TWO WOMEN.

A grandma sits in her great armchair;
Aimy sweet is the soft spring air.

Through the latticed, lilac-shadowed pane
She looks to the orchard beyond the lane.

And she catches the gleam of a woman's dress
As it flutters and flies in the lilac's tress.

"I think a girl is glad as the day is long
Her lover is coming, her life's a song!"

Up from the orchard's flowery pleasure
Floats a fragrance faint to the darkening room

While a grandma dreams till a tender grace
And a softer light steal into her face.

For once again she is young and fair,
And twinging roses in her cheeks.

Once again blithe as the lark above,
She is only a girl, and a girl in love!

The years drop from her their weary pain;
She is chapped in her lover's arms again!

The last faint glimmers of daylight die,
Leaving twilight of the purple sky.

Her Dora lifts up the garden path,
Sadly afraid of grandma's wrath.

With red rose cheeks and flying hair
She nestles down by the old arm

"Grandma, Dick says, may we—may I—
The bluebird crows across the twilight sky.

But grandma presses the little hand:
"Yes, my dearie, I understand!

He may have you, darling!" Not all in vain
Did grandma dream she was a girl again!

She gently twisted a shining curl:
"Ah, me! the philosophy of a girl!

Take the world's treasures, be the noblest, best
And we can outweigh all the rest!"

And through the casement the moonlight cold
Streams on two hearts—one gray, one gold.

MARY WAS DEEP.

MAY 6, 1880.—I am neither nervous nor hysterical, but at this moment I am sure of that I have mistaken my smelling-salts. A man—a young man—a young man said to be good-looking—has been admitted here into my private house, and is actually unpacking his portmanteau in the room over my head! And this is a boarding-house for girl students; and he has been admitted by Mr. Williams, our landlady and my old friend! I am afraid that I shall sleep badly to-night; and I have five chapters of Roman history to prepare for my class to-morrow. It was Jane who said he was good-looking; she took his portmanteau in from the cab. Is this a matter on which Jane is competent to give an opinion?

MAY 7.—I slept badly; and my analysis of the motives which led Cæsar to attempt the conquest of the Britons was not so clear as I could have wished it to be. But I am sure now, for I have heard the whole story. The gentleman, whose arrival and admission into this house last night produced in me, and indeed in all of us, such an extreme degree of astonishment, is Mr. Arthur Lindsay. It seems that he has known Mrs. Williams ever since he was a boy at school; and she says that she feels like a mother to him. I fear it is the habit of saying that she feels like a mother to us girls; but that is a different thing. I have known several young gentlemen since they were boys at school; but I don't feel like a mother to them, and I am sure they don't, feel like sons to me.

We heard all about it—I should say "him"—at breakfast this morning. Mrs. Williams was down first as usual, and Lola Brown was down last as usual; and Mrs. Williams had to begin again when Lola came, for Lola (who would lie in bed so long in the morning we should be better friends.) Mrs. Williams says that Mr. Lindsay arrived here at half-past ten last night from the Liverpool docks, having come straight from the ship Wellington (a good subject for an essay for my class—"The Tactics of Wellington and the Tactics of Wolsey,") and asked for Miss Lieutenant. He lived with Mrs. Williams and her husband six years ago, before he went to sea; and arriving in London, here was the first house he thought of. He knew nothing of the change that had come over her establishment; that is to say, he knew nothing of us. We are the change. There are twenty young students when Mr. Lindsay boarded with Mrs. Williams. Mrs. Williams was astonished to see Mr. Lindsay; Mr. Lindsay was astonished to hear of us; we were astonished to hear of Mr. Lindsay.

It seems that we are all astonished.

When Mr. Arthur Lindsay said that he had come to stay with Mr. Williams, Mrs. Williams said it was impossible. She explained to him the situation, and said that she could take only only boarders; that all her boarders, except one, who was a lady tutor, were students of Queen Anne's College; that all of them were pretty she told us she said "ahem!" and that she was certain neither the parents of the girls nor the Principal of the College would be at all pleased to know that he had admitted a gentleman as a permanent boarder among them. Lola Brown asked what color Mr. Lindsay's hair was; and I asked Lola Brown if she had finished her French exercise.

Mrs. Williams, resuming after this interruption, said that Mr. Lindsay caught at the word "permanent" almost before it was out of her mouth, and said, "Oh, but I shan't be 'permanent.' I have only two months' leave; in nine weeks I must be on board again! Do take me in, dear Mrs. Williams, for nine weeks. I need see nothing of the ladies, and they need see nothing of me; and what could possibly happen in nine weeks?"

Ethel Austin demurred to the first part of the last sentence; and Lola Brown said "a great deal" could happen in nine weeks." She said that her Aunt Sarah had married her Uncle George in six weeks, and separated from him in three. Lucy Fair said that Lola's aunt Sarah and uncle George ought to have known best; and Lola asked Lucy, rather irrelevantly, as I thought, whether her grandmother was still alive.

