

OBLIGING CRABS.

Present Their Claws to Fishers Who Shake Hands With Them.

Visitors in Seville see women carrying baskets full of crabs. The crabs are cooked, and people nibble at them more for fun than sustenance, just as Russians nibble sunflower seeds. What becomes of the rest of this crustacean, especially if he is a crabfish, of his fall?

As a matter of fact the crabfish has no part in the business. The crabs are taken from a salt water crab which lives along the shores of Morocco, Spain and Portugal. Each little crab, with its one little mate, has a cave for a home, and, adopting the eastern estimate of the other sex, he usually keeps his wife shut inside the cave, meanwhile staying about the threshold himself and making a brave show with his big claws.

When the tide runs out the crab fishers prowl along the beach looking for crab holes. Either the crab is stalking up and down seeking what he may devour and thus showing whether he has fine claws or he is still at home, and the size of his doorway indicates the size of the householder. In one case the fisherman cuts off his retreat by blocking his front door with mud; in the other case he digs him out. Anyway, he deprives him of his pincers and sets him at liberty to grow some more.

Right here appears the quaintest feature of the whole affair, for the fishers are not torn away from the crab at all. Instead he presents them to the fisherman, perhaps even with his compliments. It is a fact easily demonstrable that the crab can detach his claw by muscular effort, thus making no hemorrhage, but leaving the stump in such condition that a new claw is soon grown. The fisherman simply takes the crab by the hand, whereupon it lets go, leaves the claw with them and romps off home without it.—Chicago Record-Herald.

PRESSURE OF WATER.

Its Effect Upon a Corked Bottle Lowered into Ocean Depths.

A bottle partly filled with fresh water and tightly corked can be lowered into ocean depths, and on being raised to the surface it will be discovered on opening it that the fresh water has been replaced by salt.

This really extraordinary phenomenon is explained in the following way: The pressure of water increases as the distance from the surface increases. Thus at the distance of a foot beneath the surface the pressure of the water is a square inch will be about half a pound; at a distance of, say, 200 feet it will be 125 pounds to the square inch. At ocean level the pressure of the atmosphere is a little over fourteen pounds. Thus if a bottle containing air were lowered thirty feet beneath the surface the pressure of water would more than counterbalance the pressure of the air. Ordinarily at this depth, therefore, the pressure of water should be sufficient to drive the cork within the bottle, but the cork is tightly wedged in position. To squeeze it within the bottle it, too, must first be compressed, and also there is friction to be overcome.

The distance varying, then, according to these conditions, at some point beneath the surface the weight of water will force the cork into the bottle, compressing the air before it. The salt water of the ocean mingles with the fresh water within the bottle. As the bottle again approaches the surface the air that remains within is subjected to less and less pressure till finally, now having itself a pressure greater than that of the water, it drives the cork back into position.—St. Louis Republic.

Counterfeit Detectors.

"Few men carry a bigger roll than the professional detector of counterfeits," said a receiving teller of one of the big banks recently. Each of these counterfeit detectors has a special license from the treasury department at Washington which permits him to carry about 150 samples of counterfeit money. It is a felony to have counterfeit money in your possession without proper authority. For each bogus bill the counterfeit detector carries a genuine note of the same kind and denomination for the purposes of comparison. The total value of this good money that is carried side by side with the bad is between \$40,000 and \$50,000. The bills run from a dollar up to \$1,000 in denomination.—New York Sun.

The Solar Plexus.

The Scriptural expression "bowels of compassion" is justified by the discoveries of modern science. Whenever anything affects our nerves we feel it more or less in our "innards." It is the solar plexus which is concerned in such emotionalism. Of course in itself it cannot feel, but it sends messages to the brain, which interprets them as coming from there. The solar plexus is a mass of nerves and nerve structures in the abdomen at the back of the stomach.—New York Tribune.

Her Great Love.

