



BUCHANAN BANNER.

JESSE J. PARKER, PUBLISHERS. GEO. R. WILDERN, ISSUED WEEKLY. SUBSCRIPTION PRICE, \$1.00

GREETING.

With the initial number of the BANNER we take the opportunity of introducing ourselves to the people of Buchanan and surrounding towns. We will endeavor to furnish through the columns of this paper the news and all the news in a perfectly independent and unbiased manner, and reserve the privilege of pruning out whatever may, in our judgement, seem of little consequence to an intelligent public.

We desire to call your attention to the contributions furnished by a corps of able correspondents, nearly every township in the county being represented, a feature which we trust will be thoroughly appreciated.

Again, no pains will be spared to make the BANNER all that its name implies, and every effort will be put forth to make it a representative of your community worthy of patronage.

We shall strive to be fair and impartial with all, and in general make-up give you a newspaper in every sense of the word—a paper containing pure and wholesome reading for each member of the family, a paper recognized by the people as an object of admiration and usefulness, a messenger of joy, hope, intelligence and entertainment, a something to look forward to and respect.

Respectfully yours, PARKER & WILDERN.

The death of Charles A. Dana, editor of the New York Sun, which occurred at his home in Glencove, Long Island, last Sunday afternoon, takes from the newspaper world the ablest writer and all-around newspaper man this country has ever produced.

It is a trite saying that this is a day and age of organizations. I noticed the other day in a Detroit paper that ninety-one conventions had been held in Detroit during the past season, and that efforts were being made to secure even a larger number of them.

There is one point more, with which I will close. The value of the free press is not now sufficiently appreciated in this country. It is only some particular circumstance, some unusual occurrence, that can make it rise clearly before the eyes of us all.

BERRIEN COUNTY'S OLDEST PIONEER.

Presenting to our readers a series of illustrated biographical sketches of Berrien county's pioneers, we have chosen for first consideration Mr. Joseph Sparks of Buchanan, who is without doubt the oldest living pioneer of this county.



JOSEPH SPARKS.

Mr. Sparks was born in Rowan county, North Carolina, January 24, 1814, and is the oldest of a family of eleven children. With his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Sparks, he moved to Wayne county, Indiana in his first year, where the next 13 years of his life were spent.

When the elder Mr. Sparks reached Michigan he had for his worldly possessions, a wife and eight children, five sons and three daughters, a yoke of steers, a wagon and \$4.25 in money.

counties were one and the same thing, and as near as can be learned it is safe to say that no more than a dozen families had preceded the Sparks family to this section of the United States, recognized at that time as the far west.

On January 16, 1838, Joseph Sparks was united in marriage to Miss Mary Jarvis, who was also born in Rowan Co., North Carolina. They began housekeeping under most adverse circumstances and though often hard pressed succeeded in getting an honest livelihood and laying aside something for a rainy day.

Mr. Sparks has no recollection of any trouble with the Indians, though during the Black Hawk war there was a little scare when it was reported that Chief Black Hawk and his forces were headed this way from Chicago, and of several who started out to meet the enemy.

This section of the country abounded with all sorts of game and the St. Joseph river will always be remembered as furnishing an unlimited supply of catfish, of which young Joseph made many large catches, occasionally hauling in a twenty pound shiner beauty from his moist home.

Mr. Sparks united with the Lutheran church and has ever since remained a member. In 1850 Mr. and Mrs. Sparks moved to Buchanan where the remainder of their days will no doubt be spent.

Contributed by Kenyon L. Butterfield, Editor of Grange Visitor Department in the Michigan Farmer.

It is a trite saying that this is a day and age of organizations. I noticed the other day in a Detroit paper that ninety-one conventions had been held in Detroit during the past season, and that efforts were being made to secure even a larger number of them.

A significant fact is that the farmers, composing the largest single class of people in the country, while one of the first of the classes to organize thoroughly are to day behind most classes in the perfection of their organizations.

It is not so easy for them to get together; they are not accustomed to going long distances to conventions; and it must be admitted that in many cases pure jealousy of each other is the greatest hindrance to thorough organization.

