TURNING POINT

By Mary Imlay Taylor

SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER VIII: Sherwin (Hazlett) accidentally discovers Jordan about to abduct Jane and hold her as a hostage. They grapple, but again Jordan escapes after wounding Sherwin with a knife.

CHAPTER IX

'Jim, he's faint from loss of blood —look at him!"

Old Mac intervened. "I'll fix him up; you go 'phone for th' doc, Jane," he thrust his hand through Sherwin's well arm. "You come along with me, son. Hello!" he shaded his eyes with his hand. "Say, Jim, if I ain't mistaken—th' sheriff's coming across th' bridge right now!" he added, pointing.

Jim gave a quick exclamation of satisfaction. "So he is. Got a posse, too. Just in the nick of time—it's all right that you didn't go for him now, Hazlett!"

Sherwin flushed suddenly to his hair, but no one noticed it. Jane was running on ahead to telephone for the doctor, Mac had him by the arm, and Jim had apparently become absorbed in the approaching posse.

"Send a man over fo that horse, Mac," he threw back as he hurried off.

MacDowell, still holding the wounded man by the arm, chuckled softly. "It's one of Jim's favorites; right lucky Jordan didn't swipe it. By th' way, how d'you come here, son? Hear Jane screech?"

"No! I rode that way; saw Jordan by accident."

* * *

Sherwin's face was set. The old man peered at him sideways, ruminating.

"Thought you knew the way to Hemmings'." His tone was casual, and he went on at once; "It's a pity you missed baggin' Jordan; he's got th' start of us now."

"We'll have to get him,' Sherwin answered absently. He had watched Jane's figure disappearing into the house and now he saw the sheriff's posse riding up the long slope to Las Palomas, and his face changed slowly and lost its softened lines.

"It seems to take a good many men to hunt down one out here," he remarked dryly.

Old Mac laughed. "A sheriff's posse's something like a snowball; th' cowpunchers like excitement. You come in here an' let me see that arm.'

"It's nothing but a flesh wound,' Sherwin said, but he let the old man draw him into his own quarters and cut off his torn sleeve.

"Kinder nasty hurt,' old Mac said, "but there ain't no bones broken. I'll wash it an' th' doc'll fix it up all right."

* * *

While he worked, his patient sat by the window watching the posse. He expected to be called to tell his story of Jordan, but he was not, and, as time passed, he began to wonder why. Then old Mac startled him more.

"I reckon you don't know that Jane's said to be goin' to marry Stenhart, do you?" he asked casually.

He felt Sherwin stiffen under his hands.

"I think she will not!" he said sharply.

Mac stared. Then he fell silent, binding the arm a trifle closely, his eyes straying out of the window, following Sherwin's. The old man was farsighted. He made out a paper in the sheriff's hand, and after a moment Jim took it and both men stared at it.

"The sheriff's got a description of some one that's wanted," he said finally. "I've seen them papers before now."

Sherwin did not answer; his arm was bound up and he rose suddenly and made for the door which opened on the posse. But Mac caught him back.

"Don't you do it, son!"

Sherwin stared at him. "What do you mean?"

The old man smiled grimly. "I reckon I kinder suspic why you took th' wrong road, son; you don't need to meet th' sheriff here, Jim ain't called for you."

For a moment longer Sherwin stared at him sternly, then he flung himself into a chair beside the table, and leaning across it, buried his head in his arms. Old Mac came and stood beside him, looking down at him pityingly, for he saw his broad shoulders shake with a hard drawn, bitter sob. The older man did not put his hand on his shoulder, he was thinking and watching Jim through the window. For some reason Jim seemed to be trying to get rid of the sheriff. "It's a mighty hard nut to crack!" Mac thought, "an' there's an all-fired lot of reasons why it ain't always easy to be a righteous judge," and his eyes sank to the bowed head on the table.

Jim had somewhat similar thoughts, staring at the paper the sheriff had given him.

"Got any new men on?" Cutler had asked. "Seen a fellow like that picture?"

Jim studied the picture a long time silently, then he looked around at the sheriff.

"What's he wanted for, Cutler?"

"Murder, first degree. Escaped convict from Rhode Island; it's for life there, you know."

* * *

Jim nodded. "Better leave the paper with me," he said at last; "new men come along every now and then."

