

When we first meet the hero he is riding from London to Bath. He had ridden long—for to a light purse every unnecessary halt is an extravagance. He had ridden hungry since noon for the same reason. . . . But none of these considerations was responsible for the melancholy that shadowed his soul. The truth was, Tim had fallen very low in his own estimation—lower than he had fallen in his fortunes—at the bidding of the uncle to whom he owed much. He was about to ask in marriage the hand of an heiress whom he had never seen, but who, in those days of arranged marriages, would be very likely to take him.

It was a moonlight night, and to the great Diana Tim Curtis made his complaint: "To live year in, year out, untouched by romance, and unhallowed by devotion—it was the existence of a cow!"

A broken-down coach, two unprotected ladies in distress by the wayside, and Tim's luck on a sudden is changed. "Thank you, Diana," he thinks, whimsically, "a monstrous promising beginning."

He then and there falls in love with the younger lady, at which, as the story progresses, one is not surprised, for she becomes the toast of Bath. Tim sees them to an inn, and there they all lodge the night. As it happens he is a personal friend of the elder lady's husband—Sir Tracy Wimbourne—but whereas Sir Tracy is a Jacobite, Curtis is a Whig. In connection with this fact a most unpleasant incident occurs that night at the inn. Some Jacobite papers that Lady Wimbourne is carrying for her husband disappear; she makes the discovery when they meet, and circumstances point most uncomfortably to Tim Curtis as the thief. Bath at the moment is being made the centre of a great Jacobite plot, and those papers hold the names of the chief conspirators. Here is a fine imbroglio for Tim Curtis, who, to his bewilderment, finds himself put down from a position of prime favourite into one of very serious disgrace. He is believed to be a Whig spy. It is useless for him to deny the accusation. He can produce no incriminating papers at command; his word goes for nothing when he declares he has not got them. He is challenged to a duel by Tracy, his dearest friend, and further contempt is poured upon him because, for a very valid, but necessarily private, reason, he refuses to fight. One dishonour after another is heaped upon him in a chain of the most cleverly-forced circumstances, and since his enemies cannot coerce him in a fair way they resort to strategy, meaning at first to trap him merely, but eventually with a deadlier purpose, as they believe him to be more dangerous.

All this time there is one thrust that touches him deeper than any other. Celia, the girl with whom he falls deeper and deeper in love, suspects him too. She has known him but a matter of days—those whom she has known all her life swear to her they have proofs of his baseness.

There is humour, pathos, strength, and grace in this story of courtly days. Moreover, it is exceedingly clever. The mystery of the lost papers, Tim's hair-breadth escapes, which are never extravagantly brought about, and the handling of the many life-like characters are all skillful. Truly a delightful book!

E. L. H.

OPTIMISM.

There was never a sunbeam lost, and never a drop of rain;
There was never a carol sweet, that was sung, and sung in vain;
There was never a noble thought, but through endless years it lives;
And never a blacksmith's blow, but an endless use it gives.

There was never a child's full laugh, or a woman's cheerful word,
That did not exalt the state where its tones were felt and heard.
Know then that it still holds true from the skies to the humblest soil,
That there is no wasted love and there is no wasted toil!

MARGUERITE OGDEN BIGELOW in the *Munsey*.

COMING EVENTS.

March 27th.—Women's Union for Social Service. "At Home" at the People's Hall, Chalton Street, Euston Road, when "The School for Mothers" will be on view. 3.30 to 5.30 p.m.

March 28th.—Irish Nurses' Association. Lecture by T. J. Haslam, Esq., on "Women's Suffrage—Objections considered." 7.30 p.m.

March 30th.—Miller Memorial Hospital, Greenwich. Lectures to Nurses. Anatomy. Mr. J. Poland. 8 p.m.

March 31st.—Royal Ear Hospital, Dean Street, Soho. Lecture to Nurses on "Nasal Operations" by Mr. Macleod Yearsley, F.R.C.S. 4.30 p.m.

March 31st.—Infants' Hospital, Vincent Square, S.W. Lecture by Dr. T. N. Kelynack on "The Effects of Infant Malnutrition as Found in School Children." 5 p.m.

April 1st and 2nd.—United Kingdom Hospitals Conference, Botanic Theatre, University College, London, Wednesday, 2–6 p.m. Thursday, 10.30 a.m., 1 p.m., and 2 p.m. until completion of business.

April 2nd.—Lecture under the auspices of the Child Study Society, on "The Mechanism of Speech and Stammering," by Dr. M. Friedeberger. Chairman, Mr. Macleod Yearsley, F.R.C.S. Parkes Museum, Margaret Street, W. 8 p.m.

April 2nd and 3rd.—Conference on Employment for Educated Women at Caxton Hall, Westminster, S.W. Thursday, 3 p.m. Friday, 3 p.m., and 8 p.m.

April 10th.—Meeting of the Executive Committee of the Society for State Registration of Nurses, 431, Oxford Street, 4 p.m.

A WORD FOR THE WEEK.

In life's small things, be resolute and great
To keep thy muscle trained: know'st thou when
Fate

Thy measure takes, or when she'll say to thee,
I find thee worthy; do this deed for me?

LOWELL.

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