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A GOOD IMPULSE

By MILDRED WHITE.

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"What a change, Edna, in two short years! Life then was one round of pleasure." "Oh, cheer up, Alice Clayton. Busy yourself with what's going on today and you'll find enough to do. Here I am puzzling myself to find a way to pay car fares, room rent, buy lunches and now a War Savings stamp each month, and all on a salary of \$10 a week."

The Claytons at one time had been among the wealthiest families in Seaville. Of late fate had dealt harshly with them; mother and father had been victims of an auto accident and a sudden change in the stock market had left them with little more than the old homestead.

"I have it, Alice!" exclaimed Edna after a few thoughtful moments. "All that old jewelry we have in the bottom of our trunk I will take to the melting pot tomorrow. Guess I will at least get one War Savings stamp for all we have stored away, and that will be my stamp for June. Come along now and help me get it out. Oh, there's my little silver watch, nearly ten years old. I doubt if I used it a dozen times. How proud I was the night I first wore it."

Lunch hour next day was devoted to disposing of her treasures, and evening found her overjoyed with the results. "Oh, sis!" cried Edna; "just look--two War Savings stamps! Isn't that great? I'm so happy I don't know what to do."

"Yes, Edna, it's fine," said Alice; "you're always so fortunate in all your undertakings."

"The little watch I gave to the Red Cross," continued Edna excitedly, "as they said it was too good for the melting pot."

An eventful month followed, and then came Edna's big vacation. "A fine chance to mend your old clothes," advised Alice as she was leaving for work Monday morning.

"Yes," said Edna as she curled herself up on the couch, buried in one of the latest novels.

Monday morning Fred Morse had been discharged from St. Vincent's hospital, and expected to sail for New York the following day. Two long weeks, the longest he had known in his whole life, had been spent in this hospital, the result of having been injured doing his bit. Together with four others, he had been chosen to give a course of lectures at Camp Upland, and the next day they were to start for the U. S. A.

"I'm completely lost without my wrist watch," said Fred to his nurse, Miss Synd.

"Perhaps I can get you one; it was only last night the president of our Red Cross branch announced the receipt of some watches, and if there are any left I will get one for you."

"There," said Miss Synd as she presented Fred with a watch that afternoon, her great brown eyes sparkling with joy, "the only one left." Fred thanked her sincerely and, opening the case, a small piece of paper dropped out, on which was written, "Contributed by Edna M. Clayton, Seaville, Mass." Was he still unconscious, or was it really true? Yes--it surely was so, for there on the cover was the familiar monogram, "E. M. C."

For some time he sat dreaming. In fancy she was with him once again. He could hear her gayly chatting or humming a song as they paddled up river in his favorite canoe. And Edna, pink-checked and eyes of azure blue, with her fair golden curls blowing in the gentle summer breeze, resting so comfortably among the cushions.

"Well," thought Fred, "my dear old sweetheart, I'll give you the surprise of your life when I land in New York."

The persistent ringing of the door-bell roused Edna from her reading. What! A letter from Fred Morse post-marked New York! Could it be possible? Quickly tearing open the envelope she read of his receiving the wrist watch and the slip of paper inside. "Will he come by Wednesday. Could we plan for a canoe ride Thursday evening? I will phone you Wednesday night."

Edna could hardly realize that Fred was really coming to see her again, as she had thought he had long since forgotten her. Anxiously she waited for the phone call, and with still greater anxiety for Thursday evening to come.

The great, beautiful moon cast its silvery light upon the old familiar river as Fred and Edna slowly paddled to their favorite "cozy corner." Sheltered by overhanging branches, Fred settled himself down beside Edna. Gently drawing her head to his shoulder, he whispered, "Will you be my own sweetheart forever, Edna? I will be here for a month, and how happy I would be to know that you were really mine before I return to camp. Say yes, dear, and don't keep me in suspense." Edna faintly murmured the desired "yes," and as Fred brushed back her fair golden curls he kissed and kissed the rosy lips soon to be his very own.

"It seems all too good to be true," said Edna a few hours later as they paddled toward the boathouse. "Who ever dreamed of so much good luck coming from that melting-pot scheme?" "It was well for you," said Fred gazing at his wrist watch, "that you were rescued from that melting pot or I would not be the happy fellow I am tonight. And hereafter, Edna, I shall take the greatest pleasure in providing you with stamps to the fulfillment of your pledge, my own sweetheart, the dearest girl in this whole wide world."

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