

**FOR ONE NIGHT, ONLY!**

**The Stranger!  
The Stranger!  
The Stranger!**

**A DRAMA IN TWO ACTS**

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.  
PERCIVAL KEENE—the Village Blacksmith.  
CLARIBEL—His Wife.  
THE STRANGER.

Tickets for sale at John Syverson & Co's.  
Admission, Free.



Percival Keene—Woman, you may well turn pale. Did I not, even now while the Whip-poor-will cried, see thee in the gloaming with you stranger. By my troth, you mistake my metal, g-i-r-r-el!

Claribel—(kneeling) Hear me, Percival! Hear me for the love I once bore you! I swear by the grey beard of my sires, and my own innocent youth, that I did but ask the stranger one simple, harmless, question.

Percival—(sternly) Reveal, girl, reveal!  
Claribel—I asked him (sobs bitterly) where he purchased that elegant suit of spring clothing that envelopes his lordly form.

Percival—Ha! His answer, girl?  
Claribel—He said at John Syverson & Co's., where you can obtain its duplicate, Percival, and thus, in your rejuvenated habiliments, once again remind me of your joyous youth, when we wandered in Hymen's bower, all fresh and dew besprinkled.

Percival—'Tis well, Didst ask the price?

Claribel—Yea, and well did I note it. The suit, beautiful as the kalsomine on the wall, did tax him hardly more than does the naked cloth of him, yelped the merchant tailor.

Percival—'Tis well. I will interview this man, Syverson, of whom you prate.  
(Exeunt omnes.)

ACT II.

[Claribel getting supper. Enters Percival Keene, in a new suit of clothes.]

Percival—(joyously) Well, here we are again!



Claribel—Thank Heaven! Come to arms, Percival. If there is anything I do despise it is a man running around with his clothes all torn out, when, for a very moderate sum, Syverson & Co. will make him as good as new. (They clinch).

Finis.

John Syverson & Co. sold fifty-five sewing machines, last season, without going out of their store; which shows what kind of a business they are doing. They have the exclusive agency for the Davis, the White, and the American, the best machines with wheels.

# SPRING OPENING



SHE.  
O. Reuben, Reuben, can you see 'John Syverson & Companee?'

My legs are tired, and I perspire; To reach his store's what I desire.

The flowers that blossom on our way Are nothing to his dress display. And ribbons! lawd! and silks and laces, At half the price of other places.

I've brought a band box for a bonnet, With old point lace and flowers on it.

HE.  
Don't set your mind too much on dress; He trades for cash, you'll find, I guess.

A woman, in her husband's eyes, Is lovelier not to advertise

Her vanity, and tattle, Of mortgaging her husband's cattle.

I've brought my trunk and saddle bags To fill with staples, not with rage.

My sole idea, you see, my Honey, Is brand new staples, cheap for money.

## JOHN SYVERSON & CO.

Have the pleasure to announce to the public that they have received their Spring Invoice of

**DRY GOODS.  
BOOTS & SHOES**

**STRAW GOODS.  
CROCKERY, - SCHOOL BOOKS,**

**Staple Groceries,  
SEWING MACHINES.**

They have, at all times, a full line of  
**FLOUR AND FEED**

Our stock of dry goods is carefully selected; our stock of boots and shoes is such that we can suit and fit all parties; our line of clothing is the best the trade warrants; our straw goods show for themselves; our groceries are fresh, and our crockery sound; our sewing machines are first-class, every one of them; our school books are for the year 1886; and our flour from the best mills of Dakota, ground from No. 1 Hard wheat.

We want in exchange for these goods a reasonable profit, in cash, or on approved security.

### SOME UTAH LADIES.

MORMON WOMEN WHO DECLARE THEY BELIEVE IN POLYGAMY.

They Look as Though They Might, Really—Three of the Leading Female Lights of Mormondom—The Saints Storm Congress.

