



SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—Major Amberson had made a fortune in 1874 when other people were losing fortunes, and the magnificence of the Ambersons began then.

CHAPTER II.—When the major's daughter married young Wilbur Minafer the neighbors predicted that as Isabel could never really love Wilbur all her love would be bestowed upon the children.

CHAPTER III.—By 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.

CHAPTER IV.—Eugene was an old admirer of Isabel's and they had been engaged when Isabel threw him over because of some youthful indiscretion and married Wilbur Minafer.

CHAPTER V.—George makes rapid progress in his courtship of Lucy.

CHAPTER VI.—While diving with Lucy, next day, George allows the horse to get beyond control, and the animal overturns the cutter, spilling George and Lucy in the snow, unhurt, although George is greatly annoyed.

CHAPTER VII.

When George regained some measure of his presence of mind Miss Lucy Morgan's cheek, snowy and cold, was pressing his nose slightly to one side; and a monstrous amount of her fur boa seemed to mingle with an equally unpalatable quantity of snow in his mouth.

Though her father had been under his machine when they passed, he was the first to reach them. He threw himself on his knees beside his daughter, but found her already laughing, and was reassured.



"Good Heavens!"

"Don't make a fuss, mother! Nothing's the matter. That darned silly horse—"

Sudden tears stood in Isabel's eyes. "To see you down underneath—dragging—oh!" Then with shaking hands she began to brush the snow from him.

"Let me alone," he protested. "You'll ruin your gloves. You're getting snow all over you, and—"

"No, no!" she cried. "You'll catch cold; you mustn't catch cold!" And she continued to brush him.

Amberson had brought Lucy's hat; Miss Fanny acted as lady's maid; and both victims of the accident were presently restored to about their usual appearance and condition of apparel.

In fact, encouraged by the two older gentlemen, the entire party, with one exception, decided that the episode was after all a merry one, and began to laugh about it.

"That darned horse!" he said. "I wouldn't bother about Pendennis, George," said his uncle. "You can send a man out for what's left of the

cutter tomorrow, and Pendennis will gallop home to his stable; he'll be there a long while before we will, because all we've got to depend on to get us home is Gene Morgan's broken-down chafing dish yonder."

They were approaching the machine as he spoke, and his friend, again underneath it, heard him. He emerged, smiling. "She'll go," he said.

"What!"

"All aboard!" He offered his hand to Isabel. She was smiling but still pale, and her eyes, in spite of the smile, kept upon George in a shocked anxiety.

Isabel consented, turning to Morgan, whose habitual expression of apprehensiveness was somewhat accentuated. He climbed up after her, George Amberson having gone to the other side.

"Am I, Eugene?" she said, not displeased. "Divinely and 'trifliciously' just counterbalance each other, don't they? Plus one and minus one equal nothing; so you mean I'm nothing in particular?"

"No," he answered, tugging at a lever. "That doesn't seem to be precisely what I meant. There!" This exclamation referred to the subterranean machinery, for dismaying sounds came from beneath the floor, and the vehicle plunged, then rolled noisily forward.

"Behold!" George Amberson exclaimed. "She does move! It must be another accident."

"Accident?" Morgan shouted over the din. "No! She breathes, she stirs; she seems to feel a thrill of life along her keel!" And he began to sing "The Star Spangled Banner."

Amberson joined him lustily, and sang on when Morgan stopped. His nephew, behind, was gloomy. He had overheard his mother's conversation with the inventor: it seemed curious to him that this Morgan, of whom he had never heard until last night, should be using the name "Isabel" so easily; and George felt that it was not just the thing for his mother to call Morgan "Eugene," the resentment of the previous night came upon George again.

Lucy turned to him. "You tried to swing underneath me and break the fall for me when we went over," she said. "I knew you were doing that, and—it was nice of you."

"Wasn't any fall to speak of," he returned brusquely. "Couldn't have hurt either of us."

"Still it was friendly of you—and awfully quick, too. I'll not—I'll not forget it!"

