THE OMAHA DAILY BEE: SUNDAY, JUNE 12, 1898.



There are few boys who, up to the age 1 at all seasons of the year, at all hours of of 16, have done much toward their life's the day and sometimes at night. All the work beyond the ordinary routine of home fishermen and sportsmen in the vicinity of and school duties. If, in addition, a boy Stamford know the young naturalist, and has learned to swim, can play a creditable many a bird is sent to him by those who game of base bell and does not call forth know and appreciate his skill. more than an average amount of abuse his specimens, however, he gets for himfrom the neighbors, any reasonable parent self whilst out with his gun in the early will be satisfied, and might be pardoned for morning. feeling even proud of him.

The subject of this article, Clayton Purdy of Stamford, Conn., is an interesting exPONTOON BRIDGES.

ception. Though barely 16 years of age, he Two Relies of the Civil War to Be Used in Cuba

has devoted himself to the study of natural history for the last four years, It is an interesting fact that two of th and that without neglecting the pleasures so pontoon trains which were of such valuable dear to the heart of every real boy. He service during the civil war are in good attends the Merrill college and stands well condition and will probably be taken to Cuba

In his class; plays short stop on the base to be used by the army. ball team, goes fishing, skates fairly and The average pontoon train consists of from handles an ice yacht like a veteran. But | twenty to thirty sections. Two trains usubesides all this, he has done more work ally accompany an army-a light one with in the study of life out of doors than most canvas-covered boats that can be moved people do in their whole lives. He began by collecting birds' eggs; not

from a childish desire to possess pretty substantial equipment of heavy wooden things, but for the purpose of studying boats. their forms, colors and markings, and to When a bridge has to be constructed very

note their variations. By and by, finding rapidly, it is sometimes fitted together in bridges will sustain an enormous weight. that the Connecticut laws interfered with several independent parts along the shore his hobby, he turned his attention to other and afterward floated out across the stream states and countries, and with such success and jointed together.

By means of supports driven in the ground that he now has eggs from New York, Pennsylvania, Georgia, Florida, Texas, Cali- at regular distances, jointed together by marshy ground, constructing siege apfornia, Canada, Africa and Australia. These heavy supports, an "approach" is made for proaches and laying ground mines. eggs vary in size from the pealike egg of the bridge. A pontoon boat is floated, four the humming bird to the gigantic produc- beams, or "bays," are secured to the guntion of the ostrich. He also has a nice col- wale by means of ropes, the boat is pushed



PORTRAIT OF CLAYTON PURDY.

lection of shells and many other interesting natural objects such as paper hornets' nests, star-fish and birds' nests of various kinds. After he had been collecting for about a re. Teoms one brought him a dead Savannah sparrow, thinking he might be able to stuff Young Purdy knew nothing of taxidermy, but he determined to try. When the skin was mounted it little resembled the bird from which it had been taken; indeed he was hardly sure whether it looked He was | ject, the other day, Major Thomas Bogan, most like a fish or a quadruped. not to be daunted by a failure, however, and though he received not a little chaff on the subject of his new profession, he took it good-naturedly and tried again. The Fredericksburg was probably the most excitsecond attempt showed a decided improve- ing of any in my experience. There were ment on the first, and the third was better finally three bridges laid across, so that the let you play fighting the Spanish any

across, so we had to go over in pontoon boats OUTLOOK FOR LITERATURE and dislodge the sharpshooters. Our corps took 126 men, we completed the bridge before Captain Cross' men were nearly over. and in an hour after that the whole army crossed the river.

