# TURNING POINT

*By* **Mary Imlay Taylor**

SYNOPSIS

**CHAPTER XI:** Jim advises Sherwin to run away. Old Mac learns that Stenhart and Sherwin are cousins, and that Stenhart's testimony also sent Sherwin to prison.

CHAPTER XII

The moon was rising over the top of the mountains as Sherwin swung himself out of the saddle. They had left the road and were on a mountain trail; great trees surrounded them, their spreading boughs making a dense shade through which the rising moon shot, here and there, an arrowhead of light. MacDowell led, and, as they advanced, the almost imperceptible trail grew narrower, tree trunks of gigantic size locked them in; far off was the sound of rushing water, a mere murmur at their ears.

"Walk slow," Mac cautioned him, "th' path's mighty narrow in front now an' a mite treacherous. We're coming to the edge of a precipice, ain't nothing to save you if you fall."

"I hear water somewhere," said Sherwin.

"Mighty pretty little cascade below us, 'bout two hundred feet. It's too far down for th' moonlight to strike it yet—mind th' turn now—there, you can see th' drop, it's mighty steep."

* * *

They stood on a narrow ledge. Some convulsion of nature had long ago ripped out the side of the slope. Behind them was a bit of sheer rock; on either side the great trees stopped and there was only a narrow path at the edge of a deep ravine. Far down a turbulent little river roared over the broken rocks and tumbled from a high cliff into the depth below. The moonlight revealed a sheer precipice with nothing reaching out from it but one old, gnarled tree.

"A mighty bad place to slip," Sherwin said musingly; "easy to thrust a man over there—to his death!"

Old Mac grunted. "Mighty easy—but you ain't goin' to get th'e chance, he's too lame a duck to get this far!"

Sherwin felt the hot blood burn in his face; how easily the old man had read his mind!

Mac stopped now and pointed, ignoring what he had just said.

"Th' cabin's hid in there—among them trees. I built it most forty years ago. I hadn't no health those days; doc said I'd got to live out, up here in the redwoods, so. I knocked up th' shack. There used to be mighty good shootin' an' fishin'. It's stood weather better'n I expected. There ain't anybody knows about it —except Jane; she saw it once, I fetched her up here. You can camp here safe enough till I bring you word where Cutler's gone.

* * *

Sherwin, looking ahead into the dense shadows of the mountainside, saw a light. Both men stood still, electrified.

"By gosh!" Mac caught at his companion's arm and gripped it, listening. "I'm darned if Jordan ain't up here—sure as shootin'!" he whispered.

"In your cabin?" Sherwin smiled grimly, loosening his pistol in the shoulder holster.

MacDowell cautioned him to silence with a gesture and they both crept forward. As they did so, Sherwin discerned the outline of a little cabin set under a sycamore. A rectangle of light appeared, the door was open! Softly, step by step, the two men approached, keeping in the shadow. Sherwin slipped behind the house and looked in the window. A man was sitting on the floor, smoking and reading a newspaper by the light of a candle. It was the outlaw! Sherwin signaled to MacDowell and the old man came softly over and looked in. The man was an easy mark, but they did not shoot, both loved fair play too well. Making a sign to Mac, Sherwin went quickly toward the thicker shadows of the trees in front of the cabin, then, deliberately and slowly, he began to tramp down dry twigs and make the noise a man might make in carelessly approaching from the woods back of the ravine. The sounds reached the rustlers ears. He extinguished the candle and stepped outside the door.

"That you, Kenny?"

For answer Sherwin sprang forward, pistol in hand, and old Mac emerged from behind the cabin with a roar.

"We've got you now, you skunk!" he shouted.

The outlaw dodged, dropped to his knees, rolled over like a ball and went spinning down the slope. Sherwin's bullet speeding after him. A sailing cloud suddenly obscured the moon and, in the darkness, a gun flashed below them and a bullet whistled past. They heard a scrambling fall. Sherwin fired again into the dark, a man cursed and silence followed.

"Darn that cloud, I can't see a thing!" old Mac whispered. "You think Jordan's down there, Sherwin?"

