

Mistress of Monterey

VIRGINIA STIVERS BARTLETT

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WNU Service

CHAPTER XIX—Continued

Pedro Fages was looking off across the water with that dreaming, questioning expression that annoyed Eulalia so.

"I?" he asked. "Yes, I have my longings, though to me California is the most beautiful spot in all the world. Still I am homesick for places I have never seen."

"The men looked at Pedro Fages with sympathy as they turned their mounts around and started back to the presidio. But Eulalia had not heard her husband's words. Her head was whirling with her own thoughts. Again she heard Dagelet's impulsive word, "Come!"

Her thoughts were interrupted by the gentle voice of Padre Lasuen.

"It was a beautiful fiesta, Señora La Gobernadora," he said, "a real event in the history of California, this entertaining of the first distinguished visitors to reach our shores. But now I must hasten ahead to prepare another feast for them, a feast of the soul, at our little mission San Carlos de Carmelo. Until then, adios!"

CHAPTER XX

Along the darkening Via Cruces a mounted messenger flew ahead of the Governor and his guests to warn the fathers at Carmelo that the party was approaching. Don Pedro and his guests lingered along the way, deep in talk.

"It has been wonderful, this visit here, Monsieur le Gouverneur," La Perouse was saying. "Sans doute, this is one of the wonder countries of the world. Me, I foresee great things. These bays and harbors full of ships from all the world ports. And strange people from all over the universe, I see commerce, trade and great cities. What is to prevent it? Ah, if you or I or some one of these restless people who travel and explore could only find that Northwest Passage!"

"If it exists," replied Fages thoughtfully.

"Exist it does! I am sure of that." "Then why isn't it found? But never mind. If, as you say, California is to become such a great place, teeming with ships and people, I hope it will be after I am dead. I should hate to see it that way. But if it happens, it will not be in my time."

Still deep in thought, her feeble imagination tricking her into the maddest imaginings, La Gobernadora rode quietly by her husband's side. It had been impossible for her to have another word with Dagelet, who rode, also wrapped in thought, close to the side of the Count.

The Governor and his guests cantered up to the gate to the compound which surrounded the mission buildings, and left their horses with servants. At the door they were greeted by Padre Lasuen, swinging the aspergillus. With welcoming murmur he sprinkled them with holy water, and they entered the church.

How could the French visitors know that it was a matter of pride and sacrifice that the altar was illuminated with a hundred candles in their honor, or that the ceremonial vestments Padre Lasuen wore were only brought out on the highest occasions?

To them it seemed so simple, so crude, so nearly pitiful . . . but their religious feelings were deeply touched, and the sonorous Latin of the old pioneer priest, thanking God for their safe delivery to these distant shores, and begging Him for a safe conduct across the waters, home, brought tears to many eyes.

Eulalia sank into the chair provided for her, and let her eyes rove about at the people around. There was Induzuela, her face stolid, impassive. And there was Angustias. She was weeping!

"What, in heaven's name," thought La Gobernadora, "ails her? I must find out."

And there was her husband, and La Perouse, the dark of the Governor's head and the silvery white of the Count's peruke contrasting strongly in the candlelight.

Again her thoughts began to whirl. A sudden revelation came to her. If she sailed away from California with the French expedition, she would become Dagelet's mistress. She brushed her forehead hastily with trembling fingers. She, to belong to another man than Pedro Fages! Was it possible?

The thought struck like a blow, and stunned her for a brief spell. Her knees bent automatically in the genuflections of the service. She stood, knelt and sat automatically, her lips murmured responses. Her bewildered mind began consciously functioning again. Cautiously she turned over the thought of being Dagelet's mistress while the low tones of Fray Lasuen's devout voice droned on.

Another man . . . to make love to her. She said it over and over in the rhythm of the litany her lips

spoke. Familiarity with the idea made it piquant . . . another man, not Pedro Fages, with his rough, tempestuous, robust love-making, to which she was responding less and less as time went on.

