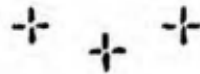


TREASURES *of* TRUTH



Dictated By
H. T. STOLWORTHY

Written By
LUCY S. BURNHAM



Dedicated To My Dear Family and All
My Posterity

Why this Book Was Written...

TREASURES OF TRUTH contains a brief sketch of my parent's life, and a longer story of my own life, also, some faith promoting experiences of my parents and myself.

Age, the season of decay, is upon me, my splendid strength is slipping away, disease has fastened itself upon me, and naturally my thoughts dwell upon the time when I must go from you, my loved ones.

So with the help of my daughter Lucy, I have compiled this little book as a memento for you, my children, and whether I live many years yet with you or go soon to answer the call of the Giver of Life, I leave my blessings with you.

This little verse by Edgar A. Guest gives to you the purpose of this little book better than any words of my own:

“Here's my story, page by page
Happy youth and middle-age,
Smile and tear-drop, weal and woe
Such as all who live must know.
Here it is all written down,
Not for glory or renown,
But the hope when I am gone
Those who bravely follow on
Meeting care and pain and grief
Will not falter in belief.”

-H. T. STOLWORTHY.

A SHORT SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF THE PARENTS OF H. T. STOLWORTHY

My father, Thomas Stolworthy, was born December 8, 1828, in Great Yarmouth, England. He was a molder of iron by trade. His father's name was Henry Stolworthy, a mill builder. His mother was Mary Howes.

Father was the youngest of a family of ten children – two brothers and seven sisters.

Matilda Jinkensen, my mother, was born August 13, 1827 in Alton, England. Her father's name was Thomas Jinkensen, a shoemaker by trade. Her mother's name was Christianna Louvick. Mother had one brother and eight sisters. She was the youngest of the family. It is a strange fact that each was the tenth child of the family, and were the only ones to join the church in each family. They often remarked that they were "tithing" children.

Their families both turned against them and so far as they ever knew none joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

Father joined the church in 1853. He was baptized by Elder Richard Cook and confirmed by Elder William Barnes. Two babies, both boys, were born to them there but both died.

Mother was baptized six months later by the same elders. They were married May 13, 1849 and set sail for America on the ship, Clara Wheeler, in November. It took about six weeks to make the voyage from Liverpool to New Orleans. There another baby was born and buried.

The young strangers spent New Year's day in New Orleans, and from there they went to St. Louis, where they stayed about six months while father worked in the iron works. They came across the plains to Salt Lake City in Captain James Alfred's company. Father got work with President Brigham Young during the summer and fall, and President Young came to feel a great friendship for the honest, hard working, young man.

At the time of the trouble with Johnson's army, the women and children were moved to the center of town for safety, and the men were called to fight to protect them. Father, ever ready to do his part, volunteered to go, but to his disappointment he was ordered to stay at home and mold bullets. He set his own feeling aside and obeyed the orders of the men over him. Mother was a midwife all her life and did much good.

Before the Saints were hardly located at Salt Lake City, President Brigham Young began to push out and settle adjoining country. Recognizing the dependable qualities of my father, he called him to go with others to settle Cache Valley. While there, a baby was born to them, and they called her Liza Cache, as she was the first white child born in the valley. The Indians all came to see the paleface

baby while her mother was still confined to her bed, and she seemed to be a never-ending curiosity to them, but she died while very young.

From Cache Valley, father was called to Parawan to start a bucket factory and foundry. They stayed there about seven or eight months and then he was called back to Salt Lake City.

From Salt Lake City, father moved to Centerville and from there he was called to go with the Muddy Mission in 1868. On the way to the Muddy, the Navajo Indians were very troublesome, so they had to keep guard over their cattle at night. One night when they were camped about where Bunkerville is now, the Indians succeeded in running off their horses and mules. Father lost his two teams of big fat mules, and never recovered them. The company had to camp there until help was received to go on.

They stayed on the Muddy for several years and then the company was released from that call because Nevada had placed the taxed so high, that it worked a hardship on the Mormon company. Father moved his family to St. George where they lived with Brother and Sister Jarvis all winter as one family. While there, father worked for a team of oxen. That spring, 1872, they were again called to go to resettle Mt. Carmel. They stayed there until Orson Spencer was sent from Salt Lake City to be President of the United Order.

Later they moved the Order from Mt. Carmel to Orderville. Here father acted as butcher and worked in the commissary. He moved to the wool factory and lived there for some time. When the Order broke up, father and mother moved to Huntington, and stayed there a number of years, and then moved to Tropic, Utah.

When they at last grew too old to care for themselves, they sold their own home and lived with their daughter, Elizabeth, at Tropic, Utah. They went to Richfield to visit their youngest daughter, Molly, for a while, but went back to Orderville where they spent their last days with Sister Rose. Father and mother were the parents of 11 children - five of them living to be grown.

Father died Sept. 2, 1916, with pneumonia; he was 87 years old.

Mother died on Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 28, 1918, of old age. She was ninety-one years old. Both were buried at Orderville, Kane County, Utah.

The Pioneer Cabin

I.

Just the best little cabin that I ever saw,
Built by my Pioneer Daddy and Ma.
Just one little room with fireplace in,
Just one little window and a door to come in.
Just slabs for the roof and dirt for the floor;
With Father and Mother and little ones four.
Just dear Jesus, to Him we did pray,
For supper and dinner to keep us each day.
Just one guarding angel to hover around,
To watch while we sleep so happy and sound.
Just one Father who dwells in Heaven above,
To answer our prayers with blessings and love.
Who watered our gardens and fields with the rain,
A wonderful harvest in gardens and grain.

II.

Just one year and then we had more;
Two little rooms with boards for a floor.
A big tallow candle stood out from the wall,
That made us all happy, gave light to us all.
Just two little couples, just two little pairs
With Father and Mother to shoulder our cares.
Just one little wee baby come into our lives.
Then we were so happy because we were five.
Just one thing more we've never forgot-
A few nice sheep that Father had bought.
We took their fleece. with lots of hard work,
Mother made stockings, wove jeans for our shirts.
Father made shoes, when the weather was cold;
The tops of old leather and wood for the soles.
Many the changes, but I've never forgot
The Pioneer cabin Pa built on our lot.

