

Mistress of Monterey

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WNU Service

SYNOPSIS

In Spanish-governed California of 1783 a conflict between Church and State is represented by two friendly enemies, frail old Fray Junipero Serra, Franciscan missionary, and Don Pedro Fages, civil governor. After telling Serra he is sending to Mexico for his wife and son, whom he has not seen for eight years, he refuses his aid toward founding the Santa Barbara Mission. In Mexico City, Dona Eulalia, accompanied by her duenna, Angustias, arrives at the embassy in response to a letter from her husband, Don Pedro. She agrees to go to California. Don Pedro sends for Serra, telling him that two priests are on their way from Mexico with Eulalia and young Pedro and that he is leaving to meet them. Fages engages a young Indian girl, Inducela, as maid for Eulalia. Eulalia sails from San Blas. It is a desolate trip.

CHAPTER IV—Continued

"Ha!" she said again. "So! This beautiful land sends a scourge of vermin to plague me! Very well. I shall not weep—I shall not weaken. I shall conquer this California—or I will die."

She summoned little Pedro to her, and all afternoon, to the accompaniment of a dismal sand-scattering breeze, beguiled his imagination and comforted her desolation with stories that began, "When I was a little girl in beautiful Barcelona—"

For several days the ancient capital of Baja California stirred from its sun-and-sand-smitten lethargy to prepare La Gobernadora, as they already called Dona Eulalia, for her long journey to Monterey in California Alta. But the troubles with stubborn Indians trying to dispose of more stubborn burros, the difficulty in finding and buying satisfactory riding and pack animals, the labor of packing and provisioning food, water and clothing for a trip that would endure for months, concerned the lady not at all.

When at last the long caravan left Loreto, Eulalia was fairly comfortable on a white Spanish jennet.

It was a strange assortment of pilgrims which rode away from Loreto that morning at sunrise: La Gobernadora herself, hiding her trepidation beneath a demeanor carefully calm, but unusually pale; small Pedro, triumphant on a burro almost as small as himself; Angustias, her brittle bones boring her flesh agonizingly before Loreto was a mile behind, holding Chichi, the monkey, who was as afraid of the mule as the mule was of him. At the head of the van rode one Capitán Canete, serious, troubled by his responsibility, a seasoned traveler and admiring friend of Pedro Fages. There were cooks, muleteers, water-tenders, vaqueros, Indian runners and bearers, tortillamakers, wood-cutters, soldiers and stragglers.

A little to themselves, heads withdrawn into the cowls of their Franciscan robes, two priests rode, their presence in the expedition an answer to Junipero Serra's prayers.

In the northern reaches of California Alta a hurrying party of horsemen followed the flying horse of the Governor of the Californias, spurred and lashed by his rider as the rider was spurred and lashed by hot impatience.

CHAPTER V

Leagues of Eulalia's journey lay behind; many terrible leagues traversed doggedly, day and night, with heat, dust, thirst, weariness and an awful numbing fear of the unknown that robbed her of rest. When, at the end of a day's travel, Eulalia lay on her pallet and felt sleep must come, that the blessing of complete oblivion and release from suffering would at last requite her, the blessing was denied. Always at the moment when she seemed slipping into unconsciousness, a rude hand gripped her weary heart and shook it cruelly, until her whole body trembled and sweat coldly.

During the first nights she would cry out, and creep to little Pedro's side for comfort, or summon Angustias to her. Then she grew ashamed of her childishness, and only lay the quieter when her fear specter haunted her.

Sitting before her campfire one night at the end of a trying day, she questioned herself. Why had she been persuaded to come on this journey? She, who was born to luxury, soft cushions and luxurious coaches?

Lifting her face she stared at the fire.

"Queen of the Californias!" she muttered bitterly.

Angustias, bustling into the circle of light broke into her rebellious musings.

"The two priests are coming to call on you, Dona Eulalia," she announced.

Eulalia did not move.

"Yes?" she questioned dully.

"Yes, and I think it's about time. Do you know, nina, I think there is something queer about those two. I have heard—"

Eulalia sniffed as her duenna, with Chichi in her arms, hunched closer to the fire.

"You would hear gossip on a desert isle, and you the only soul on it," she remarked, bending her ear, nevertheless, closer to her companion.

"I have heard," continued Angustias, "that there are two people on this journey who are being sent to California as a punishment for their sins, and I wondered . . ."

Eulalia flung out her arms dramatically.

"A punishment for their sins! And I am sent to reap a reward for my virtues! A strange country, this California, to which, at the same time, people are sent for punishment and reward!"

Angustias nodded.

"Yes, it is. I am wondering who will get what. Sh-h-h, here they come."

Into the light of the fire two brown-clad figures loomed out of the shadows.

