

THE REVIEW.

—BY—
F. T. LUSE.

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Silk can now be made from wood pulp by machinery at very small cost and without the unreliable services of the silk worm. The process is a French invention. Extensive factories are soon to be built in this country for the manufacture of the "new" silk and the silk worm is likely to lose his job.

Prince Bismarck grows philosophical and sentimental in his old age, and expresses his feelings in a graceful way. At the recent ovation tendered to the Iron Chancellor at Friedrichsruhe the Prince said: "One of the advantages of becoming old is that one becomes indifferent to hatred, insult and calumny, while one's capacity for love and good will is increased."

Edison is now proposing to combine the phonograph and kinetoscope and expects to produce a machine capable of transferring an entire play to a big screen at any theater and at the same time reproduce the various spoken and musical parts so that they may be heard in any part of the house. The wizard says he will sit in a New York theater and enjoy a London play or a Paris Grand Opera.

The doctors are saying such awful things about natural gas that localities in which it is an unknown quantity will probably soon be advertising their advantages as health resorts for unfortunate people who have ruined their health by keeping warm with gas fires. The most notable symptoms alleged to be the result of the improper use of natural gas are various affections of the eye, dryness of the air passages, constriction of the throat and a sense of suffocation, dry hacking cough and a dull headache and general languor. At the recent meeting of the State Health Conference several papers were read urging the necessity of a more careful use of the gas as a fuel for heating houses. The prevailing habit of gas users in keeping their houses too warm was especially condemned.

The rage for "ceremonies" of all descriptions seems to be gaining ground. We read of ceremonial christenings, increasing red tape at swell weddings, interminable dedications of all kinds of edifices, etc., etc. The launching of ships has for centuries been made the occasion for holidays at sea-ports and the final scene has afforded gratification to thousands who have had an eye for the spectacular. The vessel has usually been christened with a bottle of wine broken over the bow by a beautiful maid, who at the same instant bestowed the name upon the craft which it was to carry over seas. This was all well enough at the seaside, but when it comes to launching sand scows on White River at Indianapolis with all the formality used for an ocean liner the affair becomes ludicrous, if not ridiculous. The display of bunting and the general holiday appearance of the surroundings, however, pleases the children and affords a harmless pastime for all who can forget that the ceremony is a travesty on the real thing as seen by people at the seashore.

AN INHERITANCE LAW.

The New York Legislature has passed a vigorous law for the taxation of all inheritances. The law now awaits the Governor's signature which it is presumed will be withheld. A large exodus of millionaires is anticipated. The new law is an amendment to the existing statute, which taxes all inheritances 5 per cent. on their appraised value, and requires that there shall be a graduated tax of 1 per cent. on each \$250,000 in excess of \$500,000 until the sum of \$3,000,000 is reached, when there shall be a fixed tax of 15 per cent. In case an heir inherits \$1,000,000 from a deceased relative he must "give up," under this law, the neat fortune of \$70,000 to the State. If the legacy amount to \$2,000,000 the "tax" will be \$220,000. The great millionaires are vigorously "kicking" and will no doubt carry their opposition to the statute to the court of last resort at the first opportunity. They argue that such a law is unwise, because rich men will refuse to die in New York at all. They will remove to other states and by so doing will reduce the demands of the tax duplicates much more than the State treasury will gain from the inheritance tax—large as it is—whereas if a reasonable law is passed they will remain. The new inheritance law can not be "dodged" by the gift of property before death, as it applies to all transfers of real or personal property for a nominal consideration.

It is an old saying: "He would laugh if he was dying." This would as a rule be more excusable than to laugh when others are dying. Yet it sometimes happens, even amidst scenes of death and destruction, that incidents and persons will combine to produce situations absolutely irresistible as fun producers to persons at all susceptible. Such a culmination occurred on board the steamship *Leone* which was compelled to return to New York because of a bad fire off the Delaware capes which suffocated thirteen steerage passengers and damaged the ship considerably. While the conflagration was raging there was great excitement among the passengers. Mr. Woodruff, of New

York, a commercial traveler, hastily grabbed a life preserver and his sample cases, called for his "plug" hat and coolly announced that he was prepared for the worst. An amateur "kodaker" with an eye for the ludicrous, secured a snap-shot of the hero which was reproduced in the city papers. The funny phase of the episode was the way in which M. W. clung to his silk hat. Fortunately (!) it did not get wet.

