The Weekly Messenger.

Published Weekly

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EASTIN & BIENVENU.

In 1887 over 47,000,000 messages were handled by the Western Union Telegraph Co., and these were sent by less than one million people. The whole of the telegraphing in the United States is done by less than two per cent. of the population.

Of the total number of students in the German universities, 5791 are studying theology, 5769 law, 6650 medicine and 8735 science or letters. One thousand six hundred and forty-four of the students are foreigners. The English element is conspicuous. America is also well represented.

The geographical center of the United States is Kansas. The point midway between the eastern and western extremities of the United States, including Alaska, is said to be in the Pacific ocean, a few miles west of San Francisco. The center of population is a few miles northeast of Cincinnati.

Professor Kirchoff, the great Berlin statistician, to decide a bet, recently stated that the Chinese was the most popular language in the world. It is spoken by 400,000,000 persons: Hindostani by upward of 100,000,000; English by more than 100,000,000; Russian by more than 70,000,000; German by 58,000,000; Spanish by 48,000,000, and French by only 40,000,000.

Mr. George Fay, a wealthy Englishman, who has lived for several years at Guanajuata, Mexico, is now erecting in the suburb of that city a magnificent palace on which he expects to expend $6,000,000. The building will be not less than 100 feet high, and it will be surrounded by immense gardens that will recall the famed hanging gardens of Babylon, and to which access will be gained by a gigantic elevator.

The University of Pennsylvania will break ground soon for a handsome library building which will cost $150,000. Of this amount $120,000 has already been raised, and the trustees expect soon to raise the remaining $30,000 for the building and $150,000 additional for an endowment. A movement is also under way to erect an alumni hall, to contain a large auditorium for the use of the students.

In a radius of 12 miles square about Leavenworth, Kan., there are 92,160 acres of coal land, which will produce from the vein now worked 80,000 bushels per acre, and from the area of 12 miles 7,372,800,000 bushels can be mined, and the lowest average profit over all expenses can be placed at two and a half cents per bushel, which would produce $184,320,000—a sum almost beyond comprehension and belief.

The most heavily-insured man in the United States is Dr. David Hostetter, of Pittsburg, the aggregate of whose policies reaches $800,000. He intened to add $200,000 more to make the sum $1,000,000, but his prolonged illness has prevented any further steps in that direction. The three other most heavily insured men in the United States are Hamilton Diston, of Philadelphia, $400,000; George K. Anderson, of Chicago, $350,000, and P. Lorillard, of New Jersey, $310,000.

Sickness insurance is meeting with some favor in Leipsic and other German cities. The law authorizing the operations of such companies permits the insurance to all classes of hand-workers except clerks and salesmen, but these may be included by local authority. The action of this law is very noticeable in the tax for maintaining the sick poor, it having decreased 21,673 marks in Hamburg in one year. The total number insured under the law is 4,294,173, or 91.7 per 1000 of the population.

The Pennsylvania railroad employs a female "chaperon," Mrs. H. F. Bender of Philadelphia. It is her duty to look after unprotected ladies who go upon tourist trips. She posts herself beforehand about the route and makes herself useful as an imparter of information. She goes through a train and introduces herself to the ladies, and then tells them where she can be found if wanted. She ascertains the best places for them to stop in at the towns visited, where the finest views are, etc.

Dr. Chickering, Secretary of the Congressional Temperance Society, in a recent letter writes: "I have had unusual success so far in canvassing the Fiftieth Congress for membership, having found some noble recruits."

FOR FARM AND GARDEN.

Rations for Lambs.

One of the best practical farmers in central New York, Jonathan Talcott of Rome, says that the best ration for young lambs has not yet been found out, but one of which lambs are very fond is composed of equal parts of corn and oat meal, linseed-meal and wheat-bran. This will probably be considered by many a rich feed; if so, they can reduce the corn and linseed-meal, and so make less fattening food. He prefers the corn and oats ground for young lambs, to whole grain. After they become large, and for grown sheep, whole grain is preferred for his feeding, as the sheep grind their grain very effectually themselves, thus saving the trouble of getting it ground.

Shelling Corn.

If is no small job shelling 200 or 300 bushels of corn, whatever method is adopted. Perhaps for economy in labor and ease the old way of trampling it out by horses is as good for large lots as any. The hand shellers require two men to work them to advantage, one to turn and another to place the ears. One hundred bushels a day is a pretty good work, and no time must be lost at that these short days. Still a hand sheller saves a good deal over the slower process of shelling with the naked hand. In shelling corn for poultry it is better to shell and feed one ear at a time, giving the fowls a chance to eat more slowly, but this can be managed by feeding slowly, even though the corn is all shelled before the feeding begins.—[American Cultivator.

