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**NEW YORK TRI-WEEKLY TRIBUNE**

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When an editor is in a hurry he doesn't waste words by saying "It rained." He simply writes "After many days of arid desolation the vapory captives marshaled their thundering hosts, and poured out upon scorching humanity and the thoroughly incinerated vegetation a few inches of aqua pluvialis."—Tit-Bits.

Quite indispensable.  
Towne—You've seen Gaisley several nights recently with field glasses. I wonder what his game is.  
Brown—Of he's calling on Miss Katcher, of Boston.  
Towne—The ideal! What does he carry field glasses for?  
Brown—He doesn't. He merely uses the case to carry a dictionary in.—Philadelphia Press

A Day's Work.  
Here's to your eggplant oil.  
He totts one hour and then applauds himself.  
The other twenty-three.—Washington Star

SHOWING HIM HIS PLACE.



He (complacently)—I'm just beginning to find my place in the world.  
She (innocently)—Dear me! How humiliating!—Fun.

Adam's Advantage.  
Old Adam may have walked the floor with little Cain, at night;  
But even if he did we need  
Not play Adam's blight.  
For Eve never pulled the carpets up  
And left the boss tacks in  
To make bare-footed Adams lose  
His prestige in the sky.  
—Chicago Record-Herald.

No Wonder He Failed.  
"Now, that's a first-class article," said the man who had put it on the market, "but somehow I can't make it go."  
"No wonder," replied the man of experience, after a careful examination of the package. "You haven't labeled it 'Beware of Imitations.'"  
—Chicago Post.

One on the Count.  
"Mr. Durban, how did you avert a duel with the near-sighted count?"  
"Easy enough. I sent him a porous plaster with a note explaining that it was my target practice at fifty yards. He did not care to stand up before such a dead shot."—Chicago Daily News.

The Only Remedy.  
Little Elsie (referring to grandma with ear-trumpet)—I wonder how poor grandma'll ever get along in Heaven without her trumpet.  
Little Tommy—Why, I suppose she'll have to borrow Gabriel's when anybody wants to talk to her.—Brooklyn Life.

A Ray of Hope.  
Mrs. Elmhurst (ecstatically)—Miss Squealer appears to be able to sing in all languages!  
Elmhurst (devotedly)—Well, it would be a relief if she would sing her next song in the sign language!—Brooklyn Eagle.

Hard on His Friends.  
Mrs. Crimmon—I hear Miss Fussanfeather has had a diamond set in one of her front teeth.  
Mr. Crimmon—Now she'll be less inclined than ever to keep her mouth shut.—Yonkers Statesman.

## A WORTHY SUCCESSOR.

"Something New Under the Sun."  
All doctors have tried to cure CATARRH by the use of powders, acid gases, inhalers and drops in paste form. Their powders dry up the mucous membranes causing them to crack open and bleed. The powerful acids used in the inhalers have entirely eaten away the same membranes that their makers have aimed to cure, while pastes and ointments cannot reach the disease. An old and experienced practitioner who has for many years made a close study and specialty of the treatment of CATARRH, has at last perfected a treatment which when faithfully used, not only relieves at once, but permanently cures CATARRH, by removing the cause, stopping the discharge, and curing all inflammation. It is the only remedy known to science that actually reaches the affected parts. This wonderful remedy is known as "SNUFFLES" the GUARANTEED CATARRH CURE and is sold at the extremely low price of One Dollar, each package containing internal and external medicine sufficient for a full month's treatment and everything necessary to its perfect use.  
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## VERA'S VENTURE

Clay and Apron Were in Defense Against Cautious Arrows.

"I WILL do it, auntie. I have quite decided, and nothing shall turn me from my purpose."  
"But, my dear, think of what people will say!"  
"That matters little to me. Besides, no one will know, as Falconhurst is far away from here, and I don't know anybody about there!"  
"But, Vera, would it not be more in keeping with your former position if you sought a place as a companion or governess?"  
"A companion!" said Vera Wynston, in a tone of disgust. "Do you think that I could tolerate such a position? To live in anybody's house and be treated neither as one thing or the other; not to be considered the equal of the ladies of it, and yet not to be on a level with the servants, subject to all sorts of insults both from the mistress and maid! No, I think that my plan is a better one."

"But, Vera," remonstrated her aunt, "why can you not become a governess?"  
"I am not fitted for that, auntie. My education, although tolerably good, is not one that would help me that way. What place would take me without a certificate?"  
Her aunt shook her head; she knew that what Vera said was true. The life of a companion was in most cases not an enviable one, and her education, although equal to, if not better than, that possessed by most girls, could not now be turned to account. And yet how could she bear that her little Vera, who had been as her own child, should go to Falconhurst as a common servant, an assistant housemaid!

