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NATION'S CRIME

They Have Deteriorated Under the Unwise Guardianship of the Government.

DIAZ A GREAT EXAMPLE

President of Mexican Republic a Great American and an Indian—Some of the Follies of Paternalism Pointed Out.

Washington Special: "The graveyard of the American Indians has served its purpose, and is to be plowed up," said M. J. Bentley, for many years an Indian agent in Indian Territory.

Mr. Bentley, who was connected with the Indian service more closely than any other agent ever was, believes that the policy of this nation toward its aborigines has been a progressive crime of generations. In this he does not disagree with many other people; but Mr. Bentley enforces his views with some striking statements.

"Mexico has about 14,000,000 people," he said. "About 4,000,000 of them are whites; the rest are Indians. They have made it one of the most prosperous countries; it is developing in wealth, intelligence, culture, everything, at a wonderful rate. Most of the people are Indians. Indians are the bone and sinew of Mexico. The country has had little white immigration for a century till in very recent years. It is practically a great Indian republic. We have read of the power and the glory of the mystic civilization of the Montezumas; but Mexico today is a greater Indian nation than the Montezumas made of the ancient Mexico; it is greater than the Peru of Pizarro; and it is scarcely less an Indian country than either of those was when the Spanish found them.

"Mexico's president is the greatest

living American today; and he is an Indian. If you would know a man who has been patriot, soldier, statesman, executive; who has always ruled with wisdom and foresight; who has been to his country all that Washington and Jefferson and Hamilton and the Adamses were to this country in its beginnings, read of Diaz. I think it was John W. Foster who recently declared Diaz and the emperor of Japan the two greatest rulers of the world today.

"Mexico shows us what were the possibilities of the Indian. It is a mistake to assume that the Indians in Mexico, the Indians who are now the backbone of that nation, are essentially different from our own. They are not. I know both the American and the Mexican Indians. The difference is just this: that while this country has ruined the Indian by making a ward of him, Mexico has turned him out to hustle for himself, and he has made a good citizen of himself. The policy of the United States has been calculated to degrade the Indian.

Curious Citizenship.

Today there are thousands of Indian citizens in the territory; when the new state of Oklahoma is admitted they will be entitled to vote for congressmen and president; yet if one of these Indian citizens comes to Washington on business with the government he must first secure permission from the commissioner of Indian affairs, and if he fails to do so the commissioner and the secretary of the interior will not give him audience when he gets here. What do you think of that sort of citizenship?

"Left to himself and given a chance to be a self-respecting citizen, the Indian of Mexico has developed. Made a government ward, with the government looking after his business, the United States Indian has been ruined. Today the Indians in the territory want to leave the country and go to Mexico, and they will be found doing it just as fast as they can after the tribulations are ended. Some of the tribes are now divided between the territory and Mexico, and in every case the branch that is in this country is anxious to get to Mexico. It is just because Mexico knows how to handle them.

Cross Breed a Failure.

"The Mexican Indian is commonly a full-blood. There are few of them in the United States. You can ride across Indian Territory, 225 miles, and be lucky if you see a full-blood Indian. The government has encouraged white men to marry squaw wives by giving them the property benefits of such relationship to the tribes; and as a result the so-called Indians are half and quarter bloods. The cross has been a failure.

The tribes that were transported to Indian Territory were already well on the way to civilization. The territory was their ruin. There were newspapers printed there in the Cherokee language almost as soon as in Illinois, and long before there were newspapers printed in English within the boundaries of what is now Iowa. There were schools and churches and legislative governments of the tribes. The Indians would have developed and become a strong and rich people if they had been left alone. But they were not let alone. Down at Shawnee, Okla., last October, work was begun on a great school establishment for a tribe of Indians, nearly all of whom are now in Mexico.

Big Institution for Ninety Children.

