

on to Newburgh two years before; even the minister had to come from a neighboring town. The bride was in mourning, too, which is said to be "unlucky," but no one thought of that except the mother, and she was careful not to draw attention to the fact.

And yet, notwithstanding all the lack of worldly goods and social customs, the bride had once anticipated as essential parts of a marriage, everything passed off pleasantly and she made no demur, neither then nor ever afterwards, in regard to temporalities, but was in the main perfectly satisfied. She noticed that her husband was growing in favor not only there with the best people, but in state affairs, and she saw a bright future opening for them both.

The elder Mrs. Fleming lived to see Elsie settled in life, and to all appearance happy and prosperous, and a son born to George to perpetuate the name of Fleming. There was great joy in the family on the occasion of the advent of this the first-born, and much consultation over the name; the mother insisted on naming him herself and called him after her own name, of which she was very proud, Russell. She had always felt that the name Wealthy was Puritanical and determined her children should have aristocratic names. She had her own way, for all the family were willing to submit to her, realizing the great change in her life from what she once expected. In time, however, a better house was built, and many improvements made, and George (who was now dubbed Esquire as his grandfather Fleming had been before him) was the most indulgent of husbands. Wealthy was always considered first in everything. A year or more after Mrs. Fleming died and was buried in the new burying ground fenced in after she came there to live; died suddenly away from her old home, where she had passed so many happy years. George and Elsie were both very fond of their mother but not more so than the other daughters, who had not the privilege of being with her at the last; and who had sometimes felt that they were not quite the same to her as the Fleming children; although they knew she had only done what she looked upon as her duty in going west with her two younger children, given to her after her marriage to her first lover, and when she was no longer a young woman.

Possibly her son did not quite appreciate all the sacrifices his mother made in leaving her comfortable and happy home. Children rarely do, mothers are self-denying and children only come to realize these things when they have families of their own. Such is the experience of life.

The Flemings had not been long settled in the home they had made near the great Mississippi until an event occurred which gradually changed their lives forever, although at first no such result could have been foreseen.

There came to settle in that part of the country, a number of people of new faith, different to the religious sects of the day, and for this reason they had gathered together, and being Eastern people and not familiar with life in the West, were looked upon with jealousy on that account—they were also abolitionists and that was a crime in the opinion of slave holders. Across the river the people sympathized with this view of the situation, for it was not a slave state. George Fleming in the public position he occupied became familiar with the leaders of the new settlers, he entered into the spirit of their grievances and became a warm and ardent friend and advocate of their cause, though he was not a convert to their faith; his wife, too, shared his views in regard to them; they purchased land from him as others had

done; and the town grew to a city and prosperity crowned the efforts of the people, for they were thrifty and industrious. More schools were established and public buildings of various kinds were built and institutions founded. A Temple was begun, a magnificent structure, and hundreds flocked there from afar, even from foreign lands.

But in that day as there always has been in times of great events transpiring, there were jealousies and over-ambitious men, who wanted place and power and envied those who had greater influence and became traitors to their best and truest friends. These and other causes, too numerous to mention here, finally culminated in a fearful tragedy; the consequences were such as caused confusion and disturbances until this peaceable and contented people were obliged to ask and to plead for redress, and ultimately protection from the state and the nation. Failing to receive the attention from the state, which they had every right to expect, the conditions became more and more complicated and in this fearful emergency George Fleming with a zeal and fortitude more than could have been asked or expected of him, espoused the cause of this oppressed people. He had been a staunch friend through all the troubles and difficulties from time to time, and now he was prepared to go still further, to make a sacrifice such as he had never believed himself capable of making for any cause except at the call of his country to arms. But the time came when he was obliged to choose between that which he firmly believed to be right and the good opinion of the world, and he came off victorious and he chose wisely, as the future abundantly proved. To him it was the sacrifice of all he held dear in his affections; for his wife opposed him and would not cast her lot among the people whom he had determined to follow, even to the Great American desert. What hero on the battlefield giving up his life for his country makes a sacrifice so great? None! To live without those who are dearer than life itself is far nobler than to die even in a good cause; to George Fleming death would have been far preferable. But a spirit such as occasionally possesses men of destiny prompted and supported him during this time of trial. He knew his wife loved him truly, but she could not make this sacrifice, not even for him, though she was noble, generous and tender. He could not read the future but he used every argument possible, and all his powers of persuasion to convince her of the course he must take to be true to the principles he held higher and holier than anything on earth. In this he was firm and his wife thought over-zealous, but he knew that if he did not follow his convictions and listen to the still small voice pleading within him, he could not expect the blessings of heaven upon his efforts in the future. His duty had been made plain and he accepted the cross given him to bear. Thereafter their paths must lie apart, from henceforth their lives must be divided unless he could persuade his wife to follow him, even though she could not believe in the religion he held far above all price.

