

colonels, majors, captains, etc., from the word go, will not be given the epaulets they so ardently covet before the same are earned; it further means that a large number of men whose patriotism is contingent on the commissions they have asked for, will not enter the service of their country.

But it is no doubt an advantage to the army to exclude from it as many as possible of the office-seeking ilk. An army officered by men who have been promoted after being tested is far more likely to achieve victory and to preserve a high standard of excellence than it would be if officered by kid glove gentlemen whose willingness to serve their country depends upon the willingness of the country to honor them first by giving them the commissions and emoluments of army officers. It would be a grand thing for the army if it could be relieved of the office-seeker and political wire puller as completely as the navy has been.

The bane of American national life is the pestiferous office seeker; and that statesman who will devise a plan to rid the country of him will deserve a place by the side of Washington and Lincoln in the enduring gratitude of the American people.

CAPTAIN CHARLES KING.

The dispatches convey the information that Capt. Charles King will likely be placed in command of that portion of the forces under Gen. Merritt at Manila which will include the two light batteries from Utah; hence an interest in this State to learn more about him.

Capt. Charles King is the son of Gen. Rufus King and was born in Albany, N. Y., October 12, 1844. He was educated at Columbia college and West Point, graduating from the United States military academy in June, 1866. He served as an officer of artillery and cavalry until 1871, when he was made assistant instructor of tactics at the military academy.

He was aide-de-camp to Gen. W. H. Emory for a time and later served as acting judge advocate, department of the Gulf. For three years in the seventies he was on frontier duty, and in 1874 was severely wounded in Arizona. He was promoted captain in 1879, and in the same year was obliged to retire from active duty on account of his wounds. In 1880 he accepted the chair of military science in the University of Wisconsin. He is quite well known as a writer of fiction, and is a gentleman of culture, besides being a competent military officer.

GREAT RESULTS FROM SMALL BEGINNINGS.

The construction of a new bridge across the whirlpool rapids of Niagara Falls, which is now going on, revives a memory of the time and manner in which the first one was built. It was in 1848, and it formed and still forms an impressive lesson among many similar ones of how great things grow from small ones. All the intervening time the bridge has been an object of interest second only to the falls themselves, and passage over it from the American to the Canadian side, or vice versa, was continuous and imparted to the individual an experience never to be forgotten. Nature and art combining to produce a magnificent effect, and yet straining and tugging one against the other incessantly! The impressive sublimity of the scene was nowhere so pronounced, so thoroughly realized, as by passing across that bridge; and in a short time to come the iconoclastic hand of time

will have set it aside, pulled it apart, and left nothing of its glories and its triumphs save those which exist within the warder of the brain. Thus do we progress.

In the town of Lincoln, Nebraska, lives an old man named Homan Walsh. It is probable that his recollection of the building of the old bridge is quite vivid notwithstanding his sixty years or more of age. He was a schoolboy when it was begun and he took a part in it that seemed small enough, perhaps, but may have been the means of forwarding the work some considerable time. His task was consonant with the lesson spoken of at the commencement of this article. He was an expert kite-flyer, and while the contractors were seeking some means of establishing communication with the opposite shore it occurred to one of them that Master Walsh and his kite might be able to solve the problem. He was engaged for the work and got the kite across, but a stiff breeze would not let it fall. An all night vigil was rewarded with success; the kite dropped on the opposite bank, but so much string had been paid out that it sagged down to the river and was broken by the running ice. Another attempt was more successful. The string was the means of drawing a strong cord across, this being followed by a rope, then a cable. More cables were put in place and an iron basket was attached, by which time the work was well under way and pushed to completion. The boy was rewarded with fifty dollars in cash, a good deal of money in those days and a good deal for a boy at any time.

There is food for reflection in this little incident. It should be not only a source of thoughtful admiration, but another reminder of the sacred admonition, so often ignored and contemned, not to despise the small things of the earth. Through the indolent observations of Watts the human family were placed in possession of the steam engine and transplanted from medieval to the most advanced conditions almost at a bound. Franklin with the same implement that was used by the boy Walsh tapped the electric repository overhead and brought the fluid to the earth; this was pronounced a boyish freak of no consequence, but the principle disclosed to mankind was destined in later years to do as much in the direction of metaphysical advancement as the steam engine had accomplished in the matter of physical progress. And thus it is, the world being full of events which pass unnoticed, but gathered up and analyzed, show us how true as well as poetical it is that

Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean
And the heauteous land.

MARK HANNA.

So much of a deprecatory nature has been said regarding Senator Mark Hanna that it may well be feared some people are disposed to engage in the business of hounding. It is quite probable that he is like most other men—weak in places, with a fault cropping out here and there, but that his characteristics are as a whole as unlike the reality as are the ridiculous caricatures of the man in some of the papers unlike himself, is clearly within the possibilities. The institution of proceedings looking to his expulsion from the Senate brings him again prominently before the public and

makes justifiable a brief statement regarding his personality.

Mr. Hanna, we believe, signs himself Mark A., but he was named Marcus, the initial standing for Aurelius. He was born in Lisbon, Ohio, some sixty years ago. A schoolmate named J. L. Straughn says of him in the Cincinnati Commercial Tribune, that he was a great boy in school or out. "I remember very distinctly," says Mr. Straughn, "an old boat owned by Colonel Harper, a veteran of the war of 1812, who was a shoemaker at that time. It was operated by a hand-power paddle wheel. My! but we boys used to have fun with that old boat. Mark and the other lads spent all their spare change renting the boat and taking our girls out for a ride. One time we appointed Mark captain. I handled the rudder and the other boys took turns at working the wheel. Mark would call out his orders in true ship style, and I would flop the rudder as he directed. A contention sprang up amongst us regarding the captaincy, which several of the boys coveted. Mark readily gave way and took his place at the propelling crank. Our new captain ran the boat aground one day, which caused a rebellion of the crew, and Mark was restored to his command."

It is also related of Mr. Hanna that as a boy he was sturdy and possessed of keen foresight; that he never whimpered when he was beaten, but "took his medicine" without complaining and waited for a chance to get even. The rest of his story and characteristics are too well known to require repetition.

THE FATHER OF L.—S.

That article from El Progreso of Havana, that appears elsewhere in this paper, is almost enough to make a conscientious person turn pale. Occasional departures from correctness are sometimes excusable if unintentional or harmless; but wilful misrepresentation which is perpetrated for the sake of misleading or causing injury is another kind of thing altogether. The Spanish press in many instances, and not a few of the Spanish people, have shown a proneness to falsehood that is simply at times amazing, and in no case that has come to light has there been anything even remotely approaching the El Progreso article spoken of. That paper is a staunch supporter of the Spanish government, which circumstance together with the rigid censorship maintained make the local authorities of Havana partakers in the sins and subject to the penalties in such case made and provided.

It is bad enough when a fiction not in itself harmful is resorted to for the purpose of bolstering up a tottering hope or imparting new life to a waning cause. Such a thing, however, may aim at results which in themselves might be justifiable and to this extent at least it could be overlooked if not commended. But to engage so systematically and thoroughly in the business of inventing occurrences the falsity of which are known to the inventor and must sooner or later become known to those who are for the present the blind victims of such work, is about as dastardly a thing as was ever recorded outside the annals of statutory crime. It is useless, and to some would be disgusting, to recapitulate; the reader is referred for details to the article itself.

What has become of Weyler? His name was once on everybody's lips and appeared from a dozen to a hundred times in every newspaper. Now there is none so poor as to do him reverence and his typewriter has faded from the view along with him.