"One of the longest bridges was that built across the James river, when Grant crosses with his cattle train." In crossing ravines and narrow streams too deep to ford, stone anchorages are frequently built in the water and the bridge

laid across them. The spile system of bridging is slow but permanent. The spar or trestle (see illustration) is the most suit able for crossing deep ravines. The tim ber is usually cut nearby, and squads of men join long pieces together with ropes Most of that are drawn around and tied in the most effective manner. Two of the first four main supports are first lashed together at one end, they are rested on solid ground on

either side and, by means of ropes, are raised to an upright position, and held in place by long ropes. suitable distance away and also held osition by ropes. lashed to them, men having to climb to

the top, hoist and secure one at a time. Thoroughly braced together, provision is made for a hanging support in the center. The ropes that hold these spars have to be bound and ticd with special skill, as the entire central weight of the bridge is held rapidly, carried by the advance guard, and by them. At the lower end of this support, a reserve, which follows the army, with very and at the same height on the main upright, the three beams are secured on which a solid flooring, as is used in the poontoon bridges, is laid. Properly built, these They are constructed in from two to four

In Cuba the engineers will probably b kept busy in laying corduroy roads over the

PRATTLE OF THE YOUNGSTERS.

They are telling a good story in Massa-

chusetts at the expense of Governor Wolcott's youngest boy, who was one of a class asked to name the governor of the state. On replying that he did not know, he was told by his teacher to ask his father that night. He returned next morning to report. "Well, papa says he is, but he ools so much I don't know."

your measles gone, Bessie?' houted a little friend to the tot who was ooking wistfully from the window. "Yes, they've left. I heard the doctor tell amma that they broked out last night."

Little Clarence (with a rising inflection) Pa? Mr. Callipers (wearily)-Uh?

scoffers did who kept telling Noah that it

Little Boy-Mr, Blake, won't you bend

in the same manner, until the other shore that idea? Little Boy-Sis said that every time you opened your mouth you put your foot in it.

before the enemy can seize it, the anchors are usually drawn up and the entire bridge picious redness about the eyes and a droop at the corners of the mouth. allowed to swing in to shore, where it can be "Say," said the first boy, "I heard your During the civil war the loss of life in

times considerable. In talking on this sub-"Was it a whaler?" "Yes, it was. And you bet he learning the business good, too.' one of the few engineer officers of the war

> One of the boys stood in the front door crying, says the Washington Star.

"What's the matter?" inquired his former

Probability of the Present War Suppressing the War Story.

FRESH EPIDEMIC OF PRIZE STORIES Schurg on

nn Editor-Rewards of Popular Novelists-Various Notes on Writers and Posks.

One of the editors of a well-known maga zine said the other day that the war would not prove an unmitigated evil, for it must stop, sooner or later, the rage for war stor-That result has not been accomplished les. yet. The writers who have war stories to offer, offer them before anything else; and publishers who have war stories to advertise, place them in the forefront of their announcements. It is doubtful, though, whether war stories or any others are just now getting much read. I know it is the feeling of the "trade" that, except "extras," people are reading nothing; and when you go to publishers seeking news of their coming ventures, they tell you that they are going very slow and that the future is very uncertain. So, if there is any "inglorious Milton" seeking a loan of his friends, in order to come up to New York with the manuscript of a second "Paradise Lost," he'll lose nothing by suspending his endeavors until fall, or at least until a few

more Spaniards have been killed. I doubt if even the east side Hebrew tailor who writes so profoundly and sublimely in his ancestral tongue that the best Harvard translator cannot do him full justice, is just now doing a great business, that is, in the literary way.

Retirement of Carl Schurz. A fact more or less remarked in news-

paper and literary circles is the disappearance of the name of Carl Schurz from the editorial columns of Harper's Weekly the moment war with Spain became a declared fact. As, for some weeks previous, Mr. Schurz had been writing in the Weekly on the subject of Cuba, and never in a tone friendly to war, and as the conductors of the Weekly, the instant war was assured,

dispatched to the field a large and distinguished corps of correspondents and artists, and began to advertise their journal as a great "pictorial history" of the conflict, the inevitable inference from Mr. Schurz' sudden silence was that his views were no

longer grateful to the conductors. This, however, is in a way denied by them. The contract that they had with Mr. Schurz ran out, they say, and simply was not renewed.

