

THE ALAMO TRAGEDY

BLOODY MASSACRE OCCURRED JUST 73 YEARS AGO.

Story of Slaughter of Americans by Mexicans in Which Three Men Met Death and Fame—Bravery of Frontiersmen.

Austin, Tex.—Seventy-three years ago three of the most heroic figures in American history wrote their names on their country's scroll of fame in letters that time will never fade. March 6, 1836, was enacted the final scene in the tragedy of Alamo, in which David Crockett, William Travis and James Bowie, with their handful of devoted and fearless followers, yielded up their lives. There were less than 200 of these daring spirits within the walls of the ancient mission in San Antonio, Tex., and they were opposed by an army of more than 6,000 Mexicans, under command of Gen. Santa Anna.

The Alamo is now little more than a splendid ruin in San Antonio. Every one of the heroes of the Alamo was an American frontiersman.

On February 22 Santa Anna crossed the Rio Grande at the head of an army for the purpose of putting down the revolt that threatened to sever Texas from Mexico. This invasion of Texas stirred up all the fighting blood in the brilliant spirits. Gen. Sam Houston, commander-in-chief, thought best to retire across the Colorado river and await reinforcements. Col. William Travis did not agree with him and, with the regular garrison, took refuge in the old Spanish mission and determined to make a last stand against the Mexicans. Col. James Bowie, famous as a duelist, and as the maker of the Bowie knife, agreed with his plans. David Crockett joined them almost immediately.

The three intrepid commanders had a mere handful of men and only one small cannon. Against this company came the great Mexican army. The doors of the makeshift fortress were barricaded, and when on the last day of February a messenger came from Santa Anna demanding surrender he was sent back with words of defiance. The Mexican army surrounded the old stone building and a big gun was wheeled into position and opened fire. Crockett was asleep when a cannon ball announced that the opening of the last fight had commenced. Col. Bowie was bestruck from a wound, but Travis was in active command.

Crockett sprang from his bunk and saw in a minute that the gun was within rifle range. Crockett was a dead shot and he picked off five Mexican gunners with rifles loaded and handed to him as fast as the Mexicans attempted to use their cannon. Finally they were actually driven back by Crockett's accurate aim.

Then the Mexicans let things settle down to a state of siege. For five days it continued, and then Santa Anna decided to try to carry the place by assault. The storming parties were held at bay by the Texan riflemen on three sides, but a column under command of Gen. Castillon attacked the weak north wall and made a breach.

Then came the most desperate hand-to-hand fight of which history makes record. The Mexicans were beaten back again and again, but each time they renewed the attack they made better headway. The outer wall was carried and the Texans retired within the church. It was butchery then and no slaughter house was ever more completely blood-soaked. Still they fought on with clubbed guns.

Crockett was still on his feet and with him a band of five or six. He had nothing left, but the barrel of his rifle and with this he laid about him. Gen. Castillon wanted to spare the lives of the remaining Texans and besought his commanding general to do so. Crockett heard Santa Anna's refusal and, dropping his gun barrel and clutching his knife, he tried to break through the fighting cordon that surrounded him and reach the Mexican general, but fell, riddled with bullets. Meantime Col. Bowie, who lay on his bed in another room without being able to take a hand in the fight, assumed command of the wounded in this hospital room, and ordered them to sell their lives as dearly as possible.

The doorway to this hospital room was scarcely more than a single person could get through at a time. Lying on his bed Bowie used his pistol and several other pistols that were loaded and handed to him, for he was as great a shot with the pistol as Crockett was with the rifle. Every shot killed a Mexican. Santa Anna saw he was sacrificing a man as fast as Bowie could pull a trigger, and he resorted to a most horrible expedient. The cannon that the Texans had used in their defense was led up so that its muzzle was right at the door of the little hospital room and a load of grape-shot and cannister turned loose that destroyed every living thing in that room. Even after this cannon shot was fired Bowie leaped from his bed and plunged his knife into a Mexican, and both fell dead together.

History records that four persons escaped this massacre, and they were all non-combatants. One was Mrs. Dickinson, wife of one of the Texan officers, and her daughter, Emily; the other two were negro servants. Miss Emily was an infant at the time. Afterwards she was known as the child of "The Alamo."