"Could you love me, darling?" he whispered, with a tender, pleading look in his eyes. "If I had only the one coat to my back?" "I could," she replied softly as she nestled in his great strong arms. "If I knew you had sacrificed the others to buy me a new dress."—London Mail.

Different From Wall Street.

Use Guy—Speculating in stocks is nothing but "fisherman's luck." Shorn Lamb—Hardly that. I've sometimes gone fishing and succeeded in saving my bait.—Chicago News.

SECRET SOCIETIES

The Earliest Ones Had Strenuous Initiation Rites.

SEVERE TESTS OF COURAGE.

The Egyptians Subjected Candidates to a Threefold Trial by Fire, by Water and by Air—The Order of Assassins and Their Sham Paradise.

Among primitive communities in which might is right and the tyranny of superstition is absolute minorities have always been treated with scant consideration, and overt dissent from the opinions of the majority had a tendency to nullify against the survival of the dissenter. Liberty of thought and action, qualified only by the rights of others, is a comparatively late growth. But thought dies hard and when denied open expression lives in secret imparted to a few chosen associates until the times are ripe for it to be divulged. Thus a few thinkers and their disciples would band themselves together into a secret society, and the instinct of self-preservation would cause them to guard against their secret being revealed to the uninitiated.

The earliest secret societies were religious rather than political. In the mysteries of Persia, India and Egypt an inner ring of priests formed an exclusive association whose members gradually became the repositories of the bulk of the learning of the community. Severe tests of courage and nerve were imposed upon all aspirants for admission to the order. Among the Egyptians the neophyte was taken down a deep shaft in one of the pyramids and subjected to a threefold trial by fire, by water and by air.

He had to walk across a grating of red-hot iron bars, with narrow interstices whereon he might tread in safety, to swim a wide and dark channel communicating with the Nile and to hang suspended by two iron rings over an abyss in the blast of two swiftly revolving wheels. Even then he had to undergo prolonged fasting and silence and to take an oath of secrecy ere his initiation was complete. A secret brotherhood of nobles, partly religious and partly political, which aimed at the concentration of knowledge and power in the hands of its members, was established by Pythagoras at Crotona, in the south of Italy. For a time it succeeded in gaining the supreme direction of affairs, but after the Sybarites had succumbed to the Spartan discipline of the order it was suppressed by a rising of the discontented.

During the middle ages the unsettled and lawless condition of many countries engendered by the weakness or the absence of their nominal rulers was especially favorable to the growth of secret societies. Toward the close of the eleventh century Hasan ben Sabah, a Mohammedan fanatic who had been a fellow student with Omar Khayyam at Nishapur, seized the castle of Alamut and founded the sect of the assassins. It is still a moot point whether the word which their evil deeds have given a permanent place in the languages of Europe as a synonym for murderers be derived from the founder's name or from the hemp opiate hashish wherewith they were wont to fuddle their brains to a pitch of sudden frenzy. The Venetian traveler Marco Polo tells of an ingenious plan adopted by their chieftain to insure the unquestioning devotion of his dupes. This was no less than the creation of a sham paradise with luxurious gardens, rivers of honey and wine and honis, all complete. Thither the man selected for any dangerous exploit was transported in a state of intoxication and on his return was told that he had been given a foretaste of his life after death.

The terror of their name soon spread through Europe. No potentate was safe from the vengeance of a sect which regarded death in the execution of their lord's decrees as the gate of paradise. King Philip Augustus of France, contemporary and foe of Richard Coeur de Lion, having incurred their enmity, was so afraid of them that he dared not stir abroad without his guards around him, and perhaps his fear appressed the ruthless sheik, for their plans rarely miscarried. The order was ultimately crushed in 1256 by an irruption of Mongols under Hulaku Khan.

