

THE DAILY BEE.

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THE BEE PUBLISHING COMPANY, PROPRIETORS. R. HOSKIN WATER, Editor.

CORN is king, and Nebraska leads all the corn states.

THE Bee continues to publish a good paper six days in the week.

THE Mason Telegraph says that perhaps the real name of the editor of the Cincinnati Commercial-Gazette is Muriel Halstead.

ON account of the benevolent and humane disposition of Dr. Miller, the execution of offensive republicans does not, as a rule, take place on hangman's day.

THE wind blows from the north on the democratic primaries. Weather prophets are uncertain as to the outcome of the gathering storm.

JAY GOULD visited St. Louis the other day and was sued for \$150,000 by one of his numerous victims. That was not the kind of a fall suit that he was looking after.

OMAHA is putting in a good deal of brick and mortar this year, but we want more of it and less frame. A city of brick and stone always has a substantial appearance.

NOW let the democrats nominate as good a ticket as that which has been put in the field by the republicans, and we shall be sure of having some good officers, no matter who is elected.

THE Boston Advertiser is a month ahead of the times when it announces that Iowa holds its state election to-day. Iowa's agony will be prolonged until November.

VIRGINIA has experienced another earthquake shock. It is believed that sweet Bill Mahone's mouth became unglued in the exciting canvass which is now desolating the Shenandoah valley.

MR. MITCHELL's wing of the democracy claims the credit for the appointment of Miss Clark as postmistress at Blair. Dr. Miller, however, did not fail to put in prompt appearance with his little editorial commending the change.

THE sultan has composed a piece of music for the imperial band. His majesty has dedicated his work to his wife, a daughter of the late Abdul Aziz. What special grudge the sultan has against the former Miss Aziz, is not stated in the cablegrams.

JOHN L. WISE, the unseated hero of twenty-six duels, and now the Mahone candidate for governor of Virginia, is left handless. Under the code he must use his right hand in firing. John's opponents think that he shoots "not wisely, but too well."

IN the south Platte country the progress from frontier to farm has gone on with scarcely less vigor. As in the case of the most northern counties, the greatest development is noted in that which had been considered most worthless.

REPORTS from Washington place Nebraska as first among the corn growing states in the estimated yield per acre. Old settlers are beginning to wonder where the great American desert really began and whether as a matter of fact it ever had any beginning.

GOVERNMENT engineers report the entire success of the explosion at Hell Gate. More than a million dollars have been expended in improving the East river in New York harbor. It is to be hoped that congress can now find means to secure the improvement of the great western rivers.

THE price of Indian scalps in Arizona is going up. Until recently they have been bringing \$250 each, but the present market quotation is \$300 for the scalps of chiefs. Such rewards as these ought to make Indians pretty scarce in Arizona. The wealthy cattle men say the reward system is approved by the people who regard it the only way to rid the country of hostiles.

OHIO holds a state election for a full list of state officers and for members of the legislature which is to elect a successor to John Sherman. Reports from the state indicate a reduced vote and an exciting time. The republicans profess themselves confident of Foraker's election by 10,000 majority, owing to democratic disaffection and an expected heavy falling off in the prohibition vote.

LAWYERS generally will disapprove of the precedent recently set in the opinion of Vice Chancellor Bird, of New Jersey. The judge decided that a lawyer who induces a client to give a slight thousand dollar mortgage for \$75, and then sells it himself for \$1,200, must turn the profit over to the client instead of pocketing it himself. In the early days of the Nebraska bar such a decision would have been sure death to the future judicial aspirations of any Nebraska justice, and will no doubt meet with the general disapprobation of every petitioner in the state today.

From Frontier to Farm.

General Thayer's interesting letter on Cheyenne county and its recent development, which excited so much interest when published some weeks ago in the Bee, has been supplemented by another describing the growth of Keith county. Like the predecessor, it deals with the phenomenal progress from frontier to farm which has been so characteristic of Nebraska's growth during the past ten years, and which during the last five has pushed forward with such remarkable strides.

