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AUNT AMY



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*for Viola and Joseph
and family
with love.
Lucille*

Aunt Amy

CHAPTER 1

All was now calm and quiet within the small bedroom of the two-roomed log cabin for the pains of childbirth were over and mother and new-born babe were sleeping peacefully. After a few moments the door opened softly, and a tall slender man with a mop of black, curly hair tipped over to the bedside. He looked down at the sleepers with a smile of deep admiration, and as he stood there he offered up a silent prayer of thanksgiving that all was well. Then he turned to go, but the inner consciousness of the woman told her that someone was near, and she opened her eyes in time to see him before he vanished.

"Truman," she called weakly, "wait a minute."

He retraced his steps to her side, and taking her outstretched hand, he squeezed it ever so lightly, but with that gentle touch of his long, bony fingers, he told her more than words could tell.

She went on, "I'm sorry it is another girl. I know you wanted a boy so badly this time with three girls in the family."

"It's all right, honey," he reassured her. "I'm glad it's another girl because she's just like you. Now don't you worry about the boy part. I'll just begin to prepare for the son-in-laws by adding another two rooms to the cabin here."

Mary Anne's eyes smiled a thank you. It was just like him to make the best of every situation by turning the bright side out, and making a joke of it. No one could do that quite so well as her man, and she loved him for it.

The next few days were busy ones for frail Aunt Margaret who was First Lady in the other room of the house. She got the meals; took care of the mother's every need; washed and ironed the clothes; and kept a watchful eye on the other three members of the household, namely, Eugenia age seven, Alice age four, and Annie Maria age two. Last but not least, she took complete charge of the newest addition, Amy Louise, not yet one week old. But she performed her duties with a love and devotion that is known to only a mother's heart, and yet Nature had deprived her

of the one essential, that of having a child of her own flesh and blood. So she took care of the other's children and loved them as her own, for in all her heart there was not one tinge of jealousy.

In due time Mary Anne was up and around again and as busy as ever. Her strong, capable hands took most of the heavy burdens from Margaret's shoulders, leaving only the lighter tasks of cooking tasty dishes and fashioning dainty clothes from odds and ends about the house. Mary Anne worked outside, too, tending the fruit trees and berry bushes, not to mention the many varieties of fresh vegetables she grew in her garden. She wanted her children to have a goodly supply of those precious things so necessary to health.

Truman Leonard was as good as his word. He did, indeed, build two more rooms onto the house that summer, and in the fall a new barn went up as well. All the neighbors in the vicinity for miles around came to do their part on the last structure, and it was finished in no time at all. But before it was turned over to the stock, a big barn-warming was held therein to compensate all who had a hand in its making. The long tables stretched from one end to the other and fairly groaned with fat, tender hens, juicy, red hams and spiced game, along with home-made cherry preserves, hot, golden biscuits dripping with yellow butter, and to top it all off there was an ample supply of pumpkin pie whose flaky crust and creamy filling was a delight to every palate. There never was such a feast nor such a dance as followed after. Sounds of stomping feet and merry laughter filled the big barn to overflowing and floated out on the night air, echoing in the nearby hills. As the tired but happy guests were bidding good-night to their genial host at an early hour in the morning, one jolly neighbor exclaimed:

"You're a very lucky man, Truman, to have Margaret to cook such delicacies and Mary Ann to keep everybody smiling with her pranks and witty sayings. Now with this nice new barn you have everything a man could wish for."

Yes, Truman did have about everything a man could wish for—except a son to carry on his name. But even that long-concealed wish came true when Amy Louise was two years old. On December 7, 1867, strong, healthy Mary Anne

gave birth to a fine black-headed baby boy. The father was so over-joyed that he decided to take a holiday, and great was the rejoicing around the farm that memorable day. The older children believed that the Lord had meant the newcomer for a Christmas present, and perhaps made more noise than was necessary. Only, little Amy stayed grim and dark-eyed. She didn't run and play with the other children, but sat neglected alone in a corner. Finally, Truman noticed her there, and picking her up gaily in his arms he whisked her off to have her first look at the new arrival. When the bed-covers were turned back revealing a dark clump of curly, black hair atop a tiny red face, two-year-old Amy exclaimed with disgust:

"It's a papoose. Take it away! I won't have it."

She refused to kiss the mother or the baby, and so to punish her she was put to bed. In the space of a couple of hours all her pent up grief was washed away with tears, and gentle sleep eased her hurt. On awakening she had but one resolve, and that was to get as far away from the little "papoose" as possible. So taking her own small bed-pillow with her, she drug it along over the floor, out the door and across the frozen yard to Aunt Margaret's quarters. She knocked and waited. When Auntie opened the door she saw a very dejected little figure standing there in the cold.

"Why what is it child?" she asked picking Amy Louise up in her arms, and holding her tight.

The little girl, too determined to be tearful, answered in a matter of fact tone,

"I'se come to stay," and stay she did. Never again did she sleep another night under the same roof with the little black-headed baby boy. She adopted Aunt Margaret as her new mother, and wherever Auntie went, Amy went, also.

Several years passed by, but with a nature as care-free and happy as hers, Amy Louise couldn't help getting enjoyment out of every hour of the day. In the early morning sunshine along with her three sisters she gathered wild flowers from the hillside and strung them into garlands to adorn her dark locks. During the day she helped with little tasks about the farm such as weeding the garden or feeding the chickens. In the evenings she joined in the jolly games of hide-and-seek or run-sheepy-run with all the children in the neighborhood.

Soon school days took a great deal of her time, but as she was always in the midst of any excitement going on there, these days passed all too quickly leaving a chain of vivid memories in their place. She was graduated at twelve, winsome, merry and altogether lovable, the pride of Aunt Margaret's heart.

"Well, Annie," she remarked after the graduating exercises were all over, "Now we can move into town and start that millinery shop you have wanted to have for so long."



CHAPTER 2

The millinery business proved to be a very prosperous one in the fast growing town of Farmington. Aunt Margaret had a knack of trimming hats out of almost nothing at all, and making them look so attractive that they were simply irresistible. Amy became an apt pupil under her skillful tutelage, and together they spent many happy hours creating bonnets to catch the eye of every young woman in town, and some of the young men as well. For more than one of that sex stopped to admire a certain hat and incidentally a certain young lady who had made it. Amy did not lack for beaux to take her to the many amusements that marked the daily calendar. Her lack was to find the time to give them each a turn. One, however, took more than his share and would have taken all of it if his rivals had not stepped in and cut him out at times. But Amy wanted it that way for she told Will that she had other good friends besides he, and that she was not ready to give them all up for one, just yet. In fact she told him that her very best beau was Truman Leonard, and indeed his visits were looked forward to with more pleasure than any other.

On one of these rare visits he brought a mysterious gift all wrapped in heavy paper, and so large that it could not be hidden under a hat as his former ones had been. Truman stood it up in the corner and asked Amy to guess what it might be. From the merry twinkle in his eye she wondered if it could really be the organ for which she had longed all her maidenly days. She felt for the keys under the paper,

and to her great joy she felt the knobs that regulated them. It was the organ! She threw her arms around Truman's neck and hugged him till he asked for breath. Then she tore off the wrappings and viewed with pride her newest possession.

"It's simply beautiful!" she cried, "now I will have something to keep me busy in the evenings."

"As if you never had anything to do in the evenings," put in Aunt Margaret with mock severity in her voice. "Well, it will at least keep you home some of the time so I can enjoy the fun, too."

The organ did prove to be a great attraction for the young people of the town, and many a pleasant evening was spent around it with Amy feeling out the chords while the others blended their voices into the old familiar melodies.

Mary Anne came into town occasionally with the children, and the family all joined in such tunes as "Hard Times Come Again No More." The organ was a medium which tied their heart strings together, and when parting came again the memory of the sweet songs helped to keep them in tune with each other. So Amy's love for music became firmly planted in her heart, never to be uprooted no matter how turbulent the stream of life beat upon it, and in times of distress it was always a deep source of comfort to her.



CHAPTER 3

One day Truman came in from the farm alone, and under his outward jocularity was a seriousness which was not his usual self. He said half jokingly and half seriously:

"Well, Amy how would you and Margaret like to trim headbands for the Indians up in Canada?"

Aunt Margaret's face immediately took on a worried look, but Amy replied laughingly:

"I can't think of anything more exciting. When do we start?"

"Well, I don't know exactly, but I'm leaving for Canada in a couple of days with Ora Card and a company of men to see if we can find a new home up there."

"Truman," Margaret put in anxiously, "has that con-
stable been bothering you again?"

"He keeps a close watch on me day and night. Nice of
him to be so concerned for my safety, isn't it?"

Amy looked out the window and was startled to see a
man with a silver badge just outside.

"Father," she whispered, "can he arrest you?"

"He would if he could get anything on me, but he can't.
There have been others arrested, though, and President
Taylor says it would be best if we took our families to
Canada where we will not be molested because of our belief
in plural marriage. Mary Anne feels she should stay here
because of the young ones, and so I would like you and Amy
to join me, Margaret, as soon as I get located up there and
send for you."

"We will be ready to come whenever you send for us,"
Margaret replied without hesitation. She had had to make
weighty decisions before, and when there was only one
right road to take she made up her mind to take it then
and there. So in the days that followed she began selling
her assets, keeping only the most needful which she thought
might come in handy across the border.

Amy was thrilled about the prospects of a new adven-
ture, and looked forward with keen anticipation to the let-
ter that might come any day telling the glad news that a
home had been found in another land.

To a certain young gentleman who had been seeing
Amy more of late since the news leaked out that she might
be going away, the expected letter was like an on-coming
doom. He wished that it would never come. But it did come,
and with full instructions of how to get to this new home
far away in a strange land. Margaret was to take the train
as far as the end of the line which ended in a little town in
Montana. There they would be met by a man, a Mr. Walton
who would furnish them with a wagon and team and, also,
be their guide for the remainder of the long journey. As
Mr. Walton would be driving a herd of cattle, Amy was to
drive the team, and follow behind. Truman would meet them
somewhere along the way. It sounded simple enough, but
young Will had many doubts and insisted on going as far
as Pocatello with them.

He left them there, and as he said good-bye to Amy he
remarked sadly:

"I hope you won't stay long, but I doubt if you ever
come back."

"Now, Will, there are plenty more girls back in Utah
if I shouldn't and besides my father needs me. Then, just
think I may be able to convert some of those wild Indians
up there."

"That's just it," put in Will, "they're apt to carry
you off."

"Nonsense. You should know by this time that I am
perfectly able to take care of myself."

"Yes, and I wish you weren't so all-fired independent,
and would give someone else a chance to do a little bit of the
looking after."

"Perhaps," said Amy in a more serious tone, "I will
some day, but right now I can't say who it will be. Well,
good-bye. You've been wonderful to help us pack and come
all this way, and we shan't forget it ever." Then gaily she
added, "Now you go to that dance next Saturday and dance
several times for me because I don't suppose I'll be danc-
ing for a while."

The conductor was calling all-aboard. Amy squeezed
Will's hand and with a last bright smile she ushered Aunt
Margaret up the coach steps. Inside she waved good-bye to
the forlorn figure standing alone on the platform, and then
with a jerk they were on their way.

