

Mistress of Monterey

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WNU Service

CHAPTER XXVII—Continued

The priests at Mission Carmelo were shocked and horrified when La Gobernadora was delivered to them, no longer hysterically screaming as when she left the presidio, but cold and icy, sitting regally before the bewildered soldier on his horse. If she had been as the Governor had last seen her, good Fray Fermín would have feared her less, and thrown her to the tender mercies of the matron of the monjera for discipline.

But this cold haughty queen, who held her head so high and comported herself like a prisoner of state was someone to be feared.

So they put her quietly into the monjera, which Junipero Serra had long ago called a dove-cote . . . and there, through the long spring days, she lived with the Indian girls, under the chaperonage of the ancient Dona Maria. Dona Maria took a certain grim pleasure in watching over the proud Gobernadora, and though she did not exceed her duties in regard to her, she did not neglect any discipline which she considered necessary. Eulalia wove and sewed, sang psalms and prayed, outwardly as quiet as the stupidest Indian girl.

But when she lay at night on the pallet they had made for her on the floor, with a barred window high above her head, she would cram the coarse sheet into her mouth to keep from screaming. She boiled and seethed with rage, despair, outrage. Sometimes it was directed against the Governor, then it turned most bitterly against herself.

"Fool! Fool!" she muttered to herself. "Silly fool, to allow this to happen to me! Al, Dios! Madre de Dios!"

There was one rule she refused to obey. And that was to attend the masses at the church. When this duty was urged upon her, she was silent, but drew her brows together dangerously. Then the priests and the matron were glad to leave her alone.

One day the Fray Presidente called for her, and Dona Maria escorted her to his quarters. She stood uncomprehendingly stiff before him, but he motioned her to a chair. "Be seated, Senora la Gobernadora," he murmured.

Eulalia smiled at the title. In the monjera she had been simply Dona Eulalia.

The father leaned back and looked at her curiously.

"I have been studying you since you have been here, my daughter," he said, "and I must say that I have found your conduct most exemplary."

Eulalia inclined her head. He continued, "You have been docile, obedient, silent amid a discipline that must have been a severe punishment to you. And I should say that you have been very brave. Now, I do not know what the private difficulties are between you and his Excellency. I have heard, of course, of the events that led to your being brought here. Not officially, for his Excellency did not communicate them to me. But I can not help feeling that there is some grave misunderstanding between you that caused you to . . . to do as you did."

Eulalia leaned toward him, her hands gripping the arms of the chair.

"Al, Padre mio," she breathed, "if you only knew . . ."

But the priest silenced her.

"I was going to say that I am sure the fault does not lie with you, whatever it is. For you have behaved under this punishment only as one who suffers unjustly, and is innocent of wrongdoing."

Eulalia leaned back and stared at him breathlessly.

"As your spiritual father, I tell you this. And as the spiritual father of his Excellency, Don Pedro, I must speak to him as I have spoken to you."

"Ah, no!" she cried suddenly. Then at the surprised expression on the priest's face, she controlled herself hastily.

"You think, then," she said haltingly, "that perhaps Don Pedro's conduct is . . ."

"Extraordinary, to say the least."

Eulalia smiled a secret smile of triumph.

She rose.

"Is that all, Father?" she asked meekly.

"That is all, for the present. But I am going to ask you one thing. Come to the early mass Sunday."

"Very well."

When, on the next Sunday, she entered the church with the Indian women she was trembling nervously. No comfortable chair was placed for her, as when she had been there before, and she needs must stand on the cold dirt floor, and kneel upon it, without any cushion. With her head wrapped in a coarse black rebozo, her face shone out, white and drawn with the strain of her incarceration. Dona Maria looked at her and compressed her lips.

"I am afraid for that one," she thought to herself. "She looks ill." With shaking knees and voice, Eu-

lalia followed the service. Her thoughts flew back to the first time she had taken part in the services in the church of Mission San Carlos, and Junipero Serra . . . She bent her head.