It may be so, but we all know that, as a rule, contracts don't expire so aptly without a certain compulsion It is likely that Mr. Schurz himself was

not unwilling to discontinue his articles at this time. He is not a man who likes to be reserved in his expressions of opinion. For

ne to whom the earnings of his pen are a onsideration he has maintained the independence of it rather extraordinarily. He has never been a rich man, and since he re-

signed the management of one of the transatlantic steamship companies some years ago his resources, I fancy, have been distinctly limited. But he has still exacted, in

any commission to write, all the time that he though the matter chosen merited, and, in the writing, has not slighted his personal convictions. My, Schurz' special study for a good many youds now has been American history, although his writing and speaking are still mainly of current politics.

He grows now to be an old man, being

eye is bright and his step is light. He lives, with his daughters, in a modest apartment

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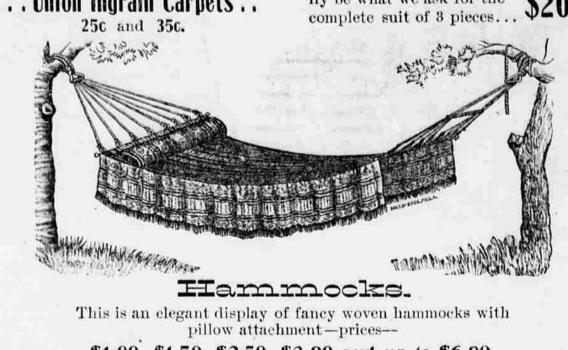
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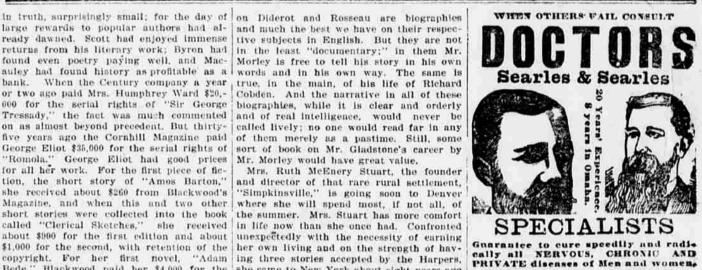


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in truth, surprisingly small; for the day of on Diderot and Rosseau are biographies large rewards to popular authors had al- and much the best we have on their respecwithin a year of 70; but he does not show ready dawned. Scott had enjoyed immense tive subjects in English. But they are not it; his carriage is creat and vigorous, his returns from his literary work; Byron had in the least "documentary;" in them Mr found even poetry paying well, and Mac- Morley is free to tell his story in his own auley had found history as profitable as a words and in his own way. The same is in the heart of the city. For some time he bank. When the Century company a year, true, in the main, of his life of Richard occupied an historic old farm house up the or two ago paid Mrs. Humphrey Ward \$20,- Cobden. And the narrative in all of these



Little Clarence-Pa, don't you suppose hat Spain feels now a good deal like those

vasn't goin' to rain

ome for me? Mr. Blake-I can't, my boy.

Little Boy-Aren't you a contortionist? Mr. Blake-No, child; whatever gave you

There are a number of ways of dismantelling as well as building the ponteons. In retreating, when a bridge must be destroyed

One boy met another who had a sus-

father was on a ship once. The other quenched a sob and nodded. constructing pontoon bridges was some

"The laying of our pontoon bridge at

The second two supports are raised in the same manner, a The four supports are braced together by cross-beams, which are

only had a taste for the work, but that he at once. When we arrived, the 'regulars' alalso had the perseverance necessary to perready had their boats in the water for their ! fect himself in it, they engaged a profes- bridge. Our men being volunteers were sional taxidermist to instruct him thoroughly anxious to show the men of the regular army in the skinning of birds, in the preparation | what they could do. We launched our boats

s reached and a terminal built.

taken apart quickly.

now living, said:



Hudson, an hour or two's journey from "No. She says my brother and I must New York, and accounted it an ideal situastudy our lessons." tion; but he finally wearied of it and came "Well, that's all right. You needn't get back to town. out of the game on that account. You can be a board of strategy.