The hours passed pleasantly for the scenery was new
and varied, only when darkness shut out the landscape did
Amy sit back and close her eyes. But she did not sleep. She
was too excited for that. In her mind she kept conjuring up
fantastic pictures of the new land, of the people there, the
Indians, and log cabins on the prairies. Suddenly it was
midnight, the hour at which they were to arrive in Helena,
Montana. It was very dark, and Aunt Margaret was a little
frightened as she stepped off the train onto the dimly
lighted street in the strange city. But Amy was not the
least upset and calmly looked about for a cab. She called
for one at the end of the platform, the driver came forward
quickly and reached for their grips. Margaret was loathe
to give up her's to a total stranger, but Amy assured her it
was perfectly safe.

"Where to, ladies?" asked the young fellow, grinning broadly.

"Well, I don't quite know," Aunt Margaret replied in faltering tones.

"Yes we do," spoke up Amy. "We want you to take us to a respectable hotel. Not the most expensive one in town but a good reliable one."

"Yes Ma'am," the driver exclaimed, "I know the very one for you. Step right this way please."

It was respectable all right and clean, but their room was cold and so the travellers did not feel very cheerful as they went about their preparations for the night. Sleep soon warmed their tired minds, however, and the next morning they awoke when the sun's first rays crept across the foot of their bed.

They did not stop for breakfast as train time was very near and they didn't want to take any chances in missing it. The station was cold, too, and no one was about except the sleepy-eyed agent who was perched upon his high stool in front of the ticket window.

"Sir," asked Aunt Margaret in a rather shaky voice, "can you tell me how far it is to Montana City?"

"Why," replied the surprised little man, "there isn't any town by that name on my line."

Auntie was ready to cry, but Amy laughed it off with one of her gay little laughs, and led Margaret to a chair in the waiting room.

"Now," she said as she wrapped the extra coat around her, "you just stop your worrying. Father wouldn't have mentioned the place unless there was really such a town, and he ought to know because he came by this way. We'll find it all right. What you need is some good hot ginger tea, and I'm going out to find some."

Amy stepped out onto the street, secretly a little worried herself. She spied a policeman not far away on the next corner. He looked like the kind of person to whom you could tell your troubles, and so Amy proceeded to do that right then and there. She told him the main particulars, and then asked if there was such a city as Montana City.

"Why, yes," he replied pleasantly, "but why would a nice young lady like you want to go to such a God-forsaken place as that? It's nothing but a deserted mining town with

only one house now occupied, and that's partly a saloon."

"For goodness sake don't mention that fact to my Aunt or I'll never be able to get her to go on."

"You say you have a letter from your father?" asked the policeman further. "Perhaps if you wouldn't mind showing it to me I could understand better how to help you."

"Not at all. My Aunt has it inside the station," Amy spoke brightly with renewed hope as she led the way.

Their amiable new friend shook hands with Aunt Margaret, and then turned to take a look at the pot-bellied stove that claimed the center of the room.

"Good gracious! This stove has no fire in it," he observed, and began immediately to busy himself in making it. He rustled some wood from somewhere, and with what little coal was already in the bucket, he soon had a cozy fire roaring up the chimney. He moved two chairs close up to the stove and invited the two ladies to come and partake of the cheery warmth. Aunt Margaret's spirits rose with the flames that swept up the chimney with a noisy crackle, and soon she was chatting away with her benefactor as if he were a life-long friend. The letter was brought out and read. The officer listened intently, and then said with a smile:

"If'n'm, I thought you looked like straight goods all right. So you are going clear to Canada, and this young lady is to drive the team after you meet this Mr. Walton at Montana City. It's pretty late in the year to be driving through canyons and over mountains, but if good luck stays with you, you'll make it all right. Now, let me see what I can do about your tickets to Montana City."

The agent was not very obliging, and when asked what the fare to Montana City was, he argued crossly:

"But I haven't any right to sell tickets to that place. It's off the main line and the train won't even stop there."

The big policeman's face was set and he spoke gruffly, "Give them tickets to the nearest point. I'll attend to the rest."

"But I don't know how much to charge," the station agent whined.

"Count up the mileage and charge accordingly."

The little man behind the window looked at the law

and then got busy making out the tickets. After they were duly stamped and dated he handed them over to the big hands that were waiting to receive them. Amy came forward with the money and paid for them promptly. With a satisfied smile the officer led them to the train which had just pulled in. He helped them up the high steps, found them a seat on the sunny side, arranged their baggage, and then shook hands with them and wished them good luck.

Amy got a last glimpse of him shaking his finger at the ticket agent in his window. She sighed pleasantly, and sat back relieved that they were really on their way again. She fell to musing about the conjecture that if all men were as amiable as their recently found friend, what a world this would be, and she forgot all else. Aunt Margaret kept an eye on their grips as the other passengers on the train, all male, did not look any too trustworthy. They must be miners she thought, and hoped they weren't going to Montana City.

The train rattled on and about mid-day the newsboy came through calling fruit. Amy awoke and motioned for him to stop. She picked out two big, red apples and paid him ten cents apiece for them. With them and some rather stale sandwiches which Auntie had tucked away in her suitcase, they made out for lunch. In the afternoon they travelled through cañons made lovely by streams which flowed through them, and the many aspens and spruce which grew profusely upon their sides. As the changing scenes passed by taking their interest, the hours slipped by, too, and soon they noticed it was getting dark.

"It won't be long until we get to Montana City now," said Margaret, "because the conductor said we would get to the nearest point about seven."

They both dozed for a few moments or so and then suddenly the train stopped with a jerk. Amy's relaxed form all but slid onto the floor. Aunt Margaret pulled her up to sitting position and quickly they both donned their wraps. The conductor appeared to help them with their suit-cases and in less time than it takes to tell they were off the train and standing alone gazing into the darkness in the direction of the town where he had pointed saying, "Not a very pretty sight, but that's it!"

As their eyes became accustomed to their dim surroundings they saw in the distance a group of tumble-down shacks. A dry river-bed lay between them and their destination, but it was full of huge boulders and rotting tree trunks. No road was visible but as Amy laughingly put it, if you can see a point you want to reach and take a straight line for it, you always end up there. So Auntie picked up the remaining bag and followed Amy who was leading the way with the other two. The ground was uneven and rocky and more than once they came very near falling in the darkness, but they managed to have the suit-cases do the falling instead.

"Mercy!" exclaimed Aunt Margaret, "There will be nothing left of us by the time we get there."

"You mean nothing left of our bags, but we'll still be around," added Amy.

As they neared the spot they could see a faint light burning in the back of the largest and most respectable looking house of the group.

"Oh, that must be the saloon," observed Amy.

Auntie dropped her baggage in astonishment, "Did you say saloon?"

"Oh, I mean hotel. They call hotels saloons in Montana. Now, don't worry. We're lucky to find any signs of life at all, and I'm thrilled with the prospects."

In due time their weary steps brought them to the door on the left end of the rather longish building which seemed to be divided into two apartments. They must have struck the right end of it because in answer to their timid knock, the door was opened by the sweetest old lady in all the world. She smiled a welcome to them and invited them to step inside. To the great surprise of both, the interior was as bright and cozy as anyone could wish. There was a most inviting fire burning in the open fire place and the flannels tinted the walls with a rosy glow. There was a small table set in front of the fire-place with places for two. From the kettle on the stove came the most appetizing odor.

"My Lands!" exclaimed their wee hostess as she took their grips from them, "These must have rocks in them."

"Maybe they have," replied Amy, "because we've surely stumbled over plenty getting here."

Auntie sat down gratefully in the little cushioned rocker which the sweet old lady placed by the fire for her.

In a few moments Mrs. Jennings knew all about the newcomers and why they had stopped at this out-of-the-way place.

"Why, they're just like angels dropped down from heaven," she told her husband when he stepped in a half hour later, and they're going to stay and have supper with us. So you go down the cellar and bring me some of those blackberry preserves and I'll stir up some biscuits in a jiffy."

Almost before you could wink both eyes the biscuits were in the oven, and more broth added to the stew. The two plain plates on the table were whisked away and four very pretty flowered ones were put in their stead. Then shiny silverware was brought out from its hiding place in the cupboard. The rich velvety preserves were placed in a lovely fluted dish and given the center of the spread. Mr. Jennings added more logs to the fire and then sat down by the visitors to await the call to supper.

"I'm right glad you folks dropped in," he said, "it's just like a party for my wife to have some one come and see us, we have visitors so seldom out here."

I think the pleasure is certainly mutual," remarked Amy sincerely.

"You say you're from Utah?" he went on, "I'd kind of like to see that country myself, I've heard so much about it. There have been quite a number from there passing through Montana lately. I was talking to a man just the other day who was driving a herd of cattle up to Canada, but for some reason he sold all his stock and headed back to Utah."

"Could you describe the man?" asked Aunt Margaret, anxiously.

"Why yes, he was light-complexioned, rather stocky, and gave his name as Green and said he was from Kaysville."

Auntie looked relieved. "I'm looking for a man by the name of Walton who was expecting to drive some cattle to Canada, too. I was afraid you were speaking of him. My husband is anxiously waiting for us to come up there and join him. I know he would be very disappointed if we should

have to return to Utah. Mr. Walton was to furnish us with a team and my daughter was to do the driving."

"Don't look as if you had had much experience along that line," ventured Mr. Jennings with a sly smile in Amy's direction.

"Oh, it isn't as easy as trimming hats, I guess, but it will be a nice change at least," returned Amy.

"You'll be thinking it's quite a change if you run into one of those famous Canadian blizzards with a temperature of 40 below zero."

"Mercy!" exclaimed Aunt Margaret, throwing up her hands in horror. "Don't tell me there is any danger of that happening."

"Well, don't worry about it," Mr. Jennings replied, soothingly, "you are welcome to stay with us as long as you wish. My wife and I will be glad to have you. Now it looks like mother has supper all on the table, so sit right up please."

Never did a stew taste as delicious as that one, even though the meat was rather tough, but the vegetables were sweet and tender. As for the biscuits and blackberry jam, they were simply out of this world as Amy put it.

After dinner was over the guests helped their hostess with the dishes and, also, to make up the divan into a bed. While at this task, Mrs. Jennings explained that it would be necessary for her and her husband to attend a meeting that was being held that night in a neighborhood some distance away. However, she added, that if they cared to go along they would be very welcome to do so.

"Thank you kindly," answered Aunt Margaret, "but if you don't mind, I'll stay in this cozy place and rest, as I am really quite tired after the day's journey."

Amy decided to stay and keep her company, and a half hour later they were alone in the little apartment with no sound except the crackling of the logs with which Mr. Jennings had heaped the fire before his departure.

The two weary travellers sat gazing into the cheery flames, each busy with her own thoughts. Suddenly a step was heard on the gravel just outside the door. They both gave a start and Auntie's eyes took on a look of real dismay, but Amy only smiled and said:

"Don't be alarmed, Auntie. It must be that old bachelor that Mrs. Jennings told us about who lives in the other end of this house. He's perfectly harmless she said. I guess he got lonesome and thought he would come and visit us. I'll go to the door and see."

Aunt Margaret was about to detain her from doing so, but lively Amy moved too quickly, and before she had time to say another word, the door was already open. There on the door-step was a rather small, untidy-looking man with graying hair and deep-set eyes set in a sallow, pinched face. He was the first to speak.

