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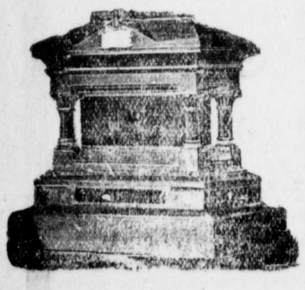
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When this person starts his moving,
it makes a person look,
He does it so neatly, we think he has
studied a book,
And if you ask the question, how many
lessons have you took?
His answer will be quickly, Go! Get
the hook.

Every checker he has numbered, as
he moves from six to ten,
Until before you know it, you are tied
up in a pen,
Not knowing what to do next or make
a move again,
And simply look and say, where can
I go and when?

For skill we all admit, he is an artist
in his line,
With a twinkle in his eye and an extraordinary mind,
And to take this reputation from him,
no one can we find,
So if you start to play him, don't care
if you are left behind.

Any time you feel like coming to our
beautiful County-seat,
This game you desire to play and our
champion you wish to meet,
Just nitify him in advance, if you do
not fear defeat,
But remember what I tell you, he is
certainly hard to beat.

Watch closely as he moves forth, for
if he gets a king,
Good-bye my friend and you'll admit,
he is certainly no has-been,
Protect your own king row, don't let
him enter in,
For when he deos, will prove to you,
how easy it is to win.

For years he has had us guessing, the
mystery still unknown,
And those who have tryed him, especially here at home,
Acknowledge he is the victor, with
many triumphs he has won,
So if you want to meet him, just fix
the date and come.

A cross-word puzzle, I'll give you, to
guess our wizzard's name,
Three letters in the first part any
rhymes with go they claim,
Eight letters in the second and with
meet me, it rhimes again,
So if by chance you guess it, I'll know
by him you have been slain.

He does it so swiftly, as flies the little Dove,
Who goes about us daily, up in the
skies above,
His reputation made and on all he
has the move,
And it is doubtful, if he ever fails, unless he falls in love.

OUTCLASSED

PRUNING DEMONSTRATION HELD

County Agent Derrick Gives Aid To Small Orchardicts

County Farm Agent Horace B. Derrick conducted a campaign of orchard pruning demonstrations in various sections of the county last week, for the purpose of instructing the fruit growers in best methods of pruning to obtain the largest yeild of good. marketable fruit.

These demonstrations were largely attended by commercial growers as well as "home-orchard" owners.

Mr. Derrick has been assisted in these demonstrations by Mr. Vierheller, one of the extension specialists in horticulture, who has given valuable information to the growers as to the best methods of pruning, as well as of spraying and cultivating the trees.

The first demonstration was held on Friday in the orchard of Adam B. Schauber, in Worton, where a young, promising orchard is being given the best of care.

Other demonstrations were held at 9 o'clock in the orchard of Harry Willis, near Betterton, and at 1.30 o'clock this afternoon in the orchard of W. Walter Morris, of near Fairlee.

These demonstration have an educational value which is proving helpful to the farmers, many of whom believe that peach culture can be restored to Kent county again with profit through the application of ideas gained from such demonstrations as these by the use of proper and freaware.

A number of county farmers have embarked upon the experiment of peach culture, and last fall several new orchards were set out and it is the intention of the owners to use the most modern methods of culture in order to determine whether it is possible under present methods of spraying, treatment and culture of the trees to grow peaches and other fruit at a profit.

The disease known as the "yellows" practically put an end to peach culture years ago in Kent county, but the experiment stations have been striving to find a remedy for the disease. It is claimed that the remedy has been found in the use of what is known as the "gas" treatment of the roots of the trees with a gas which destroys the insect which causes the trouble. This is the treatment being used in Delaware with much success by orchardists.

Spraying demonstrations will shortly be given throughout the county and other methods employed by Mr. Derrick to assist the growers in exheretofore caused wholesale destruction of fruit trees of all kinds.

HEEL MARKS OF A HERO

By WARD WINCHELL, U. S. N.

(© by Short Story Pub. Co.)

Having been under fire at Manila when the United States navy executed a writ of ejectment, a midshipman thirsts for further thrills. After battling in the dark with a cobra de fibrilla, he is quite satisfied.