But Vera had a very independent nature, and now that their circumstances were changed, she resolved to help herself and not be a burden on her aunt; so when a few days before she had read an advertisement in a paper for a housemaid, she had answered it, and determined to put aside her feelings and accept it until something better should come her way.

Two weeks later she arrived at Falconhurst and took up her duties. She had no idea how pretty she looked in her cap and apron, with her hair just being pulled back in little waves from her forehead. She had never been a conceited girl; and although people often called her pretty, she paid little attention to her looks.  
And it did not enter her mind to think that somehow she looked very different from most other housemaids; however, she worked with a will, and tried to keep as much to herself as was possible.

One evening she had left cap and apron behind, and gone for a walk in a part of the grounds little frequented by the guests or owners of the place, when, as she turned the corner of an avenue a horse, galloping furiously along, nearly ran over her. She drew quickly aside, from a blind in every limb. The rider quickly dismounted, and came to her side.  
"I hope you are not hurt," he said.  
"I had no idea that anyone was about here, or would not have ridden so furiously."

Vera looked up and saw the face of Leslie Falconhurst looking down at her with a puzzled look in his eyes.  
"Oh, I am only a little frightened!" she said.  
Leslie Falconhurst had left home the day after he had arrived, so he had not seen her at all, and now imagined her to be a guest of his mother's whom she had told him she intended asking to spend a few weeks with her, and who was to arrive the day after he left.

"You have come to Falconhurst recently," he asked.  
"Yes."  
"I am Leslie Falconhurst. And he held out his hand. 'I am pleased to see you at Falconhurst at last.'"  
Vera, out of a spirit of mischief, took the proffered hand.

"He evidently mistakes me for some one else," she thought.  
So she chatted on to him, because it was like a glimpse of the old life to her, to be treated as a lady again after the rough ways of the servants.  
"My mother wrote to tell me of the little dance she has prepared for this evening," he said, after a little break in the conversation. "Won't you keep a watch for me?"  
Vera stopped in the middle of the path; they had been walking back toward the house. He was leading his horse. A deep flush spread over her face.

"I was wrong to have allowed you to chat to me," she said. "I am only the housemaid." And hastily turning down a side path, she left him standing amazed in the middle of the avenue.  
"Great Scott! Is it possible? Housemaid or not, though she is a lady, I am sure. And what a nice face she has—not only pretty, but full of character. I wonder what has made her do it?"  
Leslie stammered on to the house, but all through the evening he could not get the pretty housemaid out of his mind.

Vera went back to her work on entering the house, very much annoyed with herself.  
"I had no right to have forgotten, even for an instant, the position that I occupy here. And yet it was so pleasant to chat to him," she mused. "It seemed like old times. Ah! shall I ever have friends again?"  
The next day, as Leslie sat half asleep in a chair in the library, he heard someone moving about the

room, and, turning round, he saw the girl who had chatted so pleasantly to him the day before standing by one of the bookshelves. She had been sent to dust the books, and on seeing him in the armchair she had entered so softly, hoping to finish her work before he awoke, that he had not heard her before.

"She does look nice in that cap and apron," he thought, and yet he could not tell why—it gave him an uncomfortable feeling to see her in them.  
"Good morning, Miss—" And he waited for her to supply the name.  
"Good morning," she said, not noticing the fact that he evidently wanted to know her name. "He must suppose that I am not what I appear to be," she thought.  
"Have you read that?" he asked, pointing to the book in her hand.  
"I have," she answered, but so stiffly that he resumed his seat and said no more.

"She evidently does not wish me to speak to her," he thought, "so that, unless I want to be a cad, I must not notice her any more than I would another housemaid. She snubbed me just now, though. Fancy my being snubbed by a housemaid!"  
But somehow it always happened that the owner of Falconhurst wanted something about the library just at the time the new housemaid went on to attend to her duties.

At first he told himself that he only wanted to befriend her, as she seemed so lonely, and then he thought that he would try and get her something better to do, "for her position must be intolerable," he thought. But as the weeks went on he knew that it was not friendship that made him seek Vera's society.  
And she, what did she feel? At first she was very coy, not answering an questions that he asked her, except in monosyllables, and never, if she could help it, keeping up any conversation with him.

But after a time she became less reserved, and grew to look on him as a friend, even acknowledging to him that she was a lady, but asking him to keep her secret.  
"But," he thought, "I must not be too friendly, for it hardly seems the thing for the master of Falconhurst to make a friend of his mother's housemaid."

"I leave to-day, Mr. Falconhurst. Good-by!"  
"Leave to-day? Why are you going?"  
"For several reasons. You have been very good to me; thank you for it."

She turned to go. They were in the library. She had just finished her work and so bade him good-by before she left the room. She found it



EXTRACT FROM A NOVEL.