A STRANGE VISIT TO MATILDA JINKENSEN STOLWORTHY MY MOTHER

There was sadness in a lonely pioneer home in Utah, for within a darkened room a baby girl lay dying. Five babies had been born to this father and mother, and four little graves left ill lonely places told of sacrifice and sorrow. Small wonder that the mother's heart was broken; small wonder that the hot tears fell upon the sick baby's face as the mother knelt over the tiny crib.

A neighbor lady had kindly come in to keep the stricken mother company, for the busy, hard-working father was away. The baby had taken worse in the night and the mother had been up long before daybreak doing everything that was in her power to relieve the little one's suffering. Her hands were gentle and soothing, for she was a born nurse, but the baby grew worse and now she seemed to be dying.

The neighbor lady put a fresh stick of wood on the fire for it was snowing outside, and the wind that accompanied the storm sought out the cracks in the rude log house. Then she spoke gently to the weeping mother:

"God is good; He can heal your baby, Sister Stolworthy."

The mother did not doubt the goodness of God for she had learned to say, "Thy will be done," but for some purpose her other babies had been taken, and she turned a deaf ear to the sister's comforting words.

Suddenly the door of the room opened, letting in cool, fresh air, and a few willful snowflakes. Turning, the women beheld a strange man. His hair was white and long, and he wore a white flowing beard. He seemed to be old, yet his step was firm and vigorous. He closed the door softly and came forward, putting out a friendly hand, and in a soft musical voice said: "It is nice in here. How good the fire feels."

"You are cold," the mother said, forgetting her fears for a moment, for a strange, sweet peace filled the room.

"Oh, no," the stranger replied, "But it is cheerful by the fire. I called in to see your sick baby."

Long afterwards the mother thought of his strange words, but now she did not even wonder at his presence. She led him to the tiny crib and he bent low, touching the baby's golden head with his long white hands, speaking softly words the mother could not understand. He stood up and a heavenly smile played about his mouth.

"Sister Stolworthy," he said, "You have known great sorrow and bereavement; your little girl will live, and you will yet raise a family."

He reached down gently touching the baby's head again, and raising his hands said: "Peace be in this house," and went out closing the door softly behind

him. The mother found the baby's breathing easy, and its little brow was moist and cool. Filled with wonder and joy she turned to the neighbor lady saying, "My baby has been healed. The fever is broken," and a look of questioning filled her brown eyes, "But who was the kind stranger? I must call him back and thank him!"

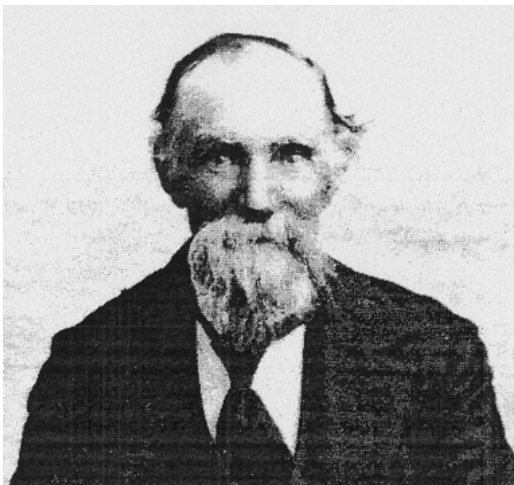
They rushed outside looking anxiously up and down the street, but no one was in sight. His tracks showed plainly in the freshly falling snow and they followed them to the gate, where they disappeared entirely.

As the days passed and they did not see the man again or hear of him, they made inquiries about town, but no one had seen the stranger but themselves. How strange it was that they had not thought to ask his name.

The stranger's promise was fulfilled, for four girls and one rough and ready boy came to that home and are still living.

My mother always felt that the stranger was one of the three Nephites who was permitted by the Savior to live upon the earth until His second coming. To them the power was given to bless and help the people here on earth. And who will say that it was not as my mother thought, for who would need help more than a mother bereaved so many times?

Thomas Henry Stolworthy and Matilda Zimmerman Jinkerson (parents)



Elizabeth Stolworthy (the baby from this story)

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF HENRY THOMAS STOLWORTHY

My father's name was Thomas Stolworthy, and my mother was Matilda Jinkensen. I was born in Salt Lake City, November the fifteenth, 1860, just thirteen years after the Latter Day Saint pioneers entered the Salt Lake Valley. I was named for my father and grandfather Stolworthy. My father's home was where the Union Depot now stands.

I was the seventh child in a family of eleven children, six of whom died in infancy. At the time of my birth only my sister Elizabeth was living.

When I was but a small child my father moved to Centerville. He was called from there in 1868 with other men to go help settle the Muddy Valley. On our way to the Muddy we found the Navajo Indians very troublesome, and we corralled our horses and oxen when ever possible, leaving a man on guard. One night at Beaver we found a good place to corral our animals. We had not encountered any Indians all day in our travels, so the men decided a guard was not necessary. They all went to bed and to sleep. Some time later my father was awakened by our dog, Mage. He would go to my father's bed, barking lustily, and then run toward the corral. Father watched the dog's strange actions for a moment, then got up and followed the dog to the corral. In the dim starlight he saw two shadowy figures in the act of letting down the bars. Father gave a great yell and the Indians took fright and ran away. Mage was a hero and was petted and made over by the little company.

Later, when we camped one night about where Bunkerville now stands, we were not so lucky. We had no corral for our horses, but they bedded in a grassy meadow with two men on guard. These men were to stand watch until midnight when they would be replaced by other guards.

It was a beautiful moonlight night and everything seemed peaceful and quiet; but Indians lay in the bushes near with covetous eyes upon our little band of horses.

It was midnight, and the weary guards seeing the new guard coming, went to meet them. In that unguarded moment the Indians saw their chance of stampeding the horses and mules. They sprang from their hiding places and with fiendish yells, and waving blankets fell pell-mell upon them. The frightened animals took alarm, and with heads high and flying tails they disappeared down the meadow. The Indians sprang on their fleet ponies and followed close on their heels.

The whole camp was wide awake now. White faced women hushed the cries of little children snuggled under the blankets. Stern faced men jumped from their beds grasping their rude weapons.

The guards hurried to camp telling their story. But the men knew it was useless to follow the Indians on foot. They gathered about freshly made camp fires

stricken at their plight. But true to their pioneer blood hope was undaunted, and their faith unwavering.

The little company had to stay there until men went to the Muddy and secured help.

I went to my first school here at the Muddy, held in a willow bowery built for that purpose.