"We are all well, my dear," said Mrs. Williams, "that I consented to take him in. You see it is only for nine weeks after all, and I have always felt like a mother to him. He will have a little bedroom at the top of the house, and will use the small library for a sitting-room. He will take his meals alone, and will be in hardly at all during the day, as I shall have a wire blind fastened across the window of the study which overlooks the little room; and you had better, I think, say nothing about Mr. Lindsay at the college."

Mrs. Williams says that Mr. Lindsay is better-looking than when he went away.

MAY 15.—Ought I to tell Miss Grindle? Miss Grindle is principal of the college, and responsible to some extent for the surroundings of the students, not only in fact, but in fancy. She will, I am afraid, object peremptorily and decidedly to Mrs. Williams' new boarder. She would take it as no excuse that Mrs. Williams, "knew Mr. Lindsay when he was a boy," and was prepared to vouch for the gentlemanlikeness of his conduct at all times and in all places. Indeed, I am not at all sure that she would not decline to listen to any reasoning on the subject, and insist on the girls returning to a head at once, and give Mrs. Williams the alternative of losing or retaining the girls and myself, and, with us, her favorite connection with the college, by losing or retaining Mr. Arthur Lindsay. But is there, in actual fact, so far as I myself can see, any danger to be apprehended from this gentleman's remaining nine weeks among us? I do not know. To be sure, Mr. Lindsay himself, expecting a negative answer, asked, "What could possibly happen in nine weeks?" But I can't help remembering Lola Brown's reply about the ill-considered union of her ridiculous Aunt Sarah and Uncle George. Let me think, now, who we are here, and what quantity of possible self-control and proper feminine dignity there is contained among us.

I, Susan Flinn, aged twenty-five, lady professor of mathematics and English history, and tolerably good-looking, am certainly safe. Miss Grindle has nothing to fear from me. Mary Meryon, aged twenty-three, a student of Queen Anne's college, pretty in a quiet way, hard-working, undemonstrative, and reserved—and also, I think, perfectly safe. Oh yes, yes, dear Mary is perfectly safe. She has told me herself that the majority of the gentlemen she has met are not attracted to her, and indeed that she herself uses no arts to attract them. She says she is shy, and wrapped up in her work; and I believe her. No, if there is trouble in this house it will not be with Mary.

Ethel Austin, aged nineteen. Ethel is a nice, pretty, and—attractive, but also a good girl. Ethel says herself that she "likes fun;" and I think that her fondness for fun and her holidays have really begun until she has joined them. But Ethel is not at all free with strangers, and would, I am convinced, do nothing clandestinely. Any man who meets her under Ethel's roof will be introduced to her by Ethel; but if he intends love-making he must be open and honest about it. But she is susceptible; I am a little fearful of Ethel. I will keep an eye on Ethel.

Lola Brown, student, aged seventeen; Lola's a little rogue. She would flirt with any one. I am not sure that she doesn't still keep up a kind of secret correspondence with a young officer, who has been forbidden her father's house: and she shocked me once in church by whispering that the curate's sermon reminded her of Mr. Lindsay. I believe was making eyes at her all through the sermon. It is quite likely that Lola was making eyes at the curate; but, from the manner in which she has several times spoken to me at Sunday-school, I suspect the curate of more taste and propriety than to make eyes at her. Lola is most certainly to be feared. She told Mrs. Williams at dinner that she would marry any one over fifteen; and the way she uses those wicked blue eyes of hers when she says it is enough to give a person to be thankful that I am not her mother. I had to deprive her of her class in Sunday-school after the first day's teaching; for she discarded the parable of the Prodigal Son, which was the subject of the lesson, and kept the little boys in fits of laughter with one of her absurd stories about two date called Hiram and Juliet, which ended in bed and sarah. Should there ever be any reason to regret the admission of Mr. Arthur Lindsay into this house, I fear that Lola will be in great part provided by Lola Brown.

Nevertheless, I will not tell Miss Grindle at least not yet. Nine weeks will soon pass, and I will keep near to Mary Meryon and Ethel.

MAY 13.—It is a week to-day since Mr. Lindsay came into the house, and nothing has transpired to induce me to alter my resolve of not acquainting Miss Grindle with his presence. We have nine of us seen him. Lola does not disguise her impatience, but I lose no opportunity of reproving her.