"That's so! Personally I don't think likely he's round these parts; too far off his beat, eh?" The sheriff moved to the door. "By the way, Keller, where's that feller who mixed it up for Jordan? Send him along to show us the way he went."

"I'll send old MacDowell, he knows," Jim said promptly. "The other man's got a bad arm; I've phoned for the doctor for him." As he spoke he accompanied the sheriff to the door and shouted for Mac. The old man answered at once and got his orders to go with the posse. He cast a sharp look at Jim's face and obeyed without a word.

* * *

At the moment Jim scarcely noticed that he did not suggest that the man whom they called Hazlett should go, but he thought of it as he turned back into the house, a furrow of worry between his own brows. It seemed as if Mac had caught at the meaning of things by instinct, or had he found out something himself? Standing alone in the hall, he took out the sheriff's paper and studied it. The picture of the escaped convict was unusually clear-cut and good, the description accurate. Jim was still studying it when he heard a light step behind him and turned to meet Fanny Sewell. The young nurse caught the trouble in his face at a glance.

"There's something wrong!" she said quickly.

"Nothing much wrong when I see you!" Jim answered heartily.

But she was not to be put off. "You're worried!"

For answer Jim held out the paper. "Ever see that face before, Fanny?"

The girl gave it a startled look, then she scrutinized it carefully, her own face changing sharply.

"Oh!" It was an exclamation of dismay, as she lifted her troubled eyes to his.

"Can't be mistaken, can it?" Jim asked grimly.

"It's terribly like him — what's the crime?"

Jim turned the paper over. "There's a statement — pretty bad, too!"

* * *

Fanny began to read it slowly, her face losing its happy flush.

"He's saved my life — and got Jane away from Jordan today. It's — it's darned hard to know what to do!"

Tht nurse did not seem to hear him. As she read she paled, and suddenly she caught at a chair and gasped, her eyes dilated.

"Good Lord, Fanny — my darling girl, what is it?" Jim forgot his quandary as he caught her in his arms.

"Nothing!" she tried to smile. "I — I was a little dizzy — there's Jane now!"

(To be Continued)

The Quality Tea

"SALADA" TEA

THE WILL TO LIVE

Straining at the plough in place of their dead water buffalo, these Chinese peasants wonder dully whether they'll live long enough to harvest their crop.

CHRONICLES of GINGER FARM

By Gwendoline P Clarke

We were sitting at supper Saturday night. Presently Bob glanced up at the calendar and said reminiscently; "This time a year ago, just exactly where was I? Yes, I remember—it was at a little place just across the Rhine. I wrote you a letter from there, Mom, did you happen to keep it?"

* * *

Yes, I kept the letter and now, a year later, it is even more interesting than when it was written. Here it is, in part:

"Saturday, May 5, 1945. Canadian Army Overseas"

"I intended to write yesterday but there was no opportunity nor any official news. Now I am wondering—will this be the day to remember through the years to come? At 4.30 this afternoon we were given the official news of Germany's surrender by army dispatch. What was it like back home? I am sure no one in Canada could quite realize what it was like out here but I am going to try and tell you.

"On May 4. the men began to take a new interest in the news, not wildly, but casually asking first one person and then another We had a very long drive that day and occasionally bits of rumour would be picked up along the way and spread around among the boys. There was really no excitement. Life went on just the same as before. Life—and death. Outwardly no one expressed any particular elation. But we were all tense, expecting big news at any moment. Friday evening we were billeted well forward in Germany Someone started a rumour that peace was to be signed on May 5. It did not create much of a stir, it was accepted casually as just another rumour.

"Saturday morning we were idle, waiting orders. There were all kinds of rumours . . . that we were moving back to Holland; that we were to stay put; that we were moving still further up. No one knew anything; no one cared very much. It was just another day with another detail to be filled. Everyone knew that peace was inevitably near but no one let up on his job nor did he want to. In the billet here one group of men were playing cards; another group singing to the accompaniment of a guitar and harmonica. Some were sleeping, some talking and joking, others working on their trucks—one fellow was doing a paint job.

"We moved again . . . up into Holland. There was no more news. But this morning we were informed we might have the day off—our very first. That, believe me, really brought forth the cheers. But yet it didn't change anything very much. We made beds; some fellows went out to hunt new girl friends. At 4.30 we were summoned to the Orderly Room and given the news. It was officially announced that Germany had surrendered. There was still no great excitement—no cheering —just the ordinary murmur heard after any lecture. The men went back to their beds; some talked, some shaved, but there was no great show of feeling. To-morrow our platoon will be out on detail again. There is plenty of laughter going on right now but no one is so optimistic as to feel our job is done."

