

# Our Weekly Serial Story Installment

## MISTRESS of MONTEREY

VIRGINIA STIVERS BARTLETT

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WENT Service

### CHAPTER XXX—Continued

—31—

And while she was trying nervously with her quill, her husband and young Pedro were sitting astride their horses in Don Pedro's beloved orchard.

The trees were full of Indians, gathering the luscious fruit that hung in rich clusters, bright in the autumn sunshine; early pears and apples, late peaches and pomegranates. Little naked boys, pagueros, ran through the orchard with rattles and miniature bows and arrows, frightening away the clouds of birds that had assembled to steal the ripe fruit.

As fast as the fruit was picked, it was loaded into panniers on mules, and carried to the shore, where boats were piled high and carried to the Astrolabe and the Bonoula, a princely offering from the Spanish Governor to the expedition of the Count de La Perouse.

The Governor and his son watched the scene with pleasure. The movement and life, the color, and the clamor of many voices was pleasant to them. They looked at each other and smiled, completely at harmony together.

An Indian passed them carrying a basket strapped to his back, and supported from his knee with thongs. It was filled to the rim with purple grapes. The Governor stopped him, and made a note on a list he carried in his hand.

"Twenty baskets of grapes," he said. "Sum," to the Indian, "that will be enough grapes. No more today. Vayase." The Indian plucked at.

"Yes," continued the Governor, following the basket of grapes with his eyes. "that will have to be enough. We must have enough left for the stings. But I have already sent them barrels of wine, so I do not think I am selfish. Do you?"

"Pues, si!" cried the boy. "And no, we would not have any grapes for the festa, the vendimia. And we must have, mustn't we? And won't it be soon?"

"Yes, I think it will be soon. Yes, we must have a great festa this year . . . just for ourselves. It has been nice to have the Franceses here, but it will be nice to have a party just for ourselves. I think there is a little bull that is ready to meet a toreador, and there is another that will make a barbeque. And we will have some horse-races, and some cock-fights, and some of the Indian boys will wrestle, and there will be music and dancing. Al de mi, what a vendimia it will be!"

"And Mother will sit on a throne with grapes and leaves on her head for a crown, and be queen of the festa?"

"Yes, yes, and again yes! Look, we hurry down to the beach to see who comes?"

It was an Indian messenger from the camp of La Perouse, asking that something.

As they reached the beach, they could see a cloud of smoke, and a strange activity going on. On coming closer they discovered La Gobernadora with Angustias, and almost all of the people of the presidio, who had evidently been summoned hastily by a messenger from La Perouse.

The Countman came hurrying to Pedro Pages.

"I had a thought at the last minute," he said hurriedly. "You have been so wonderful to me, all of your people here, that I wanted to give an occasion special for you. We are to have a balloon ascension!"

"Balloon ascension!" exclaimed the Governor. "I have heard of balloons but never seen one."

"Regard, then," said La Perouse dramatically. "There is a balloon which was given to us to take on our voyage around the world. Why, I do not know, unless it was to impress people around the globe that Frenchmen now make balloons!"

What good they can ever be, I can not see, but they say some day they will be made strong enough to carry men."

"There will never be one strong enough to carry me!" laughed Pages. He and young Pedro dismounted and hurried on foot after La Perouse to where the great muslin bag was slowly filling with smoke, its rounding sides showing strange designs and pictures.

"We have had it up once before on this trip," explained La Perouse. "That was in Lima. I hope it will ascend now!" he said anxiously.

And at last it did. Slowly it staggered into the air.

Everyone regarded it with amazement. Some of the Indians muttered, and several old women prostrated themselves on the ground. Accompanied with a chorus of incredulous exclamations it rose the full length of the cord that tethered it, then, as a fresh late afternoon breeze puffed in from the sea and threatened, it was brought down again.

"For Dios!" exclaimed the Governor of California, greatly pleased and amazed. "All gracias to you, Senor el Conde, for such a miracle. A balloon raised from the shore of California! It will never happen again, and will be something to remember all our lives. More, I can not say. And now . . ."

"And now," replied the Governor with a slight formality which he assumed to cover his real feelings, "and now, my friend, I suppose the time has come for us to say, as you French put it, adieu!"

"Your Spanish word, adios, is the same, Monsieur le Gouverneur. Both speed the parting guest in the care of God."

"Yes, we must say those words. For we must not hinder your departure with our curiosity, and there are things I must attend to at the presidio. But be sure, Senor el Conde, that at whatever hour you sail we shall be here on shore, watching you as far as we can see. And wherever you shall sail, you will be in our hearts. Thank you for visiting us."