"I saw you visitors through the window," he began, "and I thought I'd like to come and have a little talk with ye. I heard Mrs. Jennings say you was from Utah. Is zat right?"

Amy acted as spokesman for the two and replied, "Why yes, and I want you to know that we are respectable to strangers and we expect them to be the same to us. So won't you come in and warm yourself."

He stepped in briskly and sat down on the chair offered him. His next question was blurted out with a very apparent tone of sarcasm.

"You don't happen to know some of them Mormons out there, do you?"

"Yes, I know one or two," Amy returned casually, "Why?"

"Why?" he exploded with vehemence, "they're the lowest scum the world ever produced. Did ye ever meet a feller by the name of Brigham Young?"

"I've heard of him," Amy replied as calmly as she could, but her temper was rising very close to the boiling point, as she could feel her cheeks burning with indignation.

"Well, they say he's dead now, but they got another feller in his place that's even worse." Then he went on piling up more and more falsehoods until Aunt Margaret could stand it no longer.

"Look here," she said in commanding tones, "I know that those things you're saying are not true because I've lived among those people nearly all my life and I know that the Mormons in Utah are the most law-abiding, hard-working, most dependable people in all these United States, and what's more I'm one of them and so is my daughter here, and we're proud of the fact, too."

The little man looked at her for a moment as if he had suddenly lost all his senses, and then the tears began rolling down his cheeks, and his slender frame took on an attitude of utter dejection. He fumbled with his cap in his thin hands, and then in tones much softer than he had hitherto used, he ventured to offer his apologies.

"I'm awful sorry I said such things," he mumbled, "I didn't know you was Mormons. I used to be one myself, but I got off on the wrong track, and now here I am away out here in this God-forsaken place, and no good for nothing except workin' in the mines. I used to enjoy life back in Missouri with the Saints, but I got bitter when they had to leave there, and so I never went along with them any more." He stood up and walked slowly to the door. With his hand on the knob he turned and said with real sincerity: "I'd give all I have in the world to be one of them again, but I guess they wouldn't want me now."

"Well, it's never too late to change," Amy observed, cheerfully.

At that remark he condescended to smile faintly, but without saying another word he opened the door and disappeared into the night.

"Auntie, you're a regular preacher," cried Amy exultantly, and to reward her she gave her a big squeeze. "I do believe you'll be able to convert some of those blood-thirsty Indians up in Canada."

Aunt Margaret sighed wearily, "I'll be so glad when we get there safe and sound, and I do hope we won't have any trouble finding Mr. Walton!"

Two days later while the guests were helping Mrs. Jennings prepare the noon-day meal, a stranger appeared upon the scene and after introductions were over he proved to be the much looked-for Mr. Walton. He was a very business-like person and wanted to start for Canada at once. Their hospitable little hostess was very disappointed when

her guests began preparing to leave without their dinner, but Mr. Walton was in a terrible hurry, and so she did the next best and put them up a lovely lunch instead. She refused any money for their stay of two days, saying they had repaid her in many other ways. Amy tried to insist, but it was of no use.

"Oh, my no!" she argued, "it's been just like seeing the folks from home. I couldn't take a penny, my no!"

Aunt Margaret thanked her warmly, and with a last jolly remark from Amy about coming up to Canada and staying a week with them, they were off in the lumbering wagon which was to be their means of travel for many a weary mile to the border and beyond.



CHAPTER 5

Mr. Walton drove the team as far as Helena where his young son, who had been left to watch the cattle, awaited him. From there Amy took over. Her steady nerve and presence of mind were the means of avoiding many an accident along the way. She guided the horses with a strong hand over roads which at times were nothing more than cow trails. She not only crossed many an old river bed now stony-dry in the late October sun, but forded several turbulent mountain streams as well. Often the trail led through hills studded with infant pine or through mountains which rose into snow-capped heights the grandeur of which she had never seen before. At times she almost lost herself in the beauty of their surroundings, but Aunt Margaret would gently remind her that they were getting too far behind their guide, and so with renewed vigor Amy would whip up the team and the wagon would jolt along at a rapid rate.

They stopped along the way only long enough to eat their hurriedly prepared meals and to snatch a few hours sleep in the dark of the night. As they neared the border, chilly October winds greeted them and fortold of an early winter close at hand. Time was precious and Mr. Walton did not feel equal to tramping a hundred miles in a Cana-

dian blizzard, and so he urged the cattle on at top speed. On the second day he reigned his horse up close to the wagon, and with suppressed excitement he exclaimed:

"See that ridge over there. Well, when we get on top of that you will be able to get a glimpse of your future home, because we're in Canada now."

Amy let out a glad halloo, and whipped up the horses to a faster gait for she was most anxious to get a look at the promised land as she called it. As they neared the top of the ridge her heart began pounding with excitement. Then in a moment her heart stood still for the scene which met her gaze filled her with emotion too deep almost for breathing. Unconsciously she pulled the team to a dead stop, and stood up holding tight to the reins. On the North and East were the Rocky Mountains, purple in the distance and inlaid with many a frosty glacier. She had never seen mountains so tall, so jagged or so massive. Below them stretched the rich brown plain through which ran a pale-blue stream of water fringed with yellowing quaking aspens. Then to the West the prairie went rolling off in the distance until it melted into the horizon beyond.

"It's simply beautiful!" she breathed at last, "I know I shall love every inch of it." Then sitting down abruptly, she added joyfully, "Auntie we're almost home!"

She gave the horses a light touch of the whip and away they went pell-mell down the hill towards the river below.

By late afternoon they reached the dozen or so log houses on Lee's Creek which was their destination. The whole town turned out to welcome them, and there was a great deal of joking and questioning as Amy and Aunt Margaret went the rounds shaking each one's hands warmly.

All the while Auntie was making side-long glances to see if she could get a peek at Truman, but he was nowhere in sight. She was not able to conceal her anxiety from at least one of the onlookers, for one good sister Hannah by name, noticed it, and quickly made an explanation.

"Now, don't you go worrying Sister Leonard because your husband isn't here to meet you, too. Lands sakes he left here three days ago to do that. I guess he missed you on the way, but he's bound to run into someone who'll put him right, and he'll be back as soon as he hears. I packed him enough lunch to last him all the way to Helena and

back. So you just be at ease. You are more than welcome to come and stay with us until he returns."

The matter was settled then and there, and by supper-time Amy and Auntie were comfortable as could be in Hannah's two-roomed log cabin with a dirt floor. But that made no difference, the fire was warm and cheery, and in such amiable company it was impossible to be lonesome or blue.

The two days before Truman arrived passed quickly and happily. On the third morning Truman and his foot-sore pony showed up just ahead of some rickety wagons full of newcomers and their possessions. He was very cold and hungry, but when he found his loved ones well and happy, he forgot all the unpleasant things he had encountered on his recent journey, and exclaimed with fervor:

"Thank the Lord for this good land and these good people. Oh, I am glad to see you two!" he added, hugging them both to him tightly, "and how did you leave the rest of the folks back in Utah?"

"Everyone's fine, and send their love, but I'll tell you all the news later, you just come and sit down by the fire and warm yourself and have some of this nice hot soup Hannah has set out for you."

All the neighbors contributed something to the evening meal for the new arrivals, and as many as could squeeze into the small house stayed to help eat it. The missing tales were fitted together making a complete story of how Truman had missed his loved ones. But they were together now and that was all that mattered. Then there were more stories from the others, and as the last guests had departed, Margaret turned to her husband with the words:

"Truman you chose a wonderful place to make a new home. We must not forget to thank the Lord in our prayers tonight, for I'm sure he had a hand in it."

Before another week had passed the Leonard family were comfortably settled in their own quarters. It all came about this way. An English parliament member, Stenhouse by name, had moved into a three-roomed house in the little town of Lee's Creek. This gentleman had been sent there by the government to ascertain if these strangers from across the border were the kind of people that Canada would be proud to call citizens. As he was a single person,

he was in need of a housekeeper. Aunt Zina, a daughter of Brigham Young and wife of the founder of the town which was later named after him, recommended Amy for the position. She readily accepted, but Truman would let her go on one condition only, and that was if he and Aunt Margaret went along, too. As Mr. Stenhouse had no objections, saying he only required one room anyway, and so turned the other two over to the Leonard family. He agreed to furnish the coal in return for his meals. The arrangements were made and the next day Margaret was first lady in a home of her own once again.

Already in the few months that Truman had lived in Canada he had acquired a couple of good cows and a small flock of chickens. With all the milk and cream, butter and eggs they could eat they fared very well. In fact there was a surplus, and so Amy made a little money of her own on the side by selling eggs at fifty cents a dozen and butter at fifty cents a pound.

CHAPTER 6

One day in late November Amy was hanging out the newly washed clothes on the line, but a stiff prairie breeze whipped at them so savagely that she was unable to pin them on without help. She called loudly for Truman who was repairing a wagon in the shed near by. He came running at her frantic calls for help, and laughed good-naturedly when he saw it was only the wind which was causing all the trouble. He held the clothes in position while Amy adjusted the pins. As they were about this task, Truman noticed some wagons wending their way down the long hill which sloped directly into the heart of the town.

"Look Amy," he cried, "more immigrants!"

Amy did look and her heart skipped a beat when she caught a glimpse of the good-looking stranger driving the first team. She suddenly had a great desire to be noticed, and quickly grabbing off Truman's hat and mtying her bonnet strings, she waved them both high in the air and shouted.

"Here, here," put in her father, reaching for his one and only hat, "don't you know you will ruin that hat and there isn't another one this side of Utah. Besides they can't see you way up here."

"That first driver did because he waved back, so's here's your hat it has served it's purpose,"

She was right, he had seen her and came over the very next day for a closer view. She found that he hailed from somewhere near Hyrum, Utah; that he was young, unmarried and unattached; that he had a good business head on his broad shoulders, and was altogether a very desirable young man.

He called around at the Leonard home quite frequently after that. Sometimes it was to go to church, sometimes to a party or sometimes just to sit and talk. Anyway by the middle of December Amy had courage enough to invite him to the Christmas party she was giving for all the young folks of Cardston which the town was now called.

She spent ten glorious days making ingenious decorations out of paper to cheer up the house as she knew there would be no room for a tree. Aunt Margaret out did herself in making of the dainty sandwiches and jelly tarts for the big occasion. Truman gathered logs for the fire as toasted pine nuts was to be one of the highlights of the evening.

At last all was in readiness, and never did a log cabin look so inviting as on that memorable night. The doors and windows were gay with dangling shiny symbols of Christmas cheer. There were lovely paper flowers which looked very much like real red roses on the table and side-board. The savory smell of rich brown crust and spicy jelly filled the rooms. Outside the ruddy glow from the open fireplace made an inviting picture on the frosty snow. The guests arrived with much gaiety, and with such jolly company the party could not help be a huge success.

As the last jelly tart was consumed and the last tale told, Hebe whispered in Amy's ear that he would be over on the morrow to escort her to the big Christmas ball being held in the churchhouse.

