

The New Northwest.

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LOVE AND WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

BY JETSA.
CHAPTER I.
Shall I describe Nina Nunly to you, as she appeared that evening at Mr. Ray's party?
She was a little above medium height, with a finely rounded form. Her large black eyes were shaded by long, drooping, dark lashes; and her luxuriant hair was also black and glossy as silk. The rich glow on her cheek was as natural as the color to the rose. A plain white muslin dress fell about her in soft, graceful folds, its plainness relieved only by bows of cherry ribbon at the throat and waist. I have told you that her hair was black; but I had almost forgotten to tell you that it fell about her shoulders in a natural way, that made one fully realize the meaning of these words, "a woman's glory is her hair." She was a fit model for an artist; but few artists could have done her justice, for she was wondrously beautiful.
So thought Herman Powers. It was but a few weeks ago that he had come to this quiet little town. He was a gay, jolly young man, with no encumbrances but a good business in the city, which he was heartily tired of looking after. He had come up here for a little rest, leaving the business in the hands of an efficient partner. In a few days, however, he grew tired of the quiet—for Weston was not notable for its gayeties—and thought strongly of changing his location. He awoke one morning at six o'clock, and after vainly trying for some time to sleep again, said to himself: "I wonder how a fellow would feel to get up this time in the morning? I'm half a mind to try it;" and in a few minutes he was up and dressed.
The morning being lovely, he started out for a walk, going in a direction he had never been. He had but just got beyond the limits of the town when he observed a young lady advancing towards him.
"What in the world," thought he, "can a nicely dressed young lady be coming to town so early in the morning for, and why is she carrying that huge basket? Perhaps she is going to do the family marketing. But the basket seems heavily loaded, if I can judge by the way she carries it. Heavens! he inwardly ejaculated, as he came opposite her, "what a splendid-looking creature, and I wonder who she is." As there was no one to give him the information, he continued onward in his walk. But he had no eyes for the beautiful morning and the lovely scenery on every hand. Herman Powers' thoughts were all with the young lady he had just met, and they were still of her when he returned to his hotel. His walk had not sharpened his appetite.
The next morning found him up at the same early hour, and out for another walk in the same direction. I do not think he would have acknowledged that he hoped to meet the fair unknown; but as he neared the place of their former meeting, his heart gave a quick bound as he saw the identical young lady he had met the morning before, approaching him with the same basket on her arm. Now, when I tell you what he did, I suppose you will think he was love-stricken. But this was not the case, although he did think she was the most beautiful woman he had ever seen. After they had passed each other, he walked on a few yards and then stopped and looked back. The girl was hurrying on towards the town, and would not see him if he followed her. He was a curious man in his way, and his curiosity must be satisfied. Slowly he walked back to town, keeping some distance behind, but still in view of the fair girl carrying the basket. She suddenly turned and went into a grocery store. Herman went on down on the opposite side of the street and passed on the bridge spanning the little creek that wound its way through the town of Weston. He did not take his eyes off of the door of the grocery store until he saw the young lady come out, with her basket evidently considerably lightened of its load. When she was far enough away, Herman boldly walked up to the store and went in. The grocer had him good-morning and asked his orders. Mr. Powers thanked him that he wished for nothing, and told him that he was around learning the ways of the people, as he was a stranger in town. Seeing the grocer busy putting away some rolls of butter, and wishing to be friendly in order to get the information he desired, he remarked, "You have some nice butter there."
"Yes, Miss Nunly almost furnishes the market with butter; and a nice lot she makes."
"Miss Nunly? Is that the young lady that has just left here?"
"Yes, sir. She brings butter here every morning."
The store-keeper was an old man who was glad to have some one to talk to, so he went on:
"You see, sir, she's the nicest girl around here. Her father is well off, but she's too independent to be supported by him, without any effort on her part. She teased her father into getting up some of his cows—for he can't refuse her anything, although he tried hard

enough to in this case—and so she commenced making butter for sale."
"A strange girl, surely," said Powers.
