

Mistress of Monterey

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WNU Service

CHAPTER XVII—Continued
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When next Pedro Fages heard of Junipero Serra, he was already buried. The days that had elapsed from the hour that he had said an embittered farewell to Francisco Palou, riding through the rain to the side of his dying brother, the Governor had spent in a silence so great that no one had dared disturb it. No one knew how far, or where, he traveled with only his horse as companion. But he was seen, a lonely figure, tragic, aloof, along the bleak crags; sometimes walking, one hand tugging his beard, the other clenched behind him, the faithful horse following with bent neck, cropping at the scant grasses; or riding furiously with the wind.

On the night of the christening, La Gobernadora took her to her bed and did not rise from it for days, defending herself from the Governor's black mood and despair with a fever that burned her hollow-eyed. The people of the Presidio of San Francisco trod softly during the crises of their Governor and his lady. The women whispered, as chance, in corners, and took the part of La Gobernadora in her attitude toward her husband. But the men remained silent, or cursed softly when the lady's name was mentioned.

As though to mock Don Pedro, when the news of the Padre Presidente's death arrived, the day was clear, sparkling, as sometimes the days are in the San Francisco country, in late August and early September.

When he received the message, Don Pedro went straight to La Gobernadora's room for the first time in days, and stood before her formally.

"He is dead," he said curtly. Eulalia closed her eyes. Still the Governor stood silently, awaiting some word from his wife. After a while she opened her eyes.

"I am sorry," she said softly. "It must be a relief to you to know that it is over." She tried to sit upright. "Will you help me?" she asked. "I think I should like to get up today. It is the first time I have seen the sun for such a long time."

"I will call Angustias . . ."

"No, please. You can wrap me in a cover, and carry me outside, if you will." He bundled her into a quilt, and took her in his arms without altering his expression. Light as a child she was, as he carried her outdoors, and into the golden sunlight. Servants hurried with chairs, Angustias followed with the baby.

Then the people of the presidio were amazed to see the Governor, his youngest-born in his arms, sitting quietly beside his lady, taking the air.

"She has won him over, our beautiful Gobernadora!" whispered the women happily. "Gracias a Dios!"

But the men glowered at the domestic scene, and muttered, "She has won, the zorra!"

Then all uncovered and knelt hastily as the bells began tolling for the passing of Junipero Serra.

Both men and women were wrong. A few days later a small package and a letter were brought to the Governor. It was the last letter Junipero Serra had written, to be opened after his death. And the package . . . Pedro Fages opened it before he opened the letter. He found a small square of grayish-brown cloth, coarse and worn thin, made into a scapular. He did not need Francisco Palou's accompanying note to tell him what it was, but held it in his hands a moment, then opening the throat of his leather jerkin, slipped the scapular around his neck by its cord until the blessed scrap of Junipero Serra's robe rested on the strong arch of his breast. Then he picked up the letter and read the opening words, "My beloved son . . ."

It was obviously the letter of a very sick man; one at the point of death. The thought rambled; the sentences staggered up and downhill. He spoke of hours they had spent together on the march, of the hundred little black heaps, scattered the length of California which had been camp-fires they had shared.

"If I had been a soldier, or you a priest," he had written at one point, "I could have understood you better, Pedro my son, but I could not have loved you more."

During all the perusal, the Governor's eyes had been filled with tears, so that he had many times to dry them. But at the last paragraph a flash of rage dried the tears . . .

"When all else had fallen away from me," said the faint lines, "I had hoped that your faithful wife could accomplish that which was impossible. In our talks together she had promised that she would intercede with you for our friendship, and for the founding of the Mission of Santa Barbara. But that has failed, for you have made no sign. And that is not Dona Eulalia's fault, for she has tried. I had hoped you would listen to her when

she told you the messages I have sent; of my trust, and confidence in you . . ."

The Governor read no further, but crumpling the letter in his hand went to seek his wife. He found her leaning over the crude cradle, filled inconsistently with laces and pillows where lay his little daughter.

