

SHE BRAVED DEATH ASLEEP

Miss Annie Rossman a Most Remarkable Somnambulist.

LIFE OF STRANGE ADVENTURE

Her Excursions Are Always Made While She Is Clad in a Night Dress and Without Shoes or Stockings—Handcuffs and Chains Fail to Keep Her Indoors.

A pretty girl is now being treated at the Arapahoe county hospital in Denver, who has broken the record in somnambulism. Her name is Annie Rossman, and during her excursions while asleep she has been rescued from injury or death by the police more than 150 times. Bolts, bars, handcuffs, and chains all failed to keep her within her room, and clad in her night robe, she has roamed the streets of Denver night after night.

Everything possible was done to cure the young woman of her strange mania but to no purpose until she was placed in the hospital where she has been carefully watched by an attendant, and cold water thrown in her face every time she attempts to leave her bed or to escape. This plan seems to be proving efficacious and for the present at least, her sleep-walking career has been brought to a close. The story of her experiences is marvelous, and there is no record of any man or woman somnambulist who has undergone the perils that have fallen to her lot and escaped a fatality.

For eight years Miss Rossman has been a sleepwalker, ever since she was eighteen years old. She is a stenographer at present, but her affliction has forced her to abandon her chosen plan, and work as a domestic. Under ordinary circumstances she seems to be possessed of unusual intelligence, and her education is excellent. In appearance she is remarkably pretty, a perfect specimen of the blonde. She is both striking in physique and comely in features.

It is almost marvelous to consider the methods that have been unsuccessfully adopted to restrain her from her nocturnal excursions. The windows of her room have been latched and the key to the door hidden, but to no purpose. So long as the main place of the key is concerned, she has always seemed possessed of almost supernatural powers, for the key was hidden in her own room she invariably found it. When the door was locked from the outside she managed to cleverly pick the lock, and make her way to the street. At other times she has been tied in her bed so securely that it seemed as if in no way would she be able to release herself. In this regard she has exhibited the skill of the conjurer, for no knot could be tied that she was unable to loosen, and no matter how the ropes were arranged she always found a way to release herself.

Handcuffs have been attached to her wrists and then chained to the bed, but her hands slipped through the rings in her sleep in a fashion that she could not explain when she awoke. In a waking condition she could never perform the feat. At another time the key to her room was placed in the bottom of a barrel of water that rested in one corner of her apartment. But she secured the key, and the door opened with the same facility as if she had been awake. There has been no particular method which she has followed in her walks about the city, and, contrary to the general idea regarding somnambulists, she has rarely seemed to have a definite idea of doing any particular thing on any occasion.

About the only instance when she distinctly remembered having a purpose in view, was the time when she was found seated on a letter box with her arm around the lamp-post, when she declared she had believed herself to be seated on a rail at the theater with her arm about one of the supporting pillars. This fact of general lack of intention is all the more singular because of the accepted belief that the motions of sleepwalkers are the fulfillment of dreams that have seized upon them.