The people with the most cheek don't do the most blushing.—Philadelphia Record.

PEPPERCORN RENT IS PAID.

Woman Gives \$675 and Clears Cloud from Title to Land.

New York.—Failure on the part of lessees to pay to Trinity Episcopal church, at Newark, N. J., one peppercorn a year as rental for three lots at South Eleventh and Orange streets cost Anna T. Nevison of this city \$675. She paid the money in order to clear the title of the cloud that overhung it because of the failure of others to pay the peppercorn to the church.

The property originally was leased in the latter part of the eighteenth century for a lump sum and one peppercorn a year. The lease was as good as a transfer of property, as it ran for ninety-nine years, with the privilege of renewals. When the property was leased the church was unable, under the law, to sell it outright.

The lease passed into the possession of Miss Nevison, and she sold it to Theophile Well of Brooklyn. When he tried to obtain a loan on it the trust company refused to advance money on the ground that the lease had been forfeited to the church by the lessees, who had failed to pay the peppercorn. Thereupon he threw the property back on Miss Nevison's hands. She made an agreement with the church whereby it accepted \$675 in payment of the peppercorn it did not get.

By the payment of the money Miss Nevison cleared the title to her lease, which virtually is the title to the property. In future, it is believed, the peppercorn will be paid annually.

FISH CARRIES OWN LICENSE.

Louisiana Specimen Relieved of Document by Hunter.

Morgan City, La.—The first Louisiana catfish that ever considered it necessary to carry a fishing license around with him has been found, and, incidentally, he has been relieved of his license because it was made out in the name of another individual.

The catfish in question was taken from the waters of Upper Grand lake, and was so large that the fisherman who caught him thought he had a shark on his line until he drew the big fellow up and saw his flat head and characteristic fins. After a fierce battle with the monster he was captured and sold to Klempert's fish dock at Morgan City. There the huge cat was being prepared for shipment, when the fishing license was discovered. It was inclosed in a water-tight tin box, and along with it was a hunter's license, properly drawn and signed by the parish officials. The licenses showed that they had been issued to people of this parish, and bore the signature of the sheriff. They were not damaged from being allowed and carried around, and were returned to their owners after being taken from the fish.

The tin box containing the licenses had been accidentally dropped overboard ten days before it was found, and the owners of the licenses had obtained duplicates.

APPEAL TO ASTRONOMERS.

Massachusetts Men Would Supply Vacancy Left by Government.

Cambridge, Mass.—An appeal to the astronomers of America to cooperate in supplying the vacancy left by the United States government when it recently abandoned the work of following the movement of newly discovered asteroids or minor planets has been issued by Prof. Edward C. Pickering of the Harvard observatory and the Rev. Joel H. Metcalf, the eminent Taunton astronomer.

Prof. Pickering states that nearly all the asteroids discovered in America in recent years have been found by the Rev. Mr. Metcalf. Prof. Pickering in his statement says:

"The discovery of the asteroid Eros of the group whose mean distance is approximately that of Jupiter, and of the variation in light of several asteroids, has given a value to this department of astronomical research which it did not have previously. For two or three years much useful work was done by the naval observatory in following the asteroids found by Mr. Metcalf, and it is hoped its abandonment by the naval observatory is only temporary."

USES SUGAR TO SHORTEN LIFE.

Porto Rican Rubs Sweet Stuff into His Eyes.

San Bernardino, Cal.—Manuel Moreno, a Porto Rican, is in jail awaiting trial for the alleged theft of diamonds. He is attempting slow suicide by rubbing sugar into his eyes. The prisoner was examined by Health Officer Strong the other day, who discovered the sugar stuffed in between the eyelids and eyeballs.

When Moreno confessed that he had resorted to sugar as a means of ending his life, he explained that on his native island the custom prevails among those who desire to shorten their existence and that it invariably proves successful.

The idea is a new one here and the authorities state that the only result so far as they can ascertain would be to destroy the man's sight.

Ohisan Makes a "Bully" Ride.

Piqua, O.—Dr. G. C. Throckmorton, aged 66 years, the other day beat the military ride of President Roosevelt of 96 miles, military gait, when he rode three horses in relays from Sidney through Piqua to Troy, 20 miles and return, three times, 120 miles in all, in 14 hours and 45 minutes.

