

THE BLIND FIREMAN.

IN ACTIVE SERVICE FOR THIRTY YEARS.

Old Saxe, One of the Survivors of Port Chester's Hand Engine Crew—Sticks to Old Machine—Declines Using Modern Apparatus.



ALBERT Saxe Martin of Port Chester, New York, is known as Westchester county's blind fireman. Old Saxe his comrades call him, and by that name he is best known to the inhabitants of Port Chester. He is 54 years old, and for forty years he has been totally blind. He lost his sight by cataracts. That he did not let his infirmity interfere at all with his usefulness is shown in his record of thirty-five years in the Port Chester fire department, during all of which he has been an active member, says New York Sun. There are only two members of Port Chester's old hand engine crew left, and Martin is one of them. But while his old comrades, who worked shoulder to shoulder with him at the brakes in the early sixties, was content some time ago to retire, Martin has kept right on, and today he is found still at the front, and his pull on the ropes does a good deal to help the heavy engine up the steep hills of the county. Martin was 19 years old when he joined Putnam Engine No. 2, which was organized in Port Chester in 1852. Among the members of the company were some of the wealthiest men of the town, and it was by all odds Port Chester's crack crew. Martin used to hang around the engine house, and got to be so well known that finally he was proposed as a member, though it was not supposed that



ALBERT SAXE MARTIN.

he would be an active member. Martin soon showed that his value had been underestimated. When the first alarm came in he seized a rope and went out with the company to do his turn at the brakes, and from that day to this there have been few fires or inspections that he has missed, and his record is one of the best in the department. Twelve years ago, on account of internal dissensions in the old Putnam company, old Saxe joined the Reliance Engine Company, which was a little more modern in its equipment. Martin was welcomed heartily by the members of Reliance, as he was known by this time to be one of the best firemen in the town. Martin goes to a fire holding on behind the engine, and upon its arrival at a fire his duty is to reel off hose. It is almost impossible to believe that he is blind when he is seen working at a fire. He knows apparently the position of every man. An illustration of the acuteness of his hearing was given when an old comrade named Baker returned to Port Chester after an absence of twenty-five years. The people did not recognize him, and it was not until he told the people who he was that he got any welcome at all. Baker was standing on the street day he arrived when Martin came along.

"Hello, Saxe," he said. Martin stopped a moment. "Why, Johnny Baker," he said, slowly, "is that you?" Efforts have been made to get Martin to join some of the new fire companies in the village. It was thought that on account of his age and infirmity it would be much more comfortable for him to be carried to the fire by horses, instead of pulling the engine himself. But Martin has refused all such invitations contemptuously. "I've been in the department these thirty-five years," he said, "and I reckon I'm good for at least ten more, and I'll never ask anybody to help me to a fire—man or beast."

In the same manner he has refused time and time again any of the offices in the fire department.

The greatest event in the blind man's life was when he attended a hanging at White Plains. It had always been his desire to be present at one, and when his old schoolmaster, John Duffy, was nominated for sheriff, Martin said he would vote for him if he would invite him to his first hanging. Duffy didn't forget him and soon after his election invited Martin to be present at the hanging of a man for murdering a packpeddler. Martin was not content to stand on the outskirts of the crowd, but insisted upon being the nearest man to the scaffold. He enjoyed the hanging immensely, and to this day is always ready to tell about it as one of the great events of his life.

Metropolitan Privileges.

In New York a man or woman may purchase a "growler" of beer and drink it in broad daylight on the street, while in Harrisburg such a thing would result in the immediate arrest of the offenders. No wonder rents are so high in New York.—Harrisburg Patriot.

ELEPHANT NOT CLEVER.

Popular Belief Contradicted by an English Writer.

