



CAMEO KIRBY

BY BOOTH TARKINGTON AND HARRY LEON WILSON
NOVELIZED FROM THE PLAY BY W.B.M. FERGUSON



(CONTINUED.)

CHAPTER II.

THIS is a private stateroom, interrupted Moreau, glaring at the intruder.

"What—Why, as I live, it is Colonel Moreau—by all the saints, your admirable self, my dear fellow!" heartily exclaimed the younger man, slapping the other on the back. "These lights are so dashed disobliging I didn't recognize you. I have been watching the game for some time through that window," pointing to one on his right, "and you must remember that a stateroom isn't private so long as the curtains aren't drawn. If I had known you were aboard I would have hunted you up long ago, for you know how I love a game, colonel, and hence this ventured intrusion. Have you any objection to making it three corners?" His bow included Mr. Randall, now blinking at the table.

"Sorry, but quite impossible, sub," replied Moreau shortly. "I am already this gentleman's master for a matter of ten thousand or so—he has been playing in dam pob luck—and our next wager is for fifty thousand. Too high for yoh, I calculate?"

"Not at all, I assure you," lightly replied the intruder, smiling into the other's venomous eyes. "Come, if your friend is willing, let me sit in. I really insist upon losing to you, colonel. Won't you introduce me?"

Moreau hesitated, trying to read the other's eyes. Then, apparently satisfied, he turned to the nodding Mr. Randall, saying: "Have yoh any objection, sub, to making it three? My friend, sub, Mr.—er—Mr. Jackson of New Orleans."

"Honored, sub! Honored!" replied the planter, arising and extending a frank hand. "I warn yoh, sub, that the Randall luck has turned and that yoh will surely lose. Stay out, sub; stay out!" he added impressively, patting the other's shoulder. "Foh I am about to make a killing, and I don't want yoh to be among the dead. The colonel and I are old men of the world, sub, but this is no place for a young man like yoh. I trust yoh will take my advice in the spirit in which it is offered. Foh I am a father, sub, and I like yoh. By Gad, yoh remind me of a dear friend I once had—the Kirbys, sub, of Plaquemine."

"Come," interrupted Moreau, "let us resume our friendly hostilities. Mr. Randall, foh yoh make yoh landing, sub, in about half an hour."

"I thank you for your advice, sir," said the intruder, with sudden gravity, while gently and unobtrusively he steered Mr. Randall to his seat. "But I am afraid it has come too late, for card games of all kinds are my weakness. Perhaps if I had received it when I was a younger—but I see our good colonel is impatient."

"I am," replied Moreau, shuffling the cards. "Foh we have only half an hour, and it is to be the best out of six hands. Come, my money is up, as yoh know."

Mr. Randall draws a card for his plantation as his stakes, and he await yoh pleasure, Mr.—er—son."

Understand you to say that the cards were fifty, not twenty thousand?" replied the other, casually looking at the colonel's roll.

"I calculate my check is good for a balance," replied Moreau, signaling a warning with his eyes—"the National Bank of New Orleans, sub."

"Ah, a very sound institution, for I draw against it myself," observed the younger man. "As, of course, we do not carry such an amount with us," he added, with deference, turning to Mr. Randall, "Colonel Moreau and I must of necessity substitute our

checks. We are strangers to you, sir, and"—

"Yoh word, sub, is entirely sufficient," interrupted the planter, waving his hand. "This is a question of honor between us, foh I might draw a deed to a plantation I never owned. I am a man of the world, sub, and I reckon we each can recognize a southern gentleman on sight."

"Yes, in the present company that is not a very difficult matter," gravely responded Mr. Jackson. "Shall we cut for the deal? The four best hands take all. Ah, luck is with me. I take the cards, sir."

"One moment," said Moreau, "as no stakes are up I reckon I'll give my check for the full amount should I lose." Pocketing his roll, he glanced satirically at Mr. Jackson.

