



# CAMEO KIRBY

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



(CONTINUED.)

### CHAPTER III.

**C**OLONEL JACQUES GASPARD DESCHAMPS MOREAU, to give him his full title, doing all things thoroughly, as befitted one of his honorable character, was not satisfied with, as he thought, disposing of Kirby's physical existence, but considered it his pleasurable duty to effectually ruin whatever little reputation had survived during the other's downward career.

Kirby, presumably fatally wounded, had been carried ashore by Bunce at the next landing, and in those days shooting and stabbing affrays emanating from card games being only too common, but little attention had been paid to the affair. Cameo Kirby was notorious the length of the river, and such an abrupt and tragic termination of his career had not only been frequently and cheerfully predicted, but was, moreover, expected of all such members as graced his questionable profession. Indeed, for them a sober and respectable death would have been considered bad form. Among the gambling profession there existed a certain code, which in a manner served to link those at the top, who, like Kirby and Bunce, wooed fortune honestly, to the Moreau type, gracing and disgracing the lowest rung in the gamblers' social ladder. This code, if so it may be termed, was an understanding to the effect that in no instance, however great the provocation, should the law be invoked. Wrongs, fancied or authentic, were to be redressed solely by the bearers thereof, the joint office of judge and executioner being vested in each separately and distinct individual.

In view of this accepted understanding, Larkin Bunce had accordingly made no mention of the fact that a probable murder had been committed, and the passengers and steamship officials dismissing it as a gamblers' quarrel, which was none of their affair, no stigma of society was attached to the deed. Colonel Moreau, who, claiming to be an old and valued friend of Mr. Kirby, went to the latter's stateroom and brazenly assumed charge of the body. Bunce's laconic statement was too pitifully true, for the old planter had actually ended his life.

Again referring to Colonel Moreau's happy faculty of doing all things well, it was quite characteristic that to complete his revenge against Cameo Kirby he now did not hesitate to assume charge of Mr. Kirby's body, did not hesitate to meet the son of the man for whose death he had been directly and shamelessly responsible, for young Tom Randall had ridden over to the Flaquemin landing in order to greet his father, while over at the old homestead all was bustle and excitement in honor of the master's homecoming.

Anxiously Tom Randall waited to see the jovial and well known figure of his father march down the gangplank, waited to catch a glimpse of the familiar and weather beaten green portmanteau which the planter always carried. The moments passed. Other and numerous passengers stepped ashore, to be eagerly welcomed and claimed by their own, but John Randall was not among them. A curious and seemingly pregnant hush had succeeded the landing of the freight, and off somewhere in the darkness a child whimpered shrilly. The boy's nerves were set on edge. Perhaps his father was having a farewell talk with the captain and would come dashing out at the last moment with all his old disregard for time and place. It was time the bell was clanging, the signal for backing away, for by now the landing of passengers and freight appeared to be terminated. And still no John Randall. The boy walked along the strings

piece until the Texas deck came the more prominently into view, the glow from the open windows of the port staterooms silhouetting the lean visaged pilot, absolute monarch of his realm, who now that an easy stretch of the river had been entered loafed about while his cub took the wheel.

"Hello, on board the Shotwell!" shouted young Randall, looking up at the pilot-house. "Is that you, Mr. Kirby? This is Tom Randall. Do you know if my father is on board? We were expecting him by your boat, sir."

For reply Mr. Kirby, usually the pattern of courtesy, offered a memorable affirmative and turned from the window.

But young Randall had no time to nurse his quick resentment, for now,



THE SCOUNDREL HAS ALREADY PAID FOR IT WITH HIS LIFE.

at last, his father had come ashore, borne on the shoulders of two roustabouts, while the captain and officers stood with bared heads and thankfully left the unwelcome task of explaining the tragedy to the amiable and willing Colonel Moreau.

"My boy," said the latter, now laying a fatherly hand on young Randall's heaving shoulder, "although I am a stranger to you, sub, I have ventured to assume temporary control of this terrible affair, for I am a southern gentleman, as was Mr. Kirby, and I feel bound to you all by the ties of sympathy and country. I was a witness, sub, to the events which preceded and prompted this outrage, and, although I am aware it is but a poor satisfaction, still it is something to know that the scoundrel who was instrumental in causing you poor father's death has already paid for it with his life. My name, sub, is Colonel Moreau, and if I can be of any further service to you all in this dark hour of tribulation pray command me, sub. As an old soldier I beg of you to meet this calamity with the fortitude of a Christian gentleman, with which admirable and pious adjuration the good colonel flourished his handkerchief and helped himself to a generous pinch of snuff.

