

For the Woman's Journal. THE MOTHER'S INSPIRATION.

BY MCMASTER. Had I no little feet to guide Along life's toilsome way, My own more frequently might slide, More often go astray.

GOODWIN SANDS. BY WILLIAM CANTON.

Did you ever read or hear How the Aid (God bless the Aid! More earnest prayer than that was never prayed).

How the lifeboat Aid, of Ramsgate, saved the London Fusilier? With a hundred souls on board, With a hundred and a score, She was fast on Goodwin Sands.

In the smother and the roar Of a very hell of waters—hard and fast— She shook beneath the stroke Of each billow as it broke, And the clouds of spray were mingled with the clouds of swirling smoke,

And the women and the little ones were frozen dumb with fear; And the strong men waited grimly for the last;

When—as clocks were striking two in Rams-gate town— The little Aid came down. The Aid, the plucky Aid— The Aid flew down the gale With the glimmer of the moon upon her sail;

And the people thronged to leeward; stared and prayed; And stared with tearless eye and breathless lip, While the little boat drew near. Ay, and then there rose a shout— A clamor, half a sob and half a cheer— As the boatmen flung the lifeboat anchor out. And the gallant Aid sheered in beneath the ship.

'Neath the shadow of the London Fusilier. "We can carry maybe thirty or a trip," (Hurrah for Rams-gate town!) "Quick, the women and the children!" O'er the side

Two sailors, slung in howlines, hung to help the women down; Poor women, shrinking back in their dismay, As they saw their ark of refuge, smothered up in spray, Ranging wildly this and that way in the racing of the tide;

As they watched it rise and drop, with its crew of stalwart men, When a huge sea swung it upward to the bulwarks of the ship, And, sweeping in in thunder, sent it plunging down again.

Still they shipped them—nine and twenty— (God be blessed!) When a man with glaring eyes Rushed up frantic to the gangway, with a cry choked in his throat— Thrust a bundle in a sailor's ready hands.

Honest Jack, he understands— Why, a blanket for a woman in the boat! "Catch it, Bill!" And he flung it with a will; And the boatman turned and caught it, bless him!—caught it tho' it slipped. And even as he thought, heard an infant's cries,

While a woman shrieked, and snatched it to her breast— "My baby!" So the thirtieth passenger was shipped! Twice, and thrice, and yet again Flew the lifeboat down the gale With the moonlight on her sail— With the sunrise on her sail— (God bless the lifeboat Aid and all her men!) Brought her thirty as a trip

Thro' the hell of Goodwin waters as they raged around the ship, Saved each soul aboard the London Fusilier. If you live to be a hundred, you will ne'er— You will ne'er in all your life, Until you die, my dear, Be nearer to your death by land or sea! Who's she there? Who's—my wife?

Why, the baby in the blanket—that was she!

For the Woman's Journal. BOUND.

Boats were gliding down a stream; a stream at times calm and beautiful, and again rough and unfair. In the foremost boat were a man and woman. They were talking and laughing, and seemed very happy. He was sitting at her head and a little above her, his hands hanging idly, for the current was carrying them. She lay at full length in the bottom of the boat, and the fair and rounded symmetry of her limbs, with the storm-browned wood for a background, looked like an unsurpassable work in bas-

relief. Her lips were of that form made for kisses, and her hair changed color under the light of either the sun or the moon. The man gazed upon her, and he knew that she was beautiful.

They passed a bed of flowers growing on the bank. "Oh, I want them, I want them!" she exclaimed, clapping her white tiny hands as a baby or child would do. He steered the boat over to them, and leaped on the shore to gather some. The boat rocked gently on the waters and drifted a little, but she lay there wholly unconscious of it, and played with the network that stretched above her and around her and under her, and was securely fastened to the side.

He came back with an armful of the flowers, and threw them in the bottom of the boat. She laughed a rippling laugh that went over the waters and echoed back again. She forgot the network around her, and played with the flowers, and held up the tips of her fingers to be kissed.

Soon another bed of flowers attracted her, and, as before, she clapped her hands and called for them; but he frowned and said, "You cannot have them; they are not good for you."

She pouted, a very tiny pout: "You wore one yesterday." "Ah, yes, but I am a man. It is different; they are not good for you."

