

San Antonio Light.

MYSTERY OF THE WAR.

INCIDENT OF THE SIEGE OF ATLANTA.

Wrecked Tale of a Memorable Time in American History—The Unknown Victim of the Hospital.

Of all the weird stories which have been told of the siege of Atlanta, says the Constitution, one of the most tragic and sensational has never yet been printed. It was when Sherman was playing hide and seek with the army of General Joe Johnston, on the way from Chattanooga, that a woman of ravishing beauty made her appearance in Atlanta. Where she came from no one knew, for her people she never spoke, but it was surmised by some ladies who had gotten near her that she bore some secret sorrow, perhaps the sacrifice of some loved one on the bloody fields of Virginia.

Day by day train loads of wounded soldiers reached Atlanta from the front. The ladies of the city engaged in hospital work with a zeal worthy the sisters and wives of brave men. Zealous as all were in this work, Miss Emma, which was the only name by which she was generally known, became noted because of her calmness and nobility. As she would pass from ward to ward the dying men would stare after her, and they would tell her she was indeed the angel of the hospital.

Notwithstanding all this, the eyes of suspicion fell upon her. Was she a spy? The question would have been laughed at by most people, and yet there were those who detected in her manner something which they did not like. But this suspicion was hushed by the uniformly philanthropic work in which Miss Emma was engaged.

At last Sherman's lines were drawn around the city and the people began to experience all the horror of a siege. The sick and the dying were multiplied, and the efforts of noble women to relieve them became exhausted. Miss Emma grew pale with her excessive work. But she declined to take while a wound was to be bandaged, or a dying man longed for kind words, or a nurse.

The sound of revelry was often heard amid the din of battle. Even when the people were driven into their bomb-proof, they sang and danced. They recognized the philosophy of driving grief away by pleasure. Balls, somewhat impromptu, it is true, were given, and the ladies looked on with interest in their confederate toilets that they could have looked in silk. The officers were always the beams of such occasions, for beauty is attracted by luxury.

To these gatherings Miss Emma never went, but there came a time when she was pressed to go. The colonel of a gallant infantry regiment had invited her to a bomb-proof ball. Miss Emma was urged to go as a relief from the pressing hospital work which was slowly killing her. She at last consented, and was soon in the whirl of the merry dancers.

The kind lady with whom Miss Emma lodged did not awake until the sun was an hour high next day. She had not heard Miss Emma enter, but no dream of harm entered her mind. She determined not to disturb the poor lady, but to let her sleep on, for did not her faithful services entitle her to rest?

There were excited crowds upon the streets. Orders on horseback dashed to and fro. The roar of Sherman's artillery was becoming more and more terrific. There was something in the air which announced that a crisis was imminent.

But still the lady slept. The hour was growing late, and the excitement of the people outside was increasing.

A knock at Miss Emma's door brought no answer. When the door was burst open a singular sight was presented. Reclining upon the sofa, Miss Emma lay as if in peaceful sleep. She was dressed in white, with a yellow belt around her waist, and a blue cape thrown carelessly across her shoulder. Upon the finger of one hand was an elegant diamond ring. The other arm, and in its whiteness, was thrown above her head. She presented a beautiful picture. She did not move upon the entrance of her friend.

To the touch she was cold. If she breathed at all, it was so quietly that death could not still it more.

The cape was lifted, when a horrible wound in the breast was disclosed. It appeared as if a whole load of bird shot had been lodged in her bosom.

Poor Emma was dead—murdered! But by whom? The window overlooking the garden was raised. The footprints of several men were visible, and the box upon which they stood in order to reach the window was still in place. It was evident that after the poor girl had met her death her body was quietly carried back, passed through the window and the remains arranged upon the sofa with an eye to every detail which might have an

effect. Not an article of jewelry was missing. Everything was in place. But Sherman's men were entering the city. The excellent confederates were retreating. Confusion reigned supreme. In the general stampede which followed lesser sensations were forgotten. When at last the smoke of battle had cleared away and people returned to rebuild their fortunes the fate of the murdered woman was recalled and three theories were maintained.

One was that during the ball a sharp shell had penetrated the retreat, and, exploding, killed Miss Emma. The second was that on her way home she had been outraged and murdered by her soldier. The third was that she was a federal spy, that she was tasked with her identity, and that she had all along been furnishing Sherman with important information. Enraged by her treachery the men sentenced her to death, and executed the sentence. Her body was then hurriedly returned to the room from which she had emerged the evening before joyous and beautiful. But it was too late to investigate. After a while the whole matter was forgotten, and even now her grave in Oakland is unknown.

The Yacht Case.

The following cordial salutation occurred recently between two small new-boats on the street.

