

Mistress of Monterey

Virginia Stivers Bartlett

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WNU Service

CHAPTER XVI—Continued
—13—

So, amid great grumblings from Angustias, whose pet Chichi had developed a dangerous cold from the fogs and sea air of Monterey, the gubernatorial party embarked on the San Antonio for the Mission and Presidio of San Francisco. Angustias had at last settled herself in some comfort in the Governor's palace, and had, she confided to the Gobernadora, just got the cramps out of her bones from the long journey she had made, when she must needs pack and move on again. As she fussed over the little trunk that held the layette, she scolded, "A rolling stone gathers no moss."

Eulalia laughed. "And a dog that stays at home never finds any bones!" she countered.

The San Antonio was drifting between Points Lobos and Bonita that guard the gates of the great Bay of San Francisco. It was sunset, and as the Governor stood on the bridge of the clumsy ship, he looked west into the sky, all vivid with color, where islands called the Farralones could be seen rising dimly above the water.

When she landed at San Francisco, leaning heavily on the Governor, all the people of the presidio and mission were there to greet Eulalia. But her pride and pleasure in the royal greeting were interrupted by a feeling of great uneasiness, followed by acute discomfort. The Governor, busy greeting his old friends, was just shaking hands with the genial Fray Palou when he felt his lady's fingers clutch



"A Rolling Stone Gathers No Moss."

him convulsively. He looked into her face. It was ivory white, with wide-staring, black eyes, and white drawn mouth.

"Eulalia. Eulalia . . ."
"Pedro . . . Oh, merciful God," she whispered.

A day later Fray Palou, with a pleased expression on his kindly face, drew toward him the great Register of the Mission Dolores at San Francisco, and inscribed in his fine scholarly hand, that was to record so many priceless records for the annals of California, these words:

"Born, on August the Third, 1784, to Dona Eulalia Celis de Fages, wife of Don Pedro Fages, Gobernador-General of the Californias, a daughter."

Some ten days later the young daughter of the Governor, his little flower as he called her, was christened with as much pomp as was possible in the shabby little mission church. Fray Palou proudly pointed out, however, the cornerstone already laid for a new temple to be erected.

Then the party returned gaily to the mansion of the Commandante of the Presidio of San Francisco, Don Jose Moraga, and his wife, Maria del Pilar de Leon y Barcelo, who were the padrino and padrina of the baby.

There was a christening feast, with Don Jose as the host. Dona Maria del Pilar had dug out her dearest treasures to grace the board; the adobe room was a strange background for the rich linen and silver, the sparkling glass and china.

Outside the wind blew great sheets of fog on the pitiful settlement, clinging so precariously over the gray waters of the bay. The rain poured ceaselessly, doing still greater damage to the little houses, and the wall around the presidio which had already, earlier in the year, been partly destroyed by a severe storm.

But in the humble mansion all was gay, and La Gobernadora looked a very queen indeed in her wine red velvet and rubies as she sat beside her husband, her eyes brighter than the candles. And gracefully slim. She ran her hands over her body beneath the table-

cloth and sighed with pleasure. She was free, strong. She could accomplish anything now!

During the festivities an Indian servant announced that a messenger had arrived from Monterey to speak to Fray Palou.

In a moment the shivering soaked boy came into the warm room, and handed the friar a letter.

After obtaining permission to read it, the missionary bent close to a candle and read the words of his brother, Junipero Serra, his heart saddening more and more until he read the last lines that Serra had penned in his dark hour: "Good Padre Palou, come and assist me to die!"

Fray Palou covered his eyes with his hands a moment, then turned a white face toward the company.

The Governor rose slowly to his feet, his face drawn. "Father," he said harshly, "what is it?" Without a word the priest pointed out the last words in the message. Fages read them, and without hesitating spoke decisively.

"Come, Father. Let us go at once. I am ready. There are horses for us, Don Jose? We are going to Carmelo. Junipero Serra is dying."

There was perfect silence for a moment. Outside the wind sighed and moaned, and sea-gulls, circling, screamed as they made their evening flight to aerics among the rocks and crags that overhung the sea.

"Dying . . ." someone whispered. "Junipero Serra dyng . . ."

There were sighs and exclamations all around the table.

"It does not seem possible," exclaimed the Commandante.

"But here is the letter, in his own hand," replied Fages. He turned to the messenger. "Was there no word for me?" he asked.

The boy shook his head. Fages tugged at his beard, his head bent. He looked up abruptly.

