

# Mistress of Monterey

## Virginia Stivers Bartlett

© Virginia Stivers Bartlett  
WNU Service

### CHAPTER XX—Continued

"Tomorrow night," he sibilated, "on the beach . . . at the laboratory camp. It is clear we will be making some last observations of the stars . . . I will be waiting for you. I will manage it even if it is not clear . . . I will wait. Can you disguise yourself?"

She caressed his shoulder with a feline gesture that made him shiver. "Fear not! I will be there, prepared, starlight or fog!"

The Indian games and dancing were over, but the program Fray Lasuen had planned for the guests was to continue with some of the old Spanish dances, and another group began tripping to the music of some guitars and a flageolet. One figure stood out among them.

Indizuela scorned the Indian dances of her people, but had taken pains to learn those of the Spaniards, and while her face showed stolid and indifferent as she danced, her slim body was alive and graceful, supple as a sapling.

The others stopped dancing to admire her, and she stood alone. When she had finished there was a burst of applause led by the Governor.

"Ole!" he called. "Bravo, nina! Viva la nina de los ojos negros! Viva la morena!" With a gallant gesture he threw his hat at her feet. She picked it up gravely, and after a slight hesitation put it on her head, did another impromptu pirouette, and stood with her hands provocatively on her hips.

The Governor half rose to go to her and claim the sombrero with an embrace as was the custom. But La Gobernadora, who was staring at the performance with set jaw and disapproving eyes, clutched him before he could rise.

"Sit down!" she commanded. "Do not make a scene of yourself. Well done, moza," she called in a high voice, with a chill smile. "Well done, indeed." The Governor subsided automatically before he could protest, and the Indian girl, her face asmoder, carried the hat to him, presenting it with a contemptuous gesture.

La Perouse rose and stretched himself delightedly.

"Magnifique!" he shouted across the space to Fray Lasuen, who was moving toward them with a pleased smile. "One of the most interesting performances I have ever seen! These Indians, whom I had thought so crude, so stupid, can really do things, can they not?"

"Ah, Senor el Conde," replied the priest, "you must not underestimate my poor children. Perhaps you would like to come through the establishment again, and see what they have done?" he invited eagerly.

La Perouse protested hastily.

"Non, non, mon pere. I have already carefully examined the Mission San Carlos, you will remember, and have made notes about it all, and about you. Perhaps all Europe will some day read of this little place, and of your good works! Now, I am leaving you a souvenir of our visit. It is a mill, a hand mill upon which to grind barley. Thereby one woman can do the work of many, instead of grinding the meal by hand on stones as I have seen them do here. I will have it sent over tomorrow."

Lasuen began an exclamation of pleasure and gratitude. "And I am leaving something else, aussi, something for you, and for my host, his Excellency, the Gouverneur. Perhaps I am being presumptuous in thinking there is anything you need in this California, and I have been wondering what it could be that I might leave as a gift, and to insure the fact that you, perhaps, will not forget your French brothers."

He paused and looked about him, beaming.

"It is two sacks of potatoes," he announced. "I noticed that you have none, either that grow wild. And these we have brought from South America. So I will leave one sack with you, Pere Lasuen, for your mission garden, and one for you, Monsieur le Gouverneur, for that garden of yours of which you are so justly proud!"

After the Governor and his party had ridden away from the mission, when the Indians had retired for the night, Fray Lasuen sat in his cell and wrote carefully in his journal:

"This has been indeed a day of historical importance. This day the potato has been introduced into California."

in his arms, and tossed her into his own saddle, swung himself up behind her and said, "I think I will have you ride with me, chiquita, like a little peasant girl, tired and sleepy, from the fair. Que no?"

Eulalia tried to sit bolt upright to express her outraged dignity, but Don Pedro only pulled her closer and there was nothing to do but lean against him, in the circle of his arm, and be quiet.

On they rode, silent under the stars, with pine-needles thick beneath the horses' hoofs, and startled night birds rustling among the trees at the disturbance. From some of the riders came bursts of song, the twanging of a guitar. The horse ambled quietly, for no one seemed in a hurry to break the spell of the night. Eulalia abandoned her dignity, nodded and dozed.

