TURNING POINT

By Mary Imlay Taylor

SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER XVI: Stenhart, who had seen Sherwin and Jane, rode back to the ranch and reported to Jim. "She's in love with him," Stenhart declared. Jim was furious and telephoned the sheriff to come and get Sherwin. Stenhart again mounted and started for the hill trail to show the sheriff where Sherwin was hiding.

CHAPTER XVII

It occurred to him that it would be terrible to have the sheriff find Jane with this man. He drummed with his fingers on the edge of his desk, his face white. He had just telephoned to the stables for his horse when a door opened and old Teresa came toward him, a paper in her hand.

"You'll read this for me, senor?' The little brown woman thrust the paper in his hand.

It was the picture of Sherwin; below it was printed a description of the crime. Jim frowned.

She caught at his sleeve. "Read it, senor!" she begged.

Half annoyed, Jim complied.

The old woman caught at his sleeve, pointing. Through the open door she could glimpse Stenhart's disappearing figure, high up the road.

* * *

For an instant Jim stared, then he smiled grimly. "He was a witness at the trial, Teresa; it may have bothered him a lot."

The brown face opposite wrinkled deeply with horror, it seemed to Jim uncommonly like a witch's!

"He's got a devil!" she mumbled, crossing herself. Then she caught at his coat and clung to it, keeping him from the door. "Madre de Dios, don't let Jane marry heem, senor!" she begged.

She covered her face with her shaking hands and he heard her praying Spanish as he ran down the slope. He must get to Jane before Stenhart unleashed the sheriff's gang. He was honestly worried. Second thought had cooled his rage; he remembered that he owed something to this fugitive that he was hounding. Then he saw his sister. She had swung herself from the saddle down by the stables, and as she turned he saw how pale she was.

* * *

"The devil take that fellow!" Jim muttered to himself, wrathful again. Then he spoke sharply. "Where have you been?"

Jane took no notice of his tone. She came up, panting.

"What's the matter?" she gasped

"Perhaps you know better than I do," he replied ironically.

Jane caught at his arm with shaking hands. "What does it mean? I saw Stenhart meet the sheriff on the upper road—tell me quick, quick!"

Jim eyed her coldly. I 'phoned for Cutler. He's going to take that jailbird, Sherwin, back to Rhode Island, and I'm going to help him—that's all!"

Jane's hand dropped from his arm. She turned deathly white, and for a moment she swayed on her feet. Jim threw an arm around her.

"My God, 'ane, you don't care for a murderer?"

She pushed him away from her with both hands. "He saved your life and you've betrayed him—you Judas!" she cried.

"Jane—" he tried to restrain her but she broke away, ran back to her horse and leaped into the saddle. Jim made an ineffectual snatch for the reins. "Where are you going, you mad woman?" he shouted at her.

* *

She turned and looked back at him., haggard and broken. "I'm going to warn him — something dreadful will happen if he meets Stenhart!

"Stop—wait, I'm coming!" Jim cried, but she was gone at a gallop.

Her brother turned and shouted for his horse. Jose had saddled it and Jim flung himself into the saddle and was off in an instant Jane was well in the lead, riding recklessly, but Tex was tired; Jim's horse was fresh and the distance between them grew less and less as he reached the bridge, crossed it, and raced on. He could see now, as he turned the loop, that Stenhart had met Cutler on the upper road; they were far ahead. The posse had divided. too, and, as Jim rode on. he made out their plan; they meant to cut Sherwin off, pen him on the hillside, and then beat the bushes.

If Jane reached his hiding-place first, if she knew of some secret trail. she would be trapped with him! The blood rushed to Jim's face at the thought; he cursed his folly for giving Stenhart this chance. "He's mad with jealousy!" he thought. and urged his horse.

But Jane was still ahead and she had taken an unexpected turn to the right. Jim remembered that he did not know where the man was hidden But Stenhart did, he had tracked her, and Stenhart was going toward the cataract when he glimpsed him last through the trees.

* * *

On the upper road they travelled faster, Cutler and Stenhart, turning a sharp curve between two wooded spurs. The trees below them hid the brother and sister as they galloped past the creek, and there was a long piece of virgin forest where they could see nothing either way, and the voice of the cataract deadened all other sounds.

Here and there was a glimpse of the wild ravine. but Jim had never seen Mac's little cabin and, as yet, he saw no trail; then he observed Jane reining in her horse. looking up. Could she see anything? He struck his spurs into his own horse and the animal bounded forward. They had come to a sharp curve and Jane. trying to turn aside, lost her chance to escape. Jim's horse, faster than hers. leaped a fallen tree and her brother snatched at Tex's bridle and brought him to a standstill.

Jane struck at his hand with her quirt. "Let me go!" she cried fiercely; "I've got to go up that trail!"

"I swear you won't!" Jim flung back, red in the face; "you're my sister."

The girl struggled, trying to free herself. and both horses plunged. Then, suddenly, she gave a little cry, looking up through the trees. The horses had whirled around the curve and faced the cataract; through widespread branches. Jim caught a glimpse of the trail along the ledge, above the precipice, a trail he had never followed. never even seen before.

