

to put themselves in communication with the Professor. The result of it all was that about a month after these occurrences the proprietor of the Spitz Hotel, San Ritzma Bad, received a letter signed "Matilda Fortescue," ordering the best sitting-room that was vacant and two bedrooms, one for the lady herself and one for her maid. The winter season at this favourite resort for chest complaints was just commencing, and persons in all stages of consumption were eagerly flocking to it. However, Matilda Fortescue, nee Sartin, was just in time to secure one of the handsomest suites in the hotel; and by the time every nook and cranny are filled, behold her and her maid comfortably settled down in their new quarters.

Now Matilda, being a very handsome girl, and well educated to boot, was soon well known to all the gay people in the hotel. She danced and sang and tobogganed and flirted with such hearty good will and enjoyment that she soon became a universal favourite. The men vied with each other in appropriating her, and the women showed sufficient envy to satisfy a much more hardly-pleased damsel than Matilda. Indeed, she found herself enjoying life so amazingly that she was tempted to forget the business part of her expedition. She was, however, roused from her fool's paradise by a letter from her father, complaining that, although six weeks had elapsed since her departure, not a single application had been received for one of the guinea boxes of pills. Then she realised that she must set herself seriously to work to carry out the audacious scheme which she and her father had agreed upon. From that day her hitherto robust health appeared to flag. Constantly she complained to her partners that she was too tired to dance. She left her food untasted at the dinner-table, although it must be admitted she made up for this self-denial in the privacy of her own apartments. In fine, it began to be whispered about that the handsome Miss Fortescue was far from being as strong and healthy as her blooming appearance would lead people to suppose.

The inhabitants of the Spitz Hotel, therefore, were more or less prepared for the startling news, one morning about a week later, that the universal favourite was stricken down with a sudden pulmonary attack. The doctor who had been called in went about with a very grave face, and it got whispered abroad that, never in his large experience, had he witnessed so sudden and utter a collapse. After two or three days the symptoms became so alarming that he called in an eminent physician, who was wintering in the place, in consultation, and, as a result, informed Matilda's maid that Miss Fortescue's relations ought to be summoned. He confessed to one or two of his intimates that the case was most serious, and, he believed,

could have but one termination, and that in the near future. The gaiety of the hotel was eclipsed. The sensation caused by one so beautiful and, apparently healthy, being struck down in this terrible way, was profound; and when, at the end of a week, the doctors said that she was actually sinking, people moved about as if in a dream, hardly raising their melancholy voices above a whisper.

The next morning every one was prepared for the worst news; but on inquiry it was learnt that a sudden and most unaccountable improvement had taken place in the patient's condition; and, furthermore, the general astonishment may be imagined when a day or two later, Matilda, beaming, smiling, and beautifully healthy as ever, appeared in her ordinary place at table d'hôte. At first her friends hardly dared to approach her, and, when they did, they carefully avoided the subject of her illness. After a while, however, this shyness wore off, and congratulations poured upon her, and then was made known a wonderful and perplexing thing. She declared—and in this she was supported by the testimony of the doctors—that a day or two before she had been, to all appearance, in the extremity of death. That, when informed of her precarious state, the truth of which, indeed her own sensations confirmed, she had suddenly remembered that she had, before starting abroad, been attracted by a strange advertisement of a new and marvellous remedy for consumption. That she had, at the time, in an inspired moment, purchased a box of these pills for the amazing price of one guinea. That in despair, she had, according to the directions on the box, bidden her maid administer six to her, at intervals of one hour, and that, as a result, she had risen within forty-eight hours with every symptom gone, and not a trace of weakness left by her apparently exhausting attack.

The effect upon the phthisical population of San Ritzma Bad may be imagined. Every one clamoured for the address of the inventor of this marvellous remedy, and two days after Bellerophon Sartin received fifty orders for pills, varying from one box to half-a-dozen. With each box he sent half-a-dozen handbills in the following terms, printed on rainbow-hued papers:—

SARTIN'S ANTI-TUBERCLE!!!

Query—Is consumption curable?

Answer—Yes.

TRY SARTIN'S ANTI-TUBERCLE PILLS.

ONE GUINEA A BOX.

These naturally, were soon broadcast and with them the story of Miss Fortescue's wonderful recovery. The result was, that, by the end of the month Bellerophon Sartin had sold over two thousand boxes of this harmless pill at a profit of at least £1,950.

Having thus successfully opened the cam-

paign, Matilda thought it wiser to seek fresh fields and pastures new, especially as there had been more than one very evident failure in the efficacy of the remedy which she had been the innocent cause of advertising. Packing up her traps, therefore, she and her maid started off to that group of islands in the South Pacific, called the Sherry Isles, to which every year thousands of consumptive patients are sent by the most eminent physicians. Here the very same programme was gone through, and with even greater results, so that Bellerophon had his work cut out to keep pace with the orders which arrived by every mail. He wrote to Matilda that he had opened an account at the leading bank, and that, finding it necessary to give up the whole of his house to the manufacture of the pills, he had taken another in the best part of the town; that they now employed two maids; and that he always went about in a silk hat on week-days.

This was, of course, all very gratifying to his adventurous daughter, and she was encouraged to continue her exploits on the French littoral—indeed, wherever the fiend tuberculosis collect its innumerable victims. At the end of six months her father wrote, that such had been his success that he thought she might very well rest from her labours, and come home and taste the pleasures of a handsome competence; especially as, although the great boom in the pills had died away, there was still a sufficient demand to keep his factory comfortably employed.

Matilda's home-coming may be better imagined than described. Here had she in one bound lifted her beloved parents (and herself) above the sordid miseries of respectability on three hundred a year to the enjoyment of comparative wealth. She had left her father six months ago an obscure chemist, living above his shop. She found him a prominent burgess, living in a handsome suburban villa. Miss Matilda Sartin was a proud girl that day as she stepped into the comfortable hall and found herself in her father's embrace. Nor was she in her moment of triumph forgetful of the faithful companion, Miss Annie Magnot, her pseudo-lady's-maid, to whom she and her father owed so much; and that evening, as they sat round the fire, she detailed with what faithfulness and care she had carried out her part of the bargain, never forgetting for one moment, in the presence of others, to sink the hypnotist in the abigail.

Now Miss Annie Magnot was highly flattered at the manner in which her attentions had been appreciated, and, seeing the impression that she had made, not only upon her subject—Miss Fortescue—but on her clearer-headed parents, she thought it would be foolish if she did not avail herself of the opportunity, which was thus presented to her, of getting Mr.