

## Correspondence

### LIMA.

The remains of Mary Rigney, eldest daughter of Mrs. Julia Rigney, who died at her home in West Bloomfield, Jan. 11th, were interred here Monday morning. The deceased leaves besides her mother, two sisters, Miss Isabel Doolan and Helen Rigney and two brothers, John and James Rigney.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Ryan are rejoicing over the birth of a daughter.

The funeral of Owen Carragher took place Friday morning, Jan. 12th at 10 o'clock at the church.

Branch 900, L. C. B. A. will hold a festival at Bruden Hall January 26th. This is the first entertainment given by the society since its organization in Lima.

Miss Anna Lookington is in Avon the guest of her sister, Mrs. William McLoughlin.

### DANVILLE.

Rev. Father Dunn celebrated an anniversary high mass on Wednesday at 8 a.m. for Mrs. Catherine Kelly.

Regular high mass on Tuesday at 8 a.m. for Mrs. George Kornban.

Miss Mary A. Dunn was called to Albany last week, owing to the illness of her sister, Mrs. Moriarty.

Edward J. Dunn of Elmira, visited his brother, Rev. W. T. Dunn, last Sunday. Sunday is the monthly communion day for the Rosary, Altar and Scapular Society.

The following officers have been elected for the ensuing year in the L. C. B. A. Spiritual advisor, Rev. Wm. T. Dunn; president, Susan Wynand; vice president, Lena Schubmehl; and vice president, Katharine Contry; secretary, Katharine Krein; treasurer, Anna E. Driscoll; recorder, Rosa H. Kluetz; and for the L. C. B. A. Driscoll; members, Mrs. Chris. Burns; guard, Mrs. Cecilia Foley; trustees, Mrs. Michael Kasper, Miss Margaret Robinson, Miss Anna Desmar; board of appeals, Mrs. Anna Driscoll, Mrs. Margaret Buxton, Mrs. Katharine Finn; finance committee, Miss Clara Foley, Margaret Loftus, Katharine A. Driscoll. This flourishing organization is fast increasing its membership.

Three bright young men joined the ranks of the A. O. E. last meeting. The Gold Storage which William F. Kelly had recently purchased and fitted up in excellent style was destroyed by fire last Sunday evening. The origin of the fire is a mystery.

### WILLARD.

The annual installation of officers of Branch 877, L. C. B. A. took place on Jan. 9. Past president, Julia McGowan conducted the installation. Mr. Hendrickson acted as secretary of the branch. Remarks on the merits of fraternal association. After the business of the evening was transacted an entertainment was given consisting of a quartette arranged by Mrs. Vallesley and Mr. Wm. Lyons, song and recitations by other ladies and gentlemen of the vicinity. After the entertainment was over refreshments were served and the invited guests who were present to the number of seventy-five or more, departed all agreeing that they had spent a most enjoyable evening.

Mrs. Patrick Ryan of Ithaca, is visiting at the home of her parents Mr. and Mrs. T. Duffy.

### CANANDAIGUA.

Prayers were offered Sunday for Dennis Melvin of Canandaigua, Thomas Sweeney of Newark, and Mary Rigney of West Bloomfield.

The requiem masses this week are for Peter Termon's parents and for Father Dougherty of New York.

The Young Defenders will receive holy communion next Sunday.

The monthly subscription falls a trifle under \$500 for January. Not so bad considering the large contributions of the past month.

Father Dougherty preached at some length Sunday on the scandal given by those who have allowed themselves to contract and never corrected the unfortunate and sinful habit of profanity.

The financial statement published this week shows that \$18,875.31 have been received since the last year for the new church. \$400 have been borrowed on notes, and \$4,888.36 paid on the contracts of the new church.

### AUBURN.

The members of the St. Edwards and St. Mary's churches are preparing for a grand ball to be held in Music Hall in February. A door price of \$50 in gold is one of the many prizes to be offered. A number of committees will have charge of individual parts of the fair.

The appointment of Rev. Patrick Smith as assistant at St. Mary's church is meeting with general satisfaction by the members of that congregation. Rev. Father Smith is a native of this city, being educated in the parochial school attached to St. Mary's church.

Rev. Edward Dougherty, assistant pastor of St. Mary's church, has been transferred to his own parish, that of the Holy Family church. Father Dougherty has made a success of his recent charge at St. Mary's and his friends hope that he will continue with the same success at Holy Family church.