"You will pardon me if I leave, Don Jose," he said, "but you see I must. Father Palou, I will be ready in a moment. I must change these fiesta clothes for my old leathers. And you, Don Jose, will you see that horses, servants and food are ready for us?"

The Commandante hesitated.

"Of course I will excuse you. But—does your Excellency think it is necessary to leave"—he stole a glance at La Gobernadora—"just now?"

"By heaven, yes! Nothing on earth could keep me from going to Junipero Serra. Father, are you ready?"

The priest had been standing silently, his beads moving between his fingers.

"Ready, your Excellency. Ready and anxious."

The guests had left their places at the table and were gathered about the letter which Fray Palou had received, leaving La Gobernadora sitting alone, like a ruby madonna with her child in her arms.

The Governor started to leave the room. Then he stopped suddenly before his wife and stared at her as though he had forgotten her existence.

"Eulalia . . ." he faltered.

She turned her face upward toward him, and clasped the child closer to her. She did not speak.

"Eulalia . . . you see I must go."

Everyone was looking at them, arrested by the sudden change in the Governor's manner.

"I do not see it," she said coldly. "You shall not go."

"I am going."

Still he stood, though she had not detained him even by a gesture. The guests began moving in a shocked silence out of the room. Eulalia saw Fray Palou going as though to join them. She looked at him.

"Do not go, please, Padre. There is nothing we have to say that you may not hear."

The priest bowed silently.

"You shall not go. You will stay here with me, where you should be."

"I should be with Junipero Serra."

"No. I am your wife, flesh of your flesh. I have suffered for you. I have borne you children. I have traveled over a dangerous country that even strong men dread to face to be by your side. And now you are not going to leave me."

Fages tugged at his beard.

"You do not understand a love between men. I must go."

"No. I do not understand such a love. But if it separates you from me at this time, I do not want to understand it. I despise it."

Her voice began rising from its icy, controlled inflections. The arms that pressed her baby to her, trembled.

"What is Junipero Serra to you, that you should leave me, with your new-born child in my arms, still weak and ill from my travail? What is he anyway but a mad old fanatic? Love!" she laughed contemptuously. "Love! All I have ever heard between you is quarreling and bitterness. Junipero Serra hates and despises you in his heart, as you do him!"

Stung by the words she hurled at

him, Pedro Fages took a step toward her, his hand raised. She stared up at him without flinching. The baby began to whimper softly, and nuzzle the red velvet of her bodice. Fray Palou moved forward quickly, but the Governor only laid his hand gently on his wife's shoulder.

"You do not understand, my dear. If you did you would see how necessary it is to my honor, my position, my very life that I go to Junipero Serra now. You will not make it any harder for me? Be a brave soldier's woman!"

Her face did not change.

"If you go, I shall never live with you as wife again."

Pedro Fages looked into the shadowed eyes burning so bitterly into his.

"You do not mean that."

"I do."

The Governor shrugged his shoulders and moved toward the door. "Be that as it may." He turned again to the door, and this time walked out without a word.

Hours later Eulalia awoke to see the Governor standing beside her. His leather jacket was running rivulets. His eyes burned out from a wet face.

For a moment she looked up at him in surprise, then she put a hand toward him.

"Ai, my Pedro," she cooed. "You did not go! Oh, my love, I am so happy. Look at your little flower." She pulled the coverlet away and disclosed the child asleep, its tiny mouth still pressed to her breast.

Still he did not speak, nor make a move toward her. The love that she pleaded for from his eyes did not kindle. There was only bitterness in his face. Eulalia grew afraid. "You . . . you are not going?" she whispered pitifully.

"I started. But I came back," he said shortly.

"Ah, my lover." Again she reached toward him.

But Pedro Fages made a slight exclamation of grief, bitterness, revulsion against the woman who held him, and left her room to wander along the bleak cliffs in the rain.

CHAPTER XVII

Fray Francisco Palou sat heavily down in the also wood chair the Indians had made for Junipero Serra; the same armchair in which the father had sat to write his farewell letters. Fray Palou's fingers reached for the same quill and, leaning his arms where the missionary's arms had so often rested on the crude table, gave himself up to thought.

For a long while he sat silently, listening to the darting swallows as they flew around the eaves of the tiny cell. Then he took a deep breath, and shaking his head sadly, dipped the quill into the ink and began writing:

"Mission San Carlos.
September Seventh, 1784.
"Hall Jesus Mary and Joseph!
"Very Reverend Father Guardian,
Fray Juan Sancho:

"On the twenty-eighth of August just passed God was pleased to take to eternity the soul of my ever loved and honored father, the Father President, Fray Junipero Serra."