"I-I thank you, Colonel Moreau, for all you have done," said young Randall stonily, looking on the huddled thing at his feet. "You—you say you witnessed my father's death?"

"Not exactly, sub, for he shot himself in his stateroom. However hard to bear, I think you should know who and what prompted his death. The scoundrel, sub, was the notorious Cameo Kirby, of whom, perhaps, you have heard."

Young Randall nodded dully, and Moreau, entering into the spirit of the tale, continued: "I formed an acquaint-

ance, sub, with your poor father when he came aboard at New Orleans. He confided to every one that he had sold his sugar crop for ten thousand and had the cash with him, and he was in mighty high spirits because he was on his way back home to see his children. Poor gentleman! As delicately as I can I must state that he was not quite himself, and by that, sub, I mean that he had been imbibing a little too freely. I don't have to tell you, sub, that there are certain characters on all the big boats who keep a pretty sharp lookout for gentlemen with money who are in the condition your poor father, sub, was in tonight, and I expect there was more than one river gambler on board who would have liked to get his hands on Mr. Kirby. But the one who got him was the slickest and cleverest of the lot, the Cameo Kirby whom I have mentioned. This rascal, sub, inveigled your poor father into a private stateroom, piled him with molasses and won from him not only all his money and personal effects—even including a miniature of your dead mother, sub—but also a deed to his entire plantation and all his slaves, everything which he owned. I was too late to save Mr. Kirby, but I knew Kirby by repute, and I was so screamingly outraged by the whole affair that I denounced him for the low scoundrel he was. Thereupon he drew on me, but I was the quicker and shot him down like a dog. They carried him ashore, sub, at the landing below this, and the river is cleaner for his death."

"You have taken vengeance out of my hands," said young Randall unsteadily. "The coward and villain! For a stranger, sir, the attitude which you have displayed toward my family has been most considerate, and I will never forget it. The hospitality of a house in mourning!"

"No, no, my boy," interrupted Moreau, again employing his fatherly hand. "I am sensible of the honor, but I couldn't think of it. This is a time when you all must wish to be alone, and business calls me north. I merely stepped ashore in your interests as any gentleman would have done. There goes the bell, and I must run for it. Honored, sub, to have made your acquaintance, though of course I deeply deplore the necessity which occasioned it. I will venture to pay my respects to your family when I return south, and pray command me in any occasion you may have. Your servant, sub." And with a magnificent bow the colonel turned and raced for the gangplank, boarding the Shotwell with a leap that shamed his fifty odd years.

Meanwhile Cameo Kirby, a bullet through his right lung, was making a desperate battle against death, fighting for the life which he had considered little better than worthless. In his efforts he was materially assisted by the crude but faithful Bunce, his gambling partner, with whom he had played up and down the Mississippi for years. For two weeks this combat raged, Kirby hovering between life and death, but at the end he emerged triumphant as, over the gaming table when the odds were as heavily against him, he had emerged from many a hotly contested conflict.

To those who judged Kirby's character from the evil reports which gossip had spread concerning him and to others who, in their righteous ignorance, considered all gamblers legitimate children of the devil his remarkable recovery would have been accepted merely as another proof that the evil one favors his own, that the mills of the gods grind slowly, that justice is blind and that a scoundrel is difficult to kill, together with many similar ancient and redoubtable maxims which ignorance and self righteousness love to

distribute on every fitting occasion.

Among possessors of the last mentioned attribute Eugene Kirby was regarded as a black sheep who, religiously avoiding the whitewash brush, was deemed beyond redemption, for what man worthy of the name would have acted as had the last of the Kirbys? What if he had been but fifteen when his father died a bankrupt? What if he had been left an orphan, a pauper, with no immediate relative to care how he acted? Wasn't the heritage of an ancient and honorable name, the knowledge that some of the oldest and best blood in all the south flowed in his veins, enough to keep him straight? Most assuredly it was. There was absolutely no excuse for his drifting in with wild and dissolute companions, becoming a common river gambler and rendering notorious and obnoxious a name which had hitherto been the synonym for honor and integrity.

Kirby had been kept in ignorance of Mr. Randall's suicide, but when at length he became conversant Larkin Bunce, harking back to the events of that memorable night, informed him, and the invalid, on his part, recounted the occurrences preceding Colonel Moreau's precipitation of the "honorable" combat.

