

dawned bright and clear, and the Hensch family was only one amongst the many who gathered at Alkmaar station. There stood Mynheer Jansen, with his usual good-humoured smile, and armed with a monster horn-handled bottle-green umbrella.

"Observe, mein Jungfröu Anna, that I take my family motto for my guide, '*In omnia paratus*' am I."

Jungfröu Anna's answer was merely a disdainful glance as she flitted by, but her coldness was amply atoned for by the effusion of Mevrouw Hensch's greetings; for she naturally favoured the well-to-do suitor.

Happily the journey to Leyden is a short one, and conspicuous amongst the crowd of students who had come to meet their friends was Cousin Adriaen. Here indeed was an escort to be proud of, and homely Mynheer Willem, in his sober brown suit, might retire to his proper place, i.e., the background.

Tall and well built, Adriaen Dorrepaal carried off his rich cavalier costume with easy grace and managed to walk without tripping over his long sword, and to lift his feet as if his huge tan-coloured jack-boots were made of leather and not of cast-iron, in which he was happier than most of his comrades.

"Exit Adriaen Dorrepaal and enter Jonkheer Hendrick van der Rijt, Ridder," exclaimed he gaily.

"Oh, Adriaen, you ought to be Prince Maurits," cried Anna in delight.

"Why did you bring that Jansen fellow?" returned he discontentedly.

"Where there is honey, there will be bees," quoted she demurely.

Then for the first time the glories of her attire burst upon him, and he recoiled aghast. Alas for Anna.

"You set my teeth on edge," he said with the frank incivility of a relation.

Tears of mortification flooded poor Anna's blue eyes.

"It must be nice," she retorted indignantly. "I copied it from an English fashion paper Jacoba sent me from London."

"English, oh, the English have no taste," quoth Adriaen airily.

And certainly the mixture of glaring colours, outraging all pre-conceived notions of good taste—with which we were pleased to adorn ourselves in 1890—justly deserved Jonkheer Hendrick van der Rijt's censures.

"Don't be vexed, my love, Adriaen is foolish," interposed her mother. "He is jealous because your dress is as gay as his; what do you say, Herr Jansen?"

Mynheer Willem was strongly tempted to console the weeping Anna at any cost, but, too honest to prevaricate, remained silent.

"Well, never mind," cried Adriaen good-humouredly, "you look as pretty as possible. Anna, and we must hurry or the Prince will arrive before we reach the Groote Ruine," and off they drove.

Few can visit Leyden unmoved, teeming as it does with memories of its sturdy citizens who fought so gallant and apparently hopeless a fight for faith and freedom against the brutal Alva.

For nearly a year the desperate and starving people, under the noble Burgomaster, Van der Werff, held their town against the Spaniards; as a reward for their heroism, so say the local historians, William of Orange founded the university.

Let those who wish to know of the famous siege read Motley's *Rise of the Dutch Republic*.

In the Brudestraat stands the picturesque Stadhuys, and over one of the doors are the words—"When the black famine had brought to the death nearly six thousand persons, then God the Lord repented of it and gave us bread again as much as we could wish." This, of course, refers to the siege.

But little recked Anna of these matters as she drove through the gaily-decorated streets—the sky well-nigh invisible for the flags and banners waving from roof and window—to the gardens where Prince Maurits held his reception, and which were appropriately adorned with a monument to the noble Burgomaster Van der Werff, mainstay of the burghers during the siege.

The gardens were thronged with gaily-dressed people, and presently the gates were thrown open; the soldiers on guard presented arms, and Prince Maurits dashed up in a splendid carriage with four grey horses; the hammercloth bore the royal arms; the footmen standing behind, and the coachman wore gorgeous liveries of orange and black, the colours of the House of Orange; and the Prince himself, a slight pale youth, was dressed in a magnificent costume of the same colours; his body-guard of four followed in another carriage in most quaint and becoming garb of green and white.

Escorted by the handsome Jonkheer van der Rijt in his rich dress of mauve and silver, Anna's cup of happiness seemed full, but alas, even Eden had its serpent.

Adriaen soon discovered the general amusement occasioned by her *outré* appearance.

"What a peacock!" scornfully observed one damsel in all the sweet simplicity of white.

"Quite a *rara avis*," said the student at her side.

"It is to be hoped so, certainly," retorted she acidly, secretly envying Anna's sunny golden hair.

"Rain, eh!" remarked an old professor, adjusting his spectacles. "I have not felt any, but I perceive that one end of the rainbow still lingers on earth."