There at her feet, actually beneath her where she stood, lay his bones.

Junipero Serra, Junipero Serra! She nearly screamed the words aloud. Through the wood of his rough coffin, through the dirt that covered him, his eyes seemed to stare at her reproachfully, blazing at her from fleshless sockets . . . The strength of pride and will that had kept her suffering nerves in leash these two long months deserted her, and weeping hysterically, she collapsed on Junipero Serra's tomb.

When the Governor reached the presidio, almost the first report he had was from Angustias who told him accusingly that La Gobernadora, imprisoned in the monjera at Carmel, had been very ill, but was now better.

"No wonder," snorted the old woman. "With no decent food or clothes. I went over to Carmel sev-



He Lifted Her in His Arms.

eral times to brush her hair, and that old beldame, Maria, wouldn't let me!"

It was his first impulse to run to her swiftly. Suddenly, more than anything in the world, he wished to hold her in his arms, to comfort her as though she were a little girl. His flower, his Eulalia! Why, it was because she was such a spirited, fiery little thing that he had fallen in love with her and married her. And after he had married her, he had spoiled her, and been away from her too long; was her fiery spirit broken after these two long months in the monjera to which he had sentenced her?

He sent a messenger to her to tell her to come to him as soon as she was able.

For he could not trust himself to go to her.

And Eulalia, in the austere monjera, wept.

Suddenly, to her, nothing seemed so desirable as to be in her husband's arms, wherever he might go, whatever he might be.

CHAPTER XXVIII

Waiting restlessly for Eulalia to come to him, Don Pedro rode out to his vineyard in the bright spring morning. He left his horse and walked alone among the green vines. Tenderly he looked at them, admiring their robust growth, touching a tendril here, stroking a glossy leaf there. He knelt down on the earth beside a young vine and picked a bit of soil up in his fingers, as was his habit.

Over him the sky was unusually blue for this coastal region, and the sun was high and hot. A little in the distance he could see his orchard, some of the trees in early green, some still rosy with blossoms. And where the land was not cultivated it bloomed with wild-flowers.

"California!" he breathed. "She has given herself to me like a woman. Give her smiles and her tears and fruits of her body. I shall not leave such a fruitful mistress."

A single horse and rider came rapidly toward the vineyard. It was Eulalia.

Pedro Fages rose to his feet and looked about him.

"The vines are young," he murmured. "Next spring they will be young again. Ten springs . . . a score of springs, and they will still be young. But Eulalia . . ." He watched, almost in fear, as she slipped lightly from her horse and came toward him, at first slowly, then as she caught sight of him when he stood upright, in a little

run, holding up her skirts, laughing like a girl, shading her eyes with her hand.

"But Eulalia is young now!" he cried to himself. "Ten springs, a score of springs . . . and then . . . NO!" Suddenly he brushed the soil of California from his fingers and sprang toward her. Dimly he noticed that her feet crushed the young vines as she ran.

"Pedro! My Pedro!" She sank at his feet in the dirt, laughing, weeping. "Pedro, oh, my Pedro!"

He lifted her in his arms, then put her on her feet, and knelt before her, swinging off his sombrero. He clasped her knees, looking up into her face. "Eulalia, my dear, my flower . . . you are beautiful, and pale. You have suffered . . ." He kissed her little shoe, and noticed the pungency of the vines she had crushed.

She pulled him upright to her, and took his face between her hands. "Pedro, my great bear, you are so brave, so strong . . . so cruel to me . . ."

"I am a great fool!" He groaned, straining her to him. "Eulalia, I have something to tell you. I am resigning as Governor of the Californias, and . . ."

"And?" she exclaimed, flushing suddenly, radiantly, "and we are going away from here . . . back to Mexico . . . Spain?"

Over her head he looked at the hills, the sky, the distant mountains, the sea, the orchards, the beloved vineyard. Tears filled his eyes and blurred the scene.