The Willing Workers Club of the Auburn Asylum will hold their weekly card party in the C. M. B. A. rooms in Franklin street. This little band of workers is one of the most active clubs of the city. The proceeds of the parties are used for buying bedding and other useful things for the asylum.

The Auburn Council, Knights of Columbus will entertain their lady friends and wives on Wednesday night at their rooms in Geneva St. The recent concert by the Irish Ladies' Choir was a great success socially and otherwise. The concert was not given for the purpose of making money, and the sum realized was not sufficient to pay the expenses of their trouble, but the presence of the ladies for a long time. The concert was given for the purpose of raising money for the Catholic people of Auburn, and for other sister societies. It was a success that would add to the credit of the city.

May you have health and happiness and prosperity. All the kind wishes of your friends and relatives are united in this wish.

### TRINIDAD'S ASPHALT LAKE.

Quest Mining Carried on in West Indian Island.

This Trinidad lake of pitch and the Bermudez lake in Venezuela supply the bulk of the asphalt of commerce, says a writer in the New York Sun.

Brighton has no claim to existence aside from the bituminous pitch that nature here sends bubbling up from the bowels of the earth. The lake is about a quarter of a mile from the steamship pier. Nearby are quarters for two hundred native workmen, a refining plant, offices and quarters for the half dozen Americans representing the company, and that is all, except for the fierce tropical sun eternally beating down, and the sharks that play in the harbor.

But as a natural curiosity and as a commercial enterprise the lake is of absorbing interest. Imagine a huge asphalt plaza of more than a hundred acres, softened by the sun, overgrown in spots with weeds, covered after a rain with pools of water, and you have the famous pitch lake—a big black semi-solid pond of asphalt, with a surface fairly firm and apparently placid, but in reality treacherous and eternally in motion.

Around the edges runs a tramway with an endless cable hauling the loaded cars to the refinery and bringing the empty ones back again. Along this line, where the pitch is hardest, all the mining of the product is done—the black workmen digging it out with pick and shovel.

It is necessary to shift the scene of operation only along the line, never toward the center, as in two days time the slowly moving viscous mass of pitch continually flowing from the center has refilled the excavations and made them ready for the workmen again. Every day the rails of the little tramway are lifted and the slowly sinking ties moved a few inches one way or the other in order that the railway may not entirely disappear in the bottomless ooze.

Bottomless it may well be called, for soundings have been made until with no bottom at 140 feet the pipes and sounding apparatus have been crushed and swallowed up, to be disgorged months later. The mining of the product is lowering the level of the lake at the rate of about six inches a year.

The center of this huge volcanic crater is the source of supply. Here we see the pitch, boiling up in almost a purely liquid state, spreading out over the lake in dozens of streams, gradually hardening and imperceptibly flowing toward the boundaries in an attempt to find a level.

It is horrible to contemplate the thought of being caught by this awful black quicksand and relentlessly entombed in its depths. Not long ago a negro workman heroically offered himself for an experiment designed to ascertain how long it would take for a man to become engulfed in the pitch. For more than an hour he slowly sank until only the upper part of his body remained in sight and then his companions, in a burst of cruel humor, made as if to leave him to his fate. His vociferous appeals for mercy melted their hearts. Planks were thrown out over the pitch, as they are used in rescuing a skater who has broken through the ice, and after an hour's hard work the victim was once more free and happy.

The lake is a valuable source of revenue to the island government. An export duty of \$1.35 a ton and a royalty of 40 cents a ton, by the terms of the concession, put nearly a quarter of a million dollars a year into the island treasury. The entire concession is about 2,000 acres, and asphalt is found throughout the whole locality. The land is fertile and some of it is now being used with success for the cultivation of fruit.

The possibility of exhaustion seems remote—the Venezuelan lake, although ten times the area, is but thirty feet deep. Its surface is submerged in water, rendering the extraction of the product more difficult, and a forty mile haul to the seacoast adds much to its cost.

For the preparation of paving and roofing materials the Trinidad variety has been found the better adapted, but the pure Venezuelan article is used largely in the preparation of varnish. Danger attends the shipping of the Bermudez pitch in bulk in the holds of the steamers, as the slightest list to one side or the other tends to cause a disastrous flow of the pitch to that side.

