THE FATE OF FENELLA," Chapter X., by BRAM STOKER.



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The First Chapter appeared in our Christmas Number. The Chapters will be continued week by week.

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CHAPTER X.

BY BRAM STOKER.

LORD FRANCIS ONSLOW lifted his cap. The action was an instinctive one, for he was face to face with å lady; but he was half dazed with the unexpected meeting, and could not collect his thoughts. He only remembered that when he had last seen his wife she was opening the door of her chamber to De Mürger. For weeks he had been schooling himself for such a-meeting, for he knew that schooling himself for such a-meeting, for he knew that on his return such might at any time occur; but now, when the moment had come, and unexpectedly, the old pain of his shame overwhelmed him anew. His face grew white—white till it seemed to Fenella that it was of the pallor of death. She knew that she had been so far guitty of what had happèned that the murder had been the outcome of her previous acts. She knew also that her husband was ignorant of his part in the deed—and her horror of the man, blood-guilty in such a wav, was fined down by the sense of her own partial guilt. The trial, with all its consequent pain to a proud and sen sitive woman, had softened her, and she grasped at any hope. The sight of Frank—his gaunt checks which told their tale of suffering, and now the deadly pallor, awoke all the protective feeling which is a part of a woman's love. It was with her whole soul in her voice that she said again:

"Frank!" His voice was stern as well as sad as he

answered her:
"What is it?" Her heart went cold, but she persevered.



Lord Francis Onslow lifted his cap.

"Frank, I must have a word with you-I must. "Frank, I must have a word with you—I must. ror God's sake, for Ronny's sake, do not deny me." She did not know that as yet Frank Onslow was in ignorance of De Mürger's death; and when his answercame it seemed more hard than even he intended:

"Do you wish to speak of that night?" In a faint woice she answered.

"Do you wish to speak of that night?" In a faint voice she answered:
"I do." Then looking in his eyes and seeing the hard look becoming harder still—for a man is seldom generous with a woman where his honour is concerned, she added:
"Oh; Heaven! Frank! You do not think me guilty!
No, no, not you! not you! That would be too crue!"
Frank Onslow paused and said:
"Fenella, God help me! but I do," and he turned away his head. His wife, of course, thought that he alluded to the murder, and not to her sin against him as he saw it, and with a low moan she turned away and hid her face in her hands. Then with an effort she drew herself up, and without a word or a single movement to show that she even recognised his presence, she passed on up the street.

street.

Frank Onslow stood for a few moments watching her retreating figure, and then went across the street and turned the next corner on his way to the post-office, for which he had been inquiring when he met his wife. At the door he was stopped by a cheery voice and an out stretched hand:

"Onslow!"

rretched hand:
"Onslow!"
"Castleton!" The two men shook hands warmly.
"I see you did not get my telegram," said Lord Castleon. "It is waiting for you at the post-office."

"What telegram?

"To tell you that I was on my way here from London. I went in your interest, old fellow. I thought you would like full particulars—the newspapers are so

contour. I would be a contour. I would like full particulars—the newspape vague.

"What papers? My interest? Tell me all I am ignorant of all that has passed for the last six weeks." A vague, shadowy fear began to creep over his spirits. Castleton's voice was full of sympathy as he answered:

"Then you have not heard of—but stay. It is a long story. Come back to the yacht. I was just going to join you there. We shall be all alone, and I can tell you all. I have the newspapers here for you." He motioned to a roll under his arm.

The two went down to the harbour, and finding the sailor waiting with the boat at the steps, were rowed to the yacht and got on board. Here the two men were all alone. Then, with a preliminary clearing of his voice, Castleton began his story:

Castleton began his story:
"Frank Onslow—better get the worst over at once—just after you went away from Harrogate your wife was tried for murder and acquitted.

My God! Fenella tried for murder? Whose

That scoundrel De Mürger. It seems h went into her room in the night and attempted violence, so she stabbed him——"

violence, so she stabbed him——"
Castleton stopped in amazement, for a look of radiance came over Frank Onslow's face, as he murmured "Thank God!" Recalled to himself by Castleton's silence, for he was too amazed to go on, Frank said: "I have a reason, old fellow, I shall tell it to you later, but go on. Tell me all the facts, or let me read the papers. Remember I am as yet quite ignorant of it all, and I am full of anxiety!"
Without a word Castleton handed him the papers, and, lighting a fresh cigar, sat down with his back to him and presently yielded to the sun and fresh air and fell into a doze.

presently yielded to the sun and fresh air and fell into a doze.

