

CAMEO KIRBY

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

CONTINUED.

CHAPTER X.

E in a great measure to Kirby's and Adele's high spirits, which infected all but three members of the company, the in honor of Colonel Moreau was an entire success and, in fact, could not have been surpassed had that unfortunate gentleman himself been present. Judge Pleydell, believing that he was assisting to entertain one who by championing the cause of the Randalls, while at the same time ridding the community of the notorious Cameo Kirby, had earned his lasting esteem and gratitude, told his best stories in his happiest vein, and Mme. Davezac, together with Ann Pleydell, suffering under the same delusion, put forth every effort to charm, even going to the length of heartily applauding the judge's most venerable and moth

No mean raconteur himself, Kirby ransacked his vast store of personal experience for interesting topics of conversation that would bear rehearsal to the present company, and even timee, funley and unwillingly drawn some my lous spell into the vorx of small k, arefully selected, as mary," the least inocuous of hanny escapades and centured to made it to the demure ear of his dieter partner, Miss Pleycell. This heroic action of the old river gambler-for he was desperateembarrassed at the honor shown him and thoroughly cognizant what toust be the inevitable and tragic endtog of his partner's reckless actionsufficient testimony to the fact that the precentice manner of M. Veauy, coupled with Mr. Randall's grave tence and stalled courtesy toward Virby, had no effect upon the spirits of the company, if, indeed, their demennor was even noted by the ma-

Before entering the house the two gentlemen in question had come to an understanding regarding the status of their guest, concurring in the opinion that he was impersonating the gentleman in whose honor the dinner had been planned. But Aaron alone had found a sinister significance in the General's observation to the effect that Kirby were a quantity of camees, and, although he lacked authentic evidence upon which to erect his suspicions, while likewise granting that it was an amazing and unbelievable action for one to deliberately walk into the bouse of his enemies, he vaguely sensed that the pseudo Colonel Moreau was none other than the notorious Eugene Kir-

Still, Aaron Randall was a strictly just and upright man, who was fully aware of the many crimes committed in the name of circumstantial evidence. Slow to pronounce Judgment, he was quick to act when once assured that in no sense would justice be violated. Moreover, Adele, in whose integrity and force of character he had the firmest belief and for whom he had the highest regard and proof of whose acumen he had had ample testimony, vouched for the imposture and even confessed complicity if not actual initiative in the same. In the absence of Tom Randall she was absolute mistress, with the right to act as she deemed fit, and had, moreover, exacted his word of honor that he witched you that"would trust her until the arrival of her brother. Even had he been satis- she said quietly, drawing away. fied with the truly of his conjectures regarding this identity this prome Adele. I think you know from the would have placed first he is not Colonel Moreau. I have

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Aaron to secreey and M. venuary, benot be violated.

was eloquent proof of his self command and personal integrity, coupled with those refined instincts bestowed by gentle birth and breeding, that he considered Anron's promise equally binding upon himself and, repressing all promptings of jealousy, refrained from denouncing Kirby as an impostor. The successful suit of an honorable rival would have been difficult enough to recognize, but this encroachment of a stranger who at the best was a masquerader if not a character more sinister and disreputable was tatolerable, for M. Veaudry had gathered from Mr. Randall's manner that he suspected their guest of being guilty of something more criminal than assuming a name to which he had no right.

Thus, even while the young creole and Aaron prayed that Tom Randall's arrival would be hastened and coincident with it free vent could be given to their suspicions, Larkin Bunce earnestly hoped to the contrary-hoped that Kirby would suddenly realize his danger, growing the more deadly and certain as every minute passed, and would ride for the river before the coming of Nemesis.

But evidently nothing was more remote from that reckless young gentleman's intention, for, unmindful of his partner's increasing uneasiness and that both were the object of watchful. hostile eyes, he continued to act as if time and opportunity had been created solely for Adele and himself. Dinner finally at an end, he and his young hostess, entirely absorbed in each other's society, sought the drawing room balcony, while the others, with the exception of Bunce, indulged in a game of piquet, M. Veaudry proving a wretched partner, his entire attention being occupied with the couple on the balcony.

M. Veaudry, owing to his preoccupation, proving such a thankless partner, Mme. Davezac at last turned to Bunce and suggested that he and Kirby join the game in lieu of the young creole and the judge.

"Eh, truly, Anatole," she added, with some asperity, tapping the other's arm with her fan, "you cannot keep your mind on the game, and so we are unable to play. Will you surrender your place to Colonel Moreau?"

"It seems to me that I have already done that," he responded gloomily.

With as good grace as possible yielding to the dictates of courtesy, Kirby unwillingly terminated his tete-a-tete with Adele, and as he approached the card table his place was promptly preempted by the young Creole, who followed Miss Randall to the balcony. It was the first time he had been alone with Adele, and his long repressed emotion and bitterness found vent.

