

FOR ONE NIGHT, ONLY!

**The Stranger!
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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, Did'st 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, yeled 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 clench).

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 & Companye?'

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.

HIE.
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 rags.

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.

HOUSES WHICH SHELTER DISTINGUISHED NEW ENGLANDERS.

The Contrast Between the Roomy and Restful Homes of the Past and the Oddities of Modern Architecture—Residences of the Adamses.

Our people are paying considerable attention of late years to the subject of beautiful homes. The tendency seems to be to build showy and unique structures with all sorts of surprises in the way of odd shaped rooms and curious nooks, produced by numerous gables. Windows stuck here and there are used more for the architectural requirements of the exterior, than for practical value to the interior. Then the rainbow-hued glass of the windows, the dazzling wall coverings and highly decorated ceilings, all take away from the interior that restive quality which it should be the endeavor to produce.

The nervous man of the present turns from the whirl and rush of business to the quiet of home for rest; but there, in its kaleidoscopic interior, his eye, followed by his already over excited mind, wanders round attracted by the brilliant coloring and the glistening objects, without any opportunity for repose, until often he breaks down under the bewildering and confusion, without knowing the reason. Then the physician orders rest for him; removal to a quiet farmhouse or a trip across the sea is recommended—and why? Because the monotony of the sea is an antidote to the delirium with which he has been surrounded, while the plain country farmhouse brings rest to his eyes and mind.

The facts are, that in our endeavor to beautify the home we are overdoing it. We have gone from the simplicity of the Quaker meeting house to imitate the dazzling splendor of a theatre interior. The reaction has not yet made its appearance, but when it does come it is likely we will model our homes more after the stalwart Americans of the passing generation.

Let us look at some of their homes, and as the New England states were the earliest settled we will find most of them there.



JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL'S RESIDENCE.

The home of the late Henry W. Longfellow has been often described and its appearance is familiar to most readers. It was built in the early part of the last century by a wealthy West India trader who settled down to end his days in Cambridge. His son succeeded to the estate and lorded over the young colony. When the revolution swept over New England the house was confiscated after its Tory proprietor fled. During the siege of Boston it was assigned to Washington as headquarters, and he who so much needed rest and had an opportunity of testing the soothing qualities of the best homes in America, pronounced this house at Cambridge one of the most comfortable he had found. After the war Andrew Craigie, the apothecary general of the army, purchased it, and here it was epigrammatic old Talleyrand was entertained, and Everett, Sparks and Worcester, the lexicographer, lodged. Longfellow, while a college professor, was also a boarder there, and later purchased it so that it will remain in history as Longfellow's home. Yet this house after all was but a plain, square two story wooden structure, with broad piazzas on two sides. The interior is made up of a broad hall, easy ascending staircase and plain, hard finished walls in its spacious old rooms, but there is an air of repose about the whole that is rarely met with in modern homes.



CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS' HOME.

Then there is the residence of Charles Francis Adams, at Quincy, Mass. This house was built by a rich English planter who also "skeddled" at the outbreak of the revolution. It was purchased by the future president of the United States, John Adams, and it was here, just fifty years to a day after signing the Declaration of Independence, that he passed away. It was also the home of his son, the president, John Quincy Adams. Few houses have entertained more distinguished men beneath its ample roof. During the trying times of the post-revolution period it was the resort of the men who were endeavoring to adjust the wheels of our new government.

How unpretentious the mansion is our illustration shows, but its rooms are large and comfortable, with big fireplaces and chimneys and an air of quiet about the whole interior.



RESIDENCE OF JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

The eldest of the present representatives of the family lives in a house of modern construction, but it has at least the advantage in its site of a commanding view of Boston harbor. This is one improvement we have made on those who have gone before. We are choosing better sites for our houses, for the reason probably that a fine view costs nothing to preserve.