### Phone Mouthpiece Abolished.

Consul Mahin of Nottingham reports that the suggested transmission of disease by telephone mouthpieces has led the British General Electric Company to devise an instrument in which all danger is avoided by simply abolishing the mouthpiece. The receiving and transmitting apparatus is combined in a small metal case, shaped like a watch, which is held continuously to the ear both in speaking and listening, the transmitting microphone being made so sensitive that it becomes unnecessary to concentrate the sound waves on it by the aid of any mouthpiece such as is ordinarily used. Mounted on a handle, with a speaking key, the new arrangement is exactly similar to the combined receiver and transmitter, except that there is no mouthpiece, and the speaker, as it were, addresses himself to the world at large, instead of making into a trumpet-shaped orifice.

### CUSTOMS OF THE RUSSIANS.

Few Important Changes Have Taken Place in Twenty-Five Years.

The Russia of thirty years ago, with all its primitive ways and traditions, is the Russia of to-day. It is true that there has been progress, but it has been on the old lines. There has been a continuity and evolution, but nowhere radical changes and new departures.

"The marriages of the Russia peasantry are arranged under the influence of economic rather than sentimental considerations," says Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace. "In this, as in other respects, the Russian peasantry are, as a class, extremely practical and matter-of-fact in their conceptions and habits, and are not inclined to indulge in sublime, ethereal sentiments of any kind. The wife is taken as a helpmate, or in plain language a worker, rather than a companion, and the mother-in-law leaves her but very little time for idle dreaming."

"In the primitive system of agriculture in Russia, the natural labor unit consists of a man, a woman and a horse. Therefore, when a boy becomes an able-bodied laborer, he ought to be provided with the two accessories necessary to complete the labor unit. To procure the horse is the duty of the head of the house, and it is the duty of the female big ones to secure the wife."

"When a youth arrives at the age of 15 he is informed that he should marry at once and a wife is selected for him. The horses and brides are not selected because of their beauty, but for their physical strength and capacity for work. The bride takes nothing with her as a dowry except her trousseau, but she brings with her a pair of strong arms."

"As a rule the peasants do not respect the priests. While they have a great reverence for the religious ceremonies, they do not respect the priests. This is due to the fact that many of the priests extort money from the peasants, refusing to perform the rites, baptism or burial. One can hear them saying: 'The priest takes from the living and the dead.'"

"The peasant household is a primitive labor association, of which the members have all things in common. When a home is broken all the adult male members share equally."

"The Mir, or Village Community, is very much as the peasant household—a labor association—on a larger scale. In both cases there is a common responsibility—in one case for all the debts, and in the other for all the taxes and communal obligations. There is a Village Elder, who is the ruler, and all important communal affairs are regulated by the Village Assembly. The households composing a commune farm independently pay into the common treasury certain fixed sums."

"They cannot mow hay or plow the field until the Village Assembly has passed a resolution on the subject. If a peasant becomes a drunkard, every family in the village has a right to complain. A peasant cannot permanently leave the village without the consent of the Commune, and this consent will not be given until the applicant gives satisfactory security for his actual and future liabilities, which includes taxes and dues for passport while he is away. If a peasant wishes to go away to work he cannot do so until he has permission, which serves as a passport during his absence, and he may be recalled at any moment by communal decree."

"Until in 1903 there was a common responsibility for taxes, but this was abolished by the Emperor on the advice of M. Witte. The allotment of land is one of the most important events in the Commune, and often the allotment proves to be a burden, instead of a blessing, because it entails responsibilities and obligations."

"Women, as women, does not receive much consideration among the peasants, but a particular woman, such as the head of a household, is entitled to speak, and speak freely on all subjects directly affecting the household under her care."

"The towns of Russia, as a rule, are insignificant. This is to be attributed mainly to two causes—the abundance of land tended to prevent the development of industry, and the peasants who learn trades are not permitted to settle in towns permanently."

"Russian commercial morality is carried on very much on the same principle as English horse trading. If a man wishes to buy or sell he must trust his own knowledge and soundness, and if he gets the worst of a bargain or lets himself be deceived he has no one but himself to blame."

"The majority of the people of Russia belong to the Russian Orthodox Church. It has played an important part in the national history in relation to the Orthodox Church, as a whole, the Emperor of Russia is nothing more than a member, and can no more interfere with its dogmas or ceremonial than the King of Italy could modify the Roman Catholic theology."

### King Edward's Lucky Number.

King Edward's lucky number is 9. Both his parents were born in 1819; he was born on a 9th; his marriage took place in the year '68, which numbers added the one to the other make 9; his reign commenced in 1901; he was to have been crowned on the 27th, which figures added together make 9; and he was actually crowned on August 9.—London Times.

