

SLEEPING WOMAN TAKES LONG WALK

CLAD ONLY IN NIGHTGOWN SHE PARADES STREET.

BIG CROWD FOLLOWS HER

Narrowly Escapes Being Run Over by an Automobile—Policeman Finally Wakens Her and She Is Taken Home.

Buffalo, N. Y.—A few minutes before 12 o'clock the other night a strange apparition appeared in Main street. It came from West Chippewa street and swept down the main thoroughfare like a ghost. Only it was a very vivid ghost.

It was a young woman in her nightgown, reaching from neck to the red woolen bedroom slippers in which she trod. Her hair was loose and floating down her back, she was carrying a pink silk shawl under one arm, and two little fox terriers preceded her.

As she walked, at quite a brisk gait her eyes were bent upon the sidewalk and seemed closed. She looked neither to the right nor left, and the pedestrians whom she met stepped aside to avoid colliding with her.

She hadn't gone a block down the west sidewalk of Main street before 50 men were following, looking at her curiously. Half a block farther, the crowd had grown to over 100 and it kept on increasing rapidly.

Though there was more or less talk and laughter in the group of followers, and though some of the more inquisitive ones walked at her side and gazed into her face, she seemed neither to hear nor to see. She kept walking along briskly as if on a shopping tour.

A policeman stationed near Mohawk street hurried across the street to head her off and stop her, but some men ostentatiously advised him it was not well to do so.

"She's asleep. Don't wake her suddenly or you may kill her. She'll wake up herself after awhile," they said.

The policeman scrutinized her, saw her eyes were indeed closed, then dropped back and said:

"That's no case for me. Let her alone. It's a fine night for a walk."

On she hurried, heedless of every thing, seeming unconscious. An auto-



SHE SEEMED NEITHER TO HEAR NOR SEE

mobile was speeding along Eagle street near Main as she started across the street. The auto blew its horn. The woman changed neither her demeanor nor her speed. She narrowly escaped being run down.

Then a patrolman stationed on Main street below Eagle street saw her and hurried to her, arriving at her side just as two women who had got off a car hurried to her aid, seeing her a solitary woman apparently pursued by 300 men.

"Where are you going, lady?" asked the policeman, laying a hand on her arm and bringing her to a halt.

"The woman didn't even look up.

"She's asleep," chorused the crowd. The patrolman tilted up her chin and looked at her face. The eyes were still closed, or half closed. He rubbed her forehead and spoke to her again.

She opened her eyes, gave a slight scream, and swooned. The officer caught her as she was falling. He and the women carried her into a cigar store, and placed her in a side room. They then telephoned for medical aid.

The somnambulist, after two or three fainting spells, seemed to regain consciousness sufficiently to tell the policeman that she was Miss Mabel Burnett. She said she is a trained nurse, her home is in Wisconsin, and that she came here about four months ago.

Once before, about three years ago, she said, she had had a similar spell and had walked out of her house in her night clothes.

After a little while she began to talk in a hazy, incoherent way. When the doctors who came with an ambulance a few minutes later talked to her they expressed some doubt about her mental condition and then led her out to the ambulance. On the way she fainted again, and they had to carry her.

Encouraging.

"I'm thinking seriously of going into business for myself," said Leafalong.

"Good idea!" mused Snapup, "you've been in other people's business long enough—it's about time for a change!"—Detroit Free Press.

Canine Precocity.

A dog hopped into the London hospital one day recently, and holding up a cut foot to an attendant asked him in canine language to dress it. This was done, and the dog returned to the hospital daily for the remainder of the week to have the dressing renewed.

LOCAL LUTHER BURBANK.

New Yorker Who Emulates the Example of the California Wizard.

"I am now experimenting with a Japanese vegetable in my country place," said the prosperous commuter, according to the New York Herald, "and I expect that it will prove to be a new salad to tempt fastidious American palates. Nor am I alone in this belief, for the seeds of the udo plant were presented to me by scientific agriculturists who have noted its popularity in Japan and its many good qualities. I have reason to believe that Luther Burbank, the California wizard, is on the same trail.

"The result so far obtained in my cultivation of the moyashi udo is already tempting me to think of exploiting it on a large scale as soon as I can find a good descriptive name for it. This exploitation cannot be monopolized and I advise truck gardeners to investigate its merits.