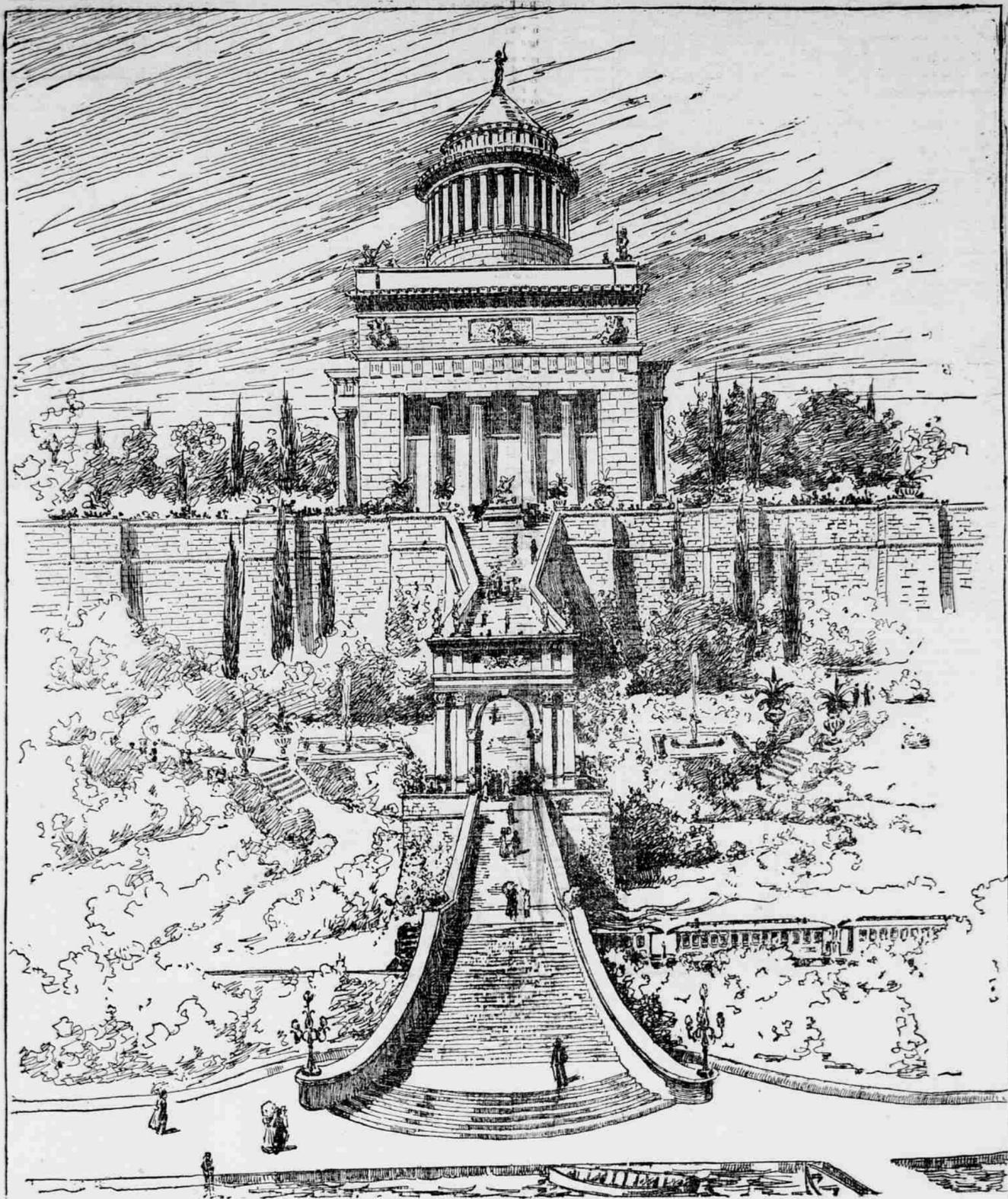
One of the most narrow escapes she has had, is that of the narrowest of all, was on the occasion of a trip she is supposed to have started on to North Denver. She reached the bridge which crosses over Cherry Creek, close by the old City Hall, but instead of crossing the structure, made her way down by its side, and apparently started for a walk through the water. It so happened that the creek was not "booming" to any great extent, and she was able to wade across, but her action, and rescued her from drowning. Even the shock of the water did not fairly awaken her, and it was several moments after her rescue before she entirely regained consciousness.

It has happened that whenever Miss Rossman left her room and went at night on one of these sleep-walking trips, she has never stopped to don any clothing beside the night robe, and has been gaited of shoes or stockings. Just how she could so often make her way about Denver's streets in this costume unobserved is a matter of almost as much mystery as the real cause of the affliction which has rendered her miserable for eight years.

