

# Mistress of Monterey

Virginia Stivers Bartlett

© Virginia Stivers Bartlett  
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 husband, Augustias, 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. From the port of Loreto, a large cavalcade loaded with Eulalia's party starts out for the long overland trip. Eulalia, accustomed to luxury and comfort, bitterly regrets having been persuaded to come. The two priests, Fray Mariano and Fray Bartolomeo, call on her and arouse her suspicions as to their genuineness. As the cavalcade stops at various missions, Eulalia hears rumors of the approach of her husband. While Don Pedro plans a great fiesta to welcome his wife, Eulalia plans her costume. Don Pedro prepares the great fiesta and welcomes his beautiful wife and young son. Eulalia is treated as the Queen of the California. On the long journey to Monterey, the reunited couple are royally entertained at the Presidio in San Diego. Eulalia disapproves of the democratic relations of Don Pedro and his people. Pleading weariness in the midst of the feast she leaves.

## CHAPTER IX—Continued

The Governor had risen to his feet, his face congested with varied emotions. Across from him Father Lasuen stood and looked at him with a white face.

"Why, your Excellency!" he stammered. "Your Excellency! What means this? Are these men priests? Franciscans?"

Fages nodded shortly, and looked at the table.

Lasuen wrung his hands, as the rest of the company sat silent, looking at the two. "But, Don Pedro, are those the two for whom Holy Father Serra has prayed day and night for months? If they are, Fray Fermi Lasuen, it is Satan and not Heaven who has sent them. With them came dispatches from the Ferdinand College in Mexico City saying they were being sent to California as a punishment for their sins. And the report went on to say that they were the scandal of the college, had broken every rule, committed every sin, petty or grand, even to scaling the walls of the dormitory and going abroad in the city at night, scarcely on deeds of virtue bent."

"My poor Brother Junipero!" grieved Lasuen.

Fages sighed heavily; all the heartiness had fled from his manner.

"I find I am too tired to discuss this further tonight. If you will excuse me, I will retire now. Perhaps a new sun will bring a new light to my problems. Buenas noches!"

Once in her quarters, the control that had held La Gobernadora in leash vanished.

She paced the narrow floor, she wept; Angustias stood helplessly.

"Did you hear him, Angustias? How did he dare speak to me that way! Ordering me about as though I were a slave, an Indian! Oh, how can I live? Oh, Angustias, what shall I do? Where shall I go? Here I am, a helpless prisoner, tied to a brute of a husband, in this terrible place. Oh, my God, Angustias, say something, I can't stand this. I shall lose my mind . . ."

She fell across the bed sobbing. Angustias went to her.

"Now, nina, now, now. Come. If Don Pedro scolded you, it is only because he loves you so much. You mustn't behave this way. In the condition you are in . . ."

The lady whirled on her.

"What do you know about my condition? What do you mean?"

"There, there. I know. You are going to have a baby. There, there." She was trying to loose her mistress's hair.

"Ai, ai de mi! How did you know?"

"Oh, I observe things, my Lady. You are sad, listless. And you have circles beneath your eyes. You are a little sallow, too."

## CHAPTER X

The King's Highway was a royal road indeed, as the Governor's party traveled northward. It wound from mission to mission, around rolling hills, along the sea, or veered deeply inland to cross cienegas where willow-bordered streams gaged to the sea through groves of live oaks and sycamores.

La Primavera, the Springtime, flew before them, strewing the way with such myriads of wild-flowers that the fields and hills seemed aflame.

Golden poppies, purple lupin and hyacinth, wild cyclamen, lavender and white, tiny wild blossoms spotted with gold and blue, spread the earth like a rich carpet woven on a Persian loom.

The soldiers slipped flowers be-

neath their hats, over one ear. Pedro the Younger decked the head-stall of his burro with clusters that nodded like plumes on a knight's charger. Often the Governor himself would stop the whole cavalcade to gather a posy for La Gobernadora; lupin and wild roses, or tiny yellow violets. She would smile, and tuck them in the bosom of her dress or in her hair.

Eulalia had struggled against the spell that La Primavera wove round her, fought against succumbing to its drugging influence. But gradually the sweetness, the peace, the sheer beauty overcame her, and she found herself riding in a state of relaxed comfort, not happiness, not unhappiness.

Sometimes at night, at their sundown camping-places, they would share a spring with wild deer; mountain lions would lie prone along the branches above them; or great grizzly bears crash through the brush, rear on startled hind legs, and go clumsily and swiftly away.

This was blissful Eden to the Governor of California. To him each day was a perfect jewel, polished,



"I Shall Lose My Mind."

complete; rich with every color of the rainbow, sparkling, radiant in setting of burnished golden sunshine. Every morning he breathed the fresh beauty, and every night vowed that, even if the sun should never rise again, the beauty of the day that was passing had been sufficient for all time.

He grieved a little at each day's passing, for the next brought him a day nearer to the cares and worries that awaited him at Monterey. The characters of Fray Mariano Rubi, and Fray Bartolomeo Gili grew even less impressive as the journey continued, and Don Pedro was forced to the conclusion that the founding of the Mission Santa Barbara would have to be abandoned.

The inevitable conflict with Junipero Serra troubled him deeply. At each of the missions, San Juan Capistrano and San Gabriel Arcangel, where they had stopped he had been told that the Padre Presidente, traveling alone except for the patient Pio, had made a visitation. At San Gabriel he had been grievously ill, at death's door. But he had rallied, and gone limping on his way.

This alarmed, annoyed the Governor. He had issued an edict that the missionaries should not travel alone, that they should have at least one soldier for escort. This order the Reverend Father had evidently seen fit to overlook. That would be another disagreeable problem to discuss with Fray Junipero.

Pedro Fages sighed, and tugged at his beard as he apprehended the endless discussions, evasions and bitterness he was bound to encounter.

Ambling slowly along, deep in cogitation, the Governor was startled when two members of his company dashed by him on their mules, and he caught sight of their brown robes streaming in the breeze they made.

"Ai, those two!" he exclaimed, and took after Fray Rubi and Fray Gili. Before he reached them, they had dismounted by an Indian maid walking in the tall yellow mustard by the roadside. She wore nothing at all but a big basket balanced on her shining black head and a tiny apron of rushes.

At sight of the two monks she giggled, and made as though to slip away from them. Just as Don Pedro reached the spot, the two were trying to detain her in a most unpolite manner.

The Governor raised his whip and roared.

"Oh, your Excellency!" babbled the monks, one after the other. "See, she is naked, poor little child. A naked heathen! We wish to convert her, baptize her, here, at once! See, she is naked—"

"I see," said the Governor grave-

ly. The rest of the cavalcade approached and La Gobernadora drew to her husband's side.

"What is it?" she asked, then catching sight of the girl, gasped. "Ah! she breathed. 'Ah! A-ah!' She glanced swiftly at her husband. He was looking at the girl, smiling absently.

"She is naked," said Eulalia. "quite naked!"

"Exactly. Nearly as bare as my hand, as far as I can see. Pretty little savage, isn't she?"

"She—" Eulalia broke out violently. Then she changed her course of action.

"Poor little thing," she murmured. Don Pedro turned to her in amazement. "Poor little thing," the lady repeated, "I must give her something to wear. Pedro, I must have some of my trunks. Have them brought here to me, please. I must clothe this poor wild child. My duty to your people begins right here and now."

"But, my dear!" expostulated the Governor. "You can not do this foolish thing! She does not need to be clothed. Her—her—well, her nakedness is covered. She is all right as she is."

"No, she is not. She must be clothed. My chests—" "Eulalia, if she needs clothes—" "If she needs clothes! Look at her."

"I am looking at her. If she wants clothes she can go to the mission, become a Christian, and have raiment given her. That is what the missions are for."

Eulalia smiled sweetly. "Perhaps. But I can not resist the temptation to grasp this opportunity to do an act of charity. Will you please have them bring up my chests, or will I have to have Angustias do it?"

"Very well, I will," replied Don Pedro grimly. "But remember this. In Monterey there are no shops, no mantua-makers. No places to buy clothes, or materials, no one to make them. The supply ship comes twice a year with goods for the presidio store, stuff for the soldiers' women. Cotton goods, I don't know what you call them, but I know you never wear them. And there is no telling when, if ever, you will get any new clothes when these are gone. Do you understand?"

La Gobernadora stared at him speechless. No shops? No silks nor satins? No shops?

"I do not believe you! You never told me this before. You mean to say that in the capital of all the Californias there is nothing to buy, and nowhere to buy it? In the capital!" Her voice was rising dangerously, and those about her moved away, pretending elaborately not to hear. When the Governor spoke it was in a low but telling tone.

The Indian girl still stood unconcernedly in the center of the group, one hand on a tawny hip, the basket still balanced on her head, and eyed the white man on the horse. The two frailes leered at her avidly and whispered.

"That is just what I do mean. I should think you would know that without my telling you. If you still persist in giving away your raiment, however, you may. But you will see that Monterey is—is Monterey."

Eulalia was thoroughly alarmed, apprehensive, but stubborn. Don Pedro gave some brief orders. Soon the boxes were unloaded from the pack-burros who rolled and snorted in the grasses and wild-flowers when their burdens were removed.

The lady and Angustias dismounted and began opening the boxes. Angustias' face bristled with an expression of disgust, but she forbore to make any remarks. Carefully she looked over the clothing, handsome things of costly stuffs and rich col-

ors. But Eulalia piled them on the ground impatiently. Silently, from among the bushes and trees, other Indians made their stealthy appearances, and when Eulalia glanced up, she saw she was surrounded by a ring of girls and men in breech-cloths.

"Ugh!" she exclaimed, "Angustias, look at them! Give them something, quickly, for the love of God!"

Nearer and nearer the tempting goods circled the natives. One youth, with a wild whoop, snatched at a red velvet skirt, and disappeared. The others followed his example, and all was confusion.

"Pedro, stop them! They will take anything," cried the lady.

But the Governor sat his horse, laughing.

Angustias was struggling with the screaming giggling girls when the Governor cracked his riding whip with a curt phrase in Indian dialect, and the Indians fled with their plunder. The last one to fade out of sight, with a derisive grimace, and an Indian phrase that made the Governor chuckle, was the little original sin. The Indian maid who had caused the ado. Proudly she flourished her booty, one string of beads.

Don Pedro dismounted and assisted his wife to her saddle with great gentleness. Her face was stony. "Eulalia," said he in a low voice, "Eulalia, my dear." But the lady rode on in a significant silence.

A resolution was forming in her mind. Once at Monterey she would escape. When the supply ship reached the port she would go aboard, and return to Mexico. She might have to wait, this child might arrive before the ship. But if not, better to have the child born at sea, than in this barbarous country. Better death from drowning, or the pangs of seasickness, than staying here. If her husband would come with her, well enough. If not—well, she would go anyway.

Making up her mind to this course, she felt better, stronger, and was busy devising ways and means when the Commandante of Presidio of Santa Barbara, Lieutenant Ortega, came thundering toward them with a party of soldiery.

The Governor and Don Jose Francisco Ortega greeted each other with punctilio, and the lady was presented. To her delight, the soldier stooped to her stirrup, and taking her dusty foot in his hand, kissed it. Then he looked up at her.

"Senora la Gobernadora!" he saluted her. "Welcome a thousand times to California, and the Presidio of Santa Barbara! You are as welcome as the spring, that travels with you. Since it was known you were coming, everything has changed. You are needed, Lady, in California. We have been a land of men long enough. We are all your servants, humbly waiting for you to command us."

Eulalia bowed deeply to him, and offered her hand. The Commandante kissed that. "Do you desire dainties for your table?" He continued, "We will scour the mountains for the rarest game, plumb the ocean for the finest fishes. Do you wish wild fruits or berries? We will find them. Do you wish skins and pelts for your house or yourself? We will slay the finest fur-bearing animals for you. The finest horses are yours to ride, the most docile Indians are your serfs, and we soldiers, all a loyal body-guard!"

Eulalia beamed. "Ah, Lieutenant Ortega, you flatter me!"

"No! A thousand-times, not I tell you, Senora la Gobernadora, I am as happy as a king here, but I find it in my heart to envy one man. And that man is Pedro Fages. Not because he is the Governor of the Californias, but because he is the husband of your Excellency."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## Treatment of Peptic Ulcer

By DR. JAMES W. BARTON  
© Bell Syndicate.—WNU Service.

THERE was a time when a patient with ulcer of the stomach or small intestine (peptic ulcer) who finally got tired of "the same old diet and alkali powders" and decided to undergo an operation, expected to be thus "cured" of all ulcer symptoms.

Today both patients and physicians know that it is not the ulcer that has to be removed but the patient himself. The fact is that the patient is just the right kind of an individual to grow or develop peptic ulcer, and unless he makes himself over (changes his habits of tense-ness, worry or anxiety, nervousness, rapid eating, tendency to argue or quarrel) he is going to continue to develop ulcers.

As many of these ulcer patients just can't change their habits and disposition, they are given the kind of food the stomach or small intestine can handle easiest, together with alkaline powders to overcome the high degree of acidity in the digestive juice in the stomach. Hence the "medical" treatment of peptic ulcer has been for years and still is "soft, bland diet and alkaline powders."

Use of Histidine.  
Now just as an overweight individual will grasp for a "quick" method of reducing weight—a drug or gland extract—so are many ulcer patients now taking injections of histidine which in addition to relieving the pain of ulcer also allows them to eat almost anything they wish. And reports from physicians using these injections certainly prove that this method is much more pleasant than the "diet and alkali" treatment and much to be preferred to operation.

However, what about the results obtained from the histidine injections?

The reports continue to show that while relief from pain and other symptoms are obtained by this method, nevertheless the ulcer often remains and would give trouble were the histidine injections discontinued.

### Your Shape and Weight.

Just as no two faces in the whole world are exactly alike so also no two bodies are exactly alike. Fortunately, however, the different kinds of bodies are not large in number so that it is possible to put them into three main types.

Dr. Joel E. Goldthwait, Boston, in an address delivered to the Hospital for Joint Diseases, New York City, some time ago, stated that there were three types, the textbook (normal or average type), the slender type, and the stocky or thick-set type.

The slender type has a small skeleton or bony frame, with flexible joints, small muscles and a highly organized nervous mechanism or make-up. This type, adjusted for quick moving as well as quick thinking, should weigh as its normal fifteen to twenty pounds less than the so-called normal.

The stocky or thick-set type has a heavy skeleton or bones, joints less flexible, muscles large with coarser fibers. This type should weigh from fifteen to twenty pounds more than the normal or text-book type.

I believe by studying these two types described by Dr. Goldthwait we can get a fair idea of why some are overweight, and others underweight.

For instance, a small intestine that is only ten feet long (in the slender type) will naturally be less able to absorb all of the food values than one of forty feet—some justification for the individual easily growing fat, or the one remaining thin.

Further, "the slender, quick-acting individual should have a more rapidly responsive physiological mechanism (nerves and muscles responding to impulse—acting more quickly) than would be required for the slower-moving, heavier type. This being the case, the slender should be expected to be able to liberate the energy more rapidly, and is, therefore, the hyper (more than normal) glandular individual. In this type the basal metabolism (rate at which the body processes work) would be fifteen points above the zero as its normal."

The slower-moving or stocky type should have as its normal a basal metabolism of fifteen points below normal. Physiologists consider 100 plus 15, or 100 minus 15 as within normal limits.

### Causes of Coughs

Not all coughs are caused by irritation of the throat, windpipe, bronchi or the lungs, says Collier's Weekly. A cough is often the symptom of indigestion, inflammation of the liver or disorders of the spleen pancreas or the kidneys.

## A Lift Toward Spring



GOOD frocks and true are these currently exhibited by your favorite designers, Sew-Your-Own. There's an ultra-polished model for informal evenings (dancing and that sort of thing), called the "Good-night frock." Then there's the more home-loving "Good-morning" number, and, to complete the trio, a swell little afternoon frock for tea-time goings-on. Why not spend happy days ahead in these very frocks? All you need, you know, is to Sew, Sew, Sew-Your-Own!

### Spring Frock.

The girl who has a flare for streamlining will see at once that the frock at the left is meant for her—just for her. She will make it of satin if she's thinking ahead to Spring; of wool if her mind is on the present or near future. She will puff the sleeves gently, give the girde tie a fair but firm snug-ging-up, adjust the chic cowl neck—and she'll be something lovely to look at. Yes, Milady, this is the "Good-night frock" and if it's the last thing you do, you must add it in your new wardrobe.