I have no time to dwell at any length on the various phases of organization.

It is not long since that the farmers, just to what extent producers can organize for the purpose of selling their products, although in this state, in several instances, fruit growers have combined successfully and to their profit.

2. Writers on agricultural conditions all join in saying that one of the greatest drawbacks to the progress of farmers is their social isolation. This is not so true as it was before Granges, farmers' clubs, institutes, etc. came upon the field.

3. Organizing for purely educational purposes is also a legitimate field. Meeting together, talking together and acting together form an education in themselves, and when to this is added the study of formal education as concerns district schools, the Agricultural College etc., the beneficial results are vastly increased.

4. There is no way in which the farmers can, if they will, combine more satisfactorily than for the purpose of influencing legislation. This requires great self-sacrifice, prudence of purpose, the most watchful care and the most intense energy.

In closing I would like to point to the general organization which in every respect "talks the bill" for a farmers' organization. There is no reason why there should not be an active Grange in nearly every township in central and southern Michigan.

GEORGE M. PULLMAN DEAD JURY IS DISCHARGED.

Celebrated Sleeping Car Magnate Is No More.

CARRIED OFF BY HEART DISEASE.

Discovered Early in the Morning in a Dying Condition, Although He Retired in Apparently Good Health—His Death a Shock to His Many Friends and Acquaintances—Sketch of His Life—How He Got His Start in Business.

Chicago, Oct. 19.—George M. Pullman, president of the Pullman Palace Car company, died at 5:30 o'clock Tuesday morning at his home, 1729 Prairie avenue. Death was sudden, and is attributed to heart difficulty. Monday night Mr. Pullman retired at 11 o'clock, after entertaining a party of friends at his home. At that time he made no particular complaint regarding his health.

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During the past month Mr. Pullman has been ailing, but the trouble was not sufficient to interfere with his business, and Monday he was at his office as usual.

Early Tuesday morning a friend, who was stopping with Mr. Pullman Monday night, heard a slight noise from his host's bedchamber and entered to see Mr. Pullman make his way to a safe, where he fell gasping for breath. Physicians were summoned, but the sick man expired before a doctor could reach his side. His very sudden death comes as a shock to his relatives and friends, and as it became known throughout the city, formed the chief topic of conversation in business circles.

Remarkable Business Achievements. George Mortimer Pullman was born March 3, 1831, in Chataqua county, N. Y. At 14 he went into a country store, and at 17 he left the place to learn the trade of a cabinet maker, and at 22 he took a contract for moving houses, as was made necessary by the widening of the Erie canal. So far there is nothing exciting in his record. But what really interests the public is his town and the wonderful business and social system he and his coadjutors have built up there.

Pullman is, indeed, a wonderful town—the greatest town in the world owned by one man or corporation. All the world knows that, but all the world does not yet know that in Pullman have been solved several questions over which George and Bellamy, Donnelly and the socialists, are still puzzling themselves and us. In 1880 the town of Pullman was founded purely as a business and shop facilities. Today it is a great city by itself, or would be if it had not been absorbed within the ever-encroaching limits of Chicago.

Pullman is spacious and cleanly. There are eight miles of paved streets, bordered for the most part by stately elms and maples. From the busy brick station when he leaves the railway the visitor looks down a broad, clean, well shaded and well lighted boulevard to the sparkling waters of the lake. There are a hotel, a theater with seats for 1,000 people and a renowned arcade containing postoffice, savings bank and public library. The last, with its 3,000 volumes, being the best in the city. But more than all, the basis of it all in truth, are the great car works. On the first floor is the great Corliss engine which ran the machinery at the centennial exhibit of 1876, and on the other floors are all the minute devices for putting through their successive stages the many thousand cars turned out yearly by the company.

It was in 1859 that Mr. Pullman located in Chicago in the line of building buildings. On his first night he conceived the idea of making comfortable sleeping cars. All the world has read of the difficulty he had in inducing railroad men to believe the scheme would pay. That year he induced the Chicago and Alton road to let him remodel two of their day coaches and make them sleepers. In 1862 he turned out the first regular Pullman car and named it "Pioneer." His "Pullmans" are now running on 125,000 miles of railway. His work is wonderful, and the town of Pullman is his monument.