Roughly he pulled Eulalia away from the infant, and stood before the cradle.

"You have no right to touch that child!" he said, his face working with rage. "You a deceitful, lying woman, lower than the low!"

Eulalia put both hands to her face as she staggered back.

"What do you mean? What is it? What has happened?"

Pedro Fages stretched the letter toward her. "Read it, read every word . . ."

She read rapidly until she reached the words that had sent the Governor raging to her. She let the letter slip to the floor as she stood with trembling lips, her hands pressed over her heart, staring at her husband.

"You made promises to him . . . to help him when he was desperate! You kept me from him when he was sick, dying! You kept me from him when he was laid in the grave. You drove him to that grave with your false friendship and your empty promises. God knows what your plots and schemes were, but they



The Governor Seized the Count's Hand Gratefully.

will never succeed, for you are a murderer!" He stopped as though the word choked him, then putting his hand to his throat, flung the accusation at her again.

"Murderess!"

Eulalia took a wavering step toward him, her hands outstretched as though to ward off bludgeons, then sank at his feet.

CHAPTER XVIII

The Lady Governor, La Gobernadora, returned to Monterey with her husband in a pleased, unusual and utterly unaccountable state of complete subjugation.

Unaccountable, at least, to his Excellency: If Dona Eulalia had a confidante, and having one, confided in her, much might have been learned. But the Governor went his way with a little sense of guilt after his outburst in San Francisco, and enjoyed the favors of his docile wife greatly. He enjoyed watching her nurse the child, who flourished like a wild-flower; he enjoyed seeing her beauty re-blossom; and watched the airs of the Monterey peninsula give his lady's cheeks a clarity and glow that had never graced them before.

The lady herself drifted for two whole years in this state of docility. She even grew to enjoy the simple pleasures of the presidio; the clam bakes and the dances, the gossip with other women of the colony. Sometimes in the midst of some simple gaiety she would pause, and her mind would grope as though to remember something. Then she would recall her grievance, and withdraw into herself.

California! Here she was, after two years! And she had vowed she would be in Mexico City before that! She would wring her hands helplessly. There was nothing to do. Nowhere to turn. Junipero Serra . . . she shuddered. He was in his grave. And Nicolas Soler, with his wild dreams of the governorship, had slowly but surely gone blind and returned to Mexico. Surely, all who had crossed Junipero Serra suffered.

And Indiuella often she looked at the girl, lissome, brown, mysterious, who served her master the Governor, like a dog, and wondered. Something might be done there . . .

But days, months, years slipped by, and nothing happened.

Nothing happened to Eulalia. She

sat in front of her mirror and scanned her black tresses for silver threads, frowning, with a sick fear at her heart.

But events marched, nevertheless, around the lady. And though she was unaware of them, their influence reached her, penetrated her defenses.

Eulalia Celis de Fages found the white hair she had feared finding, set her teeth, pulled it, then wept on her husband's breast in the gubernatorial bed. And the Governor smiled, and liked it.

Pedro Fages went about long delayed and heart-breaking plans for the mission to Santa Barbara, and still another, Mission La Purisima. He wrote scathing diatribes on the laziness, bestiality, gambling, profligacy and immorality of a little pueblo, El Pueblo de Nuestra Señora de Porciuncula la Reina de Los Angeles, which the natives called Los Angeles. (The diatribes did no good.)

On a bright sunny day in August, 1784, about the time that Eulalia gave birth to her California flower, there was a great hubbub in the harbor of New York city. All the notables of the new nation were at hand to greet a distinguished visitor, who, with a love for the young country in his young heart, had traveled across the ocean to pay a visit of congratulation. There were public receptions, congressional honors. George Washington extended the hospitality of Mount Vernon to the guest.

From France came Marie Jean Paul Roch Yves Guilbert Motier, Marquis de La Fayette, general and statesman.