The two men gripped hands. La Perouse was frankly moved.

"Thank you for everything. The friendliness, the courtesy, the hospitality and your gifts of fruit and wine. We will appreciate those, surely. And even for the goat and the chickens, and . . . Mon Dieu! I can not say more. My feelings . . . pardon me!"

He turned to Eulalia, who was standing quietly beside her husband, her eyes on Dagaleit.

"And, to you, ma Reine de Californie, my respects for your fortitude and loyalty in being such a wonderful woman in the midst of such a remote country."

Eulalia's lips moved, but her remarks were inaudible as the Count kissed her hand. There were other farewells, then the Governor, followed by his soldiers and Indian bearers, his wife on one hand and his son at the other, moved away from the camp at the beach.

As they rode the Governor and his wife were each very silent, busy with their own thoughts. Young Pedro prattled beside them.

The Count had given him a silver medal which had been struck off by the French Government to commemorate the great expedition of La Perouse around the world. On one side was an effigy of Louis XVI, and on the other two olive branches tied with a ribbon, and a scroll which read:

"Les Français du roi de France, le Bonaparte et l'Australie, commandés par M. de La Perouse le de Langle, parties du port de Brest, en Juin 1791."

The child capriciously polished the bright coin on his jacket, and asked his mother to translate it for him. She did, lifelessly.

The Governor signed and spoke. "Go down, on the tide, they sail for all the seven seas. And I," he chuckled suddenly. "I will escort you home, my Lady, then ride over to the Mission Carmelo to talk with Fray Lantier about this new Mission Santa Barbara. For that is the next great thing to happen to our California."

"Ah! So you will not be home this evening?"

"No, my love. I shall stay with the good fathers, but will return early. You will pardon me?"

For a long moment she looked at him intently, then gazed straight ahead.

"Certainly, your Excellency," she said at last. When at the great gate to the presidio young Pedro elected to go with his father, she seemed in a strange mood.

"Go with your father, my son," she said, "but kiss me adios." The



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boy looked startled, but pecked his mother hurriedly on the cheek.

Eulalia watched them until their figures and that of the servant who followed were lost around a curving hill.

Then she spurred her horse and rode rapidly across the parade-ground to the palace.

Late that evening, the Count de La Perouse, working with some of his scientists in their crude laboratory on the beach, was amazed when an attendant told him that a woman, with a baby in her arms, wished to see him.

And when the companion of La Gobernadora strode in, unabashed, he was still more surprised. With no preamble she told her story.

"And here he is," she said finally. "My baby, my child. You will take him, will you not, where he will be well, and loved?"

"But of course, Madame!" exclaimed the Frenchman, his eyes bright with amusement. "I will see that he has the best of care, and I will lose him in the most beautiful jungle I can find. I assure you."

He was astounded to see the woman's harsh face begin working with emotion. "Here," she squeaked, "here is a little bundle of clothes I made him. He has needed them here where it has been cold, and before he reaches the jungle. See, perhaps he will need them again."

La Perouse had taken the monkey in his arms, but Angustias reached for him, strained him passionately to her breast. The little animal put out a tiny paw and stroked her face with queer little nibbles. She told him away from her, and stared into the worried human eyes, then turned him back at the startled Frenchman.

"Take him quickly," she gasped. "Be good to him . . . he is my all . . . my baby."

Before La Perouse could say another word she stumbled out of the tent into the dark.

"Mon du nom du vico singe!" cursed La Perouse. "Here, Dagaleit, you seem moony and unoccupied. I give you this animal to keep in your charge, and to watch and ward, and put his dear little tail through the hole in his pantaloons until we land on a tropical isle! Mon Dieu, quelle femme!"

Dagaleit picked up the monkey solemnly.

"And you think I have nothing to do?" he muttered. He walked away from the tent, carrying the monkey and his bundle of clothes to a spot where a boat was moored, and an osman sat as though waiting for someone.

"Take this," barked Dagaleit. "I will return."

Angustias, blinded with her tears, staggered through the sand until she reached firmer ground, then she made her way toward the presidio, sobbing and talking to herself.

"Chichi, my baby," she grieved, holding her empty arms to her breast. "My baby, my baby."

When she was quite near the presidio gate she noticed a figure moving hurriedly in the direction of the beach. It seemed to be the figure of a woman. Angustias slipped behind a tree and watched. The woman came closer and Angustias could see a large bundle balanced on her head. Every few feet she turned around and looked back toward the presidio.