Advice to Poultry Raisers.

People who keep fowls are advised to provide them with plenty of lime for the supply of material for shells of the eggs. This is indispensable, for the lime for the shells must come from the food. Where lime abounds in the soil this material may be provided in the gravel which is ground up in the birds' gizzards. But failing this supply, abundant material should be provided in the form of bones, either fresh and finely broken or burned. For some years past the writer has provided the fowls with broken fresh bones procured from the butcher, with some little trouble in affording this provision. For a year past the bones have been burned in the kitchen range and the ashes carried out where the hens can get at them. Every morning a large number of the hens go directly to the heap of ashes and diligently pick out the fragments of bone ash, and during the whole day the heap is visited from time to time by the hens. No soft eggs are laid, and at the present time one flock of 28 hens yield an average of 12 eggs daily. Of course the fowls are well fed, but get no sort of coddling.—[New York Times.

Growth of Young Ducks.

Young ducks grow twice as fast as chicks and it is not unusual for the ducklings of the large breeds to gain as much as three-quarters of a pound in one week after they are six weeks old. We kept an account with a flock of young Pekin ducks last year and had them to weigh four and a half pounds when ten weeks old, with several to bring down the scales at five pounds. Each young duck consumed two pounds of mixed ground grain per week on an average from date of hatching until they were four weeks old, when the weekly allowance of food was three and a half pounds per duckling. The cost per pound of duck when ten weeks old was eight cents. Some of them were sold when weighing four pounds each, and the cost was thirty-two cents per duck. They were fat and in prime order, bringing twenty cents per pound or eighty cents. The high prices for young ducks is only for a few weeks in the year, usually about the 1st of June, but the demand each year for choice young ducks is increasing and prices will be better. The ducks mentioned above were fed and forced for the purpose of experiment, in order to determine the relative cost and ratio of growth to the age of ten weeks.—[New York Herald.

How Plaster Acts on Land.

It has been satisfactorily ascertained that on soils destitute of vegetable matter plaster has but little or no influence unless accompanied by some kind of decomposable material, so that its beneficial effects are best secured by pursuing such a system of cropping as will accumulate vegetable matter in the soil. Pure plaster is composed of thirty-three per cent. of lime, forty-six per cent. of sulphuric acid and twenty-one per cent. of water, and is more or less beneficial to crops as the soil is more or less deficient in one or more of these elements. Its influence on plants is seen most plainly in the large increase of foliage and stalk as distinguished from the formation of seed, and, therefore, its effects are more visible on the different varieties of clover. A crop of two tons of clover contains about twenty-five pounds of sulphate of lime, whilst a crop of twenty-five bushels of wheat, straw and all, contains but seven pounds, and fifty bushels of corn contain less than one pound. And while it is universally considered that plaster, on proper kinds of soil and in right condition, is beneficial to all kinds of the clover family, yet that it increases the yield of wheat, corn, rye, or oats is not so generally conceded.

Liebig claimed—and we have great faith in his opinion—that the chief benefit of plaster to land was that it absorbed ammonia from the atmosphere and fixed it in the soil. Others hold that, besides this quality, it disintegrates the compound silicates in the soil, setting free the potash and magnesia—two essential constituents of plant growth—and by rendering them soluble and active in the soil, thus furnishes plants with four of their very essential constituents, viz: Sulphur, lime, potash and magnesia. That there is a great difference in the quality of plaster is known to all observant farmers, and it has been found that the kind which, in grinding, emits the strongest smell of sulphuric acid has the best effect on vegetation; and whilst it cannot be denied that some plaster, in some seasons at least, has little or no perceptible effect on vegetation, yet, when pure, it is almost as powerful in its effects as the best of manures, and when incorporated with or strewn over the manure pile at once stops its strong, pungent smell by uniting with the ammonia, and thus preserving the strength of the manure.

The great danger, however, to the farmer in purchasing plaster is the liability of having an impure article imposed upon him, and therefore he cannot be too particular in satisfying himself in this respect.—[Baltimore Sun.

Bones and Dead Animals.

