

**FOR ONE NIGHT, ONLY!**

**The Stranger!  
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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, 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, yeilded 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



Mr. Levelhead—Don't talk to me about a new store, and new goods. Here you are surrounded by all the luxuries of life—carpets into which your feet sink to your ankle; bric-a-brac that throws a glamor over the realities of life; furniture that lulls you to rest and enjoyment like a mouthful of the famous hashesh of the East; your form is enveloped in Oriental fabrics; your beauty exceeds itself by the use of the most subtle toilet appliances; you are

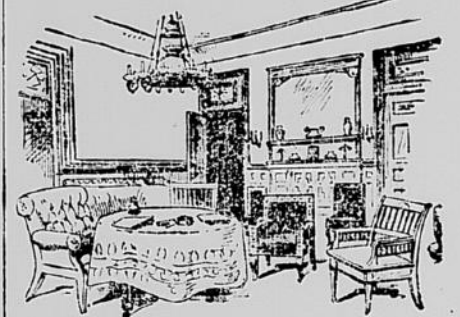
all brawn and muscle from eating the most nutritious bread, made from the very best of flour. Yes, in fact, you are all wool and a yard and a half wide. All these things you have received by virtue of my superior judgment in trading with John Syverson & Co., for cash—spot cash; for, otherwise, you would have none of this. No, Madam, you can have no credit elsewhere. I am not prepared to go to the poor house, just yet. We will pay cash for A No. 1 Goods.

THE FINEST PRIVATE STABLE IN THE UNITED STATES.

Mr. Frank Work's New York "Barn," That Cost \$140,000—His Famous Trotting Team, Edward and Dick Swiveler, Natural Trotters.

Of course nature's best gift to mankind is a good horse. But one is not certain whether there are not men who overdo the horse business. There are private stables in New York city which have had money enough spent on each one of them to found a colony with model homes for working people. It really makes a thoughtful person melancholy to think of the money squandered on mere show and amusement in the great city by the sea. It shows at once what vast wealth there is in New York and how little rational idea the owners have of spending it. Happless human beings are dying like sheep in reeking tenement houses, and these fortunate men of wealth will spend \$200,000 on a stable and horses, or \$300,000 on a yacht, without a thought of the starving ones of their own kind. The rich men and women of New York alone have it in their power to do away with the tenement house system of that city in six months' time. Do they ever think of it? Not they.

Mr. Frank Work is a rich man, 65 years old. He has been a horse owner and speeder forty-five years.



WAITING ROOM IN WORK'S STABLE.

He owns what he considers the best double trotting team in the world. They are called Edward and Dick Swiveler. They have made a mile in 2:15. The fastest time a double team have ever done was made by Aldine and Maud S., that did their mile in 2:15.

"I built this barn two years ago, and it cost me about \$70,000," said Mr. Work. "I suppose the lot is worth nearly as much more, but of course the public does not care about that."

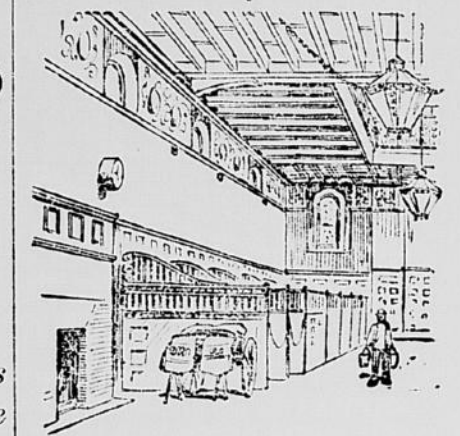
It is pretty steep for a stable that, \$140,000. Mr. Work is so fond of his stable that he spends much of his time there, like a hostler. But he has had three magnificent rooms fitted up for himself on the second floor. The sitting room is the one seen in the illustration. He also has another home somewhere else in the city, where his family live.

Mr. Work, speaking of the breeding up of trotters, says that when he first came to New York in 1839 a three-minute trotter was more of a rarity than a 2:30 horse is now. The gorgeous stable is on Fifty-sixth street near Seventh avenue. Its ceiling is of polished oak, and the floor is covered with heavy matting. There was a certain woman in the city a few years ago who had her horses' mangers silver plated. Mr. Work does not go to quite that extent, though no common wood is good enough for his high steppers.

There are other stables nearly as elegant as Mr. Work's. Bonner's, with Maud S. within, is not far away. The Vanderbilt stables are very splendid. So is that of Rockefeller, of Standard Oil company fame. He ought to name his fastest trotter Coal Oil.

When a New York horse fancier speaks of "the road" he means St. Nicholas avenue, out beyond Central park, through which the fast horses are generally driven. The famous horses belonging to private owners may be seen here of any fine afternoon. Here is where a glimpse of Maud S. herself may be had occasionally. Here is where Mr. Work drives his Edward and Dick Swiveler.

When Maud S. trots it is necessary to put too weights upon her to bring out her highest speed. Mr. Work takes pride in the fact that his team are natural trotters. He says: "They do not wear boots or weights, and I have never known them to touch a hair when going at their greatest speed, and, more than this, all their fast miles have been made with simply the natural preparation which driving on the road has given them. They wear no check reins, but carry their heads in the manner which God intended them to, and they are always ready on a moment's notice to do their best. Most horses have a weak spot somewhere, but if mine have one I do not know it. You ask me why they have retained their speed for so many years. Well, I do not pound them around every day and drive them over hard roads that are not fit for speeding purposes. When I have a brush with another horse or team they are as eager as one could wish, but when the racing is over they are quiet, and do not fret and fume and act in the disagreeable manner that is common to so many horses. I have been careful not to do foolish things with them, and have never known them to take a lame step."



A HORSE PALACE.

Within this horse palace are vehicles of all kinds. A man never looks so stingy or so selfish as when he drives off by himself in one of those spidery little single-seated trotting wagons. Here are all the world's wives and young ones dying to take a ride in the fresh air, and Mr. Horse Fancier tucks his duster about him and drives out before their eyes, all to himself, behind a horse that would be all the better for hauling at least two persons, or even, counting the little children.

## 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.