

In Trust for Veronica

By Walter Joseph Delaney

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"You are certainly a most extraordinary client," observed Rolfe Darwin, stockbroker, and he stared wonderingly at the hatchet-faced, keen-eyed little old man seated at the side of his desk.

"Why?" snapped his visitor with pistol-shot decisiveness—"because I happen to know just what I want?"

"Not that—but the class of stock you are ordering."

"Well?"

"The one hundred thousand shares of mining securities include two companies that are insipid, one in the hands of a receiver and the last one a rank promotional swindle of the worst type."

"Proceed," calmly suggested John Sterling with a grim chuckle.

"Of the mining stocks you have named, not one has ever paid a dividend."

"I'm not after dividends."

"It appears not," rejoined Dawson. "In fact, you are ordering shares of worthless stock, par value nearly a million dollars, present value so low that the securities are used only by cheap stock-jobbers to trade in as a bonus where they make a real sale."

"You're telling me nothing I don't know," advised Sterling coolly, but a trifle irritably. "I've given you a list of what I want. How soon can you have the stuff?"

"Stuff, indeed!" muttered Dawson under his breath. "We don't usually handle the class of securities you want," he added aloud, "and you take them on your own responsibility. I will know by tomorrow at this hour



"I Am Going to Start a Million-Dollar Trust."

what we can gather up. I presume an average of a few cents will corner the lot. The entire cost won't reach five hundred dollars."

"Very good, and dear at that," said the old man.

"There's two hundred dollars on account," and he extracted the amount from a worn wallet and departed.

"I declare! This is the most refreshing novelty that ever came into this office," soliloquized Rolfe. "What is the old fox, anyhow—a swindler? He don't look it. I'd pay something to fathom his game."

In a perfectly satisfied and business-like manner, the next day, Mr. Sterling reappeared, received innumerable shares of stock, settled in full, stowed his new possessions in an inside pocket and nodded crisply to the broker.

"Thank'ee," he spoke tersely.

"One word," suggested Rolfe, as his erratic client was about to leave—"I would like to ask you one question."

"Fire away," directed Sterling calmly.

"What are you going to do with that lot of rubbish?"

The old man's eyes twinkled. He smiled shrewdly. "I'm going to start a million-dollar trust," he chuckled, "and get even with the world."

It was an hour after his departure that Rolfe chanced to notice some papers lying under the chair where the old man had sat. He picked them up. One was a letter beginning, "Dear Father" and winding up with, "Your loving daughter, Veronica." "I am inclosing a new photograph I had taken just after you left. Hurry home. I am lonesome without you."

Rolfe stood staring at the counterfeited presentation of the loveliest face he had ever gazed upon. Then unconsciously he murmured the name, "Veronica." It had a sweetly appealing charm. The second paper was some kind of a schedule. It listed the item "One million dollars in securities."

"Homestead, eight thousand dollars,"

"Wild land in Canada, prospective value, one hundred thousand dollars,"

"Deed of trust in favor of Veronica Sterling. Make Lawyer Morse trustee."

"The puzzle deepens," meditated Rolfe. "Whatever in the world is the old schemer up to, anyhow?"

Rolfe placed the papers in an en-

velope and addressed it to "John Sterling, Mapleton," where the old man had told him "he hailed from." The documents were of no particular value, but Rolfe decided to mail them to their owner. He placed the envelope in his pocket unsealed. Half a dozen times that day he took from it the photograph.

"I won't mail it," he decided late that afternoon. "I just can't get away from wanting to find out what bee this eccentric John Sterling has got in his bonnet," which was subterfuge, pure and simple, for the old man's daughter, Veronica, Rolfe was interested in.

"I need a little run out into the country, anyhow," he deluded himself into believing, and the next morning he was on his way to Mapleton. Time and expense did not mean a great deal to Rolfe Darwin, for he was more than well validated in the way of money possessions.

Rolfe strolled around the pretty village and made a few casual inquiries as to Mr. John Sterling. He learned that the old man had lived in the town for over thirty years, had lost his wife and fortune, but his great hopes and ambition centered around his daughter. Father and child were highly esteemed, but socially had lost some of their prestige since the former fortune of the old man had dwindled. There was the old homestead, however, a gossipy told Rolfe, and some wood land, remote, worthless, and a limited income from a legacy the dead wife had left Veronica, but they had kept up appearances under difficulties.