In a very little time the lips were again smiling and the fingers running through the network. She looked up at him, with slight curiosity in her face. "What is this for, this network?"

"To protect you. I put that there because I love you. It will keep the storms from you, and the rain and the hot sun. It is a custom to put this protection about our women, we are so solicitous for their comfort."

She looked up at him and smiled, never realizing that she was bound. The boat passed on, and others came in quick succession, and drifted on with the current. In every boat was a man, and a woman bound; and in some of the boats were children.

The evening sun rested on the waters. White clouds, like immense sea-birds, covered the sky. A boat bearing a man and a woman and a child was slowly drifting. The child's dark curls hung over her white shoulders, and her eyes glowed were darker than her hair.

They passed a bed of flowers. "Oh, see the beautiful flowers! Please get them for me," the woman cried; but the man's face grew sullen and dark, as he said, "Have I not told you often that you cannot have those flowers? They are not for you. All the women that have gone in the boats before have done without them, and I will not be the first to break the custom by gathering them for you."

Angry tears were in her eyes, and she clinched the little hands that lay under the netting. Then she said, "Unbind me, and let me out to get them for myself." He looked at her surprised, amazed. Of such open rebellion he had never dreamed.

"Hush, hush!" he said, in a low constrained voice. "I would not for the world let you hear you in the other boats. It is disgraceful. Why can you not be contented, like the others? They never wanted any but what the men have brought them."

Her lips parted sarcastically. "How do you know they are content, that they never want more? Perhaps they are afraid to tell what they want; or perhaps they think it useless."

"You are very unthankful for the kindnesses I lavish upon you." "I would rather have freedom." "How strangely you talk! Any one would think you were a prisoner." "I am bound."

"Ah, no, you are only protected. And if you would lie quiet as I advise, you would not feel the cords." "Still they would be there." "What matter, if they did not hurt?" "Ah, but they would hurt, thinking of the injustice of it." "It is not unjust. It is the custom." "That does not make it right." "We know what is best for you." "You cannot know." "Why?"

"Because you are men. We are women. You can only understand the wants of men." "I will go for a stroll on the shore. Perhaps you will be rational when I return." "Well, go," she answered bitterly. "It is ever thus you put me off. But the time will come when you will be compelled to listen to the voice of reason."

He was gone before she had finished, and the little girl came and laid her cool cheek against the woman's burning one, and they wound their arms around each other. Then the woman whispered with terrible intensity between her closed teeth: "Never let them bind you tight!

When they go to put the net over you, raise yourself up as high as you can, and they will place it that much higher. Then watch how they tie the cords, and some night when you are left alone, undo the cords, and seize the oars, and go down the stream as fast as you can. They may catch you—no doubt they will—but no matter, you will have had a little of the glorious life of freedom and the heroic pleasure of breaking the bonds."

The child's arms closed tighter and tighter around the woman as she promised: "I will, I will. If ever I get the chance, I will break the bonds."

It was midnight, and a boat rocked on the wind-tossed waters. A man and a woman and two children, a boy and a girl, were in the boat. Flashes of light came from the angry sky, and disclosed living clouds of black, full of suppressed wrath. The man at the oars strained his eyes in the vain effort to find a port of safety, and drops of perspiration stood on his brow.

The children each suggested a different course, and cried in their fright. The woman leaned on her elbow and scanned the water. Her lips were white and set, as much in anger as in fear, as she now directed the rudder and now to the left.

"Oh, if I were only free! I could help you guide the boat." She moaned and beat at the net till her hands were blistered.

"Oh, no, no!" he quickly answered, "the work would be too rough for you; I could not think of letting you do it. It would kill you."

"Ah, why will you talk sophistry in such a time as this? You know well that work does not kill half so many as idleness does. How do you know my strength? You have never tested it. You have never encouraged or tried to help me to develop into anything but what I am, a woman. I do not mind it so much in the sunshine, but when the storms come, these cords seem to cut through the flesh into my heart, when I see my children in danger and you trying to steer the boat alone, when I know two are needed for the work, and I am compelled to lie here bound. See even now how the storm rages and roars about us, and the children cling crying to my skirts! They know as well as I do that I am bound, and that my promises of protection are lies. They know that I have not the power to protect them, since power to protect myself is taken from me."

