

the sun was setting clear. Mr. Egan turned to me and said, Henry, what will you call this place? I said Pleasant Valley. We went down to the valley and found a beautiful spring, fine grass and a good camping place.

Al. Huntington took a ride around to look for Indian signs. He came across a fresh track and following it up, overtook an Indian who was running to get away, having seen us. Al. gave chase, soon overtook him, and being a good interpreter, made the Indian understand that we were friendly and then brought him into camp, where we gave him something to eat and induced him to stay with us. He proved a valuable guide. In going through the passes west from there he would say the Whoa, Haw, could go through, but the G. D. could not. He had heard the emigrants say, "Whoa, Haw, G. D.," and came to the conclusion that the Whoa, Haw, was the team and the G. D. the wagon. We named him Egan Jack. He afterwards proved to be a bad Indian, killing people and stealing. We got him to get all the other Indians together and made treaties with them. The treaties lasted long enough for us to establish stations, but the Indians soon after broke out. To tell of all the depredations and the killing of people will take a book, which I hope to be able to write some day.

After the road was established I was sent to Pleasant Valley to build a station. Three men were allowed me to do the work and at the same time guard the stock. It must be understood that we could get no hay or grain for the stock, so we herded them, the mail coming once a week each way. When we went for logs three would go, one to stand guard and two to cut and load the timber. We soon built a log house, chinked and daubed it, making a fire to thaw the mud to daub with. The door was made of a Miller and Russell wagon bed boards, brought on a mule from Simpson Springs, a distance of 100 miles. This answered for a table during the day and a door at night. Many a hornpipe has Thomas Dobson danced on that door and table when he came along. He is now night-watchman in Salt Lake, the same happy Tom.

There were three sleeping stations between Salt Lake and California. This was one. Here the passengers were allowed to sleep, which occurred the second day out.

In the spring we built an additional room for my wife, with a wagon cover for a floor and carpet; a washed-out flour sack stretched over a vacancy where a log had been cut out for a window; a blanket hung up for a door; the bedstead made of peeled quaking aspen poles, with rawhide stretched over them; a chair made with a block of wood with an ox bow for a back and a badger skin for a cushion. This constituted our furniture. We cared not for silver or gold. We had no use for it, only when we went to Salt Lake, which was nine months the first time. I cannot tell how long intervened in this castle.

We entertained many notable personages, among them Lord Grosvenor when he crossed the continent, Horace Greeley and many others. The drivers would make good time from Salt Lake to here so as to

have a long rest. Horace came in about 3 o'clock. He got out one of Bulwer's novels and read until meal time, and from then till dark. I hid all the dip candles so as to make him talk, which he did, on printing and how he first went to New York. He gave us a vivid account of Bennett, Cans, Bonner and himself. It is needless to say he sat on the chair and slept on the bedstead.

Strange it is yet to me when I contemplate Horace Greeley, the noted abolitionist whom I had been taught to hate. It would not have been safe for him to come to Missouri where I was reared, and he was now in my house and nothing was too good for him. But we had become acquainted and it was another thing. It has been ever since with me, God bless Greeley and his goodness.

How will it be with the world when they get acquainted with the Latter-day Saints? It will be God bless the Saints for what they have done and will do for their fellow man. I say all that can should go to Chicago to be there on Utah Day, the 9th of September, and get acquainted. Talk for silver; tell them the need of free coinage, but do not carry the idea that the mountains are full of it, as such is not the fact. But tell them the truth; that it takes two dollars of labor to take out one dollar in silver or gold. Tell them also that the farmers, the mechanics, the merchants must have money to pay their debts with. Let Utah people tell each other the only way to independence is to quit foreign goods and to manufacture their own. Cease to be drawers of water and hewers of wood. You have the soil; you have the minerals; you have the muscle. The only thing that is lacking is will power. Use your brains; use economy; make use of the elements you have. This is the road to wealth and happiness. If a man says he will give you a bushel of corn, do not ask him if it is shelled, but take it and shell it yourself.

Among the notables we entertained here in early days was Dr. George Buckley of New York. He came with the stage passengers. He took sick with pneumonia, so he had to stay when the stage left. After he had become convalescent an Indian took sick. The Indians came down and asked us to go up and doctor him, which we did to our sorrow. I had in the meantime sent my men to Deep Creek to build another station, as we wanted to move the line further north. The Indian got worse and the other Indians, believing that we had poisoned him, came down to kill us to go with the Indian to the happy hunting ground to wait on him there. They were in the house and had us surrounded before we knew what was up. I proposed to them to kill the doctor and me and them to take my wife to Fillmore where she was reared. No; we must all go. We then proposed for us to take one side, they the other, and shoot as long as we lived. No; that was the way the foolish whites did.

Seeing there was no way out but to die, I told the doctor to get ready, and wanted my wife to go in the next room, which she refused to do, preferring to die with me. I told the Indian that it was all right. He too

must go with us when he got ready. He and I would kill one another. This was a wet blanket on him. I saw this, and took the advantage of it and ordered the Indians to get out, which they did in a hurry. That left us the house and our guns, which were in the adjoining room. This was in the afternoon.

That night we lay watch; stand we dare not for fear of being shot. Some time in the night we heard horsemen. Listening further, we soon learned that it was not white men. Oh, horror! It was other Indians. Our suspense was great. They camped near the springs but neither they nor we said anything before daylight. With it the other Indians came running over the hills. When they saw the horsemen, a war whoop went up. On they came like so many black demons. The horsemen proved to be seventeen Ruby Valley Indians, with Shocup, their chief, who looked at the Goshutes with surprise. The Goshutes must have told their grievance to the others, which they made out long and loud.

When they got through, instead of Shocup joining them he said to them if they harmed a hair of our heads he would come and kill the last one of their tribe. Said he, "I know of all of your watering places and your camps. I will kill you all, for I made a treaty with the mail company and will protect them." I went out then and shook hands with the chief. I do not now remember of ever shaking hands with either black or white with the same gladness I did his. The sick Indian lived. Most of his band are now dead. Many murders they committed before and since that time, and our escape was miraculous.

Pleasant Valley is now a mining camp with plenty of good claims that will be better after Congress passes the coinage bill. Yours,

H. J. FAUST.

#### LETTER FROM PALESTINE.

HAIFA, Palestine, July 28, 1892.

Thinking that perhaps my friends at home would like to hear from me, I take the liberty of writing you these lines for publication. I left my home at Payson for a mission to Turkey on the morning of the 10th of April of the present year. In Salt Lake City I was set apart for my mission under the hands of Apostle Feasdale, and after attending the dedicatory services at the Temple left Salt Lake on the evening of the 14th. There were eleven of us in the company and our way was via Pueblo, Kansas City to Chicago. After visiting the Fair grounds and other points of interest we left Chicago by the Erie Railway. We passed through Marion and Akron, Ohio, and after passing through a long tunnel early one morning found ourselves stopped at the Jersey City station. We were not long in crossing the Hudson by ferryboat over to New York, and soon had our rooms in the Cosmopolitan hotel.

While in New York I visited some of the principal points of interest, and 9 o'clock on the morning of the 22nd of April found us on board the steamship Arizona, leaving the harbor. We had a very pleasant voyage, the sea being for the most part quiet and smooth, contrary to the expectations of the