One night a few months ago, when she was lying at Twenty-first and California streets, she left her home about midnight and wandered down Twenty-first to Curtis street. When in front of the Curtis street house she apparently imagined herself a lineman, for she essayed climbing a telegraph pole, and succeeded in making her way well toward the top before she was discovered. She was resting in this fashion near the top of the pole, when a policeman happened to see her. Here was a quandary. If anyone shouted to her, she might awake and fall to the ground. The officer could not climb the pole, so finally a ladder was procured from a neighboring fire-engine-house and placed against the pole. A stalwart fireman mounted it, and a moment later had Miss Rossman in his arms. Strangely enough, she awakened almost instantly and in a terrible fright. She was taken home, and, though prostrated by the shock for several days, suffered no permanent illness.

Miss Rossman is disinclined to discuss the strange events that have surrounded the last few years of her life, but in order to make entirely clear the state of her mind at present, and how she looks upon the events that have occurred, has written the following statement: "To the Editor: "I fully realize that only for the goodness of people in general I should regretfully have been in my grave before this, as I have, according to what has been told me, been often rescued by some kind man in time of danger. This, of course, I appreciate more than words can express. It can easily be realized how embarrassing a position it is for one to awaken and find herself in the company of a policeman or in the patrol wagon attired only in her night robe.

"I have often been censured for things I could not help, but there are all kinds of people in this world, and I suppose we must expect to meet them. I feel now that an going to be well in a short time, as I am undergoing the treatment that will



THE GRANT MONUMENT AS IT WILL APPEAR WHEN COMPLETED.

of the door of her room, and seizing her by the wrists, pulled her back into the apartment. Not until she was again in her own room did she realize what had happened.

An amusing incident of her experience was the first and only time she gave an exhibition of dancing on the street. That evening she walked down to Arapahoe street, between Twenty-third and Twenty-fourth, standing near a corner, to the amazement of several children and two or three pedestrians who happened to approach and see her, she began a series of movements very like the double shuffle to be near, and no one interfered. The movements of her feet and limbs grew more and more rapid, while her body swayed from side to side, after the fashion of the Natchez girl. Then, flinging wildly and continued this at intervals until attempting to leave the corner, until a patrolman on his beat took her by the arm and walked her toward the station. She did not awaken until almost at the station door.

Once after she had left her home on one of these trips she apparently imagined herself a lineman, for she essayed climbing a telegraph pole, and succeeded in making her way well toward the top before she was discovered. She was resting in this fashion near the top of the pole, when a policeman happened to see her. Here was a quandary. If anyone shouted to her, she might awake and fall to the ground. The officer could not climb the pole, so finally a ladder was procured from a neighboring fire-engine-house and placed against the pole. A stalwart fireman mounted it, and a moment later had Miss Rossman in his arms. Strangely enough, she awakened almost instantly and in a terrible fright. She was taken home, and, though prostrated by the shock for several days, suffered no permanent illness.

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apparently be effectual. I am startled repeatedly in various ways. Onels by dashing cold water in my face. Again, my clothes are hidden, and I seem to possess a certain degree of modesty which does not desert me even in an unconscious condition.

"As for my part, I believe my affliction is not the ordinary sleep or somnambulism, for according to reports I am very hard to awaken, and naturally would take a few moments to realize where I was. It has been a fearful experience and I am sure but for the weakness and sin of the action I should have put an end to it long ago. Perhaps all this strange trouble of mine will some day be explained. I am beginning to feel that after all my life is worth finishing up. About all the things that are said to have happened to me really occurred, for I had no idea what I was doing, and never acted according to dreams as they say most sleepwalkers do.

"I fully realize how often I have been near death, and I know that only what I have been told me a series of miracles has permitted me to be here to write this story. My only hopes I may never have any more such adventures.

"ANNIE ROSSMAN."

