

# CAMEO

By Booth  
Tarkington and  
Harry Leon  
Wilson

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# KIRBY

Adapted From  
the Play of the Same  
Name by W. B. M.  
Ferguson

AINSLIE MAGAZINE COMPANY

## CHAPTER XI.

"What secret?" demanded Aaron, for at the magic name "Moreau" his companion and he were instantly all attention. "What secret?" he again peremptorily demanded.

"I see them speak together sly," said Poulette, nodding her head and screwing up her eyes in a manner that boded ill for the amative and untruthful Mr. Croup. "I can tell that they did not wish you to see. Then when you come from dinner Colonel Moreau he hand this to Croup behind the door. Croup he keep it in he breast pocket until he fall asleep on perch just now. I have look. It is all those camels—'Camels?' dryly echoed Aaron, with raised eyebrows.

"Oul, miche," confidently nodded Poulette, evidently no whit amazed at the idea of the spotted handkerchief being able to accommodate such animals. "All those camels the colonel gen'eman wear when he is come, wear them on his fob chain." And she opened the spotted handkerchief.

"Cameos, M. Aaron!" exclaimed Anatole, an exultant light leaping to his eyes. "See, there they are. Now I know. You saw Colonel Moreau when he started for that meeting this morning. You saw him when Tom Randall has meeting this morning. You saw him when Tom Randall has give him that pistol of his father's to go and kill—who? But one man—Cameo Kirby!" he cried, leveling his arm at the startled Aaron.

And, as if further proof were needed, evidence which proved beyond a doubt the sinister identity of the unwelcome guest, Croup entered with a gote, which he handed to M. Veaudry.

"Man on horseback ride all de way from de city wif it," he explained. Hastily scanning it, the young creole handed it in silence to Mr. Randall, and the latter read:

I have one more clew to run down, but I shall follow this within the hour. I hear a rumor that Colonel Moreau took the journey with you this morning. If this is true, secure his portmanteau, and if he is still at the plantation do not allow him to quit the place till I come. Use any means to prevent his leaving. Do not hesitate at force. Colonel Moreau was murdered this morning by Cameo Kirby. TOM RANDALL.

Aaron gravely returned the letter to his companion, and for a long moment the two men looked at each other in silence. Then M. Veaudry quietly placed the paper in his pocket, turned on his heel and strode from the room. Mr. Randall obediently following. At last they had arrived at a complete understanding regarding the identity and disposition of the troublesome guest who boldly masqueraded under the name of Colonel Moreau. That no words had been necessary testified to the sinister character of the resolve upon which they had mutely determined.

From the balcony Larkin Bunce, chewing impatiently on his cheroot, waited for Adele to leave the drawing room. It was imperative that he should have a final word with Kirby.

Escaping from the music room before the others, he had been in time to catch a glimpse of Aaron Randall's face as the latter followed M. Veaudry, and the sight had not been a comforting one, the old gambler feeling assured that something untoward had happened. It would not have surprised him if their respective identities had at last been discovered.

"I knowed we'd get it if we stayed," he commented gloomily. "I wonder if this means it's come," glowering at Aaron's retreating back.

And yet, looking through the window, he discerned Kirby seated at the card table negligently toying with the pasteboards and frittering away the time with Adele as if secure in the peace and happiness of his own home. Such indifference was maddening, inexplicable, and the old gambler, with a final imprecation, decided that the moment Adele had gone he would convey a last warning to his partner, and if it was still unheeded he would then think of his own safety and, however difficult it would prove, leave Kirby to the fate he deserved.

Meanwhile that gentleman was calmly pursuing his dialogue with Adele. "You ask me if I am sorry I did not go," he was saying. "Miss Randall, what is a man who acts against all the reason he has?"

She turned away, evincing sudden and vital interest in a book she had read twice over and knew by heart.

"Do you think you have a right to say that you have only one friend?" she asked gently.

"I—I hadn't thought of you as a friend, Miss Randall."

"Why? How do you think of me?" suddenly facing him, her eyes half timid, half daring, demanding a sincere answer.

"Why—just as you, Miss Adele—and I ought not to think of you at all."

"Do you mean because this unjust charge is hanging over you? Do you think I care for that? Is there any other reason?"

He nodded, permitting the cards to

fall from his hand one by one to the table. "Yes; there is another reason. You remember what Mercutio said of his wound—'Tis neither as deep as a well nor as wide as a church door, but 'twill serve. Ask for me tomorrow; you shall find me a grave man.' The bad prince ought not to stay too long, you know."