First Small Boat: Ah, Mickey, me boy, how's she sailin' dis mornin'?

Second Small Boat (receiving his brother): Well, she wind on 'er quarter an' all de kites flyin' an' jibbly like notes, her scuppers under an' makin' things davy from stem to stern. How is it wid your self saily? Life?

BARTHOLOMEW'S GIFT.

GREATEST STATUE ON EARTH.

The Most Gigantic Example of the Best of Art Known to Man—Its Dimensions.

The Statue.

See the three temples of the other times, built by the bleeding hands of suffering slaves. No corner-stones laid over the new-made. No ill-considered work of dark crimes. No like the meretricious, whose shaft, cut from the world to world to be seen and so grand.

In the majestic emblem of the Free! In the noblest temple of the other times, built by the bleeding hands of suffering slaves. No corner-stones laid over the new-made. No ill-considered work of dark crimes. No like the meretricious, whose shaft, cut from the world to world to be seen and so grand.

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ponent parts: The fore finger is 8 feet in length and 7 feet 6 inches in circumference at the second joint. The nail of the finger measures 1 foot 8 inches in length. The nose is 2 feet 6 inches in length and the eyes each 2 feet 6 inches in width. Forty persons can stand without discomfort in the hand. While the torch has the capacity for 12, and it is possible for several men to ascend through the arm to the torch without squeezing. The right arm is 10 feet long and 3 feet 6 inches in greatest thickness. The waist is 35 feet through and the head 10 feet. The hand is 16 feet long and the mouth 10 feet wide. The total number of joints in the structure leading from the base of the foundation to the top of the torch is 400. From the ground to the top of the pedestal there are 135 steps and the statue proper 150. The latter leading up through the extended right arm to the torch has 54 rounds.



Augustus Bartholdi.

The pedestal is 90 feet high and is 63 feet square at the base, tapering to 40 feet at the summit. The Grecian columns above the base are each 22 feet 8 inches in height. The foundation on which the pedestal rests is 95 feet high. It is 91 feet square at the bottom, tapering gradually to 61 feet at the top. The pedestal is a shell of smoothly hewn granite, held in place by several thousand barrels of cement. Its entire cost was \$250,000, of which \$100,000 was raised by popular subscription to the pedestal fund of the New York World. The remainder was appropriated by congress. Ground was broken for the foundation in April, 1883, and it was completed in April, 1885. The pedestal was completed late in the spring of the present year. The first rivet was driven on the statue July 12, 1886.

The statue itself represents an outlay of more than 1,000,000 francs. It is made of sheets of beaten copper fixed on a pyramidal iron core, which serves as a support for the shell-like covering. The copper plates are kept in shape by iron bands, and supported by iron braces, which are covered on the exterior case. They do not lie in the least on the lower plates, and their weight is always independent of all that is above and below. Exhaustive mathematical calculations were made upon the resisting power of the iron plates, upon the center of gravity, and upon the actions of high winds. The calculations were made by taking as a base the most powerful hurricane which have been recorded in America or Europe. The copper plates are two and one-half millimeters in thickness. The copper plating of the statue of St. Charles Borromeo is only one millimeter thick, and it has stood for two centuries.

Managing Households.

A man of position and wealth is not always a pleasant fellow to have about the house. I have a friend, a lovely intelligent woman, who has an elegant home and wearing apparel, but I happen to know that she dare not invest 50 cents without consulting the lord of the mansion. Another, the wife of a millionaire, as she has no purse of her own, gets what she wants and sends the bill to her husband to storm over at his leisure. And Belle, do you know I believe she sends the bill because she wanted it, and she liked it just as well as Adam did, only she had too much honor to slip around and throw the blame on some one else. It is the lover's place to manage to get the girl he loves for a wife, and if both are what they should be there will be no effort in that line needed to live happily together as long as life shall last.

No, did not promise to manage our husbands; neither do many of the present generation promise to obey. My lover spoke to the minister himself, saying he wished that word left out, as he was marrying a woman, not a child, and I assure you it has always been my delight to please him in every way I could. Besides, I believe there are a few women nowadays, if they did themselves bound to a stake with a log-chain, but would give to liberate themselves with a fly if they could. There I do believe that husbands have more care than wives do. I think these things are generally very fairly balanced, and if trials must come they should be borne by both undifferently. Yes, let us make home as bright as possible and wish happy, sunny hours; keep the gray hairs out of both our heads; but for one do, and gladly say let them come. There is one thing Solomon can't remember—nearly every man has a head that is, if he don't like gray hair, let Pauline, that at the end of this string appeal should come to the just and natural but bitter cry against the laws that man has made. Does that husband yet remember much better that a woman who must obey the laws should have a voice in making them? If not, he needs a little managing.—Oceanoide.