"Yes . . . away from here," he said.

CHAPTER XXIX

Triumphantly Eulalia sailed on the first ship that put out from Monterey, with the two children and Angustias. From the shore Pedro Fages watched the ship as far as he could see it, then turned and rode madly to the Mission Carmelo. He went into the little church, and kneeling by the tomb of Junipero Serra talked with his old friend.

Largest Indian Market in World Is in Guatemala; Traders Are Gayly Costumed

The plaza of Santo Tomas Chichicastenango, a village hidden far back in the mountains of Guatemala, is the scene of the largest and most elaborately costumed Indian market in Central America. On Thursdays and Sundays it draws as many as 5,000 traders and farmers from an area of several hundred square miles.

Mingling here on market days are Indians from scores of villages, each dressed in a different manner. To the stranger it is dreamlike and unreal. One has the feeling that this is the opening scene of a new opera; that presently a trumpet will blow, an orchestra will begin to play and all these earnest people will drop their bargaining to burst forth in full-throated song!

Back of the gay trappings and the romancing of visitors, however, the workaday life of a simple but industrious people moves on. In long rows the women squat on the hard earth, their wares piled before them. Some are protected from the tropical sun by square cotton awnings, but most of them sit in the open. Many plait straw for sombreros as they wait for buyers. Hand scales measure out yellow and blue corn, native copal incense, soap, peppers, dried shrimps, beans and herbs.

It is difficult for an outsider to understand the status of the Indian in a town like Chichicastenango. Unlike the half-naked aborigines of the jungle lowlands, or the itinerant tradesmen and servants of the cities, the Indians of the highlands of Guatemala have maintained a proud, semi-independence as farmers, weavers and pottery makers. Conquered but never assimilated, they are aristocrats among the native peoples of Central America, and they are sufficiently well organized to make mass petitions to the central government when local conditions demand it. They have had much less contact with other races than Indians elsewhere have had. Consequently, they have retained their self-respect and are neither subservient nor cringing.

In our next issue!

THE RIVER OF SKULLS

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You'll enjoy every installment of this saga, a startling tale of the Arctic waste lands where men brave death in a search for yellow wealth. Danger lurks at every bend in the snow-locked trail as Alan Cameron and Heather McCord find their way to love and riches!

Summer Afternoon Dresses

THESE two patterns bring you outstanding fashions of the season, the woman's dress very slenderizing and flattering, the little girl's frock as saucy, bright and perky as a daffodil. Each pattern



includes a detailed and complete sewing chart, with step-by-step directions, so that you can make these pretty dresses quickly and easily.

Bolero Frock for Little Girl. This dress has no less than four of the most becoming details in the world—a crisply flaring skirt, sleeves puffed out like little balloons, a brief bolero, and a round collar! Make it up in printed percale (a light, flowery design), paper taffeta, gingham, linen or dimity. Use ricrac or Irish edging to trim the collar and bolero.

Soft Detailing for Large Women. Notice the soft gather on the shoulders and sleeve tops, creat-

ing just enough fullness where it's needed, the lengthening revers, the slim lines of the skirt—all extremely becoming to women who want to minimize their weight. This dress will be lovely in silk print, georgette, chiffon or voile. If you choose a print, be sure to select small or indistinct designs.

The Patterns. 1505 is designed for sizes 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 6 requires ¾ yard of 35-inch material for the bolero; 2¼ yards for the dress. Contrasting collar (if desired) requires ¼ yard. 2½ yards of braid for trimming. 1461 is designed for sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50 and 52. Size 38 requires 4½ yards of 39-inch material with short sleeves. 4¾ yards with long sleeves.

Spring-Summer Pattern Book Send 15 cents for the Barbara Bell Spring and Summer Pattern Book which is now ready. It contains 109 attractive, practical and becoming designs. The Barbara Bell patterns are well planned, accurately cut and easy to follow. Each pattern includes a sewing chart which enables even a beginner to cut and make her own clothes.