If for a presumable amateur who occasionally indulged in a gentleman's game merely for the sake of passing the time Colonel Moreau had exhibited a wonderful aptitude at shuffling and dealing his performance was now completely overshadowed by that of the young intruder, whose lightning deftness was almost uncanny. Talking nonchalantly and brilliantly, he stacked the deck with a beautiful precision, fascinating in the extreme, even while the colonel's watchful and suspicious eyes never for a moment relaxed their vigil. Owing entirely to this marvelous and criminal skill Mr. Jackson won on his own deal and, luck following him, won also on that of Mr. Randall. As each and every one of the colonel's undertakings were highly estimable he naturally held the best hand when, for a moment, the cards were in his power, and it speaks eloquently for Mr. Jackson's large charity of judgment that he refrained from criticism even when acutely aware that the middle aged creole had rather clumsily garnered his third ace from the bottom of the deck. But as youth must be served, especially when possessor of such consummate skill as that owned by Mr. Jackson, the latter handsomely won his fourth showdown with surprising ease, verve and dash.

"Well, that winds her," airily remarked the colonel, arising and stretching his long arms. "One hundred thousand ain't such a bad cleanup, I reckon, but yoh always were lucky, yoh young scamp, and there's no playing against it. Yoh even topped my fohs tonight. I calculate the Randall luck finished a very pob inst. How about yoh theory now, sub?"

The planter did not reply, for it is somewhat difficult for a but newly returned man to sense the full humor of his condition. In silence he drew toward him the pen and ink, while for a long moment he stared at the white sheet of paper, upon which he was about to give title to all which he owned. He and his children were beggars, total and complete. This was the turning of the tide, his royal homecoming. For a moment he bowed his grizzled head; then, shutting his teeth against all thoughts of the future, seized the quill pen. For a Randall must show the world how it can lose. A Randall must be beaten at nothing—even at playing the fool.

"Yoh name, sub?" he courteously inquired, turning to the young stranger who had proved so fortunate.

"Eugene Kirby, sir."

"What?" exclaimed the planter in a dazed manner. "I thought, sub—"

"Oh, the colonel sometimes calls me Mr. Jackson because he thinks I resemble the general," lightly replied CAMEO Kirby as, head between hands, he stared gravely at the table. "Any one will tell you my name is Eugene Kirby—even the Texas tender knows it."

"Ah, the General. I have a boy, sub,

whom we affectionately call by that name," replied Mr. Randall irrelevantly, staring at the ceiling. "I have three children, sub. There is Tom and Adele and the General. Their mother is dead, sub. And yoh say yoh name is Eugene Kirby. Very strange, sub. I know the Kirbys of Plaquemine, sub. No relation, I suppose. But yoh pardon, sub."

And, with a hand now steady and firm, he wrote and signed the deed to the Randall plantation and, with a bow, handed it to the gambler whose father he had befriended; the gambler whose reputation was said to be the worst on the river; the son of the man who had been his nearest neighbor and closest friend.

This accomplished, Mr. Randall arose unsteadily and walked to the door, where he turned and for a moment surveyed the smoke fouled room with its litter of empty bottles. And for a moment a fleeting realization of the very thorough manner in which he had been victimized permeated his throbbing brain no hint of it was depicted in face or bearing.

"Good evening, gentlemen," he said gravely, "and thank yoh for the obligation. Good evening." Head erect, he walked out and very softly closed the door.

Kirby resumed his preoccupied attitude at the table, while Moreau, carelessly lighting a cheroot and pouring himself a drink, sprawled elegantly over an adjacent couch.

"Well, I calculate that's the easiest mark that ever came our way," he observed, with a laugh. "Green as the everlasting hills," quietly pocketing Mr. Randall's wallet, a delicate maneuver which Kirby neglected to note. "I calculate this is the first time yoh and I ever played together, eh? Yoh're a deuce of a hand at the cards, my boy—never saw yoh equal before. I take it, yoh partner, Mr. Larkin Bunce, is not with yoh this trip or yoh wouldn't have so unceremoniously doubled up with me. Or perhaps yoh two have fallen out, eh? If so, sub, I will be happy to make our impromptu partnership permanent."