One day while four boys and I were herding our cows some distance from camp, four Indians suddenly appeared over a little hill. We boys took to our heels and made for a thicket of huge arrow weeds near, here we were entirely hidden from the Indians. Luckily some men saw the Indians and came to our rescue, and the Indians turned and ran away. I always felt that saved our lives for the Indians were very unfriendly.

About this time my sister Annie died, and my parents were heartbroken; but they were pioneers in very deed and bore their burdens bravely.

We lived on the Muddy until Nevada placed the taxes so high that Brigham Young, who was then President of the Church, released the brethren from that mission. President Brigham Young sent two men with his buggy and covered wagon to move my father's family to St. George. That fall my father and I went back to the Muddy to harvest our crop, but I did not help father much, for I came down with the measles and had to stay at home alone while father worked in the field. I missed my mother a great deal at this time, for she was a natural nurse, and I was afraid of Indians coming when father was away. But I learned that a pioneer boy, as well as grown people, must overcome fear and homesickness.

We lived at St. George with brother and sister Jarvis and their family all winter. They were English people and had migrated to America with my parents, and a great friendship grew between them which lasted through life. That winter my father worked for a team of oxen, and in the spring of 1872 he was called to take his family and go with a company to rebuild Mt. Carmel.

A company of Mormons had tried to settle Mt. Carmel before but a renegade band of Navajo and Ute Indians had made them vacate the place, and most of the building had been destroyed. The new town was built in fort shape with all the buildings facing the center in a circle.

The only outlet was a gate, and a guard was stationed there day and night. During the day the men worked in the adjoining fields, and at night the cattle and horses were put in the big corral built in the center of the little town.

Several times the renegade band came and tried to frighten the white people away, but the men all gathered in the little fort and the Indians seemed to realize the strength and determination of the company of Mormon people, and ceased to molest them. On account of the isolated condition of this little band of Saints, President Brigham Young advised them to organize themselves into a United

Order. The law of the United Order, or the law of consecration, after the Order of Enoch, was first revealed to Joseph Smith the Prophet, and later given in more detail to Brigham Young, his successor. This law had been preached to the saints in the Territory of Utah for some time. This plan appealed to the small company of people who had left the headquarters of the church at the request of their leaders to settle new places. They were duly organized with a president, who also acted as bishop. Under him was a board of directors consisting of seven members. Each member of the Order turned in his possessions which were appraised by the board of directors, and a certificate of stock was given in exchange.

If the member should later wish to withdraw from the organization he was permitted to draw out his stock.

The Order was then divided into departments, such as farming, stock-raising, milling, and factories, with a foreman or overseer over each department. Men were called to do the work they were best adapted for. Women were also called to oversee shops, such as tailoring, millinery and dressmaking.

The men and women in the different departments were paid common wages, and a strict settlement was exacted each month. This United Order was barely started at Mt. Cannel when trouble began. Now that things seemed peaceful and promising the old settlers whom the Indians had driven off, came back to reclaim their homes and land. President Brigham Young told the people to give the land to the previous owners, and to go North East to a new location and there they would be blessed. This they did, calling the place Orderville in honor of their great organization. They invited any member of the church to join them, and poor, homeless immigrants began drifting in, for here they felt they would find protection and peace.

The little town was laid out and a big community house, was built on the public square. At the tolling of the bell the people assembled here both night and morning for prayer. Here they also met to worship the Lord, in Sunday School and sacrament meeting. This building also contained a large kitchen and dining room where the meals were cooked and served for all.

At one table the fathers and mothers with the small children under their care ate. At the other table the young people and older children were served. The children's table was presided over by a kind motherly, but capable woman, lovingly called Aunt Harmon. Girls were, appointed to wait upon the table and to assist the cooks in the kitchen. Here everybody was kept busy and happy. The work was never tedious or monotonous, for where the young meet there is always merrymaking, and the people living in this manner came to know and love each other as one family, but as the members increased this plan was changed. Each family now drew its rations from the big commissary and cooked and ate in their own homes, but they still met for worship night and morning. My father was

called at first to be a butcher, but later worked in the commissary. My mother was kept busy as a nurse and midwife, and many homes were blessed through her faithful labors. I worked as a dairy boy helping to milk and care for the cows, and as I grew older I naturally assumed the title of Cowboy, and this took me away from home. As our cattle increased we necessarily had to acquire new range, so we bought Rockhouse valley, which lies just East of the Buckskin mountains. Here we ranged the cattle in winter and in the summer we drifted them to the mountain where we built a summer home and established a ranch. Some of the women and young girls came each, summer to this ranch to care for the milk and butter, so life took on a brighter hue for us cowboys.

Naturally the Indians resented us taking their range and made us all the trouble they dared so we always left a man to guard the ranch while we cowboys were off riding on a big round up or away for any purpose.

One day while we were away a band of Indians came, surprising the guard, and took the women all prisoners. A chore boy by the name of Charley Black, who later became my brother-in-law, saw the Indians take possession of the ranch, and wisely ran for help. We cowboys were on our way home when we met him.

We hurried to the ranch with fear in our hearts for some of us had relatives and loved ones there. My sister Lucity was working there. When we rode around the sharp turn of the mountain expecting things we dared not think about, we were surprised and greeted by the soft tinkling of sheep bells. A great herd of sheep were feeding on our pasture.

Riding up to the house we found several sheep men, and they told us how they had come by, finding the Indians there with the women and the guard prisoners, and had scared the Indians off and rescued the women. But the Indians were still on the warpath and threatened to kill us all and burn the ranch buildings. We sent a runner to Orderville and a posse of men came out to protect us and make peace if possible. About fifteen of our men went out to meet the Indian chiefs and a big pow-wow was held. The white men offered to buy the range from the Indians giving horses in exchange. Most of the older Indians were willing to come to an agreement, but some of the young bucks insisted on driving the white men out. One young Indian named Picket, with a lot of war paint on, got up and insisted on war. He said: "When I was a boy a white man killed my father. The white man is not our friend. Let us kill them as they did my father." But after much talking among the council he and his followers were over-ruled and a settlement was agreed upon. Most of the Indians were friendly after that, but Picket continued in his aggressive way. He would drive our horses off and do any little cowardly act to worry us. One morning when I was out milking the cows I saw an Indian enter our camp. He strode over to our camp and raised his arms in a

threatening manner. I jumped the corral fence and ran to camp and in my hot-headed boyish manner I faced the Indian.

