# TURNING POINT

## By Mary Imlay Taylor

SYNOPSIS

**CHAPTER XVIII:** Stenhart, weak from exertion, got off his horse and groped along a narrow ledge, then toppled over. He was caught by a protruding limb, dangling above certain death. Sherwin saw his enemy fall and crept slowly toward his helpless victim. It was then that he reached the turning point in his thinking and did not kill his enemy.

### CHAPTER XIX

He sought a foothold, a crevice, and found one where the tree had rooted, a wide fissure in the wall of rock. He swung toward it, got his foot into it, and, holding thus to the rope and the cliff, reached down and laid his hand on Stenhart's body. He thought he was still conscious, for his heavy eyelids quivered, but he lay there, a dead weight. Swiftly, cautiously, Sherwin wound the rope around his body and made it secure under the armpits, balancing himself on a foothold so narrow that a touch might hurl him down. Then, grasping the slack of the rope, he began to climb. The ledge seemed a thousand feet above him, but, at last, he lay on its brink, gasping.

He heard sounds now other than the cataract, the crashing of boughs, voices! He took no heed of them, for, as he rose to his feet, he saw the tree that supported Stenhart go down and the motionless body swing out on the end of the rope. Sherwin braced himself and began to haul him up by main strength. Slowly, surely, he drew his enemy out of the abyss, steadied him at the edge of the rock, brought him safe over and laid him down. His own muscles ached and his head s am, but Stenhart still breathed. He opened his eyes and looked up in Sherwin's face. Sheer terror leaped into his eyes, but he was spent, helpless; his white lips moved,, but only one word came in a whisper.

"Water!"

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A mountain spring was trickling close at hand, and Sherwin cupped the water in his hands and wet his face and lips, and again Stenhart tried to speak; but, as his rescuer bent to listen, heavy hands fell upon him and there was a shout of triumph.

"Get him, sheriff!"

Sherwin, on his knees beside the injured man, looked up to find the posse closing in. He shook off the man who had grasped him and rose to his feet just as Jim Keller panted up the trail.

"Hold on, Cutler!" Jim cried, "that man saved Stenhart—I saw him—at the risk of his own life!"

"Ain't taking no chances, Mr. Keller. Here you, Adams, you handcuff him; he's the man we're after!"

Sherwin offered no resistance; he submitted with an iron composure. He had thrown away his dear-bought liberty to save Stenhart.

"I reckon he can walk, after all," said the Sheriff. "How you feeling now, Mr. Stenhart?"

Stenhart tried to stand upright, but his eyes had met Sherwin's and his mouth went dry. He wet his lips, shaking all over.

"We'd better carry him," said Jim. 'Cheer up, old chap, you're sound, no bones broken!"

"I can walk," said Stenhart thickly, leaning heavily on Jim.

"The ledge is mighty narrow; can you manage without help, Mr. Keller? The sheriff was solicitous for the man who had helped him make his capture.

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"Oh, we'll do!" Jim threw a supporting arm around Stenhart. It was on the tip of his tongue to tell the men to go ahead with the prisoner and bring help from the ranch and a car for the injured man, but he remembered Jane; he must go first himself. The thought impelled Jim to look back at Sherwin, and something in his white face made him recoil at the sight of his bound hands. He beckoned Cutler to him. "Is it necessary—I mean, those handcuffs? By Jove, I saw what he did; he's a brave man!"

The sheriff nodded grimly. "Can't take chances, Mr. Keller, he's a jail-breaker; swore he was goin' to kill Stenhart. I ain't so all fired clear in my mind what he meant to do with him anyway—he had him all trussed up with that rope!"

Jim shut his teeth hard. The suspicion was horrible, but he remembered that he had telephoned for Cutler. He had given this man into their hands, and there was Jane—

They began the descent slowly. Jim, supporting Stenhart, went ahead; behind same the sheriff, then the men bringing Sherwin. A heavy cloud had risen in the west; its purple edges were sweeping upward. The sunlight went out and, as they entered the steep trail, thunder rolled deeply across the hills. The way, narrow and difficult, grew dim with the darkness of the approaching storm. Stenhart, weak and unnerved from his fall, stumbled and set the stones rolling and tumbling ahead of them.

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"Steady, old chap," said Jim, and his supporting arm tightened. It seemed to him that Stenhart suffered with some trouble of the mind as deep as the stiffness of his body; not once had he lifted his dark eyes to look ahead of him, and he was ghastly pale. Jim, glancing back at the steep path, saw the feet of the men following them before he saw their bodies. The sheriff came next; Sherwin, he knew, was last—with his guards. Ovehead the trees locked their branches now, and a dense thicket surrounded them. They could hear the cataract less distinctly, but the rush of the wind in the tree-tops made a tumult. Jim, steading Stenhart, spoke slowly in his ear.