HE WAS a graduated midshipman, out of Annapolis just long enough to begin to suspect that there might be, somewhere in the world, a commanding officer who knew as much as he about things in general, and how a ship should be run, in particular.

It had been his rare good fortune to take part in that Sunday morning target practice at Manila, on the ever memorable first of May—Spain's moving day. He did not get the idea that he was a hero, until the home papers began to arrive, months afterwards; but when he caught the idea he took it violently.

Later on, with the rest of the navy, he had "assisted" in the assault on Manila, by hammering the old stone fort at Malate. While the heavy guns had played their deep diapason of war, he had performed a staccato solo on a little machine gun mounted in the bow of a captured Spanish steam-launch. The volunteer army so covered itself with a mixture of swamp mud, mosquito bites and glory, that a great flock of promotions for valor flew out of Washington desks, and lit in all kinds of unexpected if well-deserved places.

After this experience our hero was frequently heard to say with envy, "Every time the navy does anything, the army gets ten new generals."

One day, somebody possessed with a puissant pen, and sitting in a swivel chair at a Washington desk, wrote an illegible signature at the bottom of a bit of typewritten stuff. Straightway words flashed across continents and dove under seas, and the ship our hero honored with his presence began making her homeward-bound pennant, and, a week later, flung it to the breeze, and started on a thirteen-thousand mile journey to New York.

We shall spare the reader the details of that long trip home. Nor shall we tell how our hero bought sea shells at Singapore, which had not been cleaned, and which scented up his room with an "ancient and fish-like" smell compared with which Trinculo's monster would have been heliotrope. Neither shall we reveal the details of his encounter with a Singhalese street-hawker, who wore long hair, tortoise-shell comb and a white dress, and who looked like a bearded lady.

He had also added to his experience by looking at the Parsee Towers of Silence, where the dead are lain in rows to be eaten by buzzards, and had seen a Hindoo plague corpse reduced to a handful of ashes sifting through a burning woodpile, and, with an eye to detail, had noted that the smoke smelled only of sandal wood.

But with all these experiences, he was still unsatisfied.

India is, above all other places, the land of strange adventures. Now that he was there, our hero longed to kill a tiger or have an adventure with a cobra.

He was not at all modest about these ambitions. Indeed, he so abused a young man's privilege of talking about himself that all his messmates became experts on killing snakes and tigers. At last, after much vain wishing, he had his adventure with a cobra.

He and a few messmates had put up at a hotel some distance from Bombay. After dinner there was a dance in honor of the heroes from Manila.

He had a waltz with an English girl who did not consider it good form to reverse. She was not interested in Manila, knew little about tiger slaying and less about cobras, and all these limitations, being combined in one girl, made him tired.

They parted with mutual satisfaction, she going to her chaperon and he sauntering over the grass of the compound to a secluded spot where a reclining wicker chair invited repose. Lying back in this and lighting a Manila perfecto, he gave himself up to the pleasing delight of passing in mental review all the girls he had ever loved. As he was two and twenty, behind him stretched a long line of experience with broken hearts for milestones.

Lulled by the mellow music and soothed by the cigar, he must have dozed, for he failed to notice a stealthy rustle in the grass under his chair, and was undisturbed by the motions of the long, slender thing that glided this way and that, and then curled itself into sinuous, graceful folds.

With a start, he awoke from an ugly dream in which a cobra had coiled on his chest.

In the dark he could not recall for a moment where he was. Then the distant lights and the music brought it all back. He lazily stretched and rubbed his hand down his vest buttons to reassure himself that the dream was but a dream. Swinging around, he rose to a sitting position and, still stretching and gaping, he brought his right foot down on the grass.

Horrors! It rested on something that squirmed and wriggled—a snake. Undoubtedly a cobra, and he was stepping on it! Then he did a bold thing. The snake had not struck, hence his foot must be on either the head or the neck, and so, despite the suddenness of the shock, he bore down with all his weight. The soles of his dancing pumps were thin, and under the instep he could feel the snake straining this way and that in strong efforts to free itself, but so long as he could hold it he was safe.