Her voice had a sound of genuineness, very pleasant, and George began to forget his annoyance with her father. This annoyance of his had not been alleviated by the circumstance that neither of the seats of the old sewing machine was designed for three people, but when his neighbor spoke thus gratefully he no longer minded the crowding—in fact, it pleased him so much that he began to wish the old sewing machine would go even slower.

George presently addressed Lucy hurriedly, almost tremulously, speaking close to her ear: "I forgot to tell you something; you're pretty nice! I thought so the first second I saw you last night. I'll come for you tonight and take you to the Assembly at the Amberson hotel. You're going, aren't you?"

"Yes, but I'm going with papa and the Sharons. I'll see you there."

"Well, we'll dance the cotillon together, anyhow."

"I'm afraid not. I promised Mr. Kinney."

"What!" George's tone was shocked, as at incredible news. "Well, you could break that engagement, I guess, if you wanted to! Girls always can get out of things when they want to. Won't you?"

"I don't think so."

"Why not?"

"Because I promised him. Several days ago."

"See here," said the stricken George.

"If you're going to decline to dance that cotillon with me simply because you've promised—a—a miserable red-headed outsider like Fred Kinney, why we might as well quit!"

"Quit what?"

"You know perfectly well what I mean," he said huskily.

"I don't."

"Well, you ought to!"

"But I don't at all!"

George, thoroughly hurt, and not a little embittered, expressed himself in a short outburst of laughter: "Well, I ought to have seen it!"

"Seen what?"

"That you might turn out to be a girl who'd like a fellow of the red-headed Kinney sort. I ought to have seen it from the first!"

Lucy bore her disgrace lightly. "Oh, dancing a cotillon with a person doesn't mean that you like him—but I don't see anything in particular the matter with Mr. Kinney. What is?"

"I prefer not to discuss it," said George curtly. "He's an enemy of mine."

"Why?"

"I prefer not to discuss it."

"Well, but—"

"I prefer not to discuss it!"

"Very well." She began to hum the air of the song which Mr. George Amberson was now discoursing. "O moon of my delight that knows no wane"—and there was no further conversation on the back seat.

The contrivance stopped with a heart-shaking jerk before Isabel's house. The gentlemen jumped down, helping Isabel and Fanny to descend; there were friendly leavetakings—and one that was not precisely friendly.

"It's 'au revoir' till tonight, isn't it?" Lucy asked, laughing.

"Good afternoon!" said George, and he did not wait, as his relatives did, to see the old sewing machine start briskly down the street, toward the Sharons'; its lighter load consisting now of only Mr. Morgan and his daughter. George went into the house at once.

He found his father reading the evening paper in the library. "Where are your mother and your Aunt Fanny?" Mr. Minafer inquired, not looking up.

"They're coming," said his son; and, casting himself heavily into a chair, stared at the fire.

His prediction was verified a few moments later; the two ladies came in cheerfully, unfastening their fur cloaks. "It's all right, George," said Isabel. "Your Uncle George called to us that Pendennis got home safely. Put your shoes close to the fire, dear, or else go and change them."

"Look here," said George abruptly. "How about this man Morgan and his old sewing machine? Doesn't he want to get grandfater to put money into it? Isn't he trying to work Uncle George for that? Isn't that what he's up to?"

It was Miss Fanny who responded. "You little silly!" she cried, with surprising sharpness. "What on earth are you talking about? Eugene Morgan's perfectly able to finance his own inventions these days."

"He strikes me as that sort of man," George answered doggedly. "Isn't he, father?"

Minafer set down his paper for the moment. "He was a fairly wild young fellow twenty years ago," he said, glancing at his wife absently. "He was like you in one thing, George; he spent too much money—only he didn't have any mother to get money out of a grandfater for him, so he was usually in debt. But I believe I've heard he's done fairly well of late years. No, I can't say I think he's a swindler, and I doubt if he needs anybody else's money to back his horseless carriage."

"Well, what's he brought the old thing here for, then? People that own elephants don't take their elephants around with 'em when they go visiting. What's he got it here for?"

"I'm sure I don't know," said Mr. Minafer, resuming his paper. "You might ask him."