Prize Stories. It seems to be rather especially in the

spring that the prive story contest bursts Theodore F. Seward, the organizer of the into bloom. There are several just now in 'Don't Worry" clubs, tells a good story of a little boy who had reached the multiplicaperiodicals. It has fallen to my lot, a numtion table in the course of his education. ber of times, to assist in the conduct of One night he was sitting anxiously over m such contests, and they present to the man paper of figures, when his mother came on the inside some rather curious and inalong and said: "Johnnie, do you find teresting facts. I never knew of one that

yielded directly enough to pay for the labor and expense of conducting it. If out of a thousand or two submissions an editor secures a dozen stories really available he should say, the very maximum of direct return. For the five or six of this dozen to which are allotted the prizes, he pays anywhere from two to ten times the ordinary price of acceptable short stories by unknown authors, and he pays no less the contest, the cost of receiving, filing, reading and returning a thousand or two manuscripts and the cost of conducting the correspondence that, in spite of all precautions, such a contest begets-and his had followed "Deronda" with another novel, prize stories, before he has done with them. become about the most sumptuous literature probably have suffered a decline, for "Dethat the editor puts out. Under such conditions, Mr. Kipling, in all his glory of 25 cents a word, comes but little higher than lishers in their ready caution, would have the fameless girl from Walla Walla. And been spt to approach her next work a little yet the popular impression is that editors gingerly. originate prize story contests in order to Stephen Crane seems to be able to hold

get a store of "whacking" good stories his favor with the English critics. It was very cheap; and the suspicion of "crooked- their hearty admiration of "The Red Badge ness" and duplicity that has generated in of Courage" that first set him on his feet, he hearts of the contestants by the time They were not less approving of his novelthe contest closes would, if gathered into ette, "The Third Violet," and his collection one stream of energy, operate a fleet of first of short stories of war and soldiers, and

class battleships. now they are cordial again in their reception The prize story is apt to be no more of a of his latest book, prize in point of quality than in point of Other Thies of Adventure." There is no chespness. In such prize story contests doubt that to some people this heartiness as I myself have had a hand in it was sur- toward Mr. Crane is a good deal of a mysprising how few perfectly illiterate and tery, but the secret of it, I think, becomes crazy manuscripts came in. Most of them plain in the sentences with which the Acad were written with fair propriety of expres- cmy concludes its review of "The Open sion and were in no respect ludicrous. You Boat." It is the "personal note" that the wondered, as you went through them, that English reviewers find attractive in Mr. o many novices should have been able to Crane; and it is of this especially that the do so well. Yet the very best among them academy is speaking when it mays: was only good; it was never great, and I may or it may not be great art, but we don't remember ever to have read anywhere jump to a recognition of it as an expression a prize story that struck me as having posiof truth. And no one has done the thing just that way before. Therefore, one may tive distinction.

"But the editors must find their profit in say of him what can be said of but few of it somewhere," people say, and they are the men and women who write prose fic apt, in saying it, to give a toss of the nose, tion; that he is not superfluous." as if they had in their nostrils the scent words. Crane is one of the few men who of some very nefarious business. The edi- have a way of their own. It is because of tor's profit is simply this: Some advertise. this way of his own that those who know him personally find him quite as interestment for his publication (more or less, acording to the nature of the publication and ing to talk to as he is to read. the character of the contest, but in most instances, not much); and in addition of a It has been rumored that Mr. John Morley few new people to the never too large company of those who occasionally write an authorized biography of Mr. Gladsto available thing and are in the habit of submitting what they write to one editor rather than to another. This, in a word, is the Morley is just the man for the task. whole of the prize story contest mystery; these are the real features and the full dimensions of the Legro in that particular wood pile.