Christmas dawned cold and clear, but where warmth was lacking on the outside of these humble dwellings it was more than made up for on the inside. Every home was warm and cozy and filled with happy cheer because of many

little home-made gifts which were given with so much love and accepted with so much appreciation. Then to top off a perfect day the whole town, from father down to baby, turned out to the dance in the late afternoon. The highlight of the evening was the grand march led by Aunt Zina and Ora Card, her husband, with Hebe and Amy next, and all the other young folks and old folks and the little folks trailing along behind trying desperately to keep up by skipping and running intermittently. Then there was more dancing of the two-step, the quadrille and finally the favorite waltz. As the mothers and fathers gathered up the yawning little ones for the drive home, they all agreed that it was positively the best dance ever held this side of Salt Lake City. And indeed it was, for the memory of it still vibrates in some of those young hearts which are now slowed with age.



CHAPTER 7

The winter passed pleasantly for Amy as she was looking forward to that day in April when she and Hebe would be together for always, even for eternity if they were able to make the long trip down to Utah and be married in the temple there. They had talked it over many times and if their plans worked out it would be possible.

At last April slipped up in the calendar, and on the second the yellow lupine and blue-bells which decorated the prairie were brought by armfuls to decorate Margaret's living room in honor of the wedding to be performed that day therein. Amy donned the blue broadcloth with the tight fitting bodice and ruffled skirt trimmed with creamy lace which Auntie had made for her. With her dark hair curled and piled high on the top of her head, and a bouquet from Mother Nature's hot house, she stood before Heber with a look of inquiry as to the effect of the finished product upon him.

"No bride in all the world ever looked lovelier," he said, and she knew he meant it and was happy.

The house was filled to overflowing with guests, but Truman and Margaret made them all welcome and saw to

it personally that each received a piece of the wedding cake which Margaret had made from her scanty store of supplies on hand. But if a little fruit was lacking in the cake, hospitality was there in abundance. Each guest had brought gifts of sundry shapes, kinds and sizes: from her beloved father, a cow; from her father-in-law, some chickens; from a neighbor, a pig; from another, a quilt. Then there were kitchen utensils, a broom and three long strips of home-made carpet. As the happy, young couple surveyed their gifts, they felt rich, and indeed they might for their gifts were given wisely and acknowledged with true thankfulness of heart.

The bride's father-in-law offered them one of his two rooms in which to set up housekeeping for themselves, and they accepted gratefully. Amy took her precious gifts and arranged them to suit her taste, that is the ones that belonged on the inside, Hebe took care of the ones that belonged on the outside. The kitchen utensils, she stored away in the goods-box cupboard; her hand-embroidered cover she placed on the home-made table; the strips of carpet she laid in front of the stove, table and bed; at the windows she hung the dainty lace curtains which Auntie had hidden away. As she stood in the doorway to view the effect, her heart swelled with pride for it was as cozy and as cheerful as any she had seen this side of Utah.

Truman and Margaret missed her gay presence terribly, especially Auntie whose health was failing. It was the first time she and Amy had been separated since that day twenty-two years ago when a forlorn little figure had knocked at the door and said, "I's come to stay."

"Margaret, you mustn't be sad about Amy leaving us," Truman tried to cheer her, "as soon as I can I'll build a place of our own big enough so that Amy and her husband can come and live with us."

But that thrifty young man who was Amy's husband had other plans. He was going to build a house of his own in the fall. He had been saving up all his earnings from teaching school the past winter just for such a purpose. That is, if there was enough left after he and Amy took that much talked about trip to Utah. Yes, they had decided that that was the first thing they should do with their savings. The trip would be an eight-hundred mile one, and no rail-

road for part of the way, but Heber had a good wagon and a fine span of horses, so it could be done.



CHAPTER 8

Spring passed with planting and hoeing and taking care of the livestock. By the first part of July, the garden Amy and Heber had planted so carefully was bringing in real returns. On the fourth of July, Aunt Zina invited the young couple over for a farewell dinner as they were leaving for Utah the next morning. It was a very appetizing meal with little new potatoes and green peas gathered from the garden of their hostess.

"Now when you young ones get to Utah," lectured Aunt Zina with a playful smile, "I want you to spare no adjectives in telling folks about our delicious Canadian vegetables. And be sure and go and see my dear mother, and tell her that we are all well and getting along fine."

After an enjoyable evening the young couple returned home for a good night's rest before starting out on their long journey by team to Helena, Montana.

Early the next morning as the wagon jolted along noisily, Amy delighted Heber with her reminiscences of the trip she and Aunt Margaret had had over the same road just eight months before, and along with talk of their plans for the future the time passed quickly and pleasantly.

When they reached Helena they found a good home for their team, and paying for their keep in advance, they took the train for the remainder of the journey. As the conductor took their tickets and noticed their destination, he smiled and said:

"So you're going to Utah, eh? There are big changes going on there so I hear. A very beautiful temple is being built in Salt Lake City, and one has already been finished in Logan, Utah. These Mormons are a thrifty lot, I must say."

"Yes," replied Amy, "I've heard that is so," and she smiled but for quite a different reason.

In due time they arrived at their destination at Logan. They hired a man to drive them to the little town of Hyrum near by where the bridegroom's parents resided. The young bride endeared herself to them from the very first day of their meeting with her gay speech and winning ways. The couple visited for a couple of days while arrangements were being made for their marriage in the Logan temple.

Her marriage for Eternity was even more thrilling than the one for time, only, had been. In fact it was an event which never dimmed in her memory.

"Oh!" she remarked after it was all over, "if every young couple could be married in such a beautiful place and with such an impressive ceremony they would surely want to stay married forever and ever."

The trip to Farmington was a very exciting one for Amy. To see her own mother again, her brothers and sisters, and her many friends, was a pleasure she had not expected to come her way so soon. She was very proud in showing off her fine young husband, and her praise for their new home in the Rockies was perhaps a little too profuse, but sincere all the same. Their visit here was cut short because of the long eight-hundred mile trip awaiting them, and they wanted to travel while the weather was still fine.

Before September had rolled around they were crossing the border once again, and with a light touch of the whip, Heber called out cheerfully:

"Speed up there, now, we're on the last stretch. By night you'll be feasting on Canada hay." Then he turned to Amy and said, "You know I believe the most exciting part of a trip is when you're almost home again."

She heartily agreed for she could scarcely wait to see how all the new things she had brought from Utah would look in her home. She had brought the much prized organ which her father had given her, the sewing machine, and several useful articles of furniture, besides.

That evening the horses did indeed feast on an abundance of wild Canadian hay, and the newly-weds feasted on Canadian vegetables prepared by Aunt Margaret's loving hands. Later as they were relating their many experiences of the past month to Margaret and Truman, Aunt Zina and Ora dropped in. After that there were a great many more questions to answer, and more tales to be told. At the con-

clusion the president asked:

"Well, Heber, I have a nice job waiting for you. You remember the co-op store we opened up just before you left for Utah? Well, that fellow I hired as clerk has left town and we'd like you to take his place starting tomorrow."

Heber thought for a moment and then answered, "I'd like to accommodate you, but I had planned to go to the mountains tomorrow for some logs to start building a house before winter sets in. I wonder if you could find someone else?"

"I could take your wife, here with your consent. I know of a young girl who could do Amy's housework while she clerked in the store."

"I'll leave it up to Amy and let her decide for herself."

"Why, yes, I'd like to try it," Amy consented, "I had planned to open a millinery shop but I think a regular salary might be more certain of results."

"Besides," President Card went on, "we want you to take over the job of Primary president, and trimming hats might not mix so well with stories for children, he added, laughing.

Amy was persuaded to accept both positions and promised to do her best.

The next morning Truman and Heber started out on their trip to the mountains for logs with which to build the new house. In the wagon Margaret had placed blankets and provisions to last several days as it was no mean undertaking, and if they ran into a storm it would take more than the four days they had planned on taking. Amy kissed them both good-bye, and then started out on her mile walk to the store. If she had thought that trimming hats would be more interesting than clerking, she had been wrong, for unpacking the new goods as they arrived and arranging them on the shelves, chatting with each customer, making suggestions, was all so exciting that Amy thought she had never enjoyed anything quite so much before. To top it off she bought herself a length of the first dress goods to come in, and had the honor of making and wearing the first new dress in the town.

One day early in December Aunt Zina dropped in for a few articles.

"Do you know," she mused, "I think you are the best

clerk we ever had."

"I guess you aren't far wrong there," put in Amy, "as you have only had one other and he ran out on you."

"I mean," went on Aunt Zina, seriously, "that you really are an excellent clerk, but Dearie you better be thinking about giving it up, by Christmas anyway. You shouldn't be standing on your feet all day like this, and reaching up on the shelves for things. You know you have someone else to think about now."

"So you have guessed our secret," answered Amy, the color rising in her cheeks.

"I can always tell before anyone else. Goodness knows I've helped plenty of them through it. Now don't worry, but just be a little more careful from now on."



CHAPTER 9

Amy's best Christmas present that year was moving into her very own home of two fine large rooms. It was close to the store, too, so that Heber could get to work on time, for he had taken over Amy's job after the house was completed. Heber and Truman had done a fine piece of work on the house, and it was one of the best in town. It had real wood floors instead of dirt ones as the earlier houses had. With the pretty chairs Amy had brought from Utah, the organ, sewing machine and fine bed Truman had made, the house seemed a miniature palace to her. In fact there was only one other house in town that was furnished as completely, and that was the home of President Card and his beloved wife, Aunt Zina. That good lady, also, had the only other organ in the community.

Amy spent many long winter hours sewing yards and yards of lace on little dresses that would seem very long for an infant of today. When she tired of her sewing she practiced on the organ, for the choir leader had appointed her organist. Every Thursday night that jolly assemblage of musical persons met in Amy's fine livingroom and turned out the harmony that would have done credit to a much more practiced group of singers. Those were happy evenings as strains of beautiful anthems mingled with lighter airs,

and laughter, too, floated out through the chinks in the logs into the frosty air. But singing warms the soul and as the guests departed for their various homes they did not notice the chilling blasts which whipped at their wraps. Amy had warmed their blankets and when tucked snugly around them in their buggies or wagons they were as cozy as could be, and really enjoyed the ride home even if the temperature happened to be down around thirty-five below zero.

Gradually the temperature began to rise, though, and the snow turned to rain. Then, Amy had mud and water with which to contend instead of cold. But on bright, sunny days the soft earth around her door, quickly dried, and she was able to walk out into the warm sunshine. Soon the sweet smelling lupine yellowed the prairie once again. She gathered lovely bouquets of them to decorate her home for her first wedding anniversary. Even after that pleasant day had passed she gathered fresh ones and kept her house gay with their color for she dearly loved these native blossoms which grew so profusely around their yard. But one day near the end of May the flowers lay drooping and forgotten in a greater joy which had come to her, her first child, a little girl with hair so black that an admiring visitor was moved to ask jokingly:

"Aye you sure, Amy, that you didn't trade your baby for one of those little paposes out on the Indian Reservation just across the creek?"

Before she could answer, Truman hastily gave an explanation, "No, it's just the Leonard coming out on her," and he ran his hand through his thick, black hair which was still as dark as ever save for a speck of gray at the temples.

When the baby was yet but a few weeks old, Amy was back on her job again as Primary president, a position which was admirably suited to her talents. For she had the gift of telling stories which made both young and old listen breathlessly until the last word was said. This coupled with her enthusiasm and friendliness endeared her to every one with whom she came in contact. Somehow she even found the time to help her husband in the store during the rush hour of the day. Then, choir practice was still held in her home every Thursday night.