"Why was it done? If the entire number that theoretically belong to that tribe were there instead of in Mexico, there might be ninety children of school age to use these great buildings that are being erected. But they are not there. These buildings will cost something like \$150,000. Around them will be constructed a regular village of structures for the superintendent and teachers. Nobody says a word about it; the white people roundabout smile and keep still. They know there are no Indians to use that big establishment, and they calculate that one day it will provide a useful institution for the new state."

"Indian affairs have been of unusual interest in Washington this winter be-

Sherlock Holmes Folled.

From the Kansas City Journal.

There is a man at Ottawa whose obesity and slovenliness increase with his age. He has reached the point where personal appearance is the least of his worries. The other morning he came down town with his chin all smeared with egg.

"John, I'll bet I can tell what you had for breakfast this morning," said a bright young lawyer who met him.

"What did I have?" asked the man.

"You had eggs," replied the lawyer.

"You are mistaken," said the man. "I had eggs yesterday morning."

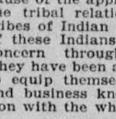
GREAT SCOTT.

The Biggest Man of Addison County, Vt., Tells an Interesting Story.

E. C. Scott, meat dealer, Vergennes, Vt., Past Commander of Ethan Allen Post, G. A. R., says: "A severe attack of typhoid left me with weak kidneys. Every night I had to get up frequently to pass the urine, which was ropy, dark and very painful to void. I had no appetite, but drank water continually without being able to quench my thirst. Terrible headaches and dizzy spells oppressed me and my back was lame, sore and stiff.

A month's treatment with Doan's Kidney Pills rid me of this trouble, and now I am strong and healthy and weigh 230 pounds. I give the credit to Doan's Kidney Pills."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.



cause of the approaching dissolution of the tribal relations of the wealthy tribes of Indian Territory. The future of these Indians is a matter of great concern throughout the southwest. They have been allowed no opportunity to equip themselves with experience and business knowledge, for competition with the white man.

Hustle for Themselves.

They are soon to be turned out to hustle for themselves. Many are preparing to go to Mexico, and if they do they fear that the government will treat them as it has the Kickapoos of Mexico, who are unable to secure the rental of their lands in Oklahoma. The Indian department wants to force them to return to this country, and this they will not do.

Meanwhile there is a great fight in congress over the heritage of these Indians—the immense Indian Territory coal field, which, it is alleged, railroad interests want to absorb at small cost. The president himself has recently been induced to take a hand in this contest. In the effort to save the Indians from being entirely despoiled of their great property.

Glasgow, Ky.—Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Eonis of this country, are probably the only married couple in the world with sixteen children, all girls, all legally their own, whose ages range from 3 to 11 years. Mr. and Mrs. Eonis have been married twelve years, and when their hoped-for sixth child did not arrive, they yearned for more little ones, and adopted two at once. Then, from time to time, one was picked up here and another there till eleven little orphans were adopted.

New York, N. Y.—Mrs. Margaret Kelley, a 77-year-old Irish widow, who added to the spirit of the occasion when she attended the dinner and celebration of St. Patrick's day at the Irish club, showed no ill effects from the lively time when seen today. Mrs. Kelley says she was born in French Park, County Roscommon, Connaught, Ireland, in March, 1789. When asked as to her idea of the best way to live in order to attain old age, she replied: "Have a good time, get plenty of sleep, and don't worry."

The Return of Sherlock Holmes

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

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III—THE ADVENTURE OF THE DANCING MAN.—Continued.

"The absence of the latter means nothing, though its presence may mean everything," said Holmes. "Unless the powder from a badly fitting cartridge happens to spurt backwards, one may fire many shots without leaving a sign. I would suggest that Mr. Cubitt's body may now be removed. I suppose, doctor, you have not recovered the bullet which wounded the lady?"

"A serious operation will be necessary before that can be done. But there are still four cartridges in the revolver. Two have been fired and two wounds inflicted, so that each bullet can be accounted for."

"So it would seem," said Holmes. "Perhaps you can account also for the bullet which has so obviously struck the edge of the window?"

He had turned suddenly, and his long, thin finger was pointing to a hole which had been drilled right through the lower window sash, about an inch above the bottom.

