

METEOR A MESSENGER OF THE WRATH OF HEAVEN



A flitting spark across a summer sky, a globe like a glowing orange, a mass of lambent flame, a thunderous crash, and a great piece of meteor buried itself in the ground. Half a dozen rods away a man lay cowering, cringing from the blow. Then he began to pray, first for safety from the wrath of his Maker and then for pardon for his sins, all the time shrinking nearer to the ground in his extremity trying to hide himself from the next "missile of the Almighty." The minutes lagged by. No other, thunder came, and the still terrified farmer slipped across his feet to his poor little house, his lips still moving, praying, supplicating. In the dark kitchen the young night hid the wife, stricken with equal fear, and starting as if from stupor when the husband brushed the door open and peered in. Then they knelt together and prayed over and over for pardon and pity. To one of even elemental education what happened on the farm of James Sharp in Oklahoma that summer evening two years ago would have been wonderful, but quite natural, but the metallic visitor from the void made a different impression on the uninitiated minds of the man and woman in the little kitchen.

Meteor Turns Them from Sin.

There was no supper that night, nothing to eat, all the next day—just ceaseless praying night and day that God might see fit to condone the sins of two erring children and yield them life. The warning had been sufficient; their paths would turn; it would all be different, they supplicated. For days there was no cessation in the praying and exhorting. The stock went unfed, the two supplicants went unfed and without sleep, while exhaustion and the madness of fear worked in their childish minds with subtle poison. Then, writes E. H. Smith in the Chicago Record-Herald, James Sharp had a revelation. The Father had seen his waywardness and lack of devotion and had sent him a warning to change his ways. He was to give up material life, dispose of his farm and go out into the world to teach the benighted and heathen the marvels of God's manifestation to him, James Sharp, the prophet, who didn't know what a meteor was. Two weeks after the revelation Sharp gave his farm and horses away and started out to "teach all peoples." He wandered over Oklahoma and was jeered; he went to Kansas and Colorado and Nebraska, the Dakotas, and finally to Canada, and tried to impress the people with the greatness of his new faith.

The new prophet and prophesies were kicked and cuffed from place to place till they finally got back to Oklahoma. They preached on the streets of Oklahoma City one night and a man joined them from a little group of listeners. John Adkins was his name. His eloquence got gifts of money for the band; it brought Sharp's brother into the fold and attracted crowds everywhere. Adkins finally convinced Sharp that he was Adam and that Mrs. Sharp was Eve, and that Sharp's brother, by some Biblical vagary, was, in fact, Abel. Then the entire band was placed in an asylum for the insane. In a month Sharp and his wife were released, but Adkins was held for sixteen months. Adkins soon won his way back to the asylum, but the Sharps were looked upon as harmless fanatics and permitted to go their way.

With a band reinforced by Louis Pratt, his wife and five children, Sharp started for Canada again, preaching everywhere he stopped. In Canada he preached the revealed doctrine of the meteor and the wrath of God, as he called it. He had learned, however, that the police of the Dominion took unkindly to his cult, and he formed an immediate and unreasoning hatred for the law. Then Sharp announced that the Lord had come to him in the night, told him that Adam was the name of the first man and the common name of all mankind, and that, since God was the name of the Father and the Maker, the natural name of all mankind was "Adam God." As the leader and deliverer of humanity, Sharp was to be the first to bear the universal name, and his wife was thenceforward to

style herself as Eve God. He was, in fact, a new Messiah, come for the saving of the abysmal world. That was not all. In the night the Lord had told Sharp that men's society and men's law were unlawful, since they were not founded on the Bible, which was the sole and only law that needed obedience. The Lord had spoken and Sharp had interpreted the revelation to mean that his band was to arm, in order to resist and destroy the "unlawful law" and its officers.

