

of 'Enery's attempts to make himself agreeable to her, encouraged as he was to this by nods, winks, and smiles from his mother.

The boom of the dinner gong was therefore a welcome sound to them, and evidently so to Mrs. Bridgman, who owed to feeling a 'sinking' at her chest.

'For what stay is a couple of pork pies as we brought from home and ate in the train,' she said, 'though we did wash 'im down with a little half and half, which 'Enery had put in a bottle and brought with 'im.'

The Colonel did not come down till they had entered the dining-room, so Mrs. Dalmayne again performed the office of cicerone.

They were soon seated at table, and the butler advanced to uncover the soup tureen. As he did so, he accidentally touched Mrs. Bridgman's chair. In a moment that lady was on her feet, and she made a deep curtsy to the stolid functionary.

'I 'ope I aint taking your chair, sir,' she said politely.

The butler did not deign to reply, but the footman retired hastily, as if suddenly overcome.

With the soup Mrs. Bridgman became conversational, and began to assume an attitude of great cheerfulness.

'Thank you, young man,' she said, when a servant proffered sherry, 'I'll just have a bitter, or a glass of porter. You see, she continued, addressing the hostess, 'I've had a very tiring journey, and my 'it was 'ot. There was one young lady in the kerriage. You needn't blush, 'Enery, I won't tell no tales. She had brought some cold tea, which I don't know what I should 'ave done without, the pies 'avin' been that salt. Yours is a very good brew, Colonel,' remarked Mrs. Bridgman, after a few minutes' silence, as she handed her second glass of 'bitter.' 'It's just what my poor, dear 'usband would have liked, poor man; he was a connysoor,' and she gave a profound sigh.

The Colonel merely bowed in response to her remark, but Mrs. Dalmayne thought this a good opportunity to learn something of the dear departed.

'Did you live in London when Mr. Bridgman was alive?' queried she.

'Well, ma'am, not exactly in London. We had a pretty rural little willa 'Ackney way, but dear Benjamin, my 'u-band had to go to London every day. You see, ma'am, my Benjamin was in the public line, and so had to go to business daily.'

'At the bar, was he not?' enquired her hostess.

'Well, he was, and he wasn't, if you can understand,' replied Mrs. Bridgman. 'He was attached to the 'Orse and 'Ounds, but was not exactly the proprietor. However he earned a tidy bit, his services being often required. 'Enery would have followed the same profession, but wasn't strong enough.'

'By calling he was a chucker bout,' continued the widow after a short pause, 'that is ma'am,' she said as she saw a puzzled look on Mrs. Dalmayne's face, 'he had to clear the house at closing time of any who was inclined to give trouble.'

Dinner was at length over and the dessert graced the board, to which Mrs. Bridgman and her son did full justice.

The sight of a pine apple again loosened her tongue, it reminding her, as she told Mrs. Dalmayne, of her soldier son.

'He is now in Hinda, ma'am,' said she, 'and I'll be bound he has those things for the mere picking of 'em up. He's a good son he is. He's promised me a Hindian shawl, such as her Majesty gives away, you know, ma'am, and he says he'll bring 'Enry 'ome a Nookah, but it wouldn't be much good to him as he doesn't smoke. But I'm proud of Sam, she continued, 'he's earned his stripes, and he always was a steady lad.'

'You've a third son, have you not?' enquired Mrs. Dalmayne.

'Yes, indeed I have,' replied Mrs. Bridgman with evident pride, 'and a fine chap he is; he drives a hngine belonging to the Great Western Railway Company, which has a wife and twins.'

Mrs. Dalmayne's signal to rise was a great relief to Mr. Dalmayne, who was very glad when he found himself alone, 'Enry having left the room with the ladies.

When they were all in the drawing-room and the coffee was brought in the room Mrs. Bridgman declined to partake of it.

'Hoping you'll excuse me, ma'am, it always gives me congested spasms,' she said, 'but if I might arst just a little somethin', to which I've always been accustomed, when I go to bed, I shall be obliged.'

'Oh, certainly,' replied Mrs. Dalmayne, 'and I hope you will not sit up longer than you like, you must, I am sure, be tired after your journey.'

'Thank you kindly, I think we will retire. And, as we are both 'evy sleepers, perhaps one of your obliging young men, who was so attentive to me at dinner will rap us up in the morning.'

After saying this Mrs. Bridgman gave one of her courtly courtesies and withdrew. But just as Mrs. Dalmayne was telling her daughter to let the Colonel know that their visitors had retired (as she knew he was absenting himself on their account) Mrs. Bridgman again appeared.

'Only just to say, ma'am, that as you are so very kind, will you please, biff its the same to you, let the little somethin' begin, and "Hold Tom" if handy,' and she again disappeared, this time for good.

That evening Colonel and Mrs. Dalmayne had a long chat. Both decided that it would be impossible to endure their company even for another day, and as Mrs. Bridgman did not evince any signs of a sensitive nature, they felt sure that an end to the visit could be easily arranged; with a substantial cheque to act as a panacea to any wound to their self-love. That Celia was ignorant of the kind of people she had persuaded them to invite was certain, so she must have been deceived in some way or other. At any rate, they could have no scruples in sending them away.