* * *

Bob looked over the letter quietly: "Yes" he said, "tomorrow our platoon will be out on detail again". I remember that all right. It was V.E. Day—but we were working as usual. One of our trucks hit a mine. The truck was blown up. Three of our boys were killed. That was what V.E. Day meant for them."

Garden Notes

By GORDON L. SMITH

Big Croppers

Where space available for the vegetable garden is very limited bulky plants like corn, peas, tomatoes, potatoes and other large vegetables create a special problem. Unlike lettuce, spinach, beets, beans, carrots, etc., which can be fitted into rows only 15 inches apart if necessary, these other things take up considerably more room. Corn, tomatoes and potatoes need from 18 inches to 2 feet between hills or plants, and if one is to have enough green peas for a meal from one picking then at least 30 feet of row, and preferably 50, will be necessary.

In a Small Garden

Most small garden operators—those with only a plot 20 feet or so each way at their disposal—usually decide after some experience to abandon potato growing altogethter. And the experts agree that they are wise. The first new potatoes right from the garden at the door are a treat, but there are other things that take up less room the other three vegetables mentioned should not be given up without more consideration. It is absolutely impossible to duplicate the quality of peas or corn right out of the garden. As a matter of fact a distinct change takes place in both vegetables in from two to four hours after picking. The sugars change to starches and that is the reason why ordinary 'bought' corn and peas simply do not compare in sweetness with the same vegetables picked fresh, cooked and ready for eating within an hour of harvesting.

Sunday School Lesson

Learning in the School of Faith
John 11: 7-8, 16; 20: 24-29.

Golden Text.—Blessed are they that have not seen and yet have believed.—John 20: 29.

"Peace Be Unto You"

Jesus, having appeared to some individuals after His resurrection, now appears to the disciples immediately after the return of the two from Emmaus.

The disciples were in fear of the Jews but with a word Jesus banishes their fears: "Peace be unto you." As He said this He was standing in their midst.

Thomas, full of doubt and self-will was not with the brethren on this occasion and so missed meeting his risen Lord.

Thomas Still Doubts

The other disciples hastened to tell Thomas that they had seen the Lord. Thomas should have been convinced but he was not. His wilfulness is shown in the words: "I will not believe." The only kind of evidence that would convince Thomas was that which could be understood by physical sense.

The testimony of the disciples had, after all, made some impression on Thomas, for on the next Lord's day he took pains to be with them. There was, on his part, some readiness to believe just as there was proneness to doubt.

Thomas Believes

Jesus comes to His disciples with the same gracious message as before: "Peace be unto you." It is the message He always brings to those who gather in expectation of His coming.

The wonderful grace and pity and long-suffering of Jesus are evident in His words to Thomas and in His whole treatment of the doubting disciples.

Thomas was wholly convinced at last, and acknowledged it in one of the most remarkable ascriptions to deity to be found in the Bible: "My Lord and My God."

Thomas Is Rebuked

Jesus accepted these titles but gave Thomas a gentle rebuke for his persistent unbelief. He pronounces a special blessing upon the one who does not ask to see, but believes upon the naked testimony of the Word of God.

How Can I?

By Ann Ashley

Q. How can I test the waffle iron to see if it is hot enough for the batter.

A. One way is to put a teaspoon of water into the iron, close it, and when the steam ceases coming out, the iron is ready for the batter.

Q. How can I clean a white wool sweater?

A. Rub tthe sweater well with flour. About three cups will be required if thoroughly rubbed until it penetrates each fold. Shake out well and hang on the line while a good stiff breeze is blowing.

Q. How can I treat a bruised finger which has been hit with the hammer?

A. Hold the finger in water as hot as can be borne for a few minutes. This will draw out the inflammation almost immediately.

Q. How can I prevent raisins from going to the bottom of a cake?

A. This can be prevented by rolling the raisins in butter before placing them in the batter.

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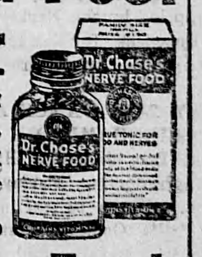

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