

large and commodious school house and its Relief Society Hall, etc., all built of good native lumber. This place is surrounded by pine forests which cover the mountain slopes as far as the eye can reach in all directions. Consequently, timber and fire wood are very plentiful. The farming land is also good, and though the altitude (about 7000 feet) is so high, good grain has been raised here in past years. Leonard J. Brown, a son of Lorenzo Brown, of St. George fame, is the Bishop of the Nutrioso Ward, the membership of which is represented in twenty-nine families, or 172 souls. Nutrioso was first settled by the Saints in 1880. It is fifteen miles southeast of Union, or fifty miles from St. Johns.

Across the mountains in a southeasterly direction, about eleven miles from Nutrioso, is Bush Valley, on the headwaters of the San Francisco river, a tributary of the Gila. The first Latter-day Saints entered this valley in 1879 and purchased the improvements previously made by a Mr. Bush and sons (in whose honor the valley was named) and others; and there is now a ward called Alpine containing eighteen families, or 138 souls, presided over by Joseph N. Heywood, a son of Patrioach Joseph L. Heywood of Panguitch Garfield Co., Utah, who was also the first Bishop of the Seventeenth Ward, Salt Lake City. Bush Valley is about six and a half miles long from west to east, and has an average width of nearly two miles. Here the people have been quite successful during past years in raising grain without irrigation, though the lands which are watered yield by far the most. The townsite is somewhat broken, but is rendered picturesque by the presence of beautiful groves of tall pines which grow in the valley and on the mountain slopes surrounding it. The land is good and productive, and the people entertain good hopes for future prosperity. But here, as well as in every other settlement throughout the St. Johns Stake, progress is somewhat impeded through lack of element; now settlers are wanted to build up the place and to make the ward prosperous.

Luna Valley, which contains twenty-three families of the Saints, or 150 souls, organized into the Heber Ward, thus named in honor of Apostle Heber J. Grant, is situated about twelve miles southeast of Alpine, on the same stream (the San Francisco river.) The valley is very irregular, but may be said to extend from west to east for a distance of about four and a half miles, with an average width of two miles. The valley was named after the Luna Brothers, Mexicans, who located here before our people came in; it also means the valley of the moon. The first Latter-day Saint settlers rolled their wagons into this valley February 28, 1883. This place is about 120 miles west of Magdalena, a town situated on a branch of the A. F. & S. F. Ry. eastward, and about the same distance from Silver City lying southward. From St. Johns it is sixty-three miles. The boundary line between New Mexico and Arizona is about midway between Luna Valley and Bush Valley. George D. Green is Bishop of the Heber Ward. The Luna Valley reservoir is situated in the lower end of Bush Valley, in Arizona, about eight miles northwest of the settlement. Pine and cedar forests abound in Luna Valley and vicinity. There are also plenty of oak, juniper, cotton-wood and

other kinds of wood in the vicinity. In order to make farms the heavy growth of timber must in many instances be cut down in regular lower canady style. More Latter-day Saints are wanted in Luna Valley. I am now bound for the "Mormon" colonies in Old Mexico.

ANDREW JENSON.

#### BIOGRAPHICAL.

ST. GEORGE, Utah.

March 30, 1894.

As you have given the short account of myself a place in the News, I venture to continue my history, though it may be written in a broken way. After the Saints had been driven from Missouri, one day while standing near the wharf at Quincy a steamboat on her way up the Mississippi stopped at the wharf. The mate wanted to hire a hand, offering twenty-five dollars per month. I told him I would liberate me from yawl duty I would accept his offer. This he said he would do and told me I would be nightwatchman and the work I might be called to do in the day he would pay me for extra. Agreeing to his terms I went aboard. Privilege was given me to go into the cook room whenever I pleased, night or day, and help myself. I always found plenty of victuals left from the cabin table, such as cooked fowl of various kinds, fish, veal, mutton and baked beef, all of which I did ample justice to, except veal and goose.

The mate and deck hands seemed to take to me but, whether it was because I was a Mormon I could not say. My name was never asked for, but they gave me one; they called me "Picayune"—the name of a little silver coin worth six and one quarter cents. I remained with the Alpha—for that was the name of the steamer—about one month, when I was taken sick and told the captain and mate I wanted to go home. The captain told me to go to the clerk and get my pay, all of which I got except ten dollars; this the clerk said they did not have, and the sum is due me today. I returned to Illinois, where I found my father living on rented land near Payson, Adams county, and with a little nursing I was soon all right and went to work on a farm for \$12 a month.

In August of this year, 1839, the Prophet having escaped from Missouri, a conference was called and held in Quincy. There I was set apart to go on a mission, having been previously ordained an Elder and then a Seventy in Far West, under the hands of Elders Brigham Young and Heber C. Kimball. At the same conference a young man by the name of Amos Lyons was ordained a Priest and set apart to take a mission; he was my travelling companion.

The very first time we announced ourselves messengers of salvation and offered to preach, we were told that we deserved a severe flogging for going about to preach Joe Smithism and that we should be ashamed of ourselves, etc. At another place we were invited to preach, and after having done so in our weak way (for this was our first attempt to speak in public), at the close of our meeting we were told that we were more fit to drive oxen and should let preaching alone and go home. The next morning, as we were about to depart, an

old lady fixed her eyes on us and the tears came from her eyes and ran down her cheeks. She took from her pocket a couple of quarters and gave us—perhaps all the money she had. Although no invitation was given us to preach, yet we felt the good Lord was with us. We went to Virginia, our native state. There Brother Lyons concluded to marry a wife. I went into Jackson county, where I baptized a few and organized a branch of seven members, one of whom Brother Lyons had baptized previously. By the consent of the members I ordained Brother John D. Vandal an Elder to preside.

Returning home I went to work helping to get out rock for the Nauvoo Temple. If my memory serves me it was in the month of August, 1842, the Prophet called a special conference, where Elders were called to go on missions and to rebut John C. Bennett's lies. Among the number I was called, and about the first of the following September I started, in company with three other Elders; but wisdom dictated that all three should not travel together. About this time I met with Elder Alpheus Harmon, and he having no companion but wishing for one, we traveled together. As cold weather approached, and we met with poor encouragement, Elder Harmon concluded to return home to Nauvoo. On leaving him I felt lonesome, for he was good company and I believe a good man. Since then I heard that he froze to death while crossing a prairie just before reaching home. This brings to my mind Brother Lyons, my former companion; whatever became of him I could not learn. It was said by some that he was drowned and by others that he went out of the country with drover, and it was surmised by a few that he met with foul play and was murdered.

I remember one cold winter day, in January, 1843. The snow was on the ground about a foot deep. My road lay through the woods for several miles before reaching the first settlement. Late in the afternoon, tired, hungry and cold, I came up to a fine looking house that seemed to say, "Call in, friend." I did so, and found the man of the house in the kitchen sitting at his shoe bench. I asked if he would please keep a servant of the Lord over night. He inquired where I was from and to what order I belonged. "From Nauvoo, and I belong to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints," was my reply. He scratched his head with the awl and said he had not heard of that order. I told him we were known as Mormons but that was not our true name. "Oh, yea," said he, "I have heard of the Mormons, and shall not keep you." He had a family of grown up children, mostly girls. They and their mother stood gazing at though I was some frightful being.

I left to seek quarters elsewhere, and had not gone over 150 yards when I was called back. They told me I could stay all night. The man said he wanted to talk with me, and taking my valise invited me in his house and told me to make myself as comfortable as I could. Pretty soon a steaming supper was on the table. Whenever a question was asked me there was an anxiety on the part of the wife and daughters to listen to what the Mormon had to say in answer to his questions.