"Picket" I said, "you are a coward to pick on a boy just because you thought he was alone, and you are a traitor too, because you steal and run off our horses after your people sold us this range."

In my rage I grabbed him by the arm and as I did so two other Indians came around the corner of the house, and I jumped back and grabbed my gun from my bed nearby. The Indians all backed away but Picket sneered as he went,

"Some day me kill you, Buckskin Tom."

"If you ever do," I retorted, "it will be from a shot in the back."

He might have made good his threat and got me sooner or later, but providence or fate took a hand. Picket was shot one day while on a deer hunt near the ranch and Brother Covington took him to the nearest town for aid. Picket proved himself to be more of a man than we thought him to be for he never molested us again. But our troubles continued until Jacob Hamblin was called in to make peace over the killing of the McCarty boys in Grass Valley.

Jacob Hamblin was a good, brave man and had many hair-raising experiences with the Indians, but he succeeded in his mission and peace came to our homes.

In April, 1877, the St. George temple was finished and dedicated for work, and my father wanted me to go with him to do some work for our kindred dead. Like most boys of seventeen years I did not think seriously of religion, and I did not want to go with him. My life had been spent on the frontier and at cattle camps, so naturally I had associated with rough men. I did not, as yet, have a testimony of the Gospel, but I felt bad in disappointing my parents in their desire.

I had been out hunting horses since daylight. All day my thoughts had been upon the temple work my father wanted me to do. I decided that what I needed most was a testimony of the divinity of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and that I could not do the work until I had gained that testimony. The sun was setting and I had found no trace of the horses, so I decided to ask the Lord to lead me to them. I got down on my knees and did so in prayer; and I told my Heavenly Father that if He would do this I would accept it as a testimony of His Gospel. As I got to my feet and mounted my horse a voice plainly spoke to me saying,

"Go to the six-mile pool and your horses will be there."

Realizing that I was hearing a voice when no one was present I sat in silence and the voice came again.

"Go to the six mile pool and your horses will be there."

Yet I made no move to go for another voice was arguing in my heart.

"It is sundown, and it will be dark before you reach the pool. Many horses water there and you can't find your horses in the darkness. You are now six miles

from home, six miles to the pool, and you would have twelve miles to go in the dark.”

I had made no sound yet my thoughts had been read and the voice spoke again carrying a well deserved rebuke.

"The Lord is leading you to your horses and He can find them in the night as well as day."

I turned at once riding in the direction of the six mile pool. Night came on and the darkness settled about me and my courage began to ebb away when the voice said.

"Leave the road and take the trail that follows the foot of the mountain." After following this trail for a short time the voice again directed. "Leave the trail now and go upon the bench."

I had traveled this trail before and by now I was fully convinced that I was being led to my horses by a messenger of the Lord and I followed on, and found that the trail was evidently a shorter way, for I soon found myself on the bench. To my right the pool gleamed in the darkness and I made my way to it.

Two horses stood near the brink of the pool.

"Whiskey," I called.

The horse threw up his head, and I knew by his blazed face that it was the horses I wanted.

After I found my horses the voice came to me no more. I was left to find my way home the best I could. Leading the two horses I started home reaching there about midnight. At first I was very touched with my experience, but told no one about it. As time went on, boy like, I thought little about it. I was very thrilled and busy for we were getting ready for a big horse hunt.

On our way we camped with an old friend of my father. He was a good man and I respected him a lot. That night he got me off by myself and talked to me about going to the temple with my father. With his kind encouraging words in my mind I went to bed and falling asleep I dreamed.

My dream was not a pleasant one for I dreamed that the time for the second coming of the Savior was at hand. There was a terrible commotion on the earth of lightning, and thunder, and great earth quakes; its very foundation was shaken. The face of the earth changed, and people were running to and fro seeking for a place to hide from the presence of the Savior. The Saints were gathered in one great multitude surrounded by a flame of burning fire that no one could pass through. They alone were happy. They were singing and looking upward into heaven. My father's family were all there but me: I saw a great cloud descending from above, and the Savior was in its midst.

I did not see His face but I heard His voice as He greeted His people and began to number them. I heard Him count my father's family, saw the sorrow in His face when He found one gone. My sister said in a strange sad voice:

"My brother was always wayward but never bad."

All at once I seemed to realize my position.

"Yes" I answered, "I see it now."

There came another great shaking of the earth and another boy and I were cast down on a sharp pinnacle in a flat iron shape and the voice that had directed me to my horses came to me there:

"You see that you cannot turn to the right nor the left, you cannot go forward nor backward. You are about to deny your Redeemer."

"What can I do to get back?" I pleaded.

"If you can climb up this steep cliff you can yet join your father's family" the voice assured me.

I looked at the steep rocky way back. It seemed impossible to climb it.

"I can't go back," I cried in despair.

"If you will try I will help you", the voice urged.

I took one step and felt hands holding me steady while I took another, and so we went step by step until we reached the top and I was standing on level ground. I saw my parents and ran to join them, and as I reached them I woke up.

I did not speak of this dream for several days but I felt its influence and it worried me a great deal. I could not forget it, try as I might. One day I told my foreman about it and he was impressed and repeated the dream to some of the other brethren. One of them said to me:

"My boy, this is a vision like unto Nephi. Remember where much is given much is expected."

All at once I seemed to realize what my Heavenly Father required of me, and I went at once to my father and told him I was ready to go to the temple with him at any time.

We went to the temple at St. George that fall and again in the spring where I worked with my father and mother for our kindred dead. I stood as proxy for my dead brothers and we were sealed as one family.

President Young opening the temple for work said, "This is the greatest time of rejoicing I have ever witnessed, the old and the young joining in this great work."

The president of the order and my foreman had kindly given me a vacation to work in the temple and so as soon as my father felt he had accomplished the purpose of this visit we returned to Orderville where I took up my work as a cowboy.

During the next few years my days and nights were filled with the vision of a fair-haired blue-eyed girl in Orderville. Her mother worked in the millinery shop, and the girl helped to sort the straws for her mother's deft fingers to braid.

My days of labor were lightened by my brief visits to see this young girl and to join in the dances and merrymaking. Her name was Lydia Young. She was the daughter of John R. Young and Lydia Knight. John R. Young was a nephew of President Young and Lydia Knight was the daughter of Knewel and Lydia Knight, noted in early church history and close friends of the Prophet Joseph Smith.

In December, 1879, I was married to Lydia Young in the St. George temple. After we were married I kept on with my work in the Order, and in 1881, I was made foreman of the O. U. O. cattle company.