She glanced at her husband from the corner of her eye. How well she knew him! Every line, every feature . . . a tiny blood-vessel in the corner of his eye, like a question mark . . . a large vein on his temple that swelled and throbbed at times . . . the feeling of his hands, roughened and coarse when he caressed her. The smell of his clothes. Ah! Horses, leather, perspiration. Would it be difficult to change that for another man? A man well groomed, with delicate hands, a sensitive mouth not buried in a beard? A man whose every movement and gesture was graceful, deliberate . . . She shivered and clasped her warm hands together. And then she thought, Dagelet does smell so sweet!

"Gloria! Gloria!" sang the choir and the congregation.

"Gloria! Gloria!" sang Eulalia. She lifted her eyes to the altar with its hundred candles. There Junipero Serra had stood, quenching the flames of seven candles in the blood that poured from his breast . . . there he had lain in his coffin. And there beneath the floor at the foot of the altar, lay his bones.

But suddenly it seemed that everywhere she looked she saw his eyes, staring at her from the lights, looking out from the painted sockets of the holy images, sorrowful, accusing.

She shivered again, for a cold breath seemed to rise from Junipero Serra's tomb, and blow upon her. She chafed her hands together, for now they were cold, clammy. Would this service never end! Just when she thought she could not bear it for another instant, she heard Fray Lasuen pronounce the benediction. She staggered to her feet while the procession of choir-boys and acolytes passed. Then Don Pedro took her arm, and she stumbled from the church.

In the compound outside a great fire had been lighted, for the fathers at Carmel had planned a fiesta of their own in honor of the Frenchmen. La Perouse spoke to the Governor.

"Sacre coeur," he said, frankly wiping his eyes, "but what a scene to touch the heart! Mon Dieu, Monsieur le Gouverneur, what you Spaniards have done in this country! Ah, I can not say any more than I have said, how it touches the heart!"

"Thank you, Senor el Conde," said the Governor gravely. They were moving toward seats that had been prepared for them in a ring around the fire. Eulalia noticed Dagelet maneuvering to reach her side.

"That sacre pere, your Francois Lasuen," went on the Count with Gallic emotion, "what a saint is he. He is the most worthy, respectable man I have ever met. His mildness, charity and affection for these unutterably stupid Indians is beyond expression, Monsieur!"

The gentlemen stood while Eulalia seated herself with a queenly air. Dagelet waited until his superior officer was ensconced in a great armchair beside the Governor, then slipped to the ground at La Gobernadora's feet.

Don Pedro looked at him with a good-natured twinkle.

"We are all here, your Majesty," he remarked to his lady, "even to the court jester at your feet."

Dagelet hugged his knees with a smile, and looked inquiringly at La Perouse, who translated the remark for him.

"Tell his Excellency," he answered, "it is a privilege to be here. And tell him, please," he added as an afterthought, "that if it would please the lady, I would stretch out on the ground for her foot-stove, like that young savage slave of hers, if she would permit."

Eulalia gasped at the daring. La Perouse gave his young friend a reprimanding glance, and translated his remarks to the Governor as he saw fit.

Closer to the fire they saw Fernin Lasuen appear, and talk with a group of half-naked Indian boys who were preparing some game.

"There is the holy man among his dark sheep," remarked La Perouse. "Yes, he is a holy man indeed," replied Fages.

"Junipero Serra was a true saint, but the two are very different. For instance, you would not have been privileged to see an Indian ceremonial if Junipero Serra were Padre Presidente. He did his best to put down every evidence of the barbarities the Indians practiced, even their harmless games. Yes, he was different. Even the appearance of the two is different. Lasuen is a smaller, more wiry man than Serra. He is very pious, but very human. He is very firm, but very humorous. He is very devout, but very humorous. He is very devout, but very humorous."

"I would have been interested in Serra. But I am glad Lasuen is so strict, for it is splendid to see these Indian dances."

"Yes. Fray Lasuen says, with a smile of tolerance, that they are only children, and must play. And they have grown too old to learn new games. Another priest who would have admired Fray Palou. He was a Mallorcan, as was Serra, and after serving here a little while as Padre Presidente after Serra's death, has retired to Mexico where he is writing a life of his Brother Junipero."

