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London, Thursday, May 14.

The Nugents of Carriconna

BY TIGHE HOPKINS, AUTHOR OF "TWIXT LOVE AND DUTY," "FOR FREE.

DOM," ETC. The step that echoed softly on the stairs sounded cautious and even stealthy. Dora waited until it reached the hall. Then she took a step forward herself, that Trenchard might know he had been heard. He hesitated halfway across the hall and stood still; Dora went again to the door of the dining-room; he turned and they faced one another. Trenchard's aspect was nothing less than sorrowful. He was extremely pale, and the bandage around his forchead gave him a yet more wretched look. He seemed to tremble, and to have lost the

seemed to tremble, and to have lost the

seemed to tremble, and to have lost the power of speech.

"I—I thoughts a little air would do me good," he said; "a beautiful afternoon, is it not?"

"But you are not fit to go out," said Dora. "The doctor said that you were not to get up to-day. Miss Nugent has gone with Lady Frayne for an hour, and I am left in charge of you. You will have to bey me implicitly."

She said this with a smile, but resolute. "Come in here at once, and sit down."

"A good fellow, Jones," said Trenchard;
"the dod, strait-laced notions. A soldier,
you know. Very kind of you, Mrs.
Lytton." "But you haven't answered my ques-tion," she insisted; "was it rude of me to

ask it?"

"You couldn't ask a rude thing, you know. How weak I am! Maguire's medicine is no use at all. Mrs. Lytton"—stretching out his hand, he leaned forward and took hold of her arm—"get me some laudanum!" Having said this he looked curiously at her, with keen eyes, as though to read what effect that request, vehemently spoken, had on her.

"I knew that that was what you wanted," said lora.

"Will you get it for me?"

"Will you get it for me?"
"You take opium—regularly?" said Dora

quietly.
"I have been a confirmed opium-eater tor

"I have been a confirmed opium-eater for two years."
"Have you so little love for yourself?"
"It is no longer a question of self-love. I might have asked myself that once. It is useless now."
"But you know something of the miseries of opium. You are proving to me now that you do," said Dora.
"Something!" said Trenchard. "I know the woes of opium through and through."
"You are the slave of opium, then?" said Dora, and severity blended with compassion in her voice.
"The slave, indeed; yet not the willing one," said Trenchard, and his words were almost a groan.

almost a groau.
"You have made an effort? Do you make them still?"
Once again Trenchard gave her a curious

look.
"Do you remember the first night we met? I had drunk opium that day."
"Yes," said Dora, "I know."
"The fit was upon me. I should have drunk again that night, and drunk heavily, but—but for you." "Do you remember the first night we met? I had drunk opium that day."
"Yes," said Dora, "I know."
"The fit was upon me. I should have drunk again that night, and drunk heavily, but—but for you."

Dora's glance for a moment sought the

three parts filled with a dark fluid. With this, and a tumbler, which she had half-filled with water, she returned to the dining-room.

In the few moments that had elapsed since she left it Trenchard's better and weaker self had fought it out again. She noticed him a shade paler, but prefectly contained. Standing beside him, she took the oork from the phial. He laid his hand upon her arm.

"I do not want it," he said.

A wonderful softness came into Dora's face, and some pride too.

"I knew that you had strength, if you would use it," she said.

"It is not my strength, but yours," he answered.

"It is your own," she softly urged.

"It is your own," she softly urged.

"It had half-filled with a dark you had strength, if you would use it," she said.

"It is your own," she softly urged.

"It is your own," or"—and the softness of her face became a wonderful sympathy—"you will need it again."

"I shall need it the less if you are near me," said Trenchard gravely, but my husband was a doctor, and I know my self justified in what I am doing."

"You make me very glad," said Dora; and added quickly: "The harm of ten failures goes for nothing against the good of very victory. But I am still the nurs, you know. You must let me send you upstairs again now. But tell me first—was if or this that you sent the sergeant?" She touches the phial of laudanum.

"Yes," said Trenchard, "it was for that."

"Yes," said Trenchard, "it was for that."

"And will he bring it?"

"Yes," said Trenchard, "it was for that."

"And will he bring it?"

"Everything has escaped, I that the telescope."

"Oh, the telescope, indeed!" laughed Barbara. "But run now, dear, or the day'll be gone. Will ye have a cup of tea before ye go?"

"No, I won't wait for tea, thanks," and Dora ran off to get her hat.

Since the evening of her adventure in the graveyard she had taken her walks by daylight, and in places not quite so sequestered. No further mishap had befallen her, but she was rather afraid of finding herself alone in any remote place after dusk.

Debating in what direction she should stroll this afternoon, she suddenly remembered Trenchard's injunction about the sergeant and his package.

geant and his package. (To be Continued.)

Very Hard Indeed.

A good many women really never intend to marry the men they become engaged to. This fact should be remembered by fair-minded men when they are tempted to say unkind things about women.

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again now. But tell me lifst—wast for this that you sent the sergeant?" She touches the phial of laudanum.

"Yes," said Trenchard, "it was for that."

"And will he bring it?"

"Yes."

A pause, during which their eyes met again.

"Take it from him," said Trenchard, "and—keep it."

"I will give it to you when you ask for it, "answered Dora.

"You have my secret," said Trenchard as he was leaving the room.

"But have you not also one of mine?" she smiled.

He took her hand, and she let him hold it for a moment.