"I AM ONLY THE HOUSEMAID," impossible to remain at Falconhurst, for—could she help it?—she had learned to care for Leslie, who in spite of the humble position that she had taken up, had always treated her with as much deference and courtesy as he did his mother's guests.  
"Vera, you shall not go!" he cried, striding after her and taking her

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hand. "My darling, do you think that I will let you leave me like this? Little one, don't you know how I have learned to love you?"  
But one look at her face was enough for him to know that she loved him even as he loved her.  
"Put your mother—what will she say?"  
"My dearest, have you not just now told me who you really are? Had I met you before your aunt's circumstances changed my mother would gladly have welcomed you as her daughter, so why should she not welcome you now?"

When, an hour later, Mrs. Falconhurst came into the library her countenance can be imagined on seeing the position of her son and housemaid.  
"Leslie!" she exclaimed.  
"Hush, mother, and let me explain. Vera has promised to be my wife."  
"Your wife? You to marry a—"  
But he held up his hand.  
"Can you not see that Vera is not what she has pretended to be? She is just as well born as we are. She is Col. Wynston's daughter."  
"You, the daughter of Col. Wynston, of Wynston towers? Incredible!"  
"It is true!" said Vera.

So Vera's venture ended happily for her; and her husband is wont to say that he will ever be thankful that she acted as she did, for it brought him the happiness of his life.—Forget-Me-Not.

Let Him Down Easy.  
"Sir," began young Timkins, as he entered the presence of the dear girl's father, "I want to marry your daughter."  
"Oh, don't bother me with your troubles," interrupted the old gentleman. "She told me some time ago that she intended to marry you, so you'll have to settle it between yourselves."—Troy Times.

Successful Experiment.  
The Mendicant—Beg pardon, sir, but I haven't had anything to eat for a week.  
The Philanthropist—Let me congratulate you upon your success in so interesting an experiment. It must be a great saving to you, and I'm sure you're looking well.—Tit-Bits.

A Friend in Need.  
"So Birdie Fyffe married a lame man! It is the last thing I would ever have expected her to do."  
"It was a case of gratitude, I believe. They were shipwrecked together, and by using his cork leg as a life preserver he managed to save them both."—Chicago Tribune.

A Mystery Made Clear.  
"Our band played like one man last night," said the proud trombone player.  
"Is that so?" replied his friend.  
"Well, now I know what Bill meant when he said the band played like Old Harry."—Yonkers Statesman.

The Beute.  
Cholly Noodley—Doncherknow, I'm thinking seriously of going on the stage.  
Jack Dewitt—Oh, pshaw, Cholly! Why, most any actor could give a better imitation of you than you could yourself.—Brooklyn Life.

The Old, Old Story.  
Some men will do great things to-morrow. Or at least that's what they say; and in telling it they're kept so busy they haven't time to work to-day. —Chicago Daily News.

"You will cease to love me when my beauty dies," she said.  
"That is impossible, my darling," said he.—London Judy.

Horrid Brute.  
She—Don't you agree with me that the romantic drama is preferable to tragedy?  
He—Oh, I don't know. I'd just as soon have snivel as drivel.—Indianapolis Press.

From Masculine Standpoint.  
Riggs—Women seem to be born with the largest instants.  
Diggs—Yes, that's right. I've known a woman to reduce her age from 40 to 25.—Chicago Daily News.

There Being a Distinction.  
"Always tell the truth, my boy," counseled Uncle Allen Sparks. "But don't be always telling it."—Chicago Tribune.

Still in the Market.  
"Shall you ever marry, count?"  
"I suppose I shall; every man has his price."—Town Topics.

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If you haven't a regular, healthy movement of the bowels every day, you're all right. Keep your bowels regular for best health, and you'll be happy and contented. The amount of candy you eat is no matter. It's the candy that counts. Candy Cathartic is the best.



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EASTWARD.  
No. 12, Daily Express, 5:24 A.M.  
15, Daily Express, 5:50 " "  
16, Daily Express Sunday, 6:25 " "  
25, " " " " " 7:10 " "  
60, Sunday Only, 7:30 " "  
65, Daily Express Sunday, 10:30 " "  
6, Daily Way Train, 12:35 P.M.  
8, Express except Sunday, 12:50 " "  
90, Way Except Sunday, 1:25 " "  
9, Daily Express, 4:30 " "  
60, Sunday Only, 4:30 " "  
18, Daily Express, 9:40 " "  
18, Sunday only, 9:40 " "  
22, Daily Express Sunday, 9:50 " "  
14, Daily " " " " " 10:00 " "

WESTWARD.  
No. 5, Daily Express, 12:30 A.M.  
17, Daily Milk Train, 5:30 " "  
1, Daily Express, 11:33 " "  
11, For Ho Quis E'pt Sun, 11:30 P.M.  
8, Way train except Sunday, 12:30 " "  
23, Deposit exp. Sat. only, 1:40 " "  
5, Daily " " " " " 5:15 " "  
27, Daily Express Sunday, 12:50 " "  
7, Daily Express, 10:15 " "

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