TURNING POINT

By Mary Imlay Taylor

SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER XIII: Sherwin discovers that Jordan and his gang use the cabin as a hangout. He tells Mac that he escaped from prison by tunnelling out. Mac returned to the ranch.

CHAPTER XIV

There was a moment of intense silence. The sweet morning air coming in through the window lifted the soft hair on her forehead; she was pale but her blue eyes shone. Something in his look and his manner angered her.

"I know why, Jane!" he exclaimed bitterly.

"I'm sorry, Max, I must go — I'll see you again at breakfast."

He caught her wrist violently. "You shan't go! You're in love with that fellow!"

"You've no right to say that to me!" Jane flashed at him angrily; then she remembered that he had been ill, and relented. "It's all over, Max; can't we I friends?"

He shook his head, folding his arms and standing there, motionless. His expression was sullen, but there was a strange light in his dark eyes.

"Oh, if you don't want to be friends!" Jane turned away proudly. "I'm going out now, Max!" She lifted her chin scornfully. He was behaving like a sulky boy, she thought; she liked to see a man lose like a good sport, like — well, like a brave man!

Stenhart said nothing at all, but she was aware of his tall figure motionless there behind her. She felt his eyes on her back, but she hurried away, ran down the slope to the stable and swung herself into the saddle.

"I'll be back presently, Jose," said she lightly, giving Tex his head.

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The vacquero stood watching her ride off, a smile on his dark face. "She some rider!" he thought.

Tex had cleared the bridge almost at a bound. The horse was full of pep today, ready to run, but Jane rode like a boy. The man stood watching, shading his eyes with a hand burnt black by the sun. He was surprised at the way she went. So surprised that he jumped when a voice spoke sharply at his elbow.

"Saddle one of the horses, I want one right off!"

The vacquero stared. "You able to ride, Meester Stenhar'?"

"Get a move on you! Saddle up, I've got to go with Miss Keller and she's way ahead now!"

Jose grinned, saddling a steady horse for this sick man. "He catch up with senorita, eh?" The grin widened into silent laughter. But he was amazed at the ease with which Stenhart mounted; he did not know that sheer rage can carry even a sick man far.

* * *

The flame of jealousy within him leaped up and tortured him. He saw nothing of the beauty of the day, the near hills green and brown, the distant blue peaks against the blue sky, the shadows in the canyons, the wooded spurs, the slopes of Las Palomas falling behind him. Presently his horse forded a wide stream. It ran swiftly, and it seemed to him his ear caught the sound of a cataract somewhere in the ravine, then he saw Jane so close ahead that he reined in violently. His horse plunged and he was near discovery. But, happily for him, the girl took no thought of being followed; she had found an unused trail and turned into it. For an instant Stenhart thought he had lost her and his heart beat stormily, then he sighted her through the trees. He dismounted, hid his horse in the brush and followed on foot. Ten yards up the trail she had slipped from the saddle and vanished up a steep ascent. Passing Tex, where he was cropping grass, Stenhart crept after her, treading softly, and, as he climbed, the tumult of the cataract came nearer and nearer it must be below him now, hidden by the trees. Far up he caught a glimpse of a slender figure still ahead and he followed doggedly.

* * *

Sherwin had slept heavily, physically exhausted, and it was sunrise when he awoke. The solitude of the wooded height seemed drenched in peace. He saw only great tree-trunks about him, and the sun had not yet penetrated their dense shade. Somewhere a bird sang sweetly. For a moment it seemed impossible that he had fallen asleep with hatred in his heart, but his first waking consciousness brought it all back; he was to stay here, hidden, until he killed Stenhart! Nothing less would satisfy his thirst for vengeance.

He opened his food pack and ate sparingly; there was a lovely spring close at hand, and he lacked for nothing now. His meal finished he rose and began to explore the place; it was evident that Jordan had not returned. There was no sound but those innumerable small noises of life in the woods, and the music of the cataract far below him. He moved on in profound leisure, and since he did not now intend flight he had ample time on his hands.

