

There are two men in the store...

"Oh, you know, it was in some pawnshop in New York. I suppose we should have known better than to trust such a place. But they were so bright and pretty I thought they were real amber."

The jeweler eyed her narrowly. "Your idea is to sell them?" he asked.

"No, I just wanted to see what they are worth. I thought you would tell me."

The jeweler lowered his voice. "I can't tell you just the maximum price that you might be able to get for them. Of course in Europe they would pay more, but traveling is dangerous. I would be willing personally to pay you five thousand dollars for them, perhaps a little more. Of course, if you went to New York you might get more, but then there would be the risk, and you might find a dishonest dealer."

Alice thanked the jeweler and fairly staggered out of the store, clasping her precious beads in her hand. She hardly knew whether the man had been teasing her, making fun of her glass beads, or whether she had been, insane, or at least dreaming. She made her way to the most conservative and most expensive jeweler in town, unmindful that the clock on the corner pointed five minutes to the time that she ought to be back at the prescription counter.

Ten minutes later she was in the darkened examination room with two jewel experts. She seemed to come to a full realization of the situation when she heard one of them explaining: "If you will look through this bead you will see the first letter. Now hold this bead up to the light and see the next letter—marvelous, marvelous. I need no further proof. They are royal amber, one of a few strings of beads that Louis XV had made for his favorites. They are found only in the largest museums now. Perhaps the full value of this string has not been known for a hundred years or more. I will be willing to let you have six thousand dollars for the beads. Of course in Europe they might fetch more. If you wish to accept my offer we will have the check sent to your bank tomorrow or give it to you personally. Of course, in making such a large transaction we have to go through the form of consulting the treasurer of the concern. He is out at luncheon at present."

Somehow Alice got back to her post. She was 15 minutes late—unread of breach of office regulations—but she did not explain. That afternoon she sent a telegram to Paul asking him to return at once to hear the good news.

And that is why Alice and Paul didn't have to wait two years. In fact, they waited only long enough to find just the coolest little drug store for \$500 that you could imagine. And the amber beads—when they have been restringed and properly mounted—will be on exhibition in one of the big museums, although to any but an expert they look much like any other string of amber beads.

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The inevitable quarrel.

"I'm glad I was married in June instead of October," said the bride.

"Why?"

"Because if we'd married in October we'd have scrapped over whether or not we were going to spend Thanksgiving with my people, and then our honeymoon wouldn't have lasted a month."



These photographs are the first to arrive in America showing scenes at the coronation of the emperor of Japan. Above is a throng of dignitaries with their wives at Kyoto awaiting the arrival of the imperial train. Below are the oldest inhabitants of the city in the special inclosure at the palace grounds, to which they were invited in order that they might witness the imperial cortege in comfort. To every inhabitant of the empire more than eighty years old the emperor gave a silver cup.



This photograph, marking a page in the epoch of the checkered history of Mexico, shows Venustiano Carranza, the recognized president of Mexico, surrounded by members of his staff, on the international bridge near Brownsville, Tex., where he met the governor of Texas in conference.



Part of a group of 300 women refugees from Belgium who have come to the United States under the guidance of Father J. de Ville, and who will find homes in the middle West.



British soldiers taking a primitive ferry trip across a river in Egypt. Passing along the bank is a squadron of the Heriz yeomanry.

Friendship supplies the place of everything to those who know how to make the right use of it; it makes your prosperity more happy, and it makes your adversity more easy.—Selected.

Man on the Farm.

It is the high privilege of a farmer's congress to discuss any and every subject under the sun, for nothing can possibly happen without having some direct or indirect effect on the man on the farm.—Omaha Bee.

Over-Suspicious.

"Some men is so suspicious," said Uncle Eben, "dat if a fisky was to come along an' offer to grant en three wishes dey'd have de fisky treated for lein a epilepsy."

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