"We Won't Urge You If You'd Really Rather Not."

"About silly children like you having to make a to-do about it? I've just been in your mother's room suggesting that she might give a little dinner for them—"

"For who?"

"For whom, George! For Mr. Morgan and his daughter."

"Look here!" George said quickly. "Don't do that! Mother mustn't do that. It wouldn't look well."

"Wouldn't look well?" Fanny mocked him; and her suppressed vehemence betrayed a surprising acidity. "See here, George Minafer, I suggest that you just march straight on into your room and finish your dressing! Sometimes you say things that show you have a pretty mean little mind!"

George was so astounded by this outburst that his indignation was delayed by his curiosity. "Why, what upsets you this way?" he inquired.

"I know what you mean," she said, her voice still lowered, but not decreasing in sharpness. "You're trying to insinuate that I'd get your mother to invite Eugene Morgan here on my account because he's a widower!"

"I am?" George gasped, nonplused. "I'm trying to insinuate that you're setting your cap at him and getting mother to help you? Is that what you mean?"

Beyond a doubt that was what Miss Fanny meant. She gave him a white-hot look. "You attend to your own affairs!" she whispered fiercely, and swept away.

George, dumfounded, returned to his room for meditation.

He had lived for years in the same house with his Aunt Fanny, and it now appeared that during all those years he had been thus intimately associating with a total stranger. Never before had he met the passionate lady with whom he had just held a conversation in the hall. So she wanted to get married! And wanted George's mother to help her with this horseless-carriage widower!

"Well, I will be shot!" he muttered aloud. "I well—I certainly will be shot." And he began to laugh. "Lord 'lmighty!"

But presently, at the thought of the horseless-carriage widower's daughter, his grimace returned, and he resolved upon a line of conduct for the evening. He would nod to her carelessly when he first saw her; and after that he would notice her no more; he would not dance with her; he would not favor her in the cotillon—he would not go near her!

He descended to dinner upon the third urgent summons of the colored butler, having spent two hours dressing—and rehearsing.

The Hon. George Amberson was a congressman who led cotillions—the sort of congressman an Amberson would be. He did it negligently tonight, yet with infallible dexterity, now and then glancing humorously at the spectators, people of his own age.

George had carried out his rehearsed projects with precision. He had given Miss Morgan a nod studied into perfection during his lengthy toilet before dinner. "Oh, yes, I do seem to remember that curious little outsider!" this nod seemed to say. Thereafter all cognizance of her evaporated; the curious little outsider was permitted no further existence worth the struggle. Nevertheless she flashed in the corner of his eyes too often. She seemed to be having a "wonderful time!"

An unbearable soreness accumulated in his chest; his dislike of the girl and her conduct increased until he thought of leaving this sickening Assembly and going home to bed. That would show her! But just then he heard her laughing and decided that it wouldn't show her. So he remained.

When the young couples seated themselves in chairs against the walls round three sides of the room for the cotillon George joined a brazen-faced group clustering about the doorway—youths with no partners, yet eligible to be "called out" and favored. He marked that his uncle placed the Infernal Kinney and Miss Morgan, as the leading couple, in the first chairs at the head of the line upon the leader's right; and this disloyalty on the part of Uncle George was inexcusable, for in the family circle the nephew had often expressed his opinion of Fred Kinney. In his bitterness George

uttered a significant monosyllable.

"The music flourished, whereupon Mr. Kinney, Miss Morgan and six of their neighbors rose and waltzed knowingly. Mr. Amberson's whistle blew; then the eight young people went to the favor table and were given toys and trinkets wherewith to delight the new partners it was now their privilege to select.

George strolled with a bored air to the tropical grove, where sat his elders, and seated himself beside his Uncle Sydney. His mother leaned across Miss Fanny, raising her voice over the music to speak to him.

"Georgie, nobody will be able to see you here. You'll not be favored. You ought to be where you can dance."

"Don't care to," he returned. "Bore!"

"But you ought—" She stopped and laughed, waving her fan to direct his attention behind him. "Look-Over your shoulder!"

