by now—quietly nibbling grass on the east road. A look passed between the two but Sherwin missed it. Jane was insisting on his return to the house.

(To be Continued)

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NIX, JUNE, NIX!

Screen star Dick Powell's horrified expression indicates that a hefty swing with a full bottle is no way to christen a lightweight family plane. He finally persuaded the Missus, actress June Allyson, to settle for a less violent christening. Having saved the plane from serious damage, Dick took her for an aerial spin.

CHRONICLES of GINGER FARM

By Gwendoline P Clarke . . . . .

When I fed the hens yesterday morning I picked up one egg in the first pen and none in the second. Usually there are at least a dozen before breakfast. Why the sudden falling off? Well, it just is that the hens havn't gone on daylight saving time. They follow the laws of nature not of man. There was also this difference: Usually we can depend on most of the eggs being laid in the forenoon. Incidentally, they are picked up three or four times during the morning. We find it is the only way to prevent breakage of eggs in the nests. Until now, by dinner-time most of the biddies have done their one good deed for the day, which meant we could relax a bit and visit the pens only once during the afternoon. But on DST all this is changed. By noon the hens are still on the job so we, perforce, must stay on the job too, instead of having an uninterrupted few hours to get on with—well, whatever there is to get on with.

* * * *

Then there's the chickens. Naturally my first chore in the morning is to feed and water the little chicks. On standard time they are ready by the time I am. On DST only a few early risers venture out from under the hoover. The rest wait for the sun.

As for us—well, we are on fast time, not from choice but necessity. I wondered this morning, as I poked around the house before daylight, if those who are so anxious for fast time would be equally enthusiastic if they had to get up while it was still dark. It just doesn't add up . . . . all this outcry for higher wages and shorter hours—and daylight saving too!

* * * *

Why shouldn't the farmer be considered once in a while-or if not the farmer personally, then the work he has to do? It is the farmer upon whom the nations depend to feed the world. Why make it more difficult for him than it need be? Isn't it enough for the farmer to have this current labour shortage to contend with without having DST to worry about?

* * * *

Of course we don't have to go on fast time . Oh no, it is entirely optional. But let the farmer work by the sun and at the end of the day slip into town for shopping or repairs, and what can he get? Nothing at all—it is past 6 o'clock (DST) and the eight-hour workers have shut up shop and gone home. The next morning the farmer goes early to town. It is urgent that he should get his business done before going to the field. Maybe he forgets what time the stores open-or maybe it seems like the middle of the day to him, since he has already done about three hours work. Anyway the stores are still shut tighter than nobody's business in the early morning DST is apparently too fast for those who voted in its favour.

Oh well . . . it's a queer world, isn't it?

Sunday School Lesson

Learning To Live Together

Matthew 18: 15-17, 21-22; Mark 10: 35-37, 41-45.

Golden Text — By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another. John 13: 35.

The Forgiving Spirit

When there is friction between two bretheren the offended one is to standing and reconcilation. Every standing and reconcilation. Every attempt is to be made to heal the breach. If all methods fail the offender is to be treated as a pagan. How do we treat such? Do you not pray for them and hope for their conversion?

Antagonism may be overcome by forgiveness. Peter questionally limited forgiveness to the seventh offence. But Jesus, in expanding Peter's charity to seventy times seven, makes the number practically infinite. In other words, never cease forgiving. Let your patience be inexhaustible and your forgiving love infinite.

The Apostles' Request

The request of James and John that they be preferred above all the others shows that they still held a worldly view of the kingdom. The response of Jesus was neither an express denial nor a stern rebuke. ishness. "He called them unto Him." He dealt very gently with their self-H always calls us near to Himself when He would win us from our low lives to a higher one.

Christ's Kingdom

The method of Christ's kingdom is utterly at variance with the methods of the kingdom of this world, he that rules is great; in the kingdom of Christ, he that serves is great. If anyone wills to be great in Christ's kingdom he must take the place of a servant of others and he that would be first must take the place of a slave of all. He that is foremost in the realm of the good must be first and foremost in sacrificial service.

TABLE TALKS . .

Rhubarb Puffs

1 cup thinly sliced rhubarb
½ cup sugar
⅓ cup shortening
1 egg yolk
¼ teaspoon vanilla
1 cup sifted all purpose flour
¼ teaspoon salt
1 ½ teaspoons baking powder
⅓ cup milk
¼ teaspoon cinamon
¼ teaspoon cloves
1 egg white

Mix the rhubarb with ¼ cup of the sugar and place in the bottom of six greased custard cups. Cream the shortening and vanilla. Add the remaining ¼ cup sugar gradually and cream thoroughly. Add the egg yolk and beat until fluffy. Mix and sift flour, salt, and baking powder, and add alternately with the milk to the first mixture. Fold in stiffly beaten egg white. Pour the batter over rhubarb in the custard cups and bake in a moderate oven (375 deg. F.) for about 30 minutes. Serve with rhubarb sauce.

Rhubarb Sauce

2 cups sliced rhubarb
2 tablespoons sugar
½ cup honey

Place sliced rhubarb, sugar and honey in a covered saucepan. Bring to the boiling point. Reduce heat and cook for 10 minutes.

Rhubarb Whip

1 ½ tablespoons gelatine
¼ cup cold water
2 cups hot, stewed, sweetened rhubarb
1 tablespoon lemon juice
2 egg whites

Soak gelatine in cold water for 5 minutes. Add to hot rhubarb and stir until dissolved. Add lemon juice. Place in refrigerator or other cool place and allow to partially set. Beat egg whites with salt until stiff, but not dry. Add the jellied mixture and continue to beat. Turn into one large or several individual moulds and chill Serve with custard sauce made from the two egg yolks.

Baked Rhubarb

4 cups rhubarb
½ cup brown sugar

Wash rhubarb thoroughly, cut in one-inch pieces . . . if rhubarb is tender it should not be peeled. The peel gives a delicate "pinkish" colour to the sance. Put with sugar in a covered casserole. Bake in a moderate oven (350deg.F.)until tender, abont 45 minutes.

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MADE IN CANADA

Tasty Snacks That Save Butter
Ingredients: Toast, Chili Sauce, Cheese, Bacon.
Toast ½" slices bread lightly, spread thinly with Chili Sauce; cover with ⅛" slice loaf cheese, top with thin slice bacon. Broil till bacon cooked and cheese melted. For lunch or supper, use full slice bread; for afternoon or evening snacks, use half-slices.
Serve with "SALADA" TEA