

IN JACKSON'S PURCHASE.

By MARTHA McCULLOCH WILLIAMS.

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With the two Mary Dickersons came the "moonlight." The purchase knows what a moonlight is; outdoors, however, may require to be told that it is a night, bright, held when the moon is coming on to full. It prevails from May to September, the young people, small blame to them, preferring dew and coolness and the delicious freshness of half-it nooks, to the crass and garish brightness of a broiling day.

The two Marys, the two Marys of this one, it came off in Uncle Bob Mayner's yard, which was level, covered with white clover turf and set rectangularly with maples and honey locusts. All the rose-bushes were strung with Chinese lanterns. Tin sconces for candles hung against some of the tree trunks. A few glass lanterns had been fastened upon pendulous boughs. Where the lights were the thickest there were long plank benches. In remoter, shadowy nooks Uncle Bob had insisted upon setting camp stools in pairs.

"That's a time for all things—even courtin'." I ain't forgot that, if I am so fat and old," he had said to Red Mary with twinkling eyes. Red Mary was his own niece, Mary Spec his wife's. The two were first cousins, dear friends, delightfully alike, still more delightfully unlike, and differentiated in the minutia of their world according to complexion.

Both Marys went out in the yard, running hither and yon, though it was barely sundown, and nobody likely to come for an hour. Major Dade had come, but he did not count. He propped his chair back against the trunk of a maple and let his eyes follow the two Marys in their white frocks and fringed red ribbon. Uncle Bob, who sat three feet away, his chair planted squarely upon its four feet, his elbows on his knees, caught the glance, set his fat fingers together with a little soft plop, and said ruminatively:

"Nice span of blood fillics." "Thoroughbreds—clean!" the major ejaculated, then with a sigh, "If only a man could throw off thirty years! Choosing between them must be a big puzzle. I'm right down sorry for Bert Selby. Upon my soul I don't believe he knows which he loves best, for all he's been every day since they came, and nights and Sundays thrown in."

"I've had a lover sneaking notion all along he was in love with both," Uncle Bob said. Major Dade laughed.

"The young man must remember he is running for congress in Kentucky, not Utah," he said. "Tell those young women for me, please, that the one who don't take him is mighty apt to live to be sorry for it."

"I told 'em so yistiday," Uncle Bob returned. "Let Red Mary do the laughin'." She is the sassiest piece—always making fun of the way Bert talks."

"I can hardly blame her—but poor Bert!" Maj Dade said with a frown. "It is the greatest shame, the greatest pity, when one left to grow up with those poor white Lisensbees. A finer gentleman than his father never trod shoe leather and his father, Bert's grandfather, went to congress from Tennessee."

"Bert will get everybody's vote—if only he gets the nomination," Maj Dade continued thoughtfully. "But there's the rub. Politics ain't what it used to be, Uncle Bob—not by a long chalk. Money has a heap of friends. You don't need to be told that Bert has just one man to fear—Duke Willoughby—and Willoughby has money to throw at the birds. He throws it, too—chips in for anything going—barbecue, picnic, big meetings, preacher's salary or missionary collection, he has lent money to a dozen fellows who are in tight places. Of course, there has been no talk of buying their influence, but they are bound, just bound, to do their best for him. I tell you Willoughby is smart. He has got a mighty tight grip, too. If we don't look sharp he'll sweep the convention."

"And then Bert Shelby is just fool enough to pull off his coat and work like a nigger to elect him," Uncle Bob broke in. "Bert has had whatever he chose to ask for—been sheriff, assessor, and all that. He is as ambitious as Lucifer. One term in congress will rub off that poor, white tan. After that—well there's no telling what he may not be able to do."

"Sister Lisensbee to the contrary notwithstanding!" Uncle Bob asked with a hovering smile. "It's amazing, but Bert will stand by that poor creature as long as she lives."

Maj Dade scowled. "If she is coming to-night I shall leave at once," he said. Uncle Bob laughed until he shook all over.