He turned and discovered Miss



"I Found You!" She Laughed.

Lucy Morgan in the act of offering him a purple toy balloon.

"I found you!" she laughed.

George was startled. "Well—" he said.

"Would you rather 'sit it out'?" Lucy asked quickly as he did not move. "I don't care to dance if you—"

"No," he said, rising. "It would be better to dance." His tone was solemn, and solemnly he departed with her from the grove. Solemnly he danced with her.

Four times, with not the slightest encouragement, she brought him a favor: four times in succession. When the fourth came, "Look here!" said George huskily. "You going to keep this up all night? What do you mean by it?"

For an instant she seemed confused. "That's what cotillions are for, aren't they?" she murmured.

"What do you mean: what they're for?"

"So that a girl can dance with a person she wants to?"

George's huskiness increased. "Well, do you mean you—you want to dance with me all the time—all evening?"

"Well, this much of it—evidently!" she laughed.

"Is it because you want to even things up for making me angry—I mean for hurting my feelings on the way home?"

With her eyes averted—for girls of nineteen can be as shy as boys, sometimes—she said, "Well—you only got angry because I couldn't dance the cotillon with you. I—I didn't feel terribly hurt with you for getting angry about that!"

"Was there any other reason? Did my telling you I liked you have anything to do with it?"

She looked up gently and as George met her eyes something exquisitely touching yet queerly delightful gave him a catch in the throat. She looked instantly away, and turning, ran out from the palm grove, where they stood, to the dancing floor.

"Come on!" she cried. "Let's dance!"

He followed her.

did; he seemed to be continually pecking at that lovely, dainty little Lucy, and being cross with her over nothing."

"Pecking?" Isabel laughed. "What a word to use about Georgie! I think I never knew a more angelically amiable disposition in my life!"

Miss Fanny echoed her sister-in-law's laugh, but it was a rueful echo, and not sweet. "He's amiable to you!" she said. "That's all the side of him you ever happen to see. And why wouldn't he be amiable to anybody, that simply fell down and worshiped him every minute of her life? Most of us would!"

"Isn't he worth worshipping? Just look at him!"

"Oh, I'm not going to argue with you about Georgie!" said Miss Fanny. "I'm fond enough of him, for that matter. He can be charming, and he's certainly stunning looking, if only—"

"Let the 'if only' go, dear," Isabel suggested good-naturedly. "Let's talk about that dinner you thought I should—"

"I?" Miss Fanny interrupted quickly. "Didn't you want to give it yourself?"

"Indeed I did, my dear!" said Isabel heartily. "I only meant that unless you had proposed it perhaps I wouldn't—"

But here Eugene came for her to dance, and she left the sentence uncompleted. Holiday dances can be happy for youth renewed as well as for youth in bud—and yet it was not with the air of a rival that Miss Fanny watched her brother's wife dancing with the widower. Miss Fanny's eyes narrowed a little, but only as if her mind engaged in a hopeful calculation. She looked pleased.

(To Be Continued.)

RAILROAD TIME SCHEDULE

Table with 2 columns: Railroad Name and Schedule. Includes Illinois Central R.R. (North and South Bound) and Tennessee Central R.R. (East Bound).

LOUISVILLE & NASHVILLE R. R.

Table with 2 columns: Direction and Schedule. Includes South Bound and North Bound schedules.

MEMORIAL TO GOOD INDIAN

Shabbona, The Chief Who Saved Whites in a Massacre, in 1832.

Bloomington, Ill., Aug. 5.—Shabbona park, located in La Salle county, has been given to the State of Illinois and will, hereafter, be free to all people of the State. The resort is one of the most picturesque of the kind in the United States and was dedicated in 1906 when a monument was unveiled in memory of fifteen white settlers who were slain by a band of Black Hawk Indians May 20, 1832.

Fifteen Were Killed. Replete with thrilling incidents of Indian warfare, the history of Illinois records few, if any, events of greater importance, from the standpoint of the historian than the Indian creek massacre which occurred on May 27, 1832, on the present site of Shabbona park. In this attack, according to (Continued on Page 6.)