Fray Palou read the words carefully after he had written them, then continued with a deep sigh.

"As soon as the news was made public, it spread through all the town, everybody mourning the death of their dear father. Everybody crowded to see him, and it was necessary to close the gate in order to place him in the coffin he himself had ordered made. As soon as he died his body was placed in it, tak-

ing it from the bed or platform on which he died without removing his habit.

"Then the Indians, whom the dead father had baptized and confirmed brought roses with which to adorn his dead body, and weeping at his death, they did not want to go away.

"At night we took his body to the church with a procession formed by all the town and the six soldiers of the guard, one of whom stayed on watch all night with many neophytes and sailors.

"When the father died all were eager for some little thing that he had used. I promised that I would comfort them all so they might not do anything unseemly, but in spite of all this and of the sentinels at night they cut off bits of the habit that served as a shroud and much of the hair from his tonsure . . .

"The following day which was Sunday . . . I said mass for the

body present . . . In the afternoon the burial took place with all solemnity. The procession went by way of the Plaza, making four stops and singing at each response. The soldiers carried the body, the rest going with tapers in their hands. When we arrived at the Church we sang lauds with all the ceremony of the ritual of the Order. All were eager to honor the deceased . . .

"Although I was forgetful of the fact that I had been asked for some mementoes of the deceased father which they wanted as relics, they did not forget. On the contrary they implored me to such an extent that I was forced to give up my tunic which I told them they must make up into scapulars and bring them to me together with their cords. They did this, and when I distributed them, I explained they were scapular and girdle of Our Father San Francisco in return for which they should pray for the soul of the dead father. In this way I satisfied the eager wishers and interceded for the soul of the dead father if, indeed, he needs our prayers and petitions."

Francisco Palou read the letter that he had written, added a few formal phrases, and ended the message:

"Your Reverence's most humble servant, and the humblest of your brothers,
"Fr. Francisco Palou."
(TO BE CONTINUED)

Fr. Palou Read the Words Carefully.



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Progress in Tuberculosis

By DR. JAMES W. BARTON
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ANYONE who has regularly visited a relative or friend at a tuberculosis sanatorium learns the names of patients in adjoining rooms and wards, and can see the progress toward recovery or otherwise from week to week.

Of course the physician can see the record of each patient—the range of temperature, the amount of coughing, the amount of daily sputum, the number of times he breathes in a minute, and finally the X-ray film which shows whether the tuberculosis process is spreading, healing, or standing still.

From the above he is able to tell the patient, or the family, just what to expect—three months, six months, or a year to recovery, or it may be just a matter of months before he passes away, notwithstanding all that can be done by way of food, fresh air, rest, or collapsing the lung by artificial air or by surgery to give it rest.

What should help the patient to fight and family to hope, despite all the other signs, symptoms, and tests, is recorded by Dr. Allan S. Kennedy of Mountain sanatorium, Hamilton, Canada, in the Canadian Medical Association Journal. Dr. Kennedy states that the blood pressure—low or high—will give the physician a correct idea of the progress of the patient.

"It is an accepted fact that active and progressing tuberculosis of the lungs is accompanied by lowering of the blood pressure."

"It is generally believed that tuberculosis patients with high blood pressure have very little tuberculosis, or, in any case, tend to heal the tuberculosis more quickly than people with normal or low blood pressure."

Response to Cold Tells.

The response of the blood pressure to cold—a test taken every few months, will show whether or not the patient is improving.

Dr. Kennedy outlines the method used on 80 patients to obtain the blood pressure response to cold—putting hand and wrist of one side in near-freezing water for 25 seconds—while blood pressure is taken on other arm.

If the blood pressure response is poor—does not increase a definite amount—the patient is not improving; if the response is good the patient is putting up a winning fight against tuberculosis.

For Underweight Child.

Some mothers are naturally distressed when they find that despite the amount and the variety of food eaten by their youngsters they still remain underweight. If the youngster is wiry or resembles one of the parents in being underweight at his age, not much is thought of it, but often there is no history of extreme underweight on either side.

If abundant amounts of meats, vegetables and fruits have been given to maintain body structure and also liberal amounts of bread, butter, milk and cream to provide energy and store up a little fat, with no proper amount of increase in weight, there is something wrong with the youngster and he should be examined by the family physician and dentist.