One evening as she sat by the window rocking her baby to sleep in the long twilight of a Canadian summer day, she noticed a buggy approaching. She knew the vehicle well for it had stopped at her home on many previous occasions. She laid the sleeping child down carefully in her cradle, and hurried to the door to greet Aunt Zina, her husband, and several others.

"Well, Amy, now you know that something is up when we call on you in a bunch like this," explained the president.

"Yes," laughed Amy, "the curtain is up and now on with the show."

"You don't know how close you came to the subject in hand when you made that remark," went on Ora, "but to get down to plain facts, we need some other form of entertainment in this town besides singing and dancing. Zina, here, suggested that we should put on some plays as her father did back in Salt Lake City. With your talent for telling stories, you should make a first-rate actress, and so we want you to take the lead in our opening play."

"Well," answered Amy a little dubiously, "I'm willing to try anything once."

That night there was much planning, joking and suggesting, but after an hour or so a definite dramatic organization came into being, with Aunt Zina as director and all present sworn in as charter members. They agreed to furnish their time, talents, costumes and any properties needed to make their performances a success.

On leaving President Card remarked: "Now I want all you good people here to take this as a serious matter. It is the same as being called on a mission because this community needs entertainment as well as spiritual guidance to make their lives complete."

The next four years were so filled with activities that there was never a moment left free in which Amy might take time to relax. She kept up with her many household tasks with occasional help; she put her whole heart and soul into her job as Primary president; she took the leading roles in such plays as "The Rose of Elvira Vale," and "Ten Nights in a Barroom"; she rented her two extra rooms which had been added onto the two original ones,

to travellers for twenty-five cents a bed and twenty-five cents a meal; she had another baby girl, and in short was the live wire of the town to whom many of the younger generation came for advice.

In the midst of all these doings came an announcement which tended to bring things to a complete standstill, for a moment at least. Amy reread the letter for the second time, while her husband was standing there waiting for her comment. It was an honor that he should be called as the first missionary from Canada to attend a six-months' course of study being given at the Brigham Young Academy in Provo. But how could she manage to take this place in the store and do all the other things besides. Then there was this other item which she had not even mentioned to him yet.

"Well, Amy," Heber asked not waiting for her answer, "What do you think?"

"I can't seem to think at all," she replied.

"I have a plan, then," Heber went on, "we won't try to rent the two extra rooms out for a hotel anymore, but I'll convert them into a store of our own, and you could run it while I'm gone so we could have an income to tide us over the six months. We've both had some experience in the store business and I think we could make a go of it. I'll build an extra room on for a store-room. Of course it would be necessary for me to go East to procure some goods, but I believe I could get them on credit. Then I'd have to have help in freighting them from Leithbridge, but I'm sure I could do it. What do you say?"

He was so enthusiastic about it all that Amy didn't have the heart to say anything which might spoil his fine plans, and so she answered with a hopeful smile:

"I think it's a wonderful idea, and I'm willing to help you all I can." She decided the other little matter could wait for a while longer.

So it was settled and Heber began putting up the warehouse at once. When it was finished, he left for Winnipeg to see about getting some merchandise for the new store. Somehow he seemed to make a favorable impression on the perfect stranger to whom he went, for that gentleman invited him into his home to talk the deal over. When offered a drink of liquor, Heber refused, politely, saying it was against his principles. This so pleased the magnate that he

was moved to say:

"I admire a young fellow who stands by what he thinks is right even if it might seem to be advantageous to do otherwise at times. I think I can trust you, and so I'm letting you have four thousand dollars worth of goods on credit with no security except your word."

"Thank you very much, Sir. I'm sure you will not be disappointed." Nor was he, that year, nor any of the many other years that followed for this young man's credit remained one-hundred per cent as long as either of them lived.

It took four days to bring the goods from Lethbridge by team, and it was necessary for the drivers to sleep beneath the wagons and keep watch of their precious cargo and, also, of the animals staked near by. Prowling Indians had been known to lay their hands on things which did not belong to them and carry them off. But they reached home without mishap and two little girls came flying out of the house to greet their daddy who always had some little treasure tucked away in his pockets to give each of them.

When Amy saw the amount of goods being unpacked she got a little panicky, and decided it was about time she was making her announcement. So that evening when the children were put to bed, she brought up the subject.

"Heber," she ventured bravely, "I don't think I'll be able to clerk in the store all the time you are gone, because before you get back we'll have another addition to the family."

This was something on which he had not counted and for a moment he was left without words to cope with the situation. He recovered himself quickly, however, and replied brightly:

"Why that's just fine. Now don't you worry. I'll find another clerk somewhere."

But it seemed that a good reliable clerk was hard to find, for after six weeks of hunting he still had not found a suitable one. They both were beginning to get just a little discouraged. But one evening while Heber was away at church, Amy had a heart to heart talk with her Maker about it, and when her husband returned she seemed at perfect ease.

"Heber," she said, "I've decided that we have done all

we can do and so now we are going to leave it to the Lord to help us. So you get ready to go to Utah, and I'm sure something will turn up."

A few days later something did turn up in the form of a very tall, but honest looking young man. He came into the store where Heber was busy cleaning up after a busy day. He introduced himself and remarked in a pleasant manner:

"Mr. Allen, I hear you are having a difficult time in finding a clerk to help you. I've been down to one of your little settlements here installing a creamery and teaching some of your members how to make butter and cheese. I was thinking of returning home but if you need a good man, I'll be glad to stay and help you."

Heber felt at once that this was the very man he wanted and hired him on the spot. He proved to be a very congenial and competent young man. In fact they could not have found a better one. In turn he liked these progressive people so well that in time he joined with them and married the Bishop's daughter to boot.

A few nights before Heber was to leave on his mission, the oldest little girl of four years became very ill. As there was no doctor in the community they gave her such home remedies as they thought fit for the high fever which seemed to be burning in her, but she became gradually worse instead of better. The night before her father was to leave, he came and stood by her bedside, and looking down at her for a while he said:

"I wonder if I had better go tomorrow?"

Amy turned quickly so he could not see the sudden tears that sprang to her eyes.

"Yes, of course," she replied firmly, "you mustn't miss your appointment."

He sat holding the limp feverish hand for a moment and then asked for the consecrated oil. He performed that solemn ceremony, which he had been given the power by one in authority to perform, and then waited for the results.

In less than a half hour the little hand he held in his felt cooler. Inside of an hour the little girl had awakened and said she was hungry. Joyously Amy hurried for some milk-toast, for it was the first time the child had asked for food for three days. She sat up and even smiled as she ate it.

After she had finished it all, she lay down again and soon was asleep in a calm, natural one, and there was no sign of any fever. That night when two relieved souls knelt in thankful prayer, they did not forget to acknowledge their appreciation to him who performs such miracles.

The next morning two little girls were up bright and early to eat the last breakfast with their daddy for a long time. They were not allowed to go outside with him to the buggy which was to drive him sixty miles to the nearest railroad, because it was the middle of January and the temperature was not right for a little girl who had just recovered from a severe illness. So they kissed him good-bye at the door, and promised to be good and help Mamma.



CHAPTER 11

It had been decided that while Heber was away, Truman and Margaret, Aunt "Nana" as the children called her, should come and live with Amy and help her with the store and household duties. For six weeks things went along smoothly, business was very good, and their new clerk was most capable. Then suddenly Nana took seriously ill and it turned out to be pneumonia. Then the youngest child, just two years old became sick, and in a few days this, too, turned into pneumonia. Truman was the next one stricken, that left only Amy and the little girl, four, to take care of them all. There were no doctors or nurses on whom to call for help, but many friends came without being called upon, and took the heaviest burdens off Amy's shoulders. Two sisters came every night regularly, and stayed until dawn.

One day the neighbor's child just the age of Amy's stricken one, died of the same disease. That evening after the Bishop and several others had visited with the bereaved family, they dropped in to give what aid and comfort they could to those who were ill in the Leonard family.

The Bishop acted as spokesman for the group.

"We have come, Sister Allen, to tell you that we have done all we can for your baby that is possible for us to do. Now we must leave her in other hands than our own."

"But, Bishop," replied Amy, confidently, "I do not think my baby is going to die."

"I admire your faith and courage, and we sincerely hope you are right. We will all unite in prayer in your behalf, and then we will say good-night. I have asked Sister Hinman, here, the best practical nurse in town, to stay and help you tonight."

After the prayer was offered and each good neighbor had given Amy a warm hand-shake, they departed leaving the one good sister to keep her company through the night. This kind soul bathed the child's feverish body, and then placed her on a pillow on the mother's lap as the latter had requested her to do so. Every half hour they moistened the baby's dry skin with oil, but each time it would be completely absorbed by the high fever. About midnight Amy had been watching the clock, when turning to her companion she was startled to see the look of concern on her face. Quickly she sensed it was the baby, and looked down at it. The little face had turned purple.

"What's the matter with her?" Amy cried out in anguish.

"She is having inward convulsions," was the reply.

"What can we do? Isn't there something we can do?"

"Yes, if your nerves are steady enough." Amy nodded. "Then bring me some castor oil and turpentine and a tablespoon," ordered the cool-headed lady, taking the child from her.

Amy went for the supplies at once. When she returned with them she saw the other mix three spoonfuls of the turpentine with several of the oil. She could not watch the process while those strong capable hands held the baby's nose and forced the mixture into its tiny mouth. But she heard the baby gasping for breath at intervals, as only a few drops could be given at once. The convulsions did not stop immediately but the good lady kept right on with the treatment, and towards morning there was a decided change for the better. The ordeal had been almost too much, though, for the one in charge, and when Amy noticed her great fatigue, she insisted on taking the baby from her, and instructed her to lie down for a little rest. In a very few moments the weary soul had forgotten her cares in sound sleep.

As the mother sat alone with her baby, her heart was filled to over-flowing with gratitude as she felt the fever gradually leaving the little body. The tiny face was no longer purple but had taken on a more natural hue. The breathing was more natural, too, and now Amy knew that the crisis had passed.

In the early dawn she heard the door knob turn gently, and looking in that direction, she saw that it was the bishop returning. He came towards her and looked down at the peacefully sleeping child on her lap. Then his kindly eyes filled with tears. He remarked simply but with deep feeling:

"Your faith has made her whole." Then without saying another word he turned and quietly left the room.

That day the baby took the first nourishment she had had for some days. That evening she was given a warm bath by a kind neighbor and a change into fresh clean clothes. Then she was put into bed with Amy and both slept all the long night through. The same routine was followed the next night, and again the two slept without awakening. On the third morning Amy gave birth to a ten-pound baby boy. It so happened that this was her twenty-ninth birthday and this one priceless gift overshadowed all the rest.

Nana's birthday had been just twelve days before, and she had spent that day in bed, also, but today she was sitting up in her room when a neighbor brought in the new grandson for her to see.

"Nana, I do believe Amy looks better than you do," the good lady remarked, jokingly.

"Why shouldn't she?" Nana reported, "she's only had one kid and I had two!" And she held up for observation, a pair of kid gloves, a belated birthday gift which had arrived just that morning from Utah.