"I'm too late—oh, God, I'm too late!" Jane moaned, dropping the reins into Jim's hands and clasping her own against her breast.

* * *

The white agony of her face smote her brother; in a tumult of feeling, anger and regret, he held the horses steady and tried to follow her eyes. At first. in the broad glare of the sunlight on the high hills, he saw nothing but the white spray of the cataract and the mighty tree-trunks that seemed to rise upward in serried ranks, like an army. He could not even hear voices above the roar of the water, but he knew that Cutler's men were behind them and before them, creeping up the mountainside, stealthy and sure, upon their quarry, as the hunter steals upon his game. Suddenly his heart failed him—he felt he had done a thing that he might well regret. No matter if the man was a convict, he had no reason to hunt him down; rather, indeed, he had cause to spare him. Jim's face sobered and grew pale. Then Jane flung herself from the saddle and started toward the screened opening of the trail, but, though she was juick, Jim was quicker; he was down in a moment and after her. He caught her and held her, struggling, in his arms.

"You're too late, Jane!" he exclaimed hoarsely. "Don't you see? I do! They're bound to meet—look!"

(To be continued)

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Because the boy is so small, the bread bulks large—but the two loaves carried by Wincenty Rakowsky, eight-year-old Polish orphan, weigh only about nine and a half ounces Baked from wheat supplied by UNRRA, it is the daily bread ration for six people—who have very little else to eat.

CHRONICLES of GINGER FARM

By Gwendoline P Clarke

We have reason to be very thankful in this district — having come to the end of a most intense and uncomfortable heat wave without any bad wind or thunder storm following in its wake. As one hot, humid day succeeded another I think we were all a little bit afraid of what the end would be, especially when every day we heard news of tornadoes, and twisters, and earthquakes, from first one place and then another. By the way, at Courtney, where the brunt of the earthquake was felt, was where son Bob put in a lot of time during the war. In the army, of course. He read the news and then said disgustedly—"Things always happen after I have left a place!"

* * *

Generally speaking I have very little sympathy with strikes or strikers but during a heat wave it would be no trouble at all to go on strike myself. After all, man is the only living thing who carries on just as usual in the midst of intense heat. If you don't believe me just look around and see for yourself next time the mercury hits the high spots—which Heaven forbid will not be for a little while yet.

If left to please themselves all "dumb" creatures show a lot more sense than we do when it is hot. Cows find the coolest spot in the pasture and there they stay through the hottest part of the day, contentedly sleeping or chewing their cud. And the hens and chickens—what do they do? During most of the morning they are as busy as can be — eating, scratching, drinking, and, in the case of hens, laying eggs. The chickens, out on range, are also continually on the move. But watch for those same birds after dinner and you will hardly see a chicken around anywhere. They are either sleeping in the cool of the chicken pen or in some shady spot outside. Then, round about five o'clock, cows and chickens come to life again. They are up and about their business, which, for them, is keeping their stomachs and crops filled up.

* * *

Having observed these dumb creatures take a look around and see what most of our two-legged wise guys are doing. You will find men in the hayfield slogging into the work with the hot sun beating down upon them. Or women in the kitchen, some of them with a fire on, canning, ironing, or even housecleaning. You find men and women too, working in stores, offices and factories, right on through the heat of the day, and then, just as the air gets a little more bearable they quit for the day because it is six o'clock.

Think what an easy pleasant life it would be if everyone rested from one to five during the hot summer afternoons, and then worked again from five until sundown. Quite an idea, isn't it, and it could be done except for the fact that we are such creatures of habit that we have to work by the clock instead of being guided by our natural impulses.

* * *

Of course, like everyone else, we kept right on working during that awful heat. Not only that but the jobs that had to be done were hotter and more tiring than average. The men were busy in the hayfield and the hay particularly heavy. Then it was more or less of a worry trying out the new horse until we were sure what she could — or would — do. But we needn't have worried for Queen apparently has the normal strength of a horse with the disposition of a lamb—which is really something for a six-year-old. I am certainly glad she is quiet for I am back to my old job of driving the team on the hay fork.

And there were berries to can—but not to pick, thank goodness. And one morning we sold seventy-five of our chickens—and believe me that is not the nicest job in hot weather.

* * *

Of course we had holiday week-enders—and I fed them on salads and fresh fruits and cold meat. Daughter had a yen for a pie but I told her pies would have to wait until I had an electric stove to cook with. They all helped in the hayfield—and all finished up with wet shirts and sunburns. Friend Bert developed such a red nose I told him anyone looking at him would not find it hard to believe that the Ontario liquor ration had been doubled! We found a grand place to go for a swim, we listened to atomic bomb broadcasts, and now the week-end is over, and we are already to start work again with a song in our hearts because the weatherman has promised a high today of seventy.

In the times of Henry VIII, a person was liable to have his ears cut off for not attending church.

Sunday School Lesson

Jesus Demands Loyalty to God

Exodus 20: 3-6;
Joshua 24: 16, 22-24;
Luke 14: 25-27.