PEARLS IN RACCOON

DISCOVERY RENEWS INTEREST IN HUNT FOR MUSSELS.

Gem Which Sold for \$140 Found in Seventeen-Pound Animal After It Had Been Baked and Eaten by Family.

Isle au Haut, Me.—The mountains look on Isle au Haut and Isle au Haut look on the sea, and close up under the mountains and near down to the sea in a fishing hamlet called the Thoroughfare lives old Sol Hamilton, the man who first brought black foxes and striped raccoons and pearl-bearing mussels to the island.

The importations were made a long time ago—Sol says he did the work when William Henry Harrison was running for president in 1840—and since the black foxes have degenerated from type and all pups have been born red, while the mussels have so far forgotten how to produce pearls worth carrying away. But the raccoons have grown fat and prospered while feeding on a marine diet and breathing fog, so that the last ruffed grouse and most of the domestic poultry have been exterminated from the town.

When a man gets too old to chase foxes or tree raccoons, he can still find sport in dredging fresh water mussels from inland rocks and ponds, and throwing them out on bare ledges till they reveal the hidden pearls.

Hamilton is the only resident of Isle au Haut who has ever found a pearl in a mussel shell. This discovery was made in 1896, two years before the Spanish war, and he was so elated over his good fortune that he took the boat to Boston the next day and spent two weeks and \$60 in marketing his pearl for \$18. The transaction did not pay as an investment, but it convinced old Sol that pearls in paying quantities were to be found in Isle au Haut waters, and anybody who would work hard enough and long enough could get rich at pearl hunting.

Since then the luck of the pearl fishermen has been variable. Hamilton found one or two pearls every year. In 1904 he discovered three pearls, one of which he sold for \$30, and the other two being small and off-color, brought \$2.50 and eight dollars, respectively. Hamilton's grandchildren became nearly parboiled every summer from much wading and diving in the warm water.

Then the grandchildren of the raccoons that had been imported by Hamilton went into partnership with the Hamilton grandchildren in the pearl business, and the new industry came to a standstill. One year Hamilton failed to secure a single pearl, because the raccoons had discovered the heaps of mussel shells and had opened them and had eaten the contents without stopping long enough to pick out the pearls.

Hamilton set fox traps and deadfalls and caught many raccoons, all of which were dissected for pearls without result. So persistent was the Hamilton trapping that raccoons were getting scarce and the shore farmers were beginning to let their poultry roam about the island.

One morning his grandchildren came trooping in from the pearl ledge bearing the biggest raccoon ever seen in Hancock county. When properly dressed and ready for baking the carcass weighed 17 pounds. In the body were found three pearls, one of which was as big as a gooseberry and brought Hamilton \$140 when he sold it to a Boston jeweler.

The dredging for pearls will be resumed with great enthusiasm next spring.

BUTTER OLD, BUT STILL SWEET.

Shows No Ill Effects After Having Been in a Well Thirteen Years.

Delmar, Del.—Thirteen years ago John J. Martin of Brownsville churned a couple of pounds of butter, and for lack of an ice box he placed it in a bucket and lowered it part way down his well.

Two days later the price of butter dropped in Delmar, and with a sort of unlooked sympathy Martin's butter dropped, too; only his went down the well, accompanied by the old oaken bucket. Not owning at that time a diver's suit, Martin let the butter remain in the water, and bought a new bucket.

Recent rains raised the well unusually high, and the other day, while casually looking into the well to see how many frogs had fallen in overnight, Martin saw the same old two pounds of butter floating about serenely. He fished it out, and, with the aid of two neighbors, performed a sort of autopsy on it. All three tasted it, straight and with bread as a chaser, and, strange as it may seem, the 13-year-old butter was as good and sweet as the day it was made.

All three have made affidavits to the butter's good condition, and as all three are living today, it must be so.

Maxim Rival Has Gun Silencer.

Northfield, Vt.—Joseph C. Columbe, a graduate of Norwich university, announces that he has perfected a gun-silencer which rivals the Maxim device. He says in addition that his contrivance eliminates the recoil and makes black powder practically smokeless. A demonstration was given for the Northfield Gun club recently, and it was declared a success. Columbe's invention differs from Maxim's in that it is not attached to the end of the barrel, but is made a part of the gun, extending the full length of the barrel.