The Senate has passed the bill appropriating \$1,500,000 for a public building at Indianapolis and the people of that city begin to feel that their day of deliverance from the antique stone structure which is made to serve as a post-office and Federal court house is at hand. The necessity for a new Government building at the State capital is generally conceded. In fact, it may be safely stated that the Indianapolis post-office is about the most ill-contrived, inconvenient, unhealthy and unfit public building for the purposes for which it is used in the United States. One million five hundred thousand dollars will pay for a very handsome specimen of architecture that will add materially to the attractions of the Hoosier capital.

"The City of New York" is the official description of the huge municipality which will come into existence January 1, 1898, under the government of a Mayor and Municipal Assembly to be elected November 2, next. The population of the "new" city will be 2,400,000, which will make it rank as the second largest city in the world. The boundaries of the new city include the city and county of New York, the city of Brooklyn and the county of Kings, Long Island City, Newtown, Flushing, Jamaica, Far Rockaway, Richmond Hill, Whitestone, Morris Park, part of Hempstead, in the county of Queens, the town of West Chester, the village of Williamsbridge and parts of the towns of East Chester and Pelham, in the county of West Chester; Castleton, Middlefield, Southfield, Northfield, Westfield, Edgewater, New Brighton, Port Richmond and Tottenville, in the county of Richmond. The area is 317.7 square miles, and its greatest length will be thirty-five miles. There are 1,300 miles of improved streets, 1,186 places of worship, 5,800 policemen, 140,000 inhabited dwellings, 6,000 acres of parks, 37,000 business structures, 2,000 miles of gas mains, 1,125 hotels and 350 public schools. The Mayor under the new regime will hold office four years and receive a salary of \$15,000 per year. He will make all appointments and will in fact have more power than the President of the United States.

OLD TRINITY."

Old Trinity parish of New York, the oldest and richest church organization in America, has recently been celebrating with great pomp its 200th anniversary. This society, with its numerous missions and vast holdings of untaxed real estate in the midst of the most valuable section of the great city, is a survival of what might be termed the British Established Church on American soil. Deriving its land grants as it did from the English crown, and parliamentary and assembly grants nearly 100 years before the Revolution, it has held them to this day without question from modern rulers of either State or Nation. Bishop Potter's address was eloquent to the existing statute, which taxes all inheritances 5 per cent. on their appraised value, and requires that there shall be a graduated tax of 1 per cent. on each \$250,000 in excess of \$500,000 until the sum of \$3,000,000 is reached, when there shall be a fixed tax of 15 per cent. In case an heir inherits \$1,000,000 from a deceased relative he must "give up," under this law, the neat fortune of \$70,000 to the State. If the legacy amount to \$2,000,000 the "tax" will be \$220,000. The great millionaires are vigorously "kicking" and will no doubt carry their opposition to the statute to the court of last resort at the first opportunity. They argue that such a law is unwise, because rich men will refuse to die in New York at all. They will remove to other states and by so doing will reduce the demands of the tax duplicates much more than the State treasury will gain from the inheritance tax—large as it is—whereas if a reasonable law is passed they will remain. The new inheritance law can not be "dodged" by the gift of property before death, as it applies to all transfers of real or personal property for a nominal consideration.

"Improve it," cry these, "and make these building lots productive and profitable for the enrichment, if you please, of your church's coffers. Hustle these graves into some remote corner or distant cemetery and rear here a twenty-story building, or a row of them, for income!"

"And all the while the church stands, already beginning to be touched with the fine charm of age and ripeness, and the dead sleep here undisturbed. Who shall estimate with what solemn and tender voice the two have spoken all these years to the fevered thoughts of men? Looking down the memorable highway yonder (Wall street), through which have ebbed and flowed the financial forces of the nation, the bells in yonder tower have spoken of God, and time, and human destiny."

Other speakers followed and the most elaborate services were conducted at midday. The old church was crowded to its utmost capacity and the overflow impeded traffic on Broadway. Bishop Potter and other church dignitaries were arrayed in robes of vivid scarlet and the building was beautifully decorated. "Old Trinity," as nearly everybody knows, stands on lower Broadway, New York, looking down Wall street.



