

Mistress of Monterey

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WNU Service

CHAPTER XXII—Continued.

She writhed and struggled, clawing at his muffling fingers. The rebozo slipped around her neck, her hair tumbled wildly over her shoulders. But Pedro Fages clutched her firmly, and at last threw her over his shoulder, and lifted her to toss her on to the horse.

As soon as she touched the saddle she began to scream, and started to slide down. As her feet touched the earth at the side of the horse, Fages pinned her to the side of his animal with one arm and looked at her a moment.

"You let me alone!" she exclaimed stridently. "I will not stay another minute here!"

Fages lifted his hand and rapped a stinging slap across Eulalia's jaws.

She put her hands to her face, and he—mouth fell open in pain and surprise.

"Now, get on that horse," said the Governor sternly.

She hesitated just a second for the strong hand that was usually her mounting block, then scrambled quickly into the saddle.

As they passed the sentries at the presidio gates, she covered her head and bent low. The sentries looked after them with lively curiosity.

At the door of the mansion Angustias' scared face met them. "Go to bed," said the Governor shortly.

With a gasp of understanding Angustias scuttled away.

Eulalia cast herself on the bed, trembling and fearful, but the Governor did not even look at her. She rubbed her stinging cheek tenderly a moment, then undressed, and slipped beneath the covers. Still the Governor did not speak, nor make any move, only stood with folded arms, looking at the floor.

At last, with a sigh, he stirred himself, and sank, a dejected dusty figure, before the Madonna.

He reached for his rosary and began his prayers. But his thoughts wandered from his devotions.

"Poor little thing. Poor little thing. I had not dreamed she hated California so. Hated me. Ave Maria Purissima . . . hates me! Al, al, al! Who loves her so. Poor little thing. Ave Maria . . ."

He bowed his head still lower. His wife's frightened, frantic face, surrounded by her roughened tresses, her wide wet eyes, and little sharp teeth bared by trembling lips came into his mind again.

He groaned.

"Poor little thing . . . like a little frightened animal caught in a snare, goaded into gnawing of a foot, rather than to be held in a trap. Ave Maria!" He beat his breast softly, despairingly. Then he slipped his hand beneath his leather jerkin and drew out the scapular made from Junipero Serra's habit. Holding it in his hands was some comfort. Timidly he lifted it to his lips and kissed it.

"Poor little thing!" That was all his thoughts could form. "I understand. I, too, if I did not love this strange California, would wish to sail away. Even with my love, I have loneliness, the wish for companionship. Ave Maria! What shall I do now? God help me, holy Master Jesus, help me, Santa Maria, help me, holy Father Serra, intercede for me."

He had craved so long, lost in prayer and bitterness, that when he raised his head, he saw it was already dawn. From the parade-ground there came the sound of a bugle's notes, and of horses' hoofs. Sharply he remembered he had ordered a guard to accompany him to the beach to witness the departure of the French ships.

He pulled himself stiffly to his feet, and looked across at the bed. Eulalia was asleep, one hand still curved over her outraged cheek. Tenderly he bent over her a moment then tiptoed out of the room.

On the beach blazed a huge fire of driftwood. The sand was marked with the prints of many feet. There were bits of refuse and scraps left by the departing French sailors. Fages looked about him. Here the tent which was the laboratory had stood, with its strange fascinating instruments. Here were the blackened cinders of the fire where the balloon had risen.

Fages sighed and lifted his glasses. It was a thick morning. Fog moved in so densely he could scarcely see the water. He wondered if La Perouse could see the beams of the fire he had built in his honor.

He thought of Le Pante Dagelet . . . and dismissed him, once and for all, from his thoughts.

He remembered what La Perouse had said, that on leaving California he must catch the Chinese monsoon into Asiatic waters. "My imagination must always precede my vessel by two or three thousand leagues," he had laughed, Fages envied him with all his heart.

Suddenly a breeze moved, and lifted the fog for a few moments from the face of the waters.

Don Pedro and the watchers on shore saw the spread sails and towering masts of the Boussole and the

Astrolabe, nearer than it had seemed they could be, putting out of the bay into the open sea.

They cheered, moved by the sight of the shadowy ships. From one of them, the flag-ship, came a burst of smoke, followed by a mist-muffled salute. The soldiers of the presidio guard fired a volley in reply.

Then as the fog moved down again they were lost to sight, and the fog did not lift again.

It was years later that the Viceroy of Mexico learned, by dispatches sent from Europe, that the Boussole and the Astrolabe had made the Sandwich Islands, and there deposited with the captain of a homeward-bound English ship all of the findings of the Count Jean Francois Galaup de La Perouse, concerning his expedition, and his visit to California, the fortitude of the Governor Don Pedro Fages, the kindness and piety of Pere Fermin Lasuen, and the hospitality of them both.