The elephant possesses very charming characteristics and makes a very pleasant companion. For one thing, he is not easily misled, and he is very obedient to the slightest hint given by his mahout, says London Sketch. In speed he is scarcely a record-breaker, but he can get over the ground in his shuffling way at the rate of fifteen miles an hour when he likes. There is one thing that he is not—he is not a really clever animal, in spite of all the tales in the story books to the contrary, otherwise he would not suffer himself to be so easily captured in the kheddahs, the huge forest inclosure into which the hunters drive the herds of elephants for the purpose of capture. All the actions which are apparently spontaneous on the part of the working elephant are really performed at the bidding of the mahout. The driver on his neck directs every movement by pressure of the knee, and as the man's knees are concealed under the elephant's ears it is very easy to imagine that the elephant thinks for himself. When the mahout elects for a change, to sit on the saddle, or pad, he drives with his feet, and the dumbest eye can detect how a rub of the heel on the right shoulder turns the elephant to the left and vice versa. After his tractability, his gentleness is the elephant's most marked characteristic. The mahout takes cruel advantage of his disposition sometimes; he thrashes him on the tunic with a billet of wood, or—if free from risk of discovery by his European master—pricks his trunk with a spear till blood flows. An elephant has rarely been known to retaliate, save when it must; when that curious madness comes on him, no one dare approach him in his pickets. In a suburb of Rangoon an elephant belonging to a firm of rice merchants was one afternoon taken down to the river for his usual bath after work. He had, the mahout said, been "dull" all day and seemed out of sorts. He seized the mahout and tossed the astonished man into the water; then he ran into the "go down" close by, and, with one squeal, dismissed some 200 coolies at work there.

The "go down" was a huge palisade shed, covering over an acre and was full of loose paddy (unhusked rice) and stacks of bags and grain. For two nights and two days that elephant enjoyed himself among those stacks; seamen posted round the palisade wall kept him in and one might have supposed forty elephants, bent on mischief, had been there instead of one mad one. At last he was made prisoner with the aid of two big tuskers and chained up till such time as he should recover himself.

AN "IMMORTAL" NEAR DEATH.

One of the Famous French Forty Will Soon Be No More.

Francois Edouard Joachim Coppee who is critically ill at Paris, has been ranked since the death of Victor Hugo as the greatest of French poets, but he has also won distinction as a dramatist and a romancer. He was born in Paris in 1842, being the youngest child of a poor clerk in the war department. His father dying, he took the modest clerkship in the war department at the age of 21 and became the head of the family. He was not an apt student as a boy but began writing verses early in his youth. Coppee burned his juvenile verses, but made his literary debut in 1866 when a volume of poems published at his own expense under the title of "Le Reliquaire." A second volume was entitled "Les Intimites," but less than 200 copies of both works were sold. The first golden gleam of fortune came to him in 1869. "Le Passant," a little one-act comedy in verse, was presented one night at the Odeon, and Francois Coppee awoke in the morning to find him-



FRANCOIS E. J. COPPEE.

self famous. He continued to write plays with success, and gained access to the Comedie Francaise. During the Franco-Prussian war he did his duty in the ranks of the army, like many another artist in letters, and with the brush. He wrote war songs during and even after the short conflict, some of which were very popular. He was elected to membership in the French Academy in 1884.

Angered the Bear. An aesthetic bear that dances for a living in England was trudging along the road behind its master near Kensington, and had paid no attention to the men and women in shirts that wheeled by. When a fat woman in bloomers, however, appeared riding a bicycle, the bear broke away from its master and made a rush for her, smashing the wheel, but being caught before it hurt the rider.

Was Unwilling to Detain Him. He had lingered until far past her hour for retiring. In one of his dissertations on ethics and economy he remarked: "I always pay as I go." "Do you want a receipt?" she inquired.

BROWN'S PRESIDENT.

DR. E. BENJAMIN ANDREWS A GREAT SCHOLAR.

Has Lately Been Censured by the Trustees for His Views on Economic Subjects—Echo of the Late Presidential Campaign.



R. E. Benjamin Andrews, president of Brown University, who has been warned by the trustees to suppress his views in favor of free silver and protection, is a man of great learning. He is the son of a Baptist clergyman who lived at Montague, Mass., but preached in the adjoining town of North Sunderland. The father's salary was \$200 a year. The son aided in the support of the family by working Saturdays and holidays in a mill. He also bent his energies and his back to the care of a garden patch near the family residence. He had a great fondness for reading from his earliest youth. He was sent to the Powers Institute at Barnardston in 1864 and remained two terms. He continued his education at the Wesleyan Academy at Wilbraham, Mass., and laid the foundation for a notable career leading up to his present position. His rebuke by the trustees is a result of the late presidential campaign. Dr. Andrews wrote a book on the financial question under the title of "An Honest Dollar." The silverites used some of his arguments, and an impression got out that he was a 16 to 1 free silver

opinion was fought out, an old and established institution only yesterday censured its head because, forthwith, he had the courage to think for himself, and still worse, to speak what he thought. This censure, ordered to be administered by a committee of trustees, is a blot upon the history of that honored college which a century of prosperity will not wipe out."