"Proud as Lucifer, the old man is," declared Rolfe's informant. "He thinks his daughter worthy of a prince. As to Miss Sterling, she is the sweetest, kindest creature in the town. Always helping somebody with kind words, and out of her little store of money, too. He hopes to marry her to some millionaire. She has no such proud ideas. They say, though, that the old man has made a ten-strike."

"How is that?" pressed Rolfe. "Why, he was gone to the city for two weeks, and came back only yesterday. A lawyer friend of his, Mr. Morse, gave it out that Mr. Sterling has made an investment to a large amount and has nearly one million dollars in securities and land in trust for Veronica. That will fetch the suitors about her."

Rolfe walked on, a sudden brilliant light shining upon his mind. He saw it all in a flash—John Sterling was scheming to marry off his daughter in a good way, and the million-dollar trust was the bait with which he was to lure on the prospective husband.

"My father is not at home," spoke the original of the photograph, as Rolfe presented himself at the Sterling home, and his heart fluttered as he stood face to face with his fate. He knew it instantly, as those lovely eyes met his own.

"I have some papers belonging to Mr. Sterling," he said, "and Veronica invited him into the house, as her father would be home in half an hour."

John Sterling looked startled to find the broker from the city in evidence. He mysteriously besought Rolfe to make no public mention of his "investments." Rolfe was invited to tea. By the time he left the Sterling home he and Veronica were rare good friends.

"I didn't set the trap for you," observed Sterling, one day a month later—the day that Rolfe asked him for the hand of his daughter. "I'm glad to welcome you as my son-in-law, though, for you wasn't after the million-dollar trust, but Veronica only, the dear, sweet treasure that she is!"

"I concur in that sentiment," agreed Rolfe Dawson enthusiastically.

Physician Paid Physician.

An Indianapolis physician, who attends a number of poor patients without pay, recently was called to the home of an old woman, who had been under his care at different times for many years. She was dying of general breakdown, and the physician saw at once that all he could do would be to make her last hours as easy as possible.

This he proceeded to do, and just before he left he told the son that nothing more could be done, but that if anything happened to let him know. The son followed him outside and asked him if he might borrow \$2, saying that he had a very good use for it.

The physician gave him two silver dollars, realizing, however, that he was making a gift and not a loan. During the night the patient died. The charitably inclined physician has learned since that the son called in another physician with the \$2 he borrowed, and asked him if he thought he could do any more for his mother than Doctor X.—Indianapolis News.

Saving the Gas.

Bobbie will be chancellor of the exchequer when he grows up, says London Tit-Bits.

The other evening dad brought home a beautiful green shade for the drawing-room chandelier and spent two hours fixing it in order to comply with the new lighting restrictions.

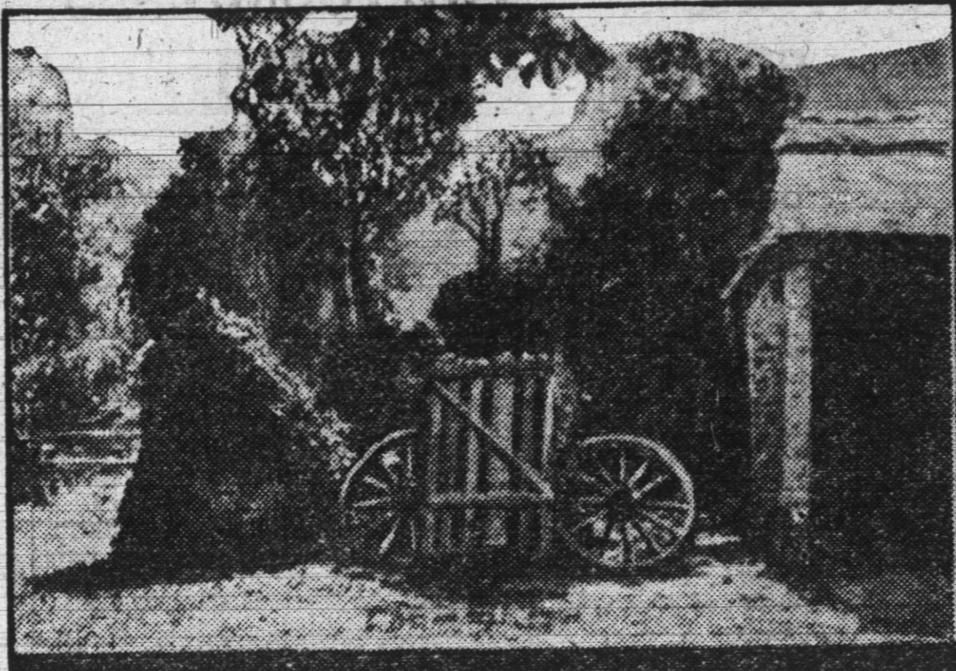
After the family had recovered from the upheaval which always attends any duty performed by dad, they settled down under the obscured light.