"By George!" cried the inspector. "How ever did you see that?"

"Because I looked for it."

"Wonderful!" said the country doctor. "You are certainly right, sir. Then a third shot has been fired, and therefore a third person must have been present. But who could that have been, and how could he have got away?"

"That is the problem which we are now about to solve," said Sherlock Holmes. "You remember, Inspector Martin, when the servants said that on leaving their room they were at once conscious of a smell of powder, I remarked that the point was an extremely important one?"

"Yes, sir; but I confess I did not quite follow you."

"It suggested that at the time of the firing, the window as well as the door of the room had been open. Otherwise

rapid and masterful progress of Holmes' investigation. At first he had shown some disposition to assert his own position, but now he was overcome with admiration and ready to follow without question wherever Holmes led.

"Whom do you suspect?" he asked.

"I'll go into that later. There are several points in this problem which I have not been able to explain to you yet. Now that I have got so far, I had best proceed on my own lines, and then clear the whole matter up once and for all."

"Just as you wish, Mr. Holmes, so long as we get our man."

"I have no desire to make mysteries, but it is impossible at the moment of action to enter into long and complex explanations. I have the threads of this affair all in my hand. Even if this lady should never recover consciousness we can still reconstruct the events of last night and insure that justice be done. First of all, I wish to know whether there is any man in this neighborhood known as 'Elgie'?"

The servants were cross-questioned, but none of them had heard of such a name. The stable boy threw a light upon the matter by remembering that a farmer of that name lived some miles off, in the direction of East Ruston.

"Is it a lonely farm?"

"Very lonely, sir."

"Perhaps they have not heard yet of all that happened here during the night?"

"Maybe not, sir."

Holmes thought for a little, and then a curious smile played over his face.

"Saddle a horse, my lad," said he. "I shall wish you to take a note to Elrige's farm."

He took from his pocket the various slips of the dancing men. With these in front of him, he worked for some time at the study table. Finally he handed a note to the boy, with directions to put it into the hands of the



"HE SANK WITH A DEEP GROAN ON TO THE SETTEE."

the fumes of powder could not have blown so rapidly through the house. A draught in the room was necessary for that. Both door and window were open for a very short time, however."

"How do you prove that?"

"Because the candle was not guttered."

"Capital!" cried the inspector. "Capital!"

"Feeling sure that the window had been open at the time of the tragedy, I conceived that there might have been a third person in the affair, who stood outside this opening and fired through it. Any shot directed at this person might hit the sash. I looked, and there, sure enough, was the bullet mark!"

"But how came the window to be shut and fastened?"

"The woman's first instinct would be to shut and fasten the window. But, hullo! what is this?"

It was a lady's hand bag which stood upon the study table—a trim little hand bag of crocodile skin and silver. Holmes opened it and turned the contents out. There were twenty fifty-pound notes of the Bank of England held together by an india rubber band—nothing else.

"This must be preserved, for it will figure in the trial," said Holmes, as he handed the bag with its contents to the inspector. "It is now necessary that we should try to throw some light upon this third bullet, which has clearly been fired from inside the room. I should like to see Mrs. King, the cook, again. You said, Mrs. King, that you were awakened by a loud explosion. When you said that, did you mean that it seemed to you to be louder than the second one?"

"Well, sir, it awakened me from my sleep, and so it is hard to judge. But it did seem very loud."

"You don't think that it might have been two shots fired almost at the same instant?"

"I believe that it was undoubtedly so. I rather think, Inspector Martin, that we have now exhausted all that this room can teach us. If you will kindly step around with me, we shall see what fresh evidence the garden has to offer."

A flower bed extended up to the study window, and we all broke into an exclamation as we approached it. The flowers were trampled down, and the soft soil was imprinted all over with footmarks. Large, masculine feet they were, with peculiarly long, sharp toes. Holmes hunted about among the grass and leaves like a retriever after a wounded bird. Then, with a cry of satisfaction, he bent forward and picked up a little brazen cylinder.