SECRET DRAWERS IN USE.

Call for Them Before Failures—Vanderbilt's Underground, Exit.

It is not alone in stories that secret drawers, hiding places in furniture and private passages beneath houses are to be found nowadays, says the New York Press. They are to be found also in modern New York. According to a cabinetmaker, orders are frequently received by him for pieces of furniture made with hidden receptacles. He keeps the designer, in fact, whose special work consists in contriving false bottoms and secret drawers for desks, chairs and tables.

"Rich women," he declared recently, "are the most frequent customers for this sort of work, and I have no doubt that it is because they cannot trust their servants, or that, if honest, their servants see too curious about their mistresses' affairs." Interesting coincidences have come to his notice of the sudden failure in business of the husband of some woman who had just received from his shop an ingenious cabinet. The cabinetmaker has no doubt that valuable securities were hidden therein from the creditors. An odd thing, too, in the furniture trade is the fact that most of "the English oak settees," chairs of the reign of Anne, etc., supposed to be antique, are manufactured in Grand Rapids. As for the underground passages there are more of them in New York than in a mediaeval

STEWART L. WOODFORD.



Stewart Lyndon Woodford was born in New York city September 3, 1835. He studied at Yale and Columbian Universities and in 1857 began the practice of law in his native city. In 1860 he was chosen messenger of the electoral college of his state, to convey to Washington its vote in favor of the presidency of Abraham Lincoln. In 1861 he was appointed assistant United States district attorney for the district of New York, holding the position for eighteen months, when he entered the Union army as a volunteer. He served until 1865, becoming in succession chief of staff of Gen. Quincy A. Gillmore in the Department of the South, and military commander of Charleston and Savannah, and attained by brevet the rank of brigadier-general of volunteers. From 1866 to 1868 he was lieutenant-governor of New York as a republican. He was defeated as a candidate for governor

in 1870. In 1872 he was elected to congress and was also presidential elector. From 1877 until 1883 he filled the office of United States attorney for the southern district of New York. Since leaving that office he has been engaged in the practice of law, in which he has become rich. Mr. Woodford is an old friend of Senator Platt, and the two have been on intimate terms since they were colleagues in congress a score of years ago. The incident in the early eighties, when Mr. Woodford refused to support for governor Judge Folger, late secretary of the treasury, saying he would not support a Republican nominated on a "forged telegram," put him at odds with the Republicans of the state for some years, but he finally went back into the fold. Senator Platt vigorously urged him for a cabinet position, trying to have him made secretary of the interior.

man. The trustees appointed a committee to warn the president to suppress his opinions in the future. In



DR. E. B. ANDREWS.

His baccalaureate sermon at the University of Chicago President Harper condemned the trustees of Brown. In discussing the right to think he said of the Brown University incident: "Even the sacred circle of the university, where, if anywhere, there should be opportunity to think and express one's thoughts, not infrequently is felt the iron hand of authority, moved by suspicion and self-interest. In free and fair New England, the ground on which the struggle for freedom of

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON V, AUGUST 1, ST. PAUL AT CORINTH.

Golden Text: "Other Foundation Can No Man Lay Rather Than That Is Laid, Which Is Jesus Christ"—I. Corinthians, Chapter 3, Verse 11.



