

### Inconstant Constance

By WINGROVE BATHON

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"All, you can't do what you like when you're married, Constance! You'll find that out some day."

"Then I shall never get married."

"Oh, I think girls ought to marry! But I do think," added Mrs. Sedden, "that mothers ought to tell girls a little more what men are like. It's very difficult for a girl at first. A man's standard is so different from what she's accustomed to."

"Well, I'm not poor, and I'm also good looking, or so I have been told, so I've had a good many offers, but I never met the man yet for whom I'd sell my liberty."

Miss Constance Winthrop paused before the mirror, with her back to Mrs. Sedden, and smoothed a coil of her glossy hair.

"You know," she went on, "Mr. Brinton asked me last fall, when he came up to New York for the horse show—the brute! So I don't see how I can stay. Can I?"

"Does it matter so much? You can keep out of his way, and I don't see how ever I shall manage for all these men without you. You did promise you'd help me."

"Poor old Mary!" Miss Winthrop patted her friend's hand affectionately. She resumed: "Well, I suppose if you put up with him for weeks at a time I can tolerate him for a few days. He's a good deal worse than you think, though, Mary. You say he has only been a little wild. I call him fast-positively uninterestingly so."

"Well, Connie, if you do marry be sure you have your money settled on yourself. It's far more convenient than to have to go to your husband for every penny. I'm afraid to think what we shall do if Wingfoot doesn't win the Club stakes. Jimmy says he's safe to, but if anything were to happen him! I wish it were all over."

Sedden came into the room with Brinton and interrupted.

"We are about to inspect the racing stud," he said loudly. "Will either of you come along or both?"

Sedden owned a racing stud, but it was characteristic of the man that he ebouid always talk loudly, always talk

money and the cost of ways give the highest sounding name he could to any of his possessions.

Constance would go anywhere at any time with any one to inspect a stable. She condescended to be almost gracious.

"Going to visit the horses?" she said. "All right." She followed, leaving Mrs. Sedden behind.

The day before the races Sedden took his friends to dine at the nearby country club, and Miss Winthrop, profiting by their absence, sent tired Mrs. Sedden early to bed.

When they met at breakfast Mrs. Sedden was plainly ill. "I've rather a headache," she said. "I don't think I can go to the races. Shall you very much mind being alone, Connie, dear? Mrs. Stanford is meeting them there—"

"No; I don't mind." She added after a pause: "But I don't feel very much like going myself. I've a headache too."

Mrs. Sedden shook her head. "Do go, Connie," she urged.

"Why should I make a martyr of myself just to satisfy your scruples?"



"WE ARE ABOUT TO INSPECT THE RACING STUD."

Miss Winthrop demanded. "I won't go. I am very tired. I tell you I have been dreaming all night of that man, and if that isn't enough to tire anybody—"

And she did not go. Very grateful was Mrs. Sedden for the kind presence that kept the children quiet and managed the house and brought her fresh tea at midday. She was, in truth, feeling very ill and most unhappy. All

through the lonely day she thought over her future. She worried over the result of the race.

"Oh, if he should be beaten, Connie!" she said again and again. "If Wingfoot shouldn't win!"

"Nonsense, Mary," the girl cheered. "He won't be beaten."

But Wingfoot was beaten.

It was Mrs. Sedden who first heard the news. She was sitting by the window watching for the return of the four-in-hand.

"Look, look!" was all that Mrs. Sedden could say.

The brake was in sight, Sedden driving it. His face told them the truth, and in a minute they heard his voice confirming the news.

"I tell you the horse had been got at!" he was shouting. "Wingfoot fall! Yo, sir!"

"Oh, Connie, Connie!" Mrs. Sedden cried.

Miss Winthrop gathered her into her strong young arms.

"I'll have to go down and superintend the supper for you. Now, you stay right here. I'll lock you in safe, so that you shall not be disturbed. I'll go down. I'm not afraid. I hope Mr. Brinton will be sober."

Gorton Brinton was sober, but his host was not. Miss Winthrop witnessed the arrival of the four-in-hand from the stairs through the open hall door and retired.

She did not return to Mrs. Sedden, because she thought that if his wife discovered that Sedden was being left to the mercy of the servants she would want to go down, headache and all, and wait upon him. Mrs. Sedden would not have done anything of the kind, but Miss Winthrop was ignorant of that and sat down on the top stair to watch. She could not bring herself to enter the presence of her drunken host.

Miss Winthrop sat clasping her knees. She heard talk and laughter; then a song trilled out in the tenor voice of Houghton Stanford, an ingenious youth who lost his money with excellent grace. Suddenly the song was broken in upon by the voice of Sedden, loud, harsh, menacing.

She got up and stole down the stairs. Risky though it was, she felt that she must hear. She turned the handle of the dining room door softly. She caught the end of Sedden's speech.

"And so I say the horse was poisoned! Poisoned! He would have won right enough but for that. Grange, the trainer, and Jack Billings, the jockey, say it. I say it! And who did it?"

"Nonsense, man! You're dreaming Come and sit down," said Stanford pulling the orator's coat tail. Sedden recovered his equilibrium by a miracle and hammered on the table.

"Who did it, I say? I'll tell you!"

(Continued on page 6)

**THIRTEEN EXECUTED.**  
LIBAU, Feb. 6.—Thirteen revolutionists were condemned by drumhead court-martial and executed in the Xanolin district.

Russell Sage is quoted as saying that a man cannot have too much money. He was doubtless thinking, just then, of buying an up-to-date auto car.

**Frightfully Burned.**  
Chas. W. Moore, a machinist, of Ford City, Pa., had his hand frightfully burned in an electrical furnace. He applied Bucklen's Arnica Salve with the usual result: "a quick and perfect cure." Greatest healer on earth for Burns, Wounds, Sores, Eczema and Piles. 25c at Chas. Rogers, Druggist.

## TO THE REPUBLICANS OF CLATSOP COUNTY

"To the Republicans of Clatsop County, Oregon: We, the undersigned, Republicans of Clatsop County, Oregon, interested in the success of Republican principles, and believing that the time is ripe when the Republicans of our county should unite to the end that a spirit of patriotism and loyalty to Republican principles may prevail, and to aid and assist in securing and maintaining harmony and unity to the Republican party and its candidates in this county and State; to aid and assist in the enactment and enforcement of good laws, and to assist in all public movements that tend to the betterment and upbuilding of our county and State, hereby invite all Republicans of Clatsop county to unite in a general mass meeting on Monday evening, February 12th, 1906, at the court house in the city of Astoria, the anniversary of Lincoln's birth, and organize a Republican Club for Clatsop county":

- |                   |                 |                       |
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