

moved with his family to Monterey the little nurse went, too.

There she spent some of the most interesting days of her life. Later she left his service and became nurse-maid in the famous Pico family. Her special care was young Pico.

Dona Ysabel's next service was with the Castro family, who owned one of the most valuable grants in California. She was treated as a member of the household and a great favorite of the older Castro. Her fervent love for the child given into her care never left her, and when Fremont invaded the State with his little army of staunch Americans the Indian nurse, hearing that the Castro estate was to be confiscated and the members of the family made prisoners, personally sought the young officer and persuaded him to deal lightly with those whom he believed had been treacherous to him. The rout of Castro's forces was felt more deeply by her than by many of the Mexican officers high in authority.

Ysabel's favorite was Romauldo Pacheco, whom she reared from babyhood. She had been with the Pacheco family at Santa Barbara before the birth of young Romualdo. He was always tender and kind to his aged nurse and, while Governor of the State in 1875, he made frequent trips to San Luis Obispo to make sure that she should want for nothing. The days of his boyhood were filled with memories of her. She taught him to ride a horse, to rope a steer, and even to play the guitar. His lullabies were thrummed by the Indian woman in the beautiful summer evenings.

Pacheco's last visit to San Luis Obispo was a hurried political affair, but he found time to see his "madre" and provide her the customary check. With the death of Pacheco ended the days of luxury for Dona Ysabel. Poverty came, and from a comfortable home by slow degrees she has moved to the outskirts of town, where now

she dwells, attended by a lad, her great-great-grandson, or as the aged woman puts it, three greats and a grandson."

She lives on the county's charity. She gathers and collects the driftwood for her fire. No more does she sit on wide verandas overlooking the darkening landscape, attentive to the dreamy music of the guitar; no more for her the splendid banquet table. All that is gone.

She is living in the sunset of a glorious day and from her small abode she may look upon the fading rays, then shut her eyes and dream of the light of morning.

She Can't Cook.

My wife cannot cook, though she studies a book
Of recipes day after day;
But what do I care? She's charming and fair
And as sweet as the blossoms of May.

She tries all her might, but her bread isn't light,
For she never can get it to rise;
But then you should see, as she breakfasts with
me;
The light that illumines her eyes.

No skill can she boast in preparing a roast,
And in pies her successes are few,
And ill she fares when soup she prepares,
For she is sure to get into a stew.

But no fault do I find, for she's loving and kind;
And when bachelorship I forsook
'Twas to wed a sweet wife, a companion for life—
It wasn't to marry a cook.

—Ladies' Home Companion.

Going the Rounds.

The Saline County (Kan.) Index thinks it has discovered a new endless chain. "Every farmer boy," it observes, "wants to be a schoolteacher, every schoolteacher hopes to be an editor, every editor would like to be a banker, every banker would like to be a trust magnate, and every trust magnate hopes some day to own a farm and have chickens and cows and pigs and horses to look after. We end where we begin."

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