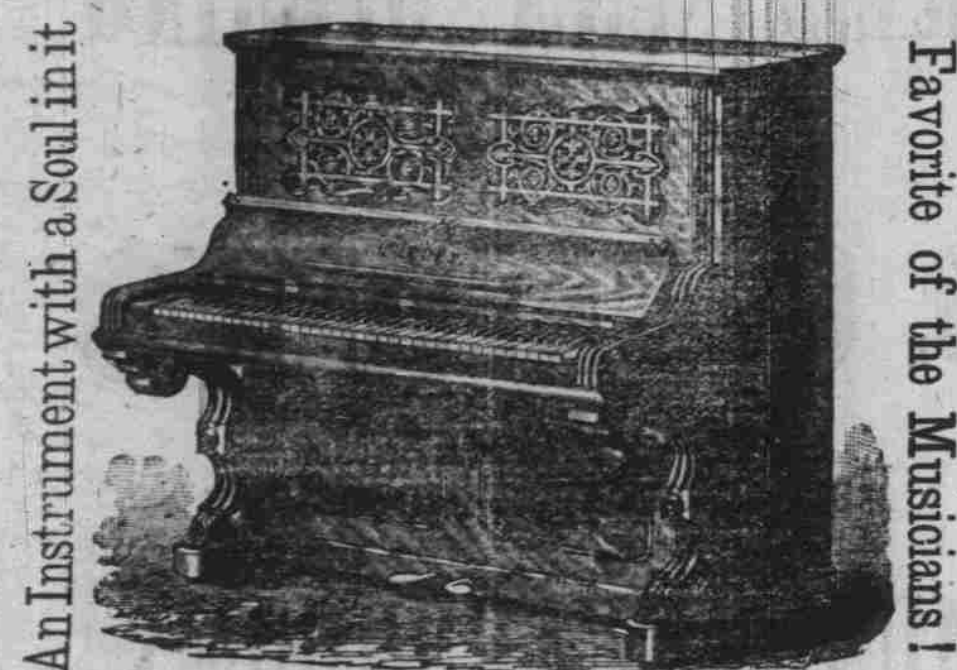


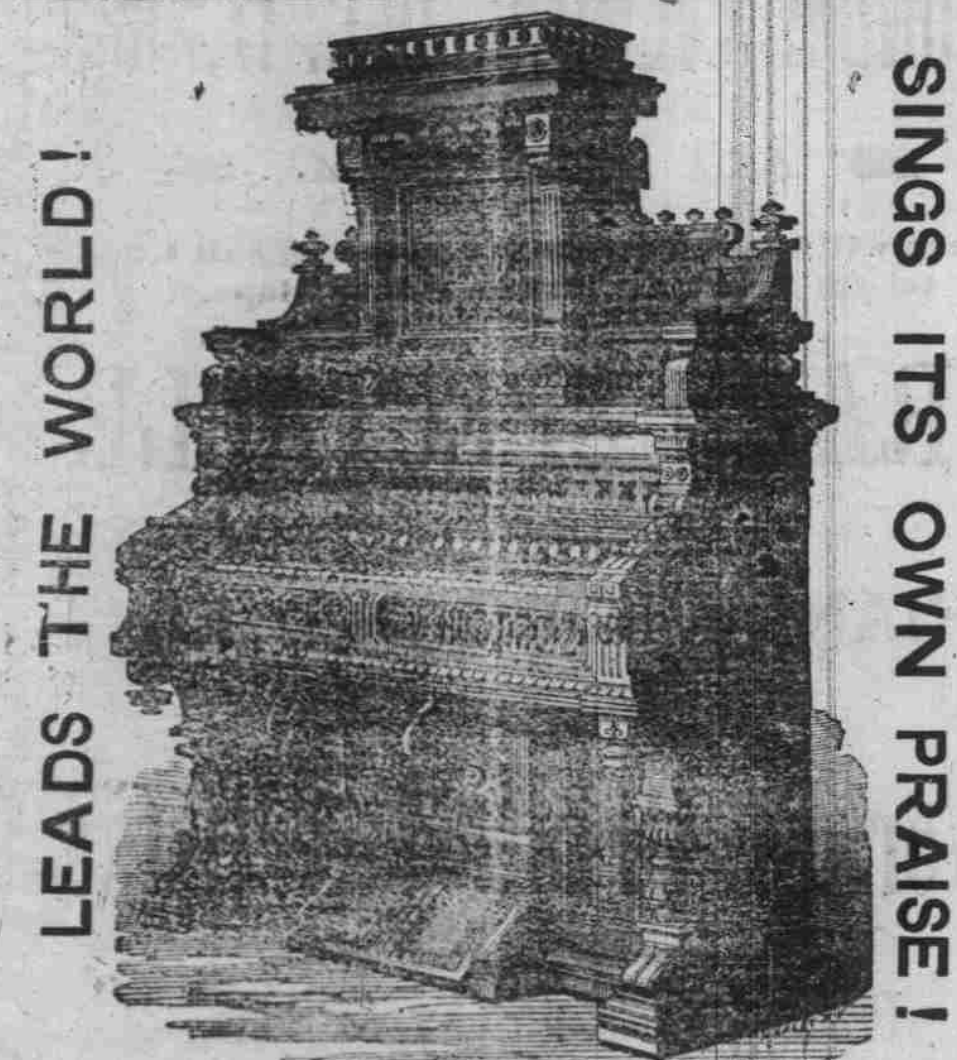
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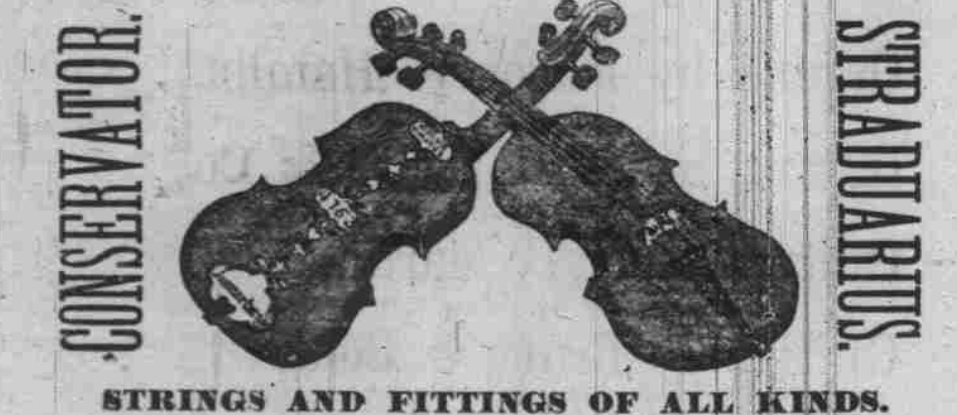


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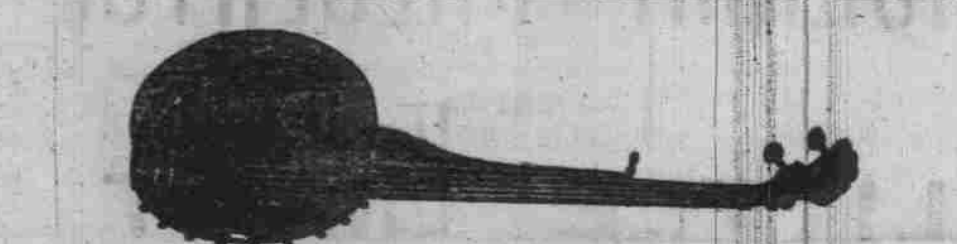


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We manufacture Upholstery  
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Tables, Book Cases, etc., etc.,  
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LOWEST PRICES

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Have just received several Car Loads of Furniture and Upholstery at Low Freight Rates.

AND ARE DETERMINED NOT  
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Furniture re-upholstered and  
repaired. Carpet-laying, etc.,  
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ner South and West Temple  
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## EVENING NEWS.

Thursday, Dec. 20, 1923.

### TOPSY.

BY H. S. KELLER.

They called her Topsy, I suppose, because she resembled her prototype in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Her eyes were black as beads; her skin smooth and jetty as the most sum-  
bre satin; her hair was kinky, and she had a fashion of decorating its knobs with various colored ribbons. As for her mouth, it was broad, expansive, and the loquacious gash ever connected with a poor, abused, little darkey's fea-

"I jes m'n't de kid, I does. I'n't good fur nuffin' else, I'n't; only fur to mid de kin, dat all. Dose yere white trash what fetched me from de ole A'bam tink dat niggars is no good an' how, 'ceptin' fur to min' kids. Jess dat and nuffin' mo'."

That was Topsy's usual complaint from morning until night. She took precious care, however, not to lip it to ear's other than the white-faced baby's, which latter, by the way, had given her a hump and a painful limp to her gait.

