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Insolvency.

By FLORENCE PERCY. Against the creditor, beloved, The snow beats thick and fast; The will winds sorrowful refrain...

Alas, often since, the Spring, beloved, Has loomed above your rest; I breathe the sweet old song, that stings...

ELLEN DOWD, THE FARMER'S WIFE.

PART SECOND.

ENTERED ACCORDING TO THE ACT OF CONGRESS IN THE YEAR 1872 BY MRS. A. J. DUNWAY, IN THE OFFICE OF THE LIBRARIAN OF CONGRESS AT WASHINGTON CITY.

CHAPTER III.

Jacob Graham, the husband of dear Aunt Betsy, had become an old man, infirm in mind and body. As the husband of her more than mother, who now lay quietly sleeping under the snow-drifts in the village grave-yard...

Monotonously the man of law read on: "And the plaintiff further prays that the custody of the children be granted him as a natural right, that they may be kept entirely free from the contaminating influence of such a mother. He also prays—"

"My God!" shrieked Ellen, starting up. "He'd mean that I'm a vile, wicked thing—not fit to see my own children! The law cannot, it surely will not take advantage of a poor, weak woman! I'd have left the monster long ago if it hadn't been for my children! And now he must not, shall not teach them to despise me!"

The New Northwest.

Address of Mary F. Eastman.

DELIVERED BEFORE THE NEW ENGLAND WOMAN SUFFRAGE ASSOCIATION IN BOSTON, FEBRUARY WEEK.

A piquant writer says—"To stay in one place among people who are perfectly used to you, and hammer away at the same old sins, with the same old truths, and yet strike fire—that is work." My friends, we have work to do.

I am humiliated to stand before an intelligent audience almost a hundred years after the Declaration of Independence, to feel the need of arguing. First, that all human beings are born free and equal. Secondly, that women are human beings.

And yet, to this complexion has it come at last. Our movement has passed through various stages and we have had a score of reasons, so-called, first and last, against our demand for equal rights, which we might classify as did Charles Sumner the apologies for the crime against Kansas.

Only with the tax on heads! Did you ever notice how modestly gentlemen sometimes refer to the trifling matter of heads? Considering that the sexes differed morally and intellectually as well as physically, the question to be considered seems to be this: How can woman best exert her influence on man?

Acting under advice from Jackie and the Doctor, Ellen Dowd decided not to open Uncle Jacob's will until the time for the trial for divorce should come. Between the three the existence of the will was kept secret from the neighbors, and a new gossip, in which the Doctor's name and Ellen's figured, became the all-absorbing theme.

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Correspondents writing over assumed signatures must make known their names to the Editor, or no attention will be given to their communications.

hardly right to ratify my friend's sentiment at the expense of trust. Our great national experiment stands to-day in peril. Every heart must sink at the frequent manifestations of corruption in high places as well as low.

The pressing necessity of our cause is not only the work of the platform, but of the homes. Not only should we use logic, but we use essays; all that has been done and done again, and we are left by it that women have brains? Men know that before. What is needed is a race of women who are willing to testify that they don't like slavery, which is built in the heart of the things, which rebels against mastership enforced by law.

Women have been falsely trained to consider that their duties and their interests ended with the care of the family and the culture of self. From this we are gradually recovering, and the appeal to woman now is, not to hold her powers out of the reach of humanity. It is not enough to lift the heart in aspiration. The helping hand must be reached down to the humblest.

The Fast Young Man.

There has been so much said about the fast young man, that it is time the fast young lady took his share of the blessings. Go where you will, you will see a specimen of fast young America. Ride in the car or stage, and at the most fashionable of the fast young man will get in, and finding the most comfortable seat, ensconce himself therein, and then look around to see if his appearance has produced the average woman get in, and he is in the front of watching something out of the window, and, of course, does not see her; while if he would always be polite to rich and poor, old and young, he might sometimes have a fortune left him by some poorly dressed man or woman, as that seems to be the way most fortunes are left now-a-days in the newspapers.

Go to the theater, and in the gallery, and even in the opera-box you will find him. He is here, there, and everywhere. Now, looking around his opera-box, you will see quite a number of the "fast young men"; some smoking, others making remarks about every body that passes by. "Isn't that a bully girl?" "I think she's some." These and similar expressions may be heard at any time, and uttered by respectable young men—they are inescapable.

After the play is over, he lounges around town, stopping here and there, and finally brings up at home about "five o'clock" says, "I'm tired, I'm sometimes too gloriously drunk to find his own room, and at others, "only drunk enough to make me jolly, upon honor."

He sleeps next morning until nearly noon, and then after freshly perfuming his hair, brushing his somewhat seedy hat, and giving a somewhat peculiar twist to his new necktie, sallies out to repeat the performance of the day before, only varied by attending a race or a church now and then.

After a while when his landlady becomes impatient for her rent, due six months or so, and he is married in style in a fashionable church, without any love-making on his part, and on her side, she does not care for any. After marriage, he goes back to papa, and he goes on, and no questions are asked on either side. He has some one to pay his bills, and she a husband to redeem her from the odium of being called an old maid.