TURNING POINT

By Mary Imlay Taylor

SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER XVII: Jane returns, learns what has happened and reminds Jim that Sherwin saved his life and hers.

CHAPTER XVIII

He had glimpsed the steep side of the precipice at last, and seen what his sister had been watching. Sherwin was standing beside a cliff, high on the trail. Below him, two hundred feet, dashed the cataract; along the narrow, dizzy ledge, as yet unaware of him, came Stenhart — alone! Cautiously, searching, peering this way and that, unaware that his quarry saw him, waited for him.

Jane, looking up now, saw that she could not reach Sherwin, could not even cry out to him. She knew of the cave—he had told her of it—as a way to escape; a warning in time and they would never find him, could not trap him, but she was too late; Stenhart would see him, Stenhart would betray him!

* * *

Stenhart, moving cautiously, foot by foot, pering listening, looking back for help——help that would never reach him! Sherwin waiting. There was something in his awful patience like that of the tiger who waits to spring — certain of his prey. The narrow ledge showed like a knife drawn in the wooded height; it shone in the sunlight almost as keenly as the torn ribbons of spray from the torrent below them. The roar of the cataract drowned all sound. Scream as she might, Jane could not reach the ears of the man who watched the other's slow advance. It was like a nightmare, the creeping, creeping up that ledge to meet Death.

Jim caught his breath. A cloud had obscured the sun, and as it sailed away he saw Sherwin's face as he crouched, leaning forward, ready! One thrust and Stenhart—coming on, unaware of him—would go down—down.

Jane covered her face with her hands, but it was Jim who cried out hoarsely, tried to shout a warning; then, realizing its futility, he groaned aloud.

"Good God, he's going to kill him!" he cried.

* * *

Sherwin had stepped out from his hiding-place; he seemed to tower, vengeance incarnate. Stenhart stood still an instant, frozen in his tracks. His drawn pistol fell from his hand; he seemed to shrink together in mortal terror. Then, as the man he had hunted neither moved nor spoke, he tottered back, stumbled and fell headlong over the narrow ledge.

It had happened in an instant, in the twinkling of an eye. Sherwin, waiting for his betrayer, saw him — untouched, unscathed — crumple up, reel backward and plunge over the edge of the precipice. So swift was it, that he neither moved nor spoke; for a full minute he stared blankly at the spot where Stenhart had disappeared. A strange sensation swept him, he grew dizzy himself; his head swam, and the hills seemed to rise up about him in awful majesty. He knew nothing of the men who were creeping toward him through the woods; he believed himself alone, alone with that awful power which had seized his enemy and brushed him like a fly from the ledge! Slowly he took a step forward and, steadying himself, looked over the brink. Thirty feet below him that solitary stunted tree thrust out its dwarfed trunk from the sheer side of the precipice. Sprawled across it, limp, motionless, lifeless, hung Stenhart, sprawling limbs, his hanging head. The white froth of the boiling torrent below him outlined his his ghastly upturned face.

* * *

He was not dead! Even as Sherwin looked, he saw him move his head in the torture of pain and fear; it was more terrible than a swift wiping out of life, for death was playing a game of hide and seek with him. A movement, almost a breath and he would go down into eternity, and if he hung there — with no mortal help at hand — he must perish thus! It could not be for long, but Sherwin looking down at him, knew that he was conscious and saw no help, only the face of the man who had sworn to ill him! Revenge exquisite in his torments, was accomplished. Sherwin need but stand there and see him die! Even as he looked, he saw the old tree begin to waver under the dead weight of the fallen body; its roots were loosening in their age-old crevice of rock. In a little while, long before help could reach Stenhart, it would bend downward. Annihilation waited there, eternity yawned for him, and he knew it!

Sherwin, grasping a ledge of rock to steady himself, looked down at the helpless man who had betrayed him. Stenhart, looking up dizzily, saw him and tried to lift a feeble hand in entreaty. It was beyond his strength. He hung there, feeling the tree sway beneath him, helpless, at the end of hope.