There was bitterness and sarcasm in her voice, and he answered her bluntly: "It isn't your duty to protect; it is your duty to guide. They have been under your care and teaching. If they had done your duty, they would know what to do when the storm came. They would lie flat in the boat, and cease their screaming."

"Ah, yes; I tried to inculcate that theory; but when the storm came they forgot all my teachings. How vain to think that I could guide when the danger came, guide without protecting! It can never be done. It is only a make-believe, a shift of responsibility, a mockery. It can never be done." She turned to the man with that look in her eyes you see in the gaze of the mother deer when the hunter catches the fawn.

"Undo these cords," she pleaded. "You must undo these cords. I want to help my children. Quick, quick! Or, if evil befall them, I will curse the day they were given into my keeping. Unbind me! Unbind me!" She clutched and tore at the netting till some of the cords broke, but they were red in her blood first. No one saw it, for the storm still raged. The boy and the girl tried to help her, but their hands were weak, and they knew when the daylight should come the ones in the boats following would laugh at their futile efforts.

A great gust of wind caught up the boat, and hurled the children away from the woman, down to the stern. The boat seemed about to capsize. They climbed to the high edge and clung to each other in terror. The woman saw them—a moment—and sent a shrill scream over the stormy water. The next moment the treacherous wind again caught the boat and hurled it in the opposite direction, plunging the children into the black water. One wild cry, and two bleeding arms stretched into the unseeing night, and all was quiet again.

The fury of the storm abated, and the wind, having spent its force, travelled with less noise and speed; transmitting sound along the river. The woman in the boat rose up on her elbow. Her face and hands were smeared with dry blood, and her hair was white. The man had dropped the oars and sat dejectedly, his head drooping forward. There was something uncanny in the woman's voice, for it could be distinctly heard even at a greater distance than the fleet wind could carry it.

Every boatstod still in wonder, and consternation and thought, as she cried out,

"O women, why are you so blind, and so senseless, and so cruel? Why do you bring children into the world to be like yourselves, bound? The shackles on your own limbs should teach you mercy and consideration. If you are denied the right to protect your offspring, how dare you bear it and turn it loose to the caprice of the heartless storms? You are told your mission is to teach and to guide; but what avails your guiding and teaching when you have to abandon your subjects to the alluring and treacherous snares of an unknown sea? It is then your voices are needed to counsel, your hands to restrain, and your love to protect. But you are bound; you cannot follow. For us there may be no hope of freedom. The bonds are very strong, and we are weak. But for the ones that must follow, there is hope—nay, there is certainty, if only you now do your duty. Lift your voices up loud and strong and ceaseless, and war against this bondage, make it odious, till the ones that tighten the cords will see the wrong they do, and blush for the blindness of the past. Make it odious, till the new ones to be bound will fight and rebel, and die before they submit to this cruelty that ages have sanctioned, and that church tenets under the unchallenged cognomen of Christianity have pampered and succored and spread."

The woman ceased speaking, and the man by her side still sat with his head bowed. In most of the boats the women were raised up, intently listening. The men and the children too heard her words. Some of the faces were bleak and some were sarcastic, and others were sad and thoughtful.

After a few moments, the woman spoke again; but her voice was hoarse and could scarcely be heard: "Believe all that I say. I do not speak at random. I know the servileness of bondage, and I know what cord have done had I been free. I had two children, a boy and a girl, I taught them, and warned them against all kinds of danger. They were very attentive to my counsels while the sun shone, but in the storm, in the rapidity of the shock of danger, they forgot all, and were lost to me forever. I could have saved them had I not been bound—my God, my God! had I not been bound."

The woman covered her face with her hands, and low moans came through the delicate fingers. The man looked around, half bewildered, for a moment or two. Then he took a knife from his pocket, and slowly opened the blade, and one by one deliberately cut the cords that bound her, and gathering the net that had wrapped her, he cast it into the water.

The woman's face was covered, so she did not know that she was free until he put his strong arms around her and lifted her up, and set her by his side. She smiled at him through her tears, and would have said a word of thanks.