JAM, NOT BURGLAR'S GORE.

Moore's Dream of a Sanguinary Fight in the Parlor Not Substantiated.

Bedford Station, N. Y.—George C. Moore, who lives with his niece in Church street here, said solemnly to her the other morning at breakfast:

"Well, they came last night—three of them. It's all very well to lecture about air and one thing and another, but when burglars walk in through the open windows—"

"Who came last night, uncle?" she asked.

"Three burglars. I heard their footsteps. I went down, I said: 'Halt! They wouldn't do it, and so I shot, and they shot. I think I received a slight flesh wound, but it's no matter. One of the burglars was wounded. His blood, maybe his life blood, is on the front parlor carpet. As I say, it's all very well to talk about fresh air and to have fresh air in the daytime, but when windows are hung wide open—"

"Show me the blood, uncle."

Mr. Moore showed his niece some dark red spots on the front parlor carpet. For some reason, she did not seem impressed. He went down to tell the police about it. Two or three were sent up to the Moore house to look around. Mr. Moore's niece took one of the policemen aside.

"Those dark spots are raspberry jam," she whispered.

The police could find no marks of blood in the house, nor did Mr. Moore show any wound. One glass of jam is thought to be the total loss.

BAD SPELLERS IN COLLEGE.

Ten Institutions Report on Proficiency of Students.

New York.—Recently 118 freshmen in Northwestern university were compelled to enter the spelling class maintained by that institution because they missed twenty or more words each out of 200 in a not difficult written list. To discover the standard of spelling in prominent American colleges representatives of ten universities have been asked to enumerate the percentage of bad spellers in their respective institutions, to assign causes and remedies for the prevalence of bad spelling and also to determine the relative importance of proper spelling in a man's education. Computing the basis of the answers, the standard of spelling at the ten seats of learning is as follows:

Of bad spellers Princeton has a percentage of ten; University of Michigan, 20; the spelling standard at Cornell is "high;" at Columbia School of Applied Sciences, "air-cious;" at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology the percentage is "large;" at Brown university it is not so large as in the entering class at Northwestern; at Yale the standard is "high;" at Wesleyan and the University of Michigan it is "fair."

FOUNTAIN FROM AN OAK TREE.

Freak of Nature Is Utilized After an Election Water.

Perrysville, Ind.—One of nature's freaks is a medium sized pin oak tree from which flows a solid stream of excellent water through a gas pipe. The tree is located about three miles west of Perrysville, on the Covington road, in front of Milton Wright's farmhouse.

During the Cleveland and Harrison campaign, in 1888, Mr. Wright noticed that puddles of water were congregating at the base of the tree, and that the bark was wet several feet up the sides. He made a wager with a friend, Mr. Haines, that if Cleveland was elected he would make a watering place for public use, and if Harrison was elected Mr. Haines was to have the trough made and the tree tapped.

Soon after the election of Mr. Harrison, Mr. Haines made his bet good by having the tree tapped and stones cut for a watering place for horses that pass along the road. Not once during 20 years has the stream ceased flowing from the tree.

It is thought by expert geologists that there is an underground stream, with an opening at the roots of the tree, but Mr. Wright refuses to allow an investigation for fear of destroying the fountain.

MAINE SHIPS MILLION HARES.

As Many Eaten by Residents, Yet Animals Increase.

Bath, Me.—Maine is shipping 1,000,000 hares every year and eating 1,000,000 more, and yet the supply is said to be increasing every year. These hares are shipped in barrels to the Boston, New York and other markets.

The season for snaring begins with the fall of the leaves in October, and the number caught constantly increases until the snow gets soft under the sun of March.

Half of the quantity sent out of the state go to western cities, where they are a popular vian in stews or potted in rabbit pie. But the strange part of the hare catching industry is that the average price the hunters receive is five cents a head for every rabbit caught, packed and delivered at the railroad station.

A Maine rabbit snare is a primitive device. By bending a sapling across the runway of the hares and attaching a crossbar slightly to two upright birch saplings so that the noose shall hang directly across the path of the hares, the hunters provide a trap that will last all winter and perhaps capture 100 hares, all at a cost of not more than two cents.