### OLD HEROES IN THE ABBEY.

Irving the Sixth Actor to Receive the Honor of Burial There.

The service in that storied place was so glorious an honor for that king of the stage—so complete and satisfactory an ending of a high-minded, unselfish career! Not even at a coronation, with splendors of color, had the Abbey seemed so grand a temple as on that bright morning with the mists of sunlight streaming through the south transept windows and toning up the austere simplicity of the gray arches. Sir Henry Irving was a great stage manager who had gone beyond Garrick in devising decorative settings for masterpieces of the drama, but never had he contrived anything approaching in impressiveness and grandeur the scenic effect of this funeral service in the Abbey.

Irving was the sixth actor to receive the honor of burial in the Abbey itself. Mrs. Oldfield, Mrs. Bracegirdle's rival in comedy, instead of being shut out of the sanctuary, as I am afraid I stated carelessly in a previous letter, was buried there with unwonted pomp in the south aisle of the nave. In addition to Garrick and Mrs. Oldfield, three actors of minor importance were interred there. One was Barton Booth, a Westminster boy, who had played the part of the ghost in "Hamlet" and had achieved success as Cato. Mrs. Hannah Pritchard was buried there eleven years before Garrick's death, and John Henderson, a tragedian and comedian, six years after the great pageant when Dr. Johnson tearfully left his "Davvy" in the Poet's Corner. A small group of actors had already been buried in the cloisters. Garrick's rival, Barry, was interred in the north walk of the cloisters, and his wife, Anne Crawford, an actress of power in tragic parts, was subsequently laid to rest in the same grave. Samuel Foote had been buried in the west walk two years before Garrick's death. Near Barry's grave was the resting place of Mrs. Cibber, Colley Cibber's daughter-in-law, who had sung contralto parts in Handel's oratorios and had also enacted Ophelia with weird fascination. With Betterton, Bess Saunders and Mrs. Bracegirdle in the east walk, the cloisters may be said to be haunted with the memories of actors. Nearly all these actors were buried by torchlight, and most of them quietly and without pomp. As precedent survives, albeit in altered form, in Westminster, candles were burned all night while Irving's ashes were in St. Faith's Chapel, and were flaring before the altar during the Abbey service. The nobler tradition of Garrick's funeral was also fully honored. Painters, men of letters and all the worthies of the day were in the Abbey when the friend of Dr. Johnson and of Sir Joshua Reynolds was buried. So it was with Irving when a grave was found for him beside Garrick.

### POWDERED TEA.

As Good As, If Not Better Than, the Whole Leaf.

History tells us that when coffee was first brought to the cities of western Europe the first makers of it were Turks. They roasted and ground the berries and served the liquor as it is served to this day, grits and all. We still drink coffee as we drank it then, with this difference, that we mostly omit the grits and drink an infusion instead of a decoction. It was not so with tea. No Chinaman was imported with the first pound of tea to teach us how to make and drink it. The consequence has been that we have never drunk tea in the Chinese way—that is, as a simple infusion.

At first, there seems to have been great doubt as to how to deal with the new herb. It is even said that it was sometimes boiled, with salt and butter, and served up as a sort of spinach. The old phrase, "a dish of tea," seems to bear out this legend. Finally it came to be settled that the most wholesome and pleasant way to treat the tea leaf was to make it into a kind of sweet soup, with sugar and milk or cream. I have personal knowledge of no country in Europe but one where tea is used as in China—Portugal, which got its knowledge of tea making from a province of China, with which, at that time, no other nation of Europe was in contact.

It was while traveling on horseback with a guide in the wilder parts of Portugal away from the shops and inns, where we had perforce to make experiments in the most economical use of the ounces of tea and coffee that we could afford to carry with us, that we hit upon a discovery. Having no milk, we drank our tea, as most Portuguese drink theirs, as a simple infusion, steaming hot, and sweetened with sugar.

I remembered to have read, I believe in the travels of the Abbe Huc, that when the Chinese desire to be thrifty in the use of the finer and more expensive teas they grind the leaf to powder and use less for the infusion. We found that tea could be ground in a coffee mill as easily as coffee; that tea made with the powder is as good as or better than when made with the whole leaf, and that the power, as it naturally would, goes further than the tea leaf.—London Times.

### Poor Man.

Mrs. Haspeck—I see that Judge Knox granted an injunction against a young man whose family don't want him to marry.

