

Our Weekly Serial Story Installment

MISTRESS of MONTEREY

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WNU Service

SYNOPSIS

In Spanish-governed California of 1783 a conflict between Church and State is represented by two friendly enemies, frail old Fray Junipero Serra, Franciscan missionary, and Don Pedro Fages, civil governor. After telling Serra he is sending to Mexico for his wife and son, whom he has not seen for eight years, he refuses his aid toward founding the Santa Barbara Mission. Dona Eulalia agrees to go to California, accompanied by her duenna, Angustias. Don Pedro sends for Serra, telling him that two priests are on their way from Mexico with Eulalia and young Pedro and that he is leaving to meet them. Fages engages a young Indian girl, Indrucela, as maid for Eulalia. Eulalia sails from San Blas. It is a desolate trip. From the port of Loreto, a large cavalcade loaded with Eulalia's party starts out for the long overland trip. Eulalia, accustomed to luxury and comfort, bitterly regrets having been persuaded to come. The two priests, Fray Mariano and Fray Bartolomeo, call on her and arouse her suspicions as to their genuineness. As the cavalcade stops at various missions, Eulalia hears rumors of the approach of her husband. While Don Pedro plans a great festa to welcome his wife, Eulalia plans her costume. Don Pedro welcomes his beautiful wife and young son. Eulalia is disappointed as the Queen of the Californias. On the long journey to Monterey, the reunited couple are royally entertained at the Presidio at San Diego. Eulalia disapproves of the democratic relations of Don Pedro and his people. Pleading weariness in the midst of the feast she goes to bed where Angustias tells her she knows Eulalia is again to become a mother. Don Pedro is disturbed by the developments in the character of the priests and dreads Serra's disappointment in them.

CHAPTER X—Continued

The Governor put his arms around the other's shoulders.

"Well said, my old one. Well said. My wife will think I have trained you to say those things to her."

As gallant Lieutenant Ortega rode beside La Gobernadora he told her of the Presidio of Santa Barbara, a walled fortress like San Diego, with little whitewashed dwellings for the soldiers and their families, a store, a blacksmith shop, a chapel, and quarters for himself.

As they drew near, Eulalia could see the presidio like a little walled city, its whitewashed walls pink in the sunset, its tile roofs red. Again there were cannons to greet her, the ringing of the chapel bells, and soldiers' women and children bringing her great armloads of wildflowers.

That night she sat long at the lieutenant's lavish table, laughing and chatting with the company, complimenting the food, applauding the music.

"Now that I am leaving California so soon," she thought, "I can enjoy things while I am here. It will be an experience to remember, and to tell about." Beneath her feet Escabelito squirmed in his sleep. Eulalia prodded him, and he was still.

"Yes," she whispered, "I am leaving California—soon."

CHAPTER XI

Along the King's Highway, where foot of king had never trod, nor royal hoof rung out, Fray Junipero limped slowly. He had been on a long journey, visiting each one of his beloved missions. Happy had been the journey, pleasant the visiting with his brothers, and gratifying the reports he had heard. The missions were flourishing; converts, crops and cattle increasing.

He felt happy and satisfied. By his side trudged Pio, bearing a yellow umbrella, which shaded the father as well as himself. Pio's arms ached, for the umbrella seemed mysteriously to gain weight as the hours passed.

The father, beneath that moving spot of shade, was tracing in retrospect the first of all these many steps that had led him through life on his apostolic journeyings.

That had been over half a century ago in Mallorca, the jewel of the Balearic Isles in the Mediterranean sea.

Seventeen years old, Miguel Jose Serra had walked from his native

village, Petra, to the capital city, Palma. His pious parents, amid their tearful farewells, begged him to ride the family burro, but the youthful pilgrim, in his heart already dedicated to the holy San Francisco, shook his head. So he set his rope-soled sandals—his alpagartas—on the road that stretched ahead of him, for half a century, across half a world.

In Palma, doffing the dress of a Petran peasant for the Franciscan habit and cowl, he doffed at the same time the name the peasants had called him. Miguel Jose Serra was gone. Now there was Brother Juniper only. Fray Junipero Serra.

San Francisco had a devoted follower, Junipero, who would steal from the altar itself, if by stealing he could feed a hungry mouth. No larder in Asia was safe from his plundering. The good saint called the little brother, Jester of the Lord, saying: "Had I but a whole forest of such Junipers!"

So he who traveled from the Mediterranean to the Pacific called himself Junipero.

Now his journey was nearly done. As he paced steadily on, dared a little by the sun, and the disregarded emptiness of his body, a beautiful road stretched before him, up, up, into the blue sky, where it terminated in a city of bright mansions.

Faint, sweet sounds of music drifted from an angelic choir. Fray Junipero fell in the dust and raised his arms as one came down the shining road, one in a brown frock like his own, with a cloud of singing birds about his head.