"I thought so," said he; "the revolver had an ejector, and here is the third cartridge. I really think, Inspector Martin, that our case is almost complete."

The country inspector's face had shown his intense amazement at the

person to whom it was addressed, and especially to answer no questions of any sort which might be put to him. I saw the outside of the note, addressed in straggling, irregular characters, very unlike Holmes' usual precise hand. It was consigned to Mr. Abe Slaney, Elrige's farm, East Ruston, Norfolk.

"I think, Inspector," Holmes remarked, "that you would do well to telegraph for an escort, as, if my calculations prove to be correct, you may have a particularly dangerous prisoner to convey to the county gaol. The boy who takes this note could no doubt forward your telegram. If there is an afternoon train to town, Watson, I think we should do well to take it, and have a chemical analysis of some interest to finish, and this investigation draws rapidly to a close."

When the youth had been dispatched with the note, Sherlock Holmes gave his instructions to the servants. If any visitor were to call asking for Mrs. Hilton Cubitt, no information should be given as to her condition, but he was to be shown at once into the drawing room. He impressed these points upon them with the utmost earnestness. Finally he led the way into the drawing room, with the remark that the business was now out of our hands, and that we must while away the time as best we might until we could see what was in store for us. The doctor had departed to his patients, and only the inspector and myself remained.

"I think that I can help you to pass an hour in an interesting and profitable manner," said Holmes, drawing his



Werth White.

Mrs. Shopper (who is very near-sighted, in a department store)—How much is that figure over there?

Clerk—About a hundred thousand dollars.

Mrs. Shopper—What? All that for a wax figure?

Clerk—That ain't a wax figure. That's the boss.

chair up to the table, and spreading out in front of him the various papers upon which were recorded the antics of the dancing men. "As to you, friend Watson, I owe every atom of my success in this case to your natural curiosity to remain so long unsatisfied. To you, Inspector, the whole incident may appear as a remarkable professional study. I must tell you, first of all, the interesting circumstances connected with the previous consultations which Mr. Hilton Cubitt has had with me in Baker street." He then shortly recapitulated the facts which have already been recorded. "I have here in front of me these singular productions, at which one might smile, had they not proved themselves to be the forerunners of so terrible a tragedy. I am fairly familiar with all forms of secret writings, and am myself the author of a trifling monograph upon the subject, in which I analyze one hundred and sixty separate ciphers, but I confess that this is entirely new to me. The object of those who invented the system has apparently been to conceal that these characters convey a message, and to give the idea that they are the mere random sketches of children.

"Having once recognized, however, that the symbols stood for letters, and having applied the rules which guide us in all forms of secret writing, the solution was easy enough. The first message submitted to me was a short note that it was impossible for me to do more than to say, with some confidence, that the symbol stood for E. As you are aware, E is the most common letter in the English alphabet, and it predominates to so marked an extent that even in a short sentence one would expect to find it most often. Out of fifteen symbols in the first message, four were the same, so it was reasonable to set this down as E. It is true that in some cases the figure was bearing a flag, and in some cases not, but it was probable from the way in which the flags were distributed, that they were used to break the sentence into words. I accepted this as a hypothesis, and noted E was represented by a flag. I came to the real difficulty of the inquiry. The order of the English letters after E is by no means well marked, and any preponderance which may be shown in an average of a printed sheet may be reversed in a single short sentence. Speaking roughly, T, A, O, I, N, S, H, R, and L are the numerical order in which letters occur; but T, A, O and I are very nearly abreast of each other, and it would be an endless task to try each combination until a meaning was arrived at. I therefore waited for fresh material. In my second interview with Mr. Hilton Cubitt he was able to give me two other short sentences and one message, which appeared—since there was no flag—to be a single word. Here are the symbols. Now in the strange word I have already got the two E's coming second and fourth in a word of five letters. It might be 'sever,' or 'lever,' or 'never.' There can be no question that the latter as a reply to an appeal is far the most probable, and the circumstances pointed to its being a reply written by a lady. Accepting it as correct, we are now able to say that the symbols stand respectively for

N, V and R.

