

forebodings when she started on the journey to Newburgh and she was glad they were to travel by private conveyance because she was so depressed, but George was so elated she could not bear to dampen his spirits by mentioning her own fears that would doubtless seem to him idle fancies. Mrs. Fleming did not understand that these presentiments often come to impressionable people years before the sad events transpire, but such is the case in many lives. It is the shadow of the cloud that is far off. So melancholy did Mrs. Fleming feel on her arrival that she had to summon all her latent courage to master the depression. The situation was embarrassing too on account of the past, for she had never explained her conduct as to why she left her aunt's house so hurriedly, and she was not aware how much her cousin knew of the affair. Her aunt was long since dead, but the cousins whom she was about to meet had been her companions during that visit to Newburgh after the demise of her Grandma Hilton.

However, things were really better than she had expected and as the widow of Harry Fleming, of whose brilliant career they had known, they were more than anxious to introduce her to their social circle. Besides, they never forgot the fact that she was the daughter of Peter Van Dyke. Strange how the pride of race seems to count with some people, even in America, where it is considered all are free and equal. Those old families in and about the Hudson are quite as proud of their ancestry as the titled people of Great Britain. Rachel Fleming, though a Van Dyke, had none of that foolish pride, she had been brought up by her grandmother who was distinctively a woman of the people, and despised ostentation and sham of all kinds, and Rachel inherited these virtues, as well as having been taught them. It seemed strange to Rachel that her son should have chosen a wife from among those proud relatives of hers, that she had not been willing even to tolerate, and after all, she said to herself, "It must be fate." She could not rebel for they were of her own kindred, and yet George was so different in every respect, she would never have thought he would have fallen in love with the proudest girl he had ever met, and didn't seem inclined to be rejected, or to accept any sort of rebuff. Rachel sometimes felt that Wealthy did not really love him; that the affection was all on his side, but he would not be questioned concerning the progress of his suit, and his mother could only let things take their course. It was true, however, that the moving was not very satisfactory to all parties, and the ultimate decision after all was that George must wait until he had made a home in the West before the bride-elect would consent to the marriage, or her parents either. The father offered George Fleming a position with him in business, but the young man would not listen to such a proposition; and so the wedding was postponed after the day had been set. Mrs. Fleming was deeply wounded at the result of their visit—she had been more hopeful than even her own feelings warranted, but George was manly and nothing daunted, he was sure he would win his sweetheart in the near future, and though he was disappointed for the time being he observed to his mother a girl with such spirit was worth waiting for; and although he felt Wealthy's father had not much faith in his succeeding in the West, yet he, himself had unbounded confidence in his ability to make a home and fortune in a new country, that they would yet

acknowledge as meritorious, though he felt convinced they looked upon his adventure as a sort of "wild goose chase."

It is well that some young men have courage to face difficulties and to open up new land, else how would the waste places be redeemed, and room made for the children and the increase of posterity. This spirit seems to be inherent in certain people who without being prompted except by an inward consciousness, undertake journeys and settlements even at a sacrifice, afterwards finding it to have been the very best thing they could have done; and that their efforts to build up new places prospered even beyond their expectations. So it proved to be with George Fleming. Love is a powerful incentive and George seemed to have been strongly influenced by what the poets call the "divine passion." Difficulties and disappointments are essential to the building up of a strong character; when everything goes smoothly one is apt to be inactive and not to exert every faculty of body and soul to achieve success in any given direction, but when hindrances and obstacles arise that call out latent energies, men rise to the occasion. George Fleming felt if he must wait for years he would win Wealthy Russell, and he determined to be able to offer her distinction if not riches. It was with this incentive that he bade adieu to the family, though his heart ached bitterly because of the pride which she would not lay aside, not even for the unbounded love of a good and honest man, yet he bore up bravely as became his nobility of soul, and not even to his mother on the homeward journey would he open his heart lest he should betray a weakness.