"Well, that's not all she knows how to do. She can talk better, and dress better, than any other girl in town, besides being an accomplished pianist. I tell you, sir, if I was a young man, and she'd have me, she'd not stay single long, and I guess that's what most of the boys around here think; but the trouble is, she won't marry any man, unless she thinks he is her equal, and he will acknowledge her to be his. Well, well, what an old talker I am, and so far forget myself as to talk to a stranger of Nina Nunly as I have to you. If she knew it she would be very angry. I hope you'll excuse me, sir, and forget what I have said."
"Certainly I'll excuse you, and am very thankful for any information of your townsmen and women. As I told you before, I am trying to learn the ways of the people, and I see I have come to the right person. You have a nice stock here, from what I can judge," he continued. "I am a wholesale grocer in the city. Here is my card, sir."
"Thank you. Allow me to return the compliment," said Mr. Ray, handing him a bit of pasteboard.
By this time, Herman Powers began to realize that he was very hungry; so he had his new acquaintance good-morning, amid many pressing invitations from Mr. Ray to call on him and his family at home.
As he wended his way to his hotel, he said:
"And so she wouldn't marry a fellow unless he'd admit her to be his equal. As if any man did not think every pretty woman his equal! And she is pretty, and no mistake; but, bah! that butter-making business!"
O, Herman Powers, in what way do men admit pretty women to be their equals? Some of them say so, no doubt, but we all know that but few of them mean it. Even now, you are secretly thinking yourself to be away above the girl who dares to labor with her own hands for the money we all value so highly. Verily, your logic is bad.
The days passed by, and Herman Powers thought no more of making any changes in his plans for the summer. He became a very early riser. Although he took no more walks out of town, still he invariably took up his position on the bridge, and waited until Miss Nunly had come and gone, and then went over to have an hour's conversation with the old grocer.
Mr. Ray never again alluded to the object of their conversation on the morning of their first acquaintance. But one morning, during their usual talk, he said to Powers:
"You don't make many acquaintances among our young folks, I should judge, Mr. Powers, as I never see you with any of them?"
"No, sir, I suppose I have not succeeded in gaining the favor of any of your young men, as they do not ask me to assist them in enjoying themselves. However, I came here for rest and quiet."
"Oh, well, too much rest is not good for a fellow. Look here, Powers, we've not had the young folks in to spend an evening, for some time, and if you'll name a time to suit your convenience, I'll introduce you to as nice a lot of girls as you've seen in many a day."
"You are very kind, Mr. Ray, and let me assure you I appreciate it. My evenings are all unoccupied, and I shall be happy at any time to accept your invitation."
"Well, I'll see my wife, and when it's arranged we'll let you know."
In due time Mr. and Mrs. Ray's invitation came to Herman Powers, and in due time the evening therein named came round.
Herman made a studiously careful toilet that evening, and at an early hour was paying his respects to Mr. Ray and his amiable wife. He was introduced to a great many ladies and gentlemen; but when Mr. Ray said, "Miss Nunly, allow me to introduce Mr. Powers," he instantly forgot the name of every other one. When he thought what a splendid looking creature she was, who can wonder at Herman Powers' infatuation?
CHAPTER II.
Herman sought Miss Nunly's side that evening, as often as he could, with due regard for appearances. When the party broke up, he had the pleasure of escorting her to her father's carriage, which had been sent to take her home, and received an invitation to call at her father's house the following evening.
The day after the party seemed to Herman to be of interminable length. He received calls from several young gentlemen—acquaintances made the evening before—and accepted an invitation to dine with a party of them.
But all days have an ending, and as that one drew to a close, Herman walked out in the direction he had twice gone before, and soon came to the house belonging to Mr. Nunly. It was a noble mansion, standing far back in a yard well filled with trees and flowers.
He was admitted by the fair Nina herself; for they were not bound down by any strict rules of etiquette. He was perfectly delighted with Mr. Nunly and his wife, and thought their

daughter even more charming than at the party.
They talked of books and music, concerts and lectures; and as they were discussing the merits of a well-known lecturer, Miss Nunly said:
"I suppose you have often heard Miss Anthony lecture, as well as many other distinguished ladies?"