Frank Onslow took the papers and read carefully from end to end the account of the trial of his wife for the murder of De Mürger. When he had finished he sat with the folded paper in his hand, and his eyes had the same far-away look in them which they had had on that fatal night. The hypnotic trance was on him again.

Presently he rose, and with stealthy steps approached his sleeping friend. Murmuring "Why did I not kill him?" he struck with the folded paper, as though with a dagger, the form before him. Castleton, who had sunk into a pleasant sleep and whose fat face was wreathed with a smile, was annoyed at the rude awakening. "What the devil!" he began angrily, and then stopped as his eyes met the face of his friend and he realised that he was in some sort of trance. He grew very pale as he saw Frank Onslow stab, and stab, and stab again. There was a certain grotesqueness in the affair—the man in such terrible earnest in his mind committing murder, whilst his real weapon was but a folded paper. As he stabbed he hissed, "Why did I not kill him? Why did I not kill him?" Then he went through a series of movements as though he were softly pulling an imaginary door shut behind him, and so back to his own chair, where he sat down hiding his face in his hands.

Castleton sat looking at him in amazement, and then murmured to himself:

"They thought it was someone stronger than Fenella

Castleton sat looking at him in amazement, and then murmured to himself:

"They thought it was someone stronger than Fenella whose grasp made those marks on the dead man's throat." He suddenly looked round to see that no one but himself had observed what had happened, and then, being satisfied on this point, murmured again:

"A noble woman, by Jove! A noble woman!" He called out:

"A noble woman, by Jove! A noble woman!" He called out:
"Frank—Frank Onslow! Wake up, man." Onslow raised his head as a man does when studdenly awakened, and smiled as he said:
"What is it, old man? Have I been asleep?" It was quite evident that he had no recollection of what had just passed. Castleton came and sat down beside him, and his kindly face, was grave as he asked:
"You have read the papers?"
"I have."
"Now_tell me—you offered to do so—why you said

"I have."
"I have."
"Now tell me—you offered to do so—why you said
'Thank God!' when I told you that your wife had killed
De Mürger?"
Frank Onslow paused. Although the memory of what
he had thought to be his shame had been with him daily
and nightly until he had become familiarised with it, twas
another thing to speak of it, even to such a friend as
Castleton. Even now, when it was apparent from the
issue of the trial that his wife had averaged so dreadfully
the attempt upon her honour, he felt it hard to speak on
the subject. Castleton saw the doubt and struggle in
his mind which was reflected in his face, and said earnestly
as he laid his hand upon his shoulder:
"Do not hesitate to tell me, Frank. I do not ask out of
mere curiosity. I am perhaps a better friend than you

think in helping to clear up a certain doubt which I see before me. I think you know I am a friend."
"One of the best a man ever had!" said Frank impulsively, as he took the other's hand. Then turning away his head, he said slowly:



"Why did I not kill him?"

"You were surprised because I was glad Fenella killed that scoundrel. I can tell you, Castleton, but I would not tell anyone else. It was because I saw him enter her room, and, God forgive me! I thought at the time that it was by her wish. That is why I came away from Harrogate that night. That is what kept me away. How could I go back and face my friends with such a shame fresh upon me? It was your lending me your yacht, old man, that made life possible. When I was by myself through the wildness of the Bay of Biscay and among the great billows of the Atlantic I began to be able to bear. I had steeled myself, I thought, and when I heard that, so far from my wife being guilty of such a shame, she actually killed the man that attempted her honour, is it any wonder that I felt joyful?"

After a pause Castleton asked:
"How did you come to see—to see it? Why did you take no step to prevent it? Forgive me, old fellow, but I want to understand."

I want to understand."

Frank Onslow went to the rail, and leaned over. When he came back Castleton saw that his eyes were wet. With what cheerfulness he could assume, he answered:

"On that very night I had made up my mind to try to win back my wife's love. I wrote a letter to her, a letter in which I poured out my whole soul, and I left my room to put it under her door, so that she would get it in the morning. But"—here he paused, and then said, slowly, "but when in the corridor, I saw her door open, and at the same moment De Mürger appeared."

"Did she seem suprised?"

"Not at first. But a moment after a look of amazement crossed her face, and she stepped back into the room, he following her." As he said this he put his head between his hands and groaned.



He was awakened by the sound of oars.

The Gentlewoman.

"And then?" added his friend.

"And then I hardly know what happened. My mind seems full of a dim memory of a blank existence, and then a series of wild whirling thoughts, something like that last moment after death in Wiertz's picture. I think I must have slew for it was two colors with the second of the sec that last moment after death in Wiertz's picture. I'think I must have slept, for it was two o'clock when I sawe Fenella, and the clock was striking five when I crossed the bridge after I had left the hotel."