Two years and a month later two ships sailed grandly into the Bay of Monterey, as whales frisked and blew around them. France was wondering about America . . . thoughtful about what country lay west of that nation visited by the Marquis de La Fayette. Dreaming, perhaps, that another empire might lie beyond the mountains and inland seas, the deserts and plains, west of the mighty Father of Waters.

So His Most Christian Majesty Louis XVI of France sent two ships around the world, to visit California, under the leadership of an accomplished scientist and gallant gentleman, the Comte Jean Francois Galaup de La Perouse.

It happened one gray morning in September that Don Esteban Martinez, commanding two Spanish frigates, the old San Carlos and the Princess, that lay in the Bay of Monterey, saw two lofty ships loom out of the fog for a moment, before disappearing. Then they were reported by a lookout on shore, and all day watchers saw them glide like phantom ships out of the mists. At night they disappeared entirely.

Morning brought sunshine, and a closer view of the ships. Don Pedro ordered Don Esteban to send out two pilots, and watched the little pilot boat put out toward the drifting strangers. Through his glasses he strove to make out the flags they flew.

"What are they? Who are they?" breathed Eulalia eagerly, her chin on his shoulder.

He propped the glasses before her eyes, holding her in his arm.

"Look and see, perhaps you can tell better than I."

"I see! . . . Oh! A fleur de lis! . . . 'Frenchmen! Yes, you are right! That will be the expedition of whom I have been advised by the Viceroy. La . . . La . . . La Perouse . . . the Conde de La Perouse."

"A count!" shrilled Eulalia. She snatched the glasses from him and pointed them as though she expected to see the French gentleman smile at her.

"Ah!" she said after a long un-

"From Halls of Montezuma," Marines' Fighting Song, Dates to Mexican War

The United States marines have completed an investigation into the origin of their famous song "From the Halls of Montezuma," which they have made famous in almost every part of the world.

The results of the investigation, reports a San Francisco, Calif., United Press correspondent, show that the song had its origin at the time of the invasion of Mexico City in September, 1847, near the close of the Mexican war.

Elated with victory of American arms over the Mexicans, an officer sat down in the Aztec club and scribbled the first verse of the popular sea-soldier ballad.

It is thus that the marines account for the beginning of the sprightly ballad which has since become a bulwark of their esprit de corps. Later the song grew by leaps and bounds, verse after verse being added by some more or less inspired "leatherneck."

The investigation of the origin of the song also developed the fact that the music came from an old French opera, "Genevieve de Brabant."

Eventually, however, the number

satisfying look. "We must prepare to entertain them I suppose." She said it very calmly, but her heart was aflutter. Two shiploads of French gentlemen, and a count; to her that meant news of the world for which she longed, news of la belle France, of Spain, of opera, books, theater, coiffures, modes . . .

As she rode back to the presidio to prepare for the entertainment of mind ran over the articles of her own wardrobe, jewels and cosmetics.

"Now," she sang, "praise God, something will happen!"

It was late afternoon before the frigates, the Astrolabe and the Boussole were safely at anchor, and the Governor, who had not left off watching, saw two long-boats put out for shore, seeming to thread their way among the whales diving and spouting about them.

As the boats landed, strong barelegged Indians assisting the sailors who leaped into the water, Pedro Fage stepped forward to greet a pleasant round-faced officer, in immaculate epauletted uniform and white curled peruke, and accompanied by several other gentlemen. For an instant, even while he had his hand stretched in welcome, he had a moment's panic. These were Frenchmen, and he spoke no French, that is no decent French. But the Comte de La Perouse was already greeting him in broken friendly Spanish, and the Governor seized the Count's hand gratefully.

When Don Pedro invited La Perouse and his aide, Le Pante Dagelet, a young man who spoke no Spanish at all, to dine with him, saying that his wife expected them, the stranger raised his eyebrows, and accepted.

"His wife!" he said in French aside to his aide. "Surely there are no ladies here in this God-forsaken spot!"

As they entered the adobe palace they saw La Gobernadora framed in candlelight.