We were very happy over my promotion as we were expecting our first baby soon. One night while attending a board meeting I felt impressed that all was not well with my wife, so as soon as I could get away I hurried home.

As I neared the house a very uneasy feeling came over me, and my hair fairly seemed to stand on end, for as I stepped on my doorstep a strange man confronted me. Some power, told me that he was an evil spirit, and I looked him straight in the eye, rebuking him in the name of Jesus Christ and ordered him from my home. As I did this his eyes wavered and he stepped aside and went on down the path to the gate. I went in the house very quietly so as not to awaken my wife.

In a few minutes Lydia began to struggle and gasp as if for breath. I asked her what was wrong and she answered, "Some one is choking me. Help me, Tom!"

I took her in my arms holding her close to me for a strange evil influence filled the room. She lay quiet and seemingly exhausted for a moment and then began struggling again. I slipped from the bed to my knees and rebuked this evil influence from my home; doing it as I did before in the name of Jesus Christ. As I did this some power caught me by the hair of the head almost lifting me from my knees.

I rebuked the evil spirit again and though I did not see anyone, I was conscious of someone leaving the room and at once the foul sickening atmosphere left the room, and a cool fresh breeze took its place reviving my fainting wife. When Lydia was able to speak she said two men had come into the room while I was gone to the board meeting, and they told her that Aunt Lib was dead and they would take her in the same manner when our baby was born. We heard later that Aunt Lib, a neighbor lady had died at about this time.

"Lydia," I replied, "Don't worry about what these men told you for they made the mistake of boasting of their intentions. I hold the holy priesthood and with the help of our Father in Heaven we will frustrate their plans.

On Friday March 22, 1881, a baby girl whom we called Matilda Young, was born to us. Happiness and gratitude filled our hearts and as my girl-wife seemed to

be resting, I went to break the good news to her anxiously waiting brother, but before I had hardly left the house I was called back to find my wife in a deadlike faint. When she could speak she told me that the two men who had threatened her life had come into the house as soon as I left it and said they had come for her.

Fearing their power, I stayed by her bedside until Sunday noon, then as Lydia was sleeping peacefully her mother suggested that I get some rest.

"All right," I agreed, "I will run over to mother's for a minute."

Mother lived but a short distance away, but I had hardly reached her house when a neighbor lady came running over to say my wife was dying. When I reached home I found it indeed as she had said. My wife's mother had called in some Elders and we administered to Lydia rebuking the evil spirits from my home, and she immediately came to herself.

After this second experience either her father or I stayed by Lydia's bedside until she was strong enough to resist the evil influence that seemingly had determined to take her life.

We lived in the United Order for twelve years and it proved to be a great success both financially and spiritually for we became independent, manufacturing and providing for all our wants, and the people grew to love each other as one great family.

At the close of the twelve years Apostle Arastus Snow brought a message from the Presidency of the Church. It stated that it was no longer required of us to live in the United Order as the majority of the members of the church were not ready to live that great law, but if we wished to continue on in the Order we could do so with the blessings of the presiding authority.

When the people understood that it was not required of them to live this law an uneasy spirit crept in our midst, and men's selfishness and greed began to dominate them, so the Order was discontinued, and the breaking up caused some feeling and confusion. The property was not distributed properly for some men greedily feathered their own nests, while some deserving men were left almost penniless. I, for one, got little from the Order but my two faithful companions, for in 1882 I had married a second wife, Johanna Covington, daughter of John T. and Johanna Covington and granddaughter of Bishop Covington of Washington Dixie.

Soon after I had married Johanna the government took action against plural marriage as then practiced by the Mormon people, and officers were sent out to hunt and punish those practicing it. I left my families in Orderville and took a job of driving some cattle to Colorado. I was gone from home all summer, delivering the cattle September the seventeenth. On my way back, I visited a new country just being settled. The place was Huntington, Emery County, Utah. I liked the location and, too, as it was a new place I might find peace with my families for a

time at least. So I bought a home there and moved my families from Orderville to Huntington.

Life was a hard struggle in Huntington. It being a new country there were canals to be made, fencing, and land to be cleared and broken up. Our provisions were hauled by teams for fifty and sixty miles. Feed for our animals was scarce. We paid two dollars for a wagon bed of wheat chaff, mixing it with grain to bait our horses and get them to eat it. One spring I had no feed for my team so I had to walk the three miles to my farm and back at night while I turned my horses out to graze after working them all day. My little girls seemed to realize my hardships, for they would always be waiting with a basin of water to wash my tired dusty feet. Thus surrounded by my loved ones I would forget the hard day and rest in peace.

Civilization brought comforts to our home, but it also brought persecution. New people came in to our town and men with plural wives were reported up as law breakers, and our enemies again hunted us down like criminals. The prisons were filling with men who were not lawbreakers at heart, but martyrs for a principle they believed with all their hearts to be true and right.

When myself and others entered into plural marriage we were ignorant of any law breaking, but as the number living this principle grew the government took a hand and began to enforce the law of cohabitation.

All the Mormons who refused to take a test oath against the principle of plural marriage were disfranchised by the government. We had no voice in government affairs, and the church was robbed of its property. We held no deeds of security to our buildings, or cattle or sheep. We were indeed outcasts, children without a home, men without a country.

President John Taylor bravely fought our battles in the courts, even into the supreme courts, but he was defeated and forced to go into hiding himself. He died an outcast to the world but faithful to his people. During this time I was betrayed by a man whom I had taken in and given a home.

He accepted a paltry bribe and led the officers to my home. I was arrested and taken to Provo. There I was put under bond waiting the action of court and allowed to return to my home. Court convened in a few months and I went to meet my trial, but my case was dismissed on lack of evidence, as the whereabouts of Johanna was never learned.

Johanna's life was a hard one during that trying time for I could not keep her with me. Her lot with other plural wives was one of loneliness and fear.

The law of the manifesto was given through President Wilford Woodruff. The Saints received his law (as they understood it) with much bitterness. We were willing to accept the law in not taking more wives, but we felt that it was unjust to ask us to forsake the wives we had married in good faith. They, with their families, were dear to us and we meant to be loyal to them even until death.

Later, the Lord, through His prophet Wilford Woodruff promised the Latter Day Saints that if they would be faithful in paying their tithes and offering and get the church out of debt, and if they would humble themselves and forgive one another, He would forgive them and break the yoke of bondage from their necks.

