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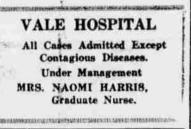
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Isabel turned wondering, burt eye

#### SYNOPS18

The Major frowned, "Of course yo CHAPTER I.—Major Amberson had made a furture in 1873 when other people were ins-ing fortures, and the magnificence of the Amberson's began then, Major Amberson laki out a 200-acre "development," with roads and raturary, and in the centre of a four-acre tract on Amberson avenue, built for bimself the most magnificent mansion the Midland City had ever seen. forget that Mr. Morgan makes the'o. and also did his share in inventing them. If you weren't so thoughtless he might think you rather offensive." "That would be too bad," said George coolly. "I don't think I could survive it.'

CHAPTER II.-When the major's daughter married young Wilber Minafer the meighbors predicted that as laabel could never really love Wilhur all her love would be bestowed upon the children. There was only one child, however, George Amberson Minafer, but his up-bringing and his youthul accomplish-ments as a mischlef maker were quite in kaeping with the most pessimistic predic-tions. Major stared at his grandson, aghast But Eugene began to laugh cheerfully. tomobiles," he said. "With all their

tions. CHAPTER III.-Hy the time George went away to college he did not attempt to conceal his belief that the Ambersons were about the most important family in the world. At a bail given in his bonor when he returned from college, George monopolised Lucy Morgan, a stranger and the prettlest girl present, and got on fa-mously with her until he issared that a "queer looking duck" at whom he had been poking much fun, was the young ledy's father. He was Eugene Morgan, a former resident of Bigburg, and he was returning there to erect a factory and to build horseless, carriages of his own in-vention.

CHAPTER IV.-Eugene was an old ad-mirer of Isabel's and they had been en-Eaged when Isabel threw him over be-cause of some youthful indiscretion and married Wilbur Minafer.

good-naturedly and, looking at his CHAPTER V.-George make rapid progress in his courtship of Lucy. watch, apologized for having an enin bis courtship of Lucy. CHAPTER VI - While driving with Lucy, next day, George allows the horse to get beyond control, and the animal overturns the cutter, spilling George and Lucy in the snew, undurt, although George is greatly annoyed. gagement which made his departure necessary when he would much prefer to linger, and left them at the table.

CHAPTER VII. George reveals intense fisike of Morgan, when he suspects of financial designs on his uncle or grand-father. His sunt, Franty Minafer, to his great astonishment, sharbly redukes him

CHAPTER VIIL-Home on vacation. George has a heart-to-heart talk with his mother, in which the state of the family finances and his father's failing health, both figure. George is optimistic as to both.

CHAPTER IX.-Hearing rumors con-cerning Lucy and her suitors in particu-iar Fred Kinney-George urges her to consent to a formal engagement of mar-riage, but Lucy refuses.

CHAPTER X. --George becomes annoved at goesic which connects his mother's name with Eugene Morgan, and rightfully rebukes his Aunt Amelia for her remarks on the subject. Aunt Franty is sympa-thetic but somewhat bewildering

CHAPTER XI.-The sudden death of his father, following graduation, recalls George from college.

isabel had a bright idea. "Georgie! Instead of a tandem wouldn't it interest you to get one of Eugene's automobiles?

"I don't think so. They're fast enough, of course. In fact, running one of those things is getting to be aulte on the cards for sport, and people go all over the country in 'em. But they're dirty things, and they keep getting out of order, so that you're dways lying down on your back in the mud and-"

"Oh. no," she interrupted eagerly, 'Haven't you noticed? The way they "George, Dear!" She Said, "What Did make them now you can get at most of the machinery from the top. 1 do think you'd be interested, dear."

upon her son. "George, dear!" she George remained indifferent. "Possaid. "What did you mean?" "Just what I said." he returned sibly-but I hardly think so. I know a lot of good people are really taking

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you were going to cry." Her eyelids flickered, and then she looked up at him with a and gravity. More than a million people in Oregon, Washington and Alaska drink tears seeming just at the polse. "One water from national forests. reason's because I have a feeling that 's never going to be."

"Why ?" "It's Just a feeling."

> "You haven't any reason or-"It's just a feeling." "Well, if that's all," George said.

teassured, and laughing confidently, "I guess I won't be very much troubled !' But at once he became serious again, adopting the tone of argument. "Don't you care enough about me to marry

She looked down again, pathetically troubled. "Yes."