"Even now I was in considerable difficulty, but a happy thought put me in the possession of several other letters. It occurred to me that if these appeals came, as I expected, from someone who had been intimate with the lady in her early life, a combination which contained two E's with three letters between might very well stand for the name 'ELSIE.' On examination I found that such a combination formed the termination of the message which was three times repeated. It was certainly some appeal to 'Elsie.' In this way I had got my L, S and I. But what appeal could it be? There were only four letters in the word which preceded 'Elsie,' and it ended in E. Surely the word must be 'MIE.' I tried all other four letters ending in E, but could find none to fit the case. So now I was in possession of C, O and M, and I was in a position to attack the first message once more, dividing it into words and picking out for each symbol which was still unknown. So treated, it worked out in this fashion:

M . E R E . . E S L N E .

"Now the first letter can only be A, which is a most useful discovery, since it occurs no fewer than three times in this short sentence, and the E is so apparent in the second word. Now it becomes:

A M H E R E A . E S L A N E .

Or, filling in the obvious vacancies in the name:

A M H E R E A B E S L A N E Y .

I had so many letters now that I could proceed with some confidence to the second message, which worked out in this fashion:

A . . . E L R I . E S .

Here I could only make sense by putting T and G for the missing letters, and supposing the words to be the name of some house or inn at which the writer was staying."

Inspector Martin and I had listened with the utmost interest to the full and clear account of how my friend had produced results which worked out to so complete a command over our difficulties.

"What did you do then, sir?" asked the inspector.

"I had every reason to suppose that this 'Abe Slaney' was an American, since Abe is an American contraction, and since a letter from America had been the starting point of all the trouble. I had also every cause to think that there was some criminal secret in the matter. The lady's allusions to her past, and her refusal to take her husband into her confidence, both pointed in that direction. I therefore cabled to my friend, Wilson Hargrave, of the New York police bureau, who has more than once made use of my knowledge of London crime. I asked him whether the name of Abe Slaney was known to him. Here is his reply: 'The most dangerous crook in Chicago.' On the very evening upon which I had his answer, Hilton Cubitt told me the last message from Slaney. Working with known letters, it took this form: ELSIE . R E A R E T O M E E T T H Y G O .

The addition of a P and a D completed a message, which showed me that the rascal was proceeding from persuasion to threats, and my knowledge of the crooks of Chicago prepared me to find that he might very rapidly put his words into action. At once came to Norfolk with my friend and colleague, Dr. Watson, but, unhappily, only in time to find that the worst had already occurred."

(Continued Next Week)

Dramatize Him.

New York Globe: "I understand that you are about to make moves to regain the money you have lost through statements of Mr. Josselyn of Boston," says the interviewer to the frenzied magnate. "Are you going to fight him on the board of trade?"

"No," answers the frenzied magnate. "I am going to have him dramatized and then work him over into parlor game."

The method employed by the captains of Nile boats to keep the natives away on landing is to turn the hose on them.

The Coffee Debate.

The published statements of a number of coffee importers and roasters indicate a "wasp" feeling toward us, for daring to say that coffee is harmful to a percentage of the people.

A frank public discussion of the subject is quite agreeable to us and can certainly do no harm; on the contrary, when all the facts on both sides of any question are spread before the people they can thereupon decide and act intelligently.

Give the people plain facts and they will take care of themselves.

We demand facts in this coffee discussion and propose to see that the facts are brought clearly before the people.

A number of coffee importers and roasters have joined a movement to boom coffee and stop the use of Postum Food Coffee and in their newspaper statements undertake to deceive by false assertions.

Their first is that coffee is not harmful.

We assert that one in every three coffee users has some form of incipient or chronic disease; realize for one moment what a terrible menace to a nation of civilized people when one kind of beverage cripples the energies and health of one-third the people who use it.

We make the assertion advisedly and suggest that the reader secure his own proof by personal inquiry among coffee users.

