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Tomato	Mulligatawny	Celery	Pea
Vegetable	Tomato-Okra	Beef	Bouillon
Ox Tail	Jam Chowder	Jullienne	Printanier
Mock Turtle	Clam Bouillon	Asparagus	Pepper Pot
Chicken	Mutton Broth	Consomme	Chicken Gumbo (Okra)
Vermicelli-Tomato			

Just add hot water, bring to a boil, and serve. Shall we send you a free copy of Campbell's Menu Book? It is full of sensible, healthful suggestions.

JOSEPH CAMPBELL COMPANY, Camden N J

Look for the red-and-white label



Give sugary joys to sissy boys
But "Campbell's Soup" say I.
Rather the bliss of a bowl like this
Than a bake-shop full of pie.

outweighed his chagrin that Beth should have taken even Bostwick into her confidence.

"That ain't all she give me," he announced, as foolishly as a child. "I've got her letter to her brother, over to Starlight too, and all tarnation couldn't stop me from takin' it up to the Laughin' Water claim! You bet I'll see Van Buren gits it right into his hand for me!"

If Bostwick had contemplated making an attempt to bribe the old beau into permitting him a glance at the letters, he abandoned the thought with sagacious alacrity. He must think of something safer. A letter to Van Buren and one to Glen was more than he had counted on discovering. It made him decidedly uneasy.

"I'm sure you'll deliver everything safely," he said, masking his annoyance with a smile. "Before you go, perhaps you'd take something to drink?" The suggestion in his mind was crude; but at least it was something.

"Huh!" said old Billy in disgust. "Me drink and git a jug when she's expectin' me to hike right out of camp? Guess you don't know me, Uncle, nor worth a mite! Didn't I say nothing could stop me? And I'm goin' right now!"

He clapped his bony old hand over his pocket, where the two precious letters reposed, and, winking prodigiously at Bostwick, departed forthwith from the scene.

Bostwick could have run him down, beaten him to the ground, and snatched the letters from him; but he did not dare. Instead he merely continued to grin while Billy remained in sight. Then, instead of going on to Beth's, he circled a building and returned down street toward McCoppet's.

CHAPTER XXXI.

McCoppet Busies His Mind

UNFORTUNATELY for Bostwick, he knew no ruffians in the camp,—none of the Trimmers, who would perhaps, accept a sum of money to waylay a man, bash him over the head, and filch required letters from his pocket. He was not precisely willing, moreover, to broach such an undertaking to the gambler. This, after all, was his private affair.

The man had arrived at the truth concerning the letters with commendable skill in deduction. He had himself destroyed Beth's earlier letter to her brother, for reasons of policy. He had found her conduct cold, if not suspicious, this morning. How far she had been excited to distrust himself or the mails, he could not estimate. He was certain, however, that she had sent a request to Van Buren to carry a letter to Glen. Her reasons for taking precautions so extraordinary were undoubtedly significant. He was galled; his anger against Van Buren was consuming. But first and foremost he must block the harm Beth's letter to her brother might accomplish. For two days more young Kent and Beth must remain in ignorance of what was being done through the use of her money,—of the fact that no mine of Glen's discovery was the object of the scheme he was working; and that none of his own alleged money was being employed in the game.

He made up his mind to go to Starlight himself; to be on hand when Van Buren should arrive. With Glenville ill, or injured, in his bed, the case might offer very simple handling. Further neglect of Glenville might indeed be fatal, at a juncture so delicate. From every possible viewpoint the thing to do was to intercept Van Buren.

HE found McCoppet just returned from launching Lawrence forth upon his work. Three of the gambler's chosen men had accompanied the Government's surveyor. They had taken Bostwick's car. Instructions had been simple enough: Push over the reservation line to cover the Laughing Water claim by night of the following day.

Searle was taken to the private den. McCoppet imparted his information with the utmost brevity.

"Nothing for us to do but to wait till six o'clock, day after to-morrow morning," he concluded. "Then play our cards—and play 'em quick!"

"You've taken my car?" said Bostwick, whose personal plans were thrown into utter confusion for the moment. "I wanted that car for my own use. I've got to go to Starlight to-morrow."

"Sit down," said McCoppet, throwing away his unsmoked cigar and taking another from his pocket. "What's going on down in Starlight?"

Bostwick had no intention of divulging his personal affairs; but there was something in this that trenched upon "company" concerns. "Van Buren's going over there to see young Kent," he admitted. "I've got to see him first."

McCoppet looked up at him sharply. "Young Kent ain't next to anything?" he demanded.

"Not yet."

"Look here!" said the gambler, whose wits were inordinately keen. "Is anything leaking, Bostwick? What about the girl, the young chump's sister? You're not putting her next to the layout, are you?"

"Certainly not!" said Bostwick. "She knows nothing. But it wouldn't be safe for this mix-up to occur. At any rate, I intend to be there when Van Buren arrives."

