

With All My Heart

By EDITH M. DOANE

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A lunge, a jolt, and the elevated train halted reluctantly beside the station platform. Through the sooty, whirling snowflakes outside the electric lights blinked fitfully. "Ninth street!" yelled the conductor, jerking open the door.

A young man sprang to the platform, closely followed by a girl muffled to her ears in soft, warm furs. Burying her face in her big, duffy muff, she refused his guiding arm and walked briskly down the snow drifting steps out into the white, whirling world in the street below.

"Isn't it a lark?" she said gayly. Her eyes were dancing. She turned a lovely face, flushed with cold and excitement, toward the six feet of masculine appreciation beside her. "Isn't it glorious?"

"Beautiful!" His eyes were on her face.

"Don't you love it?"

"With all my heart!" hummed Gordon Huston fervently.

"The first snowstorm is alluring, fascinating. Words are so hopelessly inadequate!"

"They are," he agreed approvingly. "I am speaking of the storm," icily.

"Of course"—his voice was that of injured innocence—"the storm. What else?"

She struggled for stern disapproval. Then their eyes met, and they both laughed.

"To think of Aunt Clara's headache at the last moment!"

"Blessed headache!"

"And of her actually consenting to my coming alone?"

"It's dreadful," he murmured, "but I find it in my heart to forgive her."

Then, being very young and exceedingly foolish, they laughed again.

The street lamps dared in ghostly succession and her furs were white with snow as they pushed through the soft, smothering storm.

"Tell me"—in spite of himself his voice was unsteady—"you really did care about coming?"

"Oh, yes," lightly; "I have always wanted to see the Cafe Bellard."

"There was no other reason?"

She looked at him in apparent surprise, though her eyes danced with mischief. "Other reason?" she echoed. Suddenly her mood changed. With a quick little gesture she laid her hand on his arm.

"Don't, Gordon," she said beseechingly. "We have only a few hours together. Don't—nervously—say things to spoil our evening, Gordon."

"As you wish." His tone was courteous, but full of coldness. So his great love for her was but a thing that would "spoil" her evening.

They had reached the corner now, and in silence they crossed the street to the great cafe, whose lights flared out invitingly through the whirling snow.

Inside the strains of a Hungarian band floated dreamily through the crowded rooms, lights blazed, there was the hum of many voices, and the scent of tobacco smoke clung to the air. In a corner they found a table that commanded a view of the laughing, chattering cosmopolitan crowd.

"I am so glad you thought of bringing me here," said Molly shyly, abashed by his studied silence. "It is like the places on the continent. There is one in Paris, in the Rue de Rivoli, that I wish you could see."

"I will look it up next month."

She gave a perceptible start, which was balm to his wounded feelings.

"Next month!" she repeated, with a mournful attempt at unconcern. "I didn't know you were going abroad."

"The firm has offered me the management of a branch house it is opening in Paris."

not matter," she said gravely, "because I have given my word."

"But you will break that wretched promise?"

He looked steadily at her, and she returned the gaze as steadily. "No," she said, very sweetly and gravely; "I cannot break my word. He depends on me utterly. He has no thought except for my happiness. He is so good. He has never cared for any other woman. If I should desert him it would break his heart."

Gordon leaned forward, his elbows on the table, his face between his hands, and regarded her with hurt, miserable eyes.

"And you prefer to break mine," he said gloomily.

"I have promised," repeated Molly quietly, with a little wan attempt at a smile.

"How does it happen that I am allowed to have you for even these few hours?" he went on moodily.

"He is away on business," Molly answered, her eyes intent upon the adjoining room. "I told him you were coming over from Philadelphia, and he said he was sorry not to see you—that he must be away."

Gordon sat buried in unhappy reverie.

"Do look at that girl just sitting down at the table by the door!" exclaimed Molly suddenly. "Did you ever see such a hat? There must be a special kind of bird to grow such stupendous plumes."

Gordon turned. "She completely overshadows her companion," he said, with forced interest.

The newcomer settled herself in her chair and moved the amazing hat to one side.

"By Jove!" exclaimed Gordon, with a low whistle.

He glanced quickly at Molly. Two red spots like danger signals burned on either cheek; her wrathful eyes were fastened on the girl's companion. He looked up, their eyes met, and Molly stared at him with no hint of recognition. He half rose to his feet; then a hot wave of color suffused his face as he turned sullenly to his companion.

Amazement, indignation, relief, chased themselves in quick succession over Molly's face. She met Gordon's eyes, and her own fell before their message.

The strains of the violins died softly away; the crowd thrilled with enthusiasm. "Encore, encore!" they cried, and again the gay little French song echoed through the rooms. "With all my heart," swung the refrain.

Gordon leaned over the table. "Say it," he whispered.

The delicate color dyed her cheeks crimson; he bent nearer.

"With all my heart," she whispered.

Why Hair Turns Gray.

The color of hair depends on little granules, which can be seen if the hair be examined under a powerful microscope. Sometimes the hair may become white in a night. Brown-Separd tells us that when he was forty-five years old his beard turned white in two days. This took place when he was perfectly well and without any special cause. Sometimes, however, sorrow or illness produces the change earlier in life than it would usually take place. As to the cause, some have said that the hair becomes filled with small air particles which make it look gray. Others have said that the outer part of the hair becomes altered so that it is like ground glass and you cannot see the color. But a man of the name of Metchnikoff tells us that the real reason is because small movable bodies in the hair devour the grains of coloring matter and move them to the root of the hair. Sometimes poisons in disease or some results of sorrow bring about an effect upon these small migrating bodies (cells), causing them to become active in the above fashion. That is said to be the reason why the hair grows gray.—St. Nicholas.

Geographical Unity.

There are two tremendous moments in crossing the United States from east to west by way of Chicago, Omaha and Ogden. The first is when the bluffs of the Missouri suddenly dwindle away and the prairie rolls into sight with its ocean of tall corn, its land with embowered homesteads, as if one swelling movement of the sea had been divinely caught and petrified and made fertile. And the second of these significant moments, more majestically pregnant with hidden meanings than the naked glories of Niagara or the arrogant cliffs of Yosemite, is when the ravines of the Sierra Nevada, with their ever green beauty of pine trees, broaden out on the valley of Sacramento and the hills recede beyond that magnificent plain. There and then you realize the perpetual and indissoluble relation of highland to lowland and perceive in the United States a more wonderful geographical unity than you might behold anywhere in Europe, where there is more variety and less majestic space.—Percy Vincent Donovan in Sunset Magazine.

Tiaras Made Over.

It may be realized by purchasers of diamond tiaras and the like that styles in settings change almost as frequently as in a woman's hat, and every other year at least must see the precious diadem reborn. This adds to original cost, for no self-respecting jeweler changes the setting of a costly piece of jewelry without adding a few new stones to the first amount, thereby increasing its value. Of course famous tiaras, with associations attached, that have recently come into the possession of very rich Americans remain as first designed, for even an American shows some sentiment when it costs him a fortune to salvage in such historic jewels, by other means diamond and pearl and emerald tiaras are constantly made over.—Boston Herald.

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