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FOR JUST ONE-HALF VALUE

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☞We have also about One Hundred Men's and Boys Suits left from last year, and a few from the year previous, worth from $7.50 to $12.00, which we will sell for **$4.50**.

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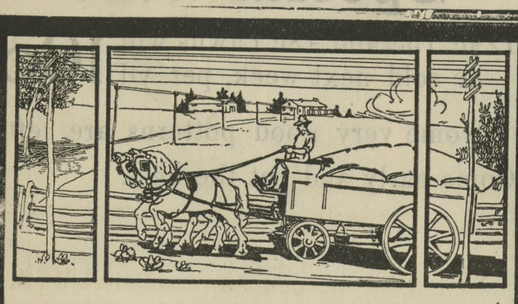

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THE KEY OF DEATH.

A Story of Italian Methods In Mediaeval Times.

By F. A. MITCHEL.

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When Venice was mistress of the maritime world she attracted many young men desirous of profiting by her commercial advantages. Among them was one Giuseppe Pessero, who went there from Rome. Pessero was of good family and had been intimate with the Borgias, the Farnese and other great families at a time when the Italians were very skillful in getting rid of those who stood in their way by means of poison.

One afternoon, while being pulled in a gondola from St. Mark's down toward the Rialto, Pessero passed a barge in which sat a vision of loveliness.

"Giovanni!" exclaimed Pessero when the two boats had passed. "Who is that lady?"

"That, signor," replied the gondolier, "is Signorina Francesca del Prombo."

"Turn, Giovanni—turn at once and follow."

The gondola was swung around and pulled to a flight of steps leading to the square of St. Mark's. The lady had embarked and entered the square when Pessero's gondola drew up to the steps. In a few minutes he saw the Signorina Francesca join a party of gentlemen and ladies who were sitting idly, some reading, some playing on lutes, others chatting. Pessero, seeing one among them he knew, spoke to him and was introduced to the group.

But it was Francesca that he wanted. Seizing the earliest opportunity, he devoted himself to her, though without encouragement. Francesca was betrothed to Luigi Sansovino, one of her own rank and high in favor with the doge. Disregarding this, Pessero persisted in his attentions and after an acquaintance of a few weeks made bold to ask for Signorina del Prombo's hand. It is needless to say that his suit was rejected.

That was a far different age from this. While the people had attained a certain refinement, they seemed still to retain the traits of their barbarian ancestors. It was not an uncommon thing for a man rejected by a woman to revenge himself upon her.

HORROR STRICKEN, HIS BRIDE BENT OVER HIM.

Pessero resolved that no one except himself should possess Francesca. But he bided his time. He heard of the preparations making for her wedding with Sansovino, how the looms were spinning fine fabrics for her wedding gown and how the most delicate lace was being woven for her adornment. He showed no sign of dissatisfaction. He was engaged most of the day and at times far into the night in a little workshop that he had fitted up in his home.

When the day for the wedding came Pessero stood at the entrance to St. Mark's church, where the ceremony was to take place, among a crowd of people eager to see the beautiful Francesca del Prombo attired for the bridal. The groom as he passed in saw the face of the man who had aspired to his place wearing the look of a fiend. Pessero was on the inner edge of the crowd, and the two men touched as the procession passed. Sansovino looked away and in another moment felt a sharp pain in his breast. Before he had entered the body of the church he fainted. Horror stricken, his bride bent over him, endeavoring to recall him to consciousness—all in vain. In a few minutes he was dead.

Francesca's quick eye had detected the malevolent face of Pessero in the crowd, and she was seized with an indefinable dread. From the moment her lover had sunk down on the marble pavement she divined that he had been stricken by the hand of her rejected suitor. She was carried to the canal, placed in her barge and rowed to the family palace. As soon as she came out of the frantic condition into which she had been thrown by the tragedy she cried:

"He was killed by Pessero!"

"Pessero!" exclaimed her father and mother in a breath.

"He was at the church. He rubbed against Luigi as we passed. The fiend killed him!"

Signor del Prombo consulted with his most intimate friends, and it was considered possible for Pessero to have stabbed his victim by means of a blade so thin that no blood would flow. A surgeon was directed to carefully examine the body, with a view to discovering if the mark of any instrument of death had been left upon it. The examination was made and the report awaited with intense eagerness.

"Well," said Signor del Prombo when the surgeon came to report.

"He was assassinated."

"How? Stabbed?"

"Not exactly. A small steel needle was injected into the flesh."

"How? By whom?"

"That I cannot tell."

"Was death caused by this instrument?"

"There may have been poison on it."

"Could you detect poison?"

"There were no traces of anything on the needle."