"I saw you—you and Sherwin," he said quietly. "I was out in the road; there's an opening in the trees—one glimpses the ravine. How did you come to fall in that way, Max?"

Stenhart roused himself; he lifted his head and tried to meet Jim's questioning eyes, but he wavered and gasped.

"I—he was going to kill me!" he said weakly; "that was it. I remember now, Sherwin was going to kill me."

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It was the naked truth—no mortal man knew how the change had swept into into Sherwin'e soul! But Jim Keller had seen the rescue.

"He saved your life at the risk of his own," Jim retorted bluntly; "he went down on a rope and brought you up—and lost his chance to make a getaway!"

Stenhart passed his hand over his etyes with a groping gesture.

"I can't understand it," he muttered; "he was going to kill me—he hates me!"

"Then, by heaven, he did a great thing—he risked his life for his worst enemy! Are you sure, old chap, quite sure—that he was guilty?"

Stenhart's face took on an ashy whiteness, his lips shook. "I tell you he did it!" he cried wildly. "I—oh, my God, what lightning!"

The heavens had been torn by a jagged flash, the dark woods were, for an instant, ablaze with itffi then the roar of thunder rolled crashing around them, echoed from height to height. The very earth beneath their feet seemed to tremble with the reverberation. Stenhart reeled, covering his eyes with his hands.

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Jim, trying to steady him, was suddenly swung aside by the other man's blind agony of terror; the fall had broken his nerve—he was almost hysterical. The rain began to fall in a torrent and Jim, trying to catch up with him again, came abreast of a windswept thicket. He heard the men behind scrambling and shouting and thought of Jane. He had made her stay behind; was she out there still, holding the horses? He grasped Stenhart again and they came to the last lap of the descent. It was dusk in the trail and the rain blinded, but suddenly there was a tongue of flame from the thicket, a sharp report, and Stenhart crumpled up and sagged into Jim's arms. At first he did not sense what had happened; it seemed a part of the tempest, of Stenhart's utter collapse, and then he felt something warm and wet on his hands and knew it was blood.

(To be continued)


Blended for Quality

"SALADA" TEA


## WANT A NICE KITTY?

Mrs. Clare Newberry of New York City wants to find a home for that pretty kitty she's holding. But there's a joker—the animal is an ocelot from Venezuela and will grow into a big cat with claws.

## CHRONICLES of GINGER FARM

By Gwendoline P. Clarke

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When a person has lived in a neighbourhood for over twenty years and has had the same neighbours east, west, north and south for most of that time, it creates a feeling of permanency, for ourselves, and possibly for the neighbourhood in general. The men are accustomed to "change work" with the same neighbours year after year; the women visit back and forth—when they have time—at quiltings, meetings, teas, or perhaps only on the telephone. On washdays as we hang things on the line we notice our neighbours have their washing out too, and it all helps to give one a comfortable feeling—a sense of unity with the rest of the community.

That is how it has been here any way. Insofar as we are concerned I must admit we have not visited back and forth very much but yet we always knew, that should the occasion arise, as indeed it has a few times, that we had only to ask for help and it would be given graciously and willingly.

Of course there have, unfortunately, been gaps left in our neighbourhood by the work of the Great Reaper but there has been very little voluntarily moving away from the district.

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And now, like a bolt from the blue, comes news that two of our neighbours have sold their farms. It gives one a queer sinking feeling. It is hard to get used to the idea that in a few short months these same farms will have different owners—and we shall have different neighbours. hat will they be like, these new neighbour, Will they be of the "dirt farmer school" or will they incline towards ultra-modern methods of highly mechanized farming? Will they be congenial neighbours, good mixers, or will they endeavour to live unto themselves, and to be a law unto themselves? Those are questions to which only time can give the answer. At the same time we can't help wondering—and with a little trepidation—because one's neighbours are so important, especially to folk who live in the country.

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And the people who are moving away? In one case the place was acquired but on the other the lady of the house ha slived there all her life. One can only imagine the heartache it will be to pull up stakes and go. I am sure that as the day of departure gets nearer anyone so placed would find every tree, every shrub, almost every nail on the wall, had some special significance. The well-worn path from the house to the barn along which so many well-loved feet have trod; the pump by the kitchen door which has provided cool clear water summer after summer; the view from the kitchen window . . . and oh, so many things—such little things, that may never have been of any great importance up to now. But to leave them—ah, that's a different story.

