A DOCTOR'S MISSION

BY EMILY THORNTON

Author of "Roy Russell's Rule," "GLENROY," "THE FASHIONABLE MOTHER," ETC.

CHAPTER III .- (Continued.) A few days after the promenade on deck Dr. Elfenstein was summoned by Miss Nevergail to attend her aunt, who was very ill, owing to the violence of the storm. Portloning out a sedative. the young physician turned to give it to his companion, and in handing it, their fingers mot, and at the touch his heart leaped so foreibly into a delightful thril that it caused an instant feeling of ques tioning as to its cause,

Their passage across the Atlantic was an unusually propitious one. It was with relief to both the physician and anxiouniece as they saw the termination of the voyage, for in spite of their united efforts, Mrs. Nevergail's strength was rap

Dr. Elfenstein had an unusually tender not in everything possible lend a helping hand.

He cared for her as a brother, and the her thanks, as he bade her farewell, never expecting to see her more, was a reward not soon to be forgotten.

After leaving his fellow voyagers, our hero lost no time in pursuing his own journey. Before a week had rolled by a pleasant home was provided. He found by inquiring of Levi Perkins, the landlord of the hotel where he stopped, that helpless three days before, by a paralytic stroke, and as all feared, would never again be able to attend to his professional duties.

Instantly, on hearing this news, the young man had visited the house of the old gentleman, and showing his letters of recommendation, and his written credentials, he had offered to attend to the sick in his place, which offer was accepted, and in a few days the stranger had all the calls for medical advice that he could mine." returned her companion in evil attend, and the result was that he bought the practice of the old and worn out man, and became his accepted successor. Dr. Jennings lived only two days after Elfenstein's arrival, for a third severe shock laid him at rest from his earthly labors ing her here." forever.

would remain in it, as formerly, in the capacity of housekeeper

This offer relieved Mrs. Stewart of Clum was delighted to still retain her home, all due arrangements were immediately made, papers drawn up and signed, and one week from the day of his arrival we find "Earle Elfenstein, M. D.," upon a sign, beside the door of the prettiest cottage in the place, and that young disciple of Galen busy night and day attending to the large practice so suddenly thrown upon his hands.

CHAPTER IV.

Sir Reginald Glendenning was out of humor one sunny morning in May. The daily mail had been handed him, as usual, just as he had commenced his breakfast, and one letter that he had then received had discomposed and made him surly and violent.

'What luck is this?" he muttered. After my not going to the funeral of my sister, and thus, by my absence, showing that I had not overlooked her plebeian marriage, to think that these people have forwarded such a letter as this to me is absurd! I do not care if it was written by or before her death. They might have known I did not wish Take charge of her husband's niece, after rising, found that the impression foregoth! She may go to the almshouse | made upon her mind had not in the least for all me! I will not have a thing to vanished. She sank upon her knees, and

So saying, Sir Reginald turned to his to have the groom bring to the door a feeling and heartless a man as I, alas! young horse named Tempest at once, as have done! Oh, heaven, forgive this, my he intended to ride. Springing upon the sin, and grant me peace with thyself back of the handsome creature, Sir Regi- after my weary life is ended!" naid Glendenning dashed away, just as deserted piazza.

tall, with a magniticent figure, dark complexion, handsome features and large, speaking black eyes, while his whole air portrayed the pride that he had so richly inherited from his own immediate fam-

"Belle!" he exclaimed, as his sister, a beautiful brunette, followed him. "See our worthy relative dashing down the earriage way at that breakneck speed. Zounds! if I were to ride in that savage way he would rate me soundly for it for back a day or two in our story, and again the next three days. I wonder what seek Dr. Elfenstein. In many of his news that letter could have contained to visits, which were all professional, he infuriate him as it did. Do you know, he had, by dropping some leading word, is always terribly provoked when he striven to discover the public mind in rides like that."

"I do not, neither does Aunt Constance. I should like to read it though, would not you?"

"Yes; I wonder where he out it?"
"In the drawer of his bookense, where be keeps letters not answered. I wish I could unlock it, but the key has gone down the carriage way in the old gent's Fitzroy was still held guilty in the opin pocket," replied the unfillal girl.