From the Sandwich Isles, the Frenchmen had sailed away, had been seen once again by men in New Zealand, then disappeared.

The Astrolabe, the Boussole, the Count de La Perouse, Monsieur de Langie, Le Pante Dagelet, the scholars, scientists, sailors and lovers; the delicate instruments, the botanical and zoological specimens which had been picked up in the French-

light, blinking as he faced the sun. "Ah-h-h!" he breathed. "How good is this sun, and warm air! I am happy, your Excellency. Very happy. I shall go now in a few days to Santa Barbara to begin preparations for founding the Mission Santa Barbara."

"Yes, Father. I am happy also about that, as you can well understand. If only Fray Junipero were here to be with us."

"Ah, well, I doubt not he knows well what is going forward. It seems most fitting to be beginning these preparations during the season of the vintage. For I am planning to plant for my beloved, my Master, another vineyard, and I pray the hill will be very fruitful, as yours is." He smiled, and Fages watched him walk away, his old face lit with exalted smiles.

Then he turned and watched Indizueta sauntering toward him, her basket empty. Her hands were purple-stained, and her lips, for she had flched the most luscious grapes here and there as she picked. "Her eyes are black, black as a starry night," thought Fages. As she came toward him, she smiled suddenly, and the flash of white teeth in her dark face was startling.

She was dark, dark as the earth, and from her rose an aura of fruitfulness, of ancient earth-mysteries, hidden, savage, impenetrable.

Pedro Fages' blood pounded. His throat felt choked. A temple vein rose and pulsed suddenly. His eyes swam, and his knees felt weak.

"Indizueta!" he called, but his voice broke suddenly. He cleared his throat as the girl looked at him, still smiling with a subtle understanding look in her eyes.

"I . . . I want to . . . speak with you . . . Sit down."

She sank on to the earth, and with a little gesture seemed to become a part of it. From swimming eyes she looked up at him.

"Si, Senor?" she asked softly.

Fages clenched his hands. "Fray Fermin has said," he blurted hastily, "that he wishes to arrange a marriage for you with Pio. What do you say?"

She looked at him mockingly, gravely.

"That old man should think of other things than marriages. It is not decent for his thoughts to dwell on such things. So I have been taught."

"Do you want to marry Pio?" the Governor asked hurriedly. "Do you love him?"

"I have also been taught to tell the truth." She bent over and patted a handful of earth into a little pile, and smoothed it as she spoke.

"I do not love Pio. I do not love any of the Indian boys, nor any of the soldiers." She looked at the Governor, with head suddenly thrown back.

She laughed. "You know. You have always known, as I have, that I am for you. No one shall have me but my lord, my beloved master. I am his, to gather as he does the grapes from his vineyard, and to crush, as he crushes them."

Fages listened to the low voice that seemed to blend with the buzzing of the bees. What she said seemed natural, as though somewhere, some time, he had heard it before. As though in a spell he spoke.

"Yes," he said, in a voice not his own.

The girl took a deep breath. "When?" she asked simply. "Now? This is the vendimia."

The man trembled. He was under a spell. He must break it . . . quickly . . . He looked about him in a panic. The gatherers had finished their tasks, and now were clustered around the barbecue. Their voices seemed to come from a great distance. There was no one

near. Heat shimmered from the earth, but the Governor of California shivered.

Yes, it was the vendimia. Why not? She was his. So utterly his. And he needed her so. Not only his body, but his mind and spirit called for the fulfillment a blending with her would bring. But he fought the girl's witchcraft, and she sensed it.

"I know. It is your woman. La Gobernadora. Pahl!" she spat. "That white one. That cold cruel Spaniard! Listen!" She leaned forward eagerly. "I know what happened when the Frenchmen were here! I know who brought La Gobernadora through the gates of the presidio the night before the Frenchmen sailed! We can do away with her!" She laughed triumphantly. "Look!" She slipped her hand in her bosom and brought out a little sack of skin. It was dry and something rattled in it.

"Look! This is magic. I got it from a witch woman. It is strong medicine. If I will I can make her wither away and die . . . and then . . ."

The Governor unconsciously put his hand beneath his leather jerkin. "Junipero Serra . . ." he muttered, feeling the scrap of sanctified cloth. He closed his lids to shut out the warm wonder of the Indian girl's eyes.

"Go away," he said gutturally. "Please, Indizueta, if you love me, go away."

The girl did not move. It was the Governor who rose on unsteady feet and staggered like a drunken man toward the fiesta.

In spite of the priests moving about in their somber habits, the vendimia seemed a pagan festival. Beneath the ancient live-oaks, a crowd of merry-makers celebrated the vintage in manner traditional.