She seated herself at the table and scrutinized him with grave, troubled eyes, her chin reposing daintily on the crux of arched hands. "You must make it clearer to me than that. What are you afraid of my finding out?"

He shrugged and smiled. "Life makes some pretty queer shuffles, Miss Randall, and you can't fool much with the deck yourself," he said, somewhat irrelevantly, picking up the cards and unconsciously beginning to riffle them. "If you don't play the game square it's only a question of time till you get caught, and then nobody will play with

you. I don't know why Life dealt me the hand I hold. All I know is I've got to play the cards according to rule. Sometimes I've found that mighty hard. I keep wishing and wishing there'd be a different hand dealt, but wishing won't change it. It was the shuffle that settled it long ago."

"I don't think, sir, that you've said anything that concerns you and me very much," she commented, glancing up shyly.

"Concerns you and me," he echoed sadly, and, rising, he began to pace the room. "Miss Randall, let me tell you something," he added at length, halting and regarding her fixedly. "One evening toward sunset I was leaning over the rail of a Mississippi river steamboat, and, not finding much pleasure in what I was thinking about, I put my hand casually into my pocket and drew out a deck of playing cards, cards that had been used—well, considerably. I contemplated them a moment and then let them fall from my hand. They dropped into the water in a kind of little shower. And then a curious thing happened. Those shabby old playing cards floated alongside a rosebush all in bloom that somebody had evidently planted too near a caving back upstream. It seemed as if they kind of hoped to go along with it on its journey, but it didn't

look right. The rosebush was too pretty for bad companions like that. And then, one by one, those shabby playing cards, lying on their backs in the water, began to sink under and drown. Then along came an eddy and caught that pretty rosebush and swung it out into the current, and away it went down the stream, happy and proud in just a glory of sunshine and sparkle. It served those old playing cards right. They ought to have been drowned for trying to keep company so high above them. That's what I thought looking down from the boat's rail."

Without conscious effort or any attempt at elocution Kirby had told the little allegory with simple feeling and sincerity, his manner growing more abstracted until at the conclusion it seemed as if he were speaking to his inner self, taking counsel with all that was best in him. Silence ensued, while Adele looked dreamily away, and he continued to stare at the cards, but seeing them not.

"Does a man always stop to think whether he has a right or not?" she ventured at length, speaking so low that he strained forward to catch the words.

"Doesn't a woman always want him to?" he gravely returned.

"Ah, but there is something a woman wants a man to do more than that—she wants him not to give up anything till—he is beaten," she whispered.

"Suppose he is the kind of man that ought to be beaten?"

She arose, throwing the scarf about her shoulders, and walked meditatively to the door.

"But mightn't it be perhaps—perhaps with one woman," she whispered, "he couldn't be beaten even then?"

Astonished at her own daring, she gave a little gasp, then incontinently fled, while Kirby stood staring after her, fearing to interpret her words. He turned with a start as Bunce strode through the balcony window.

"Well, have you told her goodby?" snapped Larkin, who had interpreted the foregoing passage as a species of farewell.

"No," said Kirby violently, irritated at the interruption.

"Well, I reckon it's about time to sit down and take a good hard think," warned the other, pacing the room like an excited sentry. "Do you think you could git this girl?" he continued, with heavy sarcasm. "How about it when she finds out who you are—Cameo Kirby?"

"Easy en that name, Larkin!"

"Easy on the name!" bellowed Bunce, appealing to the ceiling. "Why, it's been shriekin' through this house ever since you got here. There's been two fellers within ten feet of you all the time who never took their eyes off a you—that young Veaudry and Aaron Randall. Do you reckon they think you're Colonel Moreau? Why, I seen them leave the house a short spell back, and I'd be willin' to bet my immortal soul they're on to our makeups and are plannin' to raise h— with us. I tell you this place is gittin' too hot for Larkin Bunce. You haven't said goodby to her? Well, then, I'll say goodby to you. Somebody's got to be loose. I wouldn't be no good to you—nor to me either—in jail. For the last time," he pleaded, making an imploring gesture with his trembling hands, "are you comin' with me?"

Kirby, who had quietly resumed his place at the table, now slowly shuffled the deck and carefully inspected the card that had turned up.

"No," he said, with grave finality. "I'm not going with you, my friend. The hand's dealt; I'll play it out."

