

Our Weekly Serial Story Installment

MISTRESS of MONTEREY VIRGINIA STIVERS BARTLETT

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WNU Service

CHAPTER XXIII—Continued.

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He took his seat beside La Gobernadora, ate, drank and replied absent-mindedly to all who spoke. It was only when he felt a light touch on his shoulder, and looking up saw Indizuela offering him a cup of wine, that he roused for a moment from his reveries. She smiled at him reproachfully and moved away, the wine jug poised on her shoulder.

After the feast, one of the Governor's old Catalan soldiers clapped his hands for attention.

"Senores y Senoras! Senoritos y Senoritas! Cabelleros y amigos! Padres! Peones y Indios! I will sing! I will sing a song of our illustrious Gobernador, el Señor Don Pedro Fages!"

"Viva! Viva!" shouted the crowd. Someone placed a vine wreath on his head as the old soldier experimented with his guitar.

"I will sing a song of El Gobernador concerning his prowess as a mighty hunter, and how he saved the Indians of San Luis Obispo from being eaten alive by bears! How he saved his people from starving by giving them the bears to eat, and how a mission was founded because of all these doughty deeds!"

Then he began to sing a long series of coplas.

Dozens of verses sang the old soldier, and at the end of each the audience howled, "Ay-ee, Don Pedro!" The Governor sat with bowed head, covered with confusion, and listened.

The singer went on, telling of the frightened Indians, rushing from their village, afraid of the giant bears that were killing them one by one. And of how Don Pedro faced the savage grizzly bear, and killed him in a fight most fair; and how the Indians feasted him a day and night, praising him for his great might.

"Ay-ee, Don Pedro!"

"Hoi!"

"Viva el Gobernador!"

"Viva!" The party gathered in a circle around him, singing and shouting, toasting him in tilting wine-cups, creating more verses for the endless song.

The Governor stood by quietly until the song was finished, but when the circle broke, he slipped away alone to the tree on the hill, and threw himself down on the ground. It was sunset, and color rioted everywhere on land and sea. The voices of the singers seemed to come from a great distance. He closed his eyes.

"Ay-ee, Don Pedro!" someone said softly.

Indizuela dropped on the ground beside him.

CHAPTER XXIV

After the vendimia and the harvest the winter season settled down upon the Royal Presidio of Monterey and the Mission San Carlos at Carmelo. Winter meant rain, days and weeks and months of rain. The Rio Carmelo flooded its banks as it filled, and a hundred rills and streams sprang into being. The trees sighed and dripped dismally, and there was little life astrir except the screaming seagulls that, driven from the ocean by storms, came inland to seek food, shrieking and wheeling in the gray skies.

In the Palacio of the Governor all was gloom. Angustias grieved for Chichi, and moved about like a gloomy wraith.

Since the departure of the French explorers La Gobernadora seemed frozen, all except her somber eyes that burned resentfully from her white face. Little lines appeared about her mouth, and drew the corners of her lips down in a perpetual expression of unhappiness that wrung Don Pedro's heart. She spent hours, days, lying upon her bed, staring at nothing, doing nothing; or huddled before the sputtering fire, looking at the flames with a blank

far-away expression that frightened the Governor with its hopelessness, its despair.

She no longer spent hours over her hair, or the little cares of her toilet, but wore the same gown, day in and day out, and even adopted the habit of wrapping her head in a scarf. She shivered constantly in the damp adobe house. Sometimes she would look out on the parade-grounds, churned to a muddy lake by the feet of horses and men, and catch sight of the wife of a soldier, a baby hugged close to her in a shawl, running from one house to another.

She almost envied these little soldiers' women, with their endless chatter about nothing, their contentment with empty lives. Sometimes she thought wildly of running out into the rain herself. But if she did, where would she go? So she only shivered and drew her manton closer about her.

Pedro Fages was profoundly distressed. Living in the small palacio with the unhappy woman Eulalia, loving her, sorrowing over her and unable to express one word of what he felt, for he had never referred to the dreadful night when he had struck her and dragged her back from running away, depressed his days and saddened his nights.

His only comfort was in reading over and over again the few books he possessed: "Las Sergas de Esplandian," "Sancho Panza" and the plays of Shakespeare. Long hours he would read, then impatiently order his horse and ride for hours through mud and rain, nowhere.

There was only one light, one spot of warmth in his darkness, and that was not the clear warmth of the sun, or the pure cold ray of a star, but a light like a little fire shows from the depths of some murky cave. And that was Indizuela. Time and again he put the thought of the girl out of his mind, only to have her walk into his brain and heart, and through some witchcraft, take possession of him.

And so the winter pressed down on Monterey.

But from the south, from Santa Barbara, came letters from Fray Fermin Lasuen, bubbling with a youthful enthusiasm, that rose perennially in his old heart.

It was summer in the south of California, he wrote. The sun shone all day, and the stars at night. There had been some showers, and the brown hills had turned green quickly. The streams were full, and it was already like spring.