Among them Don Pedro noticed his guests from the Presidio at San Francisco and Santa Barbara, and a group of officers and sailors from the San Carlos which lay in Monterey Bay. Their heads were wreathed with vines, and they were drinking wine from the last vintage, singing, laughing, dancing; uttering robust jokes, circling around the barbecue pits where slaving cooks were lifting the savory roasted bull and hacking it into pieces.

Near by was the great vat where the grapes were poured to be crushed. A little stream ran near it, and there, all who wished to tread the wine washed their feet, then plunged into the purple pool with jocular shouts.

On a rough dais, beneath a ramada, sat La Gobernadora surrounded by young laughing officers, who vied with one another in composing flattering toasts to her beauty, her wit, her distinguished position as Queen of the Californias.

She was dressed in the Majá costume, in her lap a great basket of grapes, and on her head a wreath of grape leaves. At her feet a soldier sat, his head tied in a scarlet handkerchief, and across his knees a guitar. He was singing a song to her, and she smiled, as Don Pedro watched, and lifted her glass to the troubador.

Don Pedro stared at Eulalia curiously, as though he had never seen her before. She seemed happy. This was what she loved, craved, after all; flattery, admiration, adulation. He stopped uncertainly. For a moment he thought he would turn and go back to the brown ardent Indian girl who still waited for him beneath the quiet sheltering tree. But young Pedro, watching the carving of the bull meat, saw him.

"There he is!" he shouted. "Now we can have the feast!"

So the Governor was drawn unwillingly into the festivities.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Finland Calm in World of Confusion; Co-Operative Societies Solve Problem

The sanity and good sense prevailing in Finland's people and their government may be traced to various sources and conditions. Perhaps the fountain head is the character of the Finns—self-reliant, strong, sturdy, stubborn—developed in overcoming the forces of nature in their forbidding country, with its long and cold winters and a soil none too fertile, for the bald granite thrusts its way up through the thin top soil all the way from the Baltic sea to the Arctic ocean, writes Mason Warner in the Chicago Tribune.

The Finn is an individualist. He thinks for himself, is slow in coming to a conclusion, and is steadfast in holding an opinion once formed. While an individualist and insistent upon managing his own affairs free from bureaucratic interference, he is a natural born co-operator.

Co-operative societies existed in the days of Czar Alexander II, and they flourished and grew under Alexander III and Nicholas II. The bolsheviks made a determined effort to capture the co-operative in 1918, but did not succeed.

These societies support schools

for the training of executives and employees, have developed practices in management and accounting systems, and have so perfected economical buying and selling that private enterprises profit by their scientific methods of warehousing, stock keeping, and retail distribution.

Employees of co-operatives receive moderate salaries. Management and operation are on a sound basis. There are no "cut prices," no items sold at a loss merely to attract trade. There is no watered stock receiving dividends. Customers get low prices in and out of season and at the end of the year receive small rebates on their total purchases. Members can withdraw at any time and their subscriptions are refunded in full.

Newspapers in China

Once China had a newspaper that was printed on silk, some Socialists had one that was printed on red paper, a royal family had one that was printed in gold and certain spiritualists had one that was printed on black paper.—Collier's Weekly.

What to Eat and Why

C. Houston Goudiss Discusses WATER--the Elixir of Life

By C. HOUSTON GOUDISS
6 East 39th St., New York.

OF ALL the elements required to support life and maintain health and efficiency, water takes precedence. Without it, the protein, carbohydrates, fats, minerals and vitamins, which build and repair tissues, provide motive power for the body engine, and regulate the complex processes necessary to existence would be utterly useless.

Water is the magic stream through which all nutritive elements are carried into and through the body and there held in suspension. It is the ever-ready messenger which distributes heat, moisture and body-building material, where and as it is needed.

Man is a Sponge
Our bodies are like water-logged sponges, for we carry water to the limit of our capacity. A human being is more than two-thirds water, and this proportion must be maintained, if health and strength are to be preserved.



There is enough water in a person weighing 150 pounds to fill a 15-gallon barrel. Muscles, liver and kidneys are about 80 per cent water, the brain 85 per cent. Even bone is made up of more than one-third water, so you can see that the old adage "dry as a bone" is not strictly accurate.

No cell can function unless it is constantly bathed in fluid. Furthermore, the cells depend upon water to transport their foods through the blood. This alone requires ten pounds of water in constant circulation.

We may term these functions an incoming service. But it is equally important as an outgoing stream. The cells need water to flush away their waste products. And if the surface of the lungs is not kept moist, there can be no intake of oxygen, no output of carbon dioxide.

Without water, no waste would be carried out of the body. Poisonous substances would remain to wreck the system within a short time. Water flushes the countless channels of physical existence—even while we sleep, for it constantly passes from the body through the lungs and skin, as well as through the bowels and kidneys.