"For God's sake, Gene!" implored Bunce. "Then I got to quit you. You know what this means to me," he added despairingly. "I hate to go, but there's no sense in my stayin'!"

"No. And I thank you for staying as long as you have," interrupted Kirby, with a smile, rising and placing his hand on the other's shoulder. "I'm afraid I haven't been thinking very much of you, old partner. But I'm going to stay—call it what you like. However, this is not your hand, Larkin, and I don't want you to help me play it out. Go, by all means, and at once. Did you get a fresh horse?"

"A fresh horse? Why, I wouldn't even durst to ask for the one I come on," cried Bunce, mopping his face. "You don't seem to rightly size up the mess we're in, Gene. I'll be lucky to git out on my own two feet. I don't even know where they put my hat, and I'm skeered to ask for it. Then it ain't no more use my askin' you to come!"

"No more use than in your stayin'," said Kirby.

Bunce hesitated for a moment, then thrust out his huge hand.

"Goodby, you durned fool!" he gasped, choking up.

"Goodby, Larkin, but don't bet that it is goodby. They won't get me. I'll ride your horse into town for you tomorrow."

Bunce bestowed a final helpless appeal upon the ceiling, gave his partner's hand a farewell wrench, then lumbered hastily from the room, while Kirby, humming softly to himself, strolled to the open window and, leaning negligently against its frame, gave himself up to retrospection.

He wanted to be alone; he wanted to think, to dream, to go over and over again every word that Adele had spoken, every smile, every gesture. His thoughts were solely of the immediate present and past. For the future he did not care—neither Tom Randall's homecoming nor his own inevitable unmasking. He wondered what he would have been, what the end would have been, had his early life been laid in pleasanter lines—less harsh, less lonely. Yes, utter loneliness was a great and sinister factor in molding man's destiny. What if the last of the Kirby had proved an honor to the old name, instead of a professional river gambler? And why was he re-

maining? Was not the allegory of the rosebush too literary? Why had Adele said those last words? "But mightn't it be perhaps with one woman he couldn't be beaten, even then?" Yes, it might be, and it would be, and the truth of it had been proved since the beginning of time. But even if she were willing and knew him for what he was, could he rightly ask the sacrifice? Yet those words had awakened a fierce longing, had held out a promise of hope. And he could not utterly renounce, not just yet. Perhaps—

He turned as a hand tugged at his sleeve, turned to confront old Croup, who had stolen noiselessly to his side.

"Marse Gene, fo' Gawd's sake look out!" whispered Croup, his face gray with anxiety, his voice trembling with suppressed excitement. "I's feared it's too late fo' yo' to git away. Marse Anatole done ride out de stable lak he's crazy, an' if yo' listen to de quiet out yonneh yo' kind hear hosses a-comin' down de big road, an' dey comin' on de gallop, Marse Gene. Old Croup mighty skeered fo' yo', honey."

Kirby turned an attentive ear toward the softly stealing south wind—that harbinger of danger. Yes, the hoof beats were now insistently audible, drawing nearer and nearer with every passing second. More than one horse, too—say a dozen, if he was any judge.

"Thank you for the warning, Croup," he said quietly, preserving his attitude of idle indifference as if discussing the most trivial commonplace. "I quite agree with you that it is too late to think of escape."

(To Be Continued.)

## PROCEEDINGS OF COURT.

Fair Progress Being Made Toward Clearing the Docket—Mistrial in Liquor Case.

From The Daily Item, Oct. 12.

The trial of Edward J. Keith, colored, who was under indictment for receiving, accepting and storing liquor, was had yesterday afternoon. The jury could not agree on a verdict and remained in the room all night. When court convened this morning a mistrial was ordered.

The case of C. R. Ross, indicted for obtaining goods by false pretence, which was in progress yesterday when the recess was taken at 1:30 o'clock, was concluded with a verdict of not guilty.

Today Thomas Dinkins, colored, who killed an unknown negro who entered his house near the brick yard and stole Dinkins' clothes, was tried and acquitted.

The grand jury will probably complete its work for this session today and the final presentment will be made tomorrow morning.

The record is as follows:

The State vs. Wesley Jenkins, receiving and storing liquor, no bill.

The State vs. Wesley Cummings, larceny of bicycle; true bill.

The State vs. O. H. McKagen, perjury; no bill.

The State vs. Alex. Vinson, housebreaking; true bill.

The State vs. Louis Washington, assault and battery with intent to kill; true bill.