Human love pleading on the one hand, strong—passionate, the love of his youth, the one love of a life time, but duty must be first; this call he had received must be obeyed; he realized as he had never done before that the Lord had spoken from heaven and revealed principles that reached into futurity; that in order to secure for himself and those dear to him, the living and the dead, an eternal inheritance he must consecrate his life, his talents and all that he possessed to the

establishment of Zion upon the earth. There was no middle course to him; in this he was as firm as the everlasting hills. And so these two, husband and wife, whose married life had been like a continuous honeymoon, and who had never had any unpleasantness, and whose love for their only child was boundless were separated forever.

And now there is little more that can be told for half a century and more has passed since then and so much has transpired that volumes of history might be written of what has taken place since that pathetic parting in the beautiful city by the "father of waters."

Many families have grown up and spread among the people in these mountain vales and love stories by the dozens could be written of the posterity of George Fleming. But life is full of love stories that are true and there is little need to do more than to use fictitious names, and there is material enough in the lives and experiences of the people we meet from day to day, to write the most thrilling romances that the world has ever produced.

I confess there is not much about Christmas in this story, but there is an abundance of love; and love is the essential element in the enjoyment of Christmas, for the name of our Savior is suggestive of the love that passeth understanding and abideth for ever.

And now one more fact in connection with the family of Rachel Fleming, whose remains rest in the old grave yard in the beautiful city of Nauvoo—a few of the Flemings, the Van Dykes and the Gilmans are scattered here and there around the Hudson, and in Central New York and some in old New England, but the posterity proper are nearly all in the Rocky Mountain vales where they spend their Christmas in peace and plenty in loving and giving, and here is a merry Christmas to them all, and to all the readers of the "Deseret News," and may its number increase and its usefulness spread abroad and joy be in all the households throughout these mountain vales on this blessed Christmas day.

W. W. W.

"OLD MAN GRUBE"

The banker who kept his money called him Mr. Grube, his Bishop and ward teachers addressed him as Brother Grube; all other, with a very few exceptions, called him "Old Man Grube."

Grube was not an old man though he was a bachelor and lived alone in a good sized house. The girl who came every day to do the work that he himself could hardly perform, went home every night, thus leaving him alone in peace and quiet.

A gray evening in early December. It was already snowing in the mountains, and a feeling of winter was in the air. Grube provided himself with a full scuttle of coal, a newspaper, a glass with a spoon in, three lumps of white sugar, and a small bottle which he, in a mysterious manner, brought from the cupboard. All these last articles he deposited on the table before the stove. Then he placed a few pieces of coal on the fire, put some water in the tea-kettle, and drew up his chair to the warmth.

It was rather early to light the lamp; the firelight was cheering and he had the evening, to read the paper. Besides he must think of that sudden decline in the rates of interest, and of the recent loss in a poor investment. These were not pleasant things to think about, but life is full of stern, unpleasant things and must be met.

There came a gentle knock on the door and Grube threw the paper over the table before he said "Come in." It