La Perouse and Fages talked in low tones. They spoke of La Perouse's departure, and a little wistfully of his visit in California. The Frenchman had fallen under the spell of the country so beloved of Pedro Fages, and would leave regretfully, he told his host. And the Governor had found a warm friend in the genial little Frenchman, with his quaint Spanish, learned in the mountains of his native South of France, among the Basques. He



"Tomorrow Night," He Sibilated, "on the Beach."

besides, Conde de La Perouse has his hands so full of important matters that it would not be fair to ask him to do it. Think! He has two great ships for which he is responsible, and many men, and machinery, and instruments, and plants, and food supplies, and ammunition, and . . ." He stopped, for he realized he was talking to himself, and Angustias was crying in her shawl. Yes, he was talking to himself, he suddenly was aware that he was wishing that it was Don Pedro Fages who commanded the two ships, and the men, and was sailing away to find new worlds.

He spoke harshly, both to himself and the weeping woman.

"No. Out of the question. I forbid you to ask him, mujer."

Angustias drifted away, sniffing sadly.

Fages bent his head again over the sleeping Eulalia. There was a warm perfume from her relaxed body, and the weight of her sagging against him was delicious to his senses.

"Let him have his ships, and men and distant lands," he thought. "I have Eulalia." He lifted his head, and saw with eyes accustomed to the dark of the wooded hills, the more distant mountains. He breathed the heady odors of sea and pines that mingled in the air, and heard the ocean pounding restlessly on the cyprus-decked cliffs.

"And I have my California," he said thankfully, lifting his face to the stars.

At the great gate of the presidio grounds good nights were said.

"It has been a marvelous day," said La Perouse almost sadly. "And a beautiful night. I hope tomorrow night will be as clear, for we wish to make some astrological observations before we sail. We will not dismantle the observatory until the last moment."

Angustias, about to turn into the gate, heard him.

"So!" she murmured. "Tomorrow night he will be on the beach at his funny tent! Perhaps . . ." And she whispered her hopes to herself.

"I have never been insubordinate," she muttered to herself. "But his Excellency doesn't know everything. Especially about a woman's heart," she added grimly.

At the door of the palacio Don Pedro lifted Eulalia from his horse and carried her into the house.

So the next morning Eulalia went about her preparations for departure.

Tears of self-pity blinded her as she packed. Lonely, insulated from the world in this most remote and desolate of the King's colonies, with nothing to look forward to but mere loneliness, as the years passed; perhaps more children; and at last the final desolation of being laid in the Campo Santo of the Mission Carmelo. That was her life. For she was sure now nothing would ever happen to call Pedro Fages away from California. There were no more troubles with the Franciscans, and El Gobernador served his King too well in this colony where few men wished to come and bury themselves to be recalled by the Crown.

Her jewels were already stored away in their case, and she was sorting out her clothes. Weeping, and recounting her grievances to herself, she filled a great leather chest, and as she sat on the lid to close it, a thought came that made her gasp with dismay. She could never get this bulky thing to the beach. There was no safe way of sending it . . . she couldn't carry it. For a moment she sat there, then a beautiful idea came to her.

She would make a bundle of her clothes, then she would dress in a peasant dress, like Indizuela, carry the bundle on her head, and bare-

### CHAPTER XXII

Tears of self-pity blinded her as she packed. Lonely, insulated from the world in this most remote and desolate of the King's colonies, with nothing to look forward to but mere loneliness, as the years passed; perhaps more children; and at last the final desolation of being laid in the Campo Santo of the Mission Carmelo. That was her life. For she was sure now nothing would ever happen to call Pedro Fages away from California. There were no more troubles with the Franciscans, and El Gobernador served his King too well in this colony where few men wished to come and bury themselves to be recalled by the Crown.

Her jewels were already stored away in their case, and she was sorting out her clothes. Weeping, and recounting her grievances to herself, she filled a great leather chest, and as she sat on the lid to close it, a thought came that made her gasp with dismay. She could never get this bulky thing to the beach. There was no safe way of sending it . . . she couldn't carry it. For a moment she sat there, then a beautiful idea came to her.