He laughed suddenly. "But all the priests that have come to California have not been saints, by any means. We had two here for a while, and please do not embarrass me by asking how they got here, who were fiends sent straight from Hell, as good Junipero used to say. One was Fray Mariano Rubi, and the other Fray Bartolome Gill. A crapulous pair!" He laughed uproariously.

"Mon Dieu! They sound like some of our famous French friars of the moyen age. And what became of them?"

"Por Dios, their fate was too good for them! One of them was put on the Manila galleon as chaplain, and he sailed annually from Manila to Acapulco and back, trip after trip, and is never allowed to set foot on land. That is a terrible punishment, for the poor man is seasick all the time. The other is a chaplain in a prison, and is virtually a prisoner himself. I heaved a sigh of relief when those two were deported from California."

"Although they did add to the gaiety of the place," put in Eulalia. "One never knew what they were going to do."

"What!" exclaimed the Governor, "my lady speaks again! She has been so quiet ever since the merienda, I was afraid she was displeased or ill! How is it with you, querida, are you . . .?"

Eulalia could feel Dagelet's fingers smoothing the hem of the green riding habit. There was a low thud of tom-toms, a beating of rattles, punctuated by sudden savage shrieks and screams. A long queue of nearly naked Indian youths began dancing around the fire, and while the games and dances lasted all conversation died, except for a quiet unheard whispering that passed under cover of the excitement between Eulalia and Dagelet.

"You are most beautiful in the freelight, your Majesty," murmured the man. "Your beauty gleams out of the dark, amid this rude setting, like an exotic jewel."

The woman sighed, and moved her hand until it touched his shoulder. The fire was darkened for a moment as a group of dancers posed before it. He reached for the hand, and again Eulalia felt subtle excitement when his lips kissed her palm.

"Prenez garde!" she murmured. Then, after a moment, "When you said, when you said, 'Come!' this morning, on the cliff . . . did you mean it?"

Dagelet drew away ever so slightly. "Ah, but yes! At the time." "At the time! What do you . . .?"

The chanting of the Indian dancers had died down to an ominous silence. Only the crackling of the fire and the wind in the trees was audible. The performers filed into

U. S. Drinks Billions of Cups of Tea Each Year, but Brewing Is a Fine Art

There are very few household concoctions which are more familiar to the American housewife than tea, and a great standing joke is that the female newlywed "at least knows how to make a cup of tea."

But that particular newlywed joke simply does not apply today, asserts a writer in the Detroit News.

The fact remains—or has just been undeniably established—that too few of even the kitchen's old-timers, let alone the lace-aproned youngsters, have ever permitted either swain, husband or guest to savor the insides of a rich, honest-to-goodness cup of tea.

The inhabitants of the United States drink some 19 billion cups of tea each year. In order to determine how that vast sea of vintage beverage is consumed, a cross-section survey involving personal interviews with 5,000 housewives in five representative states has recently been conducted by a New York firm.

In essence, the survey found that eight out of ten people were tea-drinkers but that four out of five tea-drinkers were literally throwing the tea away, drinking instead a mere shadow of what they started to make, or might have had, or wanted to drink.

The proper recipe for a good, balanced cup of tea, according to American tea experts, is one measured teaspoon for each cup, with a full five-minute brew. The survey revealed that house-

the darkness, silently. Then in a moment another group bounded into the firelight, grotesque, with strange headresses and bows and arrows for a dance of the hunters. Again the tom-toms and rattle, grunts and shrieks. Eulalia shivered.

"I was carried away by the tenderness of the moment. My selfishness overcame me. Forgive me. I could not carry you away . . ."

"Away from what? This? Loneliness, desolation, neglect? Do you think I am mad, to prefer to stay here?"

"It is I who am mad," he breathed. "You do not really wish to come, I would not wish to, to . . ." He stopped, and cursed to himself. Those were not the right words.

"No, no, Madame, it is too great a sacrifice for you . . ."

"His voice was rising, and Eulalia murmured 'Sh!'"

They were silent for a moment, watching the dancers. Dagelet's brain was whirling. The lady was determined! And if a lady were determined . . . He stole a glance at the lady's husband, the powerful Governor of the Californias, his bulk solid and imposing in the half-light. How good a swordsman was he? How true a shot? Visions of duels, of pursuit by the Spanish Armada, of international complications passed through his mind. Was he laying too much stress on the Latin understanding of affair de coeur? He must not do this, it was madness, sheer insanity.