The Del Prombo family were sure that the needle had in some mysterious manner been injected by Pessero into the breast of the murdered man. But who was to give evidence of the fact? Nor were the courts of that time overburdened with justice. More than that, the detective methods of the present day were then unheard of. So there was nothing to do but suffer and permit the murderer to go his way.

Francesca, feeling that her life had been blighted, decided to go into a convent. The palace of St. Mark's and its gay company knew her no more. She disappeared entirely from the world.

One day not long after her retirement Pessero succeeded under the guise of a mendicant in gaining access to her. Before she was aware of it she was in an apartment alone with the murderer of her lover. Throwing off his disguise, he knelt at her feet and implored her to take pity on one who loved her better than life.

He was greeted with a look of horror, of detestation and with but one word:

"Murderer!"

He attempted to plead, but Francesca raised a cry for help, and in a moment the room was filled with nuns. Pessero, foiled, slunk away. But as he departed he gave Francesca a look that froze her soul. It was love changed to hate, and with it was mingled triumph.

He had no sooner gone than Francesca quickly placed her hand on her breast. The expression on her face told those about her that something serious had happened. Then she began to tear open her bodice, and there on her bosom was a drop of blood. In a word she told them that she had been stabbed by the man who had killed her lover.

A surgeon who attended the nuns when they were ill happened to be in the convent at the time. He was hurried to Francesca. In as few words as possible he was told that something was doubtless underneath the tiny wound, and he probed for it. In a few moments he extracted a steel needle.

By this time Francesca was losing consciousness from the effects of the wound, and the surgeon, believing that the needle had been poisoned before being injected, used such antidotes as he was acquainted with. For several hours Francesca's life hung in the balance; then slowly she began to revive and in a few days was restored.

In the present case Pessero was known to have been with his intended victim at the time she was stricken, and this, taken with the circumstances of Sansovino's death, was strong evidence against him. Francesca's father had concealed the cause of the death of Sansovino and the suspicion that rested on Pessero. Desirous of getting other evidence, he directed that the murderer should be kept in ignorance of what was known of his methods. Pessero, who had stricken Francesca in a moment of passion and knew from her greeting that the circumstances connected with the two tragedies would be sufficient to convict him, fled.

Signor del Prombo no sooner learned that his daughter was out of danger than he sought Pessero. Not finding him and learning that he had been seen pulling in a boat for the mainland, Del Prombo followed, caught the murderer and, single handed, brought him back to Venice. Pessero was thrown into prison and his home searched. There in his workshop were found a number of parts which together made up the implement used in his crimes.

It was a large key, in appearance very simple, but really very complex. The handle, being turned, exposed a spring which, when pressed, sent from the other end of the key a poisoned needle of such fineness that it entered the flesh and buried itself there, leaving no external trace.

There is a bridge in Venice called the "Bridge of Sighs." It spans a narrow canal leading from a prison to the palace of the doges, where court was held. It is generally supposed that in mediaeval times political prisoners passed over it for trial. It was, however, a passage for common malefactors. Visitors in Venice may now go from the palace over the bridge to the prison and down into its dungeons. In one of these dungeons Pessero was confined. He passed over the "Bridge of Sighs" to his trial and, after his conviction, passed back over the same bridge to await his execution.

It is said that Francesca, whose life he had turned from one of happiness to a cloister existence and who had, under the influence of the sisters, been turned to piety, wished to petition the court to spare Pessero's life, but was dissuaded from doing so by the mother superior on the ground that the church did not interfere with justice. Pessero was hanged.

Francesca never left the convent in which she had sought a retreat when the world paled before her. After the death of her father she inherited a fortune, which she gave to the poor. The waters of the Grand canal wash the steps leading to the palace of her family, but it is now occupied for commercial purposes. The glory of Venice and her former home have vanished.

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For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

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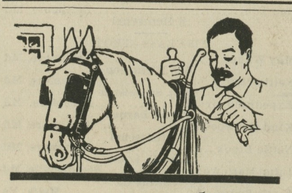
During Change of Life, says Mrs. Chas. Barclay

Graniteville, Vt.—"I was passing through the Change of Life and suffered from nervousness and other annoying symptoms, and I can truly say that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has proved worth mountains of gold to me, as it restored my health and strength. I never forget to tell my friends what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me during this trying period. Complete restoration to health means so much to me that for the sake of other suffering women I am willing to make my trouble public so you may publish this letter."—MRS. CHAS. BARCLAY, R.F.D., Graniteville, Vt.

No other medicine for woman's ills has received such wide-spread and unqualified endorsement. No other medicine we know of has such a record of cures of female ills as has Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

For more than 30 years it has been curing female complaints such as inflammation, ulceration, local weaknesses, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, indigestion and nervous prostration, and it is unequalled for carrying women safely through the period of change of life. It costs but little to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and, as Mrs. Barclay says, it is "worth mountains of gold" to suffering women.