MAY 15.—Lola Brown, as fate or her own determination would have it, has been the first of us to see Mr. Arthur Lindsay. She met him on the stairs when coming down, more late than ever, to breakfast this morning. He had questioned her eagerly, and she vouchsafed the following description: "Light hair, five feet ten, and jolly, I tell you." Although Lola spoke of her grandmother in a new neckties of extravagant color, which she was bold enough to tell Mrs. Williams was her "war color." Do as in private she makes no scruple of this flagrant disobedience to her gentleman boarder. Mrs. Williams and I took her apart privately and reasoned with her. We showed her what was due to us as teachers and as young ladies in position, and tender years; to the great college of which she was a student; to Mrs. Williams's establishment, which, we have reason to fear, she has brought to Mr. Lindsay, whose affections were, perhaps, engaged elsewhere, or who might be a gentleman easy to be ensnared by girlish wiles. We urged her to think of her aunt and grandmother (her nearest living relative, alas!) and of the unfortunate nuptials of her Aunt Sarah. She seemed touched, and promised to put away her curl papers and handkerchief. But we had no sooner ended than she ran to the window, and looked down the street after Dr. Dicks, who lives opposite, and who she declares to be in love with her. I asked her where was her modesty, for this gentleman has gray hairs and seven children.

MAY 22.—Yesterday, for the first time since his arrival, Mr. Lindsay made one at our little six o'clock dinner party. The arrangement agreed upon on the night of his arrival, was that, wherever he did not dine away, he should be served by Jane in the little library, which, when at home, he takes in all his meals. Mrs. Williams takes with us, for he is generally a late riser and he is seldom at home at our lunch hour in the middle of the day. But yesterday it chanced that he came in unexpectedly while we were at dinner, wanting his own dinner in a hurry; and Mrs. Williams hardly thinking, as she afterwards said, to ask us, or asking, made a hasty and smiling apology to us, that she had "known Mr. Lindsay since he was a boy," and told Jane to request him to step up and take dinner with us. He came at once, and was seated next to Lola, who said after dinner that she "would have given her pocket money to have had on her esthetic dress—pale green, with blue spots." Mr. Lindsay was introduced to us all, and there was a momentary confusion occasioned by our inability to remember his name. Lola said some polite commonplaces in a pleasant, genial manner, and turned to talk with Lola, between whom and himself, he said, there was already a little acquaintance. I shall have a little difficulty in keeping Lola's secret from my account of the part played by Lola Brown in the battle of Thermopylæ than by Lola's relation of an engagement with wash tubs, in which she, her brother Tom, and her aunt Edward had once taken part on a pond at the bottom of her father's garden. Mr. Lindsay seemed almost entirely engrossed with Lola. Mary Meryon took the very smallest part in the conversation, and did not once address herself to Mr. Lindsay. But I noticed that he looked at her several times, and that he ate her bread twice.

MAY 25.—During the geography lecture at college to-day, Lola Brown being asked the height of the Chimborazo mountains, replied promptly, "Five feet ten!"

MAY 29.—Mr. Lindsay has dined with us twice since his first appearance at our dinner-table. Mistakes on our agreeable to which of us in turn; and in this, I think, shows both breeding and sense. Lola persists in it that he gives signs of being, as she vulgarly puts it, "sweet upon Jane." Jane is very willing to be always very much amused by her stories, I do not see that she has reason for claiming partiality in his conduct to her. Ethel and Lola are pleasantly, and he has borrowed my Grecian History to gain a clearer insight into the proceedings of the Persian and Grecian fleets at the battle of Thermopylæ. I am sure there is not the least necessity for me to speak to Miss Grindle.

MAY 30.—I am amused by Mary. She sticks as closely to her books as ever she did, and seems as determined as always to secure a high place at midsummer. But away from lessons she is never tired of talking to me about Ethel, or of talking to Ethel about me, or of talking to me about Mr. Lindsay. Ethel doesn't like it, because she does like Mr. Lindsay—at least, I think so—and she is, I feel sure, one of Lola's victims. Lola never gives an affair of the affections, however slight, to become a subject of badinage. Lola, on the other hand, is delighted, and adds suggestions to mine that Mr. Lindsay, which would give matters a serious color, if one could be persuaded to see a shade of the serious in anything in which Lola was concerned. I don't talk to Lola again, for I do not think that in such a matter as this even jesting should be carried too far. Of the three girls, Mary alone seems to the least affected by the entry of this male bird into our little dove-cot. Lola says that Mary is "deep," but I believe she is merely indifferent. Mary and I, when alone, speak of Mr. Lindsay; but, then, we have always so many other things to talk about.

JUNE 6.—Mr. Lindsay is now a regular attendant at our little dinner in the evening. At first he made excuses as that he wanted dinner in a hurry and the like; but he now obeys the bell as punctually as any one of us, and no longer thinks it necessary to offer explanation or excuse for his appearance. I am bound to say that neither explanation or excuse is looked for. I take my seat opposite Mary Meryon, and he is unintelligent in addressing us. He talks to me as he talks to Mrs. Williams, quite without hesitation or circumlocution, and generally commences with a question. Mary and he, when they talk, are almost invariably engaged in a brisk wordy duel. They spar continually and only stop short of downright hostilities. But I observe that he defers to her, and generally manages to come off worst in their rhetorical encounters. Also I noticed that Mary does not seem to be so much afraid of her opinion of him than when she argues with any of us. To Lola, Mr. Lindsay speaks with more gravity than he does to