But isn't that the way of life? Sometimes we must lose a lot in one direction to gain a little in another. On the other hand if we take a chance we sometimes lose a little but gain a lot.

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In the meantime there is still seasonal work to do on all farms—haying to finish, wheat to cut. And speaking of wheat—I have mended that binder canvas I referred to so lovingly last week. But I didn't mend it with needle and thread. This time I pasted the patch on the canvas. Whether it will be a success has yet to be proved. I am hoping it will be because it was a lot less work anyway.

This week-end we thought we were going to be alone. Yes—actually! But around six-thirty Saturday night the telephone rang and a meek little voice said "Hullo, Aunt Gwen, can I throw my hat in for the week-end?" Of course there was only one answer to that question. But then we didn't see much of our visitor because on Sunday afternoon Bob took her to Toronto to see other relations. And then the house was so quiet I could not sit still—or was it because I was reading a very disquieting article on the Soviet Union—an article which proved beyond a doubt that Communistic organizations are unhealthily active in Canada and the U.S. Is it any wonder we have strikes and yet more strikes?

## Sunday School Lesson

### The Supremacy of Spiritual Values.

**Exodus 20:7; Leviticus 19:12; Matthew 5:33-37; Mark 7: 5-8; 34-36.**

Golden Text—But seek ye first the Kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you.—Matthew 6:33.

#### The Third Commandment

Due reverence for God is the great principle underlying the Third Commandment. This principle is violated by all profane swearing, and indeed by much that is called prayer, when the name of God is taken upon the lips, but with little thought of God in the mind.

#### Guide to Holiness

God requires us to be sincere and true in our speech. The word of a Christian should be as good as his bond. Not all oath-taking is sinful but if we must swear to our testimony it must be in a manner to the glory of God. We may be sworn but we must not swear in the common, wicked practice of the world. The Christian's speech should always be seasoned with grace and truth.

#### Serving Christ

There are three fundamental conditions of discipleship. (1) "Let him deny himself." Self-denial is the denial or renouncing of self. (2) "Let him take up his cross." This is to go on the path in which Jesus leads and meet the suffering and the crucifixion that lie there. (3) "And follow me." This is to have the mind of Christ and that mind is to obey God even unto death, and to choose the lowly path of service instead of the path of ease and glory.

The foolish man who seeks his personal welfare will not gain it, but the man who loses sight of personal interest for Jesus' sake will gain the very thing he has forsaken. A man must have a higher aim than "saving his own soul." Not self-saving, but self-sacrifice is the vocation of the child of God.

## TABLE TALKS *Canning Questions*

At this time of year hundreds of letters from homemakers seeking help with their canning problems, pour into the offices of the Consumer Section of the Dominion Department of Agriculture. Here are some of the most frequently asked questions and their answers.

"All the recognized authorities on home canning used to insist that sealers be sterilized before using. Now a lot of people say this isn't necessary. Can you tell me why?"

It is not necessary to sterilize sealers before using because the processing of food in the sealers sterilizes both food and sealers. However, it is essential that sealers be thoroughly washed in hot soapy water and well rinsed in clear hot water. Sealers, with glass lids in place, should be placed on a tray in the oven and heated to 225° F., or they should be half-filled with hot water, placed on the rack in the boiling water bath, surrounded with hot water and brought to boiling point. Sealers should be left in water or oven until ready to fill.

"My strawberries always seem to float in the sealers. Can I prevent this?"

Now that sugar is rationed there is less likelihood of this happening than when heavy syrup was used. Some fruits will float to the top of the sealer if too heavy a syrup is used. Syrup in the proportion of one cup sugar to one and one half cups water is recommended for strawberries and peaches. Often an even thinner syrup may be used. Over-processing may cause fruit to float even in thinner syrup.

"Mother always did up her fruit by the kettle method, we liked it and it kept well except for the occasional jar that went moldy. Now you do not suggest this method, what is the reason?"

The open kettle method is not recommended because there is a great risk of spoilage unless very heavy syrup is used. The method of packing sealers and sterilizing both sealers and food together is easier and much safer. The product will be more attractive as the food is less likely to break up.

There's nothing as style-right for Spring as a frock-and-bolero ensemble. This one, Pattern 4720, is a "sew-easy"! Pointing up a fine figure is that inset midriff.

Pattern 4720 comes in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20. Size 16 frock and bolero 3½ yards 39 inch material.

Send TWENTY CENTS (20c) in coins (stamps cannot be accepted) for this pattern to room 421, 73 Adelaide St. West, Toronto. Print plainly SIZE, NAME, ADDRESS, STYLE NUMBER.

### Filed and Forgotten

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