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OF KENT COUNTY.

During the past 13 years it has paid to its policy holders for fire losses $80,000.

During the same period it has returned to them in settlement of policies $65,000.

Has now to their credit over $70,000.

The books of the company show that at the present the savings from insurance when policy was taken out in the years mentioned below to be as follows:

1896.....Savings from 50 to 55%
1899.....Savings from 50 to 60%
1900.....Savings from 45 to 50%
1905.....Savings from 60 to 65%

Last year the cost of insurance was only about one-half of payments made.

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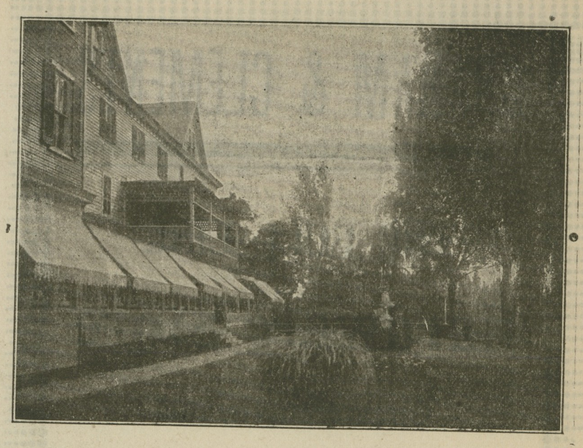

TOLCHESTER HOTEL.

THE FAIR!

KENT, QUEEN ANNE'S AND CECIL, AT TOLCHESTER BEACH.

4—ALL BIG DAYS—4

Aug. 30 and 31, and Sept. 1 and 2.

GET READY! Everybody will be there! Go all Four Days! Something new each day! Two Bands of Music. A Great Free Show in front of the Grand Stand. Take the children and meet your friends. Watch the papers for sailing hours of boats, or drive over and have your horse fed inside of grounds. The Grange, the Farmer, the Manufacturer, the Housewife, the School, all will have big exhibits. Send for entry blanks and fair book. Be with the crowd and have something at the Fair. Premiums open to all.

The Following is the Speed Programme:

TUESDAY, AUGUST 30th.

Class.		Purse.
No. 1.	2.30—Pace	$300 00
No. 2.	3 Years and under—Trot or Pace	200 00
No. 3	Special Match Race	

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 31st.

No. 4.	Cart Race, no record—Trot or Pace	$200 00
No. 5.	3 15—Trot	300 00
No. 6.	2 22—Pace	300 00

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 1st.

Class.		Purse.
No. 7.	2 28—Pace	$300 00
No. 8.	Free For All—Trot or Pace	300 00
No 9.	2 28—Trot	300 00
No. 10.	2 17—Pace	300 00

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 2nd.

No. 11	Trot	$300 00
No. 12	Trot	200 00
No 13	To close with a great mule race under saddle	

Races and Conditions:

Trotting and pacing races under the rules of the National Trotting Association, of which we are members, unless otherwise stated. All races, mile heats, best three in five, to harness. Entrance fee five per cent. and five per cent. additional from money winners. Money divided 50, 25, 15, 10 per cent. A horse distancing the field to receive one money only. No money paid for walk-overs. The association reserves the right to declare off all classes not filling satisfactory. No class will be allowed to go with less than four starters. Right reserved to change order of programme at any time. *No conditional entries will be received*, and if they are sent they will be treated by us as straight entries. Distance rules will be enforced. The usual weather clause will prevail.

Rights reserved to transpose races, to alternate heats and to declare off any race on account of bad weather and track.

Any race not started by 5 p. m. Friday may be declared off and entrance money refunded.

Always give pedigree and repeat telegraphic entries by mail.

All entries close August 23d, at 11 p. m., and records made that day and day previous, no bar. Hobbles no bar.

The stables have been put in first-class condition and the track will be better this year than ever before, having employed a first class man to look after it during the Fair.

☞We have added as a side issue a noted WILD WEST SHOW, with all its hair-breadth escapes from real live Indians.

☞DON'T FAIL TO SEE IT.

G. E. NOLAND, Secretary,
aug13-tf. Tolchester Beach, Md.

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CORN CUTTER

Takes but one man and one horse to operate and cuts 8 to 8½ acres per day.

OUR GUARANTEE:

Taking all into consideration, viz: Ease of operation, light draft, depositing corn in a straight pile, not knocking off the ears, strength and durability, cost of operating, being able to go anywhere in the field without having to cut first row or turn row, gathering up down corn, and the promptness and excellency of its work, we guarantee this machine to be the best on the market. A trial will convince.

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