"Well, since you express a wish to ree | itants. it, perhaps I can aid you. See! this key looks as though it might fit any lock, returned the young man, readily enough falling into the suggestive mood of his gig, he drove away to the village, resolv-

stealthy steps towards the library and their uncle's desk. The key fitted; a fact Robert well knew, as it was not the first time it had been tried by the unprinipled nephew, and the following letter,

written with a hand evidently feeble

from sickness, was eagerly read, then as

quickly returned to its hiding place, and

he drawer relocked, as they had found

On the envelope was written, "To be sent to Sir Reginald Glendenning, Bart.,

after my death. Sir Reginald Glendenning:

"My Dear Brother-You will doubtless be surprised to receive this letter from one who has been so many years separated from her family, in consequence of having married, secretly, the man of her choice. Allow me merely to and sympathizing heart. He could not say that when you read this, the sister see so young a girl in such trouble and that you once loved will have passed away, and, therefore, she trusts that all hard feelings that her marriage may have occasioned will be buried forever. Brotheloquent look of gratitude that flashed er, I write to you now in order to crave upon him, as, after seeing them both a favor at your hands. My only child safely in the Liverpool home of their died in infancy, and just twenty and a cousin, Mr. Rogers, Ethel placed her half years ago, I, with the consent of hand in his, at parting, and faltered out my husband, took charge of a little girl of gentle blood and some pleasant future prospects, and gave her the love of a true mother. On her twenty-first birthday she will be at liberty to open certain documents laid aside for her, and then will come into possession of her own his way was made perfectly plain, and property, for some little awaits her ma-Until then, after my death, she jority. will be friendless and alone. Now, I ask if you will care for her until that date, the place had just been excited, and at October fifth is reached? Can she not most stunned, by the sudden illness of be in some way of service to you, and Dr. Jennings, the only physician for thus compensate for her board and troumiles around. He had been rendered ble? Do this for me, my dear brother, and be kind and care for my beloved

> Ethel, and my dying gratitude will be "Your affectionate sister,

"GERTRUDE." "Of all impudent proposals, that is the limax!" ejaculated Belle, indignantly "Take her into his own family, indeed! The minx don't come here, if I can help it. She is no earthly relation to him!" "Your opinion will not be asked, sister

deeds; "and you must remember that you are supposed to know nothing of the contents of that letter. But do not be alarmed. Our relative looked too much like a thunder cloud to be cajoled into receiv Need we stop now, after relating such The funeral was a large one, and after a scene, to describe the wholly heartless the day, with its many excitements, had characters of these relations of Lady passed, Dr. Elfenstein again visited the Constance Glendenning? Indulged from

house where the dead had so recently infancy by their own parents as much lain, and asking to see the daughter, Mrs. as by the Lady Constance, whose whole Stewart, he offered to rent the cottage affections had centered upon them, in furnished for a year, provided Mrs. Clum | consequence of the cold manner of her moody, passionate husband towards herself, it is not to be wondered at that they developed with each year selfish and what had been an anxiety, and as Mrs. unamiable dispositions under her foolishly fond sway.

> As for Lady Constance, her naturally amiable disposition had grown hardened Life with her violent tempered husband had proved anything but pleasant, and as she finally saw his ugly features of character being imitated by these children under her charge, she became morbidly indifferent and cold to such a degree that her nearest relatives could scarcely recognize in the proud Lady Constance Glendenning the once light-hearted and gay young cousin, whose society was so much sought in former years by the three brothers before their father's death, when life had been so different for each. This morning Lady Constance felt unusually Her apathetic heart had been moved the night before by a singularly vivid dream, in which she had met once more her never forgotten early lover, and the face of Sir Arthur had appeared in that midnight hour with all the realness of life, while she seemed to

bear him wail in despair: "Oh, Constance, Constance!" Starting from this dreary sleep, she ossed restlessly until morning, and then

weeping blitterly, mounted: "Oh, Arthur, why was I so unfaithful Figury, tossed the offensive letter into a to thy precious memory? Why did I drawer of his bookcase, locked it, and forget thee so soon, my own, my own? putting the key in his pocket, rang the Wretched guilty woman that I have been bell fariously for a watter, ordering him to wed for a title and inheritance, so un-

Long and bitterly she thus wrestled his nephew, Robert, a young man about with her own heart, never stirring from twenty years of age, appeared upon the her lowly posture until she was suddenly aroused by a horrified scream from He was in personal appearance very lips she knew to be Belle's, while a strange call in tones of anguish for "Aunt Constance" caused her to rise and open the door, where she, too, was startled to see the whole household assembled in the halls, and then the first knowledge

CHAPTER V.

of some awful calamity fell upon her

Leaving Sir Reginald to his wild ride on that lovely May morning, we will go regard to the murder committed in their midst twenty five years before.