And on the feast day of Santa Barbara, December fourth, the Mission Santa Barbara was to be founded. All was ready. The people at the presidio, as well as the priests who were to found the mission, were waiting impatiently that day, and the arrival of his Excellency with La Senora la Gobernadora.

The feast day arrived. Santa Barbara, the Patroness, sent fair weather. The waters in the channel danced in a fresh breeze, and the blue hills and mountains, faintly tinged with green, rose behind the mission site like a beautiful curtain.

Fray Fermin Lasuen and Sergeant Ortega from the presidio had been anxiously awaiting the Governor. Ortega had sent messengers and an escort far north to meet him, but they had returned without the Governor, and without news of him. Fray Fermin was worried. A great responsibility was in his hands. This was the first mission of his own founding, carried out through the wishes of his beloved brother, Junipero Serra. For over two years the Governor had been planning this day, looking forward to it with great anticipation and anxiety, and now, with everything in readiness, the day already at its zenith, there was no Governor. And the mission could not be officially founded without his presence.

Fray Fermin scanned the distance as far north as his gaze could reach, then, with a patient sigh, sat down on the ground where he could see

the little ramada beneath which the altar was erected, and where two bells hung, in readiness to ring out to all the world, the good news of the founding of the Mission Santa Barbara. A recumbent cross was on the ground near by, waiting to be erected on the spot where some day the mission church should arise.

The missionary looked lovingly at the scene. And as he looked, a vision came before his eyes. Instead of the humble ramada and rough cross, a lovely temple rose to comfort him. Glowing pinkly, its square towers and red tiled roofs rose majestically against the mountains. A great establishment stretched itself across the landscape: dormitories, gardens, workshops and wineries. The little group of dirty Canaleño Indians who stood about with dumb curiosity became miraculously thousands of clean happy neophytes, who worked, and sang as they worked. The handful of soldiers, who lolled on their horses and eyed the Indian



"She is Sick—the Baby," murmured Eulalia.

women, became a dashing company of devout worshipers, pressing into the church, filling it full of reverence and adoration.

Fray Fermin gazed at his dream.

"Ah, Padre Junipero!" he exclaimed gladly, "it has all been worth it, has it not! Sing, O heavens; and be joyful, O earth; and break forth into singing, O mountains; for the Lord hath comforted his people."

"Padre mio . . ."

So steeped was Lasuen in his dream; so real was the vision, that at the sound of the voice he started, really expecting to see the brown figure of his brother Junipero beside him. But it was Sergeant Ortega, who stood, a worried frown on his brow, his hat in his hand.

"Padre mio it grows late. There is absolutely no sign of his Excellency. Soon the day of Our Holy Patroness will be past. What shall we better do?"

Painfully Lasuen made his decision. "We must go ahead with our ceremony," he said sadly. "And when his Excellency comes, we will have a rededication. There must be some good reason that he is not here." He rose painfully from the ground, sighing, "It is a disappointment, but it is in God's hands."

And so, on December 4, 1786, was founded the Mission Santa Barbara. The standard of Spain waved above the humble altar, and the sacred flags of the Church, Mary's blue banner, and the bloody banner of Christ. The bells rang, prayers were said, incense rose in pale blue clouds. Then it was over. The Indians returned to their villages, the soldiers returned to the presidio. Fray Lasuen was left with three brothers and a few soldiers to guard the shrine dedicated to the Holy Patroness of artillerymen.

Several days before Don Pedro planned to leave for the south for the dedication of the Mission Santa Barbara, he was riding the high-

lands back of Monterey and pondering how best to approach La Gobernadora on the matter of accompanying him. As he drove toward the presidio, the clouds lifted for a moment from the sea, and, it being sunset time, a rich glow spread over the gray ocean, turning it for a few minutes into molten gold and rosy silver. The Governor paused and admired the scene for a moment.

"A good omen!" he said with a deep breath. "All will turn out well, God willing!" As he cantered into the presidio grounds the guards at the gate smiled at him respectfully, noting the cheerful expression on his face that had for so long been unnaturally gloomy. And as he approached the palacio his heart lighted again as he made out gleams of fire- and candle- light stealing through the chinks of the closed shutters.

"Hoi!" he cried heartily as he stamped into the sala. "And how are all in my household this evening? Did you notice the little bit of sunshine at sunset time?"

A gloomy silence met him. Huddled near the fire sat Eulalia, with the baby girl on her lap. And leaning over the fire, looking like an old witch or Indian sorceress, Angustias stewed some evil-smelling mixture in a pannikin. At Eulalia's feet the Indian nurse crouched and looked fearfully at her charge.

"What is the matter?" asked the Governor, all his cheeriness fading in the gloomy atmosphere.

"She is sick—the baby," murmured Eulalia.

"Ah!" Don Pedro retired anxiously to a corner and watched helplessly while the women doctored the tiny girl, rubbing her little chest with unguents, dosing her with the evil-smelling mixture that Angustias had brewed. The child fretted and cried, but at last became quiet. Her nurse carried her from the room, and Angustias followed.