* * *

Sherwin, who had gone to the edge of the ravine and came back after the last shot, answered as softly, "Yes! I can hear him scramble—I'm hanged if I know how he got away without falling over the precipice! There comes the moon—back out of range or he'll pick you off, MacDowell!"

They both stepped back into the shadow of the cabin and waited, expecting a rush by Jordan and his confederates, but nothing happened. Far below them they heard a twig snap and some gravel slide.

"Comin', I reckon!" Mac whispered.

Sherwin shook his head. "Still going, the same man. Very likely he's gone for help."

"That's true, ain't any use stayin' here to be shot at!" As he spoke he felt his way into the cabin.

"Want to risk lighting the candle?" Sherwin asked him from the door. "I've got matches."

"Nope! We'd be targets sure then. I can see from th' moon. Where you goin'?"

"I'm going to stay here."

"You'll have to give th' cabin up, son; you'd have a batch of them rustlers to fight—if he comes back."

* * *

"And the sheriff on the road," Sherwin replied grimly.

"That's true!" Mac thought a moment. "I say, Sherwin, you'd better just keep under the trees for th' night an' skip at daybreak. The posse'll be most likely tired an' restin'. You'll get some hours start anyways."

Sherwin nodded. He had other plans, but he would not tell them. He grasped the old man's hand. "Come, I'm going to see you off safe with the horses, then I'll come back here quietly."

Mac protested, grumbling, but he finally let the younger man accompany him to the road. His lame arm still made the old man more or less awkward. Sherwin helped him get the two horses and saw him mount.

"You skip at daybreak," Mac said kindly, and leaned from the saddle to hold out his hand again. "I don't believe you did it," he ended brusquely.

Sherwin wrung his hand and stood under the trees, watching him go. The old man's blunt sympathy and active help had touched him to the quick. He watched until the old figure in the saddle and the two horses became mere specks on the white road toward Las Palomas.

(To be Continued)

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"SALADA"
TEA

## EAGLE, ILL, REPORTS TO POLICE

Maybe his "mama done tole" the American bald eagle in photo above that when you're in trouble, call a cop. Anyway, after circling the town for hours, the bird, ill and exhausted, dropped into the back yard of the Port Washington, N. Y., police headquarters. He's pictured held by James Callaghan, Roosevelt Bird Sanctuary warden, who said the bird had probably eaten polluted fish. Mr. Eagle got a dose of castor oil.

## CHRONICLES of GINGER FARM

By Gwendoline P. Clarke

* * * *

Well, I could write what I think about the railway strike, the shipyard strike or the coalminers' strike—but I certainly am not going to—you can read all you want to know in the news—and if you do it will probably leave you just as bewildered and distressed as it does us. A strike is such an awful thing—as one columnist put it—"In a strike everyone loses, even the strikers."

* * *

But out in the country, where everything is fresh, green and growing after that wonderful rain; or working in the garden, or among the chickens, one can forget for awhile how easy it is for men, who should know better, to stir up strife and unrest among those people who have been caught in a net of their own weaving. In the garden, as I work among the flowers and shrubs, the only unhappy thing is a robin who has her nest in a small spruce tree at the back of the border. Poor Mother Robin—and yet I have been out in the garden so much lately you would think she would know by now that I wouldn't hurt her fledglings. However she evidently doesn't like the look of me for she flies to a nearby apple tree every time I appear, and there she sits, chirping and scolding, as long as I stay around.

* * *

I am beginning to realize to my sorrow that a garden is one thing that can't be neglected with impunity. Last spring, when I was really very worried about Partner's health, and about getting Bob home from overseas, I gave little time or attention to the garden. As a result, the shrubs, weeds and grass have surely had one great old time trying to see which could choke the other out. The grass and the snowberry bush were definitely in the lead, but now I really believe I have them both in check. Partner and I work outside every night until it is too dark to see—Partner at the grass and I at the flowers and shrubs.

But oh, that snowberry shrub! Have you any in your garden? If you have then you will know what a fight I've been having. If you haven't, then don't let a snowberry bush come within a mile of you. It sends out runners that come up where you least want or expect them. If you try digging out a big root you have to follow those runners all over the place, even to the lawn itself. And to think that I, of my own free will, once planted snowberry bushes in my border!