Golden Text.—No man can serve two masters: for either he will hate the one, and love the other; or else he will hold to the one and despise the other. Ye cannot serve God and mammon. —Matthew 6: 24.

Only One God

God's first law requires loyalty to God and demands willing submission to his sovereignty. There is no room for two thrones in any life, and God must be supreme. Before Him we must bow with submissive hearts and obedient lives. This first commandment is the bedrock of religion

Loyalty In Worship

God's second law requires loyalty in worship. It is not a prohibition to merely make "any graven image." It is a prohibition to make and bow down to them and serve them.

God is a jealous God. He will tolerate no rival in the supreme place in man's affections.

Not only the sinner suffers for his iniquity but his children and remote posterity. But God is ready to turn the miseries that come to us from our father's sins into a blessing if we yield to Him. Moreover this law of heredity brings mercy to the children and descendants of those who love God and keep His commandments.

Joshua's Farewell Words

Joshua summoned the people "before God" for his farewell words. He calls upon Israel to fear Jehovah and to serve Him. The people asserted most positivly their choice of Jehovah and that they would not forsake Him.

Joshua knew how lightly people could make an apparently earnest resolution like this, and so demands that they consider what they are doing. The people still persisted "we will serve Jehovah." Joshua was a thorough dealer with souls and still was not satisfied. He told them that they were witnesses against themselves. Many of us are witnesses against ourselves: we profess entire consecration to God but we do not practice it. In view of their resolution to serve Jehovah Joshua demanded that they at once put away the strange gods that were among them.

Jesus Tests His People

When Jesus saw a great multitude following He decided to apply a test, a test of supreme love for Himself and consequently a life of self-denial in His service. Discipleship means separation from the world, from all worldly ties which hinder our pure devotion to Christ—even family ties, if need be. Nothing is to be allowed to come between us and our Lord.

How Can I?

By Ar... Ashley

Q. How can I prevent rugs from wrinkling?

A. Dissolve 1 part of common glue with 10 parts of warm water. Hang the rug over a pole and paint the wrong side of it with a paint brush dipped in the solution. Use the solution sparingly or it may soak through and show on the surface. Perform this outside where the rug will dry quickly.

Q. How can I stiffen the brushes of the sweeper?

A. Take the brushes out of the sweeper, put a little common baking soda in some hot water and dip them in it several times. Let dry in the sun.

Q. How can I remove stains from white enamel furniture?

A. By adding a small piece of potash to a kettle of clear water, letting it stand for a few minutes, and then washing the furniture with this solution and soap.

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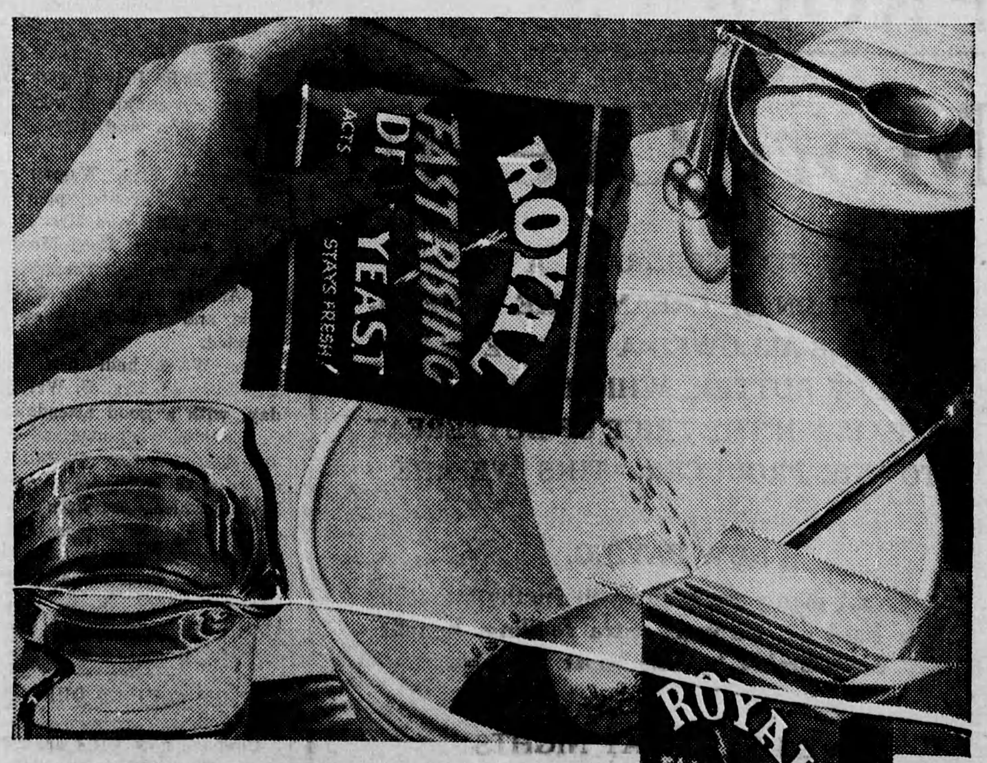

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