Miss Rossman is a native of Peoria, Kan., and a number of members of her family now reside there. When she was resting in this fashion near the top of the pole, when a policeman happened to see her. Here was a quandary. If anyone shouted to her, she might awake and fall to the ground. The officer could not climb the pole, so finally a ladder was procured from a neighboring fire-engine-house and placed against the pole. A stalwart fireman mounted it, and a moment later had Miss Rossman in his arms. Strangely enough, she awakened almost instantly and in a terrible fright. She was taken home, and, though prostrated by the shock for several days, suffered no permanent illness.

GRANT'S FAMOUS MESSAGE.

His Good Will—Address to the American People.

On Easter Sunday almost twelve years ago today Gen. Grant sent this message to the American people. It was a true Easter message, a message bearing tidings of peace and good will. The wires flashed the few simple words from North to South, from East to West, and the lips of a nation took them up and repeated them to the echo. Even the most unrelenting of the rebels felt that the man of war was a man of peace now, and they breathed a wish that all might be well with him to his end, which was nearing. Thus his message was realized to the fullest extent.

Dr. George F. Shradly, Gen. Grant's physician, really inspired this message, and it was dictated to him. When asked to tell how Gen. Grant dictated this message, Dr. Shradly said:

"There are several reasons why this message should be of particular interest just now. In the first place, as the time set for the dedication of the Grant Monument approaches, everybody is interested in Gen. Grant as a man of peace, and this, the only message he sent out to the American people during his long illness, was pre-eminently a peace message. Then, too, it was issued on the last Easter Sunday of his life, and it seems particularly appropriate that it should be brought to light at this glad season. Everything connected with that day is as clear to me as if it were yesterday. It was clear and crisp—a perfect day for the time of year, for it was on the 5th of April, 1885, Gen. Grant, as nearly everyone knows, lived at No. 3 East Sixty-sixth street. He occupied the second-story front room, which has a large bay window overlooking the street and Fifth avenue. Just to the left of this room was a small room fitted up as an office. It was cool enough for him to have a fire in his grate, I remember, and he was sitting directly in front of it in a big chair.

"On the Wednesday night previous he had fallen almost into a state of collapse, and it looked very much as if he had passed away. He was lying in bed, and I began to realize that he had pulled through a crisis. He felt that he was near his death, and was in that state of mind where a man gives rein to his innermost thoughts. Presently he put his elbows up on the arms of his chair and began to look into the fire with a far-away expression, as he always did when in deep thought. Whenever he assumed this attitude, no one interrupted him, for it was a sign that he wished to commune with himself. He sat thus for some time, and finally fell asleep. "In the meantime I walked over to the window and stood looking at the crowd in the street. It was alive with

people from all the walks of life. Women attired in elegant Easter gowns and bonnets stood side by side with waiters, and millionaires were right in line with men of all work and day laborers. All stood still, and gazed anxiously up at the general's windows. They didn't seem to be there out of morbid curiosity, but because they were interested, and they could not have possibly been more respectful in their bearing.

"Presently Gen. Grant awakened, and I said to him: "General, we've had a fine April shower while you were asleep, and it scattered the great crowd who had gathered in the street to watch your window, but the sun is out again, and they are all back with lots of others besides."

"It is a beautiful day," he said, coming over to the window and taking his stand by me. Then he began to look down on the people in the street. He stood behind the curtains, and they could not see him that day, but frequently during his illness when he went to the window to look out the people would catch a glimpse of him, and of every day would go. This always pleased him. "See what all these people think of you," said I. "They come here day after day, all sorts and conditions of men and women, and gaze quietly up at your windows."

"Yes," he answered, "I'm very grateful for their sympathy; and then he walked over and sat down in front of the fire again, putting his hands up in his meditative attitude. "General, why wouldn't it do for you to express that gratitude? I said: "All these bullets I send out are about pain and temperature. The people would be so glad to have a message directly from you."