Suddenly dad perceived Bobbie sitting well outside the radius of the light poring over a volume of close print.

"Now then, Bobbie," he snapped, "what are you sitting right outside there for straining your eyes in the dark like that? I haven't got enough expense as it is, I suppose, and you want to run me into more expense for spectacles for you—what?"

"Please, dad, I was only sitting out side here in order to save the gas!"

Birthplace of Empress Josephine



REMAINS OF KITCHEN AT LA PAGERIE

DURING a sojourn on the French West India island of Martinique, where Theodore de Booy was engaged in making an archaeological reconnaissance in the interest of the Museum of the American Indian (Heye foundation) of New York city, he was enabled, thanks to the kindness of Mr. Simon Hayot, a resident of this island, to visit the birthplace of Josephine Tascher de la Pagerie, who subsequently became the wife of Napoleon Bonaparte and empress of France.

Prophecy of Euphemia.

It seems that Euphemia, however, no matter how easily she revealed the future of other people, seems to have possessed a strange reticence about Josephine's fate. And it was not until the beautiful young creole had reached the age of fifteen years that the old "mammy" could be made to speak on this subject. One day, while seated under the shade of a giant mango tree, near the pool where Josephine took her daily bath, guarded by her faithful servant—the visitor to La Pagerie is still shown the gigantic tree and the shaded pool where these events took place—Euphemia's eyes took on the far-away look that always preceded her prophecies, and she spoke:

"You will be married to a man of fair complexion, intended to be the husband of another of your family. The young lady whose place you are called to fill will not live long. Your star promises you two marriages. Your first husband will be a man born in Martinique, but he will reside in Europe and wear sword; he will enjoy some moments of good fortune. A sad legal proceeding will separate you from him, and, after many great troubles which are to befall the kingdom of the Franks, he will perish tragically and leave you a widow with two helpless children. Your second husband will be of an olive complexion, of European birth; without fortune, yet he will become famous; he will fill the world with his glory, and will subject a great many nations to his power. You will then become an eminent woman and possess a supreme dignity; but many people will forget your kindness. After having astonished the world, you will die miserably. The country in which what I foretell will happen forms a part of Celtic Gaul; and more than once, in the midst of your prosperity, you will regret the happy and the peaceful life you led in the colony. At the moment you shall quit it (but not forever) a prodigy will appear in the air—this will be the first harbinger of your astonishing destiny."

It All Came True.

How true this prophecy became is, of course, well known. The man of fate complexion whom Josephine first married was the viscount Alexander de Beauharnais, who was first affianced to Maria, the eldest daughter of Monsieur de Tascher. Maria, however, died in Martinique before her marriage took place. Shortly afterwards Josephine married De Beauharnais, after a brief engagement, and sailed for the French army of King Louis XVI. For various reasons he instituted legal proceedings against Josephine after a few years of married life. He was guillotined during the French revolution, leaving Josephine a widow with two children. She then met Napoleon Bonaparte, who at the time was but an humble lieutenant of artillery, and subsequently married him. Her rise to eminence at Napoleon's side and the incidents of her unhappy life with the emperor are but two well known.

Even the latter part of Euphemia's prophecy came true, for when the ship which carried Josephine to France left the harbor of Martinique, the masts of the vessel seemed to be tipped with fire, according to traditions which have been handed down. This, of course, was nothing but an atmospheric phenomenon known as St. Elmo's fire, but it must have astonished the youthful mind of the future empress of France to see this sign upon her departure from her native shores.

