

TURNING POINT

By Mary Inlay Taylor

CHAPTER XIII
SHEWEN discovered that the cabin was a trap. He was not to be taken in by the trap.

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'll see you again at breakfast."

"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 be 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 silly 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, and down the slope to the stable and down herself into the saddle.

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

The vacuero stood watching her ride off, a smile on his dark face. "She some rider!" he thought. "She cleared the bridge all right at a bound. The horse was full of pep today, ready to run, but Jane rode like a boy. The man stood watching, shaded his eyes with a hand bent 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 vacuero stared. "You able to ride, Meester Stenhart?"

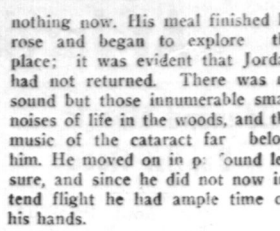
"Get a move on you! Saddle up. I've got to go with Miss Keller and she's way ahead of me!"

Jose grunted, saddling a steady horse for this sick man. "He catch up with senora, eh?" The grin widened into a silent laughter. But he was amazed at the ease with which Stenhart mounted; he did not know that short legs 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 trotted 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 a heart beat wildly, 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.

Shewen 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 he 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 sprig close at hand, and he latched 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 a round leap, morning light 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 wedged with cobwebs, choked 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 falling him, and he rechecked 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. Unwillingly he arranged 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: candles and matches. He found only the one half-burnt candle and two matches, and he had to light his pipe. There was an old blanket, a remnant of Mac's camping—out there, and a coil of rope.

Shewen 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 kidnapped from a neighbor, this monkey mother—ings to bars near ceiling of her cage and screams defiance at attempts to recover the stolen baby.

An inmate of the Treflich 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

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 a lot of time 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 didn't take long to find out.

Just recently Partner has been getting into the scuffle cutting down weeds and long grass, which he has gathered up and thrown in to the hen. And now 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-colored 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 in passing to 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're going to get it for a few weeks, anyway.

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This particular breed of chickens are hybrids—a cross between New Hampshires and Barred Rocks—very first time I have experimented with chicks, 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 little 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 lumpy time, just the same.

And from chickens we come to the combined subjects of eggs, manure and a finger-wave—except the order should be reversed. It was like this—I was sitting under the dryer at the hair dresser and thumbing my way through a magazine digest, when my 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 feed, and on grain lacking in vitamins were also affected. As a 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 useful 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 on a diet of vitamins. The formula for their feed is prepared as carefully as a baby's. They must always have clean water 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-colored yolks, which is what the grades 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, chasing ourselves of the remnants of healthful living?

Prayer of Intercession

The vision and faith of the Lord embraced the whole church to the end of time. We who believe today were in the mind of the Saviour. 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 work 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. His 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 juices, which are 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 from the food quality, too.

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ROYAL FAST RISING DRY YEAST

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 consummated on Calvary and in His resurrection.

Christ had revealed God's name to His disciples. They were God's 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 consummated on Calvary and in His resurrection.

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Modern Etiquette

By Roberta Lee

1. Are there any kind of... 2. Please name six... 3. Is it obligatory to... 4. When a host and... 5. When a guest... 6. When a guest... 7. When a guest... 8. When a guest... 9. When a guest... 10. When a guest...

ANSWERS

1. Yes. Invitations to... 2. Large receptions, such as... 3. Yes. It is obligatory to... 4. When a host and... 5. When a guest... 6. When a guest... 7. When a guest... 8. When a guest... 9. When a guest... 10. When a guest...

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THE HARD WAY

THE LITTLE FELLOW

COMMON SENSE ON ROADS

THAT'S A TRAGEDY

BUT NOT MOUTHS

THOUGHT FOR TOMORROW

U. S. State Head

STUFF AND THINGS

POP-Hot News

By J. MILLAR WATT

Oh Boy! Throw Me a Few Thousand Shovels

By BUD FISHER

RECTOR FELLERS—Wonder Child

By GENE BYRNES

JUST IN FUN

Easy

THE HARD WAY

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