Having exhausted every other resource, the Mormons are now endeavoring to put their women forward to bolster up the tottering pillars of polygamy. They wish to demonstrate that their great truth is true because the women believe in it, which does not follow at all. Indeed, the tough old Brighamites themselves are not wont to attach so much importance to the opinions of women.

A delegation of doubled and twisted wives recently pleaded their polygamous cause (laws) before the judiciary committee of the house of representatives at Washington. Of these, the alleged intellectual one was Sister E. B. Wells.

This lady's mouth turns down at the corners. She is said to be very sallow and to wear a yellow streamer about her neck, which makes her look more sallow still. But she is an editor. She edits The Woman's Exponent of Salt Lake, though what it exposes is not clear. Sister E. B. Wells ought to be ashamed of herself to go before congress and advocate such a one-sided cause as the plurality of wives. If the saints allowed



SISTER E. B. WELLS.

plurality of husbands, too, there would be some squareness in their iniquity. But they don't. They punish with death the wife who presumes to look with favorable eye upon anybody but the bald-headed old duffer in whom she has a sixteenth interest. A woman who would stand up for the saints under such circumstances has earned the contumely of her sex. Sister Wells is also a lecturer, and president of a grain association.

Sister Ferguson and Sister Richards are the other ladies who are in Washington advocating the many-wived cause. Sister Ferguson is the wife of a doctor, and looks like a fortune teller or some other weird and sloppy creature. The third lady on the committee to congress is Mrs. Richards, a youngish woman, who looks like what his majesty King George IV said his wife Queen Caroline did.

Sister Snow is not one of the delegation to congress, but she is probably the best known by name of Mormon women. The lady saints are tremendous on societies—sewing, missionary benevolent and otherwise.

Each society has a name as long as a Mormon's list of wives. One of their own writers says that "nearly every woman, young lady and child are members of these associations for the relief of the poor, the diffusion of knowledge and instruction in practical and useful avocations, lectures, etc., either as teachers or pupils." These are the writer's exact words.

There is the Society of the Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Association of the Church of Jesus Christ of the Latter Day Saints Throughout the World. There again is the Primary Association for the Spiritual Education of the Children of the Church of Jesus Christ of the Latter Day Saints; and again we have the Primary Association of the Salt Lake State of Zion. These are only a few simple ones.

Of all these, collectively, in the lump, as it were, Sister Eliza R. Snow is the head. Her title is "President of Women's Organizations of the C. of J. C. of L. D. S." For the meaning of this string of initials, see a few steps back. Sister Eliza used to write poetry, but now she has settled down into a mild old lady of the type that wears a rusty black velvet and lace headdress to hide a bald spot. She looks the ideal benevolent grandmother, whose mission is to administer catnip tea to babies and lap them in hot red flannel.

Come we now to Sister S. M. Kimball.

She has a square jaw, a lop ear and a turn-up nose. She is the kind who looks as if, as a first wife, she could make it hot for the wives who came after her. The others have a sort of put-upon, subdued look, but not Sister Kimball. She appears to the Gentile eye as one who knows her rights, and, knowing, dares maintain. As Sister Snow is president of the W. O. C. of J. C. of L. D. S., so Mrs. Kimball is secretary of the same. She looks as though she could do it if the thing had twice as many initials.

The hearing of the Mormon question in Washington attracted much attention from the inhabitants of the gay capital. Young women and old sat hour by hour in the committee rooms, listening to the testimony.

When Dr. Mary Walker will Marry.

Now, I would not think it any particular favor if half the men in the United States should ask me to be their wife. I have had men, intelligent and wealthy men, come to me and say: "Dr. Walker, I respect you; I respect your intellect and your good sense, and I believe if you only dressed like other women I would love you and ask you to be my wife." Well, do you know what I told them? I said: "There are plenty of women in the world who dress just as you want them to; go and marry them." I don't want any one to marry me for my clothes, or because, when I am dressed up, I look well. If I am married it must be from the highest motives. —From a recent interview.