To his surprise, he met everywhere : decided reluctance to talk upon the subject, as the law had acquitted the only one suspected, but the gloomy looks and wise shakes of the head he so often met told him well that the younger brother ions of the general mass of the inhab-

Sorry to see that his friend was still so hardly thought of, Earle Elfenstein dropped the subject. Jumping into his ster. ed to go through the extensive grounds Laughing, the young girl turned quick of the "Hall," as strangers were in the ly with him, and both glided with daily habit of doing.

Glendenning Hall lay next to his own cottage home, and stopping at the gate lo'ge, he asked permission of the keeper to drive around the premises.

This permission was easily gained, ant the son of the gatekeeper, an intelligen: boy of fourteen, volunteered to ride with him, to explain the places on the route So climbing to his side, Sandy began at once to chatter of all that same into his young head.

"You are the new doctor, I know that well," he remarked: "so it is all right for you to know how to get to the Hall, in case you are sent for in a hurry. It is quite a ride, you see, before the mansion comes even in sight. This front part of the house is where the family live, and is of stone, very handsome; but all that wing, or part, that runs back, it very old, deserted and almost falling to

"There was a murder committed here once, I have been told, my boy. Which

part was that done in?" "It is not on the front, but on the right-hand side, where the blind is half open. That was Sir Arthur's room, and is now occupied by Sir Reginald. It is in the second story; but the balcony railing that surrounds it, you see, is not so very far from the ground, as the house sets so low at that end. The body was swung from that balcony to the ground by means of a rope tied under the arms. The rope was daugling there, the next day, in the wind. See! this path leads to a beautiful lake; you can see the water plainly through those parting tree boughs. There the body was supposed to have been flung, to hide it for a time; but it must have been carried away the same night, for it never has been found."

"That is very strange!" quoth the doc-"Where could the murderers have hidden it?"

"No one can tell. People think his brother did the deed, as they had quarreled the night before it happened; but when he was tried it seemed to be proved that he did not."

"Yonder is a curious looking building, remarked Earle, pointing to a square brick tower that stood beyond, yet at tached to, the deserted wing, "What may that be?"

"It is called 'The Haunted Tower. Please drive fast past that, doctor, for I shiver whenever I think of it, even, much less pass near it!" returned Sandy. "Why?"

"Because it is a fearful place. It is haunted!" was the whispered reply. "Who says so?"

"Everybody. No one likes to take this path, even in daylight, such terrible things appear at those windows at the top of the tower on dark stormy nights." 'Who, for one, has seen these things?'

"I have; and so has every person who lives in a house with windows facing this way, or who is out much nights. You see, that tower is very tall, and soars way above the trees. I saw it myself the last time we had a terrible storm I was staying with Jim Colgrove all night. Jim lives just below you, in the village. It was about ten o'clock and we were in his room. When we were ready for bed, Jim put out the light and I ran to the window to see if it still stormed, when, suddenly, a bright light caught my eyes, in the top of the tower, and, looking up, I saw the most frightful object eyes ever beheld, dancing inside. plainly seen through the windows!'

The boy stopped here, while his eyes seemed dilating with horror at the remembrance, and his lips grew pale.

"What was it like?" "Oh, I don't want to describe it! can't, really! Jim looked out when I screamed, and was as frightened as I, so we both jumped into bed, quick, and covered up our heads to shut out the sight. It was terrible, doctor, terrible!"

Dr. Elfenstein said no more, but inwardly resolved to be on the lookout for the specter of the Haunted Tower. Yet, while he resolved, he laughed at himself for putting the least faith in this boy's unlikely story.

"It is a wild tale these villagers have invented, in order to excite strangers, and draw attention to this quiet, rural place. I do not believe one word about the ghost, yet, for the joke of the thing, I will look this way about ten, some real, stormy night, and see what is to be

As if to keep the thing in remembrance. Earle saw that the sun was sinking, even then, into a bank of clouds, and he concluded that a thunder storm would burst over them that very night.

