The Daily Gazette

Office of publication—second street, between Houston and Throckmorton. Entered at the postoffice as second-class matter.

MONDAY MORNING AUGUST 20.

FIRST EDITION.

HELLO!

An Interview With Superintendent Clower of the Southwestern Telephone Company.

Mr. D. M. Clower, of Dallas, superintendent middle division southwestern telegraph and telephone company, was interviewed by a GAZETTE reporter at the El Paso Hotel last evening and kindly gave him some information of the telephone system of the division he represents. In answer to questions he stated that the telephone system of Texas was increasing with a rapidity which astonished even the directors of the company; that it had developed more rapidly in Texas than in any other state in the Union; that there was not a town in the state of any size that did not use the Bell telephone.

"What competition has the Bell system to contend with in your division?" asked the reporter.

"None whatever," was the reply, "the Bell telephone is the only system really in use. It controls all the others; the Edison system among them. So soon as a new opposition has been started the directors of the Bell system have either managed to buy it out or merge it with their own. They control or regulate the telephone system of Europe as well."

"Are all these systems regulated by one company?"

"Not exactly, the Southwestern system is worked and run by a company with the assurance that no opposition will be allowed if the Bell company can help it. Our company pays royalty on every telephone they put up, and there is virtually no opposition as all telephone systems are under the Bell management."

"Has there been any improvement in the Bell telephone lately?"

"Not in the telephone proper: there have been some improvements in attachments to telephones, however, only one of which I consider of much importance, and that is the 'time service' invented by Mr. J. M. Oram of Dallas. It is an attachment which tells the time of day at a given point to all connections continually. For instance, if a time service be attached to the Fort Worth general office any connection of that office could tell the time of day or night at that office by simply holding the transmitter to the ear. It is done by a system of ticks after the manner of telegraphy. A short time ago Mr. Oram received a communication from the East Indies asking for information, terms, etc., about his invention. It is an important attachment, whose value is unquestionable."

"Do you think the telephone will ever supersede the telegraph?"

"No, not at long distances. It may do so at distances of 100 miles and under, but at long distances it will not, because there have as yet been no satisfactory experiments; electrical disturbances of the atmosphere, however slight, interfere with the working of the lines, and at long distances these disturbances would be very frequent; besides, in order to send messages, a number of connections would have to be made, and too much time would be consumed in waiting. With the telegraph it is different, a person goes into the telegraph office, lays down his message and departs with the assurance that his message will go sooner or later, but with the telephone he would have to wait. No, I don't think the telephone will ever be practicable at long distances."

"Have you any long connections at work in this state now?"

"Yes, we have connection between Henrietta and Coleman City and several others I can't recall now. We have a line in course of erection between Dallas and this point which will be in operation some time in September."

"What are the principal towns using the telephone in this state?"

"They are as follows in the order named: San Antonio, Dallas, Fort Worth and Houston."

"Has there been any complaint about putting the wires above ground in this state, such as there has been in the Eastern cities?"

"Yes, but as no practicable system of underground wires has been invented it is not done. The telephone is a necessity and the people will put up with the inconveniences of wires before they will do away with the telephone. We are putting the wires on low poles so that ladders in case of fire can be used over and above them. This will obviate the most pressing objection to them.

HIGH KICKERS.

The Class of People who Annoy Hotel Keepers and Waiters.

A young man sat at the table in the dining room of one of our hotels yesterday and when the waiter came for his order, the young man took the bill of fare and marked with his pencil what dish he wanted and then handed it to the waiter.

"I can't read," said the waiter, "you will have to tell me what you want." He then gave out his order and was soon supplied with a large array of eatables, to which he did justice in quick order. When he had finished and gone the waiter fell to talking.

"Seems to me some people never will learn anything. It's a wonder that man hadn't gone to the boss and tried to have me fired because I couldn't read."

"You never encounter such a crank as that, do you?"

"Yes, indeed, sir. A hotel dining room is the best place in the world to find out what kind of stuff a man is made out of. If he is a first-class gentleman he orders in a gentlemanly way, and if it does not suit him after he gets it, he pushes it aside and only eats what does suit and leaves the table without kicking the triple-plate off the silverware."

"What class of men