The sorely tried people received this promise with great joy, and in but a few years the church was free from debt and they were looking forward to the fulfilling of that promise.

Our pleadings to the government for reinstatement had been turned down many times, but now our plea was granted. Utah could enter the Union with the rights and privileges of other states.

We began at once to choose a delegation, and to draft the laws of our state dividing on political lines. This drew the residents of Utah both Mormon and gentile together. Apostle John Henry Smith was chosen to head the Republican party, and Moses Thatcher was to lead the Democrats. This necessarily gave us back our franchise as a people, and the property was turned back to the Church.

While Grover Cleveland was President of the United States the Mormon people were pardoned and those having plural wives were granted the privilege of caring for their families unmolested. God had remembered His promise and His people were free again.

President Lorenzo Snow then promised the Saints that if they would continue in faith and courage in the Lord's work they should have a home in the Celestial Kingdom.

In the spring of 1899 I decided to sell my farm in Huntington and go in search of a new location, as the health of both my wives had failed, and a change of climate seemed advisable. We thought of going to Old Mexico as Lydia's mother lived there, and naturally she was very anxious for us to settle there. As Lydia was an invalid at this time, she with her children, except Matilda who was married and stayed in Lawrence, Utah, and Lucy, who stayed to go by team with Johanna's family, went by train to join her mother.

It took us sixteen days to make the trip from Huntington to Fruitland, New Mexico, with two teams and wagons, for we were heavily loaded, and had to cross both the Green and Colorado rivers on ferry boats. There was quite a company of us as my brother-in-law decided to take his family and go with me.

Lydia's father lived at Fruitland with his wife Tamer and so we stopped to visit them and rest our teams for a few days. My father-in-law wanted us to settle there so we looked about the country, and were pleased with the promises it held out to us as settlers. And, too, Johanna was in very delicate health and seemed worn out with the trip thus far, so we fasted and prayed as a family asking God to direct us in selecting our new home.

We found a place for sale that suited us at Olio a few miles up the San Juan river and were soon located in it. That fall Johanna gave birth to a dead child and died soon afterwards. I want to say here that Johanna was a martyr to the principle of plural marriage. She was a strong fine looking girl and brought up under firm religious training and willing to sacrifice all for the gospel sake, but through the hardships of hiding during the time of persecution, and child bearing under difficult circumstances, her splendid health was broken and dropsy which caused her death set in. She was naturally of a happy disposition and a brave uncomplaining woman, and few people realized her failing health. Being a good singer and loving music she spent a great deal of her time teaching songs to her children.

She was the mother of eight children, four of them living at the present time, and they are all faithful members of the Church. One son is first counselor in the Young Stake Presidency and her other son was Bishop at the Burnham Ward for some time.

At Johanna's death, Lydia and her family joined me, and Lydia immediately took up the burden of caring for my motherless children.

Lydia's health had not improved in Old Mexico but she began to get stronger as soon as she arrived in New Mexico, in spite of her added burden. For several years she enjoyed fairly good health and gave birth to a baby girl whom we called Luella. Lydia did her best as a step-mother, and today Johanna's children cherish her memory as tenderly as they do their own mother. She was faithful and true to her sister wife.

After the children were all grown, Lydia's health seemed to fail and heart trouble caused her great suffering. On December 29, 1916, she passed away to the rest she had earned so well, and I was indeed desolate.

Lydia was the mother of fourteen children, eight of whom lived to be grown, seven of whom are still living, and like Johanna's, they are all active in the Church. Her only living son was also a Bishop for several years at Kline, Colorado. In spite of Lydia's poor health she was always active in the church and staunchly supported me in all the duties I was called upon to perform.

Prior to Lydia's death, I had a very serious sickness. I had a bad case of appendicitis, and before the doctors dared operate the appendix became ruptured filling my system with poison. Our family physician, W. W. Smith, called in A. M. Smith who was a good surgeon, for consultation. After a careful examination, Dr. A. M. Smith asked me if I used tobacco, tea, or coffee. I answered "No" to all three questions, and turning to W. W. Smith he said, "In spite of the condition of this man he has a good fighting chance for recovery, for he has a good clean system to fight this poison. I cannot advise moving him to the hospital only as a last resort."

I could not take any nourishment and only enough water to wet my parched throat when I could bear my thirst no longer. Days passed and I grew weaker; it seemed that I was losing the fight. One day Doctor W. W. Smith said to me,

"Mr. Stolworthy, I know you to be a brave man, and I think you would like me to be frank with you, so I tell you, man to man, that your chance of recovery is mighty slim. If you have any business matters that need attending to you had better do it at once."

As he left he told my folks to be ready to take me to the hospital at a moment's notice. I learned later that he also told them that I might not live but a few hours.

After he had gone I called my wife to my bedside and told her just what I wanted her to do in case I was called away. As I finished speaking a terrible faintness overcame me, and I knew no more for a time. Whether it was a dream or if my spirit actually left my body as I thought then, I cannot say now. Anyway I seemed to stand by my bed looking at my body as it lay there, when a personage appeared by my side and bade me follow him. It seemed that we journeyed to another land, and as we traveled my guide read to me the Ten Commandments. When he had finished he said, "This is the law by which you will be judged, how about it?"

"I have not committed adultery, nor murder, nor coveted the things of my neighbor, but many I have broken," I answered.

My guide made no comment but read the Ten Commandments again, asking me to answer guilty or not guilty after each one.

I answered after each one as he directed.

"I have tried to keep this commandment," but when he came to the one about the Sabbath Day, I replied, "I have not always kept the Sabbath of the Lord holy. My business as a farmer and cattleman have made it necessary for me to work many times."

"He that loveth Me will keep My commandments," was his rebuke, yet he did not seem displeased at my answer.

Just then a man passed hurriedly by neither looking to the right nor the left. He carried a book under his arm, and I looked curiously after him asking my guide who he was.

"He is your guardian angel," my guide explained, "and he is going to the council to present your record." He went on to explain that the council was being held on another planet or land and that if I was called from the earth I would labor there, but I was not permitted to hear the decision of the council in my behalf.

When I woke up I was lying in my bed as I had remembered seeing my body lying as I departed on my strange pilgrimage. My wife was sitting by my bed and

she had been crying. I told her of my strange dream or visit to the other world, and that my fate hung in the balance. She said,

"Oh, Tom, I can't let you go. Let me send for Bishop Neilson."