"Greetings, Senora La Gobernadora," said a solemn voice, "I am Fray Mariano, and this is Fray Bartolome, two poor brothers of the



"I See. And Are You Enjoying This Journey?"

mendicant order of San Francisco." "Greetings to you, good Fathers," replied Eulalia. "Will you not sit down by my fire?"

They disposed themselves on the ground and stared fixedly at the lady. Then they exchanged a long look and nodded.

Eulalia was in her turn studying them. They were young for friars, and looked strangely alike, though one, Fray Mariano, looked slightly older. Their tansures were quite black, and their black eyes very much alive. But Fray Mariano's look was direct to the point of impudence, and Fray Bartolome's glances slid about indirectly. Both had sensual mouths, but again with a difference; the lips of one turned up in a sly grin, the other turned down the corners of his mouth with a sanctimonious sneer. They were silent, and Eulalia tried uncomfortably to open a conversation.

"You resemble each other very much," she said. "Are you brothers?"

"Ah, no, only brothers in God," intoned Fray Mariano. "My family name is Rubi, and Fray Bartolome's name is Gill."

"I see. And are you enjoying this journey?"

This started a long tirade from Fray Mariano. They decidedly were not. He complained of everything; the escort, the trails, the food, the tents provided for them, their mules, everything.

Fray Bartolome coughed slightly, and gave his companion a nudge, which the skeptical Angustias observed. The other stopped suddenly.

"But we are resigned," he intoned. "Yes, we are resigned. It is God's will we should make this pilgrimage, so we do not complain. Do you think we are complaining?" he asked Eulalia anxiously.

"If you do I am sure it is with good cause," she replied.

Later, after the two priests departed and Angustias was brushing her mistress' hair, she remarked:

"I don't know how it appears to you, but those do not seem true religious men to me."

"They are strange. I can not understand them, Angustias. Their eyes! And how they stare. But they are Franciscans, after all, and must be . . . but I don't understand them. They make me feel uncomfortable, Angustias."

CHAPTER VI

In the Valley of Comodu, an oasis in the barren heart of Baja California, La Gobernadora was entertained at Mission San Jose de Comodu, beloved of all travelers, soldiers and priests, who made the dreary trip up and down the peninsula. For days they rested there, refreshed by the sparkling waters of an abundant stream, and by figs,

pomegranates, peaches and dates beneath the clashing fronds of giant palms.

There was a halt at Santa Rosalia de Mulego, on the Vermillion sea, where there was another old stone mission and fruitful gardens. From there the cavalcade traveled over a horrible wilderness well-named Tierra del Inferno, Hell country, which quaked constantly as they traversed its barrenness.

By a broad flat camino, built many years before by Jesuit missionaries who had urged hundreds of Indian neophytes to the colossal task by flogging them when they lagged, they traveled to the Mission San Ignacio, which stood in a fertile arroyo that opened in a barren mesa.

Leaving there with water-skins and casks bulging for the desert travel ahead, they traveled northward, skirting the eastern edge of the Desert of Vizcaino, a treacherous terrain.

At Mission Santa Gertrudis, in a great mountain-girt amphitheater, all gave thanks that they had arrived in safety, though their water-skins were lean and dry.

At Santa Gertrudis, Eulalia heard first rumors of the approach of her husband. Indians coming from the north reported fires that burned by night, and a party of horsemen who traveled swiftly by day.

La Gobernadora still rode silently, uncomplainingly. It was only her pride that kept her from flinging herself from her horse on to the ground, and screaming until the tension that was holding her quivering nerves shattered in a satisfying hysteria. At night, in her tent or by the campfire, she was subject to changing moods; sometimes gloomy, silent, brooding, sometimes bright with febrile gaiety.

Angustias was watching her mistress doubtfully, gauging her temper, her experienced weather eye reading infallible signs that her lady's nerves were frayed to a breaking point, and that a hurricane was due to break.

"If she can only wait until we meet Don Pedro," she prayed. "She needs her husband at a time like this."

The hurricane arrived before the Governor.

One evening, just before nightfall, the storm broke.

They had been traveling for days among the lofty Calmali mountains, that stretch along the coast, or narrow part of the peninsula. Eulalia, shivering as night came on, for now the nights were as cold as the days were hot, rode beside little Pedro. Behind came Angustias, cuddling her monkey as they both dozed. At the head of the van rode the Capitán. Little Pedro leaned closer to his mother and whispered.

Eulalia frowned. "On my soul, child! We can not stop now! Control yourself."

But the child would not be controlled. He stopped his burro, threw the reins toward Angustias, and disappeared in the brush.

Angustias, startled from her nap, made a lunge at the reins, missed them and brought her hand sharply against Chichi's face. The terrified monkey, in turn awakened rudely from his little snoozing, leaped straight for Pedro's burro, and the burro bolted off the trail.