"Mi Padre San Francisco!" he breathed. "Father Francis!" He heard a voice.

"Little Brother Juniper, are you ready to come home? I am waiting for you—"

"Not yet, Father Francis; yet a little while! I have work—work. Another mission—for Santa Barbara!"

"Good, little Brother. But soon. You are weary!"

Fray Junipero felt the warm earth on hands, face. He stirred and lifted himself. The vision was gone. Only a brown road stretched before him, while overhead a flock of birds circled and cried. Pio's dark face leaned over him in concern, and he heard the young Indian's voice as though from a great distance.

"Little Father—you are weary!"

He pulled himself erect on trembling limbs and grasped his staff with its strong smooth shaft and little cross at the top.

"Yes, you are weary, and hungry. Eat, Padre."

He pulled from his pouch some young green onions he had carried from the Mission San Antonio de Padua and held them out to the father, who crunched absentmindedly at the pungent, slightly withered roots.

"A vision—a miracle!" he exclaimed. "Happy augury! Soon will come my friend, Don Pedro Fages, and two strong brothers of Saint Francis. Two men of God to help me found the Mission Santa Barbara. God has heard me! My prayers have not been in vain. Santa Barbara shall have her mission at last. Praise God the Father, God the Son and God the Holy Ghost!"

All along the flowery miles beside the sea, over mountains and through canons, Eulalia wondered about the famed missionary, Fray Junipero. What manner of man was he? According to the fathers at all the missions they had visited, he was a sainted miracle worker. With these opinions her husband concurred sincerely, and added other praises of his own. Not only was he a saint, but he was a man among men, strong, fearless, resourceful; uncompromising in the midst of suffering. In short, the Governor gave him a soldier's merits in one phrase—a good campaigner.

In spite of all this, Eulalia felt that he withheld some opinion of the

padre, and was puzzled to know what it might be. Now that they were approaching Monterey, and she would perhaps meet the Padre Presidente before night, she set herself to discover her husband's real opinion of him.

"Tell me, Pedro," she asked tentatively, "more about Padre Serra. I have heard much of him, even in Mexico City. He seems to be the most important person in California, apart from yourself, my dear. I shall have to associate with him, perhaps confess to him. What is he like?"

The Governor hesitated and plucked reflectively at his beard.

"Stop doing that!" ordered the lady. "When you do that I know you are thinking what you will say instead of saying it outright."

"Well," he said, but still caressing his beard, "I usually think before I speak. And doing this helps me to think. You have heard all I



By His Side Trudged Pio.

can say about Padre Serra. I like him, admire him. We are friends—good friends. And we are enemies."

"Enemies—hum," said Eulalia, stroking an eyebrow with her little finger. The Governor leaned over his horse's neck and caught her hand.

"Don't do that!" he laughed. "When you do that I know you are thinking what you are going to say, and—"

Eulalia laughed. "But it helps me think," she mocked.

The Governor still held her hand. How dear, how charming she could be, thought he.

"So you are enemies. Why?"

"My dear, Church and State have ever been enemies. Their aims are too widely apart for them to work together sympathetically. That is especially true in California. The aim of the Crown—the State—in California is, frankly, the acquiring and holding of this country, and protecting it from other acquisitive nations—England, Russia. The aims of the Church are the conversion of the heathen."

He loosened her hand absently and plucked his beard.

"And—" prompted Eulalia.

"I, representing the State, must do my duty. I must see that the Crown's holdings, Father Serra is the church in California. He would like to see all the soldiers sent out of the province, and be left here with the rest of the Franciscans, alone to work things out his own way."

Eulalia prodded up her ears.

"He wishes the soldiery away from the province?"

"He does."

"And you?"

"My dear, he would do anything to get me away from here. I believe he would stop at nothing under the sun to rid California of my pernicious influence."

"Ah," said Eulalia, deep in thought.

"He did rid himself of me once, you remember. Humph! The charges he made against me! And the terrible journey he made, sick and suffering as he was, to present them to the Viceroy. He nearly died, with his crippled leg. But his belief in what he was doing led him on, successfully, that time. I admire him. On my soul, I do."

The Governor laughed.

"But I came back."

Eulalia's mind was working rapidly. So the Padre Presidente was that manner of man! One strong in belief in his duty—but one who would stop at nothing, as the Governor had said, to gain his ends in regard to forwarding the Church in California.

And he believed Pedro Fages stood in the way of complete triumph for the Church, therefore Pedro Fages must leave California; Serra had accomplished that once—it might be—

"A strange man," she said aloud.

"But I have made up my mind that we are going to be friends. Yes, good friends. He should be a comfort to me in this strange land."

The Governor frowned doubtfully, then reached for his wife's hand again.

"Splendid!" he cried heartily, squeezing her fingers. "Perhaps you can change his opinion of your husband. Then we can all live here happily, you and I, and all the children, in California for the rest of our lives!"

She withdrew her fingers.