One thing, however, Earle Elfenstein noted, the present baronet's apartments were on the same side of the building that connected with the ruined portion, while the tall old tower which seemed of more modern build, stood just back of the whole, while its large windows on each of the four sides, could be distinctly seen by the whole village inhabitants, as it rose so far above the houses, and even above many of the numerous trees that filled the grounds

> (To be continued.) Plant with Deadly Odor.

hale a sweet and deadly perfume. fertile spots, but all about it the position of the elder Mackay. As a ground becomes barren of vegetation director of the Postal Telegraph Comand neither bird nor beast may come pany every branch, every detail of the within a wide radius of it. They know plant and service was pass d before

better, but rash man, with no warning him. It was his father's alm in life instinct to guide him, will occasionally to leave his son prepared to carry on to auction with her one day, and somelinger too long in its vicinity, en- the work he had begun in various di- how we got to bidding against each innocent bystanders sent to the hospichanted by its delicious and heavy rections, and the son has accepted it other without knowing it.—Philadelfragrance, until he experiences the and is manfully fulfilling his father's phia Press. distressing effects of his imprudence- wishes. a blinding headache, which, if he still remains, will be f lowed by temporary Mackay's hobbies. He believed in its deafness, convulsions of muscles of practicability and in its ultimate suc-

the face and insensibility. The Brutal Young Husband.

OLD **FAVORITES**

----~~~~~~

Seeing Things. ain't afeared uv snakes, or toads, or bugs, or worms, or mice, things 'at girls are skeered uv think are awful nice!

I'm pretty brave, I guess; an' yet I hate

to go to bed, when I'm tucked up warm an' soug, an' when my prayers are said, Mother tells me "Happy dreams!" and takes away the light.

An' leaves me lyin' all alone and seeithings at night.

Sometimes they're in the corner, some times they're by the door. Sometimes they're all a-standin' in the middle of the floor:

Sometimes they are a sittin' down, sometimes they're walkin' round So softly and so creepy-like they never make a sound!

Sometimes they are as black as ink, an other times they're white-But the color ain't no difference when you see things at night!

Once, when I licked a feller 'at had just moved on our street, father sent me up to bed without bite to eat. I woke up in the dark an' saw things

standin' in a row. A-lookin' at me cross-eyed an' p'intin' at me-so!

Oh, my! I wuz so skeered that time I never slept a mite-It's almost alluz when I'm bad I see things at night.

Lucky thing I ain't a girl, or I'd be skeered to death! Bein' I'm a boy, I duck my head an' hold my breath; An' I am, oh, so sorry I'm a naughty

boy, an' then I promise to be better, an' I say my prayers again! Grau'ma tells me that's the only way to make it right When a feller has been wicked an' sees

things at night. An' so when other naughty boys would coax me into sin.

I try to skwush the Tempter's voice 'at urges me within: when they's pie for supper, or cakes 'at's big an' nice.

want to-but I do not pass my plate for them things twice! No, ruther let Starvation wipe me slowly out o' sight

Then I should keep a-livin' on an social things at night! -Eugene Field.

Home, Sweet Home. pleasures and palaces though we may roam,

Be it ever so humble there's no place like home! A charm from the sky seems to hallow us there, Which, seek through the world, is ne'er

Home! home! sweet, sweet home! There's no place like home!

An exile from home, splendor dazzles it O, give me my lowly thatched cottage

The birds singing gayly that came at my call-Give me them-and the peace of mind dearer than all!

Home! home! sweet, sweet home! There's no place like home! -John Howard Payne.

DROPS SPORT FOR WORK. Clarence H. Mackay Following in His Father's Footsteps.

Seldom has such a radical change been wrought in a young man's mode of life as in that of Clarence H. Mac-

kay since the death of his father, John W. Mackay, a little over a year ago. Previous to that event young Mackay was one of the gayest of the richer set of Amerleans. He was fond of society. was an all-round

athlete, and owned one of the best racing stables in the United States.

