

LITTLE FEET.

Two little feet so small that both may nestle In one caressing hand, Two tender feet upon the untrod border Of life's mysterious lane.

WOOLING BY PROXY.

She is leaning back in a deep crimson chair, with a white dress sweeping in long, shining folds about her. She is talking to two or three men with that rather weary grace he has grown accustomed to see in her, and which is so different from the joyous smiles of the Jeanne de Beaujeu whom he knew so long ago.

an awkward position, wonders also that she should care to be so kind to a man whom her sister has treated with such marked dislike. The refreshment room is almost empty, and she seats herself and motions him to a chair beside her when he has brought her an loaf.

the consent of his old friend to his love for her sister, the pain she feels bewilders and dismay her. With a smile whose cynicism is as much for herself as for him, she gives the note to Lucille, expecting an instant rejection of the man whose motives in pursuing them they had both so misunderstood.

dropping the eyes which she knows are betraying her. "I should have said—" "You should have said, "I love you," he murmurs, coming close to her and holding out his arms.

Current Topics. It is estimated that during the last few years 2,250,000 houses have been erected in Great Britain, and they are worth double the amount of the national debt.