"The news of Mr. Randall's death is a great shock," he added, greatly moved. "He was my father's friend, Bunce, and when the devil played havoc with our affairs did all in his power to be of assistance. But for



'TLL SCARE UP A PRATER OR TWO FOR JACK MOREAU'S SOUL.

my great pride I would have accepted his offer of guardian and, under his supervision, I hope, would have been a credit to the name instead of the disgrace I am."

"Now, you quit these here postmortems," remonstrated Bunce good naturedly, but firmly. "You don't call me a disgrace, do you? And ain't I your old side partner? Bosh, if you play the game straight I guess there's lots of worse ways of making a living than gambling. The sawbones said a lot of rest was coming your way, so just turn over on the other side and forget it."

"No, I can't, Bunce. Don't you realize the position in which I am placed by Mr. Randall's death? I hold a deed to his entire plantation, and I must sign a release without delay. What if it should ever be thought that I entered the game in earnest, with the deliberate intention of robbing Mr. Randall? You know my reputation," he added bitterly, "and how easy it is for a dog to earn a bad name. Bring me pen and ink at once, Larkin. If you please, for I won't have a moment's peace until I sign that paper."

Propped up on the pillows and supported by the still grumbling Bunce, he wrote the following:

I hereby surrender the absolute possession of all the property herein described to the child or children of John Randall.

EUGENE KIRBY.

"There!" he exclaimed. "Now I feel better, and there is no chance of my old neighbor's children being defrauded out of their inheritance."

"You worry a heap more about them than yourself," observed Bunce, "and there's no call for it. Even if they knew you had got this deed, you're reckoned as a dead man by everybody. I heard from one of the boys that Moreau had skipped to Mexico, but you know how the river calls, and he'll answer sooner or later. When the fine old bucko does return don't be fool enough to give him another chance at your back, for he's a painfully modest cuss and prefers to stay in the rear. By rights he ought to get the same dose he gave you, and I'd do it for the asking."

"You know you wouldn't," said Kirby.

**W. B. APPLGATE,**  
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by simply. "The moment I learn that Moreau has returned you may arrange a meeting for us. You can leave the rest to me."

Bunce nodded. "I guess there ain't any one who could get the better of you, Gene, face to face. I ain't much of a hand at the gospel, but I'll scare up a prayer or two for Jack Moreau's soul."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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## United States Land Notices

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION—ISOLATED TRACT.  
PUBLIC LAND SALE.  
Department of the Interior.

U. S. Land Office at La Grande, Oregon, June 3d, 1910.

Notice is hereby given that, as directed by the Commissioner of the General Land Office, under provisions of Act of Congress approved June 27, 1906 (34 Stats., 517), we will offer at public sale, to the highest bidder, at 10 o'clock a. m., on the 21st day of July, 1910, at this office, the following described land:

The NE $\frac{1}{4}$  SW $\frac{1}{4}$  & SW $\frac{1}{4}$  SE $\frac{1}{4}$  Sec. 33, T. 1 N., R. 45 E. W. M., Serial No. 07406.

Any persons claiming adversely the above-described land are advised to file their claims, or objections, on or before the time designated for sale.

F. C. Bramwell, Register.  
Colon R. Eberhard, Receiver.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.  
Department of the Interior.  
U. S. Land Office at La Grande, Oregon, June 20th, 1910.

Notice is hereby given that Joseph Allen, whose post-office address is Enterprise, Oregon, did, on the 2nd day of September, 1909, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 06986, to purchase the SE $\frac{1}{4}$  NW $\frac{1}{4}$ , Section 14, Township 1 North, Range 44 East, Willamette Meridian, and the timber thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory. Known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and timber thereon have been estimated and valued by the applicant at \$100.00 the timber estimated at \$50.00 and the land \$50.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 10th day of September, 1910, before C. M. Lockwood, U. S. Comm'r, at his office, at Enterprise, Oregon.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

44c11  
F. C. Bramwell, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.  
Department of the Interior.  
U. S. Land Office at La Grande, Oregon, June 20th, 1910.

Notice is hereby given that Mary A. Elmer, formerly Mary A. Woods, of Wallowa, Oregon, who on February 25, 1904, made Homestead Entry No. 13458, No. 09106, for S $\frac{1}{2}$  SW $\frac{1}{4}$ , Section 32, Township 1 North, Range 44 East, Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final Five Year Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before C. M. Lockwood, U. S. Commissioner, at his office, at Enterprise, Oregon, on the 10th day of August, 1910.