In Germany the violence and anarchy that prevailed after the outlawry of Henry the Lion, when every petty baron tyrannized without let or hindrance over all whom his power could reach, led to the institution of a very different secret society, whose functions were purely judicial. The "vehrgericht" was an attempt to check the license of the feudal lords and to secure the due chastisement of crime. It was the proud boast of this court that it judged in secret and punished in secret. Every member was sworn to reveal all crimes that came to his notice, even if committed by those nearest and dearest to him; hence it became a maxim of the jurists of the time, "Non frater a fratre, non hospes ab hospite, tutus." The sentence of the court involved outlawry, degradation and death; the condemned was declared "vehmbar" and was relentlessly pursued by at least 100,000 daggers.—London Globe.

Soured.

"I'm just crazy to play golf," said the enthusiastic summer girl. "Most people are," muttered the mere man who had no ambition even partly to fill the presidential chair.—Chicago News.

WRECKED THE PIANO.

Rubinstein Proved His Ability and Recovered His Pass.

When Rubinstein, the composer, was a youth he left Russia, his native country, to study music in France and Germany. He finished his studies when he was twenty years old and then returned to St. Petersburg. But before he could begin to give public recitals it was necessary that he should have a pass from the police authorities. It was true he was a Russian subject and a very inoffensive young man, but then he had been absent from his native land some time. He might have imbued revolutionary ideas when abroad, and it was best not to take any risks, but have him registered and kept under surveillance.

Rubinstein applied to the police for a pass, but, probably because he was shy and mild-mannered every official bullied him and gruffly passed him to another official equally rude and overbearing. Finally he became so tired of the indignities that he went to see the governor general. He had just begun to tell his story when that dignitary roared:

"You a musician? Pah! I'll put you in Irons and send you to Siberia! That's the only fit place for such as you!" Rubinstein nearly fainted from fright, but he got away as best he could. The days went by, and still no pass came to him. Some of his friends, however, knew of the treatment he had received. One day Rubinstein was summoned to appear before the chief of police, General Galichoff. He had to wait three hours. At last he was called into the great man's presence and addressed as follows:

"Well, young man, I have been spoken to about you. I am told that you are some sort of musician, but I don't believe anything of the kind. Go to my chief secretary, Schesnok, and play for him, so that we can tell if you really are a musician—that is, a man who understands music."

All this said in a contemptuous tone. Rubinstein was taken to the secretary, who was the possessor of the most wretched piano Rubinstein ever had heard, much less played on. He was angry and disgusted, and a thought flashed across him. Here was an opportunity to be revenged for the insults heaped upon him. He would vent his indignation on the piano. And so he did. He pounded and hammered the poor instrument until it seemed to shriek. The discordant notes which came from it, falling upon his delicate ear, served but to increase his rage and frenzy. It was as if a cyclone was at work. String after string snapped, and the unhappy secretary stood by, expecting every minute that his beloved instrument would fly into splinters. At last Rubinstein stopped from sheer exhaustion.

"Come with me," said the secretary. "And the pianist followed him into the presence of the chief of police. "It is true, your excellency," he said. "Rubinstein is a great musician." "Then give him a pass," replied the general.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Australia's Flame Flower.

Waratah is the name of the national flower of Australia. The traveler who passes through the Australian bush sometimes comes suddenly on a burned out ridge, the undergrowth of which has been destroyed by fire. Among the charred trees tongues of fire still seem to rise. These are the waratahs, each stem of which is about six feet high and bears a flame red flower, heart shaped and the size of a man's closed hand. This flower is difficult to cultivate in a garden, but some people have succeeded in growing plants from seed that has first been roasted.

Sailing a Boat.

Visitor—I would like to get you to teach me to sail a boat. Boatman—Sail a boat? Why, it's easy as swimming! Jest grasp the main sheet with one hand and the tiller with the other, and if a flaw strikes ease up or bring 'er to an' loose the halyards, but look out fer the gaff an' boom or the hull thup'll be in the water an' ye be upset, but if the wind is steady y'r all right unless y'r too slow in luffin, 'cause then y'll be upset sure. Jump right in an' try it; but, remember, whatever ye do, don't jibe!

Deepest Lake in the World.