A man in an adjacent city, says a central New Yorker in the Tribune, has become rich by gathering and utilizing dead animals. He has a standing offer of $1 to any person who informs him where he can find a dead equine or bovine of full growth, within ten miles. He is known to everybody as "the bone man." Farmers will not take the trouble to reduce the bones with chemicals, but they can grind them in a bone-mill and feed them to fowls or sow them on the land. If neither of these, then they would be rewarded by cracking and placing them under any vines, trees or shubbery they may plant. I have twice put cracked bones under grape vines when setting, and they made rapid and remarkable growth, but the rate of increase could not be told for none were planted at the same time without this adjunct. But near a neighboring village about twenty-five years ago a row of sugar maples were set by the roadside and bones placed beneath three of them. These three are now, and have been for over twenty years, more than twice the size of those not treated in this manner. These facts should lead farmers—each of whom consumes in their families an average of two pigs and a beef animal per year—to see that the bones are not thrown away. Occasionally an animal dies; if in summer, it is buried so deeply in some out-of-the-way place that no good ever comes of it; if in winter, it is dragged off into the woods and suffered to go to decay there. A better way—unless the animal died of some contagious disease—is to bury the carcass in the horse manure heap. The heat of that soon rots all but the bones, and when the manure is removed the bones should be stored in some safe place for future use, together with all others that can be picked up. Dead animals and bones are worth at least $20 a ton for plant food. This makes a carcass of 1000 pounds worth $10, and that is cheaper than commercial fertilizer can be bought for of equal value.

Farm and Garden Notes.

Water, green food and meat, fowls must have to prosper.

The Sussex sheep are said to be very prolific, frequently producing twins and triplets.

Many American Merino sheep are annually shipped to Spain, and not a few to Australia.

A mortgage on the home makes the fireside gloomy, for it shuts out the sunshine of prosperity and freeheartedness.

THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

WHAT THE HUMOROUS WRITERS HAVE TO SAY.

Wormy Chestnuts—Truth is Mighty—A Happy Thought—A True Soldier—Dreadfully Sad.

WORMY CHESTNUTS.

"May I venture to tell the old, old story, Miss Maude," he said tremulously; "the old, old, yet ever new, story of——"

"Pardon me, Mr. Sampson, if I cause you pain," interrupted the girl, gently, "but, to me, the story you wish to tell is a chestnut."

"A chestnut?"

"Yes, Mr. Sampson, I'm already engaged; but I will be a sister——"

"It isn't as wormy as that one," murmured Mr. Sampson, feeling for his hat.—*N. Y. Sun.*

ASKING.

Papa (severely)—Did you ask mamma if you could have that apple?

Three-year-old—Yes, Sir,

Papa—Be careful, now. I'll ask mamma, and if she says you didn't ask her I'll whip you for telling a story. Did you ask mamma?

Three-year-old—Truly, papa, I asked her. (A pause.) She said I couldn't have it.—*Philadelphia Call.*

"AND BEAUTY DRAWS US WITH A SINGLE HAIR."

Brown never can never make up his mind—a chronic hesitator, in fact.

"He's a good fellow," said a friend of his the other day, "but he always waits so long that instead of taking the bull by the horns he's lucky if he gets hold of the last hair in his tail."—*Judge.*

A TRUE SOLDIER.

"Yes, gentlemen," said the Colonel, as he returned his glass to the counter, "the true soldier is never averse to discipline. No matter how objectionable orders from a superior officer may be, they must be obeyed promptly and without question. The true soldier never——"

"Pa," said the Colonel's little boy, opening the door, "ma says to come home right away."

"Gentlemen," said the Colonel, "good-day."—*Sun.*

VERY CONSIDERATE.

"Well, John," said old man Jordan to his young friend, "you have just married, I hear."

"Yes, sir," he answered with a spring morning smile; "just a month ago, and I want you to go up to dinner with me to-day."

"Have you got a cook?"

"No."

"Well, my boy, s'pose we go to a restaurant this time. You must remember I had a young wife once myself."—*Texas Siftings.*

AN APT ANSWER.

"Who was the wisest man?" asked the Sunday school teacher.

"Solomon," promptly replied a little girl.

"And who was the holiest?"

"Moses."

"Moses! What makes you think so?"

"Because I often hear papa speaking of 'Holy Moses.'"—*Boston Courier.*

A BAD SHOT.

Cupid, little wretch, is blind;
And tho' his darts are sighs and krs.,
When he shoots at pretty maids
He's forever making Mrs.—*Life.*

CONFIDENCE.

She (anxiously)—I am afraid, George dear, that when you speak to papa he may be very angry.

