

## THE FATTEST FAT BOY.

**Young Colored Giant Heads the List of Heavy Weights.**

He is Fourteen Years Old and Weighs 363 Pounds — Some Surprising Measurements of Elmore Sheppard, Who is Still Growing.

A great number of fat boys have been heard of since the New York World printed the picture a few weeks ago of one fat boy who seemed to be unusually large for his age. He has been wholly eclipsed, however, by later reports, which have been coming into the World office from all parts of the country.

According to these figures, there does not now seem to be any use of wasting time on fat boys under 200 pounds and in the neighborhood of 14 or 15 years of age. There are a good many of these boys scattered about, and each of them seems to have been offended at any mention of boys not quite so fat.

Their fathers have been writing letters to the editor of the World demanding recognition of these prodigies. In one or two instances the old gentleman has been indignant as if at an unjust discrimination against his son.

Fathers of fat boys have hurriedly taken their sons out to be photographed. They have likewise taken them to the corner grocery to be weighed, and in one or two instances they have gone to the trouble of enlisting the services of a notary public who has certified to the weight and other measurements.

It now seems, however, that these fond parents will all have to cease boasting of having the fattest boy in the world or else try to regain the first place by stuffing their sons like the stalled geese that go to make a Strasburg pie. A colored boy has turned up at Pochontas, Va., beside whom all others pale into insignificance.

This boy is named Elmore Sheppard. He is 14 years old and he tips the scale at the astonishing figure of 363 pounds. Sheppard was born in North Carolina and left that state with his parents when nine months old, going to live at Pochontas. He was 14 years old last December. His father and mother are of normal size.

So proud is Pochontas, Va., of Elmore Sheppard that the citizens decided to enter him for the great fat boy contest. He was accordingly weighed in the presence of Attorney W. W. French and Dr. Halter, of that place, and his weight was found to be 363 pounds. Then he was carefully measured.

He was found to be 5 feet 5 inches in height. Around the chest this black young giant measures 58 inches. Around the waist he measures 70 inches.

His thigh is 24 inches in circumference and the calf of his leg is only half an inch less than 2 feet in circumference. His feet are stout, but of average size and length. He is active and in good health and has a voracious appetite.

This fattest of fat boys smokes a cigar "when he can get one," as a Pochontas gentleman states. He is good natured, like all of his race, and he can read and write, and his mind is bright and acquisitive.

He wears a 7/8 hat and measures 17 inches around the neck and 20 inches around the upper arm. He has gained 70 pounds in weight since the 28th of December and is still gaining.

Several other fat boys have turned up who were of colored parentage, and they were all good natured, which may have some mysterious connection with their size and health. No boy can hope to be fat who is cross or ill-natured, and the same appears to be true of men.

Here are some of the fat boys weighing 200 pounds or over whose friends or parents have written to the World about them:  
Fay Houser, Grotton, N. Y., 12 years old, 212 pounds.  
Joseph Young, No. 773 Columbus avenue, New York, 13 years old, 204 pounds.  
Theodore Tieman, Cincinnati, O., 14 Mich., 11 years old, 265 pounds.  
Angel, Nantic, R. I., 15 years old, 215 pounds.  
Martin P. Burman, Coopersville, Mich., 11 years old, 265 pounds.  
Charles Schwartz, No. 42 Perry street, New York, 15 years old, pounds.  
Howard N. Gosner, Eleventh and Huntington streets, Philadelphia, 11 years old, 200 pounds.

## ASPARAGUS IN FRANCE.

Vineyards Devastated by the Phylloxera Planted with the Vegetable.

Asparagus, like many other table delicacies, is much more of a luxury in Europe than in the United States. According to a Parisian periodical, of ninety thousand bundles of asparagus consumed daily in Paris between April 15 and May 15 nearly sixty thousand were delivered to the restaurants.

The region of Argenteuil is regarded as furnishing the finest asparagus for the Parisian market, and it is from that region that large quantities of the vegetable are sent to England and Russia. The region about Alost in Belgium also produces an asparagus that is greatly esteemed by epicures. The asparagus of Argenteuil at its best measures from three and one-half to four inches in circumference, and half the length of the stalk may be eaten. The culture of asparagus has saved the fortunes of land owners whose vineyards have been ravished by the phylloxera. Asparagus has been substituted for the ruined vines on suitable lands and market gardening has succeeded wine making. Asparagus has replaced the sugar beet about Laon, and the crop throughout France is worth many millions of francs a year.