The Great Suken lake in the Cascade mountains, about seventy-five miles northeast of Jacksonville, Ore., is thought to be the deepest lake in the world. Its shores slope abruptly down an average of 200 feet on all sides before the water is reached. The depth of the water is unknown, and its surface is always smooth and unruined, being so far below the mountain rim that winds cannot reach it.

A Model Husband.

"You appear pleased, my dear," said her friend. "Indeed, I am. You know while I was away visiting mother Henry went fishing, and the neighbors say he came home with a beautiful skate." "And is that why you are pleased?" "Certainly, my dear. I looked in the encyclopedia and found that a 'skate' is a large fish."—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Use of Water.

"There's no use talking," said Dr. Dustin Stax, "this corporation of ours will have to dissolve." "How will you go about it?" "I don't know. The only way I know of to dissolve things is to keep putting plenty of water into them."—Washington Star.

AN OLD GOLD BRICK

Used For Fleecing the Innocents a Generation Ago.

THE PATENT SAFE SWINDLE.

It Was a Plausible Trick That Generally Caught the Coin and Sent the Bewildered Victim Out of Town in a Hurry For Fear of Arrest.

Although the essentials of imposture remain unchanged from generation to generation, so that the rogue of today would have no trouble in recognizing his counterpart of the seventeenth century, nevertheless there are fashions in thievery, as in everything else. Old tricks are cast off like threadbare coats in favor of newer ones, and these in turn are discarded when publicity has rendered them familiar and therefore less effective, but plausibility and address are the indispensable qualities of the gentry who live by their wits.

The newest type of confidence man is the get-rich-quick individual who breathes of money and wouldn't turn his hand to a small "job." He angles for victims with new corporations and great business ventures for bait, but he is the same man who a generation ago raked in the shekels by means of the patent safe game. This game is now an outworn fashion. But it had its points.

Let us suppose a countryman, carpeting in hand, to have alighted at the union station and set out to see the sights. Although his name is conveniently printed on the outside of his bag or set down in a legible hand on the hotel register, he is amazed to find himself hospitably greeted by an utter stranger, who knows his name and the town from which he hails. The stranger is an old friend whom the countryman is ashamed to think he cannot remember—place is the word. But the stranger is very affable and lays himself out to entertain the newcomer. They stroll about town in company, visit a bar or two, exchange reminiscences and at the end of a few hours are bosom companions. The stranger invariably pays the score, has a lordly disdain of money; good fellowship is its own reward.

The two stroll by devious ways until finally while they are walking arm in arm down a quiet bystreet the stranger's eye is caught by a curious object lying on the pavement. He pauses to examine it. It is a miniature globe about the size of a billiard ball. The stranger turns it over curiously in his fingers and finally sees that it is fitted with a small plug, which comes out under pressure. Continuing his explorations, he then unscrews the top of the plug, takes out a piece of crumpled paper, shows his dupes the empty box and throws the paper on the ground. There is a similar bit of paper in the small chamber at the end of the plug, but this the countryman does not see. The two then stroll on, discussing the mysterious ball.

Presently they come upon a worried-looking man, who is studying the ground with a face the pattern of despair. The roper observes him and wants to know whether he has lost something. "Lost something, indeed!" says the man. "Why, I've lost an invention of mine that I wouldn't have taken \$10,000 for. It was a patent fire safe which would save hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of papers and valuables every year. I was just on my way to Blank & Blank's, the safe manufacturers, to get one made, and here I have lost the model." The roper is evidently much touched by the inventor's distress. He produces the wooden globe and is immediately overwhelmed with expressions of gratitude.

"But what good is that invention of yours?" asks the roper. "Well," says the inventor with pride, "you see, it is set on props. When there is a fire all you have to do is to knock out the props and the safe rolls down an incline right out of the building as neat as you please. There's a box inside to hold the papers. There is a paper in this box right now." At that the roper winks slyly at the farmer and whispers in his ear. "I'll make him a bet on that piece of paper."