Ten years ago, the hundredth meridian or the center of Buffalo county, was considered the extreme limit of arable lands westward in Nebraska. That vast domain which stretches from near Kearney to the Wyoming line was given over by the wisdom of editors and the ignorance of the great majority of others to grazing purposes. There were few who saw in the rich prairies covered with bunch grass, from which the buffalo had hardly passed, the possibilities of fields of waving grain and broad acres of yellow corn. To eastern Nebraska it was still the frontier and doomed by the natural laws of climate to remain so perpetually.

Nature does not always take men into her secrets. The limit of arable land in Nebraska has steadily pushed westward year by year. Rain has followed freely in the tracks of the settler who has dared to break the sod. For a hundred miles west of Kearney the farmers have taken up nearly every acre of the land which was considered worthless ten years ago and for two hundred miles farther west the prairie is dotted with the little dug-outs and more pretentious sod-houses of farmer pioneers. Buffalo county on the 1st of last June contained 14,948 population and boasted of 7,531 farms, Dawson county, still farther west, of 6,710 inhabitants and 2,909 farms, and Lincoln, its next-door neighbor, of 5,092 population and 3,332 tracts under cultivation.

But two counties along the line of the Union Pacific remain to be settled up before the western limit of the state is reached, viz: Keith and Cheyenne, whose condition has been so graphically set forth in the columns of the Bee by General Thayer. If their growth is at all commensurate with that of their immediate neighbors, the census of 1890 will see the entire disappearance of the rainless frontier in Nebraska. According to our last state census, the counties of Buffalo, Dawson and Lincoln have more than doubled in population, and now contain in the neighborhood of 30,000 inhabitants, while Keith has grown from a cattle-shipping region with less than two hundred floating population to a county which in June last counted up 1,200 inhabitants, and at the present time claims, and undoubtedly has, nearer 3,000. The remarks made about the extension of agriculture and growth of population along the Union Pacific apply with even more force to the development in northwestern and southwestern Nebraska. The census of 1890 omits from its lists the counties of Brown, Cherry, Sheridan and Dawes, whose combined population, according to the state census taken last June, was 14,740, and which cannot to-day be less than 20,000. Holt county, in 1880, reported 3,287 population. It comes up smiling in this year of grace 1885 with more than 16,000. In the region from O'Neil to the Wyoming line, which five years ago contained by census less than 4,000 people, more than 30,000 inhabitants are now making their living, and 7,000 farms are in process of cultivation. The cold statistics of to-day are the best reply to the forebodings of the wisecracks of the last decade.

In the south Platte country the progress from frontier to farm has gone on with scarcely less vigor. As in the case of the most northern counties, the greatest development is noted in that which had been considered most worthless. The growth of that tier of counties lying directly south of Dawson, Lincoln and Keith shows an increase of population from 12,115 to 22,559, while the lower-most counties report an increase of some 8,000 in a total of 29,000 present population. The rich valley of the Loup, the counties of Sherman, Valley, Loup, Wheeler and Custer, which have remained more or less isolated, and ignored for so long because of their isolation, join the procession of their sisters in western Nebraska development. Five years ago Custer reported 2,217 inhabitants. To-day she stands credited with 12,390. In 1880 Sherman was thinly settled with 2,061. Five years later she had more than doubled her population, with Valley, Loup and Wheeler with the same record. The frontier, as may be seen from these statistics of our state's marvelous growth, is being year by year crowded towards the Wyoming line. Man is assisting nature in changing the face of the country. Groves and orchards, pastures and ploughed land, farm houses, churches and schools and prosperous towns are rapidly erasing the old time desert from the face of the map. Year by year its extent has been contracted. Five years from now, who is prepared to say that it will exist except in memory?