McCoppet rose, plunged his hands into his pockets, and paced up and down reflectively. "Someways I'm glad Van Buren's going," he said. "I've been trying to figure how I could play the game to have him away when we come to take the trick. He's a terror in a fight. I guess it's all right. Don't need you here. You can copper any possible harm down there at Starlight, and meantime I'll see if there's any way I can find of delaying Van Buren's return."

"But how am I going to get down there and back?" said Bostwick, intent upon the matter for haste. "I can't get around without a car."

"Don't get tropical," said McCoppet calmly. "I can get you a car in fifteen minutes. It ain't so good as yours; but we needed the one that was surest to keep on its legs. If you ain't got anything more on your mind, I want to chase around for a lumberman, a friend of mine; before he gets so drunk I can't talk to him."

Bostwick rose. "Arrange for that car to take me to-night, after dinner. I think that's all."

He repaired to his room to attend to a dozen small affairs, then went once more to Beth. She was not in the least surprised to hear him say he meant to return to Starlight and to file that night, on business of importance to them all; but she did not believe him in the least. He remained in the hope of entrapping her in some sort of self-betrayal as to what she had recently done; but without avail. The fact that he spent at Mrs. Dick's was dull for them both,—dull and distasteful to the girl, growing so rapidly to distrust and hate him; dull and aggravating to Bostwick, with jealousy increasing upon him. His one consolation lay in the fact that in less than two days Van Buren would be no better than a pauper at best, with scarcely a shelter for his head.

ONE of the interesting and vital chapters in the whole affair was meanwhile in McCoppet's hands and receiving his attention. Trimmer had been captured, far more sober than the gambler could have hoped. The two were in the den once more, the lumberman smoking an excellent cigar as if it had been a stick of snuff.

McCoppet came to his subject promptly. "Look here, Larry," he said. "You know Van Buren when you see him?"

Trimmer glanced up sharply, ready in instant to resent what he felt to partake of the nature of a personal affront. "Don't get funny, Opal. If ever I fight Van Buren when I'm sober, I'll eat him alive. I was drunk when he licked me, and you know it."

McCoppet leaned back in his chair and half-closed his eyes. "I didn't know but what you'd like to sober up and lick him."

Trimmer stared, shifted uneasily in his seat, and demanded, "Where? Where is he at?" "He's going to Starlight to-morrow, from the reservation, from his claim," imparted the gambler. "If he don't get back for a couple of days, I could make it worth your while and you could cash in for that time he licked you when you wasn't in condition."

Again Trimmer fidgeted. "Oh, he licked me fair enough," he said. "I admit he's all right in a scrap. I ain't holdin' nothin' agin' him. Goldite's good enough for me."

McCoppet knew the creature was afraid to meet his man; that Trimmer's attack on Van Buren, once before, had been planned with much deliberation, had amounted to an ambush, in point of fact—resulting in disaster to the bully.

"I counted on you to help me, Larry," he said, drumming on the table with his fingers. "You're the only man of your kind with brains in all the camp."

Trimmer had smoked his cigar to within an inch of his mouth. He extinguished the tip and chewed up the stump voraciously. "Say, he suddenly ejaculated, leaping to his feet and coming around the table. 'I can fix him all right!' and he lowered his voice to a raucous whisper. 'Barger would give up a leg to get show at Van Buren!'"

"Barger?" echoed McCoppet. "Matt? But they got him, got 'em all."

"Got nothin'!" the lumberman ejaculated. "What's the good of all these lyn' papers when I seen Matt myself readin' the piece about him goin' back to the pen?"

McCoppet rose, went to the window, and returned again. "Larry, you're all right," he said. "Where's Barger now?"

Trimmer winked. "That's his business, amine."

"All right, that's all right," agreed the gambler. "Wouldn't he take it as a favor if you passed him some money and the word about Van Buren's hike to Starlight?"

Trimmer got out a new cigar, lit up, and began to smoke as before. "I was goin' to pass him some of mine," he confessed. "Yours would suit me just as good."

"Five hundred ought to help him some," said the gambler. "Come out to the bar."

AT dark the lumberman left the camp on foot, heading for the mountains. Bostwick departed in the borrowed car at eight. The whole town was ablaze with light and tumultuous with sound. Glare and disturbance together, however, only faintly symbolized the excitement and fever in the camp. A thousand men were making final preparations for the rush so soon to come, the mad stampede upon the reservation ground, barely more than a day removed.

Miners with outfits, gamblers with their paraphernalia, saloon men with case on case of liquors, assayers, lawyers, teamsters, cooks, even a half-dozen women, comprised the heterogeneous army making ready for the charge. The streets were filled with horses, men, and mules. Musical discord filled the air. Only the faint, silent old hills, the ancient, burned-out furnace of gold, was absolutely calm. Overhead a few clouds blurred the sky. Beyond them the eternal march of the stars proceeded in the majesty of space, with billions of years in which to fulfil the cosmic cycle of existence.

CHAPTER XXXII.

The Hardships of the Trail

IN the night, far out to the northward, a storm descended like a cataclysm; torrential rains were poured upon the hills from a cloudburst.

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