"Come," says the roper, "that's a pretty tall yarn. I don't believe there's any paper in that ball. I'll bet there isn't a scrap of paper in it." "I'll bet you \$1,000 there's a paper in it," says the inventor, much incensed. "I haven't that much with me," says the roper, "but I'll just bet you a hundred on it." With that he takes out a number of bills, say \$50 or so, and a bank check for the other \$50. To his friend the farmer he says, "Will you just lend me \$50 on this check until I can get to my hotel?"

The farmer sees that his friend is sure to win. He advances the \$50, when, behold, the inventor draws out the plug, removes the concealed paper from its small chamber and collects the bet. The roper is decidedly crestfallen, but while he is still lamenting his folly a policeman rushes up, charges him with gambling and makes a grab for him. Roper flees, but the farmer is caught. After protesting his innocence the farmer is allowed to depart. Still fearful of arrest, he flees the city. When he presents his check he discovers that roper, inventor and policeman are all confidence men who have enriched themselves at his expense.—Chicago Record-Herald.

No harm can befall a good man, whether alive or dead.—Socrates.

BASEBALL SCORES.

Odd Way the Plays Were Recorded Back in the Sixties.

The baseball public of today, accustomed to the minute reporting of games, wherein each run is compounded and many a play analyzed, is offered the account of a game played in Syracuse in 1868. The contestants were the Central Citys of Syracuse and the Athletics of Philadelphia, and the score was 41 to 12.

The game was delayed a half hour by the difficulty in finding an umpire. Then the report goes on to state: "The game opened loosely upon both sides, and at the end of the first inning the score stood Athletics 5, Central City 4, each side making its tallies promptly from the loose playing of the out club. After the first inning the Athletics played more carefully, while the Central Citys grew more careless until the fifth inning, when they became more demoralized than was the Union army at the battle of Bull Run. "Considerable dissatisfaction was manifested and expressed, and in two innings rightfully so, at the evident one-sided decisions of the umpire. "We will not particularize, but suffice to say that several of the players on both sides did well, while others, especially the Central City side, were not fully up to their standard efforts. The following is the

| Central City | R | O | Athletics | O | R |
|----------------|----|----|-------------------|----|----|
| Crutenden, 2b. | 1 | 3 | Hayhurst, rf. | 2 | 5 |
| Porter, lf. | 2 | 1 | McBride, p. | 1 | 7 |
| Boswell, cf. | 1 | 3 | Radcliffe, c. | 1 | 6 |
| Adams, ss. | 1 | 2 | Wilkins, ss. | 5 | 2 |
| Dodge, p. | 2 | 3 | Fisher, 2b. | 1 | 5 |
| Johnson, c. | 1 | 4 | Berry, 3b. | 3 | 5 |
| Telford, 2b. | 1 | 3 | Cuthbert, 1b. | 5 | 2 |
| Yale, 1b. | 0 | 5 | Sensenderfer, cf. | 4 | 4 |
| Sedgwick, rf. | 2 | 3 | Schaffer, lf. | 4 | 3 |
| Totals | 12 | 27 | Totals | 27 | 41 |

RUNS IN EACH INNING.

Central City..... 4 1 0 1 1 1 0 3 1-12 Athletics..... 5 7 5 1 1 7 5 0 0-4 Fly Balls Caught—Central City: Adams, 4; Porter, 5; Johnson, 1; Crutenden, 2; Boswell, 1-13. Athletics: Radcliffe, 4; Fisher, 1; Berry, 1; Cuthbert, 4; Sensenderfer, 3-13. How Put Out—Central City: Fly, 13; first base, 3; second base, 1; foul bound, 4; home base, 2-27. Athletics: Fly, 12; first base, 9; second base, 1; third base, 1; home base, 2; foul bound, 2-27. Umpire—S. E. Radcliffe, Union Baseball club, Camden, N. J. Scorers—Porter and Brownell.