AFTER MANY YEARS.

By H. LUQUEER.

ND now, Miss Jinnie, you is allus a wantin' a story, about dem tryin' times in Ole Carol' ey, an' I's jes don' tol' ye all I knowned ober and ober agin'."

And our own colored cook, "Tilda Jackson, knocked the ashes out of her pipe on the hearth of the kitchen range, which to us children was a preliminary sign that old "Tilda held in reserve one of her reminiscences of her life on the Old Carter plantation, near the city of Charleston, and of the civil war.

We children, my sister and I, used to love to steal down to her especial domain in the gloaming, and tease for a story of that enchanted land of flowers, and especially of those battles fought near the Carter place, and of which the old negress was an eye witness.

Refilling her pipe, and settling herself in her easy chair, she continued:

"I jes' done rememb'ler one moah of dem barns, but it's erbout how my ole missus kep Decoration Day all by her lone self, an' how she done put poses on one grave fur fifteen long years afore she found out who de poah young fella was."

"Dar he kep' looking at his pooh ragged clothes, dat was a hangin' what he could see 'em, till missus takes de hint from his appearin' eyes, and goes and hunts through de pockets. She dun find nothin' but a little Bible, an' when she bring it to him his eyes jes' shine, like de stars in de night, an' missus opened it an' a little tintype of a putty young thing a holdin' a little baby about a year old drapp'd out, an' then he looked so glad. Missus axed him if dat war his wife an' baby, an' he nodded yas, an' den missus say: 'I kin find dem by vertis'in' in de newspapers, an' I tink I dun know what ye want me to tell dem,' an' den she see dat he was satisfied, an' his poor eyes was losin' deir light. She dun took his han' in hers, an' sang like an angel dat pretty hymn about:

"All my trus' on de is staid."

"Dar was two or three verses, but I dismember 'em. Anyway while she was singing de gates of glory opened and tuk dat poor boy in."

"Ef he war fightin' on de wrong side he didn't know it. He jes' did his duty as he had learned it from older hodes. So de missus had him laid to rest up in de grove back of de house, an' every Decoration Day she dun put poses on dat lone grave, rain or shine, sick or well."

"Did she ever avertized?" asked Jenie, wiping the tears out of her eyes.

"Deed she did! an' fur year she war tryin' to fine dem folks ob hisen, till it went on fur nigh on ter fifteen years. De wah was dun, de niggars all free, Massah Carter loss an arm a fightin' agin it, an' his only chile, young Massah John, was growed up to be a man, an' like his ma, as putty as a piker, an' dat smart dat he run de plantation his own self. He hired de niggars to work dat war good fur anything, an' let de trithin' ones go."

"Wal, dees used to be lots of company alus a comin' up from Charleston, an' one day in May dar war Massah John's cousin, Miss Liddy Carter, dun come out to de plantation ter make a visit, an' she bring erlong a young school frien'; Nellie Munson, an' she was as putty as a piker, with eyes as black as de night when de moon don't shine, an' de color of her cheeks war like de roses in de gardin'."

"Wal, my missus wan't berry ole in dem days, but she was jes' done fading like a putty possey, along ob dat dreadful wah, expecting to heah dat de cunnel was killed, an' all de oder trouble erbout de niggars git'in' free, wid de place half woked an' just one arm takin' rations and den de oder till it 'pears like day wanent much lef'. Wal, I jes' pulled de stick from under dat soap kettle an' run round to de front porch, whar missus was sittin', an' tol' her, what Lige seen. She got right up an' made Lige an' ole Minky, de coachman, go and brung dat pooh fellah to de house. She an' me fixin' up a bed fur him while day is gone."

"Byenby day toots him in an' lays him in it. He was outen his hale lake, an' missus send right off fur a doctor, and he foun' he was shot in de side, de ball goin' roun' by the spine, an' he say dat air pooh boy dun got he death blow, and de doctor recon' he had dropped behind when he dun got hurt, while de army marched on an' lef' him. Anyway, dar he was, an' doant know nobody ner nothing, an' de doctor say he was parlised, so he couldnt even move his pooh tongue."

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