Returning home the sisters were eager to know all particulars but even their mother only knew the main facts in the case, and the subject was not alluded to except casually as it came up in connection with the preparations for the journey. In those days a trip of three or four hundred miles was quite an event in a family and those who travel now by sea and by land almost without thought of the undertaking can scarcely conceive of the anxiety and nervous agitation, women more especially suffered in leaving home and starting out to seek new fields and new openings, and perhaps to encounter hardships of which they had never dreamed. Rachel Fleming pondered over the new life she was to begin in an unsettled or sparsely settled region, for George did not know just where he might decide to take up land. This spirit of push that has influenced men to go into new and unsettled places is what has made the country habitable for so many peoples; more room to dwell has been the watchword, and so men brave and hardy have gone forward without fear, and opened up the deserts and the wilderness. A courage most commendable and beneficial to the whole race of mankind. Poetry and art, literature and social standing are desirable and valuable to people of intelligence, but first of all men must have room to build, to sow and reap, and make homes even if plain and simple; after that they may beautify and develop the more artistic and pleasurable phases of human life. George Fleming with his mother and sister bade adieu to the homestead and went out to face adventure in what was then the wild west; the journey was not disagreeable and though heavy-hearted at first the time passed quickly; reaching the Mississippi valley they purchased a large tract of land and provided the necessary equipments for farming on rather a large scale, gradually, however, disposing

of a few acres at a time they found themselves surrounded by neighbors, who, though strangers to them, soon became like old friends; such are experiences in new localities where people are more or less dependent upon each other for the little amenities and courtesies of life in a neighborhood. It soon became apparent to those in the vicinity that George Fleming was a natural leader of men, and all the honors of this small settlement were thrust upon him. He gave advice about everything that was undertaken, and all his affairs prospered wonderfully. Letters were not so common then as now and there was no telegraphic communication but intuitions and presentiments sometimes seemed to take the place of later methods of transference, and Mrs. Fleming was one who had dreams and knew things beforehand. One morning, after a year or two residence in the new state, where they had established themselves, Mrs. Fleming surprised George by saying, "We are going to have a change in our family here, I know it from a dream, and I have felt it, too, for some time past." Elsie, who had watched things closely while her mother had been busy with household duties, (for help was scarce and ague prevalent, many were sick), said: "Yes, I believe some of the folks are coming out from York state for George has had so many letters lately though he never tells us what is in them."

Hearing Elsie's remark George felt called upon to speak and said, "Well, mother, we shall have visitors very soon, in a few days at least, perhaps by the next steamer up the river; but there is no need of worrying, whoever comes as our guests, will have to accommodate themselves to our conditions here, until they can do better. There's no other way at present." Evidently he was not sure just what was in store himself and therefore could not explain, but before many days, Mr. Russell and Wealthy arrived from the East. Mrs. Fleming declared she knew without being told of their coming, and Elsie, who had been so long without a companion suited to her taste, was overjoyed to see cousin Wealthy as they called her.

Mr. Russell told Mrs. Fleming that after his wife's death (of which they had been apprised) that Wealthy could not content herself, and he had sold out to his boys and come to see the country, and of course must bring his daughter along, and added, "Cousin Rachel, she's never been like herself since we put off that marriage, though it was her own doings, and she would never say she was sorry. I hope now she'll brighten up and that we shall have a wedding soon."

Mrs. Fleming replied: "I sincerely hope so, too. I realize how much George needs a wife, I cannot leave him, as he is situated, and I feel I would like to go back to the home and end my days there; Elsie is to be married soon to a young lawyer, who has bright prospects and to see them both comfortably settled is what I most desire now."

Wealthy Russell was, indeed, much changed; in her mourning dress she seemed older by several years, and though her manner was much the same, dignified and distant, yet it was easy to perceive she was in earnest about keeping her engagement.

Not very long after the arrival of Mr. Russell and his daughter from the East, the marriage of George Fleming and Wealthy Russell was consummated. George was not a member of any church but he had been raised an Episcopal, and Wealthy was particular about having that service, as she was a devoted church woman. It was a very simple wedding (in the log house for there was no church there) compared to what had been expected when the bridegroom and his mother went