TURNING POINT

By Mary Imlay Taylor

SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER XIX: Sherwin risked his own life to save Stenhart, realizing that it meant freedom for Stenhart and prison for himself. Jim, Jane, Mac and the posse watched the rescue. The Sheriff put handcuffs on Sherwin. Someone fired a shot which struck Stenhart. The fleeing figure was killed by the posse. It was Jordan, the outlaw!

CHAPTER XX

"Good God, he's shot!" Jim gasped. Then he shouted, but his voice was cut off by a volley of shots. The men behind had been quicker than he; they were crashing into the thicket.

Stenhart, meanwhile, hung heavily against him. "He's got me this time," he murmured. "I'm shot, Jim!" He thought it was Sherwin.

But the sheriff came up, panting. "Hit you, did he? Here, Adams, you hold up Mr. Stenhart. I want you—" he hurried Jim;—"we killed th' fellow who did it, caught him running—"

They pushed into the thicket, rain dripping from their hats and soaking their clothes. Two of the posse were bending down over a prostrate figure. The dead man had fallen face downward, but they rolled him over and Jim saw his distorted face.

"It's Jordan," he said, soberly. "He meant to get me—I'm afraid poor Max is done for'"

"By George, then we've killed two birds with one stone—we've got the outlaw and the escaped convict in one bag'l Sorry about Mr. Stenhart—maybe the men had better make a stretcher for him, eh?"

"Some one's got to go to the ranch and get a car—I—" Jim stopped short; he saw Jane coming.

* * *

She ran to him and clung about his neck, forgetful of the quarrel. "Oh, Jim, I thought you were hurt or—" her voice trailed; she knew that it was not Sherwin, for she had seen him standing grimly between his guards.

Jim pointed to Jordan. "It's done with, Jane; I'm going to have the poor devil decently buried. Jane, ride back to Las Palomas, get Mac to send the big car and—if she can come through this, send Fanny. I'm afraid poor Max got it bad, he's collapsed—be quick!"

"Jim!" she clung to him, whispering, "you know what he did—Sherwin, I mean—don't let them take him away! Do something, say something! Oh, Jim, you—you must!"

Jim loosed her arms from his neck. "Look here, girlie, I'll promise to do all I can, but, for heaven's sake, get out of this quick—get a car. Stenhart may be dying—it may mean a lot to all of us. Quick!"

"Jim, I must speak to him—"

Her brother caught her sternly by the arm and dragged her to the end of the thicket. "Now—go!" he said, "or—I swear I'll have him sent off now!"

* * *

Jane caught the look on his face and saw beyond him the death-like face of Stenhart, leaning against two deputies, only partly conscious.

"He's all in!" cried Jim. "Can't you see? Beat it!"

The girl, half crying, ran out into the road. The storm had nearly spent itself and she loosed Tex from the sapling where she had tied him, and springing into the saddle, turned his head homeward. She must get help for Stenhart.

Her heart reproached her for the relief she felt. When she heard the shots she had thought only of Sherwin and her brother; Jordan had slipped out of her mind. She imagined Sherwin still bent on revenge, though the miracle of that rescue seemed to lift him above such a thought. They were both safe! Poor Max—well, she could pity him, yet, if he knew he had sworn to a lie about his cousin, wasn't it a judgment of God- In a strange tumult of feeling she galloped home, but, all the while, she seemed to vision Sherwin going down into the abyss to save the life of his foe! It was right, it was noble, it was like the man he had seemed to her, and he had given up the sure hope of escape; he was to go back to that prison which which had been such an agony to his free spirit! Tears blinded her as Tex thundered across the bridge, and she saw old Teresa and Fanny on the piazza, in great anxiety for the absent ones.

* * *

"My heart, you are dripping!" Teresa cried, seizing her as she dropped from the saddle; but Jane scarcely heard her.

"Call Mac!" she said sharply, panting, her hands clasped tightly against her breast. "And you, Fanny, you've got to go in the car—Jordan tried to shoot Jim and wounded Stenhart; they're afraid he's dying—"

"Fanny, suddenly white, gasped. "Jim's safe?"

Jane nodded, at last aware of old Teresa. The little brown woman dropped on her knees, crossing herself.

"Sangre de Criste!" she whispered, awed, "it is a judgment—his dreams, his terrible dreams!"

Jane looked down at her, white-lipped; it was her own thought voiced again. She shivered. Fanny had sped upon her errand, and she was alone with the little old peon woman. The wind swept over them and she looked up; storm clouds, black and threatening, were rolling around them and the shining peaks were swathed in a mantle of purple. Now and then a red flash tore the black mist asunder, as though some hidden furnace was belching fire in the midst of the canyons. Jane, who knew that Sherwin had given up his hope of freedom to save a life, felt suddenly the thrill of utter pride and thankfulness; nothing matered so much as that he had cleansed his soul!