"Ah, mamzelle, it is true," he said reproachfully. "You are changed-so quickly. Yes, you will say I wanted to see you happier, but I also had wished to be the one to make you so. Adele.' he added earnestly, striving to take her hand, "if this difference in you comes only from the gratitude yeu feel to-to Colonel Moreau because he tried to protect your father I shall be happy. But how have this man be-

"I don't understand you, Anatole,"

"'Tis I that do not understand you.

some very strange suspicion of him?" Instantly the woman in her was up ing subsequently acquainted with the in arms, seeking to defend, eager to compact, likewise agreed that it could do battle for the object it sought to shield. "It is enough that I know he For the young creole this passive is a man who has had a great wrong role was extremely difficult, and it done him. That's one way of making a woman believe that you love herwhen she's trying to belp some one in trouble, make it harder for her-be jealous," she finished, with a bitter

langh. "I am jealous-I do not deny that. But I am, first of all things, a man of honor," he said quietly enough, although white with anger, His voice trembled with emotion as he added. with simple dignity: "Do you think a only because he is jealous? Do you think I would suspect him only for that?"

"I can't discuss it with you." she returned coldly. Leaning on the balcony railing, she promptly became absorbed in the wonders of the night.

Recognizing the sign of dismissal, he yet hesitated, miserably conscious that he had offended, but still feeling justified in the position he had assumed, still holding that those emotions which had prompted his words were but natural, impersonal and sincere. It was his right to protect the sirl he loved from the wiles of a nameless adventurer, of whose integrity he had the gravest doubts. It was his right to protect her from herself, for, leny it as she might, it was all too bitterly apparent that this debonair a man be killed until I do know." impostor had succeeded where others ed all sorrow with her mourning and was yielding to a fascination that he firmly believed would prove her ruin.

While he still hesitated, afraid to make an enemy of the girl he loved yet stubborn in his resolution to thwart Kirby, Aaron Randall, suspecting some such controversy as had taken place, joined them on the balcony and Anatole, with evident relief, turned again to Adele.

"Mademoiselle, here is your cousin He will not be thought to be jealous," you what he will not tell me, I ask him to tell you what he thinks about

this gentleman." "Cousin Aaron," replied the girl, turning and confronting the two from whom she had most to fear, "in my brother's absence you respect my authority here; do you not? Very well, then. My introduction of this gentleman as Colonel Moreau is enough for

"It must be, Cousin Adele," replied Aaron, evidently greatly perplexed and

"And I am responsible for my tions only to my brother," added the girl, looking directly at M. Veaudry.

eyes and the significant inflection of her voice. "In his absence I would protect you. I would act for him," he protested des-

perately.

"You may when you have his au thority. Until then I bid you adieu." And, with an elaborate courtesy and pleasant smile, she vanished through the window, while the gentlemen remained on the balcony, a prey to the most disquieting thoughts.

"You see how she have change-in this one day-with him," bitterly exclaimed Anatole, pointing through the open window to where in a distant corner of the room Kirby sat at the card table. Mr. Randall merely nodded and gloomily chewed his cheroot. He was facing a difficult problem and

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praying for the arrival of young Randull.

Presently from the music room there came the subdued harmony of a guitar and harp, and when the soft prelude had finished Adele's fine contraits took up the theme, singing, "I sent thee late a rose wreath, not so much honoring thee." It was Kirby's favorite song, shatches of which Anatole had heard the other humming at intervals since his arrival. Clearer, sweeter, purer sounded the words until the music ascended like an anthem and came stealing out of the window to mingle with the sort murmur of the night, to blend with the unheard, far distant harmony of the stars. Anatole stood transfixed, man of honor have suspleion of a rival a proy to the bitterest emotions to which man was ever hostage.

"You hear?" he cried passionately, turning to Aaron. "For the first time since how long? Now she wear no more black. Now she is no more silent. Now she sing, not for her brother, not for those who love her, not for me"

"No; it's for Colonel Moreau," finished the older man, throwing away his eigar.

The creole laughed harshly, contemptuously, his black eyes snapping with passion. "For 'Colonel Moreau?" dare you-look me in the face and say that man is Colonel Moreau," waving a trembling hand to the window.

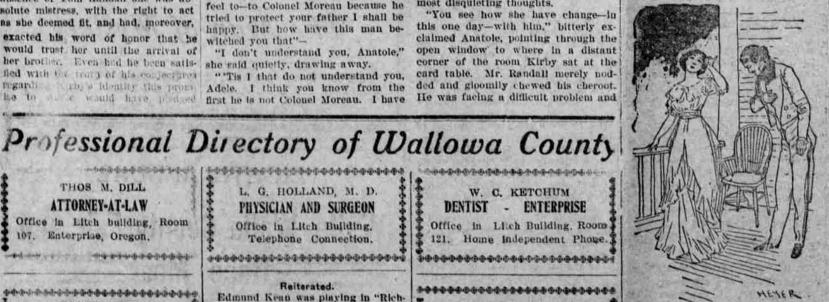
"I shall tell you nothing," replied Aaron sternly, "No matter what I suspect, I don't know. And I won't let

"When you met this man you did not had failed and that Adele had discard- know him," said Anatole, with slow significance. "I think to myself-who can be be? I make a guess and another guess and another guess, but I am not sure."