"Moyashi udo is now grown in many conservatories as an ornamental plant, and many bons vivants may be surprised to know that in it they have an oriental vegetable that surpasses asparagus, celery or lettuce as a table delicacy, and in fact it seems to be a successful combination of all three.

"The udo salad has the delightful crispness of celery, a flavor between pineapple and lettuce, and the appearance of asparagus. When served it is absolutely without fiber, white as snow and with an appearance like to flossy silk. So tasty is it that I have to stand guard over my udo patch in order to prevent my wife from devastating it in order to garnish the table.

"However, I'm sure that its popularity could rest on the sole fact that it matures in winter time, although even at this season my moyashi udo is very palatable.

"I wonder if we're going to feel the 'yellow peril' in the vegetable line? I'm unpatriotic enough to hope so."

SHOOTS RATS FOR LIVING.

Baltimore Man Goes After Rodents Just as a Hunter Goes After Game.

There is a rat catcher who visits Baltimore periodically to rid hotels, among other places, of the rodent pests. Among the hotels he has two regular customers, and his advent is always the signal for the pleasures of the chase in a small way, says the News.

This rat catcher is not a pip of Pan. He has no method of charming rats but goes after them just as any hunter in the big woods would stalk his game. He does not sit down in front of a rat hole and tease the rodents forth with the sweet strains on a tin flute. Instead, he carries a small air rifle, and it does the work. He makes straight for the basement, kitchen, baggage room and open plumbing, where rat holes will be found, if they are anywhere. Having located his rat hole, which he seems to accomplish almost by instinct, he listens at the opening until his keen ear detects a scratching or a squeak. He unerringly locates his quarry by this sound, inserts his rifle at just the right angle, and fires. If he misses—but what's the use—he doesn't. He hits his man every time. Then, with a long hooked wire he probes into the hole and draws his victim out. Now and then he strikes a nest of young. In such cases it is usually an easy matter to hook the nest and all and drag the pests from their palatial residence. His is a peculiar calling, but has its uses. And it's better than killing rats with poison and having them die within the walls.

PURIFIED BY ELECTRICITY.

Noisome Waters of the Schuylkill River Cleansed by the Use of Ozone.

Philadelphia's notoriously bad water is now washed and made clean by ozone. Water from the Schuylkill river contains as much as 2,500,000 bacteria per cubic centimeter; but after a preliminary straining this noisome populace is reduced to 700,000, and after the ozone treatment to from 5 to 55, and these few survivors are said to be innocuous. The water is also deodorized and freed from color. It is all done in this wise: A motor generator, producing a current of 100 alternations, is operated by a current taken from the city supply. The current from the generator is raised by transformers and condensers to a voltage of 10,000. Voltaic arcs are prevented and sparks are limited by means of resistance coils and condensers, and the current in form of a pencil of blue light passes from each of some millions of metallic discharge points across a short air gap to nickel receivers. By means of a pump air is drawn across this gap, and in its passage is partially converted into ozone; it is then forced through a stand pipe in which it meets a current of water flowing in an opposite direction. The bacteria contained in the water are instantly destroyed by the ozone and the water is purified.

Irish Bull.

There are several interesting bulls in the following serious paragraph from the Western News, of Galway, Ireland, of July 15: "To rob a man of his purse, and then maltreat him for not having it, would pass muster amongst pitiless brutal crimes, but to kill and slay a man to the point of death, and then murder him for not dying quick enough is one point better in the catalogue of human infamy. It is enough to make Irishmen set their teeth and talk silently in groups."

The Cause.

Mrs. Blix—Miss Black says she always uses lemon juice on her face; it's good for the complexion.

Miss Knox—I wondered what gave her that sour look.—Detroit Free Press.

Not Full-Chested.

Only four per cent. of the men in the British army have a chest measurement over 40 inches, and 50 per cent. between 35 and 40 inches.

EXTRA!

WAIT! WAIT!

FOR THE

FIRST LEGITIMATE SALE

OF FINE

Clothing & Furnishings

EVER UNDERTAKEN IN SAYRE

This Sale Will be Conducted by the Proprietors

MURPHY & BLISH

AMERICAN CLOTHIERS AND HABERDASHERS

Next Door to Postoffice.

Sayre, Pa.

Sale Opens on Monday, Nov. 13th