"It is not too great a sacrifice for me, mon ami," the lady was breathing in his ear. "I am willing to make it. And what is more," she leaned far over as though to adjust a shoe latchet, and looked straight into his eyes, her own glowing feverishly, "what is more, if I stay . . . if I do not go . . . I am afraid I will have to confess to my husband that you . . . that you have made love to me," she hissed triumphantly.

Dagelet dropped his head to his knees with a groan of despair. But he recovered himself suddenly. La tendresse . . . that is what was needed now. He tumbled halfheartedly for the lady's hand again. He must kiss it. "Poor lady," he thought, as he felt her warm fingers.

He felt a tremor pass through her, and soon she whispered, "And all that is left to decide is where and when . . ."

Dagelet thought quickly. The nearness of the woman, her real appeal, the sound of the thudding Indian rhythm, savage, passionate, moved him. He shrugged his shoulders. After all, why not? There had been elopements before, and there would be again. And the lady was determined.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

WHO'S NEWS THIS WEEK

By LEMUEL F. PARTON

NEW YORK.—Among his companions in barnstorming, Glenn L. Martin was known as "The Dude," although his carefully tailored flying suits were always black, including their elaborate braid trimmings. His somewhat mortuary get-up and behavior gave an impression of great conservatism, and it is not surprising that he got backing from the bankers when other aviators failed.

A few months ago, he said his Glenn L. Martin company, of Baltimore, making planes, had a backlog of \$15,500,000.

He told the house naval affairs committee there should be a 100 per cent increase in air armaments, that foreign nations are spending ten times as much as the United States. He would build a 250,000-pound bomber, carrying 30 men and a 4,000-pound bomb load 11,000 miles.

In 1912, this writer saw him put an inflated inner tube around his neck, strap a compass on his leg and take off to sea, at Avalon bay, Los Angeles, in a flying laundry wagon on which he had rigged a single wooden pontoon. He was bound for Catalina island, 20 miles away. It looked like suicide.

He not only made it, but picked up again at Catalina and finished the round trip, blanking Bleriot, whose flight over the British channel was a one-way excursion. He had made the plane in an abandoned church.

The flight got him world attention. Then he staged a plane coyote hunt, dropped a ball into a catcher's mitt and a bouquet into the arms of a beauty contest queen.

This air extravaganza did not last long. In 1913, he built and sold two model TT war planes to the army, and has been building fighting craft ever since, with the exception of trans-Pacific Clippers.

He grew up in Mackburg, Iowa, built a pusher plane in his backyard and flew it in 1908. He is fifty-two.

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN, in his seersucker suit and his rumpled hat, frequently looked as if he had been sleeping under a

bridge, especially in the midst of a hard campaign. His son, William Jennings Bryan, Jr., is fussy about his dress, severely and fastidiously groomed, with a jaunty little moustache and a nice collection of malacca sticks, sports clothes, and varied haberdashery.

He is in the news now as he becomes collector of customs at the port of Los Angeles, his first recognition by the California Democracy, in whose vineyard he has labored for years.

When his father laid down his staff and scrip at Dayton, Tenn., he picked from the legacy only two things—free silver and anti-evolution. He is quite unmoved by oratory, speaking with calm, legalistic precision, with no gift for the resounding or oracular.

He has made spirited forays against this or that, notably Upton Sinclair's "Epic" heresy of 1934, but with no such impassioned fervor as that which inspired his father. But, when occasion offers, he puts in a word for silver, or against evolution.

After the Dayton trial and his father's death, he made a knightly vow that his lance always should be leveled against this ignoble theory of man's origin. But nobody seems to be bringing that up now. The argument is shifting to where man is going.