Claimant names as witnesses: Mark O. Courtney, of Lostine, Oregon, Jasper J. Chapman, of Wallowa, Oregon, Edward A. Crossler, of Wallowa, Oregon, William Whitmore, of Wallowa, Oregon. 44c5  
F. C. Bramwell, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.  
Department of the Interior.  
U. S. Land Office at La Grande, Oregon, June 16th, 1910.

Notice is hereby given that Michelle Baker, whose post-office address is Enterprise, Oregon, did, on the 20th day of July, 1909, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 06831, to purchase the W $\frac{1}{2}$  SE $\frac{1}{4}$ , Sec. 8, and N $\frac{1}{2}$  NE $\frac{1}{4}$ , Section 17, Township 1 North, Range 45 East, Willamette Meridian; and the timber thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and timber thereon have been estimated and valued by applicant at \$400.00, the timber estimated to be worth \$200.00, and the land \$200.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 10th day of September, 1910, before John A. Rumble, U. S. Commissioner, at his office, at Joseph, Oregon.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

44c11  
F. C. Bramwell, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION—ISOLATED TRACT.  
PUBLIC LAND SALE.  
Department of the Interior.

U. S. Land Office at La Grande, Oregon, June 13th, 1910.

Notice is hereby given that, as directed by the Commissioner of the General Land Office, under provisions of Act of Congress approved June 27, 1906 (34 Stats., 517), we will offer at public sale, to the highest bidder, at 10 o'clock a. m., on the 28th day of July, 1910, at this office, the following described land:

The SE $\frac{1}{4}$  SW $\frac{1}{4}$ , Sec. 6, & NE $\frac{1}{4}$  NW $\frac{1}{4}$  Sec. 7, T. 1 S., R. 45 E. W. M., Serial No. 07432.

Any persons claiming adversely the above-described land are advised to file their claims, or objections, on or before the time designated for sale.

43c5  
F. C. Bramwell, Register.  
Colon R. Eberhard, Receiver.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.  
Department of the Interior.  
U. S. Land Office at La Grande, Oregon, June 30th, 1910.

Notice is hereby given that Fred A. Harsh, of Enterprise, Oregon, who, on June 13th, 1908, made Homestead Entry No. 16065, Serial No. 05466, for SW $\frac{1}{4}$  NW $\frac{1}{4}$ , Sec. 28, SE $\frac{1}{4}$  NE $\frac{1}{4}$ , E $\frac{1}{2}$  SE $\frac{1}{4}$ , Section 29, Township 1 North, Range 47 East, Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final commutation proof to establish claim to the land above described, before C. M. Lockwood, U. S. Commissioner, at his office at Enterprise, Oregon, on the 20th day of August, 1910.

Claimant names as witnesses: Jack Johnson, of Innaha, Oregon, Clyde Harsh, of Enterprise, Oregon, J. E. Patterson, of Enterprise, Oregon, W. A. Murray, of Enterprise, Oregon. 46c5  
F. C. Bramwell, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.  
Department of the Interior.  
U. S. Land Office at La Grande, Oregon, June 30th, 1910.

Notice is hereby given that Louis George Peterson, of Rognes, Oregon, who, on April 10th, 1905, made Homestead Entry No. 14271, Serial No. 02927, for SE $\frac{1}{4}$  SW $\frac{1}{4}$ , SW $\frac{1}{4}$  SE $\frac{1}{4}$ , and E $\frac{1}{2}$  SE $\frac{1}{4}$ , Section 23, Township 2 North, Range 44 East, Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final five year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before V. C. Boatman, County Clerk, at his office at Enterprise, Oregon, on the 15th day of August, 1910.

Claimant names as witnesses: Nelson K. Bue, Syvert Hovde, G. W. Humphreys, Thomas Hovde, all of Rognes, Oregon. 64c5  
F. C. Bramwell, Register.

Charles Brown, Rudolph Kuhl and August Kooeps were in Enterprise from near the junction, this week. August Kooeps made application for naturalization papers.

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## Professional Directory of Wallowa County

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ATTORNEY-AT-LAW  
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"That's the funny thing about it. The original Jonah was a prophet, while the modern Jonah is a loss."—Boston Transcript.

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