By the time Amy's anniversary, the second of April, rolled around again things were looking much brighter. Grandpa Leonard was his old jolly self once more, and very proud of his new grandson who at the age of six weeks was such a plump, big fellow that a whole new set of clothes had to be made for him. This was Aunt Margaret's special task, for since her recent illness she did not have the strength to do the heavier duties about the house. Amy helped in the store during part of the day while the two little girls amused the baby under Nana's ever watchful eye.

Amy's first day back at Primary after her long absence as a pleasant surprise. The enthusiastic teachers with the children had planned a special program in her honor followed by simple, home-made refreshments. Many of the little ones presented her with nosegays made from the wild flowers which were blooming on the prairie. As they held them up for her with their eyes bright and their lips smiling, her soul was touched to the brink of tears, and she thought "surely, of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." And she was glad of the privilege accorded her to be so close to it.

Midsummer found Heber back home again, and making new improvement in his thriving store business. When he had erected a new building and had arranged his affairs so that they were running smoothly, he ventured out on another project. He and one of the old-timers built the first "Roller mill" down on the river about two miles from the town. But an early spring flood, a couple of years later, washed it completely away. There were other exciting times, too, in those two years such as a prairie fire which required the combined efforts of the whole town to keep it away from their doors; a blizzard which piled the snow up almost to the top of the windows; then there were Indian scares.

One warm summer night, Amy decided that the back door should be left open in order that the prairie breeze might permeate the house, making the bedrooms more comfortable for sleeping. Heber was extra tired from his hard day at the store, and had gone to sleep immediately on retiring. But Amy took longer for she had to make her usual rounds of the three children to see if all was well with



them. The two little girls were fast asleep in the next room, but as the baby was fussing in his cradle, she pulled it over close to their bed. Then lying down beside her sleeping husband she rocked the baby gently with her outstretched hand. In a short time the soothing motion put them both to sleep, but suddenly Amy awakened with a start. She had heard something in her sleep that wasn't a dream. She listened intently and waited for a repetition. In a moment she heard it again, the same sound only this time more audible. Someone was outside the house. Their halting footsteps did not make the sound of boots with hobnails, but of moccasined feet stealing toward the open back door. She waited, fearfully wondering just what she should do about it. When those steps entered the house and crept closer to her bedroom door, she nudged Heber violently in the side and whispered:

"Quick, someone is in the house and I think it's an Indian!"

Heber jumped out of bed in a flash and called out loudly: "Who goes there?"

The answer came in low guttural tones, "Stumatsoat-skin," as the young store keeper was called by his Indian customers, "I come for more yellow drink. You come and get him for me in heap big store."

His speech and manner gave him away for it was plain to see that he was on the verge of being drunk, drunk on lemon extract which the Indians obtained illegally and drank for their alcoholic content. He had evidently had a big dose and had come where he thought he might obtain more. But Heber could not give him more because the government had forbidden the sale of any fluid containing alcohol to the Indians. He thought fast, and then remembered the bag of candy which he had brought from the store that evening for the children. Quickly he obtained it from his coat pocket, and holding it out to the Indian he said coaxingly in his own native tongue:

"Yellow drink all gone. It heap bad for good Indian. It make him sick in stomach," and Heber went through the motions with feeling, "but this in bag make Indian feel happy. Here you take all and go give papoose some, too." The unwelcome visitor took the proffered bag of sweets and uttering a satisfied "ugh", he turned and walked unsteadily out into the moonlit night.

They both watched him until he was far along the road that led to the Indian Reservation on the other side of the creek. Then with a mutual sigh of relief they settled down for the remainder of the night. Before sleep had overtaken them, Heber remarked:

"Amy I think you had better keep the door locked after this, even in the daytime. You never know when you might have another visitor." With that he was soon asleep and snoring away contentedly. But Amy stayed awake a long time wondering what she would do if she should have another visitor and if she were there alone, for the new store where Heber spent most of his time was, now, some distance from their home.

She didn't have many days to wonder about it before she really had a chance to make up her mind just what she would do on such an occasion. It was warm afternoon and she had left the door slightly ajar. Her back was turned to it as she was mixing bread on the table in the middle of the room. Without any preliminary warning that visitors were near, she suddenly heard the door close behind her and was conscious that someone was in the room. She turned quickly and to her utter astonishment she saw not only one Indian, but three husky braves standing with their backs on the door. They peered at her with their dark, unfeeling eyes, and lips drawn in a straight line. She realized that she must not let them know that she was at all disturbed by their presence, because if there is anything that an Indian hates, it is a coward. So putting on a brave front she mustered up a smile and asked in a voice that was meant to be strong:

"Well, my fine Braves, what can I do for you this morning?"

One acted as spokesman, and replied, "Injuns want to borrow," and then instead of saying the word he made the motion of an axe chopping down a big tree.

Amy's heart skipped a beat and the color left her cheeks, but she smiled again and said:

"Oh, you mean the axe." They all nodded, but they did not smile.

"It is outside in the woodshed," Amy went on, and she pointed out the window in that direction. "If you will open the door, I will get it for you."

After going through the motions they finally seemed to

catch on to what she wanted and removed their unwanted presence from the only means of exit. Amy opened the door and stepped out into the fresh air. It revived her weakened spirit and she walked briskly to the shed, obtained the axe and handed it to the Redskin closest to her, for they had all followed her there. He took it, actually smiled, held it up to the others, and proceeded to demonstrate how sharp it was by running his brown finger along its shiny edge. There was a moment packed with fear and suspense for Amy, and then their leader turned on his heel and started for the open road. The others with a grunt, which meant goodness knows what, turned, also, and followed him. With a great sigh of relief a still very much alive manna walked slowly back towards the house. From that very day Amy began to make plans for another home which should be built near the new store.

But as time went on she became accustomed to these dark-skinned neighbors who made their home just across the river, and decided that they were not as bloodthirsty as they appeared. In fact they were even friendly at times, especially with her husband whom they idolized because of his fair treatment of them. They often brought him little beaded gifts which the children prized very highly for they usually gained possession of them. But on one occasion the most priceless gift of all was given to Amy, herself. It all came about this way.

There was to be a great masquerade ball in the community. It was for days the chief topic of conversation for a wonderful prize was being offered to the one who could dress so that he could conceal his identity from all others. There was a great deal of jocularly about the proposed impersonations which were suggested for this one and that. Through it all Heber kept his peace and avoided any quizzing on the subject. He returned from work one night all elated about some interesting secret which he refused mysteriously to share with either the children or Amy.

"Oh, you just be patient and you'll find out in due time," he put them off doggedly.

The night of the great ball arrived, but Amy was afraid she would not be able to attend because the youngsters had carried off one of her only respectable pair of shoes, and there was not another pair in town to fit her. All efforts

to locate the missing necessity were in vain. The little girls pinned the crime onto the mischievous little boy of the family, but somehow his two-year old brain didn't seem to grasp the importance of the situation and his clues only led them on a wild goose chase after some hidden toy. Then, how he would laugh when they would find it, and he couldn't understand why they didn't laugh, too. So Amy decided she would have to miss the fun and stay at home.

"Perhaps you could go to the dance barefooted," suggested Heber. "When you see the costume I have for you, perhaps that wouldn't be such a bad idea," he went on.

"What have you got up your sleeve?" queried Amy.

"You'll see. Just be watching for me. I have an errand that will take about an hour, but I'll be back in time for the dance."

Amy watched him through the window while he saddled his horse and rode off in the direction of the Indian Reservation. Then she went about her task of washing the supper dishes, all while wondering what he was up to. She put the children to bed early, and as it was a little chilly in the house after the warm rays of the sun had disappeared in the West, she decided to make a fire in the front room stove. It was the first to be made in that room for several days but she thought perhaps some of their friends might drop in on the way to the dance. As she opened the door to put in the wood, she noticed something dark inside. She pulled it out into the light, and to her great joy it proved to be the long, lost shoe.

"Well, I declare," she exclaimed out loud, "now I can go to the dance."

Just then she heard horses hoofs on the gravel outside. She listened for a moment and then heard her named called loudly. Quickly she ran to the door and opened it. For a moment her feelings were a mixture of fear and surprise for there on Heber's horse sat a warrior in all his war paint and feather headdress which swept down his back and almost onto the ground. Amy let out a little womanly scream, and at that the Redskin, for his skin was certainly red, let out a laugh which sounded very familiar.

"So you don't even know me. Well, I guess could fool the rest of them then." And Heber laughed again.

"Oh, you!" Amy fumed, but with a wry smile about the corner of her lips. "And you've shaved off your mustache! That's what fooled me, because I've never seen you without it. I declare I really didn't know you for a minute until you laughed."

"Look here, though," Heber put in with enthusiasm, "I've brought you a disguise, too. The Chief gave it to me for you." and from out of his blanket he drew the most gorgeous Indian dress which she had ever seen. It was made from white leather and fringed at the bottom and neck. Besides this trimming there were rows and rows of Elk's teeth dangling between designs of bright colored beads.

"Oh, it's simply beautiful!" Amy breathed, but as she held it to her she got a whiff of a scent that made her hold it out far from her. "Oh, but it stinks!" she added.

"Well, suit yourself, but it's yours anyway. Now come on let's go to the dance before it is too late for me to win that prize."

"You go over first," declared Amy, "if they see you with me they will guess who you are. I'll slip into the costume Auntie rigged up for me and come around a little later."

Heber hesitated, but Amy insisted. So he turned his horse and rode in the direction of the recreation hall. She watched him until he turned the corner, and as she went back into the house she amused herself with the thought that it was rather strange how she came to fall in love and marry an Indian chief. At least he was the best imitation which she had ever seen. She hurried into her own costume, and soon was in the midst of the fun herself.

The dance was well attended. In fact the town was out en-masse. The impersonations were many and varied, and very amusing, except the Big Chief. All the young girls were scared stiff of him, and screamed every time he popped up behind them. They weren't quite sure whether he was human or not. No one knew him except a jolly person who was one of the live-wires of the party, and she kept the secret to herself. But once the Redskin forgot himself, and his hands went into a characteristic pose which was known to all the Old Timers. One of them called out, "That's H. S. or I'm a horse thief!" Well everyone knew then, but he won the prize all the same for he fooled the company the longest.

The prize was a most beautiful picture which hung in Amy's best room for many long years and its story was retold many times. The Indian dress, too, was exhibited with pride, but the onlookers kept their distance. In time, however, Amy was persuaded to part with the dress for the sum of three hundred dollars. The travelling man to whom she sold it, resold it in New York City for the sum of one thousand dollars.

As for the picture, it was discarded when considered out of date, and was tucked away in the attic. Years later it was brought to light by an admiring daughter of the original owner. The former had it reframed and now it adorns a very modern livingroom, and is admired by all who enter there.



CHAPTER 13

Aunt Amy, as the Primary children lovingly called her, was promoted from local president to state president of all the Primaries in Canada, although they were still within a radius of a hundred miles from each other. But the roads between them led over hill and stream and there were very few bridges. Oft times in spring the "gumbo" mud, as the sticky clay was called, made the roads almost impassible. During the summer months, though, they dried, but were always rough and rocky. The scenes along the way were varied and interesting, however, and made one forget the bumps unless they were bad enough to land one upside down on the road which did happen occasionally.