"Mr. Powers' lip gave the slightest perceptible scornful curl as he answered: "I have never had the honor, Miss Nunly. In fact, I don't approve of lady lecturers."
"Don't approve of them? I hope you do not disapprove of the cause in which they lecture, do you?"
"Indeed I do. The ladies are altogether too fascinating in their present position to need any change."
"I am sorry to hear that," she said, slowly, "as I hoped to find in you an able advocate for our cause."
"Our cause? And have you then accepted the cause of those straggled women as your cause?"
"Yes, sir, and for it I have pledged my life, my fortune and my sacred honor," she said, smiling.
"Yes," put in her father, "and she never loses an opportunity to advocate her cause, as she calls it. And I don't believe she makes any friends by it, either."
"Oh, well, father, I don't mean to make enemies by expressing my views, and I don't believe I do. Do you think, Mr. Powers, it ought to have that effect?"
"Certainly not, Miss Nunly. It would be impossible for you to make an enemy of any one," he said, drily.
At this juncture Miss Nunly, seeing the conversation was taking an unpleasant turn, adroitly managed to change it.
"But Powers did not stay long after this little worldly combat. As he walked homeward, under the stars, he tried to analyze his feelings for Miss Nunly. It grieved him deeply to think that the one woman in the world that he had found to love should go heart and soul for (to him) that detestable doctrine of Woman's Rights."
"But for that," he thought, "she would be such a sweet, lovable little thing." Still, he concluded if she were to become his wife, and go to the city to live, she couldn't make butter for sale; "but," thought he, "she might do something else equally humiliating to my pride. As her father says, she would never lose an opportunity to talk on the subject that I despise above all others. But how foolish of me, for one moment, forget old Mr. Ray's words. Of course she would never marry any man unless he would be willing to escort her to the polls to cast her vote in with his."
But, notwithstanding Mr. Herman Powers so despised the doctrine of woman's equality before the law, he found himself a frequent visitor to one who so earnestly pleaded for it. So frequent were his visits that the gossip of the town began to couple their names together. Whenever they met they seldom failed to have a battle of words. Still, each time when he left her, he found himself more deeply in love, so much so, that he felt to live with her, with all her strong-minded ideas, would be better than living without her.
One evening toward the close of the summer he was standing with Nina by an open window in her father's parlor. There was a pause in the conversation, when he abruptly said:
"Miss Nina, I am going home to-morrow, and I have come this evening to bid you good-bye."
"Going home? Is it not very sudden?"
"No, I have been thinking of it for some time, but have been loth to depart. However, my business now needs my care, and I must go."
Her beautiful white hand was resting on the casement temptingly near him. He took it between both of his own, saying earnestly: "Nina, is it possible for you to think more of me than of a friend?"
She did not answer—did not even look at him. But as she did not withdraw her hand, he went on: "My dear girl, do you not know that I love you? I do, darling, love you better than life itself. Tell me if you love me in return. Nina, will you be my wife?" Still no answer; but her hand trembled in his clasp. She raised her eyes to his, and there was a look of such ineffable love in them that he caught her in his arms and buried her face in kisses. He seemed, in truth, to be about to
"Kill her dead with his love,
And cover her up with kisses."
Then she pushed his arms from about her, saying wildly: "No, no, it cannot be."
"Cannot be? Why, Nina? Is it possible your eyes have deceived me? Do you not love me?"
"O, Herman, do not ask me."
"But I have a right to ask you, and I insist on an answer."
"We could never be happy together."
"Not be happy together? If you love me as I love you we could not be happy apart. But I see I have been mistaken; you do not love me."
"Oh, do not say that! I will confess that I love you; but do you not know that we are always quarrelling? The woman question is a 'bone of contention' between us. No, Herman Powers, two persons of as widely different opinions

as we hold should never become husband and wife."
"But we might agree never to mention that question."
"We would not abide by our agreement if we should make it. Besides, I must talk; I can't help it. And I expect soon to begin to prepare myself for talking before greater audiences than I ever yet have met, and that you could not endure."
