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Daily Appeal.

ALMWICK COTTAGE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ARLY."

A blazing hot day in August. More especially hot it felt at the railway station of Dorford, a quiet country village, far at some small distance, with neat tree yard but little pretenders about it of the usual bar glare. The two o'clock train came puffing up, stopped, deposited a few passengers and a good deal of baggage, and went screaming and puffing on again.

Nearly all who had alighted were of one party, Mr. and Mrs. Yorke, their two young children, and some servants. She was young and beautiful, but of cold, apathetic manner. Her husband was older, but a fast-looking man, but his expression of face was sufficiently when, particularly in laughing, the whole of his teeth were displayed large, regular teeth, so white that they almost glittered.

From the long incidental to English men, of temporary change, of new scenes, Mr. Yorke, a man of good fortune, had quitted his comfortable residence in a "shilling box" in another country. All he knew of "Alnwick Cottage," he knew through an advertisement, except that it nearly by two or three letters from Mr. Maskell, who had the charge of letting it, furnished. Excellent fishing and shooting were promised, and Mr. Yorke had taken it for six months. It stood nearly a mile beyond the village.

On the afternoon of his arrival, Mr. Yorke strolled out to have a look at the locality. He was a haughty man, and did not feel pleased that Mr. Maskell had omitted to receive him. When he reached Oford, one of the fractious he saw was Mr. Maskell's, as the cottage announced, "Mr. Maskell, Lawyer and Conveyancer." He rang, and was admitted.

"I am so sorry not to have met you at the station," began Mr. Maskell, when he learnt who his visitor was. "I was called suddenly out of town this morning, to make a gentleman's will, and have not been home half an hour. I have dispatched my clerk to Alnwick Cottage with the inventory. Sir, I hope you will like Oford."

"It seems a very poor place," remarked Mr. Yorke.

"The village can't boast much, but the neighborhood is superior's small society, but excellent. Capital shooting, too."

"Have you good medical advice?"

"He is a very nice young fellow, our doctor. We have but one; the place would not support more."

Mr. Yorke's lips curled. He had not been thinking of white young fellows," but of superior medical skill. "I asked you about the doctor before I decided on the cottage, and you said there was one there was an excellent one," he said in a dissatisfied tone. "It is most essential, where there's a family, to be near a clever medical man."

"We all think him very clever," replied the lawyer. "He bought his practice three years ago; our surgeon had died, and I negotiated it for his widow, and he has attended us ever since, and is a great favorite. He was in London for two years before that, qualified himself to a large medical practitioner. Plenty of experience he had there; was run off his legs the whole of the two years. He came to see me his cigar with my yesterday evening; he often runs in, does Jansen, and was saying—"

"What was his name?" interrupted Mr. Yorke, his accent shrill and nasal.

"Jansen."

"What?"

The lawyer wondered whether Mr. Yorke was attacked with sudden deafness, and why his eyes glared, and his teeth chose out so like fangs.

"Jansen?" he repeated. "Edward Jansen. Do you know him?"

Mr. Yorke's mouth closed again, and his nostrils dilated down. "I thought it a curious name," said he, "that's all. Is it English?"

"Of Dutch origin, I suppose. Jansen is an Englishman."

"Does he live in the village?"

"A few doors lower down. It is the corner house as you come to Rye-lane; the garden faces at the back opens on the lane. I mention it you, sir, you may call on the gentleman with every confidence, should you or your family require medical advice."

Meanwhile everybody was busy at Alnwick Cottage, as is the case when going into a new residence. Finch, the nurse, a confidential servant, who had been Mrs. Yorke's maid before her marriage, was deputed to go through the house with the lawyer's clerk and the inventory. Mrs. Yorke declining the trouble. The oldest child, a boy of about seven years, and he had a will of his own, to attend on Finch; Finch submitting to the companionship, thinking in some degree, perhaps, to get rid of him. But after awhile he grew tired of the process of looking at chairs and tables, and cupboards and saucers, and quietly her to good down stairs.

"Go to Charlotte, Leo, dear," said Finch. "I shall soon have done; Charlotte" she called, as soon as the footsteps "are to Master Leo."

When Finch and the clerk had finished the inventory, the former found Master Leo in a room on the ground floor, which had been appropriated the nursery. In the last it was set down to "butler's pantry." Charlotte, the under nurse, sat there, with the youngest child asleep on her lap.

"Where's Master Leo?" asked Finch, abbreviating, as her custom was, the name of her charge.

"Master Leo's in the garden, I suppose, for all I know," replied Charlotte, with a pettish pout. "I hate this place, I do! such a lonely place. I hate this morning, I do! such a lonely place. I hate this morning, I do! such a lonely place. I hate this morning