* * *

Presently he came upon a rocky ledge and, as he climbed, his foot slipped, and he rolled down into some brambles and felt a strong current of air. Only slightly bruised from his fall, he rose to his knees and found that he had torn the brambles away from the open mouth of a cavern. The keen breeze that came from it lifted the hair on his forehead; there must be another opening somewhere. Curiosity made him explore carefully.

No one had known of this spot; it was webbed with cobwebs, chocked with roots, and he pushed them aside and entered, stooping. To his surprise, he found himself in a cavern of considerable size. Away from it ran a passageway through which the wind blew keenly. He struck a match, found an old bit of wood on the floor, the broken root of some tree, and succeeded in firing it. Carrying his improvised torch carefully, he explored and found a twisting passage that led downward a long way. He could not follow it to the end without more light; his torch was failing him, and he recollected the candle in Mac's cabin.

* * *

He turned back at once. He had chanced on an ideal hiding place and he must know it thoroughly, know, too, if Jordan had found the other opening. Emerging, he rearranged the screen of brambles and made his way, more cautiously, toward the cabin. There was always the possibility that Jordan or his pals might return there. But it was vacant, and he had ample time to look for what he needed most, candles and matches. He found only the one half-burnt candle and two matches, evidently tossed there by the watcher after he had lighted his pipe. There was an old blanket, a remnant of Mac's camping — out there, and a coil of rope.

Sherwin stood still, staring at that coil of rope; suddenly it had an immense significance — it brought into his mind a full-fledged scheme of vengeance! The cave and the rope!

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MONK MOTHER TURNS KIDNAPER

Clutching one of her own youngsters and one she kidnaped from a neighbor, this monkey mother clings to bars near ceiling of her cage and screams defiance at attempts to recover the stolen baby. An inmate of the Treffich Pet Shop in New York the monkey recently bore twins. One of them died and she promptly appropriated one of another monkey's offspring to make up the deficit. This was latest monkey headache for the proprietor. Recently over 100 of the simians escaped and overran the neighborhood.

CHRONICLES of GINGER FARM

By Gwendoline P. Clarke

* * * *

column I thought it might be a good idea to open the hatchway and let my little chickens out for their first run. Judging by my early chicks, who took about three days to pick up enough courage to run in and out freely, I was sure this brood would react in just about the same way. But I didn't know my chickens. It really wasn't such a good idea—as I found out when I went back about half-an-hour later. There were about thirty of them out in the run and two others chasing around the backyard with one of the big chickens as an escort. The little rascals must have squeezed through a knot-hole—there was no other way they could have got out. The next thing was to catch them. If you havn't already done it, try catching little chicks running loose in long grass. It is quite a stunt. By the time I had them cornered the chicks were still quite active but I was nicely out of breath. Then it looked like rain so I decided it would be better to run them all back into the pen. 'Nuff said about that little job—and to think that ten short days ago those same chickens were innocent-looking eggs.

* * *

This particular breed of chickens are hybrids—a cross between New Hampshires and Barred Rocks—the very first time I have experimented with chickens other than Barred Rocks. Already the female of the species look like regular young pullets. I expect they will be laying eggs in a week or two at the rate they are maturing. It is far more fun watching this bunch develop than just plain Rocks. They even seem to have a little intelligence—which is unusual for chickens. But something seems to tell me I may be in for a happy time, just the same.

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And from chickens we come to the combined subjects of eggs, manure and a finger-wave—except that the order should be reversed. It was like this—I was sitting under the dryer at the hair-dressers and thumbing my way through a magazine digest, when my attention was caught by an article dealing with products of the soil, which stated that farmers were using too little manure and too much commercial fertilizer, and that as a result a circle of Vitamin B. deficiency was being set in motion. Because inefficient manure was being used on the land cattle grazing on pasture were not getting their natural vitamins. This meant less vitamins in milk, beef and butter. Hens kept in close quarters and fed commercial feeds and on grain lacking in vitamins were also affected with the result that eggs were less nutritious than those that we used to get in the old days when Biddies had the run of the barnyard and scratched their time away in what were considered as the most unsuitable places.