Topsy and the baby were great friends, how dear to one another no one knew—until the poor little black girl proved her fidelity, of which I shall speak further on.

The baby must have had a kindred feeling for the girl, for it would laugh when Topsy laughed, cower when she cowered and look a very sober out of its sweet blue eyes when the tears would roll down Topsy's cheeks. The lady who brought the black girl from the South was one of the fashion leaders of her set. No gay ball was complete unless she attended; no charity list was a success unless she headed it with her usual munificence. In all she was admired for her beauty, courted for her position, and highly honored because of her husband's wealth.

Yet, with all her grace and beauty, position of honor and wealth, she was hard-hearted, disagreeable and cruel towards poor, meek Topsy. No matter how hard the girl tried to please, she received no other than a steady out of kind words, a blow from the bejeweled white hand instead of praise.

Topsy had a warm loving heart beneath her black skin. It was more of a human heart, throbbing and throbbing with tender sympathies, than the cruel organ beneath the soft white skin of her mistress.

Topsy was seated before the open grate fire rocking the baby, as she crowded a sweet little southern song. The very air of the room seemed redolent with magnolia blossoms, as the wavering notes fell from her lips in pathetic strain. The baby was asleep, but Topsy rocked on and on and sang—for company's sake.

Topsy's mistress was away at the ball. There was no one in the house but she and the baby. The wind whirled down the chimney, scattering the ashes upon her dress. She pushed back the rocker; the baby moved uneasily. Topsy rose, began to walk to and fro until the child was quieted.

"I jes m'n't de kid, I does. I'n't good fur nuffin' else, I'n't; only fur to mid de kin, dat all. Dose yere white trash what fetched me from de ole A'bam tink dat niggars is no good an' how, 'ceptin' fur to min' kids. Jess dat and nuffin' mo'."

"I see my old mammy wid de two little picnias on her knees fo' de ole fire place. I smell de bacon fryin' in de pan an'—glor'us, oh, glor'us! de ole ole hos cake 'mong de ashes on de hearth. Hello! de ole ole opens, an' daddy an' de boys comes in wid de nice fat 'possum. Dey bin huntin' dey hab kothed de cunnin' meal, dey hab. Now dey kins fur to sit in dat yere ringled 'possum. Termorror mammy'll bake 'im, an'—oh! honey—doan you wish you was dar to sop de yeller jam in de gray an'—de fire de nice fried hom'ny. Jess wish I was, chile, shoos you bawn, I does. But I han't dere; an' I han't gwins ter be der termorror. It's only—a breck jasson, 'trap up here in dis yere cole nor—takin' care ob de white-faced kid, bress his liddle sole, body an' heart. I reckon I's gittin' no' culls. I an' candles. I an' got enough yod' duds fo' 'specklady black gall to go out'a de streets wid. I—I'm gittin' sleepy an'—an'—old mammy wid pick'nin' be boys, an' an sop in 'possum, gray an'—hom'ny down in ole—Al—Al—bam."

The kinky head sunk lower and lower, the black lids drooped heavily over the drooping eyelids. In a little sigh of relief Topsy rested her cheek upon her arm and went to sleep. One, two hours passed and Topsy slept on. The clock upon the side table, linked the midnight hour; it did not arouse Topsy or the baby.

The fire burns lower in the grate. All a great, red coal balances upon the edge of the grate bar. A gust of wind comes down the chimney, and the coal falls upon the brick hearth. It lies there, glowing and wicked, like the eyes of some evil fiend. Another gust of wind comes down the chimney. The window curtain trailing against the floor is swept against the coal. The coal slowly, higher and higher a slim red worm crawls up the curtain. Up, up—and—when the worm reaches the level of the draught opening in the window it bursts in a tiny flame. Along the window cornice the flame crawls. The curtain fastenings are burned away, and the frail lace drapery, in a fiery mass to the floor. The carpet scorched, burned, and—"Fire! fire! fire!"

That cry went wavering along the dark time alone. It penetrated from their couches. It drove the men from the card table in the club room. It brought the fire-fighters to the scene of disaster. The house is in flames. Streams of water are thrown upon the burning structure, but the red tongues mount higher and higher.

"My God, the child is there!" cried a man, bursting through the crowd and rushing to the door. He applied the key to the lock, pushed back, as a cloud of flame and smoke hurried itself through the opening.