"Chichi!" screamed Angustias, trying to get from her clumsy side-saddle. "Chichi! Baby!"

But the little burro and his detested frightened burden went careening away in the dusk.

Capitán Canete wheeled to Eulalia's side, just as Angustias slipped on to the dusty trail, screaming and crying.

"My Lady!" exclaimed the Capitán. "What is the matter?"

But Eulalia only pointed after her fleeing companion.

"Will you help her?" she asked, struggling for control. "Will you help her to catch that fool little Chichi? He has eloped with Pedro's burro!"

"Oh, damn that ape, and damn that ass! Oh, pardon me, Senora—but I—am you all right, my Lady?"

"Yes, yes, of course. Oh, here she comes!"

Out of the dusk came Angustias, trying to hold the monkey which struggled and clawed in furious panic. It had pulled the woman's gray hair in tatters over her face, and she looked like a witch emerging from the night.

"He doesn't know me! He is mad from fright! Oh, my little darling, my sugar-plum, you are safe in your mother's arms. There, there!"

The Capitán exploded.

"By the holy bones of Saint Bartholomew, woman! Why didn't you get the burro? Here you," to an Indian, "fetch back that animal!"

Grimacing, the Indian loped away. He hated and feared Chichi as the rest of the natives did.

Angustias climbed on to her horse again, soothing her weeping treasure.

The Capitán heaved a sigh.

"Well," he said, "are we all—"

But suddenly a piercing shriek came from somewhere, a long high wail that ended in, "Ma-a-a-amal!"

Eulalia slipped from her jennet.

"Pedro, Pedro! What is it! My God—"

Before the Capitán could reach her, she had met the child and had him clasped in her arms.

"Mama, look! Look, mama! Ai, ai! I am hurt! Ai, ai, ai!"

"What has happened? What is it? Do not cry, speak to me!"

He held out his hands to her.

"Look, cactus! All the needles ran in me! Ouch, ai, ai, ai!"

The Capitán took the child from his mother and set him on his own knee as he squatted on the trail.

"Yes, yes. What happened?"

"I was back there—in the bushes—a big black something came after me and I ran, and stumbled into the cholla—ouch, ouch!"

His face and arms were swelling from the hundreds of needles that had penetrated his skin, stinging him to agony as he strove to scratch them out. Canete took firm hold of his wrists.

"Don't scratch! Dona Angustias, let down your hair!"

Angustias put her hand to her scant gray locks in bewilderment.

"But—why?" she stammered.

"Because you must help this suffering child. Only long hair will draw out cactus thorns. Quickly!"

But young Pedro was already enveloped in a flood of black tresses as his mother's hair tumbled about him, soothing his stings, and drawing, by some strange attraction, the needles from his flesh.

At last his cries dropped to sobs, and his sobs to whimpers. Then he sniveled softly in his mother's arms.

"Now, my brave little man, will you smile at Mother? Poor darling, poor little soldier!"

"I want a drink of water," whimpered Pedro.

"He wants a drink of water," said Eulalia to Angustias.

"He wants a drink of water," said Angustias to the Capitán.

"He wants a—but, by my life, there is no water!"

"No water?" exploded Eulalia. "No water, Senora. But we are not far from the Spring of Santa Marita. Come. Let us get on our way before it grows darker. Come, my Lady."

Eulalia grew very still. Canete leaned over her and touched her arm to assist her to arise.

"Don't touch me," she said dangerously.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



THE YEAR Old and New

By Philander Johnson in the Washington Star

HAPPY NEW YEAR comes to view. I'll say "Happy Old Year" too. Since a share of happiness lies in memories we possess.

Old year, we cannot forget Duties that were bravely met, Nor the courage that was taught When the hours with doubt were fraught.

Old year, 'mid the shades of guile You have offered many a smile, Like the sunshine, clear and warm, That must conquer every storm.

Be the future what it may, Pioneers have shown the way. Happy New Year comes to view— I'll say "Happy Old Year" too.

Two New Year's Organ Hunters



ANN HUDSON hadn't recovered from the shock of the first Christmas present her husband, Phil, had given her, their first holiday together. Hadn't she always dreamed of receiving a nice car or a fur coat, or something equally as nice? But he had laid just a fifty-cent piece at her plate Christmas morning. All he could afford just now, he said.

"Ann, dear, get on your wraps, dig out the fifty-cent piece and let's spend New Year's day by attending Hartman's farm sale just north of Morton City, today," he urged. "You know Frank Hartman had some grand antiques and maybe you can make that fifty cents pay interest by investing it." He loved to tease her.

Everyone in Fletcher and Putnam counties had had the same idea and by the time the Hudsons reached the Hartman farm Ann had quit being heartbroken and disappointed over her insignificant gift.