How would that go in a sporting extra today? The only familiar signs are the criticism of the umpire and the German names in the Athletic lineup.

A CRUSHING RETORT.

Mrs. Songbird Paid Her Haughty Society Patron in Full.

Last year a prominent Boston society leader, in arranging a musical surprise at an elaborate dinner given to the town's elite, called on a singer of renown to engage her services for that event. It chanced that the singer was naturally independent. On the other hand, the caller was notoriously haughty. As a result this was what transpired between them:

After the visitor had announced the import of her coming, the singer succinctly said she would sing one number for \$200, and that it would be a Wagnerian selection.

"The price we will not haggle over," said the visitor, "but instead of that grand opera selection I want you to render one of the light and popular ditties of the day."

"For the Wagnerian song, \$200; for the popular ditty, \$300," was the firm reply.

"But, madame," expostulated the society leader, "your classical song is much more exacting on your powers, so why should you charge more for the lighter and easier song?" "Ah," replied the independent one, "the harder song is all fun to me; the easier one all work!"

So the price was fixed at \$300. Just as the haughty visitor was about to depart, she turned to the artist and said:

"Of course, I shall not expect you to mingle with my guests." "Ah," was the biting retort, "I shall throw off \$50.—Life.

Extremely Polite.

The forms of Mexican politeness to the stranger are sometimes embarrassing. Miss Mary Barton, who visited the country to paint landscapes and tells her experience in "Impressions of Mexico," says that "people seemed anxious to help me in all possible ways, from the railway conductor, who invited me to dine with him, to the very smart young man that I met in the postoffice when I had a number of invitations in my hand and who offered to lick the stamps for me."

Shutting Him Off.

The Dad—My son, I want to tell you that the secret of my success, as it must be of any man's, is hard work. I—The Son—Sh, dad! I don't care to hear other people's secrets, and I am too much of a gentleman to take advantage of information gained in that way. Say no more.—Toledo Blade.

Tasty Poison.

Customer—The poison may be excellent, but the rats won't take it. You'll have to make it more tasty. Druggist—I've tried that already, but the apprentice boys eat it.—Fleegand Blatter.

Plurals.

There is considerably less reason why the plural of mouse should be mice than why the plural of spouse should be spice. Any bigamist will admit as much.—Puck.

The Only Mourner.

Randall—Was Spratt a popular man? "Popular! The only mourner at his funeral was the insurance company."—Life.

THINGS TO EAT

You are living in the healthiest climate on earth—but nature will not keep you well unless you do your part. One of the prime requisites of good health is good, clean food.

That's the Kind We Sell

Pick out all the healthiest looking people in the city and you will find that they buy all their groceries of us. We carry a full and complete line of everything in the grocery line.

JOHNSON & CO.

If it's a rush job of printing, the Sentinel will get it out for you on time

CALAPOOYA

Springs Hotel

Located at London, Oregon, in the Calapooya mountains, 800 feet above sea level, twelve miles from Cottage Grove, Ore.

Cuisine and accommodations excellent. Hot mineral baths, recommended by physicians for rheumatism, stomach, liver and kidney troubles. Very extensive grounds with swings, tennis court, croquet and other amusements. Splendid trout fishing at hand. Automobile line from Cottage Grove over good roads. Write for full particulars, rates, etc. Address

Calapooya Springs Co. Cottage Grove, Ore.

Dress Up

for NEW YEAR'S!

Tell your wife you want a New Suit for a Present.

SUITS \$15.00

AND UP Fit, Style and Workmanship Guaranteed

Also Clothes Steam-cleaned and Pressed in a First-Class Manner

Geo. Bohlman WEST SIDE

Send For This Seed Annual-Free

Lilly seeds are tested for purity and germination. No seeds are packed by us unless these two qualities show the very highest standard. Carefully equipped laboratory under the direction of a scientist and expert seed tester removes all gross work. When buying Lilly seeds, you buy increased crops. Send for catalog. The Chas. H. Lilly Co., Seattle