

THE YOUNG VULTURE

HE IS WILLING TO FIGHT BEFORE HE IS ABLE TO FLY.

The Fledgling Has Wonderful Strength of Bill, is Courageous and Aggressive and is a Quick Almost as a Flash of Lightning.

In the south there is one bird which everybody knows whether he is a nature student or not. I refer to the turkey vulture, or turkey buzzard, as most people call him. This bird seems to be an ever present feature of the southern landscape, for look upward when you will you may see him sweeping the sky with outspread wings, wheeling in broad circles or soaring in graceful spirals, with seeming never a stroke of the mighty pinions for hours at a time.

One day I saw a vulture sailing thus, says Ernest Harold Baynes in the Boston Herald, and I carefully marked his flight until he descended from the white clouds and disappeared near the edge of a distant wood. Supposing that he had come down to feed on some carrion—a dead horse perhaps, which had been dragged just outside of the woods and left—I made the best of my way to the spot where I lost sight of the bird, that I might be a witness to the feast.

I arrived at the wood, but neither bird nor carcass could I see. Then I thought me that this was the month of May, and that perhaps the buzzard had a nest thereabout. I hunted under the bushes, along the side of fallen trees, and in some old stumps which were standing near, but not a feather was to be seen.

Presently I spied a log which lay somewhat apart in the shadow of some shrubs, and as I approached it out from somewhere came a big turkey buzzard, which quickly disappeared behind the trees. On coming up to the log, which was a large one, I found that it was hollow, and in the cavity there were two eggs, which doubtless belonged to the vulture which had just departed. They were considerably larger than the eggs of a domestic hen, and in color they were dirty white, heavily spotted with chocolate brown. I left them that I might have an opportunity to study the young.

The next time I visited the hollow log the parent birds were not in sight, but in the nest I found two downy fledglings, which could scarcely be called pretty. They were in every way less attractive than young hawks of the same age. They expressed their disapproval of my presence by a weak growling sound.

I could not visit the spot again for some weeks, and when I did one of them had disappeared. The other was no longer in the hollow log, but standing at a little distance, and I was interested to see the change in his appearance. In the first place, he had grown tremendously; the down which had formerly covered the whole body was now confined chiefly to the head, neck and under parts, and the rest of the bird was clothed with firm black feathers. He looked fat and well fed.

I reached out my hand and caught him by one wing. But here he had a surprise for me, for he seized my finger in his hooked bill and with a turn of his head twisted off a bit of the flesh before I had time even to object. After hurriedly cleansing the wound I again advanced on the enemy, who was game enough to satisfy any one and came to the attack with open bill. Of course he was not dangerous in the least, for he was very young and could not even fly, but for a fledgling the grip he could give with his bill was astonishing.

However, I picked him up, took him home and tethered him in the garden with a strap to one leg. The first night he ate a good meal of liver, and after that he took almost any kind of meat that was given him. I let him have carrion whenever it was convenient, but at other times he ate freshly killed frogs, fresh beef, opossum and even fish.

One night soon after I had brought him home I went out to see how he looked when he was asleep. It was so dark that his black plumage was not visible against the grass. All I could see of him was a white spot, his head, as it hung near the ground.

I approached very quietly and was within five feet when something happened. Out of the darkness there came a flash of white straight toward me with a speed which caused me to step quickly backward, and at the same instant there was a startling, rustling sound, accompanied by a guttural growl, which for a moment I did not recognize as the voice of the young vulture.

Altogether it was a most startling phenomenon, and, although I realized in a moment that the bird was in some way the cause of it, I do not know even yet just what happened. This much I know, however, that the bird rushed at me, growing with all his might, and that the flash of white was the white down of the body uncovered by the opening of the black wings.

The rustling sound was, I think, caused in some way by the wing feathers or tail feathers, or both, but whether by dragging them along the ground or otherwise I cannot tell. I tried on several occasions to find this out by approaching the young vulture when there was just light enough for me to see what happened, but he would never act in just the same way unless it was quite dark.