He (confidently)—I think not, when I show him this (taking a bank book out of his pocket).

She—Oh, George, let me look at it first.

WHAT SHE ACTUALLY KNEW.

"Mamma," said a Connecticut avenue girl, just returned from a visit to a Maryland farm, "you are always talking about nice country milk, and how much better and richer it is than the milk you get in the city; but I think you are mistaken."

"I don't think I am," replied the mother.

"Well, I know you are, for they used to water the cows twice every day while I was at Aunt Ann's."

The poor mother went upstairs and shed a few scalding tears.—*Washington Critic.*

NO TROUBLE ABOUT THAT.

"Sir," said the landlord of a vacant house on Second street after a stranger had looked it over, "can you give me the name of anyone who will guarantee you?"

"Certainly, sir. Just wait here ten minutes and my wife will be along."—*Detroit Free Press.*

USELESS NEIGHBORS.

Mrs. Gossip—Is that house alongside of you empty yet?

Mrs. Gabb—No; a family moved in last week.

"Nice folks?"

"Nice? They're the trashiest kind of people; live from hand to mouth; buy things by the cent, I guess."

"La me!"

"True as I'm sitting here. I've sent in a dozen times to borrow things, and they was out of 'em every time."—*Omaha World.*

DIVISION OF LABOR.

A little girl of three was told to rock the cradle and keep the baby quiet while her mother was cooking. She did it very willingly; rocked the cradle, sung to the baby, and did all that she could, but it was of no use—the baby would not be quieted. At last her patience gave out, and she called to her mamma: "For pity's sake, mamma, come and see to the young one, and let me do the cooking."—*Boston Globe.*

TRUTH IS MIGHTY.

Grocer (to boy)—What are you doing, James?

James—Puttin' sand in the sugar.

Grocer—Well, that won't do. You must put the sugar in the sand, and then if a customer asks if we put sand in our sugar you can truthfully say no. You will find, James, as you acquire more business experience, that, in the long run, truth always pays.—*N. Y. Evening Sun.*

WHY HE SHOOK.

Prospective Buyer—You're sure there's no malaria here?

Real Estate Agent—Not a s-s-sign of it.

Prospective Buyer—No chills and fever?

Real Estate Agent—Ain't b-b-b-been none in t-t-t (excuse me) twenty years.

Prospective Buyer—Look here, my friend, what makes you tremble so?

Real Estate Agent (as another wave of shakes passes over him)—I was a-afraid you were go-g-going away without b-b-buyin', sir.—*Puck.*

HIS SECRET.

Lady—I like your pictures so much, and I would dearly love to be an artist. Won't you tell me the secret how to do it?

Artist—Most willingly, madam. You have only to select the right colors and put them on the right place.

"Oh, thanks, awfully. I shall go home now and commence right away."

DETEST.

"I detest him; I never could marry him," said a young girl. "Why, do you know what I call him? I call him 'the little tin mogul.' Oh, dear, no, not to his face, but in my diary. That's where I take all my revenges and have everything out with everybody—in my diary. I find it a great relief."—*Harper's Bazar.*

A FELLOW FEELING.

Burglar—If you make a move you're a dead man. Tell me where your wealth is.

"Wealth? I haven't a cent."

"You lie. I know that you drew $800 out of the bank yesterday."

"Yes, but I went to a church fair last evening."

"Is that so? Well, here's $10 I can let you have to help you out."—*Nebraska State Journal.*

DREADFULLY SAD.

"What can be more depressing than a terrible dream."

"I will tell you what is more depressing. Is to have a pleasant, delightful dream and wake up to find that it is nothing but a dream."

"Have you ever been there?"

"Just the other night. I'll never forget the anguish that I felt when I woke."

"What did you dream?"

"That my room rent was paid a month in advance."—*Nebraska State Journal.*

EXTENUATING CIRCUMSTANCE.

She—You ought to be ashamed of yourself, John, for shooting such a dear little bird!

He—I thought you would like it for your hat.

She—Oh what a good idea! That was very thoughtful of you, John.—*Life.*

HORRIBLE POSSIBILITY.

Dear Friend—That gentleman who boards at your house seems to be very attentive to you, my dear.

Sweet Girl—He is, and I—I love him, but oh, what a risk I am running. We are engaged.

"Risk!"

"Yes; it nearly breaks my heart when the thought comes to me that he may not love me for myself alone, but—boo, hoo!"

"Calm yourself, my dear. Why should he marry you if he does not love you?"

"He—he owes mother three months' board!"