One day early in May Amy was making a tour of the stake. She made all her visits in spring and summer as the roads were too dangerous in winter. She had with her, in the two-seated buggy, one of her counselors and her three children, for they dearly loved these long rides to new and exciting places. As the buggy went bumping noisily down one of the many hills, the horses stopped with a sudden jolt which almost threw the occupants out onto the road. Amy tried to urge them forward with a touch of the whip, but they only reared and stormed and refused to go on. The

children became frightened and began to cry. Their mother tried to soothe their fears but inwardly she was upset herself, although she kept the fact under cover as well as she could. She decided to get out and see if the horses could be led. As she grabbed the bridle of the nearest, she noticed that it was foaming at the mouth, and that its eyes wore a glassy stare. She looked ahead to see what was causing all this undue alarm, but only a dark spot was visible in the road a little distance away. She walked toward it and her eyes widened in astonishment. Then she motioned for the others to come and have a look. What they saw was a deep gorge cut directly across the road by the running water from the high drifts which had lined the way during the winter. Had they driven into it without stopping, their light vehicle would most certainly have been overturned and someone hurt.

"I wonder," remarked Amy thoughtfully, "how those horses knew this was there when we hadn't even come upon it yet."

"Mama," suggested one of the little girls, "Maybe the horses saw an angel standing by the hole, and got scared."

It was midsummer and time for Amy to take another of those trips around the stake. She never shirked her duty to visit each and every Primary organization and give them her enthusiastic suggestions and encouragement. She was taking Aunt Zina along this trip, and two of her children, she had left the oldest home to take care of the new baby girl. A recent heavy rain had swollen the many streams over which they had to pass. Amy managed very well on the smaller streams, but when they came to the main river they saw that the small bridge had been washed away. As there was no other road which they might take, Amy decided they would try to ford the river in one of the more shallow spots. She coaxed the team of horses into the running water, not realizing how swift it was. As the light buggy plunged off the bank into the current, the water began trickling over their feet, and gradually began rising higher and higher. In the middle of the stream the horses lost their footing and began floundering about wildly. Aunt Zina screamed and made a gesture of leaping into the water. Amy held her firmly with one hand and letting go of the reins, she grabbed the two children with the other.

"This is a matter for prayer," she told her companion, quietly.

All were still for a few split seconds when it seemed that the buggy and horses would both be carried down stream and lost. Then from out of the trees on the opposite bank appeared a bright red feather atop the head of an Indian riding on a black and white pony. He sized up the situation at a glance, and immediately plunged his horse into the river. He reached the team of horses just as they were about to go under, and grasping their bridles in his strong bronze hands he guided them to the shore. Somehow the buggy managed to stay upright although the occupants were wet to the waist with the water that was running over them. As they landed safely on the other side, Aunt Zina slumped down in a heap. Amy felt like doing the same thing but some one had to take charge, so she hung onto her senses. The children were clinging to her arms whimpering, and the Indian was waiting for further orders. Amy motioned to the farm house which could be seen through the trees some distance away. The Redskin seemed to understand, and still guiding the horses he led them in that direction. With the jolting of the buggy over the brush and rocks, Aunt Zina revived, and Amy did her best to make her more comfortable by wringing the water from her wet skirt. The sun was shining and so they were not chilled too severely. When they reached the farm house the Indian tied up the team and helped them out. When he saw that others had come to the rescue, he slid quietly onto his pony and made off. When Amy found time to thank him he was out of sight, but from that day forward she never missed a chance to do a good turn for his native countrymen.



CHAPTER 14

It was a hot windy day as Amy placed the two small children in the front of the rickety, old buggy, and then proceeded to untie the lines from the front gate post. Tucking the kiddies in securely she seated herself in the driver's position. Before giving the horses the signal to go, she opened up a large, black umbrella to shade the children from the hot sun. One of the animals caught sight of this dark object bobbing in the wind and became frightened. It reared and plucked forward dragging the other horse along with it, and in less than a minute both were on a dead run. Amy, sensing what was wrong reached for the umbrella and tossed it away, but in doing so she lost one of the lines. Against her better judgment she leaned far out over the dash-board and reached for the missing line. She came very close to going out on her head, but miraculously she retrieved it. Then she settled back prepared for the worst. At that moment she remembered the words of Apostle John Taylor when he had set her apart for the office of stake president; "you shall travel about the stake on your Primary work, and you shall not be hindered or hurt while you are doing your duty." With renewed courage she grasped the lines more firmly and pulled with all her strength. Gradually the horses slowed down, and soon they were travelling along as if nothing had happened.

Along the way Amy stopped to pick up one of her counselors who was to accompany her on this particular trip around the stake. She was a heavy-set woman, weighing close to two hundred pounds, but every inch of her a loveable true friend to young and old. When she took her place on the back seat the springs sank pretty low on that side. That would not have mattered though, if she had not raised her umbrella at the same time. It was just within seeing range of that spooky horse on that side, and when he got a glimpse of it, he was off again on a wild rampage.

"Mercy!" she exclaimed, closing her shade quickly, "I didn't know your old plugs had such nonsense under their skins."

"Mama threw our umbrella away," ventured one of the children, looking meaningfully at the cause of all the trouble.

"Oh, never mind throwing yours away," laughed Amy, "I think I can handle them now." And for a second time that

day she was master and brought the horses to their senses. They travelled on at an even gait until they reached the point of the mountain, but the wind at that place was blowing a regular gale, and it seemed they would be blown right out of the vehicle.

"Gracious!" cried Aunt Emma, holding onto her seat with all her might, "don't you think we had better go back, Amy?"

"No," replied Amy, firmly, "we can't miss this appointment, they are expecting us. But we can pray about it."

"Well for goodness sake, let's stop the horses and do it then. We simply can't go on this way."

Amy did as she suggested. The children bowed their heads as they saw their elders doing, and Aunt Emma said a few simple words, but they came from the bottom of her heart.

They had travelled on a few more miles, conversing on the topics of the day, and on the scenes that surrounded them. Suddenly the little girl spoke up brightly: "Mama, look the wind isn't blowing any more."



CHAPTER 15

One September day, just one year before the turn of the century, Amy wrote her mother in Utah, that she, and Heber and the four children would be down in a week or two to pay her a visit. Incidentally they had planned to attend October conference to be held in the tabernacle in Salt Lake City, at the same time. A week before their departure the trunks were all packed and sent ahead by wagon to Lethbridge where they would take the train for Helena, Montana. The few remaining days were very busy ones for Amy and Heber, each getting their own affairs in order so that others could take over in their absence. The night before they were to leave it began to snow and blow, and in a short time a good old Canadian blizzard was in full swing. The ice swelled in the river and took out the only bridge.

"Well, Amy," said Heber when he viewed the drifts next morning, "I'm afraid the trip is off for awhile at least."

There was nothing Amy could do about it except to write her mother, and tell her not to feel too bad, as they would be down the next April instead. But her mother did feel bad, and wept bitter tears when she received the letter, saying: "I'll never see Amy again." Nor did she, for she died that very winter, and her dear ones far away in Canada were not even able to attend her funeral.

Amy grieved for the mother with whom she had never lived since she was two years old, but a daughter's love was deep in her heart just the same. Aunt Margaret grieved, too, for they had been girlhood chums, had cast their lot together when they had come to America long years ago, and had married Truman Leonard on the same day. Now Truman was gone, too, and only she remained. But she consoled herself with the thought that it would not be long until she would be with them, for her strength was slowly ebbing with the years.

Amy had no such consolation, and many a night lay awake for hours trying to solve the puzzle of why she had not been permitted to see her dear mother once again. One evening late, as she lay awake thus, she thought she heard the gate click. As the window was near her bed, she leaned over to see who might be visiting them at such an hour. It was a bright moonlight night and she saw the face of the visitor distinctly as he stepped upon the threshold. He did not knock but turned the knob and entered. As he stepped into the bedroom where Amy was listening he spoke to her in quiet tones.

"You are grieving because you have not seen your mother for a long time, and now you think you will never see her, but I have come to take you to her if you desire it."

"There is nothing I wish for more," answered Amy, and she immediately slipped into her clothes while her strange visitor waited for her outside. They began walking over the prairie in silence. After they had gone some distance, Amy turned to take a look at her home where lay her sleeping children and husband, but somehow she felt all would be well. As she turned to follow her guide again, she noticed that they were in a place that was new to her. They passed a village and she remarked to her companion that she had never seen such lovely homes before and such beautiful flowers. They passed that village

and on to another, but Amy was not weary and asked pleasantly of her guide how much farther it was to her mother. "Not far, now," he replied, "and I'm glad to tell you that she lives among the best."

Suddenly they came upon a large body of water, but a bridge spanned it to the other side. They crossed over upon it, and when they reached the other side the homes were beyond words for Amy to describe them. They stopped beside one, and here her companion said he would leave her for a few hours. Then he was gone. Amy noticed other people around but she did not know them, so she knocked upon the door near her. To her great surprise it was opened by her sister Clara who had died when she was still in her twenties and had never married. The latter embraced her happily, and spoke:

"We have been expecting you," she said, "come in the other room where Father and Mother are waiting."

The joy of that meeting almost overwhelmed Amy. They asked about all the family and what each was doing. Truman Leonard especially wanted to know about the grandchildren, and about the lands, and if they were out of debt. Mary Anne wanted to know if they were faithful in their church duties. After all these many questions were answered, Clara suggested that they all sing some songs as in the good old days back in Farmington. They gathered around the organ while Clara played and led them in the familiar tunes. Afterwards they took Amy out into the yard and showed her the beauties there. There were trees and flowers and shrubs of a more beautiful variety than she had ever seen before. There were birds, too, of every color, and even colored fish in the many pools of water.

"Now," spoke her mother quietly, "you must come in the house for a little rest, and I have another surprise for you."

Amy did as she was told, and as she sat in this restful room, her mother came towards her carrying a small child. She laid the child in Amy's lap and, as he held his little hand up and touched her face, she recognized the baby she had lost just a few months before.

When her guide came for her a short time later, she was loathe to leave them all, especially the baby who seemed to know her. But she was grateful for this short visit, and

gave the child up to the Grandmother. As she turned to go, Truman spoke:

"I'm building a larger home, Amy, to be ready for Margaret when she comes. It will be ready in June."

Amy relived this miraculous experience for many days following, but she spoke of it to no one. Somehow, she felt that others would not understand. Gradually, though, the days were filled with activities which crowded the other out of her memory, and she did not think of it again until one day in June several months later. Aunt Margaret had been confined to her bed for several weeks, and then suddenly she took a turn for the worse. When the doctor who had been summoned from a town some distance away, said that she could not live, Amy believed him for she remembered her Father's last words, "It will be finished in June."

Amy missed Auntie terribly, for the children dearly loved her, and were as safe with her as with their own mother. Heber saw to it that his busy wife had the best help he could procure, but no one ever took the place of Nana in their home.



CHAPTER 16

Three years passed the turn of the century, Amy looked back over the one and a half decades since she had arrived in Cardston, then but a cluster of log cabins on Lee's Creek. Now it was a thriving community boasting of more than a score of fine brick houses besides many frame ones. She thought of the many joys and of the few sorrows which had been hers. Among the latter were the passing of her beloved father, and later of Aunt Margaret, and finally of losing her second baby boy when he was but a few months old. But time had a way of filling in the empty places, and they had been filled in most satisfactorily, she thought. For now she had another little girl of three years, and a new baby boy to add to the three girls and boy who were fast growing up into adolescence. She had been very happy and contented in this goodly land far from the place of her birth. Now she was going to make another home, not so

far away this time, however. It would be only a distance of fifty miles further westward where the blue Rockies would still be visible. Her husband had been called to open a new stake as the old one had spread out beyond the border of convenience. Heber had willingly given up his fine store in Cardston which had progressed by leaps and bounds, saying: "I'll just start up another one when I get settled in Raymond."