It is the rule of the most careful French asparagus growers never to cut asparagus after May 20, though some continue cutting considerably longer. Large cultivators have asparagus fields of different ages, and prolong the cutting later than May 20 only on those that are sure to run out and need renewal in a year or two. It takes five

years to make a proper growth of asparagus, the French cultivators say, and the earlier sprouts should not be cut at all. One French amateur asparagus grower leaves home when the sprouting season comes, in order that he may not be tempted to do the young shoots a wrong. Some growers devote themselves to producing monstrosities, and a single stalk of French asparagus may make a dish of the vegetable large enough for a family of moderate size. These great stalks are produced by the aid of a bottle in which the stalk grows. When the young stalks are found side by side the points are gently brought together and a neckless bottle is placed over them. They unite as they grow, and the twins gradually fill the bottle. Another plan is to introduce a single stalk into a rather short bottle and let the stalk double upon itself. Stalks two inches in diameter are thus produced, and they are said to have an especially delicate flavor.

## MARY ANDERSON'S BEGINNING.

Rehearsing in the Kitchen Before a Little Negro Servant.

In the south most of the servants were negroes. Among ours was a little mulatto girl ("nut-brown maid" she called herself) whose chief attraction to me was her enthusiasm for the theater.

One night in desperation I went to her while she was washing dishes in the kitchen and there unfolded all my hopes. It was to her I first acted, and she gave me my first applause. The clapping of those soapy, steaming hands seemed to me a veritable triumph.

Believing that a tragic manner alone would sufficiently impress the situation on the "nut-brown maid," I began with a hollow voice and much furling of the brow: "Juli, wilt thou follow and assist me when I quit my childhood's home to walk in the path of Siddons, Kemble and Booth?" "Oh, Miss Manie, you kin count on dis pussion, fo' de Lor' you kin! Why, my stars, what a boss actor you is! But you 'mus' low me to call you 'maw,' and in a trice she was gone.

A few moments later she reentered the kitchen with my mother, who was greatly surprised by my performance in the fourth act of "The Lady of Lyons," which could not have been acted in a more appropriate part of the house. She, in turn, called the critic of the family, Dr. Griffin, who, likewise, was astonished, and made my heart beat with joy by saying: "You'll make a good actress some day. Your scene has thrilled me, and I would rather have rough work and a good thrill than any amount of artistic work without it."

Spurred on by such encouragement I worked harder than ever, often staying up half the night to get some effect while trying to look into the heart and mind of the character under study. After that evening in the kitchen I read scenes or acted them nightly to our small household, usually from "Hamlet," "Richard," or Schiller's "Maid of Orleans." — Mary Anderson, in North American Review.

## DEER HUNTING BY LOCOMOTIVE

The Reason Some Adirondacks Railroad Men Didn't Feast on Venison.

Once in awhile the engineer of a train on Dr. Seward Webb's Adirondack railroad has a race with a deer. Sometimes it happens that the frightened deer won't leave the track and is killed. One night in September, when Pat Cummings was pulling the through train down to Utica, he walked back to Conductor Clarke, while his fireman was taking water at Nehosene, and said:

"Bill, I killed a deer back there by the river. It was a fine big buck. He run ahead of me for a long piece, and I could see him plain. When I hit him he went up over the pilot higher'n he ever jumped before in his life. I bet he landed just out there in the ditch, and I had a notion to stop and get him, but I was afraid you'd kick."

"I wish you had stopped," said Clarke. "The next time you catch a deer that way you stop. It won't take so long to get him, and we can easily make up the time. Deer meat is too scarce and too high to let it go like that."

Cummings said he surely would stop the next time, and Clarke got the agent to telegraph to the agent at Horseshoe to send the section men down to the river with their hand car to get the deer. It was after 11 o'clock, but the section men started out, and after a smart pull got down to the river. They looked a long time, but could find no deer. Up and down the track they went, and at last were just about to give up in disgust when one of the men found it. It lay out on the bank of the ditch beside the track. It was a fine large yellow dog.

Now if you ask Pat Cummings if he has killed a deer lately you want to be ready to dodge, and dodge mightily quick, for Pat is a husky citizen. — N. Y. Sun.

## A Small Justice.

This story is told by Chancey F. Black, of Pennsylvania: "There is in my town a member of the legal profession of very diminutive size who rejoices in the name of Chris Magee, though not of kin to the well-known politician of the same name. Some time ago Magee was elected to the bench, and one of the first cases before his honor was that of a brawny Irishman whose colossal figure was in perfect antithesis to that of the little judge. The son of Erin had committed an assault and battery, and was told to stand up by the court. The defendant did so, and though he was six feet six inches tall, he could barely see the top of the magistrate's head appearing behind the desk. Raising himself on tiptoe and bending forward with his hands before his eyes as if to peer at some distant object, the Irishman shouted: 'Holy Moses! and is Patrick O'Minehan going to be tried by a fairy?' — Troy (N. Y.) Times.