When the Bishop came I told him of my experience and he said, "Brother Stolworthy, we can't spare you. I will send for some Elders and we will wash and anoint you."

"All right," I agreed, "I want to live if possible, and if I die I would like to go sweet and clean."

After they had washed and anointed me, Brother Hyrum Taylor came in and said he would like to give me a blessing, and in his blessing he said, "Dear brother, your case has been before the council in heaven, and because you have been found sweet and clean you will be permitted to live upon the earth until the age of man as was given by the Savior to the Nephites, and you shall be a blessing and a comfort to your family and the Lord's children while you sojourn here."

I thought as he said this of the words of the Savior to the Nephites when he promised them that after seventy-two years they should come to him, and I always have felt that I had a promise of those seventy-two years.

After the washing and anointing, and Brother Taylor's blessing, I ceased to suffer and was soon able to take nourishment. The doctor was surprised the next morning at my condition, I told him of my experience and he said "I have witnessed faith among all Christian people, but I have never seen such faith as this."

I was soon well and able to go about my work.

Three years after Lydia's death I married a young widow by the name of Jane Larsen. She was the daughter of William G. Black and Lucretia Maxwell. Jane had two children by her first marriage. The boy was an invalid all his life and died at the age of nineteen. The girl is married and has two fine boys who love me as a grandfather. No children were born to our union, and as Jane is a great lover of children she was greatly disappointed, so we adopted a little boy who had been deserted by his parents. We named him Dee, but we were only permitted to keep him for a short time for he was accidentally killed by being run over by a wagon when he was about two years old.

He was a sweet lovable child and his little heart seemed to be full of love and gratitude for our care to the last moment of his little life.

Jane and I have both passed through much suffering and are strangely suited to each other, to comfort and bless. She has been a good true wife to me, making me a home of comfort and peace, and tenderly caring for me in my old age.

My life has been rich and full of experiences. I have witnessed the advancement of traffic from the ox team to the aeroplane, the light from the home made candle to electric light, from pony express to the wireless, from the sickle to

the combined harvester. I have rejoiced in the advancement of science, knowing it to be the perfecting of God's plans, and I thank Him that I have been permitted to live in this great age.

I am the father of (22) twenty-two children, eleven of whom are now living, seventy-nine grandchildren, and twenty-six great grandchildren. I have given the best years of my life to the rearing of my family, and have been repaid by seeing the feet of my children all planted firmly in the gospel path which leads to life eternal.

The testimony that came to me early in life, and the memory of my temple work as a boy has filled my heart with the desire to work in the holy house for the redemption of my dead kindred. Most of the Stolworthy work is done, but we are just starting on the work for my mother's people, the Jinkensen and when I am called home to my Father in Heaven, I leave this work to my children, and beg of you be faithful to this charge for we can not be saved without our dead.

I have always been active in the priesthood, and have performed to the best of my ability every call made of me.

I am now [a] senior member in the High Council, and president of the High Priest's quorum in the Young Stake of Zion. I have received my second anointing in the holy temple which is the highest honor that can come to men here upon this earth.

With a heart filled with gratitude for these blessings, I have tried to bless and help God's children here on earth, and I am amply repaid with the love and confidence of my brothers and sisters. Indeed I feel to say "God is a good Paymaster, He has filled my days with good and crowned my years with peace and happiness."

In closing I leave my blessings upon the head of my children and all my posterity, and say upon you "Be faithful; keep the commandments of God; walk in his way and find the peace of well doing, and we will meet and dwell as one great family in the .great hereafter. Amen."

THE DEVIL CAST OUT

One day, when I was living in Huntington, Utah, Bishop Johnson came to my home with Brother Dan Washborn, and asked me to go with him to the home of a neighbor, who had a very sick daughter.

When we reached their home, we found the house full of relatives and friends, and four strong men were trying to hold a very small young lady on the bed, but they were unsuccessful. She grabbed one man and threw him across the room and almost out of the window.

Bishop Johnson stepped up, and laying his hands on the girl's shoulder, commanded her in the name of the Lord to be quiet. She seemed all at once to be calm, and lay down on the bed. Kneeling down by the girl's bedside, we three Elders rebuked the evil spirit which possessed her body, and commanded it to depart from the home. We felt him go, but did not see the form of this spirit. The young girl was immediately rational, but very weak.

The bishop then said, speaking to the girl and her parents: "If you and your family will repent and keep the Word of Wisdom, and respect the Priesthood of God, this evil spirit will not return to molest your home." They believed the promise this servant of God had made to them, and tried for the blessing, and I believe they made good. A few years later, the young girl was married and became a mother, and as long as I knew them they were good faithful Latter-day Saints, and had great respect for the Priesthood.

H. T. STOLWORTHY.

A Messenger From Heaven

My daughter, Hazel, had been very sick for some time with typhoid-pneumonia. And my wife, who was never very strong, seemingly worn out with nursing her, became ill, too, and had to go to bed.

One night, as I sat by their bedside trying to soothe them to sleep, Hazel said:

"Daddy, I would like Uncle Ben Black and Bishop Neilson to come and administer to me, for the pain is so bad tonight."

I sent at once for these Elders, and they came willingly to bless my little girl. We anointed her with consecrated oil, and in sealing the anointing, the Elders promised my little one that she would be healed, but that she must be patient, as it would be done in the Lord's way, and according to His will. After doing all they could do to comfort us, the Elders went home.

Hours passed, and in her feverish tossing Hazel murmured:

"Daddy, the Elders promised me I'd get well, but the pain is no better."

"Yes, they promised you that you would get well, but they told you that you must be patient," I replied.

"I know, Daddy," she cried, "but I am so tired of this pain!"

Soon after this my wife and child both fell asleep, and turning the light low, I lay down on a quilt at their bedside, for I was worn out with watching. I lay with closed eyes, wondering why my little girl should continue to suffer so when she had such faith, when I became conscious of someone entering the room. It seemed as if a veil hung between me and the person, and I could not see clearly, but I could see it was a man, and that he was dressed in a light suit.

He walked between me and the bed where my loved ones lay, and, raising his arm, seemed to bless them, then immediately left as he had come.

I lay for a long time pondering on his strange visit, and wondered what effect it would have on my afflicted ones, but the influence left in my home was peaceful, so I, too, fell asleep.

Daylight was flooding the room when I awakened. Hazel opened her eyes and said:

"Daddy, the pain is all gone, and I am hungry," Her voice startled her mother, and Lydia sat up looking about.