Going to Raymond was a big event in the lives of the six young Allens. In fact it was quite an event in the history of the local Canadian Pacific Railroad line which had only recently been connected up with these small prairie towns of Southern Alberta. It seems that the Allen family was the first to use that line for the transportation of property, and so the officials decided to make the trip free of charge for the family, and all their possessions.

That was the first pleasant surprise in Amy's new adventure. The second was the spacious two-story brick home which Heber had been building in the new location for his family. It wasn't altogether finished, but fit for occupancy just the same. There was a large front porch with a fancy white railing which curved gracefully around the whole east end of the house. The front door opened into a long hall with a beautifully carved walnut staircase which wound upwards to the six sunny bedrooms upstairs. One of the doors in the hall opened into the livingroom decorated with the most pleasing green and white panelled paper. The hanging chandelier was made up of six wavy green glass globes fringed with tiny gold beads. The fireplace was inlaid with moss green tile, and above it was a large mirror with shelves on either side for little knick-knacks. The three windows facing onto the porch were large, and the middle one topped with stained glass in colors of red and green. Folding doors divided this room from the dining room which was done in red and rich brown. The chandelier that hung above the table was dark red and trimmed in gold. When the lights were on, it cast a ruddy glow over everything in the room giving it a warm, cheery atmosphere. Then there was a library, a large kitchen, a pantry, and wash room equipped with a treadmill invention for running the washing machine using the big Newfoundland dog as power. Underneath the house was a full cement basement with a fur-

ace and fruit room. To Amy it seemed the grandest home in all the world. She did not stop to think of the many steps she would have to take going up and down that long stair. She was still young then, and although her side was giving her some trouble, an inward hurt which had been caused by inadequate help at childbirth, she never complained of it, and was always as cheerful as ever.

It wasn't long before Heber had acquired a good business location and had set up a store which promised to be even better than the one he had left behind. Amy was busy carpeting and curtaining her new home, now that the distinguished Swedish gentleman had finished his job of decorating all the rooms. He had learned his art in the old country and had been considered expert enough to decorate the homes of Royalty, there. When everything was in its place, Amy invited all her neighbors in for a good old-fashioned house-warming for happiness was a thing she could not refrain from sharing.

Inside of three years she was back in her old place as stake Primary president, but in the new Taylor stake this time. Time had brought improvements which made her trips easier. They could be made by rail now, or over good roads by automobile in summer or sleigh in winter.

Her days were filled with many interesting happenings. Sometimes she would be entertaining visitors from Salt Lake. Then she would get out her best flowered quilts, her best white bedspreads, and the best gold and white china. With the help of the Chinese man-servant and the older girls she would have everything in order, and oh, the savoury meals she would spread out on the enlarged table in that sunny dining room. Meals fit for the president of the United States so her American visitors vowed.

After one of these royal spreads when an unusually large crowd had been in attendance making an unusually large stack of dirty dishes to be washed, the Chinaman lost his nerve when he saw them piling up on him. As the dessert was being eaten he had visions of more dirty dishes, and so he decided to make a sudden departure necessary. He took time to scribble a note which ran something like this:

"Me likee you Missy Allen, but me no likee so many dirty dishes. So me leave. Melly I come back when kitchen ally straight again."

CHAPTER 17

Amy made her regular visits around the stake, winter and summer without fail. She would not have disappointed these dearly loved Primary children for any pleasures of her own making, for the world. They looked forward to her visits with keen anticipation for she always had a new, exciting story to tell, usually one of her own. The teachers came in for their share, too, of enthusiastic new ideas and encouragement.

One spring when winter was hanging on unusually long, she and her counselors were scheduled to make one of these tours. The thermometer had dropped to thirty-five degrees below zero, the night before, and was still around twenty-five below when they were preparing to leave to catch the nine o'clock train.

"Mother," said Heber, "It's too cold for you to travel today. You had better put your visit off until the weather moderates a little."

"No, Heber," Amy answered resolutely, "we can't do that, because we have already sent word we would be there and all arrangements are made. I wouldn't disappoint them for anything as small as the weather. Don't worry, I'm sure we will be all right." As she was putting on her coat, she added smilingly, "When we get to the first town, it will probably be twenty-five above instead of below."

Her husband had no such hopes, but as she seemed determined to go, he went out to get the sleigh. He drove up in front of the door, and helped the would be travellers into the box, and wrapped the heavy robes around them closely, even putting one over their heads. Somehow under that warm covering they were like three school girls again, and joked and laughed all the way to the station, not noticing the cold in the least. As they were helped out on to the platform, Amy saw a young man waiting for the train which had not yet pulled in.

"Mercy!" she exclaimed, "that fellow's ears are frozen stiff. See how white they are."

The youth overhearing the remark put his hands to the topics of discussion, and a peculiar expression spread over his face.

"Gosh!" he remarked, "I guess they are frozen because I can't feel a thing."

The ladies took charge, and taking him into the station applied snow to the frozen members. Gradually they began to thaw out accompanied with excruciating pain. By the time the train was in and ready to pull out again, there were four new passengers, one a patient, three, nurses. They kept the young man busy with interesting tales of pioneer life so that he would forget the pain in his newly thawed-out ears.

It took a couple of hours to reach the first town on the list of visits. When the ladies arrived there, they found friends were waiting to drive them to the church where the Primary officers had prepared a tasty, hot meal for them. On the way, Amy noticed that a warm chinook wind was blowing, and asked the driver of the sleigh if they had had a cold night.

"Oh, yes," he replied, "almost thirty below, but I just looked at the temperature at the station, and it's ten above now. By the time Primary starts, it may be thirty above. I sincerely hope so, for the children are surely anxious to see you, Aunt Amy."

By the time Primary began at four o'clock it was thirty above, not quite thawing, but warm enough for the little ones to come out. And what a lot of them there were, all crowding around to receive a warm hug from dear Aunt Amy who had come so far to be with them.

The weather stayed moderate for three days while the visitors made their round of all the stake primaries. But when it was time for them to return home, the thermometer began dropping. As they arrived in Raymond, Amy noticed that people were going about holding their ears or noses to keep them from freezing. President Allen was there in his big fur coat, fur mittens and cap to greet them.

"Well," he remarked jokingly, "you missed three days of warmth while you were gone, but it's turned cold again this morning."

"Oh, we've been where it was nice too," put in Amy, "In fact we haven't been cold once all the time we were away."

"That's the gospel truth," one of her counselors added, "and we have never had such an enjoyable or profitable trip."



CHAPTER 18

Amy was slowing up a little these days. Her side was bothering her more of late. Heber noticed she was taking a short rest on the couch each day which was something new for her.

One night he remarked thoughtfully, "I think I'll remodel this place a little, Amy, so you won't have to go up and down those steep stairs so much."

"Oh, I'm all right," replied Amy with a smile, "the children do most of the errands upstairs for me, now."

"Yes, but you still have to go up too many times yourself. We'll change the library into a downstairs bedroom, and build a shorter stairs."

He was as good as his word, and in a few months Amy was sleeping in the new bedroom. The new white tile bath with its lovely modern fixtures was a splendid addition to the house, and the new back stairs cut the number of steps upward in half.

The town was changing, too. A fine church school had been built just across the road from the Allen residence. After several years of successful operation it was turned over to the government of the province for use as a high school. When one of the college professors from Edmonton came to the opening exercises, he was invited to stay at the president's home, and gratefully accepted. Although a perfect stranger, and having entirely different views on many things, Amy treated him with the same respect and kindness that she would have shown to one of her own flesh and blood. At the conclusion of his visit he thanked her sincerely and added: "Mrs. Allen I want you to believe me when I say that you are a perfect hostess. I never felt more at home anywhere in my travels than in your hospitable home. I have enjoyed every minute of my stay, and incidentally, I have certainly changed some of my ideas about

the Mormon people. I am completely captivated by their mode of living and by the energetic way they go about things. There is something else which took my fancy, it was that delicious cabbage salad which you served at dinner last night. I wonder if you would mind giving me the recipe. I should like to surprise my wife with such a dish for lunch some time."

He was right, these people were most energetic when they had a plan to carry out, and Amy was at the top of the list. Right now she had set the Primary goal at one thousand dollars to be raised for the new temple being built in Cardston. She promised to have the money at the end of one year. There were dinners, bazzars, plays, food sales, and many other diversions which went into building of that fund. Amy gave all her spare time to the project, along with her co-workers, and even the children did their part. At the end of the stated time they had gone exactly one hundred and twenty-five dollars over the goal. "Over the Top" was her motto, and never once did she fall short of it.

In her private life, "Love Thy Neighbor as Thyself" was her guide. Never a child went empty handed from her door. Never a neighbor in need ever went without. Never a soul in trouble or sorrow ever went without comfort if Aunt Amy knew of their distress. To know her was to love her, and every stranger was her friend.



CHAPTER 19

The years were beginning to tell a little on Amy, now, although her smile was just as cheery, but she was letting the older girls take charge of things around the house more of late. Her rest periods on the lounge in the front room with the shades drawn, were becoming more frequent. As the older members of the family married and moved away, and the younger ones took their college courses in distant places, it became necessary to have a woman come in and do the house work and most of the cooking.

One of the bright highlights in these more quiet days for Aunt Amy was her sixtieth birthday. It came as a big surprise. She had recently asked for a release from her stake position due to failing health, but the children could not forget her and were just waiting for a chance to prove it. The chance came when they heard of her sixtieth birthday coming up. They wanted to do something, and so at the suggestion of the teachers they decided to give her a big surprise party. So many wanted to participate in the affair that the largest hall in town was chosen for the occasion. An elaborate program was planned in which the children had a leading role. On the appointed day, Aunt Amy was ushered in on some slight pretext, and there she found a huge audience assembled which immediately began to sing, "Happy Birthday to You." Then followed the interesting program which pictured the life of the honored guest in story and song. At the conclusion of this, sixty children all dressed in white each carrying a lovely rose filled in front of her and presented her with a rose for each year of her worthy life. Then there were refreshments, and while all were enjoying this part of the party, Aunt Amy told the children one more lovely story which they never forgot for it was about a little girl who left her home when she was two years old and went to live with her Auntie, to whom she said, "I's come to stay."

It was a day to be remembered, and now that Amy had more time for remembering, she thought of it more than once. She thought, too, of the many other occasions of equal enjoyment in the years since she had crossed the border into an unknown land. Now, with the time to do it, came the urge to write them all down, and preserve them for her children and her children's children. Many happy hours were spent in reliving the past until the eyes grew dim, and the hand faltered, and just five years from her sixtieth anniversary, the story was left unfinished. But somewhere in another unknown land across the border it is going on and on, and someday, when the missing chapters are supplied, we shall hear of bigger and higher achievements, for when a life such as hers goes on into eternity, we, in this mortal state, cannot begin to comprehend the beauty and the fullness of it all.