The little band of madmen, deluded women and benighted little children broke camp, singing homemade songs, brandishing weapons and making for the States where the creed had started and where the seed was to flourish into blood and murder. The peripatetic band made its way across the line, bought a poor covered wagon and a tottering old horse and began the move for the South. Finally Midot, S. D., was reached. The horse and wagon were traded for a small hatbox, with a canvas top spread tepee-like for a shelter. In this the new Messiah and the band started south. At Omaha and at St. Joseph, Mo., they were driven out, and they finally reached Kansas City, harried by the police and full of resolve to fight and exterminate the enemies of "the Lord's chosen folk."

Clash with Kansas City Police.

At various points where they stopped arms and ammunition were bought. The women and children were taught to shoot the "unlawful officers," and Sharp was openly teaching his followers that he, Adam God, and they, the children of Adam, could no more be harmed by the bullets of the police than could the Lord Himself. In this frenzy of superstitious fever they landed at Kansas City, and near the city hall, under the very noses of the "unlawful officers," they sang and preached and exhorted, and Sharp, or Adam God, uttered public threats against the police.

For weeks nothing happened, until one chill, somber December afternoon a probationary officer chanced to pass the band singing on its accustomed corner. The officer told Sharp that to have children of such tender age singing on the streets was in defiance of the school laws and that it should be stopped and the children sent to school. The fateful hour had come. Adam God, who knew no law but the Bible's, wheeled and struck the officer down. The band set upon him, singing and beating at once. A single officer ran out, brandished his revolver and advanced on the fanatics who had taken up their services on the corner. Then there was a shot. The servants of God had answered. The policeman ran back to the station and three others came. Adam God, tall and bearded, stood brandishing a long knife. Near him stood Louis Pratt, his hand on his revolver, while Mrs. Sharp (Eve) and Mrs. Pratt held revolvers, and the eldest of the little girls, Lulu Pratt, 13 years old, waved a similar weapon, too large for her to handle or fire properly.

Death in Mad Riot.

Hatless and unarmed, Sergeant Patrick Clark walked up to the prophet, closely followed by Michael Mullane and Arthur Dolbow, two patrolmen, the latter also unarmed. Clark, confident of his great strength, grappled with the prophet. The knife descended across his face in a long, cruel cut that destroyed an eye. It flashed again, piercing Clark's neck, and he fell, justly Pratt fired and Dolbow rolled across the narrow walk dead. Mullane fired once, high for fear of hitting one of the children, who clustered about the knees of the two men. Then one or two other policemen hurried up, the crowd scattered in mad, unreckoning flight, and the battle between the "unlawful officers" and the servants of the Lord was on.

A bullet from a police revolver, passed harmlessly through Adam God's hat. "Their arms shall fall at their sides and their bullets shall not prevail against the Lord," he exhorted, drunk with a sense of security.

Meantime Mrs. Pratt chased Officer Mullane around a wagon, firing at every step, while Mullane tried to get into range of the leader, who was firing right and left at the officers. He turned and saw a woman fire at him, but refused to kill a woman. The next moment two bullets, one from the woman's revolver and one from the little girl's, struck the big policeman. Pratt still stood in the middle of the street, firing from two revolvers. One shot struck a bystander with fatal results. Then a rifle ball pierced his brain and he went down. Other balls pierced both hands of Adam God and he fled in the mad crowd and the gathering darkness.

Eve also had fled, and then the last remnant of the misguided band, mother and five children, retreated to the river and their boat. Alone, in the prow with a rifle, the mother held the officers back, pleading that they bring Eve to counsel her. But Eve did not come. While the police crept nearer to the boat, she sprang into a skiff with her two oldest daughters and pushed off. Then the police were ordered to shoot low and sink the boat. A few minutes' pursuit and the chase was over. Mrs. Pratt and her younger girl were dragged off, but Lulu Pratt had been shot through the face and was dead.

