

STATE BOUNDARIES.

Centros Which Have Been in Progress Between a Number for a Century.

The controversy as to the boundary line between the states of Virginia and Tennessee which has been in progress for more than 1,000 years and involves jurisdiction over a strip of land in the Cumberland mountains nearly 300 miles long, has at last reached the supreme court of the United States, which has been asked to appoint a board of commissioners to survey and officially to declare where Virginia ends and Tennessee begins.

Tennessee was admitted into the union in 1796. At that time the surveys of the mountain districts which are partly within Virginia and partly within Tennessee were imperfect, and, to some extent, misleading, and since then the controversy as to where the line of division runs has been continued steadily, but without, as yet, any positive determination.

New York's boundaries, though apparently settled in 1776, have been subject to critical examination from time to time by various commissioners and agents, and have been reexamined and established under authority of various legislative enactments.

CONSUMPTION IN NORWAY.

In One District the Much Dreaded Disease Has Increased Alarmingly.

In writing of the terrible scourge of consumption in Norway, United States Consul Victor E. Nelson, located at Bergen, says: "In November of last year Dr. Claus Hansen, of Bergen, delivered a lecture before the storting, at Christiania, on the causes of tuberculosis and the fight against it."

"Statistics of consumptive sanitariums in Germany show that 66 1-3 per cent of the inmates were able to work the first year after the cure, 80 per cent after two years, 45 per cent after three, and 35 per cent after four years.

He Had a Chance. "My lover's the man in the moon," sang Miss Homewood. "But you love me better than any other man on earth, don't you?" asked Mr. Beechwood, anxiously.—Pittsburgh Chronicle.

IN THE DIAMOND ROOMS.

Quiet Places Where Customers May Make Selections Leisurely and in Seclusion.

Most people would find in the jewelers' showcases things as beautiful and as costly as they wanted to buy; in some establishments there would be found here things ranging in prices up to thousands of dollars for single articles; but there are people who want things that more costly still, or who, it may be, upon one occasion or another do not want to make selections in a public place.

The rooms in which the articles would be shown in such circumstances, and which would be called diamond rooms, or diamond parlors, though probably small and simply furnished. A room for this use might be a little apartment ten or 12 feet square, carpeted and provided with a table upon which the goods could be placed, and comfortable chairs.

To one sitting comfortably in such a room the salesman would bring from safes near at hand such treasures of the house as the customer might desire to see; bringing into the little room, very likely, the drawer in which the jewel to be shown was kept in the safe, and setting the drawer down upon the table and taking from it the jewel for inspection.

Here might be seen a sapphire and pearl pendant, to wear on a necklace, \$11,500. Another pendant, composed of a pearl, a diamond and an emerald, \$28,000. Still another pendant, an emerald and a pearl, and both small, \$13,500.

ROYAL HOW D'Y-DOS.

Etiquette Demands That Sovereigns Shall Not Do in Society as Other People Do.

If you were a mere monarch you would have to salute each person according to rules laid down painfully by men who have studied these things out for you and your brother monarchs, says London Tit-Bits.

The czar is permitted to give his hand to rulers only. But he has a great comfort. It is not only his prerogative, but his duty, according to court etiquette, to kiss his cousins, and as most of his cousins are females, it is a duty that is the reverse of unpleasant.

Novel Railway.

In the western part of British Columbia is a novel railway, two miles in length. The rails are made of trees from which the bark has been stripped, and these are bolted together. Upon them runs a car with grooved wheels ten inches wide.

PITH AND POINT.

Getting rich quickly may be all right, but trying to do it is dangerous.—Puck. If there is any pig in a man's nature it is sure to crop out when he travels.—Chicago Daily News.

Few remember that it is possible to laugh and be laughed at in the same moment.—Alley Sloper.

A Steady Toper.—"He claims he has only been drunk twice in his life." "When did he have the sober interval?"—Philadelphia Record.

"What do you think of my play?" asked the author. "Play!" grunted the leading man. "Play nothing! It's hard work."—Philadelphia North American.

"Arry—'Ere comes yer missis, mate! Turn roun' and mebbe she won't notice 'ow bloomin' tight yer ear." "Tain't no ushe, ole man—I'm boozed right through."—Ally Sloper.

"What is a diplomat, Uncle Bim?" "A diplomat? Well, he's a man who can do what he wants to, and at the same time keep a lot of other men from doing what they want to."—Indianapolis Journal.

She Did.—"Do you believe in teaching the languages in the schools?" asked Mr. Clingstone of Miss Gilderleeve. "Yes, indeed," replied the young lady. "Everyone should be able to speak English and golf."—Detroit Free Press.