Age Touched Him Lightly. George M. Pullman was one of the style of men popularly described as a "perfect gentleman." His 66 years of life touched his kindly face lightly. He was an extensive traveler in foreign lands and a very pleasant talker. No man ever had a more loyal and unselfish friend. The boy who loved his mother in Brocton was the husband and father who worshipped his family in Chicago. Mr. Pullman was a member of half a dozen Chicago clubs, a patron of art and music and a "chum" of his neighbors, Philip D. Armour and Marshall Field.

The home of the Pullmans is on the lake shore, Prairie avenue, and Eighteenth street, the corner of the lawn touching the spot where occurred the Fort Dearborn massacre in the Indian days of Chicago, which Mr. Pullman recently commemorated by a splendid bronze group. The house is of fine brown stone and one of the most costly in the city, and the family is made up of father and mother, Florence, now Mrs. Lowden, a beautiful brunette of 26; Harriet, now Mrs. Frank Carleton of San Francisco, a duplicate of her mother, aged 24; and George M., Jr., and Sanger, twins, aged 21. Mrs. Pullman was Harriet Sanger, daughter of J. Y. Sanger of Ottawa, Ill., where she was married to Mr. Pullman in 1857. She is a very lovely woman and, with her children, is largely interested in works of charity.

Rev. Fayette Royce Dead. Beloit, Wis., Oct. 19.—Rev. Fayette Royce, D. D., for twenty-nine years rector of St. Paul's Episcopal church, died Tuesday morning at St. Luke's hospital in Chicago of Bright's disease. He was widely known as a clergyman and was a prominent Free Mason.

LUETGERT CASE AGREE.

Twelve Men in Jurisdiction. Luetgert Case Agreed. CLOSE OF THE JURIED TRIAL.

Chicago, Oct. 19.—Adolph L. Luetgert's fate is still to be tried has disagreed. The jurors slowly filed from the room. The air was filled with excitement. The rapping of the gavel and the calls to "sit down" were heard. There was a momentary lull in the proceedings. Luetgert, seated in his chair, with a look of intense anxiety on his face, looked at the attorneys. Judge Tutthill, in a low voice, said: "Gentlemen, the jury has agreed upon a verdict. We have not three for acquittal, but three for conviction."

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ADOLPH L. LUETGERT. After being sworn in, he declared that there were some things for a verdict would hang out, hers were just as set of guilty, while Luetgert's was a disagreement. Judge Tutthill asked the jurors to make a further effort to reach a decision. The jury deliberated for some time, and finally returned a verdict of guilty.

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expense list of the Luetgert trial \$300,000; expense of trial, Justice Kersten, \$75,000; expense of experiment conducted by the state, \$1,500,000; total, \$1,875,000.

Must Wait Until Congress Meets. Washington, Oct. 20.—The president has determined not to consider any new consular appointments until congress meets owing to the many requests that have come from senators and representatives that consideration be held up until they can see the president. There is also a great pressure of other business which is occupying the president's time. Mr. McKinley has begun to collect material for his annual message, and though he is yet far from beginning work upon the message, he is making notes and jotting down suggestions from time to time as they occur to him.

Funeral of Rear Admiral Worden. Washington, Oct. 20.—The funeral of the late Rear Admiral John L. Worden, retired, of the navy, took place at St. John's Episcopal church Wednesday morning at 10:30 o'clock. The honorary pall-bearers were Secretary of the Navy John D. Long, General Nelson A. Miles, Justice Horace Gray, Judge J. C. Bancroft-Davis, Admiral Franklin, General J. G. Parke, Judge John Davis and Colonel Archibald Hopkins. President McKinley and the cabinet attended the services. The remains were taken to Pawlings, N. Y., for burial.