WE have for to-day's lesson verses 1 to 11 inclusive, from the eighteenth chapter of the Book of Acts. Time, A. D. 53. Place Corinth, the political capital of Greece and residence of the Roman proconsul. It was the chief city of Achaia, one of the two great provinces into which Greece was divided by the Romans, the other being Macedonia. Though destroyed by the Alexandrians about the same time that Corinth was destroyed (B. C. 146), Corinth was rebuilt by Julius Caesar, and was, when Paul entered it, in a most flourishing condition. It was the meeting place of nations for traffic, and awarded with a trading population. One of our best styles of architecture sprang from Corinth, and carries its name through all time. It was also noted for its "Isthmian games" and for its pre-eminence in vice. Even among the politicians of heathen historians pronounced it "the most licentious of all cities that are or have been." "To play the Corinthian" was a proverbial expression for being a man addicted to dissipation and debauchery. Two reasons may have influenced Paul in visiting this wicked city for apostolic labor: 1. It stood in immediate connection with Rome and the west of the Mediterranean, with Thessalonica and Ephesus in the Aegean, and with Antioch and Alexandria in the east. The Gospel proclaimed in its markets and squares would spread rapidly throughout the world. 2. Being one of the world's great centers of merchandise, Jews were there in great numbers. What Jerusalem was to them religiously Corinth was commercially. It is now a straggling, uncouth, and rather unhealthy town of eight thousand inhabitants. The only remains of the city known to Paul are seven massive Doric columns, each consisting of one gigantic stone some twenty-one feet high and six feet in diameter, surmounted by portions of the architrave which once formed the front and part of the side of a temple. This massive temple, which even then had survived the changes of probably seven hundred years, the great apostle must have seen.

Connecting Links.—Paul's mission to Athens had failed. Its proud philosophers had greeted his messages with a cold disdain which to one of his fiery faith was harder to bear than the stones of the mob or the flogging rods. Sorely discouraged, he started for Corinth, which was distant forty-two miles by land or some five hours' sail by sea. Competent critics affirm that Paul came by sea, that it was winter, and that one of the shipwrecks mentioned in 2 Cor. II, 25 may have occurred at this time. He came unattended and alone. Fortunately he found there a certain Christian Jew named Aquila, and his wife Priscilla, fugitives from Italy, and tent-makers like himself. With them he lodged and wrought. On Sabbath days he repaired to the synagogue and there reasoned with the Jews, proving that Jesus was the Messiah. The same result followed as in other cities; he was expelled from the synagogue and betook himself to the Gentiles. A church was organized in the house of Justus, and thus the first formal separation between Jews and Christians took place. The work progressed, as Timothy and Silas arrive and unite their labors with Paul's. At times the apostle's spirit falters under the weight of Jewish foes, the hardness of Gentile hearts, and the burdens of a sickly body. In his darkest hour, at midnight, his drooping soul is cheered by a sight of that Saviour whose face he saw years before at the gate of Damascus, and again in the court of the temple. He is comforted as he learns from the Master's lips that his work is not in vain. For more than a year the labor goes on, during the week with the flying shuttle in the tent shop, on the Sabbath with the growing company of Christian worshippers.

Lesson Hymn—

The cross! it takes our guilt away; it holds the fainting spirit up; it cheers with hope the gloomy day, and sweetens every bitter cup. It makes the coward spirit brave, and nerves the feeble arm for fight; it takes its terror from the grave, and glids the bed of death with light; the balm of life, the cure of woe, the measure and the pledge of love, the sinner's refuge here below, the angels' theme in heaven above, —Thomas Kelly.

Hints to Teachers.

The teacher should keep the route of Paul's journey constantly before his class, reviewing it upon the map, and pointing out with each lesson the successive stations. In this lesson we find the apostle Paul in five aspects.

I. Paul in the Home. Verses 1, 2. Call attention to the friendships of Paul; his power to win and to hold the love of men. Tell the story of his relation with Aquila and Priscilla, and notice how often they are mentioned both in the Acts and Epistles. Draw a picture in verse 1 of Paul in the house of Aquila and Priscilla—his life, conversation, influence.

II. Paul in the Workshop. Verse 3. Give a picture of Paul weaving tent-cloth in the little shop of Aquila. Impress lessons regarding the honor and dignity of labor, and its compatibility with the highest type of character. The noblest and most influential man of that age was this tent-maker.

III. Paul in the Synagogue. Verses 4-6. Explain the purpose and methods of the synagogue. Paul always sought out the synagogue and began his work there, not only because there he came in contact with the earnest, worshipping Jews, but more especially because there he found also the thoughtful Gentiles who were tired of idolatry. Notice his method of teaching, the nature of his testimony, and the result of his work.

FIGS AND THISTLES.