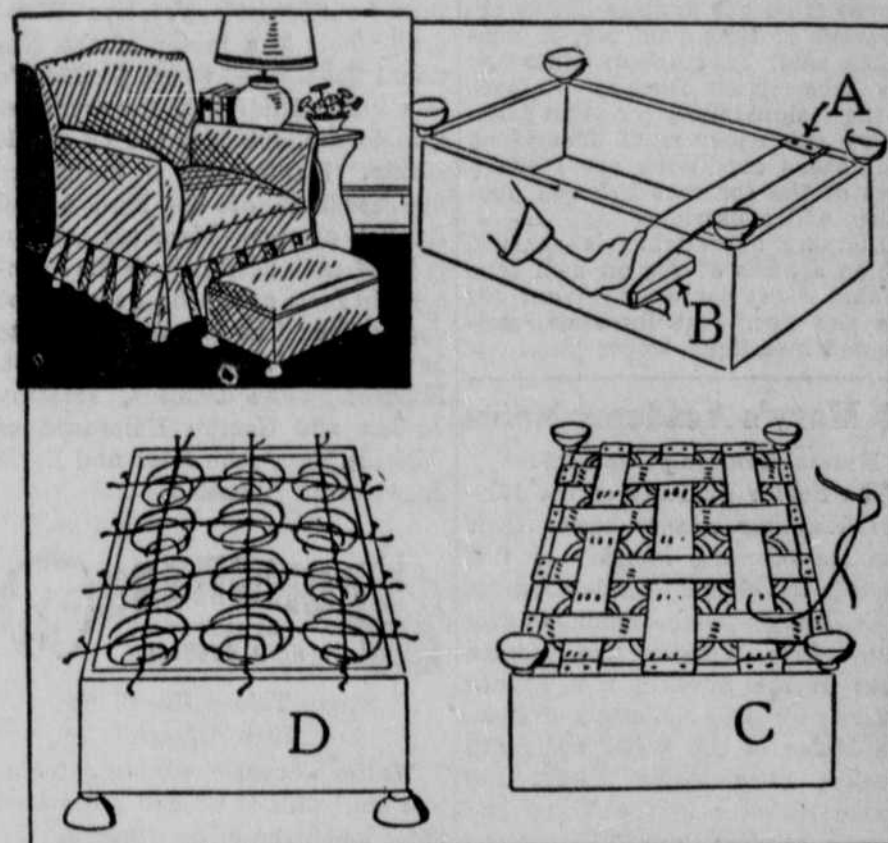
He attended the University of Nebraska three years, studied law at Georgetown university, went to Arizona on account of his wife's health, and practiced law, first in Arizona and then in Los Angeles. He is fifty years old.

Consolidated News Features, WNU Service.

Fish With Rainbow Hues A rainbow fish, one of the most beautiful fishes in the world, was recently captured off the coast of Portland, in southern Victoria. Only two specimens of this rare fish have been caught in sixty years, both of the same coast. The rainbow fish deserves its name, at least when alive. It soon loses its brilliant coloring after death. Rainbow hues—red, crimson, purple, bright yellow and brown-green—seem to glow on the body, head and fins. Closely related to the parrot-fishes, the rainbow fish is a wrasse, and frequents reefs. The male, more gaily colored than his mate, is further distinguished by tall frontal spines.

HOW TO SEW

by Ruth Wyeth Spears



Why Not Fix Those Sagging Springs?

SPRINGS in furniture seldom break. The twine that holds them does break and webbing wears out throwing the springs out of position.

To set the springs you will need a ball of twine and a needle such as used by the upholsterer, enough webbing to replace the old, tacks 1/2-inch long with large heads, a block of wood for stretching the webbing, a tack hammer and a tack lifter. Remove the cover from the seat carefully so that it may either be used again or serve as a pattern. Most of the padding may also be used. Observe how each layer of material is fastened in place, so that you may put it back the same way.

Remove the springs and all old tacks. Tack the first strip of webbing to one edge of the bottom of the frame, letting the end extend 1/2 inch beyond the edge, then fold the end over the first tacks and tack again as at A. Draw the webbing across the frame using the block of wood as a lever to stretch webbing taut as at B. When all the strips have been stretched and tacked across the frame one way, stretch strips of webbing across the other way weaving these over and under the first ones as at C. Now, sew the bottom of each spring to the webbing with the upholsterer's twine and curved needle as shown in this diagram.