These, and similar remarks were veritable torture to Adriaen, who, like most vain people, was extremely sensitive to ridicule, and but for his miserable shamefacedness, Anna would probably have remained blissfully unconscious of what was passing; once awakened, however, her one idea was instant flight.

"You want to go home because people are laughing at your dress! Nonsense, my love," cried Mevrouw Hensch loudly in answer to Anna's whispered entreaty. "Your dress is lovely and quite the smartest here."

Poor Adriaen, he positively shivered at the amusement this speech provoked.

"My dear, dear aunt, do remember that you are not calling the cattle on the polder!" he exclaimed in desperation, and then he really could stand no more and slipped quietly away.

The ridicule which scared the gallant Ridder away had quite the opposite effect on Mynheer Willem, and brought him, highly indignant, to Anna's side; indignant at the cruelly-expressed amusement of strangers; and still more indignant at his rival's faint-hearted desertion, whereat, had he been a more worldly-wise lover, he would have rejoiced.

But kindly Mynheer Willem thought only of Anna's distress, as, covered with confusion, she now shunned attention as eagerly as she had formerly courted it; and throughout the afternoon, since Mevrouw Hensch could not be persuaded to retire, he remained with them, and Anna even forgot that he carried his bottle-green umbrella.

About five o'clock the strains of Gandeamus were heard; the guard presented arms, Prince Maurits and his body-guard drove off to dinner, his guests speedily following his example; to assemble again a little later on in the streets with thousands of other spectators, to witness the grand procession which paraded the town.

The rich and varied coloured costumes of the actors in the pageant, the gaily caparisoned

horses and magnificent carriages, combined to make a splendid and effective spectacle, of which every detail had been so thoroughly studied, the figures might have walked out of one of Franz Hal's immortal canvases, so true to life were they.

There, too, were the quaintly accoutred halberdiers, and the pikemen trailing their long weapons, there were the artillery with their antiquated guns which provoked smiles from the nineteenth century soldiers; nevertheless it was this part of the procession which stirred the hearts of the patriotic spectators with proud memories of their forefathers, those war-worn scarred old warriors who fought so stubbornly for their rights.

"These shall On history's honest page be pictured bright To latest times."

The day's festivities ended with fireworks in the Groote Ruine gardens.

Darkness, like charity, covers a multitude of sins, and Anna's unfortunate dress being no longer noticeable; Adriaen ventured to rejoin her and soon managed to draw her away from her party on the pretext of seeing the display better elsewhere; the fireworks were being hurried on by reason of the dark lowering clouds which threatened a storm ere long.

"Anna," said Adriaen eagerly, when they were out of earshot, "would you mind living at Java? about Christmas, you know, when my time is up here; I think of going out to try my luck; I have just had a splendid offer to take a partnership in a business."

"Won't that need a great deal of money?" asked she dubiously.

"Of course, of course, I shall borrow it to start with," answered he easily. "Never fear, we shall get on famously—yes, we," he repeated, seizing her hand. "Why, Anna, you won't throw me over now, surely; without you, dear little cousin, I should be as a ship without a rudder."

He had taken off his plumed hat, and the light fell full on his flushed, handsome young face, his dark eyes sparkling with eagerness, a bonny well-favoured wooer was he.

Anna looked at him with affectionate pride; she was fond of this scapegrace cousin, and had he spoken but a few hours earlier, probably her answer would have been a different one.

"No one wishes you success more than I do, Adriaen dear, but I cannot go with you," she answered very low, for her poor little heart was beating fast. "Until to-day I thought you loved me, really loved me; but it was all a mistake—you think more of others than you do of me, or you would never have left me this afternoon."

"You surely won't refuse me for such a trifle as that," cried Adriaen hotly.

"It was not a trifle to me," she answered quickly, "and you were ungenerous, unkind to desert me—you might treat me so again; how can I trust you?"

How could she trust him? The gentle reproach annoyed him, though he made no effort to justify himself. Poor Anna burst into tears, and her tears effected what her reproaches had failed to do; for once in a way Adriaen was genuinely ashamed of himself, though enough of the old Adam remained to make him exclaim in horror—

"For pity's sake, my dear girl, don't cry, some one might see you. There, then, I cry *peccavi*, and you are right not to trust such a weak idiot as I am; but, little cousin, don't be too hard on me; just wait till I get out to Java, and see how I'll work to make you a home; give me another chance and don't say no now, dearest Anna."

Very winning was his almost boyishly simple pleading, and Anna hesitated a moment, and