La Perouse snatched his three-cornered gold-laced hat from his faultless peruke. So did Le Pante Dagelet. Both gentlemen bowed from the hips, deeply, amazedly.

The lady greeted them in French, with a slight hesitation and a tiny accent of Castilian that the gentlemen found delightful.

All through the dinner, which, though strange to their palates, they relished, they watched La Gobernadora in surprise. The deference, their obvious curiosity told the lady of their admiration with every look and gesture. So, though she was bursting with things to say—things which must be said—she played the part of the Lady Governor with dignity and chaste smiles, keeping a wifely silence while her lord and master made speech with his guests.

But when the Governor and his guests pulled their chairs around the open fire, La Perouse began speaking.

"We have been here in your California but a few hours, Monsieur le Gouverneur," he said, "and have already met many surprises. First, it was a surprise to find the place. What fog! Is the weather this way all the time? And then the whales! Pof! I did not know they smelled so badly, when they blow that beautiful geyser! It is a very bad perfume."

Pedro Fages laughed defensively. "We do not smell that ashore here." La Gobernadora smiled.

"Very often," she murmured softly in French.

The Governor looked at her sharply. La Perouse laughed. "It is to be hoped not," he replied in the same tongue.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

of verses became so long that the corps set in for a deliberate pruning of everything that was not in accordance with the traditions of the corps. As the song now stands it consists of only three stanzas which begin with "Halls of Montezuma," the place of origin and end with the assurance that the marines will be found guarding the streets of heaven.

The song has been the battle cry of marines in the Civil war, the Spanish-American war, the World war and in the scores of other international operations in which the marines have participated.

Old Method to Test Gold

The ancient test-stone, needles and acid method of determining the karat quality of gold never has been improved upon as a convenient test. Starting with the fact that pure gold is called 24 karats; that less than 24 karats indicates the relative amounts of gold and alloy in the metal (18 karat gold is 18-24ths gold and 6-24ths alloy); and that nitric acid dissolves alloy but not gold, it is seen readily why old methods are still in use.

WHAT TO EAT AND WHY

Food Provides the Key to Mental and Physical Power

You Can Be Strong, Beautiful, Wise, Rear Healthy Children Only If You Know How to Combine the Right Food Materials in the Diet

By C. HOUSTON GOUDISS

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SINCE the world began, food has been man's first consideration. For it he has fought and died. To find it he has traveled over great continents and braved unknown dangers. His quest for food has changed the map of the world and colored the history of nations. But in all of these historic struggles, he has been motivated solely by the desire to get enough food to satisfy hunger.

Today, actual hunger is rare. But hundreds of thousands of people starve in the midst of plenty because they do not realize the tremendous power of food for good or for evil.

They do not realize that as a man eats, so he is, and that his choice of food materials gives or takes away the power to live vigorously—to think clearly—to feel warmly—to be strong, healthy and wise.

It can be truly said that your food is your fate. It has the power to shape your body—to make it strong and beautiful, or weak and ugly. It has the power to influence your language, your gait, your tone of voice, in short—your life. With the right food, life becomes a glorious adventure, for it increases your leadership, intensifies your magnetic qualities, strengthens your morale, and increases your physical defenses and resistance. Without it, one drags through miserable days—never realizing even half of his potential mental and physical powers.

Food—the Fuel of Life.
The human body is a machine, far more complex than any machine devised by the mind of man. Food is the fuel which runs this amazing machine. Food is also the material used to repair worn-out parts, and to keep the intricate mechanism in good working order.

The body machine cannot be run efficiently without proper food fuel any more than a car could be run without gas, or a house could be heated without oil, coal or wood.

Food also has the power to speed up or slow down the workings of the mind. It likewise influences the state of our nerves, the warmth of our affections, the type of characters we possess.

Finally, the power to have strong, healthy children is based on proper food. And nutritional scientists have discovered that the wrong food can even take away from us the greatest blessing—our earthly immortality. For it can deprive us of the ability to bear children who will carry on after we are gone.

