



# CAMEO KIRBY



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

[CONTINUED.]

### CHAPTER XII.

**B**UT, Marse Gene, honey," implored the old negro, "yo' sho'ly is gwine to make"—

"Some attempt to escape?" smiled Kirby. "Not any, Croup. For one thing I don't wish to, and for another I think it would be wasted effort. The moon is very unaccommodating," he added cheerfully, peering out into the darkness, "but still it seems to me that there are shadows out there not formed by trees. At least they appear somewhat agitated. I shouldn't wonder," he finished in the same pleasant conversational tone, "if Mr. Bunce has realized by this time that he would have been considerably more comfortable had he remained here. The night air doesn't appear overbearing."

"Yo' mean, Marse Gene, dat de house am surrounded wif men," quavered Croup, seeking to peer over the other's shoulder.

"So I should imagine," agreed Kirby. "It's time our interesting friends on horseback should be here. Aren't they drawing rein out there?"

"Oh, Lawd! Oh, Lawd!" gasped Croup, abandoning himself to despair. "Dey's gwine to have yo' life, Marse Gene!"

"S-b-h!" warned Kirby. "Here come the ladies. No more agony, if you please. I assure you your sympathies are entirely wasted. The good die young, you know." And he turned, with a pleasant smile, as Mme. Davezac and Miss Pleydell entered.

Both appeared thoroughly frightened, although endeavoring to cloak it under a mask of well-bred composure, and Kirby purposely ignoring their condition, launched himself upon a soothing current of small talk which was remarkable for its lack of relevance.

"Just discoursing with Croup on the beauties of the night," he prevaricated cheerfully. "You see, I have been quite deserted. My secretary, feeling the heat, stepped into the garden for a breath of air, while Miss Randall evidently had duties elsewhere. Shall we continue our game? Or perhaps Miss Adele will sing for us again."

"I—I am a little frightened, Colonel Moreau," interrupted Mme. Davezac, her emotion mastering all repressive measures, while she glanced apprehensively at the window. "There are strange shadows moving in the garden. We saw them from the parlor."

"Ah, undoubtedly my secretary," replied Kirby, "a most active being for one of his excessive displacement. I assure you he is entirely capable of creating more than one legitimate shadow."

"It was more than one man," interrupted Ann Pleydell in a frightened voice of conviction. "Please do not jest with us, Colonel Moreau. We are convinced that some men are watching this house both front and rear."

"In that case," said Kirby, instantly serious, "I beg of you, ladies, to retire to your rooms and permit me to investigate this matter. There is no cause for alarm."

A shrill, frightened scream cut him short, and the next moment Poullette came flying into the room, moaning and wringing her hands.

"Oh-h-h!" she cried, shrinking away from the window. "Men all round de house. Dey have gun muskets. Dey hide in de bush. Oh-h-h!"

Instinctively Kirby placed a hand in his breast pocket and strode toward the balcony. As he gained the window

a hand suddenly pulled him back, and he turned to confront Adele.

"You think they have tracked you," she whispered, biting the quiver from her lips. "They shan't take you! They shan't!" passionately, vehemently.

"Stand back from the window," he commanded quietly, throwing an arm before her. "Ladies," he added, turning to the others, who, with Poullette, had defensively butwarmed themselves behind the card table, "there is no cause for alarm. It is possibly only a posse of our neighbors hunting a runaway nigger."

"Quite so, sir," agreed a drawing voice. And, turning, Kirby discerned Judge Pleydell standing in the doorway, complacently and resolutely blocking the one avenue of escape. Kirby felt quite assured that at last some one of his late friends had discovered the true identity of "Colonel Moreau."

"I have found out who these trespassers are," continued the Judge, significantly eyeing the masquerader, "and, ladies, it is my earnest request that you retire to your rooms."

"Retire?" furiously stormed Adele, her eyes snapping. "I tell you I'll have them whipped off the place!"

"You can't do it; he's right," cut in Kirby, nodding toward the Judge.

A heavy step in full retreat now sounded on the balcony, and as Mme. Davezac gave birth to a frightened little scream Larkin Bunce, looking considerably overheated and embarrassed, pushed through the window and beamed rather foolishly upon the assembled company.

"You changed your mind about taking that stroll, did you, Larkin?" greeted Kirby pleasantly.

"Well, I didn't stroll fur," acknowledged the other, fastening an innocent eye upon the ceiling. "There was some men out there, strangers to me—so fur. Yet they kind o' seemed to show some interest in me when I ran into 'em. Told me it wasn't healthy to take too long a walk in the night air. And when I went round the house the other way there was some more o' them says the same thing similar. So I reckoned I might as well come back to the house."

