The Gleaner.

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FROM THE COUNTRY.

News from the Districts About Us

As Reported by Our Active Correspondents.

Accidents, Personal Intelligence, and Things in General.

UPPER TOBIQUE RIVER.

The Drives—Magic Lantern Performance—Personal—The Schools.

UPPER TOBIQUE RIVER, June 25th.—The drives are all out of the Tobique, Mr. Alex Cameron's, which went down a few days ago, being the last.

Quite a large number assembled in the school house at Dow Flat to witness the magic lantern performance, given by Mr Pasque.

Mr. Wm. Green of Woodland, Maine, is at present a guest of Mr. Henry Hathaways of this place.

Mr. Fred Watters and Mr. Arthur Everett, two of our prominent young men, left here Saturday morning to accept situations in Houlton, Maine.

Mr. Geo. L. Everett has arrived home from Temiscouta Lake where he had been a couple of weeks on business.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Clyde are at present visiting their friends and relatives at Three Brooks, Andover, and other places.

Our school closes the last of this week. Our present teacher, Miss Mc Gibbon, has resigned charge. We do not know yet who is to take her place. Miss Ida Dorcas has also given up charge of the Riley Brook School.

EDMUNDSTON.

The Lumbermen and their Drives—The Temiscouta Railway—Other Notes.

EDMUNDSTON, June 25. The "tail" of Connors' drive is five miles below the dam at the foot of Caribou Lake. He has 5 feet head of water at the dam yet, but it will be nearly three weeks before he gets here. His tug boat had not arrived yesterday.

Slow progress is being made ballasting the Temiscouta railway. Nothing has been done yet on the 30 miles on this end, and trains will hardly be running until August.

The St. Francis railway is in the distant future yet.

Bishop Rodgers, of Chatham, is here on a visit to the various churches in this part of his diocese.

Farmers are all through putting crops in. Hay crop is going to be first class.

Mr. Nadeau's drive passed here to-day. This is the last drive on the Main river, unles Cunliffe, who is "hung up" at the mouth of the Allegash, gets a raise of water to bring him down.

The N. B. Railway change time to-day. Passengers leaving St. John on the Flying Yankee arrive here the same evening. Trains going out leave at 12 o'clock noon.

NORTH LAKE.

Monument Division, Sons of Temperance—A most Successful Bazaar in Aid of the Division.

NORTH LAKE, June 26.—Monument Division, Sons of Temperance, meets in Monument Hall, Maxwell Settlement, on Saturday evening at eight o'clock. It was organized two years ago last April. At the time of organization we met in an unfinished house. During the month of May our popular councillor, Robert McElroy, who owns the saw mill on this part of Eel River, built a large hall for the division, the members agreeing to pay him for the second story, and half of the lot. They paid him one hundred dollars the first year, bought a stove and seats for the hall, built a flue, and plastered the second story, but a debt of one hundred dollars still remained due Mr. McElroy. The male members, about that time, felt quite discouraged. It seemed a dull lookout to clear off the debt, but the ladies, with the zeal which characterized their sex, took the matter in hand, organized a sewing circle in the latter part of March, held a sociable on the 13th of April, out of which they realized thirty dollars. That money they used to buy material for their fancy sale, which they held on the twentieth of June.

In connection with their sale they got up an autograph quilt, which netted them something over forty dollars.

They had also a basket and pie sociable on the 20th. The ladies and gentlemen had a number of recitations and dialogues prepared, but owing to the very large gathering, they were obliged to leave out the programme. There was such a rush to get baskets that there was no time for the dialogues.

Mrs. Samuel Kennedy presided at the refreshment table, ably assisted by Mrs. John Lyons and Miss Christiana McDougal. The sale table was presided over by Miss Sadie A. Meek, Miss Hannah Green, Miss Low and Nellie McElroy, Mrs. Isaiah Porter and the president of the circle, Miss Lucy Harrison, and Miss Lucy Kennedy. Everything on the sale table was disposed of before sunset. There was a variety of articles both useful and ornamental, and all brought good prices. Mr. Robert McElroy auctioned the baskets, and to say that he was the right man in the right place would hardly do him justice. After the baskets were sold the young people adjourned to the ground floor of the hall and there tripped the light fantastic to the enlivening strains of the violin in the hands of our local wheelwright, William McIntyre.

The ladies, in the brief time of three months, cleared the handsome sum of $135. They call themselves the immortal seven, as that was their number. Their names are Lucy Harris, president; Hannah Green, secretary; Sadie A. Meek, treasurer; Miss Low, Mrs. McElroy, Mrs. Samuel Kennedy, Mrs. John Lyons, and Mrs. Isaiah Porter. They have cleared the debt off the hall and now propose to have it insured.