Half a dozen miles away, along a railroad track, Adam God, his hands bleeding in his overcoat pockets, walked through the night. At dawn he entered a patch of woods and slept. Then he walked again all night and appeared at a farmhouse, famished and begging for food. He said he was a paralytic and the farmer fed him. A few hours later Adam God was arrested and carted back to Kansas City. "What I did," he said, "I did because of the faith, but the way it has all turned out I guess the faith was wrong. It was the fault of the faith. I knew that as soon as the first bullet hit me. Up to that moment, as I felt the bullets graze me and go harmlessly by, I felt that God was turning them aside, and it made me all the more sure that we were right and would prevail."

In her cell the new Eve had not heard, and stuck to her faith. The Pratt children and her mother also were still firm. Then a policeman told them that Adam God was wounded and a prisoner. The Pratts said nothing. In her cell Eve heard the news with another effect. "If Adam is wounded and caught, what of our faith?" she moaned. "It was all wrong, and I have nothing left to lean on." They took Sharp, no longer Adam God, into a justice court and arraigned him for murder.

ANGEL-FACED BOY AND MOTHER WHOM HE SLEW.



MRS. JOHN HAZEL.

A teacher's mistake many years ago is said to have resulted in Don Harvey Hazel becoming the murderer of his mother. At Toledo Hazel was found guilty of killing his parent and was sentenced to life imprisonment in the Ohio penitentiary. When the boy was going to school in the earlier part of his life—he is now 17—his tutor, unintentionally, called him Hazel when she wanted him to recite or do something for her. This continued for some time, the teacher not knowing that Hazel was the pupil's last name. The boy resented the appellation, as there were two girls in his class named Hazel. When the teacher learned her error, she apologized, but Hazel did not let the matter rest. He played truant for two weeks and concealed the fact from his parents. The parents were notified. Fearing he would be severely punished, the lad ran away, became a tramp, and evil association ruined him.

On Jan. 11, 1908, he went to his parents' home in Toledo and slew his mother by hitting her over the head with a hammer. His father returned from work that night and found the woman dead on the kitchen floor. Money and jewelry had been stolen from a room upstairs. The police that night arrested Harvey and he confessed.

The youth is a study in criminology and a puzzle to alienists. With frank, open countenance, mild brown eyes that are uncommonly large, he looks anything but a boy who would commit murder. He is gentle mannered and soft of speech, and during his trial was referred to as the "angel-faced" boy.

After his arrest the boy talked about the crime with the utmost coolness. He never shed a tear during his long term in jail awaiting trial. He smiled when the jury gave its verdict.

END OF AMERICA'S "SUGAR KING."



Claus Spreckels, financier, philanthropist and "sugar king," recently died of pneumonia in San Francisco. His two sons, John D. and Rudolph, were at the bedside at the end. Rudolph Spreckels, who is pictured here with his father, was on the steamship Nippon Maru, from Honolulu, when his father's critical condition was flashed to him by wireless. He urged the officers of the vessel to make all haste, offering to pay persons for all the coal consumed in the dash for the Golden Gate, and arrived in port a few hours before death came.

Claus Spreckels was born in Germany in 1828. At the age of 20 he took steamer passage for America, landing in Charleston with but \$3 in his pocket and a knowledge that he was in a new country where "hustle" seemed to be the watchword. Young Spreckels' first work was as a grocer's clerk, when he toiled early and late for just his board for the first month. A year and a half later Spreckels was able to buy out his employer and go into the grocery business for himself. His business prospered from the start, and was conducted successfully until 1855, when he saw an advantageous opening in New York and went thither, where his success was beyond all his expectations.

In the good boom period he went to San Francisco, and at first ran a store and later a brewery. In 1893 he established his first sugar refinery, and invented new refining processes. About the same time he acquired large sugar estates in Hawaii.

When the sugar trust was organized, its promoters invited Spreckels to sell out to them. He refused to sell, and the trust resolved to force Spreckels out of business. Instead of submitting to such dictation, Spreckels went to Philadelphia with \$5,000,000 cash and erected the largest sugar refinery in the world, when he fixed prices himself in the trust's own domains. After studying the situation for a while, the trust capitulated. Then Spreckels sold them his Philadelphia property and the trust left him in control of the entire Pacific coast.