Kirby swung slowly around and fixedly regarded his magnificent and amiable companion. "Since when have you contemplated such an admirable partnership?" he blandly inquired.

"Ever since I first saw yoh play, Kirby. Come; yoh partner, Bunce, is crude—a blubber faced Yankee, with no manners whatever, sub. But yoh and I are gentlemen and would make the best team on the river. I consider our play tonight the biggest haul in a decade, and I promise yoh mob like it, foh I never go in foh plectyune affairs. My fingers are growing a little too stiff foh skillful manipulation, and I frankly own I haven't yoh delicate and admirable finesse. But I have the manner, Kirby, and can rope the cattle for yoh to brand, sub. I'll guarantee yoh the biggest game on the river."

"You will oblige me, sir," replied the other, carefully lighting a cheroot, "by employing the prefix to my name—if ever in the future I am unfortunate enough to have you address me. Permit me to inform you that you are a blank scoundrel, sir! I cannot be too emphatic concerning that statement. Whenever I form a partnership with you I will be more qualified for a front seat in hades than I am at the present moment. Why, yoh low, thieving swamp cat," he cried, losing all self control, "how dare you think I gamble like yoh—by getting unsuspecting victims drunk and then robbing them? I watched you outrageously cheat Mr. Randall and ply him with liquor in order to cover your char-

acteristically clumsy manipulation of the cards, and if I stepped in tonight and stooped to emulate the type of game which yoh solely play it was in order to save your victim from complete and total ruin. It is unnecessary to say that when Mr. Randall is capable of estimating what has occurred and is once more himself this deed will be returned to him."

"Now, Kirby, yoh can't play that game on me," cried Moreau, jumping to his feet. "Yoh come in on my kill and then try to do me out of the spoils. That don't go, Kirby. I'm too old a hand. Keep that line of talk for sapheads. The Randall plantation is sold under the hammer, and I get two-thirds or"—

"Or what?" coldly demanded Kirby, carefully pocketing the deed. "Yoh know me, Mr. Moreau, so don't try to pull a derringer. It's considerably safer to wait until my back's turned. I say Mr. Randall himself will destroy this deed and that his plantation will not be sold, and you may believe it or not, just as you like. That ten thousand yoh virtually stole I cannot, unfortunately, refund; but, believe me, that is the entire extent of your stealing. For once in your life you are going to release a victim before he has been completely sucked dry; for once in your life you are going to be half-way decent!"

"Decent?" bellowed the other. "That's a compliment from one of yoh standing?"

"Like yourself, I game for a living, Mr. Moreau," coldly interrupted Kirby; "but, unlike yourself, I endeavor to do so honestly, and I have never yet stooped to the methods which you exclusively employ. Although you are



MOREAU, CAREFULLY WIPING THE SMOKING PISTOL, RETURNED IT TO HIS POCKET.

seemingly not aware of the fact, there is a distinct difference between a gambler and a thief. Once I had the privilege of meriting the friendship and esteem of gentlemen like Mr. Randall, and I now warn you to keep your claws off him. If ever in the future I catch you bleeding him as you did this evening you and I will have a different sort of discussion. For your own sake I beg you to remember this."

Before Moreau could reply the sound of a single shot rang out from one of the staterooms and echoed itself over the river. Impulsively Kirby turned to the door, and as he did so Moreau quickly withdrew his hand from the breast of his long frock coat. A tongue of flame leaping from his Derringer shattered the stagnant tobacco fumes, and with the acrid bite of powder in his nostrils and a bullet through the lungs the younger man, fighting hard against his fall, slowly eased himself to the door.