"You can't be so cruel, major!" he said, gripping the other's arm. "She's coming a-purpose to see you. We had to ask her—couldn't think of raising a row in church by slighting a sister that way."

"I smell plotting," Red Mary called gayly, rushing at her uncle as she spoke and setting his necktie straight. She was as vigorous as she was a piece of dimpled prettiness, with very bright dark eyes and a saucy up-tilted nose. Withal delicately virginal. Something childlike, wondering, underlay the limpid gait of her glance. She moved lightly and speedily in a round, silvery voice. Mary Spec, who came at her back, was taller by half a head and had her roses powdered over with fine golden freckles. She had gray eyes, set under the finest arched dark brows, and was slender enough to suggest a gold-finch, as she swayed in myriads out in the old fields.

"I know Maj Dade is above plotting," she said, holding out her hand to him. "I almost wish he were not—then I'd ask him to help us entice Daddy Dowell and the band here tonight."

"That is just the very meanest thing!" Red Mary interrupted. "I knew it would be, though. The first thing I said when Charley Mayner said they were going to have the moonlight was, 'Make sure of the band before you set the plot.'"

"If you had told Bert Selby," Maj Dade began, still holding Mary Spec's hand. He felt it tremble lightly. Red Mary made a face at him. "You are conjured like the rest," she said. "You seem to think the world begins and ends with Bert Selby."

"It does—down in the Purchase," Uncle Bob said, with a surge. "Lord, Red Mary, when he is present and you an old woman—an old maid most likely—you'll be forever telling how he used to come courtin' you—and have 'em saying, 'The luck some men are born to.'"

"There comes Willoughby!" said Maj Dade. "I see his running mate, Amos Tandy, is along, too. Wonder if the old man, old Duke Willoughby, says Tandy to run around with this boy of his!"

"Suppose you ask him!" Red Mary said, with a smile of innocent malice. "I can tell you, though, so can Mary Spec, that the two are a pair—and that the last night she had set upon the piazza, hearing a voice whose timbre led her soul furiously vibrant, as she listened the moon-flowers had kept opening all about her and the sparse white honeysuckle sprays had made the air odorous. She wondered if she would ever again smell the flowers without bringing back the thrills, the tremor. Memory of them was half terror, half delight. She might have promised—anything and she was free. Daddy Dowell came around the house corner. His sense of deference never allowed him to approach 'quality white folks' by the front way. He was very tall, very black, withered but hale, with a fringe of grizzled wool around a shiny, bald head. He held a

slouch at his side and dropped it before speaking. So did his son, and his three grandsons, who came behind with fiddles, a banjo, a flute and a tambourine. Duke, the youngest grandchild, bent time upon the triangle. She was small and neat and precise in speech, as became the show pupil of the free school.

Red Mary leaned upon Tandy's arm, flushed and bright-eyed, more than ever beautiful. Willoughby glanced covertly from her to Mary Spec and almost swore at himself, in thinking that he could not find himself charmed by the girl so evidently within reach as by the one of whom he had such faint hope. Still he did not quite despair. If she had refused him thrice, she had done it hesitatingly, more than gently, with eyes that had seemed to say: "I am not sure of it. I am not sure of anything."

It was that as much as the strings of amulet which had moved him to try for a man's part, a man's place. He was doubly bent on winning in the contest now in hand, because he felt it might mean a winning ever so much more vital. Selby's rivalry had at first seemed to him extremely humorous. He was rapidly finding out that it was no joke, Selby contending with him in a deeper field. He was furious over the knowledge. "I ought to shoot the old, confound him!" he had said to Amos Tandy, who had answered with a shrug: "O, well, wait till after election. If you kill him before, you kill yourself at the polls."

"This is no place for you, Daddy!" Red Mary said severely. "No place at all. Go away if we can't be here. We won't be last."