* * *

Sherwin straightened himself suddenly; he had heard a distant sound, voices in the woods! Instantly, he divined the truth; Stenhart had again betrayed him, they were after him. But he had ample time to reach his cave, and once there they would not get him, for he knew the other opening and it was safe. Nor could they save Stenhart; the tree was giving! Five minutes more—and he would be avenged! He need not stir a finger, and Jane, who had besaught him not to slay, would know that there was no blood upon his hands!

He drew a deep breath; almost at his feet lay the coil of rope that he had dropped when he met Jane. He saw it and remembered the purpose had had in mind. The minutes seemed to beat themselves into his brain, his pulses throbbed, his lips were parched. He stooped, reached for the rope and, uncoiling it, wound it about the great trunk of a sycamore, then, tossing the long end over the side of the abyss, he grasped it and began to descend, hand over hand.

The rope swung out and then went taut with his weight. Little by little he lowered himself and, as he went down he glanced aside at the tree under Stenhart. It was yielding, one crack more in the straining bark and it would snap! Swinging at the rope's end in space, Sherwin, the avenger, risked his life.

(To be continued)

Sunday School Lesson

The Spirit Of True Worship

Deuteronomy 8. 11-14; 18-20; Isaiah 40: 30, 31; Mark 12. 28-34.

Golden Text — God is a spirit: and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth.—John 4:24.

Moses' Warning

Moses is led by God to warn the Israelites of a weakening faith as they prospered materially. It is a grievous fault in human nature to so enjoy material blessings as to rest our security in them. The exhortation of our Lord is the only wise and safe rule for the individual Christian to follow.

Waiting Upon God

In these verses the prophet Isaiah reveals the weakness of nations and men, and the majesty and power of God. He draws attention to the limitations of youth. Being weary does not refer to the flesh; it is the spirit which is exhausted. There is a spiritual weariness, an emptiness which the young can feel as well as the mature. It was to meet this spiritual an moral exhaustion that Jesus called the weary to Himself.

The word "renew" means newness of life. Inspired with God's enduement of the Holy Spirit we "mount up", we "run and we are not weary" in the passionate service, we "walk, and not faint" in the common duties of life.

What Is Love?

Our duty to God is summed up in one word: Love. What is love? To love another is to have a desire for and a delight in his welfare. To love God with all the heart and soul and mind and strength is to have a supreme desire, for and deligh. in God's glory, so that everything is secondary to that.

Spiritual Love

The Second Commandment requires that we have the same desire for and delight in the welfare of our neighbour as we have in our own welfare. The Second Commandment is really involved in the First, for if we love God, whom we have not seen, we must love our neighbour whom we have seen. A man cannot love God if he does not love his neighbour for love to God involves love to neighbour.

There are many to-day who call themselves Christians who lack clear moral discernment. To see the truth clearly shows that one is not far from the Kingdom of God. When one submits to the truth he is in the Kingdom.

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THEY'RE ON THEIR WAY

Looking for a washing machine? Some of these ought to show up in your local store pretty soon. They're portable models, shown being stacked for shipment by Ruby Shelton at the Los Angeles plant where they're made. The midget washers can clean four men's shirts or 12 pieces of lingerie or eight diapers.

CHRONICLES of GINGER FARM

By Gwendoline P. Clarke

* * * *

We have just said good-bye to the last of our young cockerels—that is, the last of the first hatch. We still have plenty of small birds running around—so we won't be lonesome for a little while yet.

We are also enjoying our first shower for about three weeks—and oh dear, how we needed it. (By the way, I am referring to a shower of rain—not of bath water). The ground is terribly dry. There doesn't seem to be any moisture anywhere—even the leaves on the trees are wilting. But it has been marvellous haying weather. To date, not one cutting of hay has been spoilt. I can't remember any thing like it before.