You cannot fool God with a pinch of cloves.

The war is not over because we have had a battle.

A little sin has as much death in it as a big one.

The curdling of the faucet is the devil's delight.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

God never made a cow that gave milk punch.

Every drunkard's wife knows that there is a devil.

Before we can live right, we must first love right.

Perfect peace is always the result of perfect trust in God.

Christ did not come into the world to reform it, but to give it his own life.

VOW OF SILENCE.

She Said She Wouldn't Speak for Fifty Years, and She Didn't.

The people in the southern part of Hancock county, Maine, are deeply interested in a peculiar malady which afflicts Miss Experience Guilford, an aged woman, who has not uttered a word or any audible sound for fifty years. The original reason for Miss Guilford's speechlessness was anger because she could not marry the man of her choice. When she was 19 years old she fell in love with William Simpson, the village schoolmaster. They were to be married on June 18, 1847. One of Miss Guilford's rejected suitors told tales about the schoolmaster, and Miss Guilford's parents stopped the wedding. Miss Guilford thereupon said:

"I swear I will not speak a word, though I live for fifty years, unless I marry this man."

She kept her pledge. Her parents died, and she went to live with her married brother. When he died she made her home with a sister, and after the sister's death she went to a camp in the woods and kept house for a brother, with whom she is now living. All this time she performed her share of the household work and did not show any regret for having made the vow. When the fifty years of silence expired, ten days ago, she was visited by a large number of relatives and friends, who went to the camp for the purpose of being present when she was at liberty to speak. Soon after the midday meal Miss Guilford dressed herself in the garments which she had not worn for half a century. At 2 o'clock she stood up before the people, smiled and opened her mouth to speak; but though she tried hard and got red in the face in trying, she could not utter a sound. Her vocal muscles had become atrophied from long disuse and refused to work.

When Miss Guilford found that she could not speak, she sent to Bangor for a physician and took to her bed. The doctor gave no hope of recovery, but suggested that she be sent to a Boston hospital for treatment. As soon as Miss Guilford gets strong enough to take the journey she will make another effort to regain her speech. Her father left her a good sum of money at his death, which has been growing every year into a savings bank, so she is well able to obtain the treatment she requires.

GRASS WIDOW AT 14.

She Puzzles the Court Who Tells Her She Ought to Be Spanked.

A pretty 14-year-old girl, with liquid blue eyes and golden hair and all that, appeared in the Police Court at Atlanta the other afternoon, and before the case was over a most remarkable story of young widowhood and grass-widowhood was unfolded to the recorder. The child, for pretty Jessie Pearson is scarcely more than a child, was arraigned for quarrelling with her old aunt, Mrs. Henley, and it was shown that she had been guilty of the shocking act of throwing a skillet at the aunt's head. The recorder pondered well and long before he spoke, and then he decided to give the youthful grass widow a lecture. He said:

"Jessie, you are too young to try and whip your whole family. The truth is, you ought to be spanked yourself, in spite of the fact that you have a husband somewhere. The next thing you know I will have to fine you pretty heavily, and then you may not be able to pay it, and will have to go to the stockade. I will let you go this time, but you had better take care in the future and behave yourself, and not presume too much upon your matrimonial precociousness."

About two months ago Miss Jessie appeared in the Police Court as the prosecutor against a Decatur street merchant for trying to kiss her. The merchant was heavily fined at the time.

"That is one of the most remarkable



MRS. JESSIE PEARSON.

cases that has ever come before me," said the recorder when court adjourned. "There are certainly some strange people in this world, and the freaks of humanity will turn up in this court."

Were Struck by Lightning.

John McFarland died from a stroke at his home near Crooksville, Ohio, the other afternoon. McFarland's son and a Mr. Barber went to that village after the undertaker and on their way back were struck by lightning, as also were Charles Watts, the undertaker, and his son. The undertaker was seriously hurt, but may recover. Barber and young Watts were instantly killed.

Ghost of an Arizona Mine.

Having about everything else within her borders, Arizona comes to the front with a haunted mine. Dozens of men have seen a speck at the Bronco mine at Tombstone and have shot at it without effect. At night the wraith can be heard working down in the shaft, occasionally coming up to stalk about in the open.