* * *

They brought Stenhart back to Las Palomas through the driving storm. The wind was snapping branches off the great trees and whipping the rain across the long slope in mighty gusts. The big car came swiftly, followed by the dripping horses and men of the posse. Jane, watching from the veranda, saw Stenhart's white face and closed eyes as they bore him in, but her own gaze was following the drenched figures going down to the men's quarters. She made out Sherwin's tall head, and then the others closed up about him. She drew a quick breath of relief; he was here—Jim had not let them hurry him away. Then she was aware of other things. She, herself, had telephoned for a doctor, but it would be two hours or more before he could reach them; meanwhile Jim and Cutler had carried the wounded man in and laid him on his bed. Fanny, quiet, competent, greatly concerned, was doing all she could; Stenhart had lost consciousness, but now, under her ministrations, he was slowly coming back to himself. Mechanically, Jane obeyed the young nurse's behests, helping as best she could, but her hands shook and her lips were dry. Suppose—while she was here—they took Sherwin away; she would never see him again!

* * *

Fanny, quietly and deftly at work, suddenly saw the girl's face, and she went over to Jim. He was standing by the door helplessly, staring at Stenhart.

"Take Jane away," Fanny whispered to him, her kind eyes grave and admonishing. "She's borne a good deal today. I can do it all now—until the doctor comes, if he comes in time."

Jim's face fell. "You think—?"

She nodded. "He's going to die, Jim, slowly—perhaps it will be bad—take her away."

(To be Continued)

ISSUE 31—1946

"SALADA"
TEA BAGS
So handy

THE ALEXANDERS IN B. C.

On the bridge of the Canadian destroyer, H. M. C. S. Crescent, Viscount and Viscountess Alexander enjoy the brilliant sunny weather on their way from Vancouver to Victoria. Visiting the Canadian west for the first time, the Governor-General felt at home aboard the ship and inspected the ship's company. Six years ago, Viscount Alexander depended on a Royal Navy destroyer flotilla to get the British Expeditionary Force off the beaches at Dunkerque.

CHRONICLES of GINGER FARM

By Gwendoline P. Clarke

* * * *

To any worn and worried women whose job it is to patch binder canvas it will come as welcome news that the paste-patching job I did last week really worked. For which I am truly thankful, because no sooner was the wheat cut than the canvasses were brought to the house again for more repairs. Of course we really need new canvasses but it's a question whether we could get them and even if we could I suppose the price would be just about out of sight. So I guess we'll go on patching. And in case there are any like-minded people around perhaps I should explain just how this patching is done.

* * *

Spread the binder canvas out on the floor. Cut patches the desired size and paste well with a fairly thick flour and water paste. Smooth the patches on to the canvas very carefully with your fingertips. Turn canvas and put similar patches on the other side so that you have two patches covering the same tear. Now get a hot iron and keep ironing until patches are dry, taking care, before lifting the iron, to run it well past the edge of the patch—otherwise the patch will lift as you raise the iron. It takes quite a while for the patches to dry so it is really better if the job can be done overnight. I was thinking this morning that the patches might stick even better if a little size were mixed in with the paste.

* * *

Our week-enders were lucky to have it stay fine and dry while they were here. They came in batches this time. Friday afternoon, Saturday afternoon and Sunday morning. By the time they were all here we had six extra. But I didn't mind because on Saturday night Bert painted the pantry ceiling for me! Maybe it was intuition on my part that made me leave the ceiling. You see I had already painted the walls, the woodwork, the window and put down a new piece of linoleum—in fact I had done everything except the ceiling. Subconsciously I thought possibly there might, at some time or other, be someone around who would feel an urge to complete my unfinished business. I think I shall repeat the experiment in the kitchen. It really provides a grand opportunity for a man to show a woman how it should be done. And who am I to deny that privilege to anyone so minded?

* * *

However painting the pantry is really only incidental — my real story is the story of a stove—an eletric stove—of which I had long given up hope of getting since it was ordered about ten months ago. But last Monday I received word that the stove was actually at the station and waiting to be delivered. I moved fast. I telephoned an electrician to come in that night to connect the stove. I started shoving things out of the pantry to make room for it. A shelf had to come down—that left bare patches to be painted. So I started painting the patches and finished up by painting the pantry. You see I just couldn't bear the thought of a nice new stove sitting in a shabby old pantry.

The delivery truck was supposed to arrive about 4.30. Partner and Bob were waiting around to help with the lifting and I was so excited at the thought that at long last I was really going to have an oven to bake with without heating the whole kitchen that I hardly knew what to do with myself.