No doubt this is some provision of nature to protect the bird when it is young and helpless, and I can testify that it is a good one, for I am sure that few night prowling animals would care to pursue their investigations after being given so startling a reception.

It is a wise man who knows his own business, and it is a wiser man who...

THE MAP PROOFREADER.

His Work is Done Slowly and With Extraordinary Care.

"I thought I knew my business until I took a job holding copy in a map-making establishment," said a veteran proofreader. "The change from the rush of a morning newspaper to the leisurely work of an encyclopedia was queer enough. It was three weeks before I began to feel that I was earning my salary. It takes about two weeks to read the proof of a good map. If it is a business atlas, particularly comprehensive as to small towns, we linger over a proof and its successive revisions for a month or six weeks before the final electotype is made. In map-making it is not only essential that every town should be in the map, but that it should be in precisely the right place. The man who is buying a map or an atlas has no use for it unless it gives accurate information about the city or town where he was born, where his wife was born and where he was married. The first thing a prospective purchaser does when shown a new atlas by a canvasser is to look up one or all of these points. If his native town or city is not there he won't bother to take another glance at the book. If it is there, but not in its precise location or some river or bay, he does not hesitate to say he has no high opinion of the atlas. The motto of our business seems to be 'Get it all in and get it right.'"

VISITING CARDS.

Some of the Uses to Which They Are Put in England.

A great London paper lately commented on the improper use often made of visiting cards by nefarious persons, but it is evident that the writer did not know that whole packets of such cards, bearing the most distinguished names, can be purchased for a mere trifle.

These cards are for the most part, as one of the vendors assured in a way of speaking by persons of social pretensions who simply wish to impress people of their own circle. In the hall or on one of the dining room tables elaborate salvers are left carelessly about, each one piled with cards bearing most distinguished names, and of course the waiting visitor, examining these cards to pass the time, is presumed to be deeply impressed by the weight of the social circle in which the owner of the drawing room mixes. The tradesman who was the writer's informant declared that some of the purchasers of the cards greatly enhanced the effect by having scribbled in pencil upon these bits of pasteboard, in different handwritings of course, more or less intimate little messages.

The same informant declared that he had known men of a facetious turn of mind about to visit watering places near London who would take the cards of great people with them and would on making chance acquaintances for mere amusement greatly impress these latter by giving them one or other of the pieces of pasteboard bearing a noble name.

A DREADFUL PEST.

The Cape Sable Horsefly of the Lower Florida Swamps.

A dreadful pest of the lower Florida swamps is the Cape Sable horsefly. Specimens measure an inch and a quarter in length. Their bite draws blood like the thrust of a knife. Imagine a swarm of them darting around one like so many humming birds! Fortunately they are not, at least early in the season, particularly inclined to attack man. The only domestic animal that can live in this country is the mule, and even his tough hide requires a flyproof stable for his protection and a suit of armor when outdoors. One day I engaged a mule and tipcart to save several miles of weary lugging along the strip of prairie before we struck off into the interior to visit a great rookery. When the guide brought the animal, it presented a truly remarkable appearance, clad in a suit of busiap that would have afforded complete protection, save that the legs of the "trousers" had been slit down, as the animal could hardly have been induced to put them on. So the flaps hung dangling about the legs, the ears projected above, and the calm eyes gazed out through the loopholes, surveying the swarm of flies and the stranger. We left him tied to a palm tree for the day. At dusk when we returned the legs of the poor beast were dripping with blood, and he was fairly frantic with pain. We had a stormy experience in harnessing him, having to be very spry to avoid being killed by the flying hoofs.—Country Life in America.

Origin of Knives.

The first knives, according to the conclusions of a scientist who has made a study of the subject, were fractured stones that happened to have a sharp cutting edge. But the vegetable kingdom also furnishes very keen cutting edges in the leaves and stalks of certain plants, which might have been availed of before artificial knives were made. The fractured stone knife easily suggested the shaping of flaked stones, like flint, into the form of blades. Among the Seri Indians on Tiburon Island, in the Gulf of California, the primitive custom of utilizing fractured and water worn stones for knives still exists.