She would make a bundle of her clothes, then she would dress in a peasant dress, like Indizuela, carry the bundle on her head, and bare-

footed, slip down to the beach in the dusk, her face covered by a concealing rebozo. She might escape unnoticed, for Pedro Fages was sending loads of provisions as a farewell present to his friends the French explorers, and many Indians were being pressed into service.

She giggled excitedly, hopped from the chest, opened it and gathered up as many things as she could, piled them into a heap, then tied them in a blanket. She tried to lift the bundle, but could not budge it from the floor. Sighing impatiently, she began discarding heavier things, and at last had a weight that she could lift.

She wept again as she discarded the lovely gowns of brocade, velvet, satin and lace. Eloping was not so easy, after all. She had dreamed she could flee, unencumbered by baggage or impediments, to the waiting arms of an impatient and potential lover, but here she was struggling with bulky bulky bundles of clothes, like a washerwoman.

All her lovely clothes! But then, she thought with satisfaction, the expedition would no doubt stop at the Filipino Islands, and there, in Manila, a real capital, she could buy new raiment. It would be better that way, for it was only too probable that her clothes, which she had had for more than three years, were demode, and in Manila she would find lovely things from Paris.

She lifted the load to her head, and experimented with a few steps.

Yes, she could do it. She looked at herself in her mirror, and swayed there, her hands on her hips. In the mirror she saw the face of her baby, staring at her in amazement.

Hastily she dropped the bundle and whirled on the child. The baby's Indian nurse came hurrying in after her, and stooped to pick up the child, but Eulalia stopped her.

"Wait!" she cried. She sank to her knees and held her arms out to the baby enticingly.

"Come, come to Mother, darling!" she cooed.

The baby only stared at Eulalia, nonplussed by such behavior on the part of the lady who generally ignored her good-naturedly.

"Darling, please, my little darling, come to Mother . . . won't you?"

The nurse stood stolidly by, a jealous warmth in her dull eyes. At last the baby, finger in mouth, sidled to the nurse and buried her face in the woman's skirts.

Eulalia rose to her feet.

"Take her out of here!" she demanded imperiously.

The nurse hugged the child close to her and hurried out of the room.

"There, you see?" said La Gobernadora to the Madonna who was smiling sadly at her. "You see? She does not love me at all! She never comes near me! She prefers that black Indian woman, and her father! You see? It will never make the slightest difference to her whether I stay here or not."

She paced back and forth the length of the dirt floor.

"As for young Pedro, he never sees me! He is with his father all the time. He cares only for him, and for his pony. Will he miss me? Does he need me? No, of course not. Absurd! No one wants me, no one needs me . . . I am going away . . ." She cast herself on the bundle of clothes and wept.

"I am going away . . . and no one will care . . . I am going so far . . . on the ocean! I will be seasick, Oh, Dios mio!" She turned toward the Madonna and held out her arms.

"Please, Our Lady of the Seas, make the ocean smooth, please, oh, please!"

After a while she sat herself at a table to write a note to her husband.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

# WHAT TO EAT and WHY

**C. Houston Goudiss**  
Describes the Precious **MINERAL SALTS**

**That You Must Have in Order to Build Strong Bones, Sound Teeth, Healthy Nerves, Rich Red Blood**

**By C. HOUSTON GOUDISS**  
6 East 30th Street, New York.

**THE** human body is often compared to a machine, but it is far more wonderful, far more complex, than the most intricate machine ever designed to run without stopping, day in and day out, for upwards of 70 years, is also a fully equipped chemical laboratory. For if a chemist should grind a man to bits and analyze the pieces, he would find at least 18 chemical elements, and possibly traces of several others.

In addition to oxygen, carbon, hydrogen and nitrogen, the body contains a wide variety of mineral materials, which are necessary to its proper functioning—and even to life itself. The list includes calcium, phosphorus, potassium, sulphur, sodium, chlorine, magnesium, iron, manganese, iodine and copper.