But it was two secrets against one; for when Dora was alone again, she knew that Trenchard loved her.

CHAPTER XXV.

CHAPTER XXV.

She said this with a smile, but resolute on the said the said have to show me implicitly."

Trenchard followed her into the dimigroom.

"It was foolish of me, I know," he said thou I sent Jones for something, and somehow the notion came into my head that would walk a step or two and meet him. So dull up there, you know."

He spoke like a man very ill at ease, and did not look full at Dora.

"Your head toubles you—a little?" she said; "Is was a dreadful blow you had." "Yes; it must be my head." he said; "my head, no doubt."

"Yes; it must be my head." he said; "my head, no doubt."

"Yes; it must be my head." he said; "my head, no doubt."

"Yes; it must be my head." he said; "my head, no doubt."

"Yes; it must be my head." he said; "my head, and odions. A solder, through which flowed in the delicious soft air of mid afternoon. "I am only going to let you stay a little while."

There was a caress in her tone, and Trenchard fushed slightly as he obeyed her.

"I'll me," she went on, "was it some for?"

"A good fellow, Jones," said Trenchard; "out odd, strait-laced notions. A solder, you know. Yery kind of work and the lecton of the strain her tolescope."

"A good fellow, Jones," said Trenchard; "out odd, strait-laced notions. A solder, you know. Yery kind of work and meet him. She was a sale the old maid. "But come now, me afeath of air; it's just the most perfect after noon in the world after the rain last affaid they'd have the garden trampled to pieces."

"A good fellow, Jones," said Trenchard; "out odd, strait-laced notions. A solder, you know. Yery kind of work have the garden trampled to pieces."

"A good fellow, Jones," said Trenchard; "out odd, strait-laced notions. A solder, you know. Yery kind of work had a safe and the part of the p Never put yourself in the power of a ma who would kick a dog for fun.

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ing softly towards the lake. Then she turned her eyes again on Trenchard.

"But, you see, I have not kept you from it since," she said.

"You have," he answered. "These last weeks I have not taken a fifth of what I took before. To-day—to-day, I am weak and ill. See! I have humbled myself before you."

Toars sprang into Dora's eyes, and glistened there, though they did not fall.

Trenchard saw them, but feigned that he did not. He did not want to seem to play on her. Dora was calm again in an instant.

"You have sat too long," she said; "you are weak, as you say. But wait here one moment."

She rose and went swiftly from the room. Mounting to her own room she unlocked a dressing-case of fine morecow which shood on the table, and took from it a small phial three parts filled with a dark fluid. With this, and a tumbler, which she had halffilled with water, she returned to the dining-room.

In the few moments that had elapsed

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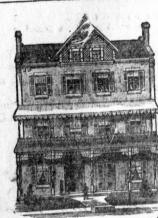
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N. Y. Express (daily).

Si30 p.m.

Si30 g.m.

American Express (except
Monday).

Mail (except Sundays).

Mail (except Sundays).

N. Y. and Boston Express
(daily).

According (except Sundays).

Si30 p.m.

Si30 p.m. Canada Southern Division-Going West. North Shore Limited (daily) 8:30 p.m. 7:23 a.m. (Chicago Express (daily) 8:30 p.m. 6:55 a.m. (hicago L'y (a Exp. daily) 8:30 p.m. 10:55 a.m. (hicago L'y (a Exp. daily) 8:30 p.m. 10:55 a.m. (hicago L'y (a Exp. daily) 8:30 p.m. 1236 p.m. Mail (except Sunday) 8:30 p.m. 1236 p.m. Accom d'n (except Sunday) 8:30 p.m. 7:40 a.m. (hicago like) 10:10 p.m. 10:1

John Paul, City Ticket and Passenger Agent, 395 Richmond street. GRAND TRUNK-Southern Division CORRECTED MAY 11, 1891.

MAIN LINE-Going East | ARRIVE | DEPART | 1.55 a.m. | 1.50 a.m. | 1.210 p.m. | 1.210 p.m. | 1.220 p.m. | 1.220 p.m. | 1.220 p.m. | 1.220 p.m. | 1.25 p.m. | 1.55 p.m. | 1.55

ARRIVE. | DEPAR

10:15 a.m. 8:05 a.m. 6:45 p.m. 4:25 p.m

Hamilton—Depart—
a.m. | a.m. | a.m. | p.m. | Hamilton—Arrive— a.m. | a.m. | a.m. | p.m. | p.m. | p.m. | p.m. | p.m. | p.m. | 12:30 | 18:50 | 19:09 | B#1:10 | 4:00 | 6:25 | 8:15

* These trains for Montreal.

† These trains from Montreal.

† These trains from Montreal.

(a) Runs daily, Sundays included, but makes no intermediate stope on Sundays.

(d) No. 38 carries passengers between Londos and Paris.

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Halifax, N. S. . . . 11:10 p.m. Trains arrive from the east at 11:25 a.m., 7:90 p.m., 10:00 p.m.

7:00 a.m. 11:35 a.m. 7:05 p.n . 10:30 a.m. 1:05 p.m. 8:52 p.m 2:45 p.m. 10:40 p.m 10:16 p.m. 7:20 a.m 7:46 a.m. 6:15 p.m 6:10 p.m. 9:20 a.m E. M. PEEL, City Ticket and Passenger Agent, No. 1 Masonic Temple. ERIE & HURON RAILWAY.

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