Ask your coffee drinking friends if they keep free from any sort of aches and ails. You will be startled at the percentage and will very naturally seek to place the cause of disorder on something aside from coffee, whether food, inherited tendencies or something else.

Go deeper in your search for facts.

If your friend admits occasional nervousness, rheumatism, heart weakness, stomach or bowel trouble, kidney complaint, weak eyes, or approaching nervous prostration induce him or her to make the experiment of leaving off coffee for ten days and using Postum Food Coffee, and observe the result. It will startle you and give your friend something to think of. Of course, if

the person is one of the weak ones and says "I can't quit" you will have discovered one of the slaves of the coffee importer. Treat such kindly, for they seem absolutely powerless to stop the gradual but sure destruction of body and health.

Nature has a way of destroying a part of the people to make room for the stronger. It is the old law of "the survival of the fittest" at work, and the victims are many.

We repeat the assertion that coffee does harm many people, not all, but an army large enough to appal the investigator and searcher for facts.

The next pervarication of the coffee importers and roasters is their statement that Postum Food Coffee is made of roasted peas, beans or corn, and mixed with a low grade of coffee and that it contains no nourishment.

We have previously offered to wager \$100,000.00 with them that their statements are absolutely false.

They have not accepted our wager and they will not.

We will gladly make a present of \$25,000.00 to any roaster or importer of old-fashioned coffee who will accept that wager.

Free inspection of our factories and methods is made by thousands of people each month and the coffee importers themselves are cordially invited. Both Postum and Grape-Nuts are absolutely pure and made exactly as stated.

The formula of Postum and the analysis made by one of the foremost chemists of Boston has been printed on every package for many years and is absolutely accurate.

Now as to the food value of Postum. It contains the parts of the wheat berry which carry the elemental salts such as lime, iron, potash, silica, etc., etc., used by the life forces to rebuild the cellular tissue, and this is particularly true of the phosphate of potash, also found in Grape-Nuts, which combines in the human body with albumen and this combination, together with water, rebuilds the worn out gray matter in the delicate nerve centers all over the body, and throughout the brain and solar plexus.

Ordinary coffee stimulates in an untoward way, but with many people it slowly and surely destroys and does not rebuild this gray substance so vitally important to the well-being of every human being.

These are eternal facts, proven, well authenticated and known to every prop-

erly educated physician, chemist and food expert.

Please remember we never say ordinary coffee hurts every one.

Some people use it regularly and seem strong enough to withstand its attacks, but there is misery and disease in store for the man or woman who persists in its use when nature protests, by heart weakness, stomach and bowel troubles, kidney disease, weak eyes, or general nervous prostration. The remedy is obvious. The drug caffeine, contained in all ordinary coffee, must be discontinued absolutely or the disease will continue in spite of any medicine and will grow worse.

It is easy to leave off the old-fashioned coffee by adopting Postum Food Coffee, for in it one finds a pleasing hot breakfast or dinner beverage that has the deep seal brown color, changing to a rich golden brown when good cream is added. When boiled long enough (15 minutes) the flavor is not that of rank Rio coffee, but very like the milder, smooth and high grade Java, but entirely lacking the drug effect of ordinary coffee.

Any one suffering from disorders set up by coffee drinking (and there is an extensive variety) can absolutely depend upon some measure of relief by quitting coffee and using Postum Food Coffee.

If the disease has not become too strongly rooted, one can with good reason expect it to disappear entirely in a reasonable time after the active cause of the trouble is removed and the cellular tissue has time to naturally rebuild with the elements furnished by Postum and good food.

It's only just plain old common sense.

Now, with the exact facts before the reader, he or she can decide the wise course, looking to health and the power to do things.

If you have any doubt as to the cause of any ache or ail you may have, remember the far reaching telegrams of white to make the experiment of leaving off coffee entirely for ten days and using Postum in its place.

You will probably gather some good solid facts, worth more than a gold mine, for health can make gold and sickness lose it. Besides there's all the fun, for it's like a continuous internal frolic to be perfectly well.

There's a reason for

POSTUM

Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich.