

steals forth, *endimanchée* and expectant, fails for an hour or two to catch a glimpse of her beloved. She is beginning to be sadly bored by the society of her present three, four, or five admirers, when suddenly she sees the beloved approaching. Then she brightens, and becomes quite sparklingly animated. And when her Ideal draws near, twirling a licorice cane—I insist upon having her Ideal twirl a licorice cane—she receives him with an air of the most unconcerned indifference. It is exquisite to observe the calm, careless way in which she asks him “....

“Pardon me,” interrupted Kindelon, with a short and almost brusque tone, “but is not this gentleman coming towards us your cousin?”

“My cousin?” faltered Pauline.

“Yes—Mr. Courtlandt Beekman.”

Pauline did not answer, for she had already caught sight of Courtlandt, advancing in her own direction from that of the South Ferry, which she and Kindelon were now rather near. She stopped abruptly in her walk, and perceptibly coloured.

A moment afterward Courtlandt saw both herself and her escort. He showed great surprise, and then quickly conquered it. As he came forward, Pauline gave a shrill, nervous laugh. “I suppose you feel like asking me what on earth I am doing here,” she said, in by no means her natural voice, and with a good deal of fluttered insecurity about her demeanour.

“I shouldn’t think that necessary,” replied Courtlandt. His sallow face had not quite its usual hue, but nothing could be steadier than the cool light of his eye. “It’s very evident that you are taking a stroll with Mr. Kindelon.” He then extended his hand, cased in a yellow dogskin glove, to Kindelon. “How are you?” he said to the man whom he entirely disliked, in a tone of neutral civility.

“Very well, this pleasant day,” returned Kindelon, jovially imperturbable. “And you, Mr. Beekman?”

“Quite well, thanks.” He spoke as if he were stating a series of brief commercial facts. “I had some business with a man over in Brooklyn, and took this way back to my office, which is only a street or two beyond.” He turned toward the brilliant expanse of the bay, lifting a big silver-knobbed stick which he carried, waving it right and left. “Very nice down here, isn’t it?” he went on. His look now dwelt in the most casual way upon Pauline. “Well, I must be off,” he continued. “I’ve a lot of business to-day.”

He had passed them, when Pauline, turning, said composedly but sharply:

“Can’t I take you to your office, Court?”

“Thanks, no. I won’t trouble you. It’s just a step from here.” He lifted his hat—an act which he had already performed a second or so previously—and walked onward. He had not betrayed the least sign of annoyance all through this transient and peculiarly awkward interview. He had been precisely the same serene, quiescent, demure Courtlandt as of old.

Pauline stood for some little time watching him as he gradually disappeared. When the curve near Castle Garden hid him, she gave an impatient, irritated sigh.

“You seem vexed,” said Kindelon, who had been intently though furtively regarding her.

“I am vexed,” she murmured. Her increased colour was still a deep rose.

“Is there anything very horrible in walking for a little while on the Battery?” he questioned.

She gave a broken laugh. “Yes,” she answered. “I’m afraid there is.”

Kindelon shrugged his shoulders. “But surely you are your own mistress?”

“Rather too much so,” she said, with lowered eyes. “At least that is what people will say, I suppose.”

“I thought you were above idle and aimless comments.”

“Let us go back to the carriage.”

“By all means, if you prefer it.”

They reversed their course, and moved along for some time in silence.

“I think you must understand,” Pauline suddenly said, lifting her eyes to Kindelon’s face.

“I understand,” he replied, with hurt seriousness, “that I was having one of the pleasantest hours I have ever spent until that man accosted us like a grim fate.”

“You must not call my cousin Courtlandt ‘that man.’ I don’t like it.”

“I am sorry,” he said, curtly, and a little doggedly. “I might have spoken more ill of him, but I didn’t.”

Pauline was biting her lips. “You have no right to speak ill of him,” she retorted. “He is my cousin.”

“That is just the reason why I held my tongue.”

“You don’t like him, then?”

“I do not.”

“I can readily comprehend it.”

Kindelon’s light-blue eyes fired a little under their black lashes. “You say that in a way I do not understand,” he answered.

“You and Courtlandt are of a different world.”

“I am not a combination of a fop and a parson, if you mean that.”

“Pauline felt herself grow pale with anger, as she shot a look up into her companion’s face.

“You would not dare say that to my cousin himself,” she exclaimed, defiantly, “though you dare say it to me!”

Kindelon had grown quite pale. His voice trembled as he replied. “I dare do almost anything that needs the courage of a man,” he said. “I thought you knew me well enough to be sure of this.”

“Our acquaintance is a recent one,” responded Pauline. She felt nearly certain that she had shot a wounding shaft in those few words, but she

chose to keep her eyes averted and not see whether wrath or pain had followed its delivery.

“A long silence followed. They had nearly reached her carriage when Kindelon spoke.

“You are in love with your cousin,” he said.

She threw back her head, laughing ironically. “What a seer you are!” she exclaimed. “How did you guess that?”

“Ah,” he answered her, with a melancholy gravity, “you will not deny it.”

She repeated her laugh, though it rang less bitterly than before. She had expected him to meet her irony in a much more rebellious spirit.

“I don’t like to have my blood-relations abused in my hearing, she said. “I am in love with all of them, that way, if that is the way you mean.”

“That is not the way I mean.”

They were now but a few yards from the waiting carriage. The footman, seeing them, descended from his box, and stood beside the opened door.

“I shall not return with you,” continued Kindelon, “since I perceive you do not wish my company longer. But I offer you my apologies for having spoken disparagingly of your cousin. I was wrong, and I beg your pardon.”

With the last word he extended his hand. Pauline took it.

“I have not said that I did not wish your company,” she answered, “but if you choose to infer so, it is your own affair.”

“I do infer so, and I infer more. It is best that I—I should not see you often, like this. There is a great difference between you and me. That cousin of yours hated me at sight. Your aunt, Mrs. Poughkeepsie, hated me at sight as well. Perhaps their worldly wisdom was by no means to blame, either. Oh, I understand more than you imagine!”

There was not only real grief in Kindelon’s voice, but an under-throb of real passion as well.

“Understand?” Pauline murmured. “What do you understand?”

“That you are as staunch and loyal as ever to your old traditions. That this idea of change, of amelioration, of casting aside your so-called patrician bondage, has only the meaning of a dainty gentlewoman’s dainty caprice. . . that—”

His voice broke. It almost seemed to her as if his large frame was shaken by some visible tremor. She had no thought of being angry at him now.

She pitied him, and yet with an irresistible impulse her thought flew to Cora Dares, the sweet-faced young painter, and what she herself had of late grown to surmise, to suspect. A sort of involuntary triumph blent itself with her pity, on this account.

She spoke in a kind voice, but also in a firm one. She slightly waved her hand toward the adjacent carriage. “Will you accompany me, then?” she asked.

He looked at her fixedly for an instant. Then he shook his head. “No,” he answered. “Good-bye.” He lifted his hat, and walked swiftly away.

She had seen his eyes just before he went. Their look haunted her. She entered the carriage, and was driven up-town. She told herself that he had behaved very badly to her. But she did not really think this. She was inwardly thrilled by a strange, new pleasure, and she had shed many tears before reaching home.

(To be Continued.)

## A SUPPRESSED BOOK.

A PAMPHLET on “Berlin Society” was recently issued in Germany which was so malicious and slanderously indecent—which contained such outrageous attacks upon the Royal family and prominent Berliners—that the German and French Governments united in suppressing it. Seeing that the brochure is accessible in other countries, and that its very extravagances minimized its power for evil, people wonder that it was thought needful to further advertise it by an impotent suppression. Enough truth underlies the malicious statements made to give vim to what would otherwise be beneath notice. The author is said to be a Frenchman who had been engaged as reader to the Empress Augusta—a man so lost to decency as to slander the benefactors whose salt he had eaten. It will be necessary to remember the vitiated source from which these cynical abuses come, in perusing the following more moderate cuttings from the pamphlet which for a few days so exercised the Royal family and the *haut ton* of Berlin. The stronger passages are unfit for the eyes of ladies and gentlemen:—

### THE EMPEROR WILLIAM.

The Emperor William is, without contradiction, among his people the most popular prince living. Without having remarkable intelligence, he possesses a talent for discovering people who may become useful to him, and pushes them forward. He has no vanity, disappears at the right moment, keeps in the background behind his Chancellor, and whatever he may suffer from the imperious will of the latter, he has too much dignity to let the world behold it. He is brutally ambitious, through a sentiment of covetousness; morally he has the same appetite as physically; he would always have more than he already possesses; and even to this day he cannot console himself in thinking that he did not take Saxony in 1866. He busies himself about the Government more than anybody suspects; when it is something that concerns himself, he is stubborn and persistent in the determination to triumph; in any other event he leaves everything to others. The army has in him a stout champion, and it is the only thing which he has not permitted Bismarck to meddle with. He has never