"I would like them to know that I am appreciative," he said, and then he was silent. "I sat down at a table near him, and presently he said: "Write Gen. Grant has just awakened from a short nap, and expresses himself as being very comfortable." "Here he stopped, and then continued: "He wishes it stated that he is very much touched by, and very grateful for, the prayerful sympathy and interest manifested for him by his friends and by those—here he hesitated again, and then continued—and by those who have not been regarded as such." "But, general," said I, "why not dictate something in the first person and sign it?" "No," he answered, "it is much better coming from you. How would it look for me to send out a bulletin about myself? You might say for me, 'I desire the goodwill of all, whether heretofore friends or not.'" Dr. Shradly was reading from his stenographic notes as he talked. He put the document down, and handed to the reporter another, saying:

"Here is the message as I wrote it out and submitted it to the general."

It is written in pencil on a piece of yellow paper torn from a pad, and reads as follows: "Gen. Grant has just awakened from a short nap and expresses himself as being very comfortable. "He wishes it stated that he is very much touched by, and very grateful for, the prayerful sympathy and interest manifested for him by his friends and by those who have heretofore not been regarded as such."

"GEORGE F. SHRADLY. "April 5, 1885, 5:15 p. m." Dr. Shradly went on, "just as Gen. Grant dictated his last sentence, and he cried: "Splendid, splendid! Stop right there, Gen. Grant. I wouldn't say another word." "No bulletin was ever sent out without being first approved by the general's family, particularly Mrs. Grant; but, as the general dictated this one, it was not deemed necessary to show it to her before sending it to the little office on Madison avenue, between Sixty-fifth and Sixty-sixth streets, from which practically all bulletins were issued of course, as soon as it fell into the hands of Frank W. Mack, who was stationed at that office to cover the Grant case for the press all over the country, the wires were hot with it.

"A few minutes after it had been sent out Mrs. Grant came into the room, and I said to her: "Gen. Grant has just issued an Easter message to the people, and I handed to her this copy. "She objected to it because no recognition of the prayers offered for her husband's recovery and recovery that I sent a bulletin boy over to Mack at once, asking him to hold the message. So you see that word 'prayerful' has quite a history. The message had already gone on some of its ways, and the question was how to alter it so as not to change the whole context. I suggested to Mrs. Grant that 'prayerful' be inserted before 'sympathy,' and she expressed herself as being satisfied, so I started at once for the telegraph office to attend to the matter."

Remarkable Family. The tramp who "lost everything in the Mississippi flood" is now abroad in the land. One of them approached a benevolent old gentleman in Atlanta Sunday. "And you say," said the old gentleman, "that your children were drowned in the flood?" "Yes sir," replied the tramp, wiping his eyes with his coat-tail; "seventeen of 'em, sir!" "God bless me!" exclaimed the old gentleman, "you are a young man, scarcely thirty, and—"

A NOVEL LOVE CHARM

Scotland's Famous "Pighting Stone O'Lairg."

COMES TO CANADIAN MUSEUM

Thousands of Fair Maids and Brave Gallants Have Pighted Troth Through This Old and Memorable Work of Nature—Nothing Like It in All the World.

A famous relic of ancient lore and love has just been placed in the Canadian Institute Museum at Toronto. It is "the Pighting Stone O'Lairg." Its history goes far back than anyone can remember, far beyond the time when records were kept. It is known, however, to have been used by the mystic Druids, centuries before Robert Bruce and his bold clan made Scotland ring with their shouts and the sound of battle. For it is a Scottish stone, of course. Its name tells that.

It is declared by those who know that thousands of true Scottish hearts have pledged troth through an office held toward the top that was made by nature more centuries ago than one likes to think of. This remarkable Pighting relic would be a fit companion to the Pighting Stone, for while by one the tongue gains power to charm, by the other one is enabled to win the charmer. There is nothing like the stone in all the world, and it is considered a matter of very great surprise that the good folk of the state, ever allowed original home of the stone, ever allowed it to be taken from the place where it has stood so long that centuries have grown old and gray.