A Blasted Reputation. The sudden death of Judge Theodore R. Westbrook, in New York, last week, marked the end of a judicial career which has failed to call forth a single word of editorial praise from the metropolitan press. No friend of the deceased can read the reminiscences of the dead judge, with which the New York papers are filled, with any emotions except those of shame. His legal ability, his favor as a judge with bar and jury, his fine personal presence all receive the prominence due them, but are overshadowed completely by the single sentence, "Jay Gould's hand had been laid on him and his court was the creature of his corporations." Judge Westbrook first came into unenviable prominence in the civil actions brought against the members of the Tweed ring. It was generally believed that he shared in the benefits of that carnival of plunder. It is recalled that he presided over a Tweed civil action, and when he announced the compromise of the suits

On to the Coast.

Mr. P. P. Shelby, the general freight agent of the Union Pacific, is in San Francisco, and has been telling a newspaper interviewer that although there would be no new trans-continental line built into San Francisco in the near future, yet the Union Pacific would be the first to extend its road to the coast.

Ten years later he came into unenviable prominence in the suits brought by Gould to capture the Manhattan Elevated railroad. His selection of Judge Dillon, as receiver, led to the saying that Judge Westbrook held court in Jay Gould's chambers. Every circumstance invited the conclusion that he played into the hands of Gould, Field and Sage, although, "on the evidence," the legislature did not impeach him. It was a weirdly significant fact that when the judge's room was broken into last Wednesday morning in Troy the occupant lay dead, with outstretched finger pointing to a legal paper with the title, "Opinion of P. R. Westbrook in the case of the Manhattan vs. New York Elevated R. R."

To men in positions of judicial trust there is certain death in the corrupting touch of great corporations. Reputation, honor, all that a man of integrity holds most dear as a bequest to family and community after they are removed from their midst, shrivel before it. Any present advantage sinks into insignificance before the certain results of dishonor and public scorn which most surely ensue from the mere suspicion of judicial corruption.

The Grant Monument Fund.

The New York Commercial Advertiser sounds a note of distress over the Grant monument fund, as follows: "The growth of the Grant monument fund is now so slow as scarcely to be growth at all. Fiftal contributions of a few dollars are received now and then, but practically the collection of funds for this purpose has ceased. There must be a reason for the speedy popular neglect into which the enterprise has fallen, and for the apathy that has succeeded the quick enthusiasm of a few weeks ago." The reason for "the popular neglect" must be found in New York alone. Outside of that city the only feeling is that the nation should not be called upon to contribute to a purely local tribute to General Grant's fame. Other cities which are raising handsome funds for their own Grant monuments will not decline to contribute to a national memorial to be placed in the national capital. The expression of opinion is almost universal that General Grant's place of burial will be chosen, but that once made, the people of the city in whose midst he rests should properly rear his tomb without calling upon the country at large to share in the expense. The fact of the matter is, that New York with all its wealth is greedy of its means, deficient in enterprise and devoid of enthusiasm necessary to organize and push to completion any scheme which does not promise returns in dollars and cents. It gladly accepted the honor of General Grant's funeral and cheerfully raked in the hundreds of thousands of dollars which the obsequies brought into the city. A monument, however, promises no such returns and its thirty citizens are now eagerly passing around the empty hat to the people of other states and expressing sorrowful surprise at their refusal to contribute.

A Denial by Capt. Bourke.

OMAHA, Neb., Oct. 10.—Editor of Bee.—The story, copied in your paper of to-day's issue, regarding General Crook's campaign in the Sierra Madre, is a lie from beginning to end. There is not one particle of truth in it. Very Respectfully, JOHN G. BOURKE.