The State vs. Garfield Hix, alias Garfield Benbow, larceny of live stock; true bill.

The State vs. W. H. Hollings, selling liquor; no bill.

The State vs. Dr. C. W. Birnie, selling alcoholic liquor; no bill.

The State vs. Alex. Wilson, grand larceny; true bill.

The State vs. Perry VanBuren, obtaining goods by false pretence; true bill.

The State vs. W. H. Hollings, selling liquor; no bill.

The State vs. Wesley Jenkins, selling liquor; no bill.

The State vs. C. R. Ross, obtaining goods by false pretence; not guilty.

The State vs. Curtis Ford, entering a house with intent to steal; not guilty.

The State vs. Jack Johnson, larceny from the field, plead guilty in one case; sentenced to 18 months on chain-gang. Two other cases transferred to the contingent docket.

The State vs. J. S. Kizer, obtaining goods by false pretence; continued.

The State vs. Mose James, selling liquor, discontinued on recommendation of magistrate.

The State vs. Edward J. Keith, receiving, accepting and storing liquor. Tried and jury remained out all night. Mistrial ordered.

The State vs. Frank Ross, selling liquor, discontinued on recommendation of magistrate.

The State vs. Myers Johnson, housebreaking, not pressed at the request of prosecutor.

The State vs. Muldrow Jacobs, alias George Muldrow, housebreaking and larceny; continued.

The State vs. Nathan Evans, assault and battery of a high and aggravated nature; true bill.

The State vs. William Brown, larceny of a bicycle; true bill.

The State vs. Rowland Williams, Eugene Williams and Joe Williams, assault and battery with intent to kill; discontinued, no witnesses for State appearing.

The State vs. Arthur Harvin; not pressed.

The State vs. Bud Taylor, et al, conspiracy and larceny, five counts; discontinued.

The State vs. Louis Washington,

## PRAYER VERSUS MEDICINE.

EPISCOPALIANS REFUSE SANCTION TO CURING BY PRAYER.

House of Laymen Defeats Resolution After It Has Passed One Section of Bishops.

Cincinnati, Ohio, Oct. 11.—A resolution giving the sanction of the Protestant Episcopal church to the healing of the sick by prayer was adopted in one section of the house of bishops of the convention, but was defeated in another section of the house by the narrow margin of five votes. The convention vote was by dioceses.

The laymen of the house killed the report by a vote of 27 to 32, four dioceses not voting.

Rev. Lucius Waterman presented the report. In doing so he explained that he had no fear of the word "supernatural."

He contended "If Jesus did heal the sick in the first century in a supernatural manner, he can do so today and to recognize that fact is not to put the church in the position of not recognizing modern science. While the limits of modern science have been reached, we have not reached the limits of the power of God."

Rev. H. M. Staler of Atlanta indorsed the resolution. He said the Episcopal church had been taken in the dark in the matter of divine healing.

"It is our own fault, he declared, "for this magnificent gift was given to us by our blessed Lord in the beginning. This power of restoring the sick by prayer was thrown away by our church and a woman picked up that jewel. Now I say let us take back our own and use this magnificent gift in the name of the church."

The laity of the house of deputies, as a rule, opposed the report. While the larger vote polled for the resolution came as a surprise, the belief prevailed tonight that the subject would not be revived at this time.

Both the house of bishops and house of deputies today decided on New York as the next convention city.

The committee on marriage and divorce today reported that it would be undesirable to make any change in the laws of the church at this time.

## DIVERSIFIED FARMING — THE REMEDY.

This Method Will be Urged Upon Georgia Farmers as Cardinal Principle of Campaign.

Atlanta, Oct. 11.—Diversified farming as the efficient foe of the boll weevil will be urged upon the farmers of Georgia as the cardinal principle of a campaign of education decided upon tonight by the Atlanta chamber of commerce. The boll weevil, it was stated, is expected to make its appearance in southwestern Georgia within the next four years. Committees were appointed to map out details of a campaign, in which it is hoped to enroll the assistance of all civic and industrial organizations in the State.

It was decided to raise a fund of \$5,000 to defray the expenses of the corn show to be held in Atlanta next month.

Six "social" clubs were raided in Columbia last week.

Glenn Wood, white, was seriously shot by Joe Johnson, at Edgefield Sunday.