To say that all the ladies of the circle have been zealous in the work would be a small meed of praise for them, but, while all have worked with a will, the palm is accorded to Miss Sadie A. A. Meek, the treasurer of the circle, who is also one of our local school teachers, and we regret to say that she is soon to leave us for her home on the banks of the Keswick.

The ladies of the circle take this opportunity of thanking the numerous ladies who brought baskets and patronized their sale, and also to the gentlemen for their money.

A Proud Little Gotham Bride.

Guests invited to one of the prettiest weddings of the week were surprised to read in one corner of the dainty wedding cards: "No gifts," engraved in a quaint arabesque scroll, which perforce attracted attention. It requires some independence of character and some self denial to go counter to established custom in such a matter, but the dimpled little bride, who looks more like a sweet, plump, pink and white, grown up baby than a person of strong minded proclivities, announced to her friends when they questioned her decision: "I won't make my marriage to Archie a donation party where all the parish bring in this, that and the other to patch up the salary. We have a circle of three or four hundred friends, and everybody knows that a great many of them would buy presents for us not at all because they love us, but because it is the proper thing, and even if they can't afford the outlay they musn't be outdone by rich Mrs. A. or Mrs. B."—New York Mail and Express.

PARAGRAPHS FROM EVERYWHERE.

Brooklyn bridge has been opened to the public five years.

Silver has turned up in South Africa to a degree to produce a new mining fever.

The Alexandra, a woman's club, is but four years old, yet has 600 membeas.

A peasant has just died in Austria-Hungary who was 142 years of age. He left a son aged 115 years and a grandson of 85.

A Nevada ranchman shot, trapped and poisoned 4,200 rabbits in four months, and then figured that above 5,000 new ones had come to fill their places.

The Austrian government has abandoned its intention of renewing the anti-Anarchist law, and will henceforth fight the Anarchists by administrative decrees.

The Russian general Suwarrow, after the seizure and destruction of Warsaw, cruelly butchered 30,000 Poles of all ages and conditions in cold blood, Nov. 4, 1794.

The South American agent for some extensive manufacturers of harvesters at Chicago has been two years at Montevideo, and has sold mowing and reaping machines all over the River Plata region.

Taverns may be traced to the Thirteenth century. According to Spelman, "In the reign of King Edward III only three taverns were allowed in London." Taverns were licensed in England in 1752.

A West Morris boy was arrested recently for shooting an eagle contrary to the law. He was in a fair way to be fined or imprisoned, when a commission, composed of a clergyman, a justice of the peace and an editor, sat on the dead body of the bird and declared it to be a fish hawk.

A Nuremburg inventor has produced a shoe sole composed of wire net overlaid with a substance resembling India rubber. These soles, which cost but half the price of leather, have been tested in the German army and found to be twice as durable.

They are having hard work finding hard pan for the foundations of the new bridge across the Thames at East New London, Conn. They have put piles down 113 feet, and have not got to solid earth yet. It is thought that bottom will be reached at about 130 feet.

A writer in London Truth suggests a sensible occupation for women who like sewing, but do not wish to become either dressmakers or seamstresses, and desire to live in their own homes. It is the overlooking and repairing of women's wardrobes. After a clientelle had been established it would undoubtedly bring in very fair wages.

A firm of pyrotechnists in England have at their factory a Newfoundland dog which positively revels in fireworks. He rushes into a shower of sparks with as much delight as in a cold bath, and on a lighted squib being thrown within his reach he will run after the smoldering stump as if it were a bone and trample it out with his paws.

M. Achille Poincelet, in his lecture at the Hall of the Boulevard des Capucines in Paris the other day, discussed the qualities of blondes and brunettes, the differences in their love, their role in private life and in history, linked with the philosophy of beauty, and the question, which was the superior type of woman, the Parisienne or the Georgienne? He ignored entirely the red headed girl.

Fred Marsden, the playwright, consulted a well known physician a few days before his death as to the easiest and quickest mode of suicide. The physician supposed he was securing incidents for a scene in one of his plays, and explained the subject to him patiently. Finally Mr. Marsden said: "I have it. A big dose of chloral, then stop up all the crevices and turn on the gas," and this is just what he did. He offered the physician $10 for his advice, but it was refused on the ground that no professional service has been rendered.

West Point Cadets' "Skin Board."