"No, Miss Nunly, that I could not endure. I have allowed myself to dream away this summer, believing that you cared more for me than you did for the mere idea of voting, but I see I was mistaken. As you have just intimated, you intend to keep on, until you will soon be going about the country lecturing like a man, and making yourself ridiculous in the eyes of every sensible man. Then I shall be glad that you said 'no' to my question just now. Miss Nunly, allow me to wish you good-evening and good-bye." And he was gone.
Now, our friend Nina was a woman like the rest of us, and Herman's words and abrupt departure hurt her sorely. She had let matters drift along through the summer as one in a dream, hardly thinking what was to be the ending. And now that the end had come, she wished him to understand that she was not willing to accept him unconditionally, but that she must have the privilege of carrying out her present plans for the advancement of womankind. She did not believe his prejudices were as strong as he pretended, and she thought that he would be willing to give them up rather than her; that when he knew that she loved him he would not accept her refusal. Then she would be able to carry out her ideas of what she believed to be her duty, and be happy at the same time. And he had shown her that he was as firm in his opinions as she was in hers; and, although her heart ached sadly at his bitter words, she honored him the more for them. And thus their summer dream ended.
Herman went back to the city to his business. And Nina? Did she sit down and mourn her fate and wearily sigh for death to close the scene? No, indeed! She went to work with a greater will to accomplish what she had planned to do. For a few days after Herman's return to the city, he was so busy that he did not have much time to think of his bitter disappointment; but when the first rush of business was over, it came back with greater force.
Several months drifted by, wearily to Herman; for it seemed to him he had no aim in life—nothing to work for. Almost unconsciously he found himself searching the newspapers for anything that had reference to Woman Suffrage Associations, etc. Finding he could not get all the information he desired from such papers as he had, he became a regular subscriber to the New Northwest. Of course he only began reading to scoff, but it opened new channels of thought to him.
One day he read a letter written by Miss Nina Nunly to the State Woman Suffrage Association. It began by defining her views of true womanhood, and ended in stating some of the wrongs that woman's inequality subjected her to. It was full of beautiful and eloquent thoughts throughout.
For some time after reading it he sat with his head on his hand, apparently in deep thought. Do you wonder of what he was thinking? Perhaps he thought he had been a little too bitter in his words to her that evening he bade her good-bye. He might have thought, after all, that the woman who was capable of writing such a letter as that was not going to make herself ridiculous in the eyes of any one!

CHAPTER III.
Winter had passed away and spring was opening, when one day Herman read an announcement in the journal that there was to be a grand meeting of the Woman Suffragists in his own city. All the friends of the cause were invited. Several ladies were announced to lecture in the evening. Among them was Miss Nina Nunly, of Weston, who was that evening to make her debut as a lecturer. The paper spoke of the great brilliancy of her personal appearance, and of the fire of genius that undoubtedly lurked within.
Notwithstanding our friend Herman had said hundreds of times that he never would listen to a woman lecturer—for he was certain no lady would ever attempt to lecture—this announcement set him to deliberating. Should he go and decide for himself if it was possible for a woman to occupy so public a position and at the same time maintain that modest demeanor that is the great charm of the sex? He finally decided to go.
Herman Powers was an impatient listener among the crowd that had congregated that evening. He had come to hear Miss Nunly, and he cared not to listen to the several ladies that first claimed the attention of the people.
When the President of the meeting announced Miss Nina Nunly, all heads were bent eagerly forward to catch a better view of the modest, yet wondrously beautiful girl that made her appearance on the rostrum; and every one listened breathlessly, as she began in a low, passionate voice, to plead in behalf

of the women of the United States. Every word she uttered came from the inmost recesses of her heart, and as she advanced she grew more absorbed in her subject, and her audience more interested, until she finally closed her lecture with a burst of such passionate eloquence as few women have ever uttered.
Herman Powers was thoroughly humbled, and he went home that night a converted man. Although he knew the hotel at which Nina was registered, and much as he longed to see and congratulate her on her success, he allowed her to leave town without giving her a call. He determined to try himself to see if his conversion was absolutely real.