"You are breaking an old, old custom," she said. "Are you not afraid they will scorn you?" "I will not mind their scorn," he answered stoutly. "The light has come. Through all these years I have been blind, and you have borne the burden patiently and alone; but now I will help you; I will make what reparation I can. I will work hard to help you make others free."

For answer she took one of his hands and held it in both of hers; and the boats glided on. But strange unusual murmurs were heard all over the waters.

Morning awoke. The sun danced a myriad of fantastic figures on the water, darting in and out and over the boats. Flocks of birds swooped down to dip their bills in the water and then be off again. The place was rife with sound, and animated and earnest conversation was heard all about.

The occupants for a cluster of boats talked across to each other. Others joined them. The few grew into an army that thickly studied the space, until little room was left between.

They were discussing the bold and impassioned utterances they had heard in the early morning, and the latter speech by the man who unbound the woman with the white locks and blood-stained hands.

One girl's voice was heard above all the others, and soon every eye was on her. She stood gracefully poised on the seat of the boat, her back foot firmly set, indicative of determination and concentrated force, while the front foot lightly rested a little to the side, as if on the alert and ready for any action. She was not a fully developed woman, but a chrysalis on the banks of the river Transformation, ready to cross at the first signal. She resembled the early pink blush on a spring peach ere the sun's rays have had time to change it to the deep red of the later summer.

"I for one will never be bound," she said; and her voice was clear as the water on which her little boat stood. "I will never be bound. No one has the right to bind me. Every soul in the world should

be free, and no one should hold jurisdiction over another. If any one should try to bind me, do you know what I would do? Her flashing eyes swept the throng. "I would take this boat and turn it over, and I would dive down to the bottom of the water, and wind my arms around something there, even though it were a monster, and I'd cling to it as long as there was any breath in my body; and then, when I could hold on no longer, I would cut care if my body floated to the surface, for then no one would want to bind me. Oh, I should stifle, suffocate, die, if I were bound. I must be free! free! free!" She changed her weight to the forward foot, and waved her bare arms exultingly in the air.

From boat to boat there ran quick glances of wonder and alarm and admiration, but no word was spoken, until, as if by one impulse, a shout arose from the women: "We, too, want to be free. We demand that you cut these cords. You had no authority ever to place them here." And a few male voices joined in, saying: "It is only just they should be free. We have overstepped the law."

In one of the boats an old man arose and demanded silence. Then he turned to the girl, who still stood balanced on the seat of the boat, and said, "Who is with you?"

"No one," she answered. "I will tell you." She sat down on the seat and clasped her hands across her knees, and her eyes wandered over the water, and above to the blue sky, as she began.

"A long, long time ago, a man sat here, and a woman was with him, bound. But one day he went off to the mountains to gather something, and he never came back. Then the woman cried and cried, for she had no way to help herself. Often the boat ran ashore, and we had to sit and wait for the water to carry us out again. And sometimes the boat struck hard against a rock or a piece of drift-wood, and then the woman would cry in terror; but I only laughed, for I did not know the danger. As I grew older I discovered that I could row, and I loved the work; I loved to see the boat dart here or there as my will and muscles dictated; so when the woman told me that some day they would take the oars away, I was angry, and rowed all the harder and faster. I tried to break the cords that bound her, but I could not. Then he took a knife from his pocket, and slowly opened the blade, and one by one deliberately cut the cords that bound her, and gathering the net that had wrapped her, he cast it into the water.

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Advertisement for Hood's Sarsaparilla. Text includes: 'Extremely Nervous', 'Barely Able to Crawl Around—Now Perfectly Cured and Doing Her Own Housework.', 'I was extremely nervous, barely able to crawl around, with no strength or ambition. I could not sleep, would have very bad spells with my heart, and my stomach was in a terrible condition. I had dreadful neuralgia pains in my side, and would be dizzy. In the midst of it all I had malarial fever. I was miserable for months after, and could not get over half an hour without being all exhausted. At last one of my neighbors wanted me to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. I was persuaded to do so and in a little while could eat and sleep better. This encouraged me to continue. I have now taken five bottles, and am perfectly cured. I am doing my own housework alone.' Mrs. FRED TURNER, Barre, Vt. Be sure to get Hood's Pills. Are tasteless, mild, effective. Sold by all druggists. \$1.00 per bottle.