"Indirela!" gasped Angustias. "What is she doing? Ah, the vixen, she is running away with some French sailor, I'll be bound. Well, we can't have that. I've always had my suspicions of that one. Que la diablesa boudada la pierne quebrada y en casa (The virtuous maid and the broken leg must stay at home)," she muttered. She took a few steps toward the girl, then stopped. If the husky was intent on joining some French lover, she would use violence rather than let Angustias stop her, she reflected. She needed a man to help her. As she hesitated, her eye fell on the flying girl who was zigzagging through the sand, she heard the sound of horses. She ran toward them as they came in view. Then she saw it was the Governor.

She stopped. She must not let him see her. She had disobeyed him. He would reprimand her, she, Angustias, whom he had always called "a good soldier." She started to step behind her tree again, but was too late. The Governor had seen her. So she took matters in her own hands and ran toward him. "Your Excellency!" she gasped, "look, see that woman running toward the beach! With the bundle on her head! It is Indirela! She is running away to join some French lover on the ships."

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"To Be Continued"

## Future Japanese Soldiers Early Learn to Hope "to Die for Beloved Emperor"

You cannot assess the Japanese army numerically.

Japanese officers have often protested to me with a smile that the Japanese soldier is not a whit superior mentally, morally or physically to the soldier of the West. Yet they insist that he is, in fact, "a better soldier," because, unlike other soldiers, he courts death as his greatest honor, writes Willard Price in the London Spectator.

The training of men who will go to their doom with the unswerving directness of robots is a weird and unworldly process.

It begins 1,000 years before the soldier is born. Bushido has taught the Japanese race to think well of itself, and the Japanese individual to regard himself as nothing but the dirt to be ground under the chariot wheels of the progress of his race. The One must give himself for the All.

What better racial tradition could there be for the making of die-easy soldiers?

Active military training begins at the age of six. Boys in the first year of primary school are taught to march, drill, do the goose-step, sing war songs and marshal platoons of wooden soldiers.

"Morals" is a required subject in

Pedro Pages looked after the figure that Angustias pointed out. She did indeed seem to be fleeing, her erratic course took her now from one tree to another, and she was avoiding the open spaces.

"Very well, Angustias, you return with Pedro to the mansion. I will attend to this. Go with them," he ordered the servant.

He spurred his horse lightly and cantered toward the girl. As he drew near he saw she had staggered and dropped the great bundle from her head. She was leaning over it, sobbing with exertion when he caught up with her.

As he jumped from his horse, she turned away from him, and tried to cover her face with the reboso that swathed her head.

Pages spoke very gently.

"Mi chiquita," he said, "my poor little one. Why are you running away from us all, and from your home, and those who are concerned in your welfare? Did you not say you loved the Governor, and were grateful for all he had done for you? And now you run away, Indirela!"

The girl suddenly became dynamic. She straightened and faced the Governor boldly, tearing the reboso from her head.

"Sol!" she screamed. "It is Indirela you love, is it! Indirela whom you follow after in the starlight! Indirela, is it! Indirela!"

Pedro Pages put his hand to his beard, then brushed his eyes as though he doubted his sight.

"Eulalia!" he said. "Eulalia! You were running away."

She stooped over her bundle and tugged at it. "Of course I am running away. And you can not stop me. Indirela is not leaving you," she panted, "so you will be happy." She lifted the bundle and staggered a few steps.

Don Pedro watched her as though he were viewing an incident in a dream, with drugged senses that could not react.

"I am leaving everything behind that you love," she said through her teeth, "the children, Indirela and your California. For ever!"

Then he strode to her side and wrested her burden from her.

"Come," he said sternly, "no nonsense."

She struggled with him.

"No!" wildly. "No! Let me go! You can not hold me here any longer! Let me . . ."

But he slung the bundle over his saddle, and taking her around the shoulders that writhed and tried to slip from his grasp, he put one hand firmly over her mouth, and tried to move her toward the horse. She dug her heels in the sand, he could feel her maledictions and imprecations sputtering against his hand.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

every primary and middle school. From six to seventeen the future soldier is drilled, not in morals as we would understand the subject, but in "Morals" with an imperial M—loyalty to the immediate family, the larger family which is called the nation, and the emperor who is the father of all.

This goes on until many students when asked "What is your dearest wish?" will sincerely enough set down this answer: "To die for my beloved emperor."

### On the Loss of America

At the close of the Revolution, on November 10, 1781, during the peace negotiations between Great Britain and the United States, King George III wrote the following to the prime minister, the earl of Shelbourne: "I cannot conclude without mentioning how sensibly I feel the dismemberment of America from this empire, and that I should be miserable indeed if I did not feel that no blame on that account can be laid at my door, and did I not also know knavery seems to be so much the striking feature of its inhabitants that it may not in the end be an evil that they will become aliens to this kingdom."