"Exactly," commented Mr. Randall, with some sharpness, "There you are. You are not sore. Neither am I. There is nothing to do but to await Tom Randall's arrival or, failing that, some authority from him, instructing us how to get: otherwise our boner binds us, and we must meet this diffleuit matter with such patience and he said gravely. "I ask him to tell fortitude as we may possess. At the same time I thoroughly understand your feelings, and you have my entire sympathy. Let us pray this unbearable suspense will soon be terminated. for I make a poor and unwilling conspirator."

Meanwhile, at the eard table, Messrs Kirby and Bruce had been acting, for the benefit of the audience, a farce comedy berdering on the burlesoue. Two seasoned gamblers, men who knew every game and trick embraced in cards and to whom the pasteboards were as familiar as one's knife and foric, it was somewhat difficult to simulate that chronic state of ignorance for which their self relegated position in society should attest.

Moreover, Kirby's native histrionic ability was badly handleapped by hi thoughts being solely centered upon the now absent Adele, while the worthy Bunce's natural clumsingss was greatly enhanced by anxiety over their mutual safety, re-enforced by a perspiring embarrassment at finding himself a unit of such society. Happily for them their partners were not of a suspicious or inquiring turn of mind



"I CAN'T DISCUSS IT WITH YOU," SHE SAID COLDEY.

and were entirely engressed with the

"You gentlemen know the cards a little?" Mme, Dayezac had ventured, with a charming and guileless belief in their ignorance. "Well, we shall teach you something new of the game.

"I'll be glad to learn something new about it." Kirby replied, with gravity and perfect truth.

Mme. Davezac, with sadly amateurish fingers, assisted with many a flourish, intended to impress the presuma ble tyros with a fitting admiration for ber skill, proceeded to cut the deck while Bunce eyed her gloomily and mentally criticised what he termed e "dirty riffie." His professional dignity was outraged by the fact that she had cut to the last card and then serenely reunited the deck, and, forgetting him-seif, he was about to assert his rights and demand a new shuffle when a

warning kick from Kiroy checked him. call it. You think you can do that?"

his flaming cheeks, stooped and began

to miserably grope for them, "You see," exclaimed Kirby, "my might be. To speak confidentially, I would have let him go last month if it weren't that he is the only support of a wife and eleven children."

"I wish I was in the lower regions," grouned Bunce sotto voce.

"I'll see that you get your wish if you don't sit up here," replied Kirby. But soon it was Kirby's turn to gain that state of absentmindedness for mother of the noisy infant, "oughter which he had censured his partner, for in the adjoining room Adele had commenced to sing, and all his thoughts promptly went out to her, his lips mutely repeating the words of the well remembered song, while his eyes grew as dreamy and abstracted as his mind. At length, when it was his turn to play, conscious only that he was holding a book of cards and consequently inferring that he must be indulging in his bread and butter game of poker, he spread his hand face up upon the table.

"Malheur!" exclaimed Mme, Davezac. aghast at this startling innovation. 'He expose his hand."

"I fear," commented the judge, rising and pushing back his chair, "that Colonel Moreau finds it difficult to play cards and listen to the voice of a beautiful woman at the same time."

"And you cannot say that he have not good taste," commented Mme. Davezac. "Tiens! We adjourn, then, to the music room. You will come, Colonel Moreau and monsieur the secretart?"

Adole was still singing, Miss Pleydell accompanying her, and, drawn by the oft harmony, M. Veaudry and Aaron at length forsook the balcony and, as had the others, proceeded to make their way toward the music room. Their goal, however, was never attainfor as they stepped through the window into the deserted drawing room they were met by Poulette, one of the "French niggers." She carried a small bundle made of a knotted spotted handkerchief, and her manner at tested that she was evidently laboring under the repressed excitement incldent upon discovering business not intended for her cognizance. In fact, she had but completed a victory over old froup, who had persistently annoyed her with his attentions and, when cenured for so doing by his ample wife, had promptly and quite untruthfully harged Poulette with making his life nubearable by her unrequited affection for his person. Since then Poulette, smarting under the calumny, had eacerly sought some method of assuaging her outraged feelings, and now at last she had secured it.

"Miche Aaron," she whispered, plucking Mr. Randall's sleeve as he was about to pass on-"Miche Aaron, dat black man, Croup, he have a secret. Dat secret it is with Miche Moreau."