Captain Bourke refers to the article credited to the New York Commercial Advertiser in our Saturday's issue. If anyone is competent to pass an opinion on its truth or falsity, that man is Capt. J. G. Bourke. He acted as Gen. Crook's adjutant general during the entire campaign and is now publishing its history in a Boston magazine. We are glad, therefore, to print the first authorized denial of charges that have been floating through the press of the country ever since Crook's return from Mexico and which have even found their way into official reports of the interior department without contradiction. Just at present it looks very much to a man up a tree, as if there was a combined effort to pill Gen. Crook down. The recent dispatches which have been sent broadcast over the country, recounting Crook's failures in Arizona have evidently a common origin. There is too much of a method in their composition and simultaneous publication where they are likely to do the greatest harm to the general. Gen. Crook is a silent man and not given to explanations. It is, therefore, with much pleasure that we publish the forcible note in which Capt. Bourke denounces, as a lie out of whole cloth, the story that Crook was captured by the Apaches in the Sierra Madre or was forced into terms with the Indians unbefitting his reputation and derogatory to the interests of the government which had sent him to punish Geronimo's San Carlos cut-throats and savages.

PERSONALITIES.

Secretary Whitney is not easily accessible to visitors. Candidate Ira Davenport has a forehead like a post. George W. Childs, of the Philadelphia Ledger, is in receipt of \$1,300 daily. The Chicago A. B. C. advertiser is a capitalist story-teller and a fond of joking. The sultan is in a peak of trouble, but is desperate to hide his light under a bushel. Belva Lockwood will probably remain in Washington until the next presidential campaign. Jay Gould is reported to have saved enough money to have the front of his new town built to-day. Senator Logan is growing rich, but he is not at all purse-proud, like many a millionaire parvenu. President Cleveland is said to possess the power of disconcerting hoars without telling them to "git."

Miss Blanche Howard, author of "One Summer," will spend a portion of next winter in Europe.

John L. Sullivan is not exactly like a horse. Any man can make him drink, but ten men cannot lead him to water.

Mr. Shakespear is the newly-appointed postmaster at Kalamazoo, Euphonious country, Michigan.

Mr. Hoyt, a sister of the president, will reside at the mansion until November, when Miss Cleveland's return is expected.

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Four of the ten living ex-governors of Vermont are not yet beyond the gates of age: Hiram Hall, of Bennington; Paul Dillingham, of Waterbury; Hyland Fletcher, of Cavendish; and Frederick Holbrook, of Brattleboro.

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What the Newspapers Have to Say of the Bee's Improvements. Chryseus Leader: The Omaha Bee has a new press, new press, and many other evidences of prosperity.

Red Cloud Chief: The Omaha Bee the best daily in the state, has lately added a web perfecting press to its outfit, and now that it is able to print, cut, make and fold 10,000 copies per hour. The Chief wishes its metropolitan contemporary success.

Philadelphia Record: The Omaha Bee has new-dressed and new-pressed itself, and reaches us bearing all the earmarks of newspaper prosperity. The west is not showing a more rapid reception faster than in the quality and quantity of its journalism.

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LUCKY BALDWIN'S LIFE.

The Noted Californian Talks About Himself: From Poverty to Fabulous Wealth. Louisville Courier-Recorder: Room 330 at the Fifth House is occupied by a medium-sized white-haired man, who is usually attired in a plain dark suit, with a coat of the double-breasted sack cut. There is nothing flashy about him. The man is E. J. Baldwin, familiarly known as "Lucky Baldwin," the noted California millionaire. Mr. Baldwin has been here for several days, attending the fall races with his string of runners.

Last night Mr. Baldwin related to a Courier journal representative much of his early experience, how he rose from poverty to millions and what dangers and labors he passed through before he reached wealth. He was born near Cincinnati, but his father moved to a small store in Racine, Wis., endeavoring to take care of himself and a young wife. For four years the fame of the golden California coast had traversed all parts of the west and the Mississippi valley. Stories of how men, one day the possessors of nothing, on the next the owners of fortunes, were common, and all were believed. In that same year, 1853, Mr. Baldwin sold his little store in Racine, on the one his wife bought a wagon train to make their perilsous way across the plains to the new Eldorado, where fortune hid fair to smile on all. Indians were the great danger to the emigrants, and it was the main portion of the train which chose for his journey they were worse than they had ever been before or since, although there is much reason to believe that many of the robberies and murders were committed by the Mormons disguised as Indians. Mr. Baldwin was not an exception to the list of sufferers, and he graphically related how the attack was made.