"There's one thing, they won't be able to give away here," a neighbor told Ann. "That's that pair of old reed organs over yonder. One belonged to Mrs. Hartman and the other to her Ma before her. No one will so much as carry an organ home these days!"

That set Ann wondering, but when Phil started the truck homeward, he was the one who was wondering. "You always know best, honey, but won't you let me in on the secret? Why the two organs at two bits each, please?"

"Just to tease, I'm not telling, but you must admit I got a lot of music for four bits, Phil."

Spring displaced the winter and with it a round of county and state fairs, exhibits and the like. And when the prize lists were being published, one item stood out like a sore thumb—"Extra classification—Antique reed organs—oldest and finest group display: First, second and third prizes, Mrs. Phil Hudson—\$30.00." That was a sample of the prizes Ann collected throughout that summer and she and Phil attended farm sales everywhere, hunting rare old reed organs which Ann tinkered with, polished, mended, played and finally exhibited, dates and all. She had started something, for others were delving into the organ collecting hobby.

New Year's morning rolled around again and Phil found a tiny envelope at his plate. "Just a little



Ann and Phil Attended Farm Sales Hunting Old Organs.

gift and a little interest on that four-bit investment you financed last year. Let's hunt up a farm sale to celebrate the day, too, Phil. What say?"

"Sure, but it's 82 miles away so we'd better get going. What's 82 miles in the lives of two organ hunters?" he gibed back.

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Sure to Delight in Colors Bright

Add an old-fashioned bouquet of dainty roses, cornflowers, daisies, fern, and forget-me-nots to your bedspread and preserve the glory of Summertime throughout the year! A lace frill—actual lace, gathered a bit—trims your colorful bouquet. Easy to do, the charm-



ing result is well worth the brief time spent on a bit of simple embroidery. Begin on it right away! In pattern 5006 you will find a transfer pattern of one motif 16 1/4 by 21 1/2 inches; one motif 5 1/2 by 9 1/2 inches; four motifs 3 by 3 inches; a color chart; material requirements; illustrations of all stitches used.

To obtain this pattern send 15 cents in stamps or coins (coins preferred) to The Sewing Circle, Household Arts Dept., 259 W. 14th Street, New York, N. Y.

Please write your name, address and pattern number plainly.

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How would you like to lose 15 pounds of fat in a month and at the same time increase your energy and improve your health?

How would you like to lose your double chin and your too prominent hips and at the same time make your skin so clean and clear that it will compel admiration?

How would you like to get your weight down to normal and at the same time develop that urge for activity that makes work a pleasure and also gain in ambition and keenness of mind?

Get on the scales today and see how much you weigh—then get a bottle of Kruschen Salts which will last you for 4 weeks and costs but a trifle. Take one-half teaspoonful every morning—modify your diet—get a little regular gentle exercise—and when you have finished the contents of this first bottle weigh yourself again. Now you will know the pleasant way to lose unsightly fat and you'll also know that the 6 suits of Kruschen have presented you with glorious health.

But be sure for your health's sake that you ask for and get Kruschen Salts. Get them at any drugstore in the world and if the results one bottle brings do not delight you—do not joyfully satisfy you—why money back.

Worst of Slaves Corrupted freemen are the worst of slaves.—David Garrick.

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COMFORT



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Ready for the NEW YEAR



Chemist Forecasts Man's Life Will Be Prolonged and Be Made More Comfortable

Man's workaday life has become increasingly dependent upon the ability of chemical research workers to convert new scientific discoveries into practical necessities. At the end of three centuries the chemical industry in the United States has reached major proportions. A Cressy Morrison, in a 292-page illustrated volume, "Man in a Chemical World," recently published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, reviews the position of the chemical industry as it affects modern routine existence.

Morrison's account covers the effect of chemical progress on industry, medicine, food, transportation, television, home comforts and "the more abundant life." Looking forward Morrison believes that "it is quite unnecessary to be led astray by imagination's will-o'-the-wisp to feel that a very wonderful future lies just ahead for the human race through the continued progress of chemical industry." Some possible future developments seen by him include:

Further improvements in medicine, particularly in regard to the

two childhood scourges, scarlet fever and infantile paralysis.

Food habits should change sharply in coming years, with biologists leading the way in developing new species of edible plants and chemists synthesizing them to make them easily available to all classes.

Continued study of chemically controlled glands is apt to change medical technique to the extent that many surgical operations may in the future be obsolete because of the use of new synthetics.

Finally, Morrison forecasts, chemists not only will contribute substantially to the prolonging of man's life but will also aid in making his life richer, more comfortable and more secure.

"Houses of White Men"

The word "carioca" comes from the Brazilian Indian language and originally signified "houses of white men." It was applied by the aborigines to the huts of the French invaders who occupied the harbor of Rio de Janeiro in 1555. Nowadays it means a person born in Rio, or anything typical of that city.