The child! save the child! This cry came from a fair woman, clad from head to foot with rich laces, silks and satins.

"My baby! oh, God, my—"

tic and Pacific Railroad, which presents a curious incident of life among the jellies of the Aztecs in Arizona.

Keam's Canon, A. T., Oct. 22.—Realizing the interest you take in Indians and their customs, and more especially those situated on or near the line of your road, I deemed the course of a brief report of what occurred at my house yesterday, relative to the religious rites of the Mogul Indians, to be of much interest as to write you on the subject.

Hearing that two rudely carved images had been seen in a cave under the mesa on which the ruins of the ancient village, known to the people as "Aguatote," are situated, I determined to visit the same, and if possible secure them as specimens, considering them an acquisition to my collection of ancient pottery.

To accomplish this I left my place on Tuesday about 10 a. m., accompanied by a Mogul chief, and arrived at the ruins at noon. I found them to be situated about eight miles from the Mogul village in a southeasterly direction on a high mesa, whose rocky, abrupt, and precipitous sides rise about 700 feet above the surrounding plain.

The gods were rudely carved pieces of wood about four feet long, representing the sexes, each having on the head, in the shape of a length, the lower extremities being buried in the floor of the cave to the depth of 18 inches; each showed that it had been painted, but from age only a few signs of the coloring remained.

With some little labor we succeeded in getting them out, and fastening them on a horse, took them to my house. The following day I was not a little surprised to receive a visit from the chief who accompanied me; he informed me that the principal Mogul chief and priests from the village of Moshong-ravi and She-ma-pah-vi had called on him and in great anger demanded to know who had taken their gods away.

He told them of my visit, etc., and at the same time informed them that I was not aware they had any claim on them, but supposed they were figures made by the ancient people who dwell in those ruins ages ago.

They informed him he must accompany them in the morning to my house and recover their lost gods. The chief consented to call principal chiefs and high priests. On their arrival at my house after hugging me warmly, they stated their business was to recover their gods.

Having told them I supposed the figures were the property of former inhabitants of the ruins near the cave, and was not aware they attached any interest to them, they replied, "In ages past our forefathers worshipped these same gods, and if they were taken away famine and pestilence would be the result."

I then offered to have some other made to represent these, but much more shapely and finely painted, if they would allow me to take them. This they rejected at once, and said while they esteemed me as their best friend, and were willing to serve or give me anything they had, nothing could induce them to part with their gods, as long as they relied and to them they prayed for all good things; the male figure made the sun, moon and stars to shine, brought them rain, clouds, and all good things from above, while the female gave them all the fruits of the earth, grain, corn, and the good things from the soil. Then each in his turn threw his arms around my neck, and while in this position uttered a short prayer and begged me to return their gods. This I promised to do after taking a sketch of them, when they were profuse in their thanks.

On delivering them we witnessed the following interesting ceremony: After decorating the necks of both figures with feathers, each chief in his turn stood reverently with bowed head before the gods, and praying aloud, took from his pouch a small corn meal, sprinkled it over, in front of, and in the direction they were to take their gods. Again thanking me, they then formed a procession led by the high priest.

SPRINKLING SACRED MEAL IN THE HANDS OF THE GODS.

they carried their gods to the place from which they were to start, and again resorted to their store of sacred meal, scattering it in the direction of the four cardinal points of the compass.

To show them I felt kindly toward them, I placed a rough coral attached to a ribbon around the necks of the gods, at which they were highly pleased and thankfully started for their shrine, happy and contented in having recovered what they prized above all in the world.

A little incident occurred during the ceremony worthy of note. Several Navajoes were present, and at first laughed and joked about it, but hearing the prayers of the Mogul, they were so influenced by it that each in his turn searched in his pocket for such a red medicine as they seldom fail to carry, and with bowed head uttered a prayer to the Mogul gods and scattered the medicine over their forms.

And thus ended one of the most novel, interesting, and reverential forms of Indian ceremonial worship I have ever seen. My lot as witness during several years' experience among various tribes.

Your sincere friend,  
THOMAS V. KEAM

Jones asked his wife, "Why is a husband like dough?" He expected the would give it up and it was going to tell her that it was because a woman needs him; but she said because he was hard to get off her hands.

"Let us play we are married," said little Edith, "and I will bring dolly and say, 'Hi baby, hi baby.'"

"Yes replied Johnny, "and I will say: 'Don't bother me now, I want to look through the paper.'" [Har-p'h Bass.

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