Water Starvation
Where do we get all this water? When we are thirsty, we take a

How Much Is Enough?
A healthy, normal individual requires about four quarts of water every 24 hours. That requirement varies somewhat with the season. In hot weather there is a greater elimination of water through perspiration and that loss must be replaced.

Foods Rich in Water
A half-pound potato contains nearly a full glass of water. Some other foods that are more than 70 per cent water are asparagus, berries, string beans, cabbage, cauliflower, celery, cucumber, eggs, citrus fruits, cherries, grapes, melons, apples, raw and cooked greens, milk, onions, cooked green peas, boiled potatoes, sauerkraut, shell fish, meat steaks, tomatoes and squash.

Avoid the Dry Habit
In addition to the water consumed with food, every normal individual should drink about six glasses of liquid daily—as water, milk, coffee, tea or other beverages.

Drink Water with Meals
The question is often asked—"Is it wise to drink water with meals?" The answer is "Yes."

WE OFFER ★

A New Food Department

All the accumulated knowledge and experience of C. Houston Goudiss, the man who for 30 years has exerted a wide influence on the food habits of this nation, are now available to homemakers through the series of articles now appearing in this newspaper. These discussions are as fascinating as fiction, as up to date as tomorrow, and, above all, authoritative. For no matter what aspect of food is under discussion, C. Houston Goudiss knows whereof he speaks.

His work has been a devotion to the study of food, both from the productive and the manufactured standpoint. He believes that better food means a better nation. Sharing these views, we have secured him to assist in carrying out our aims—to be the best available guide in the most important of all matters that affect the homes of the readers of this newspaper—for health, happiness and prosperity depend first of all upon food.

Every homemaker will want to clip these articles, and save them. She will find them invaluable aids in keeping her family properly fed.

For Brighter, Cleaner Teeth Use Pepsodent with IRIUM

Irium contained in BOTH Pepsodent Tooth Powder and Pepsodent Tooth Paste

Thank your lucky stars—that Pepsodent now contains remarkable Irium! For this wonderful new cleansing agent—found only in Pepsodent—promises you smile a new beauty! For Irium makes Pepsodent extra effective . . . enabling it to gently brush away unsightly surface-stains . . . restoring teeth to their full natural radiance. Pepsodent with Irium is thorough . . . yet utterly SAFE. It contains NO BLEACH, NO GRIT, NO PUMICE! Try it!

Have You a Question? Ask C. Houston Goudiss

C. Houston Goudiss has placed at the disposal of readers of this newspaper all the facilities of his famous Experimental Kitchen Laboratory in New York City. He will gladly answer questions concerning foods, diet, nutrition, and their relation to health. You are also invited to consult him in matters of personal hygiene. It's not necessary to write a letter unless you desire, for postcard inquiries will receive the same careful attention. Address C. Houston Goudiss at 6 East 39th Street, New York City.

There is evidence that the drinking of a reasonable amount of water with meals by normal individuals stimulates the secretion of gastric juice, thereby improving digestion. It has also been demonstrated that it aids in the absorption of food by the body and retards the growth of intestinal bacteria.

The homemaker should be just as conscientious in providing her family with sufficient water as with adequate amounts of the other food substances. For water must be included in the list of essential food constituents. It is in truth, the ELIXIR OF LIFE.

Questions Answered

C. D. L., Jr.—Pyloritis seems to be associated with a mild vitamin C deficiency which has gone on over a long period of time. To obtain adequate amounts of vitamin C, you should eat plenty of citrus fruits, tomatoes, strawberries and raw, leafy vegetables, such as cabbage.

Miss T. P. G.—Yes, there is a stimulant in cocoa that closely resembles caffeine in coffee. But a cup of cocoa contains less of the stimulant than is found in a cup of tea or coffee.

Mrs. A. R. M.—No, milk is not fattening. Women especially fear that milk will increase their weight, but this fear is not justified, since a pint of milk, or two large glasses, only supplies 340 calories.

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Why . . . an Oil Polish?

And here, home-makers, is why: The oil element in polish is absolutely essential to all fine wood! For the same reason that we oil machinery—water our plants—massage cream into the face—is oil polish used! The same principle applies—for wood definitely requires this attention to keep it "alive!" The best oil polish has a fine, non-greasy oil base—and it is just this—when rubbed or massaged into the furniture—that prevents the wood from checking, drying out, splitting or cracking. Furniture will not do any of these things, when cared for—and it is the combination of the "oil" and the "rubbing" that prevents it! For the quality oil-polish "feeds" the hungry finish—keeps the wood young! Other polishes may give a quick, easy-to-achieve luster—but a little time and energy (it should not be labor) on the part of the housewife, will pay dividends in the looks and long life of her furniture and woodwork. All experts agree that an oil polish properly used (apply on damp cloth—as directed) is not only better—it is vital! And so, home-makers, take this important tip: Always use an oil polish—and the best one!

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