Mr. David Boyle, curator of the Canadian Museum, treasures the stone as he would eyes of his eye. He is greatly enthused over the addition to the museum. This is what he writes concerning it:

"To the Editor: What is probably the oldest European stone relic in America, not excepting even Cleopatra's Needle in Central Park, is the 'Pighting Stone O'Lairg,' now in the Ontario Archaeological Museum in Toronto. This ancient memorial of the faith and superstition of our ancestors is supposed to date as far back as the days of the Druids in Great Britain. For centuries it was considered with the life history of the people in the north of Scotland, where it was regarded as a silent witness to the vows and pledges of young and old in matters of love and commerce.

"Scott's marriage ceremonies have always been characterized by simplicity, and it is declared by those who know that thousands of true Scottish hearts have pledged troth through an office held toward the top that was made by nature more centuries ago than one likes to think of. This remarkable Pighting relic would be a fit companion to the Pighting Stone, for while by one the tongue gains power to charm, by the other one is enabled to win the charmer. There is nothing like the stone in all the world, and it is considered a matter of very great surprise that the good folk of the state, ever allowed original home of the stone, ever allowed it to be taken from the place where it has stood so long that centuries have grown old and gray.

"It is on record traditionally that numerous attempts have been made by ecclesiastical authorities to do away with the superstitious belief, but in vain. Kirk sessions in Scotland, but the people refused. The stone, however, disappeared, and in the stone began to wane. Still, it was not until the ancient relic was removed from its old place in an offshoot from one of the church walls that its glory departed. It was presented to the Ontario Museum through Mr. Hugh Stoddard, of Stratford, by Miss Mary Buchanan, of Lairg, and it may interest the donor to know that even in the New World, and in the light of almost twentieth century knowledge, some affectionate couples still stand on opposite sides of the stone and surreptitiously grasp hands.

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"DAVID BOYLE." It was quite a victory for the Canadian institution to gain this stone, as it had a very formidable competitor in Oxford University, the faculty of which was making for some time past every of this famous old relic leaving Bonnie Scotland. It is told that when the day came for it to be boxed up far away in Sutherlandshire that there was groaning and excessive lamentation on all sides. Women in the back of the stone were asked, and many were those who believed that its going signified bad fortune.

"This far, however, it has seemed a stone of good fortune, for the clouds of trouble have not hovered over Lairg, although the stone was moved. There is an old-time superstition among the peasantry all through Scotland, England, Ireland and Wales that these ancient stones, which mark places of worship of the Druids so many years ago, should never be interfered with. To remove them, says superstition, is to invite a fierce contest with the furies. If you live by a river and do anything of this sort, look out for the kelpie, that comes in the night and brings sore trouble. If you live a mountain side, and do anything of this sort, you will surely descend upon you with hideous face and wicked leer, and brew trouble the whole night long.

"Now, all these things did the people of Lairg and the contiguous mountain districts at Toronto face. If what the story books say is true, the kelpie and the gnuine ena cross the Atlantic ocean in about five minutes, if they want to. There are unkind persons, however, who say that these little people never exist outside the story-book and legend, and among these are numbered the persons who have been concerned in the removal of this stone.

"This new importation has become an object of the most decided interest to residents of and visitors to Toronto. Think of pighting troth with your sweetheart, who were the same action! Doubtless, too, these unkind persons who are not inclined to be truthful may feel that pighting their troth to a woman surrounded by these superstitious memories may have a certain influence over her to make her stick to her agreement, and not repent in favor of some other fellow. The ancient custom regarding the stone, as Curator Boyle says, being revived to a considerable extent in Toronto.

"A Toronto genius has suggested a pighting stone party, in which the girls shall each assume a costume in keeping with some period during the many centuries of existence of this ancient memorial to love and faith. One lady in whose imagination the thought it would be a very good plan to present a tableau of Faith, Hope and Charity in this connection—Faith in the stone's past, Hope that it might influence the people of today, and Charity that they thought it necessary to keep the faith that they pledged, and charity for those unwise persons who pin hope and faith to a woman's word."