

The Chattham Record

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The Spanish Treasure.

A NOVEL.

By Mrs. Elizabeth C. Winter.

(GABRIELLA CASSELLA.)

CHAPTER X.

Stanley's amazement was...

He brought a couple of pillows...

"You who?" he asked.

"To this there was, at first, no reply...

"You who?" he asked.

"All that is written or traced on that side...

"What manuscript?" exclaimed Stanley...

"No, but you are thinking of it at this moment...

"How can I gain possession of that manuscript?"

"To do so will be difficult, perhaps impossible...

"Can you tell me what the manuscript contains?"

"I can tell you nothing except what is either inferred in your own mind or connected with some object in this room."

"Apparently so, and yet I can see it closely covered with ink writing."

In some strong hand between you...

He spoke merely as if uttering his thoughts...

But the professor did not say, and as Stanley bent forward...

"Awake! Awake!" he said again, in his most imperative tone...

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"I don't like that girl," said Polly Hamilton...

"Which of them?" asked for companion, absently...

"How serious you are, Stanley, but perhaps you are justified in feeling so."

"Exactly, that is just what people call her; but I don't think I ever in my life liked the sort of young woman that is called a charming girl."

"I will remember what you say, Stanley, and I will observe it in my future knowledge of Miss Gaye confirms it."

"But didn't Mr. Stanley look handsome, Rita? I know you don't like him, and it terrifies me to think that it may be instinct with you to understand non just as it is with me to understand women."

"I think him the handsomest I ever saw," said Dolores, with a sigh.

"What do I care for the cause of that dusky princess? I believe in one of that rubbish! Let me but get these hands of mine on the treasure, and the cause may take wings to itself!"

Was Spanish, the same as headed the mysterious cipher on the other side.

"Confound the man who invented this puzzle," he thought.

With the magnifying glass in hand, he once more took the piece of parchment to the fire, and as the writing again appeared, he read it word by word, slowly, thinking out the English equivalent for each line of the Spanish writing.

"No need to, old fellow," Stanley interrupted Stanley.

He spoke merely as if uttering his thoughts...

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HARVESTING AN ICE CROP

THE HUDSON RIVER THE GREAT CENTRE OF THE INDUSTRY.

An Army of Men Employed There and at Other Points, With a Weekly Payroll of About \$1,000,000—Conveying Machinery Operates Rapidly.

Winter rural-ice employment to an army of men in the country who would otherwise pass the cold months of the year in idleness...

The Hudson River is the great center of the industry in the United States.

Outside of the United States the harvesting of natural ice is conducted on an extensive scale only in Norway and Sweden.

The greatest ice field in the country and of the world is the Hudson River, which nature seems to have planned for this industry.

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OUR BUDGET OF HUMOR

A. D. 1902.

And the wireless was up, up, up.

"Would you accept him, if you were?"

"You seem to be very economical," said Mrs. Grogan's mother.

"The wireless is about as good as dead," said Mrs. Grogan.

"I don't see how you live on the 'wireless' as they call it," said Mrs. Grogan.

"I never saw a queen, but if they weigh 200 pounds and have double chins, I guess she has," said Cleveland.

"Riches cannot accomplish everything," said the philosopher.

"What's right?" answered Senator Sargent.

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HOW DIAMONDS BREAK

It Happens Very Seldom, and Only When They Fall Just Right.

Secretary Henry Pollman, of the Pittsburg Baseball Club, who is dead in this city on a visit for some time, was killed by a diamond.

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