When we came to the Humboldt river, which we had to cross, "our" wagon train, as it was called, was in a bad way. We had no water, and the men were all around the wells, and we camped one evening near a spring of fresh water in a little valley, with a high bluff on one side. The night passed away without trouble, but early in the morning the Indians were there, and they fired at us from the bluff. "A party of Indians had concealed themselves amid the thick shrubbery on top of the cliff and were beginning a live-fire on our party. We had no arms, our wagons in a kind of semi-circle and, barricading behind them, we returned the fire. Our people were not at all well armed, for they had only a number of old guns that could not be depended on. We had no ammunition, but we were on either side. The Indians sent part of their men around and they came down in the valley, opening a fire from our side. Things grew too hot and we had to take to our heels. We tried to get up the bluff, but they were too strong for us. We took our course through a kind of canyon that led through the hills. "The Indians followed us with a yell and soon overtook our wagons. They could have killed us, but they did not. They were not so sure of their own strength as we were. I was driving the wagon in which lay my wife, who was ill. Two Indians, each with a loaded revolver, seized hold of the bridges of my wagon and held it fast. I was myself up for lost, but the Indians did not shoot. "Our good fortune saved us. Just at the head of the canyon was encamped a large ox team belonging to a party of about seventy-five people. They, too, had been attacked by the Indians, but by building a fortification held them at bay. Both our party and the Indians who were attacking us ran upon this team and were scattered in all directions. We were afraid to pursue us further. We at once joined forces with the other crowd, while the two parties of Indians did the same. They surrounded our camp, and crawling over the tall grass, they were everywhere when a man exposed himself, they were not sufficiently strong to storm our fortifications. We remained in that spot two weeks, when the Indians finally gave up and went away. We were now unmolested. The band that attacked us belonged to the Apache tribe. "Mr. Baldwin's fortune did not come to him by some sudden streak of luck, as his own name would indicate, but was acquired gradually. When he reached San Francisco he obtained possession of small hotel, but ran it for only two weeks. A friend whom he had known in the east was interested in a government contract for making brick. Mr. Baldwin was obtained a share in the venture, although he knew nothing in the world about making brick. "I was determined to learn," he said, "and I went to the art of brick-making. I sat up at night and studied it, mastering the details. "The brick-making venture prospered, and the contract began to make money, clearing about \$1,500 a month on his contract. From that kind of business he passed to some other, and turned his hand to almost everything, as he himself has said. Finally he decided to strike mining stocks and began to make money rapidly. Mining stocks were the kind he traded in, and a keen eye for business caused him to rarely lose. "It is the way I made my money," he said, "for I never had a great stroke of luck, like some other men. The Chronicle gave me my name of 'Lucky' for some successful venture that I had made in stocks. I worked hard and I bought the mines that I thought were crawling through tunnels and went down shafts and labored for years like a slave. "I have made some big deals," said Mr. Baldwin. In 1871 he cleared four and a half millions at one time out of the Ophir mine at Virginia City, Nev. I had all the dealers on the coast and the California bank against me, but I out-guessed them and drove them out, and rather than what was led to my break. By the way, the history of that mine has been rather remarkable. It broke in 1856 for \$1,000,000, but it paid off everything and is still in the world. Mr. Baldwin's friends outwitted I could have made \$18,000,000. Somebody might have shot me, but still I could have done it. In his career as a millionaire Mr. Baldwin has, of course, rubbed against the other millionaires of the Pacific coast and is intimately acquainted with them all. He says that the railroad men are the most crooked of the crooked. Mr. Baldwin has crawled through many miles of tunnel through the mountains. Mr. Baldwin puts his wealth at \$20,000,000 and that of Crook and Phipps at \$10,000,000 each. He is also worth \$10,000,000. San Francisco Mr. Baldwin estimates to be the richest city in the world in proportion to its population. There are plenty of millionaires there whom one has never heard of. "All that I have told you," he said, "is only a very vague outline of the real facts. A detailed history of these things would exceed the tale of Ahab's crew, and people would not believe what they read for it would be like a dream. "In his conversation Mr. Baldwin spoke of the Spruce Knob Young shooting and of a sideswiper with Spruce Knob, a low millionaire, whom he believes to have done right in shooting the editor of the San Francisco Chronicle. "The Californian is a devoted admirer of the late Senator Stanford, who owned a farm north of Los Angeles. He was the owner of Mollie McCarthy, whom his