The third Napoleon, son of Hortense de Beauharnais and, in consequence, grandson of Josephine, made some few efforts during his turbulent reign to preserve the memory of the Tascher family. He had a tombstone erected in the church of the small village of Trois Islets to perpetuate the memory of Madame Tascher, his great-grandmother.

Local tradition has it that it was young Josephine's custom to daily bathe herself, accompanied by a faithful old negro "mammy" to a certain pool on the property to indulge in the refreshing waters of limpid rivulet. This "mammy," named Euphemia, was an old family slave, and was generally credited as being a prophetess of no mean order. It seems to have been her custom to allow herself to go

SMOCKING IS USED

Strongly Favored as Trimming for Children's Frocks.

Use of Bloomers Matching Dress Approved for Girls From Four to Eight Years Old.

Smocking is the trimming favored above all others in development of simple serviceable little frocks for children. The dress shown in the sketch owes its distinction entirely to the use of smocking, which trims the pockets and confines the fullness of the little frock below the yoke, so that an empire-waisted dress rather than a mere yoked model is the result. The dress buttons in the center back. The yoke cuts straight across the back, omitting the elongated or panel effect featured in front.

To make this frock for a four or six year old girl two and a quarter yards of material 36 inches wide will be required.

In fashioning these serviceable little tub frocks the use of little bloomers matching the dress is strongly approved. This does away with the need of petticoats, which are an abomination to the average sturdy youngster. Colored bloomers, a pair to match every tub frock, will be found well worth while for the girl of four to eight years, says the Washington Star.

The average girl child of more than eight years old would be inclined to scorn bloomers and prefer rather the dainty, frilled little white petticoats, and under four years of age boys and girls are frequently dressed very much alike, rompers, except for overgrown children, being found extremely desirable summer garments for play and utility wear.

Colored linens, galatea, chambray, etc., are fabrics employed in the development of summer garments for the youngsters, and this year the checked

ATTENTION!



Here's an up-to-the-minute blouse and a khaki skirt designed by the sweatling method to give large women, fashionable, slender lines. Summer makes the selection of comfortable and stylish clothes a problem for the large woman. If she follows the lines suggested here half her dress troubles will be eliminated.

JERSEY USED IN LONG COATS

Most Favored Fabric for the Summer Season—Contrasting Colors in Full-Length Garments.

Long coats of wool jersey in full length or in seven-eighths length in two colors are much worn. This is by all odds the most favored fabric of the season.

The full length coats generally have the upper portion in a light shade and the portion from below the hips to the hem in a darker tone or in a contrasting color.

These coats are usually quite simple—on the style of the chemise dress. They have a belt of the fabric at the normal waistline.



Smocked Frock for Four-Year-Old.

ginghams are favored for both young and old. Some of the smartest tub frocks noted for adult members of the family are made of Scotch plaid or other gingham checks, with sheer collars of white organdie.

JERSEY SUITS HERE TO STAY

One-Piece Garments of That Material Have Displaced the Separate Skirt and Blouse.

In connection with the statement that the women of America will be covered with jersey cloth most of the time, if fashion and desire continue to proceed in the direction they are heading, it is of interest that one-piece gowns of thin wool jersey have almost superseded the separate skirt of jersey with a wash blouse.

When the ornate frocks of this material first appeared, most women thought they were not as good looking as those of silk or serge, but a little experience with them seems to have changed their opinion.

They are admirable for all manner of sport use, because they cling to the figure and do not pull apart at the waistline, a defect which all sport lovers try to overcome. The plenum blouse with its twisting sash, for this reason, has taken the place of the white shirtwaist that has served two decades of athletic women.

When we read in the cables from Paris that this garment has disappeared as a first fashion, we have our own opinion that it will be retained in this country for years to come on account of its entire comfort in sports, a fashion authority. It was not originated for that purpose in Paris, and it is not easy to tell whether she took the Oriental shirt or the American middy blouse as her inspiration. She improved on the latter by adding the sash to girdle the hips, and by that one trick she gave America a garment which she was slow to accept, but which she will be equally slow to relinquish.

Overettes in Khaki. Overettes is the name applied to a sort of overall costume of khaki for women. It is especially designed for women engaged in agricultural work, and other work making a bifurcated garment especially convenient. They are to be worn with separate blouses and have wide shoulder straps that keep the bloomer section in place.

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