"And the letter, what became of it?"

Frank started. "The letter? I never thought of it. Stay! I must have left it on the table in my room. I remember seeing it there a little while before I came away."

"How was it addressed? Do not think me inquisitive, but I cannot help thinking that that letter may vet he of

remember seeing it there a little while before I came away."

"How was it addressed? Do not think me inquisitive, but I cannot help thinking that that letter may yet be of some great importance."

Frank smiled, a sad smile enough, as he answered:

"By the pet name I had for Fenella—Mrs. Right." I used to chaff her because she always defended her position when we argued, and so, when I wanted to tease her, I called her Mrs. Right."

"Was it written on hotel paper?"

"No. I was going to write on some, but I thought it would be better to use the sort we had when—when we were first married. There were a few sheets in my writing case, so I took one."

"That was headed somewhere in Surrey, was it not?"

"Yes; Chiddingford, near Haslemere. It was a pretty place, too, called "The Grange! Fenella fell in love with it, and made me buy it right away."

"Is anyone living there now?"

"It is let fo someone. I don't think that I heard the name. The agent knows. When the trouble came I told him to do what he could with it, and not to bother me with it any more. After a while he wrote and asked if I would mind it being let to a foreigner? I told him he might let it to a devil so long as he did not worry me."

Lord Castleton paused awhile, and asked the next question in a hesitating way. He felt embarrassed, and showed it:

"Tell me one thing more, old fellow—if—if you don't mind."

Tell me one thing more, old fellow-if-if you don't

"My dear Castleton, I'll tell you anything you like."
"How did you sign the letter?" Onslow's face looked sad as he answered:

"How did you sign the letter?" Onstows face looked sad as he answered:

"I signed it by another old pet name we both understood. We had pet names—people always have when they are first married," he added with embarrassment.

"Of course," murmured the sympathetic Castleton.
"One such name lasted a long time. An old friend of my father's came to see us, and in a playful moment he said I was a 'sad dog. Fenella took it up and used to call me 'Doggie,' and I often signed myself 'Frank Doggie'—as men usually do."

"Of course," again murmured Castleton, as if such a signature was a customary thing. Then he added, "And on this occasion?"

"On this occasion I used the name that seemed full of happiest memories. Frank Doggie' may seem idiotic to an outsider, but to Fenella and myself it might mean much."

The two men sat silent awhile, and then Castleton asked softly:

asked softly:

"I suppose it may be taken for granted that Lady Francis never got the letter?"

"I take it, it is so; but it' is no matter now. I refused to speak with her just before I met you. I did not know then what I know now—and she will never speak to me again. He sighed as he spoke, and turned away. Then he went to the rail of the yacht and leaned over with his head down, looking into the still blue water beneath him.

"Poor old Frank!" said Castleton to himself. "I can't but think that this matter may come right yet. I must find out what became of that letter, in case Lady Francis never got it. It would prove to her that Frank—."

must find out what became of that letter, in case Lady Francis never got it. It would prove to her that Frank—"
His train of thought suddenly stopped. A new idea seemed to strike him so forcibly that it quite upset him. Onslow, who had come over from the rail, noticed it. "I say, Castleton, what is wrong with you? You have got quite white about the gills."
"Nothing—nothing," he answered, hastily. "I am subject to it. They call it heart. Pardon me for a bit, I'll got to my bunk and lie down." and he went below.
In truth, he was overwhelmed by the thought which had just struck him. If his surmise that Onslow, in a hypnotic trace, as he had almost proved by its recurrence, had killed De Mirger, where, then, was Fenella's heroism after all? True that she had taken the blame on herself; but might it not have been that she was morally guilty all the same? Why, then, had she taken the blame? Was it not because she feared that her husband might have refused to screen her shame; or because she feared to the public, her own fair fame might suffer in greater degree? Could it indeed be that Fenella Onslow was not a hergine, but only a calculating woman of exceeding smartness? Then, again, if Frank Onslow believed that his wife had avenged her honour, was it wise to disturb such belief? He might think, if once the suggestion were made to him, that his honour was preserved only by his own unconscious act. Was it then wise to disturb existing relations between the husband and wife, sad though they were? Did they come together again they might in mutual confidence arrive at a real knowledge of the facts, and then—and then what would be the result? And besides, might there not be some danger in any suggestion made as to his suspicion of who struck the blow? It was true that Lady Francis had been acquitted of the crime, although she confessed to the killing; but her husband might still be tried—and if fried? What then would be the result of the discovery of the missing letter on which he had been building such hopes?