"If you will permit me," said Kirby, facing the company and raising his voice, "I will receive Judge Pleydell's friends on the porch yonder. No, Bunce," he added sharply as the other approached, "I don't want you. It's a lone hand, partner."

"You shan't do it," implored Adele, catching his arm. "Oh, don't you see it would be as if I had betrayed you? Anatole," she broke off sharply, a note of agonized relief in her voice as the young croole appeared in the doorway and gently shouldered his way past the Judge—"Anatole, you've told me a hundred times you'd die to do me a service. Now I give you the chance. I want those men driven off my property."

M. Veaudry's face whitened and set as he became the cynosure of all eyes Kirby's excepted.

"It is a service that I do you, mademoiselle," he said at length, with quiet dignity. "Those are my men out there. I told them to surround the house, and this gentleman knows what for," bowing gravely to Kirby.

"No, he doesn't, but I do!" cried Adele, laughing hysterically. "So this is how you win a woman, Anatole? You will answer to my brother for an attack on a guest of this house," she finished, her anger once more mastering all other emotions.

"Mademoiselle, it is by your brother's orders that I act—and I think it

is that he is himself here now," replied M. Veaudry.

Even while Adele laughed scornfully a confused babel of cries was heard from the garden, supplemented by hoarse oaths and the sound of running feet. Another moment and Tom Randall had burst into the room. Covered with dust and sweat, white, haggard, half insane with excitement, a prey to the most consuming passion, he was the epitome of violence, balked revenge and undying hatred as, throwing off Adele's restraining arm, he launched himself straight at Kirby.

Aaron Randall, grave and collected, next entered and methodically placed upon an adjacent chair the green portmanteau belonging to the late lamented Colonel Moreau.

Kirby quietly awaited young Randall's onslaught and, as the maddened boy threw himself upon him, plucked his arms and, despite all opposition, forced him backward into a chair.

"Let me go! Get out of the way, you people!" screamed Tom, like an infuriated child, as Adele and Aaron laid restraining hands upon him.

"We've run you to earth, Mr. Wolf," he added, glaring at Kirby, while he strove to release himself, almost sobbing with impotent fury.

"Wolf, am I?" echoed Kirby, stepping back. "Then I'll show you some fangs."

"Tom! Tom!" implored Adele. "What's the matter? Why do you act this way? You don't know what you're doing."

"Don't!" he snarled, writhing from her grasp and again confronting Kirby. "It's you who are the fool. There's the man we want for the murder of Colonel Moreau!"

She started back aghast, staring from her brother to Kirby and back again in helpless, doubting astonishment.



"WE'VE RUN YOU TO EARTH, MR. WOLF."

with distilled venom.

Aaron Randall's expression changed, and with sudden agitation he grasped M. Veaudry's arm. To both men some idea of the boy's despicable action had occurred.

Kirby waited coolly, surveying his accuser, while he carefully chose his next words. "So you are the man I had to find," he said measuredly, with a sardonic, contemptuous smile. "Did you throw that pistol away, or did you keep it?"

"That's your defense, is it?" cried Tom, laughing wildly. "I'll show you how much water that'll hold. You want to accuse me of taking it—accuse me of taking that poor dead man's pistol? You'll find that accusation is going to fasten the rope just a little tighter around your neck. Moreau left his pistol in that portmanteau this morning while at my aunt's house, and if I speak the truth it's there yet."

He pointed dramatically to the green leather article his cousin still guarded, and, Aaron making no move to open it, but remaining preoccupied and silent, Judge Pleydell stepped briskly forward and performed the service, holding significantly aloft the Derringer which had almost ended Kirby's life.

"Ha! That looks as if I took it, doesn't it?" cried Tom, turning in savage triumph upon his fabled enemy. "The only pistol I carried in my life was my father's. There it is," producing from his pocket the silver mounted single shot weapon. "You ought to know that pistol," he finished menacingly. "If you don't, these people here know it."

"You seem to have made your case," admitted Kirby, with cool brevity and indifference. "I believe I'd prefer to go out."

He glanced at Adele, but she had turned away with bowed head, looking utterly crushed. After a moment's hesitation he turned to go, when M. Veaudry sprang forward and barred his way.

"Keep out of this, Anatole!" warned young Randall. "You've done your share."

