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## Dr. Kendall's Revenge.

By Howard Fielding.

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**I**T was about six months that Dr. Sydney Deane had been a medical practitioner in the city of New York, and he had not earned 10 per cent of his expenses, which were very moderate.

He was a throat specialist, but his earnings thus far had come from his own throat and not from the throats of his patients. He had supported himself since his youth and had paid for an expensive professional education by singing. I have heard good judges say that Deane might have taken rank among the few great tenors of the time and have made money by the bushel, but he disliked singing for pay, and he especially, fervently, fanatically, disliked notoriety, anything whatever that could be called advertising. He had sung chiefly in church choirs and very select concerts and had marvelously succeeded in concealing the fact that he was one of the favorite children of Apollo.

Upon his return from Germany he went to his native town of Eddington, in Connecticut, where he remained three years. He got a few patients, but his salary as tenor in a New Haven church choir constituted more than half his income.

The Kendalls were among the few people in Eddington who had any money, but they never had throat troubles. These seemed to occur among the poor only. Elsa Kendall was called the prettiest girl in the town, and she was the heiress also. To pay court to her was perhaps the only worldly wish that Sydney Deane did in his three years' residence in Eddington, but Elsa Kendall grew from eighteen to twenty-one, seeing Deane almost daily except for her own brief absences from the town, and she never knew the nature of his sentiments toward her.

of Elsa, made some wise observations on general topics and finally came down to "shop talk."

It appeared that he was expecting a visit from a very interesting patient, a young woman whose achievements might fill fame's trumpet in the near future. She was a protegee of Mme. Sylvestre, the prima donna, who expected great things of her—a very pretty girl, too, and of good family. Celia Winthrop was her name, but she might substitute something with a foreign sound when she made her debut in grand opera. "Supposing that we succeed in putting her voice to rights again," he added. "It's in bad shape just now."

At this point a card was brought to Dr. Kendall, who gave orders that the visitor should be admitted. Deane rose as if to go, but Kendall checked him instantly.

"I want to call you in consultation on this case," he said. "You'll see a wonderful throat in a rather odd condition."

It was an invitation that could not be declined. Deane signified his acquiescence and glanced toward the door.

To his surprise there entered a man of about thirty, a pleasant looking fellow, nicely dressed and with an air of cultivation. Dr. Kendall introduced him at once as Mr. Richards, "whose writings on music and kindred topics are read by everybody." In recognition of this praise Richards glanced at Deane, with a smile, and said, "I'm a reporter."

"I have called Dr. Deane in consultation on the case of Miss Winthrop," said Kendall, and he gave Deane's address, which Richards jotted down. "He is a recognized authority on diseases of the vocal chords and is widely known both here and abroad as the author of"—And he rattled off with perfect accuracy the titles of a half dozen of Deane's contributions to medical publications.

Deane observed, with alarm, that Richards was writing shorthand in his notebook.

"Now, as to this case of Miss Winthrop," continued Kendall. "It is a matter of considerable public interest, and I have her permission to speak freely. She has suffered an almost total loss of voice. This is the condition."

He proceeded to describe in popular language a condition of congestion and paralysis of the larynx, with spasm of the bronchial tube. He took a leaf from Richards' notebook and drew a diagram. Nothing that he said indicated to Deane's instructed mind that there was anything unusual in the case, except the failure of treatment to relieve it, but it was all so entertainingly expressed and with such a hearty, fatherly sympathy for the young woman in her affliction that Deane could not deny its merit as a good story.

At the close of the narrative Miss Winthrop and her patron arrived. Miss Winthrop was a quiet mannered, pretty girl, with dark, dreamy eyes and a singularly white skin, subject to peculiarly rapid and beautiful play of color in accord with her emotions. She was obviously consumed by anxiety as to her voice, and her eyes filled with tears when she tried to speak of it. Her "interview" was furnished by Mme. Sylvestre, and it was a gem of sparkling cleverness.

When Richards had gone Dr. Kendall devoted himself to his patient, with Deane as his colleague, but the younger physician speedily perceived a shifting of the responsibility to his own shoulders. The puzzle of the case lay in the cause of the trouble. Its history disclosed no reason for the affliction. Miss Winthrop was in perfect health except for the local condition, which seemed to be the result of some malign enchantment. Deane was expected to solve this riddle. He was put upon his metal.

"Well, my young friend," said Kendall when the patient and her patron had departed, "what do you think of the case?"

"I have seen a precisely similar condition," he replied, "resulting from extreme personal susceptibility to the perfume of certain flowers—in that case, white lilacs. The only thing that bothers me is that Miss Winthrop denies having been subjected to any such influence. And a singer of Mme. Sylvestre's experience must be well aware of the danger of perfumes. In a case of this kind she'd suspect flowers instantly if any were about. In fact, Miss Winthrop says that Mme. Sylvestre asked her at once about it, but up to that time, singularly enough, Miss Winthrop had never heard that odors were dangerous. At least she had never paid any attention to the matter."

"And you conclude?" said Kendall, smiling.

"Miss Winthrop does not impress me as perfectly frank," responded Deane. "If I could believe that there was a secret romance, that some suitor not favored by Mme. Sylvestre had sent flowers on the sly to Miss Winthrop, I'd feel that I was on safe ground. Flowers sent as a love token are pressed against the face; their perfume is inhaled deeply. That would account for the severity and persistence of this case."