Rewards of Authors.

and interesting narrative of Mr. Gladstone's The publication of the "Biographical" edi- career. But is he sufficiently self-supprestion of Thackeray's works, now in progress, sive and clerical in temperament to prepare provokes much discussion and card-writing a modern "documentary" blography, where to the newspapers on various points in interpretation is employed the least possi-Thackeray's literary history. One corre- ble and the story is left in the main to tell spondent has brought out the fact that the itself in letters and speeches and autolargest "lump" sum ever received by Thack- biographic memoranda? The authoritative eray for his work was £1,000 (\$5,000) for the biography of Gladstone cught to he, and first rights of "Henry Esmond." Of course will have to be, of this sort; but it is not to one who has never published a novel and biography of this sort that Mr. Morley has has had secret designs of doing so some hitherto written. His books on Burke and time, this seems rather a handsome sum. Voltaire are, strictly speaking, not biograph-But for Thackeray and for "Esmond" it is, ies at all, but critical studies. His books

on as almost beyond precedent. But thirty- | called lively; no one would read far in any five years ago the Cornhill Magazine paid of them merely as a pastime. Still, some George Eliot \$35,000 for the serial rights of sort of book on Mr. Gladstone's career by " George Eliot had good prices Mr. Morley would have great value. for all her work. For the first piece of fic-Mrs. Ruth McEnery Stuart, the founder tion, the short story of "Amos Barton" and director of that rare rural settlement, she received about \$260 from Blackwood's "Simpkinsville," is going soon to Denver progress, under the auspices of important Magazine, and when this and two other where she will spend most, if not all, of short stories were collected into the book the summer. Mrs. Stuart has more comfort called "Clerical Sketches," she received in life now than she once had. Confronted about \$900 for the first edition and about unexpectedly with the necessity of earning \$1,000 for the second, with retention of the her own living and on the strength of havcopyright. For her first rovel, "Adam ing three stories accepted by the Harpers, Bede." Blackwood paid her \$4,000 for the she came to New York about eight years ago copyright for four years, but the book did so from New Orleans and undertook to sup well that he voluntarily added another port herself and her son by writing. In \$4,000. For the "Mill on the Floss" she got ordinary hack work she had no facility; she \$10,000 for the first 4,000 copies, and a pro- could write only slowly and with the utmost portionate sum on subsequent copies, be- care. Consequently her first years were full of difficulty. By heroically adhering to side \$1,500 from the Harpers for an American edition. For "Felix Holt" Blackwood her course, however, she has finally mad paid her \$25,000 and the Harpers paid her her way, and now, for an author, is enviably for the American edition of "Middlemarch" prosperous. Her stories are accepted for than the ordinary price for the rest of the \$6,000. What the English edition of "Middozen. Add to this the cost of advertising diemarch" yielded her I do not know, nor do I know anything of her receipts from constant demand at a good price as a parlor these she had her largest profits for they

"The Open Boat and

Biography of Gladstone.

magazine publication almost before they are written; her books sell well and she is in "Daniel Deronda," but it must be that in and semi-public reader. She reads from her own writings; and their humor and charm sold beyond any other of her works. If she is greatly hightened by her rendering of them. She is as good an entertainer, in the which she did not do, her profits would interpretation of her own people, as James Whitcomb Riley or Mark Twain in the interpretation of theirs, although she has ronda," despite its greatness, was not a little discouraging to her admirers and pubnone of their stage skill, and proceeds most informally, not to say ingenuously. E. C. MARTIN.