Up in his office the major of infantry who commands the battalion of cadets is busy with the arduous duties of his position. Hanging in the lower hallway that leads to his office is a huge frame filled with closely written sheets of paper. This is the delinquency list, or in cadet slang, the "skin board." Approaching it we read:

"Anderson—Wearing cap in quarters at police inspection.

"Armstrong—Odor of tobacco smoke in quarters at inspection by officers of the day.

"Billingsgate—Using profane expression 9:15 a. m.

"Same—Absent from room at a. m. inspection.

"Brooks—Slow extinguishing light at taps," and so on throughout the long list. On Friday punishments fitting their respective offenses will be awarded the delinquents.

Academic regulations are very strict, being the combined result of the experiences of a long line of superintendents, and any cadet who could and would go through his whole four years' course without breaking any of them should, at its close, be graduated straight through the pearly gates and receive a golden harp instead of a diploma. He, during his four years' course, would have carefully refrained from the use of stimulants, bad language and tobacco in any form; would have attended divine service at least once a week; would have lived with his comrades in a spirit of brotherly love; would have kept his shoes bright, his collar spotless, and would have been promptly on hand for every one of his manifold duties. Such is the ideal cadet, and the regulations are intended to make the real ones approach as near to him as possible. But, alas! they are all sons of Adam, and the "skin list" is the unfortunate result.—Lieut. E. W. Lewis in Inter Ocean.

Fast Travel on the Ocean.

It gives a confirmed landsman a cold chill when he reads that the Etruria ran through fogs at a rate almost equaling an express train. Is this kind of thing safe? That is the question. The opinions of those who ought to know are almost unanimously in favor of getting out of a fog just as quickly as possible, and there seems to be no question but the driving through a fog at a high rate of speed is the best thing to do under the circumstances.

The only vessels lost during recent years have been lost while either standing still or going slowly. If the Oregon had been going faster she would not have been struck. Still the same may be said if she had been going very much slower. The City of Brussels was standing still in a fog when she was run down. In many respects a fast steamer has great advantages over a slow one. She can keep in the position she wants to in a storm, and in many cases she can avoid a storm altogether or outrun it or get on the outer edges of it. A steamer going at a high rate of speed will answer her helm much better than a slower boat. When a steamer slows down the roar of escaping steam renders it impossible to hear anything except the roar. When she is going at full speed everything is as quiet as it is possible to be, and the whistle of an approaching steamer can be heard and to a certain extent located. If a steamer takes two days instead of three days to get through a fog bank it is evident that the percentage of danger is lessened just that much.

So in spite of what the papers have been saying of the recklessness of running a big ship through a fog at good speed, it seems to be the safest thing to do.—Detroit Free Press.

JEWS OF MIXED BLOOD.

Changes of the Original Stock—Tribes of Pseudo Jews.

Since M. Renan, some three or four years ago, expressed his doubts as to the purity of the Jewish race, the hitherto received opinion on that subject has been somewhat shaken. The question, though unscientifically raised, can only be scientifically settled; but we may point out, as a matter of popular interest, that even if the main body of the Hebrew people has preserved an untainted lineage, which is very likely, it has at any rate acquired a considerable fringe of indubitably spurious elements. This fringe is composed partly of pseudo Jews and partly of crypto Jews, the former being mainly descendants of Gentile proselytes openly professing Judaism, and the latter consisting of more or less sophisticated descendants of Jews outwardly conforming to the dominant religions of the countries in which they live, but secretly observing their ancestral faith. These two divisions of what may be termed the borderland between the Jewish and the Gentile worlds have again smaller borderlands or fringes of their own through which they merge into one another.

As throwing light on the spasms of proselytism with which, in opposition to their traditional practice, the Hebrews have occasionally been seized, these pseudo Jews are of considerable interest to the student of religious history. The largest community of them are the Falashas of Abyssinia, numbering, it is said, between 200,000 and a quarter of a million souls. Although they pretend to be descended from King Solomon and the Queen of Sheba, ethnologists have failed to discover among them any traces of a Hebrew type. That originally they were strangers in the land is, however, shown by their name, which means "immigrants."

Besides the Falashas, there are several tribes in Africa professing Judaism, or claiming descent from Jews, who, in so far as their ethnological type is a matter of doubt, must also be regarded as belonging to the fringe of Jewry. Among the Beni-Mzab, on the frontiers of Algeria and Tunis, are several pseudo Jewish clans, and all over the Sahara the Daggatoun boast of a Hebrew ancestry while professing Mohammedanism. A Moorish Jew, who wrote an account of the latter people, explains their name to mean "Jews who have changed their faith," a doubtful piece of philology which has, however, its historical value.