Then the telephone rang. It was our hardware man. He said:

"I am afraid you are not going to have your stove today after all!"

"What do you mean—I thought you said it was at the station!"

"So it is—but one side is badly damaged. It will have to go back to the factory for repairs!"

Curtains . . . . . .

Sunday School Lesson

Jesus and the Sabbath

Exodus 20: 8; Mark 2: 23-28; Matthew 12: 9-13.

Golden Text. — This is the day which the Lord hath made; we will rejoice and be glad in it.—Psalms 118: 24.

The Fourth Commandment

The Sabbath was sanctified, set apart by God from the creation of the world. It commemorated God's rest from His work. The sanctifying of the Sabbath concerns the whole of mankind. It is God's gift to mankind and is to be used for our good and God's glory.

The disciples were not criticized because they plucked grain belonging to another, which was permissible by Jewish law, but because they did it on the Sabbath day, which was strictly forbidden on the ground that plucking the grain was reaping, and rubbing it out in the hands was threshing which constituted working on the Sabbath day.

Right View of Sabbath

Our Lord refused to enter into a discussion with the Pharisees as to what was not lawful on the Sabbath. He showed that the Sabbath law must give way before the necessities of Christian service, and pointed out from Holy Scripture what David, their national hero, did in a case of necessity. David was not blamed for making use of the sacred bread in the hour of need. His life and the life of his men were more important than the observance of a ceremonial law.

Among those present in the synagogue was a man with a withered hand. They watch to see whether Jeus would heal this poor man and ask "Is it lawful to heal on the Sabbath days. Jesus makes them the judges of His action by asking what they would do if a sheep belonging to them was in distress on the Sabbath.

Jesus' Evaluation of Man

Because a man would lift his sheep out of the pit into which it had fallen on the Sabbath, and a man is of much greater value than a sheep, it must be right to succor a man. Our Lord's argument was overwhelming. A zeal for tradition and ritual can kill the spirit of true religion. In making the man's withered hand whole on the Sabbath, men were made to know that the Lord of the Sabbath would continue His beneficient work on the Sabbath.

TABLE TALKS..

More Questions

"My neighbor tells me that I can do up fruit without sugar. It seems to me it would not keep. Please tell me if I can do it this way as my sugar ratio.. doesn't seem to go very far."

The keeping quality of canned fruit does not depend on the addition of sugar but rather on sufficient processing and the use of air-tight sealers. However, the shape, color and flavor of some fruits are retained better when some sugar is added.

There are two methods that may be followed in canning fruit without sugar. Small juicy fruits, berries, cherries, rhubarb and juicy plums, should be washed and part of the fruits crushed in the bottom of a preserving kettle. The remaining fruit is then added and heated for a few minutes or until juice just starts to flow. If necessary, a little water may be added to prevent scorching. The sealers are packed solidly, crushing fruit down slightly so that it is covered with juice. The filled sealers are then processed.

Large fruits, such as peaches, pears, and plums are prepared and packed in the sealers. Two inches of boiling water should be put in the bottom of the canner, the uncovered sealers placed on the rack in the canner which should be covered tightly. The filled sealers are then steamed from 20 to 30 minutes or until the fruit shrinks and the juice flows The sealers are then removed from the canner and the fruit and juice from one or two of the sealers is used to fill the others. If there is not sufficient juice to completely cover the fruit, boiling water may be added. The lids are then put on, partially sealed and the sealers processed the required time. If the fruits canned by this method are to be served for dessert they require some preparation before using. The juice should be drained off, enough water added to make two cups of liquid for each quart sealer, then brought to a boil, sweetened to taste and poured over the fruit. Best flavor is developed if this is done several hours before using so that the fruit will be thoroughly sweetened.

The processing times vary according to the fruits canned. Complete tables for processing will be found in the bulletin, "Home canning of fruits and vegetables" available free of charge, upon request, from the Department of Agriculture in Ottawa.

See More Sugar After September

There may be good news for sugar users for the last quarter of 1946, says the Financial Post.

Recently, officials in both Canada and the United States decided no change should be made in present allocations for the third quarter. But supply is now tending to equal or slightly to exceed demand. And since authorities both here and in the United States are agreed they will not "hoard" supplies at this stage, continuation of present satisfactory trends may mean a small increase to some types of consumers in the last quarter.

Four weeks' sugar figures released from Ottawa last week may be misleading. They show in one place that stocks of refined sugar are 42% up over last year. But they also show that stocks of raw are down 30%. Over-all, on a strictly comparable basis, the present total Canadian supply is almost exactly where it was a year ago.

Good Record

Some 30,000 mothers and 8,000 children have been brought across the Atlantic and not one fatality from illness. There are 30,000 yet to come from Britain and 5,000 to 7,000 from the continent.

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