Immediately on the death of his There are criminals among plants as well as among animals and human be- father he cabled to his trainer to sell ings. Those that have the most sinis- all the horses, and they were sold at ter reputation are known as death a sacrifice. He wanted to be free plants, which are found only in the to take up the conduct of his father's volcanic districts of Java and Sum- business affairs, and since then has let atra. The plant's appearance quite be- nothing interfere with this determinalies its name, for it is really very tion. He, now occupies one of the attractive, being a low growth shrub most prominent positions in the busiwith long thorny stems covered with ness world as president of the Postal beautiful broad leaves. The upper Telegraph and Commercial Cable Comsurface of these leaves is a vivid em- panies. His rule for business success erald, while the lower surface is a bril- is to devote his attention strictly to his liant scarlet. The flowers are great task and to follow as closely as poswhite bell-shaped blossoms, which ex- sible in the footsteps of his father.

The son had a careful schooling in The death plant grows in the most order that he might fit acceptably the

A Pacific cable was one of the elder cess as an investment. When he died to the highest standard." his son Clarence took up the unfinished work and carried it through to success-

Friend-But what started the quar- ful completion. Mr. Mackay is in his office in New Tearful Bride-Why, I said if we York ever day from 9 to 5 o'clock, ever did quarrel he would be the first and his capacity for business is treto do it, and he said I would surely mendous. His only recreation is taken be the one to start it .- New York at his summer home at Roslyn, L. 1. hard that they don't have time to tell or on the yacht which daily takes him about it.

to and from his office. His Rosiyn home is one of the finest in the country, and was built to suit the tastes of his wife, who was Miss Katherine Duer, of New York, and whom he married in 1898. It cost \$1,000,000. Mr. Mackay is charitably inclined, but his benefactions are done in secret.

HUNDREDS OF PIANOS RUINED.

Flood Caused Loss of \$200,000 in Musical Instruments.

More than 500 pianos were totally easy to find suitable occupation for it, rulned in the recent floods in Kansas City. The piano houses of the city are such a country as Afghanistan is apt busy tearing apart the water-soaked to get lax in the idle times of peace. instruments, saving some of the hard- | Under an oriental military despotism ware, and sending the polished wood the army exists for active fighting. to the kindling heaps.

"There is no salvage to a soaked pi- periods of inaction. It wants the exano," said a prominent piano man. "When they get wet up to the keys

they are ruined."

The J. W. Jenkins Music Company ost two carloads of new pianes that and not been unloaded from the cars. They were soaked and rendered useless in the boxes in which they came from the factory. Then there were approximately 350 rented planes in the flood. These are a total loss to the dealers who had placed them in the various homes.

A piano is made up of very delicate parts. One fine-looking instrument which had apparently fared well in the immersion was all in pieces at the workshop of the Jenkins Music Company yesterday. It did not look to be a ruin, good only for the scrap heap, but that was its announced condition. The polish on the outer surface was as fine as ever. All the interior mechanism was in apparently good shape. But there were faintly perceptible warpings and a trace of rust on the metal. The keys had become swollen and warped until they were immov-

It is the intention of the companies who have damaged pianos to make some experiments with the better ones in an effort to find out whether it be possible to rejuvenate the instruments. But every plane house in the city has announced that it will never send out for sale or hire any of the instruments that have been flooded.

The collection of damaged pianos in the Kansas City warehouses embraces instruments from the aristocratic \$1,-500 symphony in mahogany to the the forces of Russian gravitation, he humble \$150 kind in imitation of something which it is not. And they are all valueless. The salvage is not worth more than the cost of taking the instrument to pieces.

"The hardware in them," said one of the men at work wrecking planes in the warerooms of F. G. Smith, "is all that can be saved. It is worth about 60 cents in each instrument."

The value of pianos destroyed in the Kansas City flood exceeds \$200,000 .-Kansas City Journal.

GERMAN CABLE CONSTRUCTION. Seeking Connections with All Important World Points.

Consul General Guenther, at Frankfort, reports to the State Department the following information:

"A new era in German cable construction began with the laying of a cable to Vigo, Spain, a distance of about 1,300 miles.

"During the last seven years Germany has laid 7,375 miles of cable, at a cost of over \$7,000,000. In 1898 a cable, 73 miles in length, was laid between Sassnitz and Trelleborg, and in 1899 German Southwest Africa was connected with the international telegraph system by a cable 154 miles

"In 1900 the first German-American cable between Emden and New York, via the Azores-a distance of 4.813 miles-was laid. At about the same time Germany put down the first German cables along the Chinese coast, the cable Tsintau-Chefoo being 285 miles and that connecting Tsintau and Shanghai 438 miles long. The year 1901 witnessed the laying of the fifth cable between Germany and England, connecting Borkum and Baktou, a distance of 280 mHes. The telephone cable between Fehmarn and Laaland was laid in 1902.