J. P. Robbins, of Greenwood, has been bound over for trial for operating a moonshine distillery.

If Richard LeGallienne, who says no poet should marry, was no more successful as a husband than he is as a poet, Mrs. Le Gallienne may base upon an unfortunate experience the view that no woman should marry.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

It is pretty hard to pronounce some of those new names in Portugal; but they are probably quite simple compared with what the late King is calling them.—St. Louis Times.

## Horses and Automobiles.

Just received a fine lot of mules and horses. Some extra good brood mares in this lot.

Also just received two carloads of 1911 E. M. F. "30," and Flanders' "20" automobiles. Our \$1,250 E. M. F. "30" has been reduced to \$1,000. If you want one of these see us at once. These are the automobiles that are guaranteed for one year. See our line of automobiles, Chalmers-Detroit, Hupmobile and the 1911 Hudson. Shaw & Drake. 10-11-W2t

assault and battery with intent to kill; tried and convicted of assault and battery of a high and aggravated nature; sentence 1 year.

The State vs. Thomas Dinkins, murder; not guilty.

## CONFERENCE ON COTTON BILLS

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN BANKERS DISCUSS GUARANTEE.

Proposal is That American Bank Shall be Surety for Genuineness of Bills of Lading.

New York, Oct. 11.—A conference relative to cotton bills of lading was held this afternoon between Sir Edward H. Holden, managing director of the London City and Midland bank and a number of New York bankers, who are interested in settling the dispute with foreign financial interests over guaranteeing such securities. No definite action was taken toward effecting a settlement. It was announced later, but further conferences are to be held, which may bring about an agreement. Hope of such an outcome is strengthened by the statement of Sir Edward that he believed a satisfactory arrangement would be reached.

At today's meeting, it is understood, the New Yorkers argued that the validation certificate plan proposed by American bankers but rejected by foreign interests is really the best arrangement possible until better and more uniform State laws are enacted in this country. No statement was obtainable, however, as to whether the foreign interests are prepared to modify the form of guarantee they demand.

The form of guarantee demanded by the foreign bankers was published here this afternoon. It is addressed by the banker who remits bills to Europe to both the cotton importer and the European accepting bank, and is in part as follows:

"In consideration of you, the importer, procuring the acceptance of the undermentioned bill of exchange against the undermentioned bill of lading, and of you, the bank, accepting the same, we hereby guarantee to you and to each of you severally that the said bill of lading is valid and genuine, and has been signed by the agent duly authorized by the carriers therein named, and that at the time the bill of lading was issued, the cotton therein referred to was in the actual custody or under the control of the issuing carriers. Our liability hereunder is limited to the amount of the said bill of exchange."

## DON'T WANT LOWER RATES.

Columbia, Oct. 10.—A new turn has been taken in the effort to reduce freight rates through the State commission. Col. Thomas Wilson, as chairman of the Association of Short Line Railroads, and the commission proposes a general reduction in rates by the adoption of a new standard of rates based on five-mile instead of ten-mile breaks. The cotton mills have just filed a petition asking for lower rates.

The petition filed today is signed by eighty business firms and men in Sumter; wholesale grocers, merchants and others join in signing this petition. The petition is unusual, in that it comes from the best business firms in a wide awake city, asking that freight rates be left alone or even be raised.

The petition reads: "We are advised through publication in the press that your commission proposes to materially reduce the freight rates now in effect on the railroads of this State. As citizens of the State, we believe in fair profits and good wages, in peace and prosperity for ourselves and all the industries of our State, in fair dealing towards all. The public demands of the transportation companies better time, greater safety, more accommodations, better equipment and an ever increasing efficiency and service. All this calls for better brains in the management and for great efficiency in the employees and costs more than it formerly did. Its costs more now in labor, material, taxes, etc., to operate the railroads than it ever did before."

"A fixed and well established schedule of rates for transportation will ensure regularity of employment and the stability of earnings of the employees as well as the continuing prosperity of the numerous and varied industries of our State. In the opening up of new territory, the extension and improvement of the lines of the present railways and the building of other lines.

"We have had much law regulation, and politics in connection with the railways in the recent past. What they most need now is proper compensation in the way of reasonable earnings. We realize that our prosperity is inseparably associated with the prosperity of our transportation companies, and we urge you to deal fairly with them, and, instead of making any reduction in rates, which can but tend to further cripple the railroads and curtail the efficiency of their service, keep in force the present freight rates or make such increases as in your judgment conditions may warrant and as may be best for the continuous prosperity of our State."

The railroad commission will hear arguments on the rate issue this week.—News and Courier.