In Madagascar and on the Loango coast are two further small contingents of pseudo Jews, the "Zafy Ibrahim" or "Progeny of Abraham," and the "Mavamba," or "Judeos." The former do not differ in their physical type from their neighbors, and their Hebrew traditions and observances are, perhaps, only a remote vibration of the Judeo-Arabic influence. The Loango "Judeos" are a superior kind of negroes, alleged to be descended from survivors of the 2,000 Jewish children who, in 1493, were torn from their parents by Don Joao II, of Portugal, and transported to St. Thomas.

Asia is full of varying degrees of the fringe of Jewry, if the traditions of some scores of peoples and tribes are to be trusted. The whole continent has proved a happy hunting ground for the amiable enthusiasts whose game is the Lost Tribes. Of actual pseudo Jews, as we have defined them, there are, however, only a couple of specimens—the black Jews of Cochin and Malabar and the Jews of the interior of China. Both profess fairly orthodox forms of Judaism, and both assert that they are of pure Jewish descent; but the investigations of competent observers have shown the former to be of Hindoo race, while the little we know of the latter seems to indicate that they are Mongols, with a slight admixture of Hebrew blood.

Of the Chinese Jews we have no very precise or reliable accounts. They are said to be of a very strong Mongolian type. On the other hand, the records prove them to have been at least in contact with pure Jews; and it is probable that they are a cross between these Jews and native proselytes. Crosses of this description are usually infertile—a fact that goes far to prove the purity of the main body of the Hebrew race—and the so called Chinese Jews present all the unfruitful characteristics of hybrids. In this respect they resemble the two great bodies of pseudo Jews which are to be found in Europe, the Karaites of South Russia and the Sephardim of England and Holland.

Historically the Karaites are even more interesting than the Falashas. They are a remnant of the Finnish kingdom of the Khozars, which was converted to Judaism in the Eighth century, and which for a time disputed the sovereignty of the east with the emperors of Byzantium.

That the Sephardim of England and Holland are not pure Jews is a statement which may cause some surprise. While, however, the Sephardim of Italy and the east are mostly descendants of the undoubtedly pure Spanish Jews expelled from the peninsula in 1492, the bulk of those in western Europe are the offspring of Marranos, or crypto Jews, who outwardly conformed to Christianity in order to escape the edict of expulsion, and who, to hide their religious identity more effectually, gave up their racial distinctiveness. There is scarcely a Marrano family which cannot be proved to have received some infusion of Gentile blood; and it is a singular fact that in England at least, while the Ashkenazim, or central European Jews, show an exceptional fecundity the Sephardim are gradually dying out.—St. James' Gazette.

Prettiest Sight in Mexico.

The prettiest sight in Mexico is the Paseo de la Reforma, stretching, tree-lined on either side, from the statue of Carlos IV to the castle of Chapultepec, when, of a morning, scores of riders, many of them in picturesque Mexican costume, dot the long roadway, the trappings of the horses flashing in the sunlight and the mettlesome steeds giving animation to the scene. Many rich Mexicans use saddles, costing $500, silver mounted and inlaid beautifully. Hats with gold braid, costing $100 and more, are frequently worn, and the tight fitting black trousers with silver buckles up the outer seams, and the short charro jacket, make up a riding costume unique in beauty and elegance.—Cor. Boston Herald.

In a Morocco Bakeshop.

In going through the city to the Jews' quarters I stopped at an Arab bakeshop, where I saw a pleasant looking chap, hoping I should get an invitation to visit his establishment, but as it did not come, I invited myself and walked in. The wheat is ground by hand between two flat stones, and sometimes when a mother is grinding she will amuse and utilize her child by seating him on the top stone, giving him a ride and increasing the milling power at the same time.

The Moorish oven is a big mud room perhaps twenty feet square by six high, and the loaves, shaped something like an apoplectic mince pie, are ranged on both sides of this room, a fire of palm branches and bamboo then being built on the floor between the rows of bread. This fire is fed constantly by a boy standing at the entrance with an arrangement something like a Tremont Temple contribution box, on which he places the fuel for the nearest fires, but the farthest he feeds by taking an armful of stuff, rushing into the oven and throwing it upon the heap. The bread from this practice has a mingled taste of smoke and fried Moor, which is perhaps more healthy and strengthening than agreeable to the uncultivated taste.—Morocco Cor. Boston Transcript.

In 1776 Sarah Goddard printed a newspaper at Newport.