IS MODERN AILMENT

LOVE FOR CATS AND DOGS DENOTES A ZOOPHILE.

That is, if a Woman Loses Sleep Over Her Pets—Present Method of Living Too Strenuous for Certain Mental Organisms.

New York.—Dr. Charles L. Dana, the distinguished authority on mental and nervous diseases, has contributed to current medical literature an article on "The Zoophilic Psychosis."

He describes this worriment as a modern ailment and gives illustrative cases.

In his introduction Dr. Dana separates psycho-neurotic ailments into three groups: Neurasthenia, hysteria and psychasthenia, or obsessive psychosis.

He describes these states briefly as follows:

"In neurasthenia there is a local or general but genuine weakness of the psychic and nervous functions.

"In hysteria there is a pathological activity of the subconscious mind, so that morbid bodily and mental phenomena result.

"In psychasthenia there is a morbid activity of the conscious mind, which produces disordered mental and bodily states, but there is no serious loss of control in the relation of the victim to his environment, so it is not an insanity in its usual sense."

Dr. Dana then proceeds to enlarge upon psychasthenia or obsessive psychosis and its significance.

"This psychasthenia or obsessive psychosis," he says, "has been most actively studied in recent years, for it seems to be the disease of our civilization—a kind of occupation-psychosis of modern life. It is not hysteria, though hysteria and it are often united. It is not neurasthenia, though this is almost always associated with it at its beginning at least.

"Modern activities are too strenuous for this kind of mental organism, which is meant for a life of simplicity, moderation and restraint. The present popular 'absorbent' method of education, which leaves the mind to follow its interests and take the line of least resistance, is a potent factor in the pathogenesis. For through it the power of inhibition becomes weakened or lost, and the mental life is approximated to the conditions of living."

Here are some instances to show more correctly what the writer means, and, as he says, "to prove at once that the condition is most real."

"The history is given of a woman who became obsessed with remorse because she had given away her cat and the animal had later died. She had the usual train of symptoms going with the obsession: Defect of attention, brooding, inability to work, and insomnia.

"She had another symptom almost as bad as the despair—viz. an impossible love of animals pushed to the degree of disease, a zoophilia. She was always surrounded by four cats, which she loved and looked after more than her children. She lost a child and did not much mind it. She lost a cat and was melancholy for eight months.

"A man, aged 35, married, no children, came to me suffering from general neurasthenia symptoms. He always had been careful of the comfort of animals and disliked to see them badly treated in the slightest degree; this was especially so of horses. He did not care so much about the dogs.

"His concern for horses, originally a natural and humane one, grew on him as his health failed; so that he finally gave up keeping them or using them, because their possible discomforts worried him so much.

"A little trouble with his horse would keep him awake nights. He came to the city, but now the horses of other people bothered him. It gave him real suffering to see a horse checked up or whipped, or docked or driven fast.

"So far as the zoophilic-psychosis is concerned, it shows itself both in fixed and tormenting ideas and in an emotional hypertrophy which carries a naturally noble sentiment to the point of disease. With both states there are morbid fears and worries.

"It happens that many people cannot nowadays go out into a city's streets and not be distressed continually at the sight of tired, overworked and badly driven horses, or of some thin looking and ungraced dogs. They are so eager to observe the unhappy horses that they do not see the human suffering. I confess that after 20 years of experience with cab driving in this city I have grown sympathetic to the driver more than to the horse, for on the whole the driver is good to his horse, and has a harder lot."

Log in Which Lincoln Cut His Name.

Decatur, Ill.—While cleaning driftwood out of the Sangamon river at the site of the old Lincoln home west of the city recently Dick Cochran dragged from the water an elm log in which was cut with a knife "A. Lincoln, Mar. 7, 1832."

Cochran came to the city and casually mentioned his find. Steps were at once taken to rescue the log and Cochran hurried home to see that no harm came to it.

Abraham Lincoln and his father made their first home in Illinois at the spot where the log was found. Description removes any doubt about the log being genuine. Cochran said it appeared to have been under water for many years.

ALLIGATOR'S TEETH ARE CUT.

Murderous Reptile Dragged into a "Chair" and Operated Upon.

