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THE ACADIAN AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS--DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

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POETRY.

Nobility.

True worth is being, not seeing; In doing, each day that goes by, Some little good—not in the dreaming Of great things to do by-and-by.

For whatever men say in blindness, And spite of the fancies of youth, There's nothing so kindly as kindness, And nothing so royal as truth.

We get back our me as we measure, We cannot do wrong and feel right; Nor can we give pain and gain pleasure, For justice avenges each slight.

The air for the wing of the sparrow, The bush for the robin and wren, But always the path that is narrow And straight for the children of men.

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SELECT STORY.

The Shadow of Nobility.

CHAPTER XVII.—Continued.

"It is very enjoyable," Mr Sothwell would say; "very enjoyable. Just think of town life at this time, smothered by dust and frizzling with heat. And then the round of tiresome dinner parties, where no one cares for anybody, and one's only resource is to eat. 'We are the free—the free!'"

"You will be taken for a pirate," remarked Sir Guy.

"Ah, no. Piracy is getting out of fashion, my dear fellow."

"I have vowed not to turn back until I reach Sicily," Mr Sothwell said. "I want to see the granary of Italy."

We shall go through the Straits, and come opposite Etna. I hear it is stupendous from the water."

"Is it safe?" asked Lady Hibbert.

"Safe! I should think so. The Monte Gibello has been quiet for many a day."

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"Ah, he should be a poor mariner who could not steer clear of that in these days. We have got beyond our infancy in navigation."

"You speak as if you were a regular old salt," laughed his nephew.

"So I am, and was the contented reply; "a distinguished member of two professions."

"How are the winds on this coast?" inquired Sir Guy of the captain.

"Irregular, Sir," was the answer. "There is little or no rise and fall of tide; not more than two feet or so."

"Would you advise our taking the ladies on towards the Lipari?"

"Not unless they don't mind its being a bit roughish. The sea is short; not long swells, as in the Atlantic, or even our home Channels."

But Marion Gore, who was a capital sailor, pleaded to be taken on. Young as she was, her influence was felt by the whole party. The Countess was enjoying herself immensely; the life on shipboard agreed with her, and Lady Hibbert declared she was becoming rosy instead of sea-brown.

The young Earl was the centre of attraction to all, and each vied with the other in attention to him. But none was so useful as Miss Gore. The girl was strong and ready, could lift him when necessary, assist him to his cabin, and place him in the most comfortable position. She was the only one besides the Countess, with whom he would take a turn on deck, looking out over the sea with the old listless gaze. Not heeding the apathy, she would point to objects of interest, and her sudden explanation of wonder and amazement at times even caused him to start. But though turning in the direction indicated, and occasionally uttering a discordant sound, which they would fain believe had a note of inquiry in it, the blue eyes and finely cut features express no curiosity. Still there was a good deal that was hopeful, and the mother, grateful of the care and attempt to rouse, had some to regard Miss Gore almost as a sister. She certainly confided in her more than in Lady Hibbert herself, though the latter had been most kind and considerate, sometimes remaining in charge of the child in company with Trevor, when he could not join the rest of the party in an inland excursion.

"It does me good to hear you laugh,"

"I have never felt anything like

before. The sea is generally choppy. There must be some strong counter-current."

"Look there!" exclaimed the Countess, as day declined and darkness suddenly fell, and she pointed to one side of the huge mountain. It was on an elevation with the apparent snow-line, visible against the grey horizon. "O, look there!"

The sky in that quarter of the heavens was filled with brilliant aurora. The coruscations of light gleamed forth as if the windows of heaven were suddenly opened, and great tongues of flame darted out. Then one could imagine these apertures as suddenly closed, for there were intervals of darkness—"darkness which might be felt." Anon the gathering clouds parted, and huge electric sparks, like meteors, appeared, emitting rays of coloured fire. It was a magnificent spectacle.

For fully an hour they watched it. The ground-swell had ceased; the water slept in its dark dream once more, save where it caught the quivering light and reflected the brightness.

Suddenly the yacht's head swung off a point or two.

"All sails set!" shouted the captain. "We may have a breeze after this—If not—"

The rest of the sentence remained unspoken. Sir Guy walked aft.

"What do you dread?" he asked.

"That blazing mountain," was the reply. "Those signals in the sky are not for nothing. If we can manage to keep off a bit, and run before the wind, we shall probably have to reduce the rig ere long, and get under storm canvas."

"Shall we get the ladies into the cabin?" questioned Sir Guy again.

"There is no need—for a while." The answer was significant.

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Then from the cone of the crater arose the disc of a moon, full-orbed and ready, but blood-red. An awful dread crept over every beholder. Even the least alarmed felt it was portentous.

"What does it mean?" inquired the Countess, coming to Sir Guy's side.

He turned away his head for a minute, wishing to answer her. Then, feeling she must soon learn the truth more roughly, he replied:

"It often heralds an eruption."

"But can there be danger for us?"

"We must keep well out to sea," he rejoined evasively; and got away as soon as he could.

Here Marion Gore came to Sir Guy's other side.

"O, do not let us desert the poor people on shore!" she exclaimed. "Our danger is nothing to theirs. Can we not put in and take some of them on board? Think of the hundreds and hundreds who are living on the slopes of that terrible volcano. Fifteen thousand persons, we are told, lost their lives in Catania by an eruption, and Bronte was destroyed even in your mother's remembrance. Sir Guy, dear Sir Guy—Mr Sothwell, dear Mr Sothwell, do not let us abandon the wretched people to their fate. Let us take as many as we can to the opposite shore."

"We cannot do so with this wind," said Mr Sothwell hoarsely.

Sir Guy hid his face, for just then there came to their ears a horrible rumbling, mingling with the cry of many voices—a shrill, piercing, unearthly wail of sorrow afloat. It may be that such will break the sleep of thousands as the hour of doom approaches.

The women on the deck of the *Thekla* were on their knees, praying audibly. Gladly any one of them would have imperilled her own safety to bring succor to those who were less secure. But the captain resisted their appeals.

"There is no place into which we can run," he exclaimed. "The breeze is off the shore, not on. Once the fire is out, the steamer and sand will be here. If we went in a boat, it would be

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