His Papa's Motto.—"I've got a good motto for my new paper." "What is it?" "What we have, we hold." "Oh! I see; referring to the circulation." "That's good. But, by the way, I didn't know you were a publisher." "I'm not. This is a patent fly paper."—Philadelphia Press.

JAPANESE FUNERALS.

Always Much Pomp and Ceremony in Paying the Last Honors to the Dead.

To be buried with pomp and ceremony is the life-long ambition of a Japanese. The higher the rank the greater the display. When the empress dowager died in 1897 no less than \$700,000 was appropriated from the national treasury.

A few days ago, says the Indianapolis Press, the funeral of a lady of the higher class in Tokio was attended by a vast concourse of people and with a large expenditure of money. Large edifices were erected near the family vault for the mourners.

The gold and silver paper flowers reflected the morning sun and gave color to this most picturesque procession. At intervals there were men bearing wicker baskets on long poles, containing birds, that were to be freed at the grave, symbolical of the freeing of the spirit from the earthly cage of the body.

The Unsteady North Pole.

Although the inhabitants of the earth are not perceptibly affected by the wandering motion of the north pole, yet it is a phenomenon of unusual interest to astronomers, and on January 1 a new plan for investigating it went into effect, says Youth's Companion.

People Who Worry.

Some people are so fond of worrying that they worry over troubles that are past.—Chicago Daily News.

SAUCY BOER SIGNALS.

Chaffing Messages Flashed to the British Penned Up in Kimberley.

There had been a vast amount of night signaling by means of the electric searchlight, but day communication by heliograph was not established with the relief column until January 13, says Mafeking correspondence of the London Telegraph.

I may mention that all important messages were sent in code, as the enemy had an ample staff of skilled signallers, and showed, by making a free use of the heliograph themselves, that they could read our ordinary signals.

A POLITE PEOPLE.

Generosity and Chivalry Are Always Noticeable in the Republic of Mexico.

In traveling here one meets with courtesy, an article in which the Mexican people excel. If you enter a little inn, or rural fonda, says the Mexican Herald, people seated at rough tables will not fail to say to you politely: "Gusta vd, comer?"

POLITENESS UNPROFITABLE.

A Ticket Seller Who Finds It "Rattled" Him to Say "Good Morning."

"It does not pay to be polite," said the ticket seller at an uptown elevated station, according to the New York Tribune. "I am as polite as the average man, but I am sure that some of the 'regulars' at this station think that I was raised in a barn, and all because I don't say 'Good morning' to them."

Diet for Art's Sake.

She is an original girl, one from whom her particular "clique" expect anything. So her chum was not surprised upon running in to see her for a moment to find Marion's room in possession of two of the dirtiest little Italian children that ever trudged along with a "burdy-gurdy."

A FAKIR'S SCHEME.

How He Took in Many Dollars in Kansas and Kept Most of Them.

"I never hear that expression 'got 'em on a string,'" said a visitor to this city, relates the New Orleans Times-Democrat, "without recalling an incident that occurred in Kansas. I was spending a few days in the place, looking after a cattle deal, and early one evening a patent medicine fakir put in an appearance on the courthouse square."

The price was steep and the stuff went slowly, and I noticed that at each sale he wrapped up the bottle in a sheet of white paper, upon which he ostentatiously pencilled a large cross. When four or five were disposed of he called on the purchasers to bring up their wrappers and handed over a crisp dollar bill in exchange for each.

"When he had sold perhaps 400 bottles, and the crowd was about cleared out, he stopped suddenly and held up his hand for attention. 'Now, gentlemen,' he said, producing a ball of narrow pink tape. 'I want all of you who have a marked wrapper to take hold of this ribbon. Get in line, please!'

THE GOLF KNEE.

A New Ailment with Which Our Doctors Are Now Called Upon to Wrestle.

At a recent meeting of a certain medical club one of the members read a paper on the subject of the "Golf Knee." Among other things, reports the Cincinnati Enquirer, he said: "In all seriousness, 'golf knee' is a pretty common thing to see among golfers. It resembles a bad case of 'knock knee,' and it is caused by the position assumed in driving. We all know how the tyro is taught to stand for a driver, with the knees close together and one foot stuck upright into the earth by the toe. That is a dreadful knock-knee pose, but it's very golf-like, and artists always draw the golf player in it; so the fellow likes it, and from the force of habit, assumes it not only on the links, in driving, but at home, at the club, in the office, before the bar while tossing off a lemonade, and in many other unlikely places."

New Partridge.

One would imagine that, with the modern facilities for traveling, the hunter had long ago discovered all the game birds and their haunts in every corner of the world. But, to the surprise of everybody, a brand new partridge has just turned up. It is found in the mountains of southern Siberia, although Manchuria is believed to be its real home.