Car and Emperor Meet. Wiesbaden, Oct. 20.—The czar and the Grand Duke of Hesse arrived here at 12:30 p. m. on a visit to Emperor William. They were met at the railroad depot by his majesty and the Prince of Schaumburg-Lippe. The two emperors cordially embraced and kissed each other. After the usual presentations their majesties drove to the castle, warmly cheered by the crowds lining the route. The car returned to Darmstadt after lunch.

Shot Himself Fatally. St. Louis, Oct. 20.—Alois Thoman, aged 70, one of the most prominent Swiss in Missouri, fired a bullet into his left breast. The bullet entered an inch below the heart and physicians say he cannot live. Financial difficulties are given as the cause of his attempt at suicide. Mr. Thoman was a wholesale and retail wine dealer and was Swiss consul here at one time. He had been in business at South Broadway for twenty years.

Fall Capes... Are being closed out at a great reduction at the "MILLINERY EMPORIUM" A Full Assortment of Trimmed and Untrimmed Hats embracing all the Popular Fall Styles.

A fine line of millinery novelties which must be seen to be appreciated. "MILLINERY EMPORIUM." The Richards Metallic Saddle. Zinc Collar Pad Co., BUCHANAN, MICH.

All Kinds of Home Baked Bread, Pies, Cakes, and Cookies—made FRESH every day. I have secured the agency for the renowned DOWAGIAC FLOUR Best 10-cent lunches in the city. BERTHA ROE.

Mrs. G. H. Parkinson Has taken the agency for PATTERN HATS and will furnish them to the trade in all styles and prices. FULL LINE Walking Hats and Sailors, Velvets, Ostrich tips and Fancy Featherers. NEW STYLES in CHILDREN'S HATS and CAPS. MRS. G. H. PARKINSON.

Good Bargains are by far the cheapest and In the Grocery Line we WILL NOT be lead. Our goods are always clean and fresh and the prices are right.

Fine Teas Do you want something strictly fine and fancy in pure Japan teas. I have just received a shipment and to introduce them properly I will sell the best 60c. tea for 50c. 40c. tea for 30c.

W. H. KELLER John Wilbur.

We court opposition, defy competition, and under no condition will budge from our position. We know we can save you money and respectfully invite you to give us a trial order.

You Are constantly in need of groceries and it means \$\$\$ to trade where you can get the Best Goods at the Lowest Prices. Our Stock of Teas, Coffees and Spices is excelled by none. In Canned Goods we lead the trade—others follow.

Treat Bros. UP TO DATE S. A. Vinton MANUFACTURER OF TANKS, VEILANDA POSTS AND SPINDLES General Job Work Done To Order. BIG SHOP SITE ON SOUTH OAK STREET, Buchanan, Michigan.

Kold Weather Is At Hand! Fill up your coal bins before the price of coal takes a rise. REMEMBER that I keep constantly on hand an abundant supply of COAL and LUMBER.

WM. MONROE Prompt Attention to Orders. Just Out of Perfumes My stock is complete. School Supplies Choice Stationery. Toilet Articles: Many new novelties in this line. The most complete line of Patent Medicines, and in fact found in a first-class drug store. BARMORE.

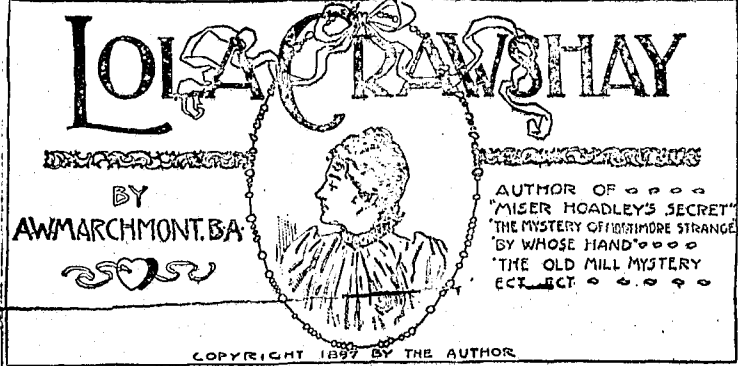
Barbed Wire Fence meaning that the price was bigger than the pocketbook. The careful buyer knows full well that Good Bargains are by far the cheapest and In the Grocery Line we WILL NOT be lead. Our goods are always clean and fresh and the prices are right.