GEN. BOOTH OF LONDON.

A MAN OF WORLD-WIDE FAME.

How the Movement of Which He is the Head Originated, and the Present vast Extent.

The salvation army is preparing for a great revival to signalize the visit here of its commander-in-chief, Gen. Booth of London, England, who is now making a tour of the United States, holding a series of "glorious heaven-on-earth meetings."

William Booth was born at Nottingham, England, in 1829, and when 15 years of age was converted. He was brought up in attendance on the services of the church of England, but at 18 went over to the Wesleyan methodists because their meetings interested him; when 17 he was licensed as a local preacher, and when 24 he entered the ministry of the methodist new connection, and quickly became noted for his success as an evangelist. Since then, as he has expressed it, his work has been "to save souls on rough and ready lines," and the success of the salvation army is due to his efforts.



The above likeness of Gen. Booth shows him to be of much force of character, a man of positive, determined, resolute will. He has great executive ability, as proven by his success as an organizer, and a sincerity of conviction which made him proof against all kinds of ridicule.

The salvation army has only been in existence since 1878, yet last year Gen. Booth reported successes in countries occupied by his disciples, 2,500 jail officers, twenty-two publications, of which sixteen are newspapers, and Queen Victoria formally expressed to him her satisfaction that he had won so many of her subjects to temperance, virtue, and religion. It is an established fact that through the efforts of Gen. Booth some of the most degraded and vicious characters in all London have experienced a change of heart and life. The difficulty of the work he had in hand may be understood when, as an English writer put it, the people who crowded to hear him were made up of "outcasts from the navies, sailors, gypsies, drunkards, thieves, dog-fanciers—the roughest, wildest, most brutal, most ignorant, and degraded of the population of London."

Again: "The drunkards have quit their drinking, thieves try to live honestly, and the rough, degraded inhabitants of London have shown unmistakable signs of submission to the laws of civilization. Some of these converts became very quickly effective, though rough public speakers, and by their lonely way of describing the change wrought in themselves persuaded many of their companions to go with them."

It is much the same in this country. In the ranks of the salvation army are reformed burglars, thieves, robbers, gamblers, and drunkards, and the success of the movement cannot be questioned. How could it be, when the army is so well calculated to reach them. Meetings are held out of doors. The rules given by Mr. Booth to his helpers were that they should march through the streets singing; saloons and the low resorts should be visited and the frequenters talked with; that popular song tunes should be sung, and that plain speech, and finally, that every convert should be set to work forthwith.

Major, captains, lieutenants, and sergeants are appointed to carry on this labor. The meetings are called "army" or "baracks," their praying is known as the "knee drill." Absolute obedience is demanded; the regiment looks after the converts, captains hold the public service, and the majors, whose office resembles that of the Methodist presiding elder, have charge of a district. On Sundays they hold a prayer-meeting in the morning about 11, at 8 in the afternoon it is called "Christian's free-and-easy meeting," and the last services of the day at 10 o'clock, the evening service called "the salvation meeting." They sing hymns to the tune of "Baby Mine," "The Duties on Our Block," and "The Mulligan Guards," accompanied by the melody of tin whistles, tambourines, banjos, and brass drums. The performance is grotesque, even ludicrous, and it results in a more delectable method.

The theology of the methodism is the one taught, and as an expounder of this doctrine, Booth has been greatly aided by his wife. Of that woman he recently said: "There may be unions as thorough and perfect as have been, but not very many, so far as my observation has gone. I had formed an idea of what I wanted in a wife and resolved to wait until I found a woman who, in some measure, would answer it. I could never have expected to find a being who so nearly answered to it as I did in the woman who linked her fate to mine and who has ever since been my comrade in the fight. How she has helped me as a companion, friend, counselor, and, not least, as the mother of our children I cannot say. I do not think I could ever say, however, that if personally I

have, in the hands of God, had to do with the origination of this remarkable movement, I have since to it in the relation of a father, surely my precious wife may be truly considered to have been its mother."

GLEASON'S METHOD.

Of Curious Horses of Their Folly—Squabs Turned Good by Kindness.

Gleason, the horse-tamer, is again giving exhibitions here to demonstrate how his further kindness was to be in subduing a fractious animal than a whip. The illustrations are given in a large building formerly used as a rink, and a generous depth of sawdust on the floor prevents injury to the pupil, who gets many unexpected falls when under instruction. Gleason is a man of Buffalo Bill stature and appearance, wearing Wellington boots, buff, snug-fitting trousers, loose woolen shirt, and sombrero hat. At one side of the inclosure is arranged what might be called his school books, consisting of harness, ropes, tin pans, unbridled strings of sheep bells, brass drums, tripping lines—in fact, a regular Baxter street junk shop.