Send your order to The Sewing Circle Pattern Dept., Room 1020, 211 W. Wacker Dr., Chicago, Ill. Price of patterns, 15 cents (in coins) each.

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Ask Me Another

A General Quiz

The Questions

1. Are diamonds mined in the United States?
2. What is the sabbatical year?
3. How and from whom did the United States acquire the Canal Zone?
4. How many miles of telegraph wire are there in this country?

The Answers

1. Arkansas is the only state which has a diamond mine. It is located on Prairie creek, about two and one-half miles southeast of Murfreesboro, in Pike county.
2. Every seventh year, allowed professors, teachers and those in other professions for rest, travel, research, etc.
3. By lease from Panama in 1904.
4. There are 87,678,000 miles of telephone and telegraph wire in the United States.

Send for This FREE CHART

Showing Which Foods Are Acid and Which Alkaline

ONE of the principles in planning a balanced diet is to include at least enough alkaline, or base-forming foods, to balance the acid-forming foods.

To help you distinguish the foods that belong in each group, C. Houston Goudiss offers to send a free chart listing the principal acid-ash and alkaline-ash foods. Address C. Houston Goudiss, 6 East 39th St., New York City.

Can You Bake a Good Cake?

Your Recipe May Win a Cash Prize

Enter This Easy Contest
Nothing to Buy . . . No Letter to Write

HAVE you a favorite cake recipe that never fails to delight your family and friends? Possibly it is famous all over town and you are always asked to bake it for benefit sales and church suppers. Or perhaps it has never been served outside your family.

Here is a chance to win nationwide fame for your cake and at the same time earn a substantial cash prize.

The dietitians in the Kitchen-Laboratory maintained in New York City by C. Houston Goudiss are interested in GOOD cake recipes. And he is offering 16 cash prizes, ranging from \$25 to \$5 for the cake recipes adjudged the best by the experienced home economists on his staff.

You have nothing to buy—no letter to write. There is

together with a cream filling. Or topped with a meringue. Just send along the recipe, attaching the coupon on this page, including the information called for. That is—your full name and address, the name of your local newspaper, and the trade name of the shortening, baking powder and flour used in your recipe.

All recipes must be post-marked not later than May 31, 1938, and prize winners will be announced as soon as possible thereafter. Prize winning recipes, together with those receiving honorable mention from the judges, will be printed in a booklet to be distributed nationally.

Write out your recipe today and mail it to C. Houston Goudiss, 6 East 39th Street, New York City.

\$2500
First Prize

\$1000
Five Second Prizes

\$500
Ten Third Prizes

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Please enter the attached cake recipe in your contest.

My name is.....
My address.....
Town..... State.....
My recipe calls for.....
My recipe calls for.....
My recipe calls for.....

(Brand name of shortening)
(Brand name of baking powder)
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Old and Young
As I approve of a youth that has something of the old man in him, so I am no less pleased with an old man that has something of the youth. He that follows this rule may be old in body, but can never be so in mind.—Cicero.

MEN LOVE GIRLS WITH PEP

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Watch Your Kidneys!

Help Them Cleanse the Blood of Harmful Body Waste
Your kidneys are constantly filtering waste matter from the blood stream. But kidneys sometimes lag in their work—do not act as Nature intended—fail to remove impurities that, if retained, may poison the system and upset the whole body machinery. Symptoms may be nagging backache, persistent headache, attacks of dizziness, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes—a feeling of nervous anxiety and loss of pep and strength. Other signs of kidney or bladder disorder may be burning, scanty or too frequent urination. There should be no doubt that prompt treatment is wiser than neglect. Use Doan's Pills. Doan's have been winning new friends for more than forty years. They have a nation-wide reputation. Are recommended by grateful people the country over. Ask your neighbor!

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