"Well, then, why in the world won't you drop the 'almost?' Her distress increased, "Everything is-everything-"

"What about 'everything?" "Everything is so-so unsettled." And at that he uttered an exclamation of impatience. "If you aren't the queerest girl! What is 'un Again there was a silence, while the settled?

"Well, for one thing," she said, able to smile at his vehemence, "you haven't settled on anything to do. At "I'm not sure he's wrong about auleast if you have you've never spoken speed forward they may be a step of it.'

backward in civilization-that is, in As she spoke she gave him the spiritual civilization. But automobiles quickest possible side glance of hopehave come, and they bring a greater ful scrutiny; then looked away, not change in our life than most of us happily. Surprise and displeasure suspect. They are going to alter war, were intentionally visible upon the and they are going to alter peace. I countenance of her companion; and think men's minds are going to be he permitted a significant period of think men's minds are going to be changed in subtle ways because of au-tomobiles; just how, though, I could hardly guess. Perhaps, ten or twenty years from now, if we can see the inward change in men by that time, I go into business or adopt a profes shouldn't be able to defend the gaso sion?" engine, but would have to agree

"I wasn't quite sure," she said with him that automobiles 'had no business to be invented.' " He laughed gently. "I really didn't know-quite." "Then of course it's time I did tell you. You know yourself there are a lot of people in the East-in the South too, for that matter-that don't think we've got any particular family or po-sition or culture in this part of the country. There were one or two in my crowd at college; their familles

had lived on their income for three generations, and they never dreamed there was anybody in their class out here.' I had to show them a thing or two, right at the start, and I guess they won't forget it! Well, I think It's time all their sort found out that three generations can mean just as much out here as anywhere else.". "But what are you going to do

George?" she cried. George's earnestness surpassed hers; he had become flushed and his breathing was emotional. "I expect to live an honorable life," he said. "I expect to contribute my share to charitles; and to take part in-in move ments."

"What kind?"

"Whatever appeals to me." he said. Lucy looked at him with grieved vonder. "But you really don't mean to have any regular businesh or pro fession at all?"

"I certainly do not!" George re turned promptly and emphatically. "I was afraid so." she said in a low

volce. George continued to breathe deeply throughout another protracted in terval of silence. Then he said, "Your father is a business man-" "He's a mechanical genius," Lucy interrupted quickly. "Of course he's both. And he was a lawyer oncehe's done all sorts of things."

"Very well. I merely wished to ask if it's his influence that makes you think I ought to 'do' something?"

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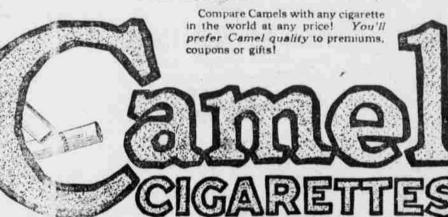


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bein up, but still-" "'But still' what?" she said as h aused.

"But still-well, I suppose I'm tile old-fashioned and fastidious, bu 'or afraid being a sort of engine triver never will appeal to me wher, It's exciting, and I'd like that art of it, but still it doesn't seem to be precisely the thing a gentleman ught to do. Too much overalls and uonkey wrenches and grease! No: believe I'd rather wait for September and a tandem, mother."

Nevertheless George sometimes con cented to sit in an automobile, while valting for September, and he frejuently went driving in one of Euzene's cars with Lucy and her father. He even allowed himself to be escort ed with his mother and Fanny through the growing factory, which was now, as the foreman of the paint shop infirmed the visitors, "turning out a car and a quarter a day."

From the factory Eugene took then to lunch at a new restaurant, just opened in the town, a place which surprised Isabel with its metropolitan air, and, though George made fun of her, in a whisper, she offered everything the tribute of pleased exclamations; and her gayety helped Eugene's to make the little occasion almost a fostive one.

George's ennui disappeared in spite of blasself, and he laughed to see his mather in such spirits. "I didn't know mineral waters could go to a person s Engene-granting that trolleys and blcycles and automobiles are miracles, So you think they're to change the face of the land, do you?" "They're already doing it, Major;

and it can't be stopped. Automo biles-At this point he was interrupted.