HANDS RAW AND SCALY.

Itched and Burned Terribly—Could Not Move Thumbs Without Flinching—Steady Improvement—Cure Soon Cured Eczema. "An itching humor covered both hands and got up over my wrists and even up to the elbows. The itching and burning were terrible. My hands got all scaly and when I scratched, the surface would be covered with blisters and then get raw. The eczema got so bad that I could not move my thumbs without deep cracks appearing. I went to my doctor, but his medicine could only stop the itching. At night I suffered so fearfully that I could not sleep. I could not bear to touch my hands with water. This went on for three months and I was fairly worn out. At last I got the Cuticura Remedies and in a month I was cured. Walter H. Cox, 16 Somerset st., Boston, Mass., Sept. 25, 1908." Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props. of Cuticura Remedies, Boston.

No Butter in Great Britain.

The British Isles are in the throes of a butter famine. The state of affairs which now exists in London has never been experienced before in the memory of the oldest living merchant. This city, Liverpool, Manchester, Glasgow, Bristol and other great centers of trade may be said to be in a state of panic. There is no reserve of cold stored butter at all. Many of the prominent margarine manufacturers in England report that not for many years have they been working at such high pressure to fill their pressing orders. It is anticipated that during the present high price of butter it will meet with an enormous sale.

HURT IN A WRECK.

Kidney's Badly Injured and Health Seriously Impaired.

William White, R. R. man, 201 Constance St., Three Rivers, Mich., says: "In a railroad collision my kidneys must have been hurt, as I passed bloody urine with pain for a long time after, was weak and thin, and so I could not work. Two years after I went to the hospital and remained almost six months, but my case seemed hopeless. The urine passed involuntarily. Two months ago I began taking Dean's Kidney Pills and saw improvement has been wonderful. Four boxes have done me more good than all the doctoring of seven years. I have gained so much that my friends wonder at it." Sold by all dealers. 50¢ a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

One Boy Knew. "Now, boys," asked the Sunday school teacher, "when does Christmas come?" "Yes after paw kills his lawns," promptly answered the arch in the cowhide boots.—Chicago Tribune.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him. W. BALDWIN, KINMAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

His Limit.

"Orlando, mamma says you mustn't come to see me any more." "Gracious heaven, Dora! What have I—?" "Thin four times a week hereafter. Quit that, Orlando! Let me alone!"

Here is Relief for Women.

If you have pains in the back, urinary, bladder or kidney trouble, find a certain, pleasant herb cure for women's ills, try Mother Gray's Kidney-Healer. It is a safe and new kidney regulator. Ask Druggists or by mail 10 cts. Sample package FREE. Address The Mother Gray Co., LeRoy, N. Y.

James Warren, a farm laborer, 82 years old, died recently at Edworth, England, after having worked on the same farm for seventy-five years.

Only One "BROMO QUININE" That is LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for the signature of E. W. GROVE. Used the world over to cure a Cold in One Day. Etc.

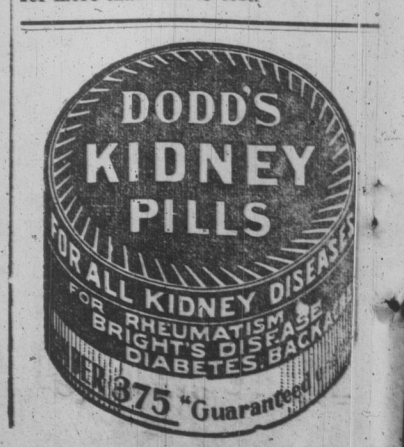
Red-headed persons are not apt to become bald.

Good Housekeepers Use the Best. That's why they use Red Cross Ball Blue. At leading grocers, 5 cents.

Defining a Stock Gamble. Senator La Follette was discussing with great approbation the President's suggestions toward the abolition of stock gambling.