"For yoh, sub," courteously sneered Moreau, carefully wiping the smoking pistol and returning it to his breast pocket, while he coolly watched the writhing figure cough out his life. "I calculate, sub, yoh are now booked foh that front seat in hades which yoh declined. I'll teach yoh to play a low down game on a gentleman, sub."

As he turned to refill his glass the door was violently torn open and a large, florid faced man entered. Moreau turned, his hand slipping into his breast pocket. For a long moment the two confronted each other in silence.

"Mr. Randall has just blown out his brains," said the intruder slowly at length. "I guess that's your work, my fine old bucko. But I heard another shot. Where's my pal, Gene Kirby?" His eyes, restlessly searching the darkened corners, at length happened on the huddled thing, now lying very still. "Gene," he cried, stooping and raising the other's head to his knee. "Speak to me, boy. It's your old pal, Bunce."

"I calculate yoh friend is past speaking, sub," observed Moreau, backing toward the door and keeping a wary eye on the florid faced Yankee. "Mr. Kirby insured me, sub, and has paid foh it with his life. I shot him in fair and honorable combat."

"Fair and honorable hades!" snarled Bunce, leaping to his feet. "Shot him in the back, yoh skunk—your usual fair and honorable manner! You haven't the nerve to stand up and face a crippled hen!"

"Stand back, sub!" warned the other, drawing his Derringer. "Yoh are naturally excited, and so I choose to over-

look yoh words, which I will not do in the future. But don't push me too far, sub—don't push me too far, foh even a gentleman has his limits."

"No man ever double banked Gene Kirby twice," said Larkin Bunce jaconically, "and it'll be a good thing for you, Moreau, if he is past speaking, which, I guess, looks the case. If he happens to pull through you can gamble he'll fix your case himself, but if he doesn't, my fine old bucko, I'll settle your honorable hash. Yoh've stunk up this river just about along enough."

"It will afford me considerable pleasure, sub," replied the pseudo colonel in his best manner, "to place yoh in the same position which yoh friend Mr. Kirby will shortly occupy. I refer, sub, to a front seat in the grill room of his most Satanic majesty Yoh servant, sub, and a very good evening." Bowing, the flower of southern chivalry backed nimbly through the door and disappeared.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Alert Man.

"Calmness is a fine trait," said Mr. Bliffy, "but does it always get there? You take the case of two men standing up in a car holding on to straps, both the same age, but one of them quiet and the other quick, and now let the man they are standing in front of get up to leave the car at a station, and suppose these two men are both at exactly the same distance from the seat, each with the same chance as the other for seizing it, which would get that seat? Would it be the calm, cool man who moved deliberately and always with some thought for others, or would it be the ever alert man, quick to move and always on the lookout, not caring a continental for what anybody thinks and always ready to jump in any seat he can nab? Why, while the calm man is thinking it over about what he shall do and beginning to turn that way the alert man is in the seat. I certainly do admire the calm, tranquil man and his good manners, but it is the man ever on the alert that gets the seat in the car—and other things." —New York Sun.

The Back of a Glove.

The meaning of the three marks on the back of a glove and the clocks on a stocking were two of the little mysteries of dress explained at a lecture on clothes in London. The lecturer said that the three marks on the back of a glove correspond to the fourchette pieces between the fingers, and in olden days these pieces were continued along the back of the hand, braid being used to conceal the seams. A somewhat similar origin was assigned to the ornamental clock on the stocking. In the days when stockings were made of cloth the seams came where the clocks do now, the ornamentation then being used to hide the seams. The useless little bow in the leather hand lining a man's hat is a survival of the time when a hat was made by taking a piece of leather, boring two holes through it and drawing it up with a piece of string.

Fashions in Borneo.