Mr. Haspeck—I wish my family had been as thoughtful of me.

### TALES OF HEROISM.

The Japanese-Russian War Supplies Many New Ones.

A writer in "Je Sais Tout" has collected a number of stories of modest bravery during the Russo-Japanese war. An officer of Cossacks offered to carry a despatch whilst ten horsemen had already failed to get through. The general remarked bitterly that the effort was useless. "The others have failed," the officer insisted, "because they traveled on horseback. I shall go under my horse." "Under my horse?" The general was astonished; but this is a prudent way of riding very popular with Circassians when they wish to surprise anyone. The offer was finally accepted. He received the communication, said his prayers, bade good by to his men, and started off in the middle of the night, strapped face downward underneath the horse, which he guided by means of the bridle through the forests. The Japanese whistled to what they thought was a riderless horse. But the animal, egged on by blows from the officer's heels, accomplished the journey of twenty-five to thirty-five miles in safety. Stranger still, the officer accomplished the return journey on the following night. His comrades applauded him, and the general rewarded him with a lengthy embrace.

A bugler named Volkoff, a baker from the Ukraine, heard his general asking for a volunteer to report upon a Japanese position. He offered himself and was accepted. He disguised himself as a Chinaman, for in Manchuria everything is done in borrowed clothing. It is a very theatrical country. Whoever desires to obtain anything disguises himself, and nearly always as a Chinaman, which invokes the anger of both armies against the Celestials. Now we see a clean-shaven Volkoff, wearing a pigtail and a sordid blue dress, "borrowed" from the dirtiest Chinaman of the neighborhood. He has now become a little Chinese merchant. He sells disgusting little bitter nuts, or bread as hard as stones, or little birds in cages. He carries out the mission with which the general has entrusted him, mixes with Chinamen who are gazing stupidly at the advance guards of the Japanese, and he is returning to camp full of delight when he meets a patrol of six of the enemy's cavalry. The officer questions him in Chinese. Volkoff feels that he is lost; he answers with some incomprehensible gibberish to gain time. Orders are given that he shall be searched. This is the psychological moment. In an instant Volkoff has fired two shots with his revolver and killed two horsemen. With a third he brings down the officer. The other Japanese hesitated. Volkoff empties his revolver on the lot, jumps upon the officer's horse, and returns at full gallop toward the Russian lines. The Japanese fire upon him, but he is already far off and makes good his escape. Unfortunately he is now exposed to another fire—that of his comrades, who do not know what to make of this unexpected horseman. Volkoff dismounts, waves his arms, shouts with all his strength. At last the firing ceases. An hour later Volkoff is reporting to his general who presents him with the horse of the officer and all its trappings.

The story of some Jewish musicians is perhaps the most dramatic of all. During the battle of Tsung-Teh-an the Pope Chitchebafsky raised aloft a cross, the sacred symbol of the victory of the spirit, and went off to die at the head of troops. The band was playing and the sound of the trumpets mingled with the terrible thunder of the wild fusillade. The dying and wounded musicians kept falling (the orchestra was almost exclusively composed of Jews); but their comrades (Jews also) went on playing, and only the interruption of some notes indicated that another musician had fallen, struck by a bullet or mutilated by the explosion of a shell. Half these brave had already been struck when the heroic priest let his arms fall. The bullets had not spared him either, and the golden cross no longer pointed out to the troops the sacred object of their sacrifice. Is the priest dead? Not yet. One minute passes. The cross glitters once more. The Jewish musicians are supporting the arms of the unconscious Pope. They continue to support him until all three are struck down. And during several minutes this extraordinary spectacle is beheld; Jews lifting up the Christian Pope, falling with him, other Jews lifting up the cross itself, the rallying symbol for the advance. What a strong irony! But the poor fellows were not going to embark upon a controversy about Christian dogmas, and they continued to exhibit the cross until they were mown down in their turn. This Pope with the unpronounceable name, Chitchebafsky, was a Jew. But these unknown Jewish musicians who supported him were not less heroic.

### The Kind She Wanted.

The provision dealer looked at Mrs. Newlywed as if he thought she were a victim of temporary insanity. "Did you say you wanted a—lean chicken, ma'am?" he faltered. "Certainly I did," and the young woman's expression took on added dignity. "Neither Mr. Newlywed nor I ever eat chicken fat. It is extremely distasteful to both of us, and I see no occasion for paying for what we do not like."—Youth's Companion.

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