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The Government, recognising the great food value of "Skippers," has released the supplies kept in bond for emergencies, and has granted shipping facilities for importing more "Skippers." Once again everyone can enjoy delicious "Skippers" in olive oil.

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"Skippers" are bristling with good points.

"Skippers"

"Love in the Wilds"

—OR—
The Romance of a South African Trading Station.

CHAPTER XXXV.
A VILLAIN'S DOWNFALL.

The wooden houses of the Bay came in sight.

Cecil, unable to cry any longer through sheer despair, uttered a half-choking moan and clung to Laurence's arm.

The black pulled up at the well-known corner, and Laurence, dismounting, put out his hand to help Cecil down.

The youth took one glance at his handsome face and, seeing it sad and un-casiness, cried, in broken tones:

"Laury, forgive me! I didn't mean to—to break down. But you and I have been such good friends. Where should I be now but lying cold and dead if it was not for you!"

Laurence's face worked.

"Ay, lad," he said, simply; "we've been good friends. The world will seem darker when you've gone."

And he gazed wistfully at the tearful face beneath him.

"What are you going to do with me, Laury?" asked Cecil, looking up at him with such woeful helplessness that the cattle-runner turned his head away from the sight of it.

"Heaven knows, lad!" he said. "Stay here—here on this seat—while I ride into the town. I know some settlers who would be glad to have you."

"Oh, let me come, Laury!" implored Cecil.

"No," said Laurence, though reluctantly. "You are tired and will rest better here. I will put the black to it and be back before the quarter has turned."

The youth sank into the rough seat and turned his head away.

He longed with a passionate longing to go with him for the last few moments that were to have together, but shame or some other feeling kept him silent. He leaped to his feet, though, when the man he loved, had turned, and watched him as a criminal condemned to die watches the sky, the sun, the flowers he will see but a few minutes longer.

Laurence rode hard and was out of sight in a few minutes.

Cecil sank onto the seat again and, dropping his head in his hands, fell to crying silently.

From this attitude he was aroused by the sound of approaching footsteps and, turning to see whence they proceeded, saw that a boat had come ashore from one of the ships that lay at anchor in the bay and that half a dozen sailors were coming up the beach.

Looking at them with that idle, half-conscious gaze with which one looks when too sick and sore at heart to feel interested in anything, Cecil was astonished to see the whole gang suddenly assume a crouching attitude and approach the spot where he sat, as if desirous of doing so secretly and unseen.

Looking round to ascertain the cause of the manoeuvre, Cecil was still more astonished to see nothing to warrant the movement, and, while wondering what they were creeping on, was terrified to see the whole half dozen spring up the beach and surround him.

"Ah!" laughed the foremost, an officer, by his stripes and marks; "caught like a bird in a trap, my fine fellow! 'Pon my soul, the neatest thing I ever did."

And he looked around for the echoing laughter that was expected and came.

Cecil stared from one to the other, breathless from amazement and alarm.

"What do you mean—what have I done?" he asked, brokenly.

Another roar of laughter greeted the question.

"Come, that's a good un!" returned the boatswain. "Well, I reckon you haven't done anything yet, but you'll have to when you get aboard the 'Polly,' my fine fellow."

And he grasped Cecil's arm.

"Aboard?" repeated the youth, pulling his arm. "Why should I go aboard? What right have you to surround me and talk like this—what right?"

"Come, come, that's enough!" retorted the boatswain of the "Polly," rather roughly. "'Tis all of no use, my lad; we're the press gang—short o' hands, and we're taking 'em where we can get 'em for the home voyage."

Cecil, seeing it all at a glance, uttered a despairing cry and made a rush for liberty.

The men threw themselves upon him and commenced dragging him toward the boat, laughing at his cries of despair and entreaty.

At that moment Laurence returned, and, halting for a moment to stare with amazement, as if scarcely crediting his eyes, the next, he bore down upon them, with pistol raised, like an avenging angel.

"Laury—Laury!" shrieked Cecil, in an agony of terror.

Laurence shouted like a mad bull. "Look out!" shrieked the boats-

swain. "Seize the bridle, knock him over; I'll manage the lad!"