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more would you have than we are willing to give?
'I would have freedom.'
'You want to be like us?'
'No. I want to be only myself, but unbound.'

No vestige of bondage was left, but instead triumph smiles on the faces of happy women, and an expression of noble justice in the eyes of the men.
All that night the harmony of music was heard. Free voices filled the air with grand choruses, and high up in the heavens an invisible choir sang a Te Deum for Peace.

STATE CORRESPONDENCE.

NEW YORK.

ALBANY, N. Y., APRIL 10, 1897.

Editors Woman's Journal:
Hon. Charles R. Skinner, State Superintendent of Public Instruction of New York State, in his annual report recently submitted to the Legislature, pays a high compliment to women engaged in educational work. The women school commissioners he says:

It is a pleasure to commend the painstaking and efficient work done by women who have held and are still holding the office. Although the duties must be irksome and often unpleasant, these faithful women have not flinched, and have given to their brother officers an excellent example of faithful and intelligent service. As a great majority of our teachers are women, a woman's sympathy among them is felt and appreciated as a helpful influence. There was no mistake made when the law declared women eligible to hold the office of school commissioner, and it is to be regretted that women are by constitutional provision debarred from voting for candidates for that office.

Under the head of "The Interest of Women in Schools," Mr. Skinner gives generous praise to women workers, as follows:
I am glad to add my personal testimony to the excellent work that women are now doing as State superintendents, teachers, school commissioners, members of boards of education, and in many other lines of educational work. To good executive ability they add an earnestness of purpose and conscientious devotion to duty which may well be emulated by their brothers. It is my sincere desire to encourage the advancement of women to all positions to which their inclinations and ability may direct.

It must be very gratifying and helpful to the thirty or thirty-five women teachers in New York State, to have a man so appreciative, broad-minded and just, at the head of her great educational system.

KANSAS.

MUNICIPAL ELECTIONS IN KANSAS.

Editors Woman's Journal:
The city elections in Kansas are just over, and reports are in from dozens of cities of every class. It should always be kept in mind that the nearly 300 cities in Kansas include what in other States are often called villages, so that municipal suffrage in Kansas gives partial suffrage to a larger number of women than is generally supposed.

The first Monday in April, the day on which elections in third-class cities occur, was fair, and the papers reported "the woman vote heavy." The following day, election day in first and second class cities, dawned dark and rainy; the rain fell faster and the mud grew deeper as the day went on. I feared that this down-pour might cause the woman vote to make a poorer showing in the larger cities than had been made in the third-class cities. Blessed with fair weather on election day. But it didn't! The women went out in caps and hanks, or in rubbers and mackintoshes; they left their spring bonnets at home, hoisted their umbrellas, and defied the rain. I said to a group of women waiting their turn to enter the booths: "Bless me! you women must be a strong-minded lot to come out to vote in such a storm! Haven't you heard that it isn't becoming?"

A bright young woman spoke up with a trace of indignation in her manner, and said: "I have heard nobody say anything about the unbecomingness of my tramp down town this morning to take my place behind the counter."
Another ejaculated: "Stuff! Pity if we couldn't come out once when the (Continued on Eighth Page)

WOMAN SUFFRAGE LEAFLETS.

The following Equal Rights Leaflets are for sale at cost at this office.
Checkes and money orders sent for Leaflets should be made payable to "Massachusetts Woman Suffrage Association."
Price of Single Leaflets, 15 cents per hundred of one kind, postpaid.
Price of Double Leaflets, 30 cents per hundred of one kind, postpaid.
No Leaflets sold in numbers less than one hundred, except that samples of forty different Leaflets are sent by mail for 10 cents.
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Song Leaflet.
Woman Suffrage in Wyoming. Wyoming Speaks for Herself.
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Municipal Suffrage for Women, No. 2, by Ednah D. Cheney.
How to Organize a Suffrage Association, by Mary E. Holmes.
A Study of Women, by Frances Power Cobbe.
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Colorado Speaks for Herself.
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Men's Livelihood on Equal Rights.
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Equal Rights for Women, by George William Curtis.
The Right of Forty Years, by Lucy Stone.
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