"Yes, I have done my share, but I have not forgotten my honor," replied the young croole, pale with but ill-repressed excitement. "I would kill him, but not by lies. It was a fair meeting. Colonel Moreau was armed this morning. He carried that very pistol you show us here," pointing to the weapon that Judge Pleydell still held. "The proof is there," he finished simply. "Your cousin, he told me."

"You fool!" cried young Randall, completely outraged at this unexpected action, which he considered base treachery. "What do you mean? Aaron," he added violently, turning to his cousin, "tell him that's a lie."

But Tom Randall's second witness proved as disappointing, and his hasty, despicable and well executed method of vengeance fell to pieces before his enraged eyes. He, who had not thought twice of fastening a murder upon his enemy, had never for a moment doubted that, the necessity arising, this important witness, this blood relation who shared his hatred, would readily swear away the life of their mutual enemy. He had acted without principle. He had reckoned without his cousin's inherent love for common decency and justice. Aaron Randall positively refused to corroborate the falsehood. "No, sir," he said sternly. "We have a better way."

Tom, abandoning himself to rage and chagrin, turned upon M. Veaudry and Aaron. "You cowardly sneaks!" he cried. "You go back on me now when I had this man where I could pay him what I owed him. There are twenty men around this house who would stamp his life out like a rattlesnake. Give me that pistol."

"Give him the pistol. Give him forty!" added Kirby hotly as Judge Pleydell hesitated. "I'll teach you to skulk behind trees and rob a dead man, to swear a murder on me," he added passionately, turning upon his accuser. "I am clear of your lies. I am within the law now, and you are outside it. Take your pistol, call in your friends to help you, and I'll make"—

"No! No!" cried Adele piteously.

He turned, mastering by an effort his bitter passion. "And," he finished courteously, with a formal bow, "I will make them welcome. It shall never be said of me that I was inhospitable in my own house."

Oblivious to the others, his declaration had been aimed at Adele, and, despite the suave courtesy with which it was delivered, she was acutely conscious of a certain bitter undercurrent of irony in the words, re-enforced by the sardonic challenge of his eyes.

"Your own house," she echoed slowly. "Did you say that?"

"It is mine tonight."

She stared at him, wide eyed and tremulous with sudden fear and horror, as if the phantasmagoria of some hideous dream, a being whom she had swiftly learned to cherish, had in a breath turned into a venomous reptile, its wicked head drawn back to strike.

"There is only one man in the world who could make that claim," she whispered, choking over each word while she still stared with horrified fascina-

tion—"only one man in the world who could make that claim!"

"Don't you see who the scoundrel is?" cried Tom, with brutal contempt. Kirby bowed gravely to Adele Randall.

"Cameo Kirby—at your service, madam. I told you the bad prince always stayed too long," he added sadly, bitterly.

(To be continued.)

**MOROCCO RULER TORTURE EXPERT**  
Throws Victims to Lions When Consuls Protest.  
WOMAN VICTIM FOR MONTH.

Mother of Former Governor of Fez Hung by Chains to Tear Flesh of Arms, While Hand is Crushed in Damp Rawhide—One Prisoner Dragged Through Streets in Iron Cage.

The question is being asked in Europe, and asked with more and more insistence, how long is the brute who is now the ruler of Morocco to be allowed to torture and kill his subjects?

To read the well authenticated reports of atrocities perpetrated by this man makes many shudder and wonder whether it can really be true that Morocco is only a few hours' distance from some of the most celebrated cities of Europe. Fresh instances are continually being brought to light of Mulai Hafid's cruelty.

As is well known, the moment he obtained the throne he began to mutilate and torture his prisoners, his proceedings being so abominable that the consuls of the powers at Fez drew up a collective protest and demanded that in future all punishments involving mutilation or lingering death should cease.

Threw Him to Lions.

Mulai Hafid's reply was the putting to death by throwing to lions of one of his prisoners, the pretender, El Roghi, who for weeks previously had been subjected to torture, physical and mental, one of the methods of torture devised by the sultan being the exhibition of his captive cramped up in an iron cage, which was drawn through the streets.

But this was only a beginning. Story after story of torture, mutilation and death has come from Morocco. One of the latest of them is in regard to relatives of Ben Aissa, the late governor of Fez, who himself, having incurred the sultan's anger, or, rather, being an object of his cupidity, for the purpose of the proceedings was to disclose hidden treasure supposed to be in Ben Aissa's possession, was tortured to death.

The mother of Ben Aissa's wife was then tortured, and recently she was discovered, just alive, after upward of six weeks in close confinement in a dark cell in heavy fetters.