(To be continued.)

A Volcano "What is a voicano?" asked the

"A mountain with a fire inside." said one

A smile of comprehension spread over the puzzled face of the smallest pupil as she asked surprisedly, "Is that a mountain range?"

A Pungent Player. The comedian bad bis benefit and thankful for the patronage of "klud friends in front" let of this

promptu, which was applauded: Like a grate full of coals I glow,
A great full house to see,
And were I not grateful, too,
A great fool I should be.

More Important. button in this pie!" "Didn't see nothin' of an umbrella, did yo', boss? Dah was one tos' bean ins' night." Scribner's Magazine.

Lead Pipe. Lead may be melted and when cool

ed to the solidifying point may be aquirted. In this manner lead pipe made.-Mining World.

Apologies only account for the evil which they cannot alter. - Cuyler.

Thackeray's Satire.

Thackeray created quite erroneous "Ah, 'tis your deal," Mme. Davezac impressions of himself by often indulgat length exclaimed, tendering the ing in frony in the presence of people cards to Bunce, "First you must make who were incapable of understanding the cards well-mix them, so-like it. One curious instance which he gave you saw me. See, you suf-fel, as they was this: Thackeray had been dining all it. You think you can do that?" at the Garrick and was triking in the "Yes'm, I reckon I can git that fur." smoking room after dinner with varihe ventured modestly. Taking the ous club acquaintances. One of them deck, he promptly forgot his role and happening to have left his eight case proceeded to give a very fine demon- at home. Thackeray, though dist.kingstration of the professional shuffle, the man, who was a notorious tuff spreading the cards in the air between hunter, good naturedly offered him one his hands until he resembled an ex- of his cigars. The man accepted the pert bartender mixing drinks. This cigar, but, not finding it to his liking. completed to his entire satisfaction, he had the bad taste to say to Thackeray. spouted out the pasteboards in a deal "I say, Thackeray, you won't usind my of lightning-like rapidity, while Mme. saying 1 don't think much of this Davezae and the old judge sat bolt cigar?" Thackeray, no doubt irritated upright with astonishment. At length at the man's ungraciousness and bearon extra desperate and well executed ing in mind his tuft hunting predileckick from Kirby checked the old gam- tions, quietly responded. "You ought bler's stirring exhibition, and, covered to, my good fellow, for it was given with confusion, he dropped several me by a lord." Instead, however, of cards to the floor and, in order to hide detecting the irony, the dolf immediately attributed the remark to snobbishness on Thackeray's part and to the end of his days went about declarsecretary is not so experienced as he ing that "Thackeray had boasted that he had been given a cigar by a lord."

Maternal Instinct.

"Children that yell like that ought either to be gagged or kept at home," remarked the irascible gentleman with the white beard to the bus conductor.

"And faces like the one wot you're scarin' people with," chipped in the be made into door knockers or sent ter the chamber o' 'orrors.'

The gentleman with the patriarchal face fungus took a brick red complexion. "I know it's awkward at times"be commenced.

"It's more'n awkward: it's nothin' short o' 'orrible," suapped the lady, as she once more glanced at the sorry elderly man's set of features.

When the rest of the passengers tittered audibly the old gentleman came to the conclusion that it behooved him to speak to the point.

"I mean the child"- he tried once more

"And you didn't mean it no good," returned the indy, "else you wouldn't a looked at it."-London Ideas.

Jungle Housekeeping.

The negro housewife in the West Indian jungle finds housekeeping very easy. Fruit and vegetables grow wild all about the but and the river abounds with fish. On wash day all she has to do is to pick a few of the berries of the soap berry tree, take her clothes to the river and use the berries as she would use ordinary soap. Even her cooking pots grow on the trees, the calabash cut in balves being used for this purpose. Calabashes are used also for bowls, busins and jugs for carrying water from the river while the small ones make excellent cups In the afternoon, when she is ready for her cup of ten, the negress picks half a dozen leaves from the lime bush growing at her door, bolls them. squeezes the juice from a sugar cane for sweetening and the coconnut supplies the milk. Thus she has a dellcious cup of ten without depending on the grocer for it. She makes the mats for her floor out of the dried leaves of the banana, plaited and sewed togeth er as the old country people in this country make their rag mats.



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Reiterated. Edmund Kenn was playing in "Richard Ill.," and the part of Catesby had to be taken by a low comedian, who sauntered on to the stage at the wrong moment and uttered the famous words, "My lord, the Duke of Buckingham is taken," in the wrong place, Edmund clinched his tists in rage.

but otherwise took no notice of the re Later the comedian repeated the words in the right place, and when the king expressed surprise at the news Catesby folded his arms, walked boldly down the stage and remarked

to the great actor in loud tones: "I told you so before, Mr. Kean, but you wouldn't believe me."

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