Six Groups of Food Substances.
What food substances are necessary to build and maintain top health—to develop the greatest physical and mental power? There are six groups of food substances which must be included in the balanced diet which promises increased health, happiness and longevity:

1. **PROTEINS** which build and repair body tissues. These are found in such foods as milk, eggs, meats, fish, cheese and nuts.
2. **FATS** which yield heat and energy. The fats are represented by butter, cream, oils and the fat of meats.
3. **CARBOHYDRATES**—the starches and sugars. These also supply heat and energy, and are found chiefly in such foods as bread, potatoes, cereals and sweets.
4. **MINERALS** which build, repair, protect and regulate. Among the minerals which are absolutely necessary to health and vigor are calcium, phosphorus, iron, copper, iodine, sulphur, manganese, magnesium, sodium and potassium. These are found in varying amounts in milk, eggs, fruits, vegetables, whole grain cereals and meats.
5. **VITAMINS** which are necessary for body regulation, and as a protection against dread deficiency diseases. Six have been discovered to date—A, B, C, D, E and G.
6. **WATER** which is a part of all body tissue and must be present in order to have the other food elements function properly.



C. Houston Goudiss, outstanding food authority, author, and radio lecturer, author of "What to Eat and Why." He knows food from soil to serving, from table to tissue. Watch for his articles each week.

mother at all hours of the day. Her baby will not grow into a healthy man or woman unless he or she has the right nourishment from the moment of birth. And school children can't keep up with their classes without the right food.

If you will follow this series of articles, and put into practice the principles of correct eating that I advocate, I can promise that you will increase both mental and physical efficiency, and as a result, achieve greater health and happiness for every member of your family.

Food Affects Your Body and Mind

Each morning when you awake, a new life is ahead of you. Whether that day and the days to follow will be better or worse than those that went before, depends largely upon what you eat. For nothing short of a miracle is performed at every meal.

Within a few hours the bread, meat, vegetables and liquids that you swallow are transformed into your personality. They begin to think, feel and act. They become YOU. What was food yesterday, today is carrying on the important business of the world.

Each meal that you eat helps or hinders the efficiency and ease with which these various duties are performed. That is why it is true that as you eat, so you are. And that is why I say that three times a day, at your table, you SIT DOWN TO LIFE.

How Often Should Your Furniture Be Polished?

Housewives differ on the question of "when to polish their furniture." Some have no set time for it—polishing when they think of it—or when, casting a glance about, they decide that the furniture can "stand it." Others, polish every cleaning day—which ordinarily occurs once a week. Others dedicate but one day a year to this important procedure. And still others, polish the furniture in their home regularly, once a month. This last group is the largest—but their schedule is not sufficiently frequent. Furniture can not be polished too often! True, the outward benefit of the best oil polish—the luster—will last through a single week—and more—but this same polish, with its light oil base, preserves and "feeds" the furniture, revives it, prolongs its life! So that every application is highly beneficial to woodwork and the various pieces of fine wood in the home. Our advice, therefore, for the sake of endurance, as well as appearance, of your furniture, is "polish up" with a good oil polish at least twice a month!

O-CEDAR
CLEANS,
POLISHES,
PRESERVES—
KEEPS
FURNITURE
LIKE NEW

More women use O-Cedar Polish and Mops than any other kind—for furniture, woodwork, and floors.

O-Cedar POLISH MOPS • WAX

Pepsodent with IRIUM Banishes Surface-Stains from Teeth

Pepsodent Tooth Powder and Paste ALONE contain this thrilling new luster discovery

It will make your eyes open wide! . . . When you see your own smile reveal teeth that glisten and gleam with all their glorious natural luster . . . after you've used Pepsodent containing Irium! . . . Stubborn, clinging surface-stains are gently brushed away—as Pepsodent containing Irium goes to work! It works speedily, thoroughly, too . . . yet is absolutely safe! Contains NO BLEACH, NO GRIT, NO PUMICE. Try it yourself!