"The construction of a second trans-Atlantic cable between Emden and commenced, and it will, it is expected, be ready for service before the expiracontemplating an increase of her cable net in Eastern Asia and the South Sea. by constructing cables between Alenado and Guam and the Palau islands and Shanghai.

"It is said that the growth of German interests, both military and commercial, will in the future require the building of more cables by Germany, independent of foreign nations. Germany now has cable works and two cable steamers."

Trouble Then. Ascum-Of course, your wife always

insists upon your doing her bidding. Henpeck-Not always, Once she got mad because I did. She took me

His Measurement. "I don't see how you can say that

this convict is a man who measures up "You don't? Well, the Bertillon sys-

tem is the highest standard I know of." -Baltimore News. The man who is always talking about how much work he does, should remember that some people work so

AFGHAN IS A FIGHTING MAN.

Peculiarities of the Army Created by Abdurrahman.

The Afghan is essentially a fighting man, says the London Times, and, though the army which Abdurrahman created has, in the main, so far made for peace by securing the internal tranquillity of Afghanistan, even the old ameer discovered in the latter part of his reign that It was necessary to keep It occupied, but that it was not The discipline of a standing army in and all its instincts rebel against long citement and, above all, the opportunities of individual aggrandizement and enrichment which active service alone furnishes. For a long time Abdurrahman kept his army fairly well occupied in putting down all his own rivals and subjugating the tribes whose loyalty he had cause to suspect. When that was accomplished Kafirstan, with its "pagan" tribes, offered another outlet for the martial energies of the Afghan Mussulmans.

But in proportion as the successive delimitations of boundaries and spheres of influence have diminished the area of doubtful ownership within which the military appetite of the Afghan commanders could be gratified without any serious risk of external complications, the task of providing occupation for the Afghan army has become more and more difficult, and with the maintenance of internal peace that difficulty must go on in-

creasing. The sops which Habibullah has from time to time thrown to his army in the shape of increased pay and improved rations show that he himself is alive to the difficulty, but measures of that kind can hardly be regarded as more than temporary makeshifts. One is bound to bear in mind in this connection that the fighting instincts of the Afghan have always prompted him in the past to look toward the south rather than the north. The plains of India, which his fathers repeatedly ransacked, are still to him the legendary land of conquest and booty, and if once he came to believe that the English were powerless to arrest might well be tempted by prospect of such stakes as Russia would spread before him to exchange a losing for a winning partner.

PRETTY CHILD'S FROCK.



This is a chic frock, for a little miss of six to ten years, made of white india linen, trimmed with tucks and insertion. The zouave jacket is of white canvas, trimmed with stitched canvas bands. A broad soft satin sash, of light red, ties about the long blouse waist. The wide-brimmed straw hat is trimmed with a wreath of faded red and yellow roses.

A New Dance.

It is predicted that the American cake-walk will soon give way in Paris to a new dance which an accomplished French dancing master has invented, says a correspondent in The Beacon. New York, via the Azores, has been It is called the "veil-dance," and is described as follows: "Each lady wears a wrap of mousseline de sole tion of the next year. Germany is also or other filmy tissue thrown around her waist, and waves the free ends as she dances, and the men attempt to look as 'regence' as possible, and use their closed crush hats as dancers in the graceful old payane used their three-cornered one. The dancers form in line, barndoor dance fashion, and to a tune half waltz and half gavotte the room is filled with graceful floating forms, to which the black coats of the men make an effective background. The effect is a pleasing one, and the dance, when well done, is almost stately."

The Full Measure of Success. "Was your auto race successful?"

"Successful? I should say it was! There were two chauffeurs killed, and three owners mortally hurt, and five tal, and one auto climbed a stone wall and hung itself down a steep cliff, and another auto threw off its chauffeur and is now careering wildly across the country and terrorizing the community, and Hoskin's new touring car crossed the Verlaine ravine at a single bound and then jumped on the roof of a gamekeeper's cottage. and-well, it certainly was the most spirited and thoroughly enjoyable run we have ever had."-Cleveland Plain

Dealer. What has become of the old-fash-

ioned woman who made marble cake?