And then he began wondering if she had outlived her love for him; if, when she knew that the last one of his bitter prejudices had been removed by her, would she be willing to take back that little word she had said to him that night? But, he thought, how useless to think of such a thing! No doubt that long ere this he had been supplanted in her affections by some other man far worthier of her than himself.
The spring months had passed, and the increasing temperatures made the denizens of the scorching cities begin to think of various cool retreats in the country. As for our friend Herman, we, who know his heart's secret, can easily guess to what quiet little town his thoughts turned oftenest.
At last his great desire to see Nina and know for himself if she was happy, overcame every other thought, and he began making preparations to be absent from the city two or three weeks. The morning after his arrangements were completed, he took the cars for and at night found himself at the Weston depot.
The first thing with him was to visit his old hotel, secure lodgings for an indefinite time, and order his dinner. The landlord had not forgotten his gentlemanly patron, and our hero was warmly welcomed. In a short time an excellent dinner was set before him, to which he did ample justice.
After dinner he strolled through the town, without, however, encountering any of his last year's acquaintances. This was just as he wished, for he was in no mood for talking. In his walk he noticed that the past year had brought several changes to the town. One of the most important ones was a new brick edifice that had been erected in the place of the old wooden store where Mr. Ray used to keep his stock of groceries and provisions. After rambling around until he was thoroughly tired, he returned to the hotel to enjoy the sweetest night's sleep he had experienced for some time.
True to the custom he followed when he was here before, Herman arose at six o'clock and prepared himself for a walk. In a few minutes he was occupying his favorite position on the little bridge. He had not been there many minutes when he was aroused from the reverie into which he had fallen by the noise of an express wagon that came rattling down the street, and passed in front of the new brick building of Mr. Ray's. It was driven by a lady, and at the sight of the familiar figure, Herman's heart commenced such a thumping that it almost choked him. It was no other than that of our heroine. As soon as she had stopped a young man came out, a stranger to Herman, though evidently an employe of Mr. Ray's. He took a butter firkin from the wagon and carried into the building, and soon returned with it empty. Miss Nunly then turned her horse's heads homeward and sped away rapidly.
Herman watched her until she was out of sight, and then, so strong is the force of habit, that almost before he was aware of it, he was entering the establishment of his old friend. He asked the man in attendance if Mr. Ray was in, and was answered that he was not. He then asked at what time he might hope to see him at the store, and was told that of late Mr. Ray did not come down until about nine o'clock.
Powers went back to his hotel and breakfasted, and at half-past nine again sought Mr. Ray at his place. The old man could scarcely find words to express his joyful surprise at again seeing Mr. Powers, for Herman was a prime favorite with him. Mr. Ray gave him all the village news in an incredibly short space of time. Suddenly he began rallying him on his reasons for coming back to Weston.
"Glad as I am," he said, "that our town has sufficient attractions to bring you back again, I can't understand how it can be. Of course a certain young lady in the neighborhood has nothing to do with it. By the way, she has taken a rise in the world since you were here. Of course you know all about her lecturing and all that, but you may not know that her father has made her a present of fifty cows, and she now carries on, with the aid of two or three hired assistants, quite an extensive dairy business. If you were up early enough this morning, you no doubt saw her come in with her usual amount of butter; for she still insists on doing her own marketing."
"Yes, I saw her," said Herman. "I suppose you do the fair thing by her, as the world is using you so well?"
"Oh, certainly. As you say, the world is using me well. I have at last bought

off all opposition, and now have things all my own way."
"I am glad to hear of your prosperity, and also glad to note that you are willing to expend a reasonable amount in building up your town. This is a nice building you have erected."
"Oh, it does well enough; that is, it is very well adapted to its use."
So glad was Mr. Ray to see his old friend that Herman could not get away from him, but was carried off to lunch—Mr. Ray talking all the time. It was two o'clock before Herman found himself at liberty to go back to his hotel. He immediately despatched a boy with his card to Miss Nunly. He wrote the following words on the card, before placing it in the envelope: "Miss Nunly, will it be too great an assurance in me to ask you for an interview this evening? I wish to beg your pardon for an offense committed the last time we met."