The proble

(To be continued next week by FLORENCE MARRYAT.)

Medicos under the Microscope. 00000

This unique series of articles has been written for the sole purpose of for ing a useful guide to our lady readers, and with a full knowledge at the way, written and unwritten, which forbid Doctors to adopt a full with the work of the

SIR MORELL MACKENZIE, M.D.

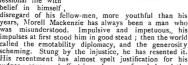
In every speciality with which I have dealt up to now I have given two or more men from whom the public may make their selection for consultation. I do not purpose pursuing the same plan with the throat, though I am fully aware that there are several men whose practice is confined to diseases of that organ. There is Mr. Lennox-Browne, artist, littleratur, musician, who is too well-known to need description; there is Dr. Felix Semon, whose ability is_recognised by his compatriots; there is Mr. Butlin, popular and skilful, who combines a general surgical practice with a special knowledge of the throat; there is Mr. Mark Hovell, and there are one or two minor workers in the field. But when all these have been enumerated, there still remains Sir Morell Mackenzie.

This gentleman holds a unique position in the profession, from reasons also unique. I am fully prepared to go into details of these reasons, but when I have done this it will be found that there are none of them which challenge his skill. As my object in preparing this guide to the specialists was simply to inform the public where and by whom they were most likely to be relieved of their sufferings, I have no hesitation in recommending them to the consulting-room of this physician.

Morell Mackenzie is a grave man, who smiles but little. He is tall and thin, with high cheek-bones, and dark eyes, deep In every speciality with which I have dealt up to now I

little. He is tall a dark eyes, deep sunken into the sockets. Graceful in carriage, courteous in manner, it is at once perceptible that Sir Morell Mackenzie and society are on and society are on terms of equality. In truth he knows society, the seamy side as well as the fair surface; flat-tered at first by its patronage, he is how embittered by its insincerity, and feels degraded by its adulation. Sir Morell is a man who looked out into the world joyfully with eyes that grew sad as they looked. Starting his pro-fessional life with





Sir Morell Mackenzie.

as they looked.

Starting his professional life with belief in himself, disregard of his fellow-men, more youthful than his years, Morell Mackenzie has always been a man who was misunderstood. Impulsive and impetuous, his impulses at first stood him in good stead; then the world called the emotability diplomacy, and the generosity scheming. Stung by the injustice, he has resented it. His retentment has almost spelt justification for his judges; cause and effect have been confounded, and the man has been twice misjudged.

Morell Mackenzie received his medical education at the London Hospital, where he became assistant physician, and, in the course of time, full physician. It may be noted that in this he differs materially from the majority of the other specialists of the throat now practising in London; none of those whose names I have given have been physician to a large general hospital. Yet experience in gen rad diseases is invaluable in the practice of a specialty. It means all the difference that exists between a man delivering an address on English literature, who knows only the literature of England, and a similar address delivered by a man who knows also the literature of France and Germany, of Italy and Spain.

When Morell Mackenzie first began to turn his attention exclusively to the throat, specialism was in a very different position to that which it occupies to-day. It was scarcely recognised by the profession; it was being apposed toth and nail by the old-fashioned members of the College, who saw their practices slipping from them, and failed to grasp the necessities of the new era. This prejudice was encouraged and all reforms opposed, by the medical appers. The odium thus attached to the term Specialist was attached in its entirety to Morell Mackenzie, the man who had founded a new speciality, who had wrested yet another organ from the general physician.

Under this prejudice Morell Mackenzie started his private practice; the immediate success that his skill brought him deepened and intensified it

certain of these allegations I think it is necessary to deal. The one that seems to me of most importance is his desire for fees—that he has made his patients come to him again and again with repeated visits—that meant, of course, repeated guineas. The real answer to the challenge is as follows. In certain diseases of the throat, local treatment is considered by Morell Mackenzie and other authorities as absolutely essential. Now, local treatment cannot be efficiently carried out by the patient himself, or by the untrained friend or servant. To ascertain whether Sir Morell Mackenzie holds this view only because it puts money into his pocket, it is necessary to inquire what is his course of conduct in regard to the enormous number of hospital cases which

he treats, in regard to the vast concourse of eleemosynary patients who rely upon his kindness and attention? It is notorious that Sir Morell does treat a large number of cases without other fee or reward than gratitude; his enemies have even told this against him as a reproach. His generosity has robbed them of a few poor guineas that might have been squeezed from the necessitous! It is among these necessitous ones that inquiries must be made to see whether they also, empty-handed and guinealess, are bidden to return again and again for treatment. And the answer 1 am able to give emphatically, from absolute personal knowledge, is that they are.