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When we came to the Humboldt river, which we had to cross, "our" wagon train, as it was called, was in a bad way. We had no water, and the men were all around the wells, and we camped one evening near a spring of fresh water in a little valley, with a high bluff on one side. The night passed away without trouble, but early in the morning the Indians were there, and they fired at us from the bluff. "A party of Indians had concealed themselves amid the thick shrubbery on top of the cliff and were beginning a live-fire on our party. We had no arms, our wagons in a kind of semi-circle and, barricading behind them, we returned the fire. Our people were not at all well armed, for they had only a number of old guns that could not be depended on. We had no ammunition, but we were on either side. The Indians sent part of their men around and they came down in the valley, opening a fire from our side. Things grew too hot and we had to take to our heels. We tried to get up the bluff, but they were too strong for us. We took our course through a kind of canyon that led through the hills. "The Indians followed us with a yell and soon overtook our wagons. They could have killed us, but they did not. They were not so sure of their own strength as we were. I was driving the wagon in which lay my wife, who was ill. Two Indians, each with a loaded revolver, seized hold of the bridges of my wagon and held it fast. I was myself up for lost, but the Indians did not shoot. "Our good fortune saved us. Just at the head of the canyon was encamped a large ox team belonging to a party of about seventy-five people. They, too, had been attacked by the Indians, but by building a fortification held them at bay. Both our party and the Indians who were attacking us ran upon this team and were scattered in all directions. We were afraid to pursue us further. We at once joined forces with the other crowd, while the two parties of Indians did the same. They surrounded our camp, and crawling over the tall grass, they were everywhere when a man exposed himself, they were not sufficiently strong to storm our fortifications. We remained in that spot two weeks, when the Indians finally gave up and went away. We were now unmolested. The band that attacked us belonged to the Apache tribe. "Mr. Baldwin's fortune did not come to him by some sudden streak of luck, as his own name would indicate, but was acquired gradually. When he reached San Francisco he obtained possession of small hotel, but ran it for only two weeks. A friend whom he had known in the east was interested in a government contract for making brick. Mr. Baldwin was obtained a share in the venture, although he knew nothing in the world about making brick. "I was determined to learn," he said, "and I went to the art of brick-making. I sat up at night and studied it, mastering the details. "The brick-making venture prospered, and the contract began to make money, clearing about \$1,500 a month on his contract. From that kind of business he passed to some other, and turned his hand to almost everything, as he himself has said. Finally he decided to strike mining stocks and began to make money rapidly. Mining stocks were the kind he traded in, and a keen eye for business caused him to rarely lose. "It is the way I made my money," he said, "for I never had a great stroke of luck, like some other men. The Chronicle gave me my name of 'Lucky' for some successful venture that I had made in stocks. I worked hard and I bought the mines that I thought were crawling through tunnels and went down shafts and labored for years like a slave. "I have made some big deals," said Mr. Baldwin. In 1871 he cleared four and a half millions at one time out of the Ophir mine at Virginia City, Nev. I had all the dealers on the coast and the California bank against me, but I out-guessed them and drove them out, and rather than what was led to my break. By the way, the history of that mine has been rather remarkable. It broke in 1856 for \$1,000,000, but it paid off everything and is still in the world. Mr. Baldwin's friends outwitted I could have made \$18,000,000. Somebody might have shot me, but still I could have done it. In his career as a millionaire Mr. Baldwin has, of course, rubbed against the other millionaires of the Pacific coast and is intimately acquainted with them all. He says that the railroad men are the most crooked of the crooked. Mr. Baldwin has crawled through many miles of tunnel through the mountains. Mr. Baldwin puts his wealth at \$20,000,000 and that of Crook and Phipps at \$10,000,000 each. He is also worth \$10,000,000. San Francisco Mr. Baldwin estimates to be the richest city in the world in proportion to its population. There are plenty of millionaires there whom one has never heard of. "All that I have told you," he said, "is only a very vague outline of the real facts. A detailed history of these things would exceed the tale of Ahab's crew, and people would not believe what they read for it would be like a dream. "In his conversation Mr. Baldwin spoke of the Spruce Knob Young shooting and of a sideswiper with Spruce Knob, a low millionaire, whom he believes to have done right in shooting the editor of the San Francisco Chronicle. "The Californian is a devoted admirer of the late Senator Stanford, who owned a farm north of Los Angeles. He was the owner of Mollie McCarthy, whom his