How She Took It.

Harry—Here is a conundrum: When is two an odd and lucky number? Ceelia—You know I never can guess conundrums. Harry—When two are made one. Ceelia—Oh, Harry! This is so sudden!—Town Topics.

Life is the finest of the fine arts. It has to be learned with lifelong patience, and the years of our pilgrimage are all too short to master it triumphantly.—Drummond

CONSUMPTION CURED.

"I Was Dying of Consumption. Doctors Gave Me Up. Nothing Helped Me. I Tried Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey. Improved at Once. Eight Bottles Completely Cured Me"—Says Mrs. H. C. Allington, Nashua, N. H.



My life has been saved by Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey; my old age comforted and made happy. I can truthfully say that I would not be among the living to-day but for Duffy's. I have used it as a medicine for many years and will continue to recommend it to all suffering from consumption and throat troubles. Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey actually cures consumption; my own case is a living evidence of the fact.

"I am in my 70th year, and in rugged health. A number of years ago I had three severe attacks of grip, the last one being followed by pneumonia. I was left with a bad cough and did not help me and I was in despair because consumption was upon me. I tried cough medicines and so-called consumption cures without benefit and was nearing my end, when a good neighbor brought me a bottle of Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey. It helped me from the first and I began to mend. Eight bottles completely cured me.

"I always keep a bottle of Duffy's in the house and when I feel the least badly I take it according to direction. It keeps me well and hearty."

Mrs. H. C. ALLINGTON, 71 Amherst St., Nashua, N. H. Mrs. Allington's experience is just exactly the same as thousands of men and women who

DUFFY'S PURE MALT WHISKEY THE ONLY CURE FOR LUNG AND THROAT TROUBLES.

During its existence of 50 years, Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey has made over 4,000,000 cures. 7,000 doctors prescribe Duffy's, and it is used in over 2,000 hospitals exclusively as the one complete, perfect and permanent cure for consumption, coughs, colds, grip, bronchitis, asthma, pleurisy, pneumonia, catarrh and all diseases of throat and lungs; indigestion, dyspepsia and every form of stomach trouble; nervousness, malaria and all low fevers, and for all weakened, run-down, diseased or wasting conditions of body, brain, nerve and muscle.

Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey not only drives out disease germs, but builds up new tissues and renews the entire system. It aids digestion, enriches the blood; stimulates circulation, tones up the heart, quiets the nerves, invigorates and builds up the body so that it will throw off and prevent disease.

At the medical convention in Albany a LEADING DOCTOR SAID: "I would rather have Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey to cure consumption and diseases of the throat and lungs than all other medicines in the world." And the doctors present agreed with him unanimously.

Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey is good for old and young. It promotes health and long life, keeps the old young, and makes the young strong.

Duffy's is absolutely pure, contains no fusel oil, and is the only whiskey recognized by the Government as a medicine. This is a guarantee.

Be sure you ask for DUFFY'S PURE MALT WHISKEY. It is the only absolutely Pure Malt Whiskey which contains medical, health-giving qualities and the only Malt Whiskey recognized by the government as a medicine.

DUFFY'S PURE MALT WHISKEY is sold in sealed bottles only, never in bulk. Look for the trade-mark—the old chemist—on the label and see that the seal over the cork is unbroken.

For sale at all Dispensaries in South Carolina, or direct, \$1.00 a bottle. DUFFY MALT WHISKEY CO., Rochester, N. Y.



Piles Upon Top of Piles.

Piles upon top of piles of people have the Piles, and DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve cures them. There are many different kinds of Pile, but if you get the genuine and original Witch Hazel Salve made by E. C. DeWitt & Co. of Chicago, a cure is certain. F. A. Tisdale, of Summerton, S. C., says, "I had piles 20 years and DeWitt's Salve cured me after everything else failed."—Sold by O. B. Davis.

WEEK END RATES.

Excursion Tickets to Popular Resorts Now on Sale by Atlantic Coast Line.