Don Pedro strode toward Eulalia, and picked her up in his arms, cuddled her on his knee as though she were a child. She did not respond, did not struggle against him. But she was slack in his embrace, inert, unresponsive.

"Is the . . . my little flower very ill?" he asked.

"She has a bad cold. This damp house . . ." She looked about her.

"Oh, a little cold . . . she has had them before. Let us not worry about her. Let us be happy, Eulalia! Let us be happy again!"

He turned her face toward him, and lifted her chin on his finger. There was not a single answering gleam in the black eyes. But he persisted.

"Pack your traveling cantina with jewels, pack a chest with your finest clothes, and let us go south, to the Presidio of Santa Barbara for the founding of the mission. It will

be a great affair! There will be feasting at the presidio, a baile, and the Queen of California should be there. And what is more, we will find summer there, Fray Fermin writes me, for the sun shines on the southland and it is already spring! Come with me, Eulalia!"

With scarcely any change in her expression the lady shook her head.

"Ah, come, querida!" He held her closely, and whispered, "Let us make a little moon of honey of the expedition . . . a luna de miel! Yes!"

Eulalia pulled away from him her face settling in stern lines.

"You should not ask me to go away from my sick child. And I do not think that you should go and leave her either."

Don Pedro loosened his arms. "That is nonsense, of course. She is not that ill, and besides she is in very good hands with Angustias. Nevertheless, I shall have to go anyway, for without me the founding of the mission is not legal." He stood, and she slipped off from his lap on to the floor gazing into the fire. The Governor began pacing the length of the sala.

"Yes, I should go no matter whether it were necessary or not. The Mission Santa Barbara! At last, oh, at long last! It will be a happy day for me, and a happy and significant day for California when that mission is founded. When I think of all the talks and quarrels I had with my poor Padre Junipero about it, I am overjoyed to think that finally the mission is to be founded. Yes, I shall be there."

Eulalia glanced obliquely at him from where she sat. He was tugging his beard and did not see her.

"Junipero Serra!" she thought bitterly. "Can he never be entirely at rest? Is his spirit to follow me always; haunt and punish me?" She shivered.

Pedro Fages delayed preparing for his trip until the last possible day, and with a deep disappointment in his heart, resolved to say nothing more to Eulalia. But he was frightened about her, as she sat hour after hour, saying nothing, doing nothing, but watching the fire and listening to the rain that lashed the little house unmercifully. The baby was no better but certainly no worse, yet he saw it was hopeless to persuade his lady to go with him.

On the morning when he had planned his departure he stood before her, stern, unhappy.

"I must tell you adios, Senora," he said formally. "I will return as quickly as possible."

She said nothing, only turned and looked at him.

"Ah, come, Eulalia!" he exclaimed suddenly, his reserve breaking. "Come with me . . ."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Captain Kidd Again Thrills English Spirit; New Effort to Find Treasure

Captain Kidd again is thrilling the adventurous spirits of England, as plans go forward for a new effort to recover his treasure.

A map has been found in a London book shop which seems to bear a striking resemblance to Oak Island, six miles from Chester, Nova Scotia, where Captain Kidd is supposed to have buried his spoils. Details of the map are, of course, a deep secret, but money is being raised and plans made to attempt to recover the treasure next summer, reports a London correspondent in the Chicago Tribune.

In all 38 shafts have been sunk in and around that part of the island where there are indications of something having been hidden. Being only 1½ miles from tip to tip, the place is fairly well pock marked.

The early searchers took their tip from an oak block which hung from an oak tree over a depression of about 12 feet in the ground. A platform of oak logs was found and a man-made wall beside it.

The next lot of searchers found the same kind of an oak platform every ten feet and at the ninth an undecipherable inscription on a flagstone. Metal bars, parchment, coins and ax heads have been found, but all the shafts fill with water at the depth of 100 feet and the new

party is planning to offset that difficulty with pumping arrangements.

Five well-defined drains have been discovered, built of flat stones and all converging at one point.

From Gardiner's island off the east end of Long Island about \$70,000 was recovered from Captain Kidd's treasure buried there. Kidd was hanged at Execution dock in London in 1701, but he left a wife and child in New York.

First Normal School

Vermont housed the first normal school in America. The founder of the school was a minister, Rev. Dr. Samuel Reed Hall. He wrote a number of tracts on educational subjects, one of which, on teacher training, was such a forward book that New York state purchased 10,000 copies of it. On the site of the old school is a granite boulder bearing this inscription on a bronze marker: "The State of Vermont erects this tablet on the site of the First Normal School in America. Opened March 1, 1823, by its founder, Rev. Samuel Reed Hall, LLD., Originator of America's System of Teacher Training, Author of the First Textbook of Teaching in America, Pioneer in the use of the Blackboard as a School Room Appliance."