For instance, there may be a history of thyroid trouble in the family and the youngster may be an early thyroid case. Should this be so, the amount of food eaten may be quite large, yet there will be no increase in weight; the youngster continues to be underweight.

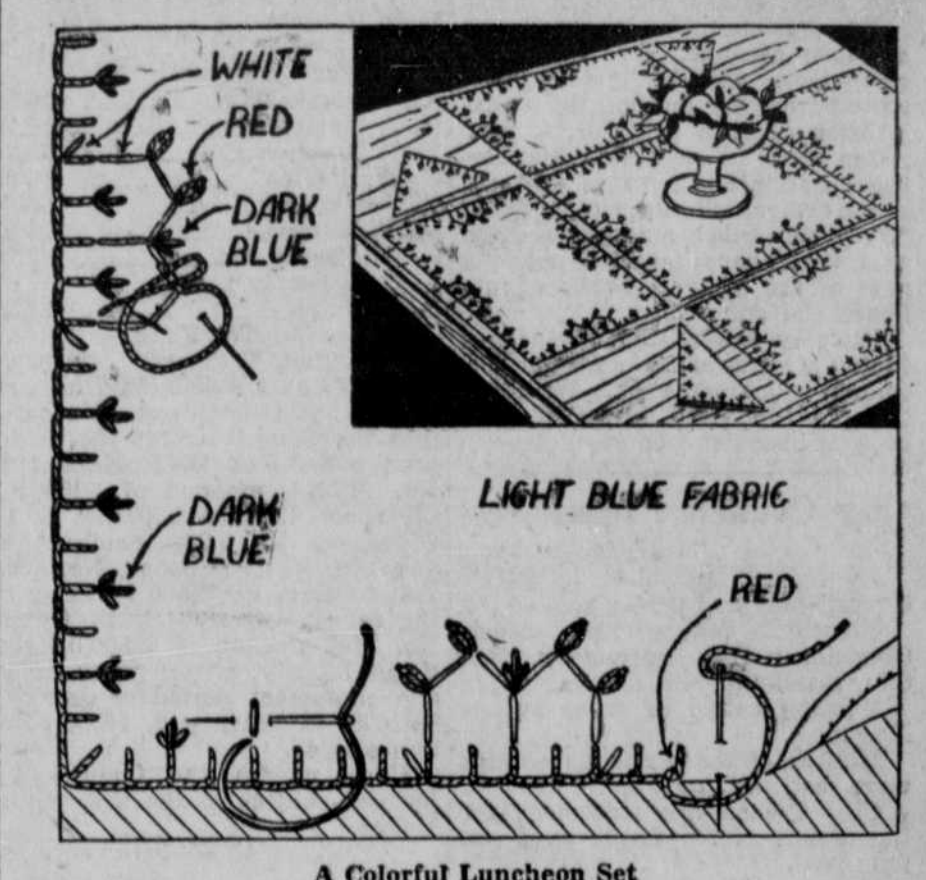
Another cause of underweight is infection of teeth and tonsils. So much of the body's energy is being used to fight this infection that there is not enough left for proper growth aside from any increase in weight.

Sometimes the youngster will play so hard and so long, perhaps stay up so late at night, that he is actually tired all the time and the food eaten is not fully absorbed into the blood.

When the cause for underweight has been removed—fatigue, goitre, infected teeth or tonsils—then what is called the upbuilding diet should be used. This includes all the usual foods—proteins (meat, eggs, fish, poultry, cereals), all the starch foods—(bread, sugar, potatoes), all the fat foods (cream, butter, egg yolks), and the minerals and vitamins (fruits, vegetables, dairy products). The next point is to give increased amounts of the foods known to be fattening; "an extra tablespoonful of butter with each meal adds 300 calories, and improves the flavor of cereals, vegetables, and desserts without being noticeable when used as a seasoning. A tablespoon of thick cream on cereal, or whipped cream on dessert, and of mayonnaise dressing on salad, will add 300 calories more. One or two tablespoonfuls of olive oil at bedtime furnish 100 or 200 more calories and may help relieve constipation.

HOW to SEW

By RUTH WYETH SPEARS



A Colorful Luncheon Set

WE HAVE been hearing a good deal about American handcrafts lately. Of course, quilts have always been important among our needlework handcrafts. So many readers have written asking me for more of the old fashioned embroidery stitches that were used in making crazy patchwork that I have collected dozens and dozens of these quaint stitches from old quilts. Some of them are so attractive and colorful that it seemed a pity not to use them for modern decorative purposes.