**Iron—King Pin of Them All**  
*But measured in terms of food essentials, iron is king pin of them all. It is the supreme element in nutrition because it is necessary for the formation of the hemoglobin or red pigment in the blood. And it is the hemoglobin which carries purifying oxygen to every cell in the body. Recently, it has been discovered that copper is required for the proper utilization of iron.*

"Red blooded" is a term understood by everyone to denote health and strength, and it is iron that makes us red blooded. When your children grow pale and listless, lose their pep and lack appetite, it is likely that they are starving for iron. If you become short of breath and "pant" when going up hill, or upstairs, even though there is nothing wrong with your heart or lungs, the chances are that there is insufficient red pigment in the blood—not enough to take up an adequate supply of oxygen and carry it to the millions of cells throughout the body.

There is no excuse for cheating yourself or your children of a full measure of iron, for this mineral can easily be obtained from liver, egg yolk, whole grain cereals, molasses, dried fruits, dried peas and beans, nuts, lean meats and green vegetables.

**Calcium—Captain of Minerals**  
Calcium deserves its ranking position as the captain of the minerals, because it builds the bones, or body framework. And the bony skeleton is to the human being what steel is to a building. Calcium is also the chief constituent of the teeth and upon healthy teeth rests the health of the digestive system and, in turn, the entire body. For food that is improperly masticated is imperfectly digested and fails to nourish properly.

About 99 per cent of the calcium in the body is found in the teeth and bones. If the body does not receive an adequate supply of this mineral in pre-natal life and during the growing years, the bones will be porous, distorted and easily broken, and the teeth will develop cavities and eventually may fall out.

In addition to being the principal material for making and maintaining the bones and teeth, calcium increases the strength and pulsations of the heart and helps the blood coagulate in case of injury, thus keeping you and your loved ones from bleeding to death. That is why an extra supply of calcium is fed to patients just before an operation.

**Calcium Builds Will Power**  
There is a close relationship between calcium and sound, healthy nerves. And this precious substance likewise helps us to concentrate mentally—it strengthens our will power—and assists us in acquiring that "do or die" attitude toward life, which is essential in an age when we must all struggle or go under.

Yet despite its importance, it is estimated by that outstanding authority, Henry C. Sherman, Professor of Nutrition at Teachers College, Columbia University, that one-half of the American people—even those with plenty of money—are literally starving for calcium, because they do not know the food sources of this vitally important mineral.

**Where to Obtain Calcium**  
The foremost sources of calcium are milk and cheese, which is milk in concentrated form. It is chiefly to provide adequate calcium that homemakers must follow the rule of a quart of milk daily for every child, and a pint for each adult.

Vegetables, such as spinach, lettuce, celery, asparagus, string beans, cabbage, carrots and cauliflower are also a good supplementary source of calcium. And some fruits, such as oranges, figs, strawberries and bananas likewise supply significant amounts.

**Indispensable Phosphorus**  
Like calcium, phosphorus is required by the body in relatively large amounts, and like calcium, it is especially important in the diet of children, because it is de-

**An Invaluable Aid To the Housewife**

IN THIS issue you will find the fourth of the series of articles written by C. Houston Goudiss, famous food expert whose books, radio talks and lectures have made him known all over the country.

In this article Mr. Goudiss discusses the vitally important subject, "Mineral Salts." He shows the necessity of these materials in the diet, and their relation to the building of a strong heart, healthy nerves, rich red blood, strong bones and sound teeth. He also gives the food sources of these salts.

Read each one of these articles as they appear weekly in this newspaper. They will prove invaluable to the housewife in assisting her to keep the entire family mentally and physically fit.

*It her solemn responsibility to provide these four in abundance. For only in that way can you insure optimal growth in children, develop vigorous health in adults, and maintain the highest possible tone of every organ in the body.*  
© WNU—C. Houston Goudiss—1938.