* * *

Now what I am leading up to is this: The egg business has become a highly specialized business indeed. To be sure of obtaining first grade eggs the hens must be kept shut up at all time. The formula for their feed is prepared as carefully as a baby's. They must always have clean litter in which to scratch, clean water to drink, in fact nothing must be left for them to get at which would in any way contaminate the eggs which they produce. The result is lemon-coloured yolks, which is what the graders demand in a Grade A. egg. If the yolk is dark yellow then it is classified as "heavy" and put down as Grade B. One wonders if, in our desire for purity products, we are swinging too far the other way. By trying always to improve on nature are we defeating our own ends, cheating ourselves of the rudiments of healthful living?

* *

Just recently Partner has been pretty busy with the scythe cutting down weeds and long grass which he has gathered up and thrown in to the hens. And how they love it. They are never tired of picking at it—but they are eating far less laying-mash. As a result we are now getting eggs with almost orange colour yolks, eggs rich in vitamins and minerals, because, as everyone knows there is no better source for disease-resisting qualities than fresh green grass. The hens are getting it, passing it along to the eggs, the people who eat the eggs will benefit. But we shall lose out because the rich dark-looking yolks will be put down as Grade B. eggs. But Partner says, because he knows the grass is good for the hens, they'll going to get it for a few weeks, anyway.

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Sunday School Lesson

The Bonds of Christian Fellowship

Luke 22: 14-20; John 17: 6-8, 20, 21.

Golden Text: A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another; as I have loved you, that ye also love one another.—John 13: 34.

Christ's Farewell Feast

This was Christ's great farewell feast of love, the last intercourse with His disciples before His capture, condemnation and death. This is the last Passover our Lord will eat on earth. He will not partake in any further festivities till He rejoices in the completed Kingdom.

This bread which Christ took represented the offering up of His broken body as an atonement for our sins. He gave Himself, His whole being, for our sins. It was the sacrifice of Himself. His blood was about to be shed and there was but a short time before His great atoning work would be consumated on Calvary and in His resurrection.

Christ had revealed God's name to His disciples. They were God's not simply by creation, but His children because they had believed on His Son and received Him into their hearts and lives.

Jesus now turns from praying for Himself to praying for His immediate followers. Jesus had revealed to them the nature and character of God. This lay at the foundation of all that He had done for them. While our Lord on His part had revealed God to them, they on their part had kept God's word.

Christ gave to His disciples not the results of His reasoning but words direct from God. We can not afford to make light of Christ's words or to doubt them, because they are God's words.

Prayer Of Intercession

The vision and faith of the Lord embraced the whole church to the end of time. We who believe to-day were in the mind of the Saviour in His great intercessory prayer. The prayer was for all who should in any age believe in Him as their Saviour. Believers in the days to come should become His followers through the word of the apostles.

Jesus' prayer for all believers was that they might all be one. He longed and prayed for the unity of His disciples in all times. This prayer has been largely answered. Beneath all seeming differences all true followers of Jesus are one. Through the unity of Christians the world was to be brought to believe that God had sent Jesus. A Church is an unanswerable argument for the Christian faith.

The Health Way

Nutrition experts say that the value of vegetables is enhanced if they are cooked in their jackets, in very little water, with the lid on the saucepan. They are against peeling vegetables, claiming that this wastes not only food itself but takes away something fom the food quality, too.

Modern Etiquette

By Roberta Lee

By Roberta Lee

1. Are there any kinds of invitations that do not require an acceptance?

2. Please name six things that are included among the "finger" types of foods?

3. Is it obligatory to send a wedding gift when one is invited only to the church?

4. When a host and hostess have not planned any after-dinner entertainment, what should they do when the dinner is finished?

ANSWERS

1. Yes. Invitations to teas, those to large receptions, cards to "At home" days, do not require an acceptance, provided they do not bear "R.s.v.p." But when unable to attend a tea or reception, one should send a card to the hostess on the appointed day. 2. Olives, celery, radishes, corn on the cob, cookies, and bon bons. 3. No. 4. It is their duty to see that the conversation keeps going.

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