* * *

This year, for us, the summer seems to be mostly week-ends. I mean with the various members, and near members, of our family coming along every week-end like homing pigeons, we have no sooner said "Good-bye" than we are saying, "Hullo, you're here again!" And when they come there is a wild scramble for old clothes and shoes—overalls, shirts, slacks, anything at all that can be worn in the hayfield. Half the time nobody knows what belongs to whom and the result is often a general mix-up. Saturday afternoon Bert was turning the house upside down hunting for the overalls he had worn the week before. He insisted I must have washed and put them away. I was equally sure I hadn't for the simple reason that I had forgotten about them. While we were still arguing Joy and the men came in with a load of hay. Daughter exclaimed immediately — "Look, there's Bert's overalls—Joy's wearing them!" And she was—she was also wearing a blouse belonging to Daughter, one of my hats and a pair of sneakers which Bob had routed out from somewhere. Daughter is not quite so trampish! She generally has some kind of an outfit at home to change into—what there is of it!

* * *

The dress parade on Sunday morning is also quite characteristic. Partner and Bob shave, bathe, and quite naturally get into something other than work clothes. Bert, the city slicker, absolutely refuses to shave and delights in wearing overalls and an old collarless shirt. He says he has to shave and wear a tie nearly every day of his life. To do just the opposite is his idea of relaxation. Partner, on the other hand, cannot relax unless he first gets out of his work clothes.

Joy's pet method of escapism is to run around barefoot, and Daughter's is do exactly as she pleases. Bob's idea of rest is to stay not more than five minutes in one place at a time. And Partner's and mine—well, we think it a good idea just to snatch a few odd winks whenever there happens to be a ilttle quietness in the house. But not always—no not always; sometimes I keep our family on the move. Sunday afternoon, for instance I casually suggested a berry reconnoitring trip. And oh dear, what a disappointment—there was hardly a berry anywhere! Whether this is really another off season or whether the bushes were just killed out in that patch, I don't know. But won't it be a tragedy if there are no wild berries to pick again this year?

* *

Well, well, it must be thundering again—Tippy has just pushed the door open and gone to his hiding place under the kitchen table. I wonder why it is so many dogs are scared of thunder. To tell you the truth I am scared too but for the simple reason that a bad storm might result in our wheat crop being levelled to the ground. That is a tragedy at any time but this year we are growing registered wheat and that makes us doubly anxious.

Which reminds me, I have a binder canvas to patch. And that my dear friends, is not exactly my idea of fancy work.

RELIEVE THEM WITH MURINE

Two drops of Murine in each eye will promptly comfort and soothe busy eyes that feel the strain of working under artificial light. Murine was originated by an eye physician to bring safe, gentle, soothing ease to eyes that are overtired and irritated. Ask your druggist for Murine—use it every day.

How Can I?

By Anne Ashley

Q. How can I remove mortar from window glass?

A. Try rubbing with hot, strong vinegar.

A. When through using the wringer, take a piece of cloth and wet it with kerosene. Rub the rollers well and they will be as clean and white as when new. Repeat every week after washing.

Q. What can I take to produce sleep?

A. Stew spring onions in a coarse brown sugar and take a teaspoonful at night. This will not only produce sleep, but is very healthful.

Q. What is the correct way to roll pastry?

A. Never operate the rolling pin backwards and forwards when making pastry. Roll it forwards only and then lift it.

Q. How can I take proper care of ivory knife handles?

A. Do not put them in hot water, which turns them yellow. Wash with warm soapy water, and wipe quickly. Once a month rub them with a flannel moistened with denatured alcohol and dipped in powdered whiting that has been sifted through cheesecloth.

Q. How can I loosen screws and nails which are rusted into wood?

A. By dropping a little hot paraffin on them. After a short time they can be removed very easily.

Wash-Day Tip

If a new clothes line is boiled for a few minutes in soapy water before being used, it will become safer and more durable.

Health Safeguards

Urging parents to protect children against possibility of contracting certain diseases, Ottawa health officials list the benefits of the "keep well" service available to all Canadians. They point out that a baby six to nine months old should be immunized against diphtheria, and, during its first year, a baby should be vaccinated as protection against smallpox.

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