Kendall rose and took Deane's hand warmly. Still holding it, he led Deane to a closet, which he opened. Upon a shelf was a cabinet pasteboard box. Kendall lifted the cover and disclosed a withered bouquet of violets.

"There's the little joker," he said.

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"But you told Mr. Richards that the case was very obscure?"

"That's all right," laughed Kendall. "I'm saving the violets for another story."

Miss Winthrop, and a romance between them was vaguely hinted.

Deane tore his hair when he read this article, but Miss Winthrop came to see him and laughed about it. Other people came to see him. They were patients, and their pockets were full of money.

And the publicity did not cease. It was cleverly kept going by Kendall. This was the veteran doctor's amiable revenge. He knew well enough why Deane had avoided him, and it was his pet joke to get the younger man's name into the papers. Reporters came to see Deane, and they were such good fellows that he couldn't turn them away. He was in the swim, and he couldn't get out of it.

Upon a certain day Miss Elsa Kendall and her father came to New York, and the girl was left to her own devices while the gentleman attended to some business. Elsa found her way to a certain address, and there she saw several carriages waiting before a door. So she walked around the block slowly until but one carriage remained. Then she ventured in.

She was escorted to a reception room, where she waited alone. In a drawing room adjoining voices were singing with heavenly sweetness—Sydney Deane's voice and Miss Winthrop's beyond a doubt. So the stories in the papers were true. He had fallen in love with this singer. Elsa charged it to her uncle, and she hated him.

It was useless to remain there. She would leave the house at once, and secretly. She stepped into the hall. The voices had now ceased. Suddenly the door of the drawing room opened, and Mme. Sylvestre and Miss Winthrop came out. Elsa shrank back into the reception room, but she had had one glimpse of the brilliant beauty of her rival, and her heart was sore in her breast.

Deane escorted his guests to their carriage and returned to meet a surprised patient. Still thrilling with the emotions which music had excited, the sudden sight of Elsa touched the inmost chord of feeling in his nature. Both were at high tension, a state unfavorable to the concealment of a sentimental secret. Neither was ever able to remember afterward a single intelligible fragment of their conversation; but, whatever it may have been, it quite sufficed.

"Thanks to that confounded uncle of yours," said Deane at last, "I'm getting along very nicely, really making money, hand over fist. If you can trust in my future"—

But Elsa was not thinking of the future. The present was enough for her. "Was it uncle who put all those stories in the papers?" she asked.

"He is responsible," answered Deane. "If I hadn't read them," said she, "I think I shouldn't be here today."

"So I owe him even that?" cried Deane. "The old rascal! Let's go and thank him."

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In the early days she fancied herself in love with him. Then she was his friend, adoring only his voice, and at last she came to despise him just a little as a weak man, fainical in his devotion to the proprietries and incapable of dealing with the world. Relentlessly she forced Deane into the battle. It was her energy that propelled him into the larger field. When he was gone she missed him very much and shed some tears.

In New York Deane made some very nice acquaintances among the doctors, but got no patients.

Deane's stock of money began to run low. His voice was earning him nothing except the admiration of his neighbors and of the wayfarers who paused outside his windows, but he felt that the day was at hand when he must sing for hire. This thought was a thorn in his flesh, and there was another that was even sharper. He had neglected one of Elsa's most urgent admonitions. Worse, he was deceiving her about it. "Look up my uncle, Dr. Kendall, the very first thing," she had said to him. "He will help you."

Deane had "looked him up," as the phrase is understood in New York, and had not been satisfied with the result.

To put it mildly, Dr. Kendall was a man who did not avoid notoriety. His name was constantly before the public. Interviews with Dr. Kendall if cut from the daily press and pasted end to end would reach to the planet Neptune and tie in a double bowknot. So said a doctor whom Deane ventured to interrogate upon the subject, and he added:

"Kendall is in good standing, of course, and he's an able man, probably one of the best men on the throat that we have, but he advertises himself out of all reason. He has a great

of only intimate friends and relatives. The house was beautifully decorated for the occasion, and at the conclusion of the ceremony, all sat down to a sumptuous dinner.

Mr. and Mrs. Endicott were the recipients of many valuable and useful presents, and left on the evening train for Port Hope and points east, where they will spend their honeymoon. Upon returning they will reside at Pleasant Point.

So city is greater than its character ideals.

The puzzle lay in the cause of the trouble. practice among singers and stage people and lecturers, and they yell his name from morning till night."

This was the last person in the world that Deane cared to know, but he was under bonds to call.

Dr. Kendall was one of those absolutely healthy men whose mere presence is a means of sanitation—strongly built and having the air of one who lives much out of doors. He greeted Deane cordially, spoke affectionately

tears to abandon his profession for the operatic stage. But Dr. Deane now had patients and was not looking for another occupation.

A week from the following Sunday a newspaper published an illustrated article upon the violet case. There was a picture of Dr. Deane singing with

"Let's go and thank him."

James Askey, who for several years had been a resident of Toronto, died March 22, in Denver, Colorado, of consumption. Mr. Askey was employed for a time as clerk in the Dominion Hotel, Renfrew, Ont., acted as waiter in Queen's Hotel, at Niagara on the Lake, and was born in Kilmount, Ont., twenty-six years ago.

## Obituary

JAMES ASKEY

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