AT THE TURN OF THE ROAD. L. Marion Jenks in Donahoe's, A moment's pause for longing and for dreaming, A moment's looking backward on the way; Fo kiss my hand to long-past turrets

To stand and think of life of yesterday! A little time to dream of sunlit hours,

Spent where white towers rise against the sky; To tread again that path of too sweet

To hear again her greeting and goodbye

What is there, say you, in that far-off city Of my past living and past loving, left, Wrapped in its golden haze, to stir my pity And call the bitter sigh of the bereft?

the memory of a touch warm, trusting "It elinging The memory of that touch grown cold as

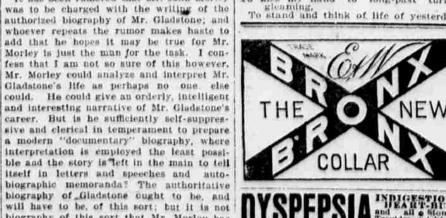
A voice hushed that was pure as wild birds' singing. A love whose bright flame burned in sacrifice

Only a grave. Life of today will teach me lis stream fleets fast for sorrow and re In other

gret' Beyond this turn its sweeping wave will I must go with it, as we all go. Yet-A moment's pause for longing and for

dreaming A moment's looking backward on the wny: To kiss my hand to long-past turvets

To stand and think of life of yesterday!



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mens in reasonably natural positions. He has proved an apt pupil. Every bird he stuffs is better in some respects than the one before it, and with the amount of labor he has already put behind him he bids fair to become one of the leading taxidermists of his day. He has mounted hundreds of birds, amongst the best of which are black-"neked gull, goshawk, screech-owl, blackmed night heron, great blue heron, hard sharp-shinned hawk, red-lered ha 0 ley, barrel owl, long-owl, blue), red grebe, red-winged owl, blue h """ piper, partridge and ruffled grouse. da love for his subject and his contin ageworthi observation of things out of doors help him greatly in the work of posing his speci-And this observation of nature mens. forms, perhaps, the most instructive and

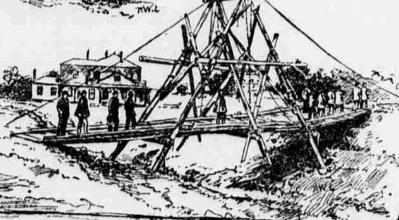
of the skins and the mounting of the speci-

certainly the most delightful part of his labor. It draws him out into the fields and woods, beside the brooks and rivers, and along the shores of Long Island sound, could be given for regular troops to be sent | ready."



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CONSTRUCTING PONTOON BRIDGE

and pitched in. The enemy's sharpshooters, your arithmetic very hard?" "Yes, indeed lodged in the cellars of houses opposite, mamma, I do," was his reply. "It was so commenced to pick off my men as fast as awful hard that I prayed to God to help me they went out on the bridge. No orders out, and he's made three mistakes al-

> GROWING OLD. John G. Saxe. My days pass pleasantly away; My nights are blessed with sweetest sleep I feel no symptoms of decay, I have no cause to mourn or weep; My fores are impotent and shy, My friends are neither false nor cold; And yet, of late, I often sigh-I'm growing old!

My growing talk of olden times, My growing thirst for early news,

I'm growing fonder of my staff, I'm growing dimmer in the eves, I'm growing fainter in my laugh, I'm growing deeper in my sighs,

That even in my vaunted youth I'm growing old!

Ah. me! my very laurels breathe An not, my very hadrens breathe The tale in my reluciant ears, And every boon the hours bequeath But makes me debtor to the years! E'en flattery's honeyed words declare The light that beams from out the sk And tells me in "How young you are!" I'm growing old!

Thanks for the years, whose rapid flight My someer muse too sadly sings: Thanks for the gleans of golden light That that the darkness of their wings. The light that beams from out the sky, Those heavenly mansions to unfold, Where all are blest, and none may sigh, I'm growing old!

My growing thirst for early news, My growing apathy to rhymes. My growing love of easy shoes, My growing hate of crowds and noise, My growing fear of taking cold, All whisper in the plainest voice, I'm growing old!

I'm growing careless in my dress, I'm growing frugal in my gold, I'm growing wise, I'm-yes-I'm growing old!

i see it in my changing taste. I see it in my changing hair, I see it in my growing waist. I see it in my growing heir. A thousand sights proclaim the truth, As plain as truth was ever told,