Miss Nunly's reply was that she would be glad to receive an old friend. Accordingly, evening found him on his way to visit the girl he loved so ardently, and yet to whom, at their last meeting, he had said the bitterest words he had ever spoken to any human being.
CHAPTER IV.
Herman was going now to apologize to Nina; to tell her that he had become convinced that her views on the subject about which they had quarreled were correct; bid her God Speed in the work she had undertaken, then say good-bye and depart.
How familiar every object around him looked! How little things had changed since he had first set foot on Mr. Nunly's grounds, a year ago! He rang the bell, was shown into the parlor, and found himself face to face with Nina's mother. Of course, they were somewhat embarrassed at first. They could not be otherwise. But gradually they grew more at ease, and I kept the conversation going without trouble.
Very abruptly Mr. Powers said: "Miss Nunly, I heard your first effort at lecturing."
"Indeed," she said, blushing. "Then I suppose you had the pleasure of seeing me make myself ridiculous?"
"On the contrary, I have come to congratulate you on your success, and to humbly beg your pardon for having been so ungentlemanly as to ever utter those insane words. Am I forgiven?"
"You were forgiven as soon as they were uttered, that is, if there is anything to forgive, for you have a perfect right to your opinion."
"Well, I have changed my opinion now. I have found out that a woman can lecture before a large audience, and still be a woman. In fact, Miss Nunly, you succeeded in removing the last one of my bitter prejudices against Woman's Rights; henceforth I am a strong advocate of her cause."
"I am very, very glad to hear that, Mr. Powers, and very happy to know that I had anything to do with your conversion." For some time after this they both sat in silence; then, as if struck with a sudden thought, Herman crossed over to Nina's side, saying, "Miss Nina, I came here to-night intending to make my acknowledgments and then leave you forever; but I find that your presence has the same power over me that it did to have, and I cannot leave you without first asking you if you will not let me assist you in your work. Nina, there was a time when the Woman Question was the only thing in which we did not agree; now we agree on that. You once confessed that you loved me. Is that love all dead? or has some one else taken my place in your affections? I love you now as passionately as I did a year ago. Nina, have you ceased to love me? Can you trust your happiness in my keeping?"
"I have loved you all the time, and this is the happiest moment of my life," she said, with a look of perfect trust.
And then for the second time he clasped her in his arms, and this time she did not struggle to free herself.
They sat for a blissful hour talking of the future. Then "papa" and "mamma" must be called in and consulted. Everything was explained satisfactorily to them and they said "yes" without any hesitation. That night when Herman returned to his hotel, he was too full of happiness to sleep.
What need to linger over the days that followed? Suffice it to say that when at the end of a fortnight Herman bade Weston adieu, it was arranged that in the golden autumn days he should come and claim his bride.
In the meantime, there was plenty of work to be done. It had been arranged that he was to close out the business that he was then engaged in, and Nina was to sell her cows and after their marriage they were to become partners in some kind of business suitable to both, thus demonstrating this idea of equal rights.
On the first of October they were united "for better or for worse."
Nina Nunly Powers does most of her work for the woman's cause with her pen; but occasionally she consents to lecture before an appreciative audience. At such times her husband sits looking admiringly on.
And their elegant home is the center around which revolves a large circle of the strongest minds of the age.
Valedictory of his Honor the Mayor of Dever: "Thank God, it's over with! I wouldn't take it again for a kingdom—I don't know it." —
A Massachusetts farmer says: "My cattle will follow me until I leave the lot, and on the way up to the barn-yard in the evening stop and call for a look of hay." Smithson says there is nothing at all remarkable in that. He went into a barn-yard in the country one day last week, where he had not the slightest acquaintance with the cattle, and the old bull not only followed him till he left the lot, but took the gate off the hinges and raced with him to the house in the most familiar manner possible. Smithson says he had no doubt that the old fellow would have called for something if he had waited a little longer, but he didn't wait to keep the folks waiting dinner; so he hung one tail of his coat and a piece of his pants on the bull's horns, and went into the house.