The five sailors, obeying his orders, threw themselves upon the enraged Laurence. One fell beneath the black's hoofs, another was levelled by a murderous blow from the butt-end of the pistol, but the third, with an oath, drew his hanger and inflicted a blow upon the rescuer's shoulder.

Laury's pistol dropped from his hand, and reeling, he fell headlong from the saddle.

The three men then helped the two wounded ones to their feet and hurried after their chief, who had just lifted Cecil into the boat.

A cry went up from the youth awful enough to wake the dead.

It did wake the swooning Laury who, with one great effort, raised his bleeding form from the ground, stretched out his hands with an answering cry, and then fell back as one dead.

So they were parted.

CHAPTER XXXVI.
THE UNSOLVED ENIGMA.

Alas! that love, so gentle in his view should be so tyrannous and rough to me.—SHAKESPEARE.

Captain Dartmouth's town house was completed and its magnificence excited the admiration of society.

No palace could be more elaborately splendid or extravagantly magnificent, save, perhaps, that of the Countess Vitzarelli.

The Dale was in the upholsterer's hands and would be completed in a few weeks.

There was to be a grand house-warming when all was finished, and, with a duchess to give it eclat and acceptations from the creme de la creme of society, a great success was expected.

Meanwhile, Captain Dartmouth's great wealth was displayed in the matters of equipages, postillions in crimson, armies of claret-colored funkies crowding and fluttering about the house in Park Lane, magnificent dinner-parties for the ladies, choice suppers for the gentlemen's delectation, and in various other ways.

People whispered strange stories of the captain's great wealth, and as an addendum hinted that it might soon be augmented by the coffers of Vitzarelli.

But it was only hinted at; none dared speak out what all looked forward to as a certainty—the betrothal of the beautiful countess to the wealthy and popular captain.

At all the grand dinners the white-haired count and the lovely Lucille were to be met; and very few evenings were held at Carnvon House without Captain Dartmouth's presence.

But to all this he was still a dark, unsolved enigma. The smile, which had been so rare in the olden time, when debts and duns disturbed his idle existence, was to be seen more frequently now, but with a hidden meaning and purpose behind it that robbed it of all openness and left the person smiled on with the uneasy feeling of having been under the skillful glance of a mental surgeon, for the dark, piercing eyes seemed ever prying and forcing their way into men's breasts, and ever on the watch and guard lest a something dark and impalpable, yet ever present, should suddenly turn up and thwart his purpose or reveal the secret which lay hidden behind the smooth, serene and impassable face.

It was only natural that the count, being so great an acquaintance of Captain Dartmouth, should introduce some of his Italian friends; but it was rather strange, some gossips added, that the captain should hold so many supper-parties at which Italians only were present and after which play was allowed, and allowed to run high.

At least, play was the only excuse which the gossip-mongers could think of for the secrecy betokened in a close-locked room with double doors and windows.

However this might be, whatever mystery hovered round the captain's name, served only to make him more popular, and, in the excitement of a princely entertainment at the Park Lane house, the fashionable world forgot to notice or mark that the Italian rebels had been furnished with great quantities of arms and that an attempt—very nearly successful—had been made to take the principal border fortresses.

Or, if noticed at all, no one thought of connecting the circumstances with the fetes and dinners of Captain Dartmouth or the Italian suppers and gambling parties.

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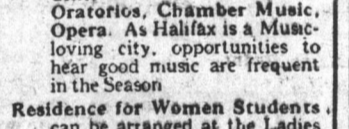
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Are Cheap.**

This is a fact! Still we know some of our readers are going to stop and say—"Tain't so, nuthin is cheap!" But you are wrong, and there are various things cheap to-day, but the trouble is most people don't want cheap things. Times are changed since we were boys, when the sign of a good healthy boy was to go round with, well, patches on his trousers. Accidents would occur sliding down trees and roofs, and getting over fences. But our story is,—we have just opened a range of

Boys' Am. Grey Tweed Suits,
Two-Piece Suits to fit ages 9 to 14 years.
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Boys' Heavy Khaki Drill Suits,
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We have some other Boys' Tweed Suits in stock in odd sizes at prices of some time ago.

We have Boys' Tweed Pants in stock at low prices.

We have even some Boys' Odd Vests in stock at the moment.

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