Fine Teas Do you want something strictly fine and fancy in pure Japan teas. I have just received a shipment and to introduce them properly I will sell the best 60c. tea for 50c. 40c. tea for 30c.

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beating with an infinite pleasure that the man who had gloomed and raled and deced her young life was dead.

PROLOGUE II. PRIME AT LAST.

A fortnight after the incident on the Devil's rock, Lola Crawshaw and her father were in close conversation in the old man's bedroom in a hotel in Neufchatel.

The old man was sitting up on his bed, propped by pillows, and his wrinkled, parchment colored skin looked yellow and dingy against the snow white bedclothes.

But he was not to die. He had started to get up, and she had started to get up, and she had started to get up.

There was a knock, and she opened the door, and she opened the door, and she opened the door.

She looked at him, and she looked at him, and she looked at him, and she looked at him.

He looked at her, and he looked at her, and he looked at her, and he looked at her.

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trouble. Don't you think your little money is for me. I should not do it on you, and I don't want 'em.

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Advertisement for MORRIS' 'The Fair' featuring the slogan 'IT PAYS To Trade At MORRIS' 'The Fair' and 'Dealer in almost everything...'

Advertisement for W. H. FILE, BICYCLE DOCTOR, featuring 'Extra Fine Steaks', 'HINDU DOCTOR', and 'MY HOSPITAL'.

Advertisement for Bradley's 'Old Father Time' featuring 'FREE!! FREE!! FREE!! AN ELEGANT PHOTO FREE!!!'.

Advertisement for THE 'BUCHANAN BANNER' featuring 'Is a new paper.', 'The PROPRIETORS Are experienced printers', and 'PARKER & WILDERN.'

PROLOGUE I. ON THE DEVIL'S ROCK. "So you're in earnest, are you, and really mean it this time?"

The reply was uttered with the crisp, clear ring of determination, and Lola Turrian as she spoke looked her husband in the face with set decision in every line of her young, beautiful face.

The husband, a slim, fair, good-looking man, smiled provokingly as he returned her gaze. He shrugged his shoulders as he answered readily and rapidly, though with a slight foreign accent.

"Upon my word, you really are very beautiful, Lola. I'm not a bit surprised that other men fall in love with you."

Her husband eyed her curiously without letting any sign of amonance at her words appear and replied with the air of one who is merely balancing the pros and cons of a given course.

"I wonder if I did make a mistake with you when I stopped you going on the boards. A speech like that to the gods ought to draw many pounds a week to any house."

His cold, sneering indifference goaded her almost beyond the point of endurance, but she fought down her rage.

"I have come out here to tell you that this kind of life must end."

"And a devilish uncomfortable place you've chosen," he said, interrupting her and laughing.

"When I knew we had to stop so long, I resolved to bring you here to say what I had to say."

"All right," was the answer, and the husband glanced round as if resigning himself to an uncomfortable experience.

PROLOGUE II. PRIME AT LAST. "So you're in earnest, are you, and really mean it this time?"

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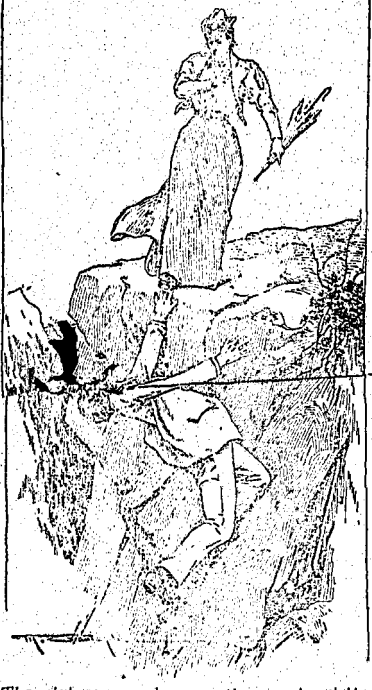
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The girl stumped upon the man's white, strained fingers.



The girl watched him till he dropped asleep.