The Family Described.

A Savannah sportsman who recently went on a fishing trip up the Savannah river tells a story of an old darky whom he saw on the bank of the stream. To engage the old man in conversation just for fun the sportsman called out: "Whose place is this, old man?" "Hit Mr. Swinnon place," was the reply.

SCIENCE NOT BENEFITED.

A Hypnotic Test That Was Brought to Naught by a Small Field Mouse.

"One of the queerest experiences of my whole career, and I've had lots of 'em," said a well-known theatrical advance agent who was in town a few days ago, relates the New Orleans Times-Democrat, "happened in the fall of 1898, when I was acting as business manager, press boomer, ticket taker and liar-in-ordinary for a hypnotist who was making a tour of the small towns in southern Illinois, Indiana and Ohio."

"The professor was a pretty smooth old fakir, but his show was lacking in novelty, and we were trying desperately to think up some sensational feature when we encountered a chap named O'Brien, who was a professional 'horse' for mesmerists. A 'horse' is stage slang for a ready-made subject, who submits to all sorts of tests, and this fellow suggested that we stir up a little excitement by burying him alive. Of course, the dodge is old now, but it was fresh then, and we started at once to put it into execution. We were at a bustling town on the Ohio river at the time, and we announced that on such and such a day Prof. would throw a man into a trance, nail him up in a coffin and bury him eight feet deep, where he would remain for 48 hours. The disinterment and opening of the casket at the opera house were events on which we depended to draw a huge crowd. The whole affair was dubbed 'the great East Indian hypnotic trance test,' and O'Brien figured as a wealthy traveler who had consented to submit to the ordeal 'purely in the interest of science.'

"Of course, there were many number of details that had to be arranged," continued the agent, "but the burial finally came off according to programme. Long practice at what is called the 'sleep test' made it comparatively easy for O'Brien to lie quiet for a couple of days and danger from suffocation was avoided by a three-inch wooden tube, which connected the coffin with the outer air. The affair created immense excitement in the vicinity, and we easily persuaded a dozen notoriously hungry citizens to act as a 'committee' to watch the grave by shifts, and see that no food or stimulants were passed down the tube, and, needless to say, the whole town came out to keep them company. Folks talked in awed whispers of the unaccountable man lying down there in the cold, dark ground; a number of prominent physicians certified to the genuineness of the trance. Everything was pointing to a tremendous success, when just at dusk the first day a frightful mishap occurred."

"A small field mouse darted suddenly out of the grass, made two or three bewildering dashes, and fell headlong into the wooden air tube. At the next instant the most awful, blood-freezing, inhuman howl ever heard by mortal ears issued out of the bowels of the earth. Even to me, who knew O'Brien was wide awake and in no peril whatever, the yell was deeply horrifying, while the effect upon others may possibly be imagined, but never adequately described. Women fainted and men became hysterical, and all the while these hideous shrieks kept pouring swiftly out of the tube."

"Well, to make a long story short, a shovel brigade was organized, and in less than ten minutes O'Brien was reached and hauled out. He was then in a state of limp collapse, but he had strength enough to denounce the test as a fake and declared that he had inveigled him into it by taking advantage of his poverty. When he got that along the professor and I quietly slipped away and left town unostentatiously on a freight. The crowd was certainly in lynching temper. What happened to O'Brien was merely a break-down of nerves. He was wrought up to a high pitch anyhow, and the mouse landing suddenly on his neck drove him insane with panic for the time being. That episode resulted in the passage of ordinances prohibiting the burial test in scores of northern cities."

Letters in London.

The traveler is interested in getting his letters promptly. At his London hotel there are 13 deliveries a day. He may drop a card in a post box at eight in the morning, get an answer at noon and make a reply which will get to his friend before evening. Within the last three years, says the Forum, whenever the post office bill has come up in the house of representatives, there has been discussion as to the practicability of the pneumatic dispatch. One might as well discuss the practicability of the telephon. They would smile at such suggestions in London or Paris, where a slight addition to the postage will secure a rapid delivery by pneumatic dispatch. Another great convenience in the postal system abroad is the method of paying money orders. One is not obliged to go half a mile to a branch, or three miles to the central post office, to get his money. The postman who brings the order brings the money with him. You receipt for it, and that is the end of it.

The Verminous.

"Yer know that young German fellow as come ter stay in our 'ouse six months ago? Well, w'en fust 'e come, I give yer my word 'e didn't know nothink but 'is own lengwidet; but we bin learnin' 'im English, an' 'isow 'e can speak it puffick—jes' the same as wot you an' me can."—Punch.

Fool and Wise Man.

When the fool is waiting for an opportunity the wise man makes one.—Chicago Daily News.