A Wonderful Invention.

A Texan Inventor's Device to Revolutionize the Modern Telephone. Fort Worth (Texas) Democrat: Over three weeks ago E. H. Brown began the work of studying out an invention, an idea which had come to him that a telephone and telegraph instrument could be made which would work without a battery. For three weeks he toiled and thought, but seemed no nearer the goal than when he started, until one night in February last, about 2 o'clock in the morning, he awoke suddenly from his sleep and found the invention in his mind. Cold as it was he jumped out of bed, lighted a lamp and began to work. In a few moments he had perfected an instrument which would work without a battery. He was determined to go to New York, but before his departure sold the right to England to Messrs. George J. Frankel and G. H. Shuttler, to France and Germany to M. E. Koye, who will work later westward than Mr. Brown east.

The electricians of Mr. Gould and Mr. Mackay inspected the invention carefully, and then the Western Union Telegraph company and Bell Telephone company were consulted. It was found that the method could not be patented, but Mr. Brown had provided against all contingencies and had patents covering everything. The immense value of the invention was shown by J. J. Sturtevant, a capitalist, who brought it to the notice of Austin Corbin, a millionaire. He formed a company, and though Mr. Safely bought the right of the United States for a million dollars, paying \$250,000 to Mr. Brown in cash, and giving ample security for the payment of \$750,000. Mr. Brown returned to Fort Worth early this week, disposed of his property here, and on Thursday night left with his family for New York, where he will reside. When he left New York Bonanza Mackay was negotiating for Canada, which is held by the inventor at \$1,000,000. Mr. Brown also brought word that a wealthy man wanted England and was willing to pay a large sum for it, which will induce Messrs. Frankel and Shuttler to go East in thirty or sixty days to look after their interests. Mr. Koye, the owner of the right for Germany and France, is now in New York and will leave in a few days for Europe.

When Mr. Brown reaches New York a cable test will be made over 5,800 miles of cable, twice the distance across the Atlantic. Instruments will be willing to be compared with the next week. A test was made in New York not long ago over 800 miles of wire and the instruments worked as clear as a bell. In a few days 100 miles of wire will be stretched on Long Island Sound, which will induce Mr. Brown to make a test. As soon as possible the firm in New York will get to work and organize sub-companies in all the states, when a revolution in telephoning and telegraphing will surely result.

The invention is a magneto telephone and telegraph without battery—a new system of transmitting the sound of the human voice without using batteries of any kind. Brown has had a number of perfecting his invention, being refused aid by those to whom he applied. A short time ago Edwin P. Masterson, a lawyer of means and well acquainted with prominent eastern telegraph and telephone men, was called to New York and at once wrote a director of the Western Union Telegraph company setting forth the wonderful workings of the invention. The Western Union officials were much interested, and Mr. Masterson asked him to issue instructions to some experienced man in or near Fort Worth to have the instrument tested over the Western Union lines and report to him at once. G