## TASMANIA ZEBRA-WOLF.

The Most Destructive and Dangerous of the Marsupials.

It Has the Face of a Dog, the Eyes of an Owl, the Stripes of a Zebra, and a Pouch Like His Cousin, the Giddy Kangaroo.

This animal is also called the native tiger; but, strange to say, it is not even a cousin to zebra, wolf or tiger, belonging to the same family as the kangaroo, the slow and gentle wombat, and the sly old opossum—all those animals that carry their babies in their pockets. Common names are usually given from fancied or external resemblances without regard to scientific classification, and in this case the dark stripes, like belts around the body, have suggested the name of zebra, while the ravenous and fierce nature naturally suggests the tiger and the wolf.

Once the zebra-wolf roved at large through Tasmania, bringing terror and destruction to the smaller animals which inhabit that land, but since the island was settled by Englishmen they have made systematic attacks upon this most dangerous of the pouch bearers, or Marsupials, and have driven him into the thick forests and rocky gullies. When population becomes more dense this enemy of the sheep and poultry, as well as of defenseless wild game, will be swept from the face of the earth. No doubt the shepherd and farmer will be glad when the last zebra-wolf has prowled his last prowl around the henhouse and sheep fold; but the naturalist, who is always a friend to what is rare and strange, will regret exceedingly the extermination of this queer beast.

Another thing that makes this strange creature peculiarly interesting is the fact that he is the most formidable Marsupial of the more than 60 varieties of this class, and is indeed the largest and most dreaded of all the mammals in Australasia.

One reason why the shepherd and the farmer find it difficult to guard against its attack is because it loves darkness rather than light, on account of its evil deeds. Now and then, when driven by hunger, it will come creeping to the sheep fold in the daytime, but its pace is then very slow, owing perhaps to its imperfect vision in the sunlight. At such times it is easily captured, as it is inactive and stupid.

The eyes, which are large, are furnished with a membrane, like the eyes of owls; and this is called the nictitating membrane. This is almost continually moving in the daytime, as the eyes are exposed to more or less of sunshine. Without this membrane the amount of light admitted through the large pupil would puzzle the zebra-wolf.

The general color of the somewhat short woolly fur is grayish brown, a little inclined to yellowish. Across this ground color the black bands show up sharp and clear. These stripes are usually 14 in number, beginning just back of the shoulders, where they are narrowest, and growing broader and longer back to the haunches. The skins are in demand for laprobes and rugs, which give an added reason for hunting the wearers.

The zebra-wolves were taken to the Zoological gardens in London, where they flourished and raised a family. When they came it was thought Great Britain would be too cold for them, but there seems to be no reason why they would not thrive even in Canada, as they are known to live on the mountains of Tasmania 3,500 feet above sea level, where the ground is sometimes covered with snow for many weeks, and frosts are severe.

Do you wonder that his name is slightly mixed? The marvel is that he is not named "menagerie" and done with it; for with his dog-like face and short wolf ears, eyes like an owl, zebra stripes, and pouch like a kangaroo, his mixed-pickle breastship could answer to almost any name you might wish to call him. When he becomes extinct we can truly say we ne'er shall see his like again.

## ANOTHER DEGENERATE.

Dr. William Hammond, Preacher, Doctor and Confidence Man.

With scarcely half a century of life behind him, Dr. William Hammond has a record that would cut up into history for six or eight men. He is now under arrest in New Orleans and is charged with nearly every penal offense in the code, and is said to have practiced medicine and law and preached the Gospel according to the rules of four different denominations. His religion knew no arbitrary bounds and he taught the Methodist, Baptist, Roman Catholic and Dunkard creeds indirectly. Chief Inspector J. M. Coulter, of the Boston police, has taken much care in searching Dr. Hammond's past. He says the prisoner has rare native ability and a liberal education. According to Inspector Coulter, Dr. Hammond was born in Montreal in 1841. He married early, but his wife died young and he entered the priesthood. He subsequently had charges in the other churches mentioned. He lost a church in Montreal and is said by his Boston Nemesis to have forged the recommendations which secured him a place in a bank. In 1855 he came to the United States and, Mr. Coulter says, he settled in Yreka, Cal., as pastor of a Baptist church, married a member of his congregation and insured her life. This is asserted to have been a practice with him. He subsequently is said to have secured policies on the lives of different wives at Indiana Valley, Ind., Melbourne, Australia, and New Haven, Conn. Another wife, Mrs. Brockway, widow of a wealthy physician at Franklin Falls, N. H., was taken suddenly ill, but recovered. Hammond, it is charged, had \$12,000 of her money in his possession, but returned it on the agreement that he was not to be prosecuted. He was arrested at Macon, Ga., and Savannah, Ga., on charges of fraud in real estate deals. From 1890 to 1894 Mr. Coulter is unable to trace Hammond's