The Atlantic Coast Line will sell week end tickets, beginning May 28th and continuing until August 27th to the following named points. Tickets sold each Saturday are limited for return on Tuesday following date of sale. Rates on: Charleston, \$3.85; Cross Hill, \$3.65; Georgetown, \$3.00; Glenn Springs, \$4.10; Greenville, \$4.65; Isle of Palms, \$3.85; Spartanburg, \$4.10; Sullivan's Island, \$3.85; Waterloo, \$3.95; White Stone, S. C., \$3.90; Wilmington, N. C., \$3.85.

Cured of Chronic Diarrhoea After Ten Years' Suffering.

"I wish to say a few words in praise of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy," says Mrs. Mattie Burge, of Martinsville, Va. "I suffered from chronic diarrhoea for ten years and during that time tried various medicines without obtaining any permanent relief. Last summer one of my children was taken with cholera morbus, and I procured a bottle of this remedy. Only two doses were required to give her entire relief. I then decided to try the medicine myself, and did not use all of one bottle before I was well and I have never since been troubled with that complaint. One cannot say too much in favor of that wonderful medicine." This remedy is for sale by China's Drug Store.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE MEETING.

At a meeting of the Executive Committee of Sumter County, held this June 21, 1904, it was ordered:

- That, there shall be four campaign meetings held in the county, the present campaign, to wit: At Privateer on Friday, August 12, 1904. At Shiloh on Friday, August 19, 1904. At Dalzel on Tuesday, August 23, 1904. At Sumter, C. H., Saturday, August 27, 1904.
- The following is the list of assess-ments made by the committee:
- Candidates for Congress, \$15 each.
 - Solicitor, \$10 each.
 - Clerk of the Court, \$25 each.
 - Sheriff, \$25 each.
 - Treasurer, \$10 each.
 - County Auditor, \$10 each.
 - Supt. Education, \$7.50 each.
 - Use of Representatives, \$7.50 each.
 - Magistrates, \$5 each.
 - Coroner, \$5 each.
- That the above assessments shall be paid by all candidates on filing their pledges, and all pledges shall be filed with the Secretary of the Committee at Sumter, C. H., S. C., by Thursday, August 11th, 1904 at 12 m.
- That the Executive Committee do meet at Sumter, C. H., S. C., on Saturday, July 30, 1904, at 11 a. m., to appoint the managers to conduct the primary election and arrange for the same.
- Correct Attest: E. W. DABBS, H. L. B. WELLS, Secretary Committee. All county papers please publish.

THE WORLD'S FAIR AT ST. LOUIS, MO.

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Season, Sixty Day and Fifteen Day tickets now on sale. For rates and other information call on any agent, or write, H. M. EMERSON, Traffic Manager, W. J. CRAIG, Gen. Passenger Agent, Wilmington, N. C.

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The Strongest, the Simplest and most economical of all Stump Pullers. Try it before you pay for it. Guaranteed to pull your stumps or no pay asked. Write for Free Booklet giving terms and prices. The Champion Stump Puller Co., 6-8-X COLUMBIA, S. C.

NERVALGINE,

THE GREAT HEADACHE AND NEURALGIA CURE. A sure and prompt cure, every package guaranteed.

For sale by Sumter Drug Co., Olin B. Davis and all Druggists. May 4-3m.

PATENTS

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\$19.50 Pays the Railroad Fare from SUMTER, S. C., to the World's Fair, St. Louis, and return.

On June 14th, 16th, 21st, 28th and 30th the Atlantic Coast Line will operate Coach Excursions to St. Louis, Mo., at the above rate, for tickets limited to ten days including date of sale, endorsed "Not good in Parlor or Sleeping Cars."

Rates for Season, Sixty Day and Fifteen Day tickets and any other information as to schedules, sleeping car rates, etc., will be furnished with pleasure by any ticket agent or the undersigned. H. M. EMERSON, Traffic Manager, W. J. CRAIG, Gen. Pass. Agent, Wilmington, N. C.