* * *

I just love shrubs—all but snowberry—but there is this against them. If a shrub dies—as it may well do if there are many rabbits around—then it leaves a rather unsightly bare space that is hard to fill. To grow another shrub in its place takes time. Then, too, if one has too many shrubs one's space for growing flowers is naturally restricted. For that reason Daughter said one time when she was home—"Mother, for goodness sake don't grow any more shrubs!" Well, I am doing away with quite a few, but there are still others I would like. Sometime I hope to get a tamarisk, a smoke tree and a butterfly bush. In the meantime we have the usual run of good old annuals—zinnias, snapdragons, petunias, salvia, French marigolds, pansies and geraniums.

## Garden Notes

By GORDON L. SMITH

**Keep Them Growing**

The real secret of crispness and garden freshness is quick growth. This is especially true of leafy and root types. Lettuce that has been checked in its growth period, or carrots or young beets, and then start to grow again are almost sure to be tougher or woodier than they should be. The reason is simple. Once growth slows down for any reason the roots or leaves start to toughen and dry out, with the result that crispness and tenderness soon disappear. Even if quick growth is resumed again there is liable to be a lowering of the high, fresh quality one has a right to associate with vegetables grown right at the kitchen door.

**Cultivation Important**

Cultivation in June will kill weeds which might become really troublesome in July, and it will break up soil which would bake hard and be impossible to work after the sun really turns warm. If the lawn is kept regularly mown in June, at least once a week in the moist parts of Canada, then we will really have something worth taking the neighbours out to see later on. The old warning of a stitch in time saving nine really holds good for gardening too and especially so with such jobs as weeding, cultivation and thinning and last but not least, for protective steps against disease or pests.

## Disappearing Act

British textile scientists have invented a fabric that completely disappears in soap and water. It is used for weaving into woolen cloth so that it may be washed out afterward to produce an extra fine lightweight material.

## Sunday School Lesson

**Working With Christ**

**Mark 6:7-13; Luke 10:1,2, 14:25-27.**

Golden Text.—And he that taketh not his cross, and followeth after me, is not worthy of me.—Matthew 10:38.

**Message to The Disciples**

There is no doubt that the going forth of the disciples two by two is meant to teach us the advantages of Christian company to all who labor for Christ.

The disciples were to go forth just as they were without making any provision whatsoever. They were to live a life of absolute trust in God who would not suffer them to want. They were not to go from house to house seeking where they would fare best. They were to be grateful for the simplest fare where offered willingly, faintaining a spirit of restraint and self-denial

**The Gift of Healing**

The apostles were to call men to repentance, to beseech them to inwardly to God and outwardly from the errors of their ways. Anointing with oil as a medium of which the miraculous gift of healhealing would foster faith in those to whom it was applied. The anointing was the outward sign with which the miraculous gift of healing was accompanied.

**Christ's Harvest of Souls**

Christ and his little band of followers were few to do the great work of gathering this multitude of needy souls for God. Therefore He exhorted His disciples to pray for more laborers to help gather in the harvest of souls.

**True Disciples**

Supreme affection for and allegiance to Christ are absolutely essential to true discipleship. Jesus declared that no one is worthy of Him who loves father and mother, son or daughter more than he loves Christ. The nearest and dearest must be forsaken, and opposed, and offended, if need be, to follow Christ.

Love to parents is one of the first requirements of ethics; love of life, one of the strongest laws of nature; but even these must not come into competition with the claims of Jesus. Sacrificial discipleship is imperative. As Christ sacrificed Himself for our salvation so we must sacrifice ourselves in His service.

## Modern Girls' Feet Bigger Than Mothers'

The feet of today's young lady are getting bigger and bigger, mainly because of the soft, slipper-like shoes she wears, the Chiropodist Society of New Jersey was told by Dr. Jonas C. Morris of Audubon.

A survey of shoe retailers showed the younger set with feet two to three sizes larger than their mothers', he said.

"If this continues", he said, "when they reach the age of 25, they will wear size 10 1-2 E instead of the five A their mothers used to wear."

## A Busy Bird

There's a baby born in the United States every 11½ seconds, according to the census bureau. It reported the stork so outsped the grim reaper that the country's population increased about 154 an hour all last year. The total is more than 140500,000 now.

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