It is a hard job to stand on a squirming snake in the dark, and it showed no symptoms of dying, but seemed to get more desperately lively the harder he pushed it down into the soft grass. If he could but get his other heel on its head, perhaps he could hold it better. But on which side of his foot was that wicked head with the wide hood?

He stamped savagely down with the left foot close to the right one, carefully keeping all his weight on the squirming neck. Ah! Something was there which mashed, but whether head or body, he could not tell. Extending his foot further to the left, he stamped again; evidently the body extended to the left.

By inches he pounded and mashed and ground the body into the grass as far to the left as he could reach without lifting his weight from the right foot on the neck. Evidently it was a big snake, and the head with its deadly venom was to the right.

If he could only twist his left foot far enough around to mash that head! One can do this nice balancing feat in the gymnasium, but to be treading in the dark on slippery death, and then attempt it—that's quite another matter. Something had to be done soon, for the cobra was exerting more and more force. It seemed to be growing stronger, despite the injuries he had inflicted—or was he growing weaker?

But what was that? Oh, blessed sound! The growling and half-suppressed barking of a dog under the chair! It had seen the cobra and was attacking it. He eagerly urged on his new ally with all his powers of canine persuasion, but it seemed loth to attack and remained snarling and growling under the chair. Perhaps it was a native dog and understood only Hindustani. Hoping against hope, he continued encouraging it by sounds which under ordinary circumstances would nerve a timid cur to spit in the face of a bulldog.

Things were come to a desperate pass now, for as soon as the dog had made himself heard, the snake had put forth a supreme effort and had succeeded in slipping a bit to the right. It was but a question of time when it would be free. Press how he would, it was getting loose. Already an inch or so had slipped away, and at any moment the head might be freed as to be able to turn and strike death into his veins.

Even as this thought struck him, he felt more of it slipping. Making a quick backward spring, he reached the seat of the chair, and standing there with every nerve thrilling, he heard the released cobra glide through the grass toward the dog, which at once stopped growling and became ominously silent. Was it possible that the snake had killed it so quickly? He bent over, listening and vainly trying to peer through the thick darkness. Then a happy thought came—the matches in his pocket.

The box was almost empty. In his haste and nervousness, he broke the first two. Nursing the modern commercial instinct that leads the Japanese to imitate European manufacturers in all things save quality, he lighted one by one of the four remaining "Saker-hets-Tandstickors made in Kobe." They went out immediately.

The burning head flew off one, however, and by its fitful glare he had a vision of the dog lying near the foot of the chair, with the snake coiled around its neck. Knowing that the cobra is not a constrictor and not likely to coil around the neck of its victim, he distrusted this fleeting vision as an optical illusion.

For a long while he stood on the chair, trying to make up his mind to make a jump and run for the hotel, but the way led through the grass, and where there was one cobra it was likely there were more. Besides he was unnerved. Let any one stand on slippery death for ten minutes and note the effect on the nerves.

He called for help.

A few minutes later three of his messmates had started for him, armed with such improvised weapons as could be hastily secured. "Bring a light," yelled the afflicted one, and an ornamental Chinese lantern was taken from the piazza.

"What's the matter, Charlie," said number one, "has your cigar gone out?"

"Be careful! There's a cobra right under this chair. He killed a dog there just a minute ago."

"Nonsense," said number two, swinging the lantern under the chair. "Here's a pup, sure enough, but he's a mighty lively corpse judging by the way he's chewing on that rope. What have you been drinking?"

"Oh, I didn't see him. I stepped on him right here. Look where I mashed him into the grass."

They looked. Then number three picked up the native rope with which the pup was tied to the chair. It was loosely woven fibre, thick, soft, and with sundry flat places mashed into it where Charlie's heel had dug fiercely into its soft texture. "There's your cobra," said he, fitting it into its print on the grass.

A few moments later, four young naval heroes lined up at the bar, where some warm champagne was broached at rupees ten the bottle. Over the drink and in consideration therefor, they swore eternal secrecy.

"Charlie," said one, solemnly, as he drank, "you've got to do one of two things. Either swear off, or buy a mongoose."

"There's still another solution," said number two. "What's the matter with his marrying a snake-charmer?"

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