Over in the corner to-night were two vicious brutes that, pending the opening of the exhibition, had been quarrelsome, separating them, so as to settle their difficulties then and there. Hostlers, with heavy life-insurance policies, brought out one of the horses, which was a coal-black fellow, and while they pulled on the extreme end of long ropes, the professor went in and fastened straps and other appliances to his subject. When he was in readiness the hostlers cast off their lines, and Gleason, with hitching-strap wound about his left hand, deftly caught the end of the harness, followed, concluding to rear next, he found his hoofs drawn up against the under side of his body, and he came down on his knees, but could not get up from his position, and he remained with his nose in the sawdust screaming with rage. Making a few ineffectual plunges, he went over on his side and lay there in a struggle, and while lying there surrounded by the hostlers with brass drums, tinware, and bells he surrendered completely, and other appliances to his subject. Following Gleason in total disregard of waving flags, pistol shots, and everything else.



The second horse was not so easily conquered, and three different times the other appliances had to be used before he gave up. The two horses were then hitched to a buggy and were driven around like lambs, even to obeying the driver's whistles, and to go to a harness in which firecrackers were exploding, and there waiting under loose rein until the noise stopped.

There was an interval of ten minutes, and then Dwyer Bros., "man eater," the stallion Panique, was brought in. They paid \$17,500 for him, but had to sell him because of his viciousness. He has passed through two other hands since then. Standing in the middle of the ring to-night, wearing a heavy muzzle and with ropes leading away in every direction to hostlers, he made a magnificent picture, and when he would throw his intelligent ears forward it was hard to realize that in private life to feed him one man would have to pound on a barrel to steady him to a chute to draw his attention while another man would throw the provender in the window.

There was an interval of ten minutes kept him for a time as still as a statue, and the time was improved by Gleason, who deftly and quickly made the straps fast to his head, legs and body. As the last one was adjusted the horse flung around, and when he saw how he was rigged up he let go in every direction at once, and for a few minutes the atmosphere was permeated with a sawdust cyclone, in which could be distinguished ropes, boots, legs, stallion, coach-whip, and a general mix up of all the horse-subduing accessories. As usual, Gleason won, and the wicked brute, his first lesson acquired, suffered his muzzle to be taken off, and did not try to bite. Before proceeding to the next lesson the professor unfortunately misconstrued a remark made by the owner, who sat in the front row, and, taking umbrage at it, had the muzzles put back on. Panique and closed the performance, having the horse but half tamed.—N. Y. Dispatch.

There Insuperance in Valencia.

"Hollow, Joggins, what are you doing now?" asked Snopser.

"I am running a hotel."

"Pretty well, but there's something very peculiar about the business."

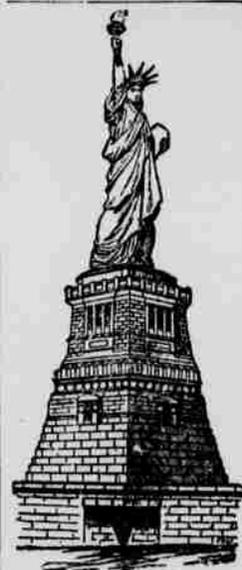
"What is it?"

"You know that in any other business the more a man knows about it the more chance he has to succeed."

"Well, it is not so in the hotel business."

"Oh no, in that line the inn-experienced man succeeds best."

Old Mr. Bentley (reading the paper)—I notice that Solomon has been indicted for bigamy. Old Mrs. Bentley—Well, it's 'boot time. The idea of a man having 700 wives!—N. Y. Sun.



Bartholdi's colossal statue of "Liberty Enlightening the World" is to be regarded not merely as a personal gift of French citizens or the outcome of individual impulse, but as a popular token of the unbroken friendship of the French nation for the United States during the latter's first century of existence, and an earnest of the continuance of that friendship in the future. France is the only nation to which the United States owes a distinct debt of gratitude, and the graceful sentiment of fraternity which impelled her to conceive and carry out the idea of a commemorative statue renders the event of its presentation unique in the history of mankind.

The Bartholdi statue of liberty is the most gigantic production of the sculptor's chisel that has ever been executed. Beside it all the famous statues of ancient and medieval times sink into insignificance. It weighs in all 450,000 pounds, or 207 tons, and its total height, from the foundation of the pedestal to the torch, is 46 meters, or 151 feet 1 inch. Its total height above mean low-water mark is 305 feet 6 inches, and it towers high above any building in New York or Brooklyn. An idea of the immensity of the statue's proportions may be formed from the following dimensions of its com-



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