Now for another matter.

Did Sir Morell Mackenzie know, or did he not know, that the disease from which the Crown Prince Frederich, of Germany was suffering, when he paid his memorable visit to England in the Jubilee year, was cancer? Did he, or did he not, conceal that knowledge? Was he, or was he not, justified in so doing? To me the answer to this question is so simple that the only wonder is it has not proved conclusive. In my younger days, at the hospitals, at the medical meetings, at the Pathological Society, it was laid down as an xiom that the responsibility of diagnosis, in cases where it is possible to submit a specimen, remains with the microscopist. Admit this, and the whole case against Mackenzie falls to the ground. A specimen from the throat of the Emperor was submitted to Virchow. Virchow's dictum is on record.

Being neither, friend nor defender of Sir Morell Mackenzie, with unbiassed eyes I have seen where judgment has been allowed to go against him by default. Justice demanded that the other side should be heard, and I have given it as it appears to me. Once, judgment was not allowed to go by default; the accused appeared at the bar, the bar of professional opinion, and pleaded.

At the Court of the Emperor Frederick, everyact looked upon with suspicion, every detail watched with partisan

heard, and I nave given it as it appears to me. Onee, judgment was not allowed tog so by default; the accused appeared at the bar, the bar of professional opinion, and pleaded.

At the Court of the Emperor Frederick, every act looked upon with suspicion, every detail watched with partisan jealous eye, political complications, which were in England hardly appreciated, adding venom to the situation. Morell Mackenzie was attacked by the jealous, intriguing, disappointed crowd of place-seekers, who were enfrenzied by the very fact of an Englishman having been called in attendance on their Prince. He was vilified in the German press, and the English medical papers, glad of an opportunity to strike at the man who had always defied them, took up the refrain. Stung into passion, blinded with his impetuosity, as sometimes in his younger days, Morell Mackenzie forgor his dignit, the reticent-daynity of his art, and retorted. The retort took the form of that unfortunate book, "The Fatal Illness of Frederick the Noble." I do not attempt to defend it. To me, as to others, it is indefensible: considered as as book alone. But as an obullition of passion, by a man goaded to frenzy by almost incredible injustice, it can be considered in a different light. The action taken on it by the governing bodies of the medical corporations, the only action of the kind that has ever been so taken in the annals of medical history, was arbitrary, harsh, and unwise. It failed in its object, as injustice always fails. Men who had been willing to condemn Si Morell Mackenzie before have been unfairly dealt with.

And now the space at my disposal is narrowing, and I have said nothing, or comparatively nothing, as to the work this man has done, the invaluable work recognised alike by his friends and his enemies. The diagnostic ability, the surgical aptness, the Skill in treatment, all these are historic.

To medical literature he has contributed an essay on "The Pathology of the Larynx," which of Surgeons. Previously to this he had published a pam

of cases of growths in the larynx than all the physicians of Europe put together. His magnum opins, however, is his work on "Diseases of the Throat and Nose," which has been published in French, Italian, and German, and is still the standard texthook in Germany. It was entirely owing to the fact that most of the eminent German doctors had read this work that the author was called to the Crown Prince in 1887. He has also written on "Diphtheria and Hay Fever," and a popular work on "The Hygiene of the Vocal Organs" appeared from his pen in 1886, which has been translated into no less than seven European languages. Posterily will do the justice to Sir Morell Mackenzie that his professional elders have withheld from him. In the meantime he can solace himself with an enormous practice. It is the outcome of the gratitude and esteem he has won from enthusiastic patients and from intelligent family practitioners whom he has helped, and who have had opportunities of appreciating his methods.

Muspoccontor.

Μικροσκοπιστ.

GREAT sympathy has been felt in Rome for Captain and Mrs. Richmond-Moore, who, by the burning of their beautiful apartments here, have lost their valuable collection of china, pictures, and treasure, which have taken years to collect. Professor and Mrs. Corrodi have shared a similar fate, their apartments being in the same house. Professor Corrodi is known as having given lessons in painting to the Princess of Wales, and Her Royal Highness' jubilee present to the Queen was one of Corrodi's micrures.

CAIRO has been very gay this winter, and many of the London "smart folk" are disporting themselves there at present. He was the Hotel Continental, at which Mrs. Armstrong Roberts received the guests. Among those present were Prince Damrong (brother of the King of Siam). What with boxes at the opera, paper chases, picnics to the Pyramids, and dances, society is kept going. At last accounts Mrs. Forestier Walker's dance was announced, and also a ball to be given by the Dorset Regiment. Sir Ralph and Lady Florence Hare have, we hear, gone up the Nile.