New York.—Tinkering with the teeth of a full-grown alligator would seem to be about the last thing a sane man would attempt, but it was done at the zoo recently, when several dental surgeons began work on Bosco, a 12-foot-long and exceedingly savage alligator. The reason for treating Bosco was not that he had a toothache, but that he has murderous tendencies. Within the last two weeks he has killed five other alligators by sinking his teeth into their brains through the soft spot which exists in the skulls of these animals. Accordingly it was decided not to draw, but to trim Bosco's teeth with which he had been repaying his whole tribe since Moses, a companion, lit off one of his legs some time ago.

The first attempts to corral Bosco were highly exciting and resulted in his knocking three keepers into his pool with a blow of his tail. He was lassoed, however, and dragged into the dentist's chair, which in this case was an iron-barred cage. After he had been tickled with a 12-foot crowbar he opened his mouth so wide that a piece of timber could be slipped in. Then he was bound securely on a gang-plank with ropes two and a half inches thick.

Taking back saws, the men began to saw off his teeth. Twenty-four saw blades were broken before the job was finished, but Bosco went back to the pool unable to continue his career of murder.

For those persons who have had experiences with dentists and who may have pity for poor Bosco the curator of the zoo says that there are no nerves in an alligator's teeth and there was no suffering.

ONCE FAMOUS BEAUTY FOUND.

Josie Mansfield, Pet of Millionaires, Poverty Stricken in Dakota.

Stonx Falls, S. D.—The surprising discovery that has been made that Josie Mansfield, the famous New York beauty of the '70s, for love of whom "Ed" Stokes killed "Jim" Fluke, is a resident of South Dakota and has been for some years past. This once famous beauty, who had some of the most famous millionaires of her day at her beck and call, since coming to South Dakota, which doubtless was expected to eventually conceal the past and prevent her identity as Josie Mansfield being revealed.

The pawn in the Stokes-Fluke tragedy is a resident of Watertown, where she is known as Mrs. Mary Lawler. For some seven years she has been a resident of that city. She is now about 70 years of age, is practically helpless as the result of a stroke of paralysis, and being penniless is dependent upon charity for support. Recently she enticed the aid of Watertown parties, who for several weeks have been engaged in raising a fund for her by voluntary subscription, the present plan being to send her to an old ladies' home. However, she herself has practically decided to enter a convent.

CUBAN EDUCATION BETTER.

Statistics Show That Fifty-Seven Per Cent. of People Read.

Washington.—Nearly 57 per cent. of the population of Cuba, at least ten years of age, can read, the percentage in the large cities being 82.5 and the rest of the island 47.9, according to figures obtained in the census recently taken. This census shows that in 1907 almost one-third of the children were attending school, as compared with less than one-half in 1899.

Of the total population, nearly 67 per cent were single or divorced; 8.6 per cent. consensually married, and 3.9 per cent. widowed. The average number of persons to a family was 4.8. Males were more numerous than females.

Between 1889 and 1907 the population of the island increased from 1,572,797 to 2,048,980, or more than 30 per cent. Over half of the population live in the rural districts, the 134 towns and cities containing 43.9 per cent. of the total. Havana, the largest city, has a population of 297,159, while the next largest city, Santiago de Cuba, had only 45,470. The density of population was 46.4 per square mile.

PLAYS SIPHON ON WHISKERS.

Wrestler, with Match Behind Ear, Gets Burning Lesson.

Weston, N. J.—James Merriman vowed that he will never again carry a match behind his ear. In the Madison house Merriman quarreled with Jacob Schumacher over the relative merits of the "German Oak" and Frank Gotch, the American wrestler. Schumacher, who upheld the prowess of the Teutonic wrestler, challenged the American's admirer to a bout on the barroom floor.

Merriman accepted and in a few minutes the men clinched. Merriman was thrown against a pool table, his head striking the frame with considerable force. There was a sharp crackling noise, followed by a flash of flame, and Merriman's hair and whiskers blazed.

Harry Zierdt, the bartender, played a siphon of saltier on the flaming whiskers and extinguished the fire. The hair on one side of Merriman's head and face was burned off. Merriman explained that the fire was due to the explosion of a match which he carried behind his ear.