**A Splendid "Service" for Floors**

Floors receive rougher treatment than any other part of the home—and it is floors that show up to poorest advantage when neglected—best advantage, when properly cared for! Up to now, attractive floors have required some little time and attention, but this is no longer necessary. For into the field of domestic preparations has come "self-polishing wax"—liquid-smooth, simple to apply, lovely to see. This remarkable preparation goes on easily, quickly, and dries in 20 minutes! Its results are 4-fold: The floors are protected—they are preserved—they stay freshly-clean longer—and they are beautified! A quality self-polishing wax protects and preserves, by forming a film over the surface—hard enough to withstand friction and grinding wear-and-tear. It induces floors to stay clean longer, because dirt and grease cannot become imbedded in the wood. It beautifies, because it is shimmering, transparent, and brings out the natural beauty of the wood. And what more could the home-maker ask for? There are, however, various qualities of self-polishing wax available. Only the best should be used, for both the appearance and condition of the floors. But the finest self-polishing wax is a joy to use—its lasting results a joy to see!

**FLOORS POLISH THEMSELVES**

...with O-Cedar Self-Polishing Wax. No rubbing—simply spread it on and let it dry—then watch your floors sparkle! Non-slippery, long-wearing—eliminates scrubbing—dusting alone keeps floors clean. Full qt., only 85¢.

**O-Cedar** POLISH MOPS - WAX

**Worthy of Respect**  
Bow to him who bows not to the flatterer.—Lavater.

**FERRY'S**

Every Packet DATED

**BE SURE OF YOUR SEEDS**

YOUR seeds need not be one of the uncertainties of gardening, thanks to the work of the unique Ferry-Morse Seed-Breeding Institute. Here's how the Institute's seed experts produce dependable, prize-winning Ferry's Seeds:

**First**—seed stocks are perfected by generations of breeding and selecting to develop desired characteristics and to eliminate weaknesses.

**Second**—every year, before Ferry's Seeds are packaged, 50,000 tests for germination are made—and samples are tested for truthness to type.

Choose vegetable and flower seeds you can be sure of—from the Ferry's Seeds display in your favorite store. These seeds have been selected as suitable to your locality. 5c a packet and up. Ferry-Morse Seed Co., Detroit, San Francisco.

**FERRY'S SEEDS**

## Chinese Use Brutal Trapping Methods to Capture the Fur-Bearing Animals

Game laws mean very little in China. In the more remote sections, where trapping is carried on extensively, the operators use bombs and poison to make their catches although this form of hunting is forbidden by law, but there are no wardens to enforce the provision, notes a writer in the Detroit News.

The Chinese hunter has many brutal methods of capturing wild animals which are just as injurious as the steel-jawed spring traps used by his American and European colleagues.

Thousands of animals suffer the torments of a lingering death in Szechuan and neighboring Tibet in a foot noose trap set in a runway and fastened to a bent-down sapling in such a way that, when the animal puts its foot into the fatal ring and springs the trigger, the noose tightens up, yanking the wretched victim into the air where it hangs suspended by one leg till death frees it from suffering. This type is used primarily in capturing the male lit-

tle musk deer to secure the musk pod used only in the manufacture of perfumes, but more often than not it catches the female musk deer, the tufted deer and other small wild animals which are of little or no value. This trap is perhaps the most brutal and wasteful in use.

The more humane means employed in China is the deadfall, which is a heavy log raised from the ground in such a way as to fall on the quarry when it releases a cleverly set trigger. This is used extensively in the Manchurian forests where there are many kinds of fur-bearing animals. The set-gun is also employed and usually kills instantly but is extremely dangerous to a person walking along the runway on which it is set.

**An Acre of Dirty Dishes**  
In 12 months the average woman washes an acre of dirty dishes, 3 miles of clothes, 1 mile of glass and 5 miles of floors, declared a home service director of a gas association in London.

## AROUND THE HOUSE

**Add Acid to Milk.**—To help prevent curdling when acid and milk are combined, add the acid to the milk rather than the milk to the acid.

**Cleaning Parchment Shades.**—Wipe off parchment lamp shades with a cloth dampened with olive oil. It will remove all soil and will restore the former freshness.

**Frying Fish Filets.**—Try dipping fish filets in yellow corn meal, in milk and again in corn meal. Then fry them in deep fat until they are well browned.

**Softening Shoes.**—Shoes or boots that have become hardened from a bad wetting will soften if rubbed with a rag wet with kerosene.