movements. Something more than a year ago he began the practice of medicine at Hallowell, Me., and built up a large patronage. He ordered medicines largely and then, it is said, sold them to others without first having paid for them. In the latter part of November he was taken in charge in New Orleans on complaint of those with whom he had transactions in drugs. Hammond has lived and pursued his various professions on three continents. Inspector Coulter is authority for the statement that he has had six real or ostensible wives in ten years. His many adventures will not bear publication for general circulation.

## CONGRESSMAN PAYNE.

One of the Popular Members of the Republican Side of the House.

One of the most prominent republican members of the 54th congress is Hon. Sereno E. Payne, of Auburn, N. Y., who has represented the 28th New York district for many years. He is an intimate friend of Speaker Reed, and it surprised many members of the house when he failed to be appointed chairman of the committee on ways and means. He is, however, the second member on that committee, and his influence is bound to be felt in the shaping of tariff legislation. Mr. Payne was born at Hamilton, N. Y., in 1843; graduated from the university at Rochester in 1864; was admitted to the bar in 1866, and has since practiced law at Auburn. He was elected to the 48th congress and has been a member of the house ever since.

## TOLD ABOUT LINCOLN.

Senator Palmer's Account of His Last Meeting with the President.

A great many Lincoln stories were told about the capitol at Washington the other day, four of which are credited to Senator Palmer, of Illinois. Many of the stories were old, but one of Mr. Palmer's seemed to be new and interesting. It is this:

"The first time I met Mr. Lincoln was in 1839, when I went to Springfield to be admitted to the bar. He was already recognized as a whig leader. He wore, I remember, a suit of linsley-woolsey that could not have been worth more than eight dollars, even in those days. The last time I saw him was in February of 1865. I had come to Washington at the request of the governor to complain that Illinois had been credited with 18,000 too few troops. I saw Mr. Lincoln one afternoon and he asked me to come again in the morning. The next morning I sat in the ante-room while several officers were received. At length I was told to enter the president's room. Mr. Lincoln was in the hands of the barber.

"Come in, Mr. Palmer," he called out; 'come in. You're home folks. I can shave before you. I couldn't before those others, and I have to do it some time.'

"We chatted about various matters, and at length I said: 'Well, Mr. Lincoln, if anybody had told me that in a great crisis people were going out to a little one-horse town and pick out a one-horse lawyer for president I wouldn't have believed it.'

"Mr. Lincoln whirled about in his chair, his face white with lather and a towel under his chin. At first I thought he was angry. Sweeping the barber away, he leaned forward, and, placing one hand on my knee, said:

"Neither would I, but it was a time when a man with a policy would have been fatal to the country. I have never had a policy. I have simply tried to do what seemed best each day as each day came."

## Pigeons in Mining Camps.

Experiments are being made in Arizona in the establishment of carrier pigeon messenger service between remote mining camps and the nearest towns or railway shipping points. So far as tried the service has proved successful and very valuable. The trails out from some of the large camps are long and difficult to traverse at times, and the carrier pigeons insure a great saving of time in exchanging communications.



That hideous and deadly foe of man, constipation, is an easy enough thing to cure if you take the right medicine. Constipation is one of the commonest things in the world. It is really one of the most serious things. Fully nine-tenths of all the ordinary sickness of mankind is due to this one cause. If you place an obstruction in the gutter, it will stop the flow of water, and gradually a mass of poisonous, putrefying matter will accumulate. That is exactly what happens in the digestive organs when constipation begins. Poisonous matter accumulates and is forced into the blood. It goes all over the body and causes all sorts of symptoms. A few of these are dizziness, flatulence, heartburn, palpitation, headache, loss of appetite, loss of sleep, foul breath, distress after eating, biliousness and eruptions of the skin. These things are unpleasant, but they are not serious. The serious things come afterward. Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are for the cure of constipation. They are tiny, sugar-coated granules, easy to take, mild and efficient in their action. One is a gentle laxative, two a mild cathartic. There is nothing else in the world like them. There is nothing that takes their place. There is nothing "just as good," although lying and unscrupulous druggists may sometimes tell you so for their own profit. Do you want to lose your health so that the druggist can get rich?

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