"Perhaps," she said softly, "perhaps I can."

Pedro the Younger and Escabelito came dashing to the Governor's side.

"Father!" shouted Pedro breathlessly. "Look ahead! See, there is something strange moving down the road! What do you suppose it is, wild Indians?"

"Al, my child, I almost wish for your sake we would meet some wild Indians. Where is this apparition?"

Young Pedro jumped up in his stirrups. "See—down there at the turn. Something yellow—"

"Yellow!" The Governor leaned forward. "Ah, yes, I see. I know who it is. It's Fray Junipero, and Pio carrying his yellow umbrella! Andale! We will overtake him."

Fray Junipero, lost in unearthly dreams, was startled at the sound of hoof-beats so near him, and moved off the royal road hastily as the gay party of riders dashed toward him. The Governor reined in his mount, which reared upright on quivering haunches, and faced the missionary.

"Hail, Father!" he cried, waving his hat. Then he dismounted hastily.

Fray Junipero blinked, and said softly, "Ah, your Excellency!"

With an impulsive gesture Fages put both hands on the monk's shoulders. The face, though browned and weather-beaten, gave the impression of being pale and wan. The deep lines were deeper, the silver tresses whiter. Beneath his hands he could feel the shoulders, in their hot coarse brown covering, so bent, so thin, trembling. But it was Junipero Serra's eyes that startled him. Fiery with strange inner fires, they burned in his bony skull, not meeting the Governor's intent look, but darting avidly among the company of riders on the camonio.

"My brothers . . . my men of God . . ." he murmured, "O gracious Excellency, where are the answers to my prayer?"

Pedro Fages dropped his hands, avoiding his searching look. For a brief second he stood tense, still, his hand on the hilt of his sword. Then he flung his head up abruptly.

"Father Junipero . . ." he began bravely.

But Junipero Serra interrupted him.

"Don Pedro!" he cried in a trembling voice, holding out his hands fearfully. "Don't tell me . . . but I had a vision . . . a promise! Ah, praise to God on high! There they are! Al, al, my Brothers! Come here, closer! Let me see you . . . touch you! You are holy men, an answer to prayer!" He stumbled toward Mariano Rubi and Bartolomeo Gili holding out his arms, tears streaming down his cheeks.

The two did not move, but stood as though stricken in their tracks.

Serra threw his arms about them, looked into their sullen faces and saw only good there.

"Alleluja!" he chanted, "Ave Maria Purissima! The prayers of Junipero Serra are answered!"

Still the two stood dumbly. Rubi's face was red with a guilty flush, while Gili grew pale; they too, like the Governor, avoided the fires of his eyes.

In his joy, the fervid missionary noticed none of these things. He looked about him for the Governor.

"Ah, forgive me, my son, for not greeting you!" he cried. "You and all your party have my blessing!"

La Gobernadora was staring at him. Then she slipped carefully from her horse and walked to the priest. For a moment she measured him with a look, then her eyes dropped.

Here was a man, a little man, but he towered toward Heaven, and her eyes could not measure his stature. Her heart pounded. Her knees weakened, and almost against her will she found herself kneeling before him.

"It is my wife," she heard her husband say.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Brittany, in Ancient Times Known as Armorica, Dates Back to Fifth Century

Bretagne, or Brittany, is situated on the large triangular peninsula which forms the northwestern extremity of France. In ancient times it was known as Armorica, and was inhabited by a confederation of independent Celtic tribes. It received the name Brittany, or Little Britain, about the middle of the Fifth century, on account of the settlement of numerous colonies from Great Britain, driven there by the Anglo-Saxon invasion.

Under Charlemagne, states a writer in the Cleveland Plain Dealer, the Franks conquered the country, but the successors of this king exercising their sovereignty but feebly, the Breton princes regained and held the form and privileges of independence. The feudal lords of the province always regarded one of their number as their chief, because of his superior strength, but otherwise the fiefs of the nobles were each held independent of the others. About the middle of the Twelfth century one of these nobles succeeded in bringing all the country under his control and called it the County of Brittany. It was the daughter of this count, Constance,

who married Geoffrey Plantagenet, the third son of Henry I of England, and was the mother of little Prince Arthur who was so cruelly murdered by his uncle, King John of England. Readers of Shakespeare's play, "King John," are familiar with the story. The stepsister of Arthur, Alice, was married to Pierre de Dreux, who took the title of duke of Brittany and became the founder of a line which held control of the country, under the protection of France, until the latter part of the Fifteenth century. In 1491 the male line had become extinct, and the heiress of the ducal estates, Anne of Brittany, was wedded to Charles VIII, King of France, thus attaching the duchy to the property of the French crown. In 1532 the province was formally united to France. It retained a separate Parliament, however, until the French revolution.

Generous River

In normal times the Ohio river contributes more than half of the waters of the Mississippi river below Cairo and in flood periods this proportion may rise to two-thirds.