According to the rules of Bornean fashion it is deemed necessary to mold one's limbs into a more shapely form than that bestowed by nature. This is done really effectively by winding strong brass wire round the ankles, the wrists, under the knees and above the elbows of children. Growth at these points is, in consequence, greatly hampered, with the result that the limbs come to be deformed or, according to Dyak ideas, brought into proper shape. The headdress consists of a curious headwork cap, and around his neck a bridegroom to be wears bangles of plaited fiber and strings of cowrie shells. These shells, by the way, as in other parts of the world, are used as currency. A yard of fiber or twenty to thirty cowrie shells represent the value of a penny. The white armlets are made of another species of shells. —Wide World Magazine.

Party's Fate on One Vote.

Instances are common enough in elections when a single vote turns the scale, but for that vote to decide not only the fate of a candidate, but of a party as well, is rare. Yet a majority of one in parliament, which may logically depend on a majority of one in the country, has worked some of the most momentous results possible. The classical example is the act of union of 1790, certainly among the largest, most important and most remarkable changes ever accomplished by a legislative body. One hundred and six voted for it and 105 against. Then a majority of one carried the great reform bill in 1832.

Majorities only a little bigger have again and again been responsible for far-reaching consequences. A majority of five threw out the Melbourne government in 1839. By the same figure John Russell's government was defeated in 1866. Gladstone went out of office in 1873 because he lacked three votes, and the public education act, one of the most important ever passed, was placed on the statute book by a majority of two. —London Chronicle.

City and County Brief News Items

Edison Records for July now on sale at Ratcliff's furniture store. A bright girl baby was born to Mr. and Mrs. O. H. Brady Tuesday afternoon.

Two more wagon loads of the Troy bridge left Enterprise for Troy Thursday morning.

Miss Harriett Blow returned Wednesday from Prairie Creek where she has been for some time.

Covey Serratt, who has been visiting for several days in Wallowa, returned to Enterprise Thursday.

Wall paper at 10 cents per roll at Ratcliff's. His entire stock will be sold at bargain prices while it lasts.

O. H. Brady is placing a beautiful tile entrance to the A. C. Miller building, and a concrete pillar which extends the full frontage of the building.

Lee Brothers, who recently purchased the blacksmith shop here of I. N. Pitzer, have purchased the stock formerly owned by Poulson & Prater. The shop formerly conducted by Poulson & Prater, has been closed.

Word comes from Vancouver, Wash., of the birth of a bright, lively girl baby to Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Thomason. Mr. and Mrs. Thomason are well known through Wallowa valley. Mr. Thomason at one time having been a well known newspaper man of La Grande. Mrs. Thomason before her marriage was Miss Caroline Wasson, the Wasson family also being well and most favorably known in Wallowa valley. The little baby girl will be christened Coraell Thomason.

JOSEPH BUSINESS MEN DEFEATED 11 TO 1

Now, will Editor Shutt, be good. The Joseph business men were defeated by a score of 11 to 1 by the Enterprise business men, in the jail game last Tuesday afternoon. A good, genial merry-making time was had, and more fun than you could shake a stick at. Moreover, the game was played from start to finish—that is, everybody was "in" the game. What the Enterprise business men's team now want to look out for, is an invitation to Joseph, with Joseph waiting patiently and confidently to annihilate them in the return game. And it would be just like Editor Shutt, to get his business men to put up that sort of job, so there.

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Dr. F. E. Moore, osteopath, has office hours all day Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday in Enterprise. Office over the bank.

With 1500 excursionists on board, fire broke out in the hold of the Home Packet Company's steamer J. S., while en route on the Mississippi river between Geno and Victory, near La Crosse, Wis., and before the vessel could be beached three men perished in the flames, one woman was drowned and scores were injured, many seriously.

The President has nominated Everett Orville Jones and Nathan Putnam Wood, of Washington, and Frederick T. Harris, of Idaho, as first lieutenants of the army medical reserve corps.

CHARLES THOMAS
LAWYER - ENTERPRISE, ORE.
Practice in State and Federal Courts and Int. Dept. Abstract Bldg. opposite court house.

Something new—Kirsh curtain rods and portier poles for the first time in Enterprise. Come in and see them at F. S. Ashley's.

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