Ben Aissa's wife is believed to have undergone a month of tortures. Persons acquainted with Moorish customs have been able to gather from her condition what she has undergone. First, they say, her right hand was sewed up in a damp rawhide, which, by contracting, crushed the hand and rendered it useless. Then she was hung up by ropes or chains fastened to her forearms and wrists, which had to bear her whole weight, the strain cutting deeply into the flesh, and her legs and feet were at the same time chained.

Women Expose Cruelties.

Attempts were undoubtedly made to conceal these cruelties, and the credit of exposing them is due to the pertinacity of the two women of the Fez medical mission, Miss Mellett and Miss Denison, who would not be put off until they had made a medical examination; also to the efforts of Mme. Murat, the wife of a French doctor, and of Mr. Macleod, the British consul at Fez.

Six weeks after the tortures were inflicted the wretched woman's right shoulder was dislocated, possibly broken, and much swollen, causing intense pain. Her right arm hung almost useless, and the hand was apparently permanently closed. It showed scars and unhealed wounds—the effect of chains or ropes—and her legs and feet were also scarred.

Amianthine Cloth.

The finest variety of asbestos is known as amianthus, and the most beautiful specimens of this come from Annabasse, in Savoy. Hence the fabric woven from asbestos is sometimes known as amianthine cloth. Charlemagne is said to have had an amianthine tablecloth which he once ordered to be thrown into the fire for the entertainment of his guests.—London Standard.

**BOSS COX'S SAPPHIRE EYES ONE REMARKABLE FEATURE**

Cincinnati G. O. P. Dictator Also Quiet in Demeanor.

What sort of man is George B. Cox, the Republican dictator of Hamilton county, Cincinnati? He's the most modest spoken person you'd meet in a day's walk. In the old days he was a butcher. He is now president of a trust company in Cincinnati, and along with Charles P. Taft and others he is powerful in the traction interests of Cincinnati.

The peculiarity of his makeup is his eyes. They are like sapphires. They shine red and blue and white, and his face is pink. When he is angry those eyes are sapphire. Yet his demeanor never changes. It is calm and impressive, and while his voice is hoarse, there is a gentle strain to it, and he never raises it. He seems to keep himself within bounds.

No matter whether you believe in Cox or not as a political factor, in the estimation of his friends as well as his enemies he does not on public occasions lose himself. Cox has talked more within the last few months than ever before in all of his thirty years of Republican leadership of Cincinnati.

As you get older, said a psychological critic the other day, you are apt to talk more, and this critic recalled that Richard Croker, for twenty years the Democratic master of Tammany Hall, talked more in his later career, and perhaps this talk led to his undoing.

Cox's bet of \$15,000 that Judge Oren Brit Brown would be nominated for governor, in the opinion of Cox's friends in Ohio, greatly injured Brown's chances.

"The moral element of the state," said one of Cox's lieutenants, "was greatly shocked when Cox offered to make this bet."

As matter of fact, according to competent testimony, only \$1,250 of that bet was taken up. Thus Cox lost \$1,250 by Brown's defeat.

"Harding will have to contribute certainly that \$1,250 to the campaign fund," said one of Cox's lieutenants, "if he wants to secure Cox's support."

**PLAYWRIGHTS ARE CHILDLESS**

Henry Arthur Jones and Hall Caine Only Exceptions.

According to an observer, English writers of plays are generally childless. He says:

"It seems that the successful dramatist is at the end of a series and never leaves a successor. Look down the list of them, from Gilbert to Shaw, and you will find never a child. Further search brings up Thomas Hardy, Barrie, Maeterlinck, Ibsen, Cecil Raleigh, Maugham, Locke, Granville Parker, Frederick Penn, Louis Napoleon Parker, and only Henry Arthur Jones and Hall Caine are dramatists with children.

Russia's Clock Trade Limited.

German and Swiss manufacturers control the large watch and clock import trade of Russia, together selling about \$2,300,000 worth a year.

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Getting an Autograph.  
A Munich boy of fourteen, who had seen and admired many of Rudolf voh Seitz's paintings, was anxious to secure the painter's autograph, but did not know how to go about it. After much thought he wrote a letter, stating that he had sent a case of wine to the professor's address, and wanted to know whether it had been received. Thinking the matter of sufficient importance the painter did not write, but called at the address given, met the boy's mother, and the fraud soon became apparent. The boy was thoroughly scolded, and next day received this autograph note:  
It often happens here on earth that little rogues to great ones grow. Some autographs for which you're trying can be procured without much lying.

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