"Such marginal transactions are not business," said Senator La Follette. "Look at them. After all, what is a successful stock gamble?"

He paused and smiled. Then he answered his own question neatly. "In a successful stock gamble," he said, "you pay for something that you don't get, with money that you haven't got, then you sell what you never had for more than it ever cost."



LABOR CHIEFS WHO WERE SENTENCED FOR CONTEMPT.



SAMUEL GOMPERS.

Samuel Gompers, John Mitchell and Frank Morrison, who have been found guilty of contempt and sentenced to jail by the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, are three of the most prominent and widely known labor leaders in the United States. Gompers, who has been president of the American Federation of Labor since 1882, with the exception of one year, was born in England in 1850. A cigar-maker by trade, he has been connected

with the labor movement since he was 15 years old. As one of the organizers of the American Federation of Labor and editor of the official magazine of the organization, he has wielded a wide influence all over the world. John Mitchell, vice president of the organization, who until recently was also president of the United Mine Workers of America, is a native of Will county, Illinois. Aside from what he learned in the public schools of Braidwood up to the time he was 10 years old he is self-educated. He was born in 1870 and has been in the labor movement since boyhood. Frank Morrison, who was born in 1859, has been secretary of the American Federation of Labor since 1897. By trade a printer, he is also a graduate of Lake Forest University Law School.

The Buck's Company's prosecution of the officials of the American Federation of Labor, which resulted in their sentence, began in August, 1907. The original action was a test case, wherein it was sought to enjoin the labor unions from using the "unfair" and "We don't patronize" lists in their fight against firms and individuals. Justice Gould of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia issued an injunction, which later was made permanent, forbidding the publication of the company's name in these lists. President Gompers, in an editorial in the Federationist of January last, made known his intention not to obey the court's order, contending that the injunction issued was in derogation of the rights of labor and an abuse of the injunctive power of the courts. Gompers, Mitchell and Morrison subsequently were cited for contempt and this phase of the case has been before the court for many months, the proceedings taking the form of a hearing of testimony before an examiner and many arguments.

QUEEN OF NIGHT RIDERS HOLDS SECRETS OF CLAN.



MRS. ELLA PRIDE.

The name of one woman stands out in memory of the Night Riders. It is that of Mrs. Ella Pride, of Star Island, Tenn., erstwhile Queen of the Night Riders. Mrs. Pride, according to her own story, was a self-appointed member of the terrorizing band of horsemen. She dressed herself in male attire and put on the regulation mask. She had been on two whipping excursions with them before she was discovered. To save herself, she was forced by the riders to take the oath, which she was

glad to do. She was then made secretary of the band, which position she held ten months.

One day she fell from grace, however. She had committed the fatal blunder of talking too much. She was herself visited by the masked horsemen. The papers of the organization were taken from her and destroyed and she was taken out and whipped. After which her home was burned. She placed herself under the protection of Judge Harris, where she has been ever since. The palace of Czar Nicholas is no more strongly guarded than is the home of Judge Harris, Tiptonville, Lake County. The richest man in the county, the owner of the most land surrounding Reelfoot Lake, the cause of the uprising of the Night Riders, he is the man most sought by them.

Harris' father died a few years ago, leaving him his vast estate and his title to the Reelfoot property. He was responsible for the bringing of the lawsuits which dispossessed the farmers and fishermen of what they regarded as their rights from childhood. From that time he has been a marked man. He has received daily messages warning him that his life would pay the forfeit for his acts.

From the first of the trouble Harris has never gone out of his home alone. He is always accompanied by at least two men. His home is like a citadel. Electricians have placed mines at every approach to it. These can be touched off by electric buttons in the house. The house itself is mined with explosives that can be fired from many places, in case the Night Riders should gain access to it. Harris is not a judge. "Judge" is his surname, given to him by an aunt when he was a baby because he had such a solemn look.

Give people what you think they want instead of what they ask for, and you'll make a lot of enemies.