This gay little double house effect built upon blanket stitches with chain stitches flaunting from all gables was the invention of someone's great-grandmother and I couldn't resist using it for a luncheon set of light blue linen. It originally adorned a light blue satin patch in a quilt and all the other colors indicated here in the sketch are the original colors.

All the strands of six-strand mercerized embroidery thread were used for the luncheon set. The mats were hemmed first and then the blanket stitches were taken through the hems to make a firm edge as shown at the lower right. All the other stitches used are clearly illustrated. Just the edge stitches without the little houses were used for the napkins. Many more authentic old

patchwork stitches are illustrated in a new leaflet which is free upon request with the booklet offered herewith.

Have you a copy of Mrs. Spears' new book SEWING? It contains forty-eight pages of step-by-step directions for making slipcovers and dressing tables; curtains for every type of room; lampshades, rugs and other useful articles for the home. Copy will be sent postpaid, upon receipt of 25 cents (coins preferred). Address Mrs. Spears, 210 South Desplains St., Chicago, Ill.

What Is Proper Use of Furniture Polish?

In a recent investigation, it was proven that many, many homemakers use furniture polish incorrectly—pouring it on a dry cloth, for application to the furniture! This is a gross waste of the housewife's time, energy and her polish! And the latter is usually blamed. We refer, of course, to oil polish—for this type is best to clean, beautify and preserve the furniture. The best oil polish is not greasy, because it's made with a fine, light-oil base. The polish should be applied on a damp cloth—thoroughly moistened with water, then wrung out. Saturate this cloth with the polish—spread on—and rub lightly. The "wet" of the cloth smoothly distributes the polish—and the finish absorbs, receives it evenly! This correct procedure takes the "labor" out of polishing—and requires far less tiresome rubbing! A dry cloth is then used to easily work up the glow, which is even and uniform—the desired effect! This—and only this—is the proper way to use a good oil polish!

AROUND THE HOUSE

Washing Parsley. — Parsley washed with hot water keeps its flavor better and is easier to chop.

Glowing Lamps.—Here's a tip for country readers who use gas or lamps. Never wash the glass globes as it makes them crack. Sprinkle methylated spirit on a clean soft rag, rub it on the globes, leave for a few minutes, and then polish. They'll be like new.

Preserving the Broom.—Soaking a broom in boiled salt-water every two weeks will help preserve it.

Sweet Omelet.—A tablespoon of sugar added to the regular omelet batter will produce a sweet omelet that is especially popular with youngsters.

Dry Those Boots.—At this time of the year overshoes or boots often get damp inside. Don't dry them by the fire or the rubber will perish. Keep two old woolen socks filled with bran. Heat these in the oven and pop them into the boots—the bran retains the warmth for some time and helps to dry out the dampness.

Fluffy Meringue.—If you like fluffy meringue for your pies, add a teaspoon of baking powder to the well-beaten whites of two eggs before adding the sugar.

Cleaning Hair Brushes.—To remove grease and dirt from hair brushes and combs, wash them in a quart of water to which a teaspoon of ammonia is added; rinse and dry in the sun.

Apple Pan Dowdy.—Despite its name, apple pan dowdy is a popular and tasty dish. To prepare it, line a baking pan or dish with thin slices of buttered bread. Fill the center with sliced apples and season with four tablespoons brown sugar and one-half teaspoon cinnamon. Moisten with half a cup of water, then add another layer of bread, buttered side up. Bake in a moderate oven for one hour and serve hot with sauce or whipped cream.

Jumpers Keep Their Shape.—When drying woolen jumpers run a curtain stick through both sleeves and then hang up. A coat hanger will make "pokes" on the shoulders and spoil the shape.

MORE WOMEN USE O-CEDAR POLISH

THAN ANY OTHER KIND!

... because O-Cedar not only cleans as it polishes, but preserves your furniture—"feeds" the finish, prevents drying-out, cracking. Insist upon O-Cedar Polish, for furniture, woodwork and floors (with the famous O-Cedar Mop).



All Life Is Music. All one's life is music, if one touches the notes rightly, and in time. But there must be no hurry.—John Ruskin.

IRON the EASY WAY



INSTANT LIGHTING
Coleman SELF-HEATING IRON
Make ironing a quicker, easier and more pleasant task. Iron the easy way—with a Coleman, the genuine Instant Lighting Iron. Just turn a valve, strike a match and it lights instantly. The Coleman heats in a jiffy, is quick, ready for use. Operates for 1/2 hour. See your dealer or write for FREE FOLDER.
THE COLEMAN LAMP