Next, turn the frame right side up, drive tacks part way in along

the edges; then tie the springs across each way with upholsterer's twine as shown in diagram C. The twine is tied to the tacks and to each spring and regulates the height of the springs—the outside edges usually being lower than the center to make a rounded top. When the springs are regulated evenly, drive the tacks in; then replace burlap or muslin coverings and padding.

Have you seen Mrs. Spears' book SEWING for the home decorator? Forty-eight pages of step-by-step directions for making curtains, slip-covers and other household furnishings. It is full of inspiration for hom-makers. Readers may secure a copy with sending name and address with 25 cents (coin preferred) to Mrs. Spears, 210 S. Desplaines St., Chicago, Ill.

NERVOUS?

Do you feel so nervous you want to scream? Are you cross and irritable? Do you seem those dearest to you? If your nerves are on edge, try LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND. It often helps Nature calm quivering nerves. For three generations one woman has told another how to go "smiling through" with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It helps Nature tone up the system, thus lessening the discomforts from the functional disorders which women must endure. Make a note NOW to get a bottle of world-famous Pinkham's Compound today. WITHOUT FAIL from your druggist—more than a million women have written in letters reporting benefit. Why not try LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND?

Foreful Inference Inference (or deduction) from what has been to what may be has force.

Strange Facts

He Sat On His Own Brains

FROM the rocks of a prehistoric era have been taken the fossil remains of huge reptiles. Some of these mighty creatures reached a length of 80 feet and it has been estimated that some of them weighed over 40 tons. An idea of the size may be gained by comparing them with elephants, which usually weigh four or five tons.

There were many kinds of these reptiles, but the most interesting ones were the huge land reptiles called dinosaurs. One of these monsters, called Stegosaurus, had a brain lying in its backbone between its hips that was twenty times as large as its true brain in its head.

Dinosaur fossils have been found in all the continents, but chiefly in North America, Asia, Africa, and South America; and the most wonderful dinosaur on record is in the Great Plains region of the United States. In Nebraska, Dakota, Wyoming, and Colorado so many fossil dinosaur bones have been unearthed that this region is called a dinosaur "cemetery." As early as 1872 great bones were picked up from the surface of the ground to the east of Medicine Bow, Wyo., and since then hundreds of tons of rocks of this region containing fossil bones have been shipped to the museums for mounting and study.

Britannica Junior.

Tragedy Was Difficult In Ye Olden Tymes

The trials of a strolling player in Eighteenth century England may be judged from a handbill announcing a performance of "deep and affecting tragedy of Theodosius, or the Force of Love," at the "Old Theater in East Grinsstead," in 1753, quoted in "Portrait of Mrs. Siddons," by Naomi Royde-Smith. It says:

"Mrs. Crawford (a contemporary of the great Sarah Siddons) had a shriek and a groan that made rows of spectators start from their seats. Mrs. Siddons went further; when she shrieked the house shrieked with her; at her groan young ladies swooned in their boxes."

Constipated?



Many doctors recommend Nujol because of its gentle action on the bowels. Don't confuse Nujol with unknown products. INSIST ON GENUINE NUJOL. Care, 1837, Stearns Ent.

Ever the Truth What hinders one from speaking the truth, even when one is laughing?

DO YOU LACK PEP? Norfolk, Nebr.—Mrs. Dora Gruesing, 200 N. 2nd St., says: "My son, Clarence, was weak. He didn't have to use Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery long before his appetite was better and he gained in every way." Buy it in liquid or tablets at your drug store today. See how much more vigorous and "peppy" you feel after using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

Head of the Deed A thing which is done has a head somewhere.

Advertisement for DETOUR DOGS BLACK LEAF 40, featuring a dog and text: "Keeps Dogs Away from Evergreens, Shrubs, etc. Use 1 1/2 Teaspoonful per Gallon of Spray."

Advertisement for 666 checks COLDS and FEVER, featuring a large number 666 and text: "LIQUID TABLETS first day SALVE, NOSE DROPS Headache, 30 minutes. Try 'Rub-My-Tism'—World's Best Linctant."