"My goodness!" she exclaimed, "did I sleep all night?"

"Yes, you slept, and so did Hazel," I replied, "and she is hungry."

Lydia insisted that she felt splendid, and got up and made some gruel, which Hazel ate hungrily, and, turning over, she soon fell asleep again. "When Hazel woke up, she was healed, and continued to gain strength every day. I bear my

testimony to all who read this statement, that a Messenger was sent from heaven to heal my little girl. Amen.

H. T. STOLWORTHY.

Healing the Sick

Bishop Neilson called me to go visit a family who had a very sick baby. The family was not of our faith, but the mother seemingly as a last hope, had sent to the Bishop, asking that some Mormon Elders be sent to her home. When we entered the home the baby seemed to be dying, and the mother looked up and said:

"I sent for you Mormon Elders to come pray for my baby, whom the doctor has given up, but my husband has not come home yet, and if I let you administer to my baby and it dies, he will blame me."

"Never mind, Sister," we replied. "We are glad to come here and offer our sympathy to you, and if we can be of any help, we are only too glad."

The mother sat for a few minutes in silence; then, turning to me, she said:

"Mr. Stolworthy, if I let you administer to my baby, will you promise me it will live?"

"No," I replied. "The Lord will do as He thinks best, and I have no right to make you that promise, but I will promise you that if your baby is not appointed unto death, it shall be healed."

Turning to a neighbor woman present, she asked: "What would you do if you were in my place?"

"I would let them bless the baby," she replied.

The little one seemed all but gone, and the mother turned desperately to us for help:

"Please bless my baby!"

The mother took the sick baby in her arms and we anointed the baby with oil and sealed the anointing. In a few moments the baby raised up and began to play with the buttons on the front of the mother's dress.

The mother hugged the little one to her breast, crying:

"God be praised, for my baby is healed!"

A few days later we called to see the baby, and she was well and happily playing, and the grateful mother doing her work.

A Cowboy's Song
By H. T. STOLWORTHY

(Written when I was a boy, about the dream I tell of in this book.)

One night sad and weary I went to my bed,
My spirits were low, and my heart it was sad,
The thoughts of my Savior had fled from my mind-
A wandering cowboy and wayward inclined.

I planned for to wander far from my home,
And seek for my pleasure at being alone;
My parents were loving, my sisters were kind,
But had little impression on a truant bird's mind.

One night in my sleep came a kind, warning dream
That carried my spirit to a far future scene,
When the Savior would come on earth far to reign,
To pour out His blessings on those who had claim.
When I saw Him coming, surrounded with flame.

Oh, the fear of that moment, the joy and the pain--
For some thought to hide from His all-seeing eye--
While those who were upright in contentment did sigh!

Myself and one other were left standing close by.
We heard sad weeping and anguishing cry,
For a sister, who felt no comfort or joy,
Was saying, "My brother is a wild, reckless boy"

Then a spirit kindly bade, me a right path to take,
To seek for my Savior e're it be too late!
And as I was trying to get back o'er the seam
Of the great ledge that held, I awoke from my dream.

In the days that followed, I had plenty of time
To reflect on this wonderful warning of mine.
My Savior was watching, I had caught the gleam,
And I kindly thanked heaven for sending that dream!

A Promise
By H. T. Stolworthy

Seventy years have passed me by
 Since I began this strife;
Many a blustering storm I've braved
 To build this chain of life.

Now nigh one hundred golden links
 Are welded in this chain,
And many more, I think I see,
 Give honor to my name.

Side by side, my companions dear,
 Could no longer stay;
And a number of our babies, too,
 Now sleep beneath the clay.

My heart grew weak, my soul was sad,
 Yet I never lost my way.
My Father, God, stood by my side
 To comfort me by day.

Another took my lonely hand
 To cheer each other's life,
For both had drained the bitter cup
 That parted man and wife.

My hair is grey, my eyes are dim,
 My feet are not the same,
For time has taken a great toll,
 But I am not to blame.

But when I reach the other side,
 Stronger I'll weld the chain,
With cords of love and happy thoughts--
 We'll never part again.

The chain is strong, it will not break;
 The Patriarchs have said,

"One by one they'll gather home,
With blessings on their heads."

"None of thy children will be lost,
As through life's storms they trod,
The chain of life will lead them home,
Because of thy faith in God."

Sentiments of my Dear Father
By Pearl S. McGee.

(These verses were given to me on my seventy-second birthday by my daughter, Pearl, and because of appreciation, I wish them published in my book)

Dear father, on this, your day of days,
I had no costly gift to bring;
But loving thoughts and memories,
From a full heart seems to ring.

The ways of love and tenderness
Are never out of style,
So today I'll say "I love you,"
Not wait till after a while.

You showed me how my erring feet
Should walk the path of life,
That was so very strange to me,
So filled with unknown strife.

You taught me how to worship God,
And pointed out the way;
But the greatest thing you did for me
Was to teach me how to pray.

With the passing of the years,
As the fullness of life came to me,
Through all my smiles, and all my tears,
I felt your loving care for me.

So now my own dear father,
You seem so frail and grey,
Before it is too late, these words I want to say:
"It isn't the number of years you've lived,
That doesn't count, you know;
It's the way you've lived, the good you've done,
That makes us love you so!

The House of Dreams

(Written on my seventy-second birthday, by my daughter, Lucy.)

I'm living now in my house of dreams,
In it I find comfort and peace,
A privilege granted those who grow old,
For the years they do not cease.

Shall I tell you of this house of dreams,
That I've builded within my heart?
It is but a humble cottage,
And sits from the town apart.

I hear shrieks of childish laughter
As I near the opening door,
There are muddy shoes on the door step—
And playthings litter the floor.

Comes a shout and cry of "Daddy!"
I'm attacked from front and behind,
While a lively discussion follows—
Lo, this is the peace I find.

A tired, distracted mother
Greets me with a smile of cheer--
"They have been so naughty, father;
They'll be better, now you are here!"

An evening of frolic and stories,
Then the children are tucked into bed,
Mother and I linger dreaming,
While the fire glows warm and red.

'Tis morning. O where are the children?
They have gone to mix in the strife,
Gone with the night. I'm forgotten it seems,
Forgotten? No this is just life.

So out of memories I've builded.
A dream house with laughter and noise,

A house where I live in contentment,
Filled with my girls and my boys.