A letter was, therefore, written to be sent to Mrs. Bridgman next morning with her early cup of tea, to which the Colonel mischievously suggested a 'little something' being added so as to

strengthen the lady's nerves before reading the missive. The letter was as follows.

Colonel and Mrs. Dalmayne hope that Mrs. Bridgman and her son will not be inconvenienced by a change of arrangements, but they find that they require the rooms now occupied by them for other visitors. However, as they fear these altered plans may be the occasion of some expense, they trust that Mrs. Bridgman will accept the enclosed cheque, which they hope will also enable them to go to some other watering place, and they would suggest a more bracing one, as probably likely to prove more beneficial to Mr. Henry Bridgman. The carriage will be in readiness to take them to the station at any time after breakfast for which Mrs. Bridgman may order it.

The 'more bracing watering place' was suggested by Colonel Dalmayne to get them out of the neighbourhood, fearing that if they remained within easy reach of Dalmayne Lodge they might retain their host and hostess on their visiting list.

Next morning upon coming down to breakfast Mrs. Bridgman was profuse in her thanks with regard to the cheque.

'I thank you very much, ma'am,' she said, 'and your good gentleman, too, to whom please give my respects as I don't see him here, and I quite think with you, ma'am, as to the hair, Devonshire is henerivating, and I should certainly prefer Margate, and, if you'll forgive me saying it, younger and more cheerful society—not but what your young Miss is young and merry enough, I must say, and my 'Enery will feel leaving her, I know; he's very susceptible and seldom 'art 'ole. However,' she continued after a pause, 'your reasons is enough—your visitors—and of course we must make way for older friends.'

Both Mrs. Bridgman and her son did ample justice to the breakfast, and the former expressed her desire for the carriage at twelve o'clock. At that hour they were equipped for departure, and Mrs. Dalmayne accompanied her visitors to the hall door, and it may be imagined with what pleasure she did so.

Celia's part in the transaction had to be accounted for, and after some inquiry all was made clear, much as it may be imagined, to that charitable lady's annoyance.

Mrs. Bridgman, who was naturally of a soaring nature, had mentioned to the secretary of the 'Society for the Provision of Garments for the Indigent' that her great maternal ambition was to see 'Enery moving in the society which by his natural accomplishments and charms he was eminently fitted to grace. She had added that any institution which could procure for her the attainment of her long-cherished object would be presented with a special large consignment of cast-off clothes.

The secretary had brooded over this remark, and it had occurred to her that dear, good-natured Miss Celia Wharton would be a fitting agent to help the society to win the prize, being well connected and so kind-hearted. She had therefore broached the subject to that lady, dwelling chiefly on 'Enery's delicacy, with his need for change of air, and the charity of the poor widow in presenting her mite of disused clothing (not referring to the bribe). She had found Celia immediately and irresponsibly sympathetic, hence the disastrous visit to Dalmayne Lodge.—*Catholic Fireside*.

The Catholic World.

ENGLAND.—Death of a Prominent London Catholic.—

It is with deep regret (says the *London Tablet*) that we have to record the death of Mr. B. F. C. Costelloe, L.C.C., M.L.S.B., which occurred on December 22. He was a man whose variety of interests led him into many activities, the chief of which perhaps was his strenuous and devoted work for the Church of his affection. His earnestness and eloquence in placing old truths in a new light and in urging his conclusions on social subjects will be sorely missed. 'In the prime of life (says the *Daily Chronicle*), when he was beginning to make his mark, Mr. Costelloe died. He will be sorely missed by London Liberals, for he was the warm friend of all progressive causes. Members of the Catholic Church and those who belong to the most advanced schools of philosophy will join in regretting his loss, as he united a loyal devotion to that Church to wide and peculiarly keen sympathies with all movements of modern thought. A convinced and stalwart Progressive, he fought with extraordinary vigour many a plucky fight for the cause of good government, and although for some years he has felt the strain of his arduous labours, his energy was unrelenting. His last great effort was his valuable speech at the London school Board only a week or two ago on the under-fed scholars question. Benjamin Francis Conn Costelloe, son of Martin R. Costelloe, a Board of Trade surveyor at Glasgow, was born on April 15, 1855. He married Mary Whitall, daughter of Mr. Robert Pearsall Smith, of Philadelphia, U.S.A., in 1885, and he leaves two daughters. In his day he was one of the most distinguished students of the University of Glasgow. He took his degree in 1875 with high honours in philosophy and with honours also in classics. After his course at that University he went to Balliol College, Oxford, and there he also took a prominent position. He was a favourite pupil of Jowett, who once described him as 'the most distinguished student of his year at Balliol.'

Death of Lady Mostyn—The death is reported of the Hon. Lady Mostyn, which took place at her residence, Haunton Hall, Tamworth, on the evening of Christmas Day. She was the widow of Sir Piers Mostyn, eighth baronet of Talacre, Flintshire, and daughter of Lord Lovat, fourteenth Baron of Beaufort Castle, Inverness-shire. She leaves behind her nine children to mourn their loss. The eldest son is the present baronet; another is the Bishop of Menavia.