"Loved love de young mistis! You all was just all de time," Daddy answered with his very best bow. "I dast had ter fool dem yother gentlemans! Marse Bert; he had

with a languishing glance. She went off clapping happily to his arm. Willoughby, who had fallen back a pace, laughed significantly. The band was playing loudly, but Selby caught the laugh. He stood a little straighter and said: "I'm glad you've seen Mummy, Miss Mary Spec. She is the best thing she was ever. Now, poor thing, she ain't seem to understand that she ain't young no more, and has fattened out o' her good looks."

"She seems very kind," Mary Spec said, constrainedly. She, too, had caught the amused contempt of Willoughby's laugh. She shivered a little, remembering the moon flowers, and the honeysuckle breath, and the subtle compelling of Selby's unspoken love. She knew he loved her. The knowledge had brought her dangerously near to loving him. In many ways she was brave, even heroic, yet she grew woman-cowardly at the thought of affront to the conventions of her world. Willoughby typified her world. Still she would be kind to Selby. Mrs. Lisensbee even should not make her slight him.

"Supper! Supper! Come! All you that ain't lost your senses nor your appetites!" Uncle Bob shouted, coming around from the back yard.

"Lemme take you out, Miss Mary Spec," Selby said, offering his arm. "You're here, ain't you?" Willoughby said, almost roughly, stepping to the other side. Mary Spec flushed painfully, but tried to laugh. "I believe I want to go with a better-looking man than either of you," she said, darting away after Uncle Bob. In fun, to the strains of "Lexington," the crowd streamed after them, laughing, chattering, tumbling over itself, the merriest mob of healthy appetites.

Selby and his rival had stepped out of its way. The locust leaves let through a fine silver rain of sunbeams, full in Selby's face. Willoughby saw that he was strangely agitated. He set his teeth and said arrogantly, "I am Miss Dickerson's friend—will not have her annoyed either. You had better stop hanging about her."

"You say I had better?" Selby asked. "Are you deaf?" Willoughby retorted angrily. Selby shook his head.

"No!" he said. "But that is sorter a new word to my ears. You see nobody ain't told me I had better before, sence I wore a beard."

"All the same, I tell you here and now, you had better let Miss—" Willoughby began. Selby's hand shot his mouth like a vice. "I'll have no names called—here!" fight, even, that's politics handy."

"You'll have what I choose to give you. Take that!" Willoughby said furiously, striking Selby on the cheek. Selby stood still for half a minute, his breath coming hard, then took out his handkerchief, wiped the place that had felt the blow, and began to step off eight paces on the turf. When he had counted them he made a mark with his heel, and turned to Willoughby, saying:

"Is your gun ready? We better settle this right here and now."

"No!" Willoughby retorted. "I have too much respect—" Willoughby began. "Respect of yours?" Selby interrupted, with a little drawl. "Ef it had been awake, maybe you might a-waited till tomorrow to insult a man that is as much in place here as you dar to be."

"I don't mean to insultate I am afraid!" Willoughby said, huskily. Selby folded his arms. "No! not of a gun he is afraid of what folks will say."

"We could not explain—" Willoughby began. Selby held up his hand.

"Explanations won't signify to one of us, certain," he said; "maybe to both. But we'll agree right now, the livin' one can tell what he likes."

"At the last word his revolver gave an ominous click that set Willoughby wild. He had been livid all along. His face grew white and deadly as he said: 'Agreed! You shall have the satisfaction of a gentleman—little as you deserve it.'"

Selby looked at him, smiling almost dreamily. As though to himself he said, "I've read in a fine old book that the man who knows how to ride and shoot and tell the truth has the full education of a gentleman. I am a pretty poor sort compared with what I want ter be—but anybody that knows me knows I can do them three things."

"As we have no seconds, shall we not toss for position?" Willoughby said, icily, as though he had not heard. Selby nodded, then suddenly held up his hand, saying, "Seems ter me this might be better. Toss up, heads or tails—the one that loses ter stand under that candle, then, on the locust tree, and take his medicine like a man."

"As you please," said Willoughby. Selby had drawn out a coin. "We better make all haste," he said, "till before this goes farther, that's an awkward thing got to be fixed."

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