### To Start the Day.

When you greet the little family with that bright and cheery "Good morning," be sure your frock reflects an equally sweet note. Sew-Your-Own's most assuring number to this end is pictured above center. With a copy or two in gay gingham or seersucker you'll breeze through your day's work like nobody's business. The shirt-

waist styling offers style and comfort that make this your best bet for early season's wear.

### A "Go-Gittin'" Style

And for a charming "Good afternoon," choose a frock with plenty on the personality side. Such is the new young model at the right. Buttons in a line down the front tell you in so many dots and dashes that here you have "go-gittin'" style for Spring, 1933. Princess lines cared for fastidiously by a belt, and a collar with much of what it takes—these are things that prompt Sew-Your-Own to put this frock in its Fashion-First Review for the Spring season. Make your version soon, Milady. That invitation to tea will find you unafraid and eager to go.

### The Patterns.

Pattern 1410 is designed for sizes 12 to 20 (30 to 38 bust). Size 14 requires 4½ yards of 39-inch material, plus ¾ of a yard contrast for trimming sash as pictured.

Pattern 1438 is designed for sizes 36 to 52. Size 38 requires 4¼ yards of 35-inch material.

Pattern 1211 is designed for sizes 12 to 20 (30 to 40 bust). Size 14 requires 3½ yards of 35-inch material, plus ¾ yard contrasting for collar and cuffs.

Send your order to The Sewing Circle Pattern Dept., Room 1020, 211 W. Wacker Dr., Chicago, Ill. Price of patterns, 15 cents (in coins) each.

© Bell Syndicate.—WNU Service.

## Appealing Picture or a Pillow Top

Thoroughbreds they are, done in the simplest of embroidery, ready for the most striking pillow or picture you ever saw. They're done entirely in single and out-



Pattern 5956.

line stitch, in wool or floss in deep, rich colors for a truly "winning" effect. A smart addition to any home. In pattern 5956 you will find a transfer pattern of a motif 11 by 13½ inches; a color chart and key; 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. Fourth Street, New York, N. Y.

**KEEP YOUNG AND HAPPY WITH A COLEMAN SELF-HEATING INSTANT LIGHTING IRON**

A Coleman Iron will save you work, save your strength and health—help you keep young—keep you smiling and happy on ironing day! The Coleman reduces by one-third steaming hours at the ironing board. Its polished sole plate with hot spots glides swiftly through the biggest ironing job. Costs only 1/2 an hour to operate. Makes and burns its own gas. Lights instantly . . . heats in a jiffy.

**FREE FOLDER**—See your dealer or send postcard for folder describing this wonder Coleman Iron.

THE COLEMAN LAMP AND STOVE COMPANY  
Dept. W-2121, Wichita, Kansas; Philadelphia, Pa.; Chicago, Ill.; Los Angeles, Calif. (7321W)

Be True To God, thy country, and thy friend be true.—Henry Vaughan.

## Have You Acid Indigestion?

St. Joseph, Mo.—Mrs. Laura F. Wren, 1317 S. 15th St., says: "Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery gives me a splendid appetite and helps to relieve gas on the stomach and stomach aches due to excess acidity. It has been of excellent benefit to me and to members of my family." Buy it in liquid or tablets from your druggist today.

**666** checks **COLDS** and **FEVER** first day **SALVE, NOSE DROPS** Headache, 30 minutes. Try "Rub-My-Tiss"—World's Best Liniment

## "FIVE Minus TWO Leaves FOUR"

WRONG? Well, yes—and no. The arithmetic of your school days taught that "If Mary had five dollars and spent two . . ." three dollars remained. But that is mathematics—not shopping! In managing a home . . . guarding a limited family income . . . we've simply got to do better than Mary did. We must sharpen our buying wits . . . ascertain where the dollars of extra value lurk . . . take five dollars to town and get much more for the money spent.

Fortunately, there are ever-willing guides right at hand—the advertisements in this newspaper. Advertiser merchandise is often exceptional value merchandise. It makes dollars S-T-R-E-T-C-H.