

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

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RUBBING!

Medicos under the Microscope.

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This unique series of articles has been written for the sole purpose of forming a useful guide to our lady readers, and with a full knowledge of the laws, written and unwritten, which forbid Doctors to adopt any of the ordinary forms of publicity. It must be clearly understood that the medical men interested in this series have not been invited to sit for their pen portraits. But the pictures will not be any the less true to life because the subjects have had no hand in their preparation, nor even knowledge of their production.

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, *littérateur*, 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 Howell, 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 alone 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 is 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 sunken into the sockets. Graceful in carriage, courteous in manner, it is at once perceptible that Sir Morell Mackenzie and society are on terms of equality. In truth he knows society, the seamy side as well as the fair surface; flattered at first by its patronage, he is now 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.

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 judgements; 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 general diseases is invaluable in the practice of a speciality. 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 opposed tooth 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, as all prejudice has been encouraged and all reforms opposed, by the medical papers. 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. In the teeth of this opposition he rose on strengthening waves of public opinion to the full flood-tide of popular fame. He became a prominent mark for the arrows of his unsuccessful confères. Allegations were brought against him. With 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 I 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 Frederick 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 Pathological Society, it was laid down as an axiom 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 unbiased 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 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, 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 enflamed by every fact of the 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 forgot his dignity, the reticent dignity 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 a book alone. But as an ebullition 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 Sir Morell Mackenzie before, have become his friends, because they cannot but see he has been unfairly dealt with.

And now the space 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 in 1863 gained the Jacksonian prize at the College of Surgeons. Previously to this he had published a pamphlet on "Aphonia cured by the Vagus and the Vocal Cords," in which he described his large electro-therapeutic apparatus now used in every part of the world where throat diseases are treated. In 1871 a work appeared by him entitled "Growth in the Larynx," with reports of a hundred cases treated by the author, and it is remarkable that at that time he had already treated a greater number of cases of growths in the larynx than all the physicians of Europe put together.

His *magnum opus*, however, is his work on "Diseases of the Throat," which has been published in French, Italian, and German, and is still the standard textbook 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.

Posterity will do the justice to Sir Morell Mackenzie in 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.

MACKENZIE.

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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 Chinese 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 the Jubilee present to the Queen was one of Corrodi's pictures.

CAIRO has been very gay this winter, and many of the London "smart folk" are supporting themselves there at present. A very successful dance was given by several ladies at the Hôtel 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 Mr. Forester, 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.

"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 slept, for it was two o'clock when I saw 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 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, and I took one of them."

"That was headed somewhere in Surrey, was it not?" "Yes; Chiddingfold, 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 to 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 you don't mind." "My dear Castleton, I'll tell you anything you like."

"How did you sign the letter?" Onslow's 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." "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:

"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—"

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 all over the gills."

"Nothing—nothing," he answered, hastily. "I am subject to it. They call it heart. Pardon me for a bit, I'll go 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 trance, as he had almost proved by its recurrence, had killed De Mürger, 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 that if any less heroic aspect of the tragedy was presented to the public, her own fair fame might suffer in greater degree? Could it indeed be that Fenella Onslow was not a heroine, 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 accused of the crime, although she confessed to the killing; but her husband might still be tried—and if tried? When then would be the result of the discovery of the missing letter on which he had been building such hopes?

The problem was too much for Lord Castleton. His life had been too sunny and easy-going to allow of familiarity with great emotions, and such a problem as this was to him overwhelming. The issue was too big for him; and revolving in his own mind all that belonged to it, he glided into sleep.

It was a warm night, by the sound of oars and voices drifting in through the open port.

(To be continued next week by FLORENCE MARRVAT.)