George was the interrupter. He had said nothing since entering the dining room, but now he spoke in a lond and peremptory voice, using the tone of one in authority who checks idle prattle and settles a matter forever. "Automobiles are a useless nuls-

ance," he said. There fell a moment's silence. Isabel gazed incredulously at George, color slowly heightening upon

her cheeks and temples, while Fanny watched him with a quick eagerness, her eyes alert and bright. But Eugene seemed merely quizzical, as if not taking this brusquerie to himself. The Major was seriously disturbed.

"What did you say, George?" be asked, though George had spoken but too distinctly.

"I said all automobiles were a nulsance," George answered, repeating not only the words but the tone in which he had uttered them. And he thing but a nuisance. They had no business to be invented."

lighting one of the Major's cigars. Isabel's hand, pale and slender, up on the tablecloth, touched one of the fine silver candlesticks aimlessly: the fingers were seen to tremble. "Oh, he vas hurt !" she murmured.

You Mean?"

"I don't see why he should be,' George said. "I didn't say anything about him. What made you think he was hurt?" "I know him !" was all of her reply. ulf-whispered. The Major stared hard at George

rom under his white eyebrows. "You didn't mean 'him,' you say, George? suppose if we had a clergyman as : guest here you'd expect him not to be offended, and to understand that your remarks were neither personal nor unactful if you said the church was a unisance and ought never to have been invented. We seem to have a new kind of young people these days. It's a new style of courting a pretty girl, containly, for a young fellow to go de-

liberately out of his way to try and make an enemy of her father by atincking his business! By Jove! That's a new way to win a woman !"

George flushed angrily and seemed about to offer a retort, but held his breath for's moment; and then held h's peace. It was Isabel who responded to the Major. "Oh, no !" she said "Eugene would never be anybody's nemy-he couldn't !-- and last of all Georgie's. I'm afraid he was hurt, but

I don't fear his not having understood that George spoke without thinking of what he was saying-I mean, without realizing its bearing on Eugene." "Well, well," said his grandfather,

"George, do let Pendennis trot again ! "I won't !" She clucked to the horse. "Get up,

Condennis! Trot! Go on! Commence !" Pendennis paid no attention; she meant nothing to him, and George laughed at her fondly. "You are the

prettiest thing in this world. Lucy !" he exclaimed. "Are you going to drop the 'almost' and say we're really engaged?" "Oh. not for years! So there's the answer, and let's trot again." But George was persistent; more-

over, he had become serious during the last minute or two. "I want to know," he said. "I really mean it."

"Let's don't be serious, George," she negged him hopefully. "Let's talk of omething pleasant." He was a little offended. "Then it isn't pleasant for you to know that I

want to marry you?" At this she became as serious as he could have asked; she looked down. and her lip quivered like that of a

child about to cry. Suddenly she put her hand upon one of his for just an

what's the matter? , You look as if

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Lafey frowned slightly, "Why, suppose almost everything I think or say must be owing to his influence in one way or another. We haven't had anybody but each other for so many years, and we always think about alike, so of course--'

"Usee!" And George's brow darkened with resentment. "So that's if. is it? It's your father's idea that I ought to go into business and that you oughtn't to be engaged to me until I do."

Lucy gave a start, her denial was so quick. "No! I've never once spoken to him about it. Never !" George looked at her keenly, and he jumped to a conclusion not far from the truth. "But you know withont falking to him that it's the way he does feel about it? I see."

She hodded gravely. "Yes." George's brow grew darker still. "Do you think I'd be much of a man." he said slowly, "if I let any other man dictate to me my own way of Hfe?"

"George! Who's dictating your-"It seems to me it amounts to that ! "Oh, No ! I only know how papa thinks about things. He's never, never spoken unkindly or 'dictatingly' of you." Her face was so touching in its distress that for the moment George forgot his anger." He seized that small. troubled hand.

"Lucy." he said huskily. "Don't you know that I love you?" "Yes-I do."

"Don't you love me?" "Yes-1 do."

"Then what does it matter what your father thinks about my doing something or not doing anything? He has his way, and I have mine. Why, look at your father's best friend, my Uncle George Amberson-he's never done anything in his life, and-"

"Oh, yes, he has," she interrupted. "He was in politics." "Well, I'm glad he's out." George

said. "Politics is a dirty business for a gentleman, and Uncle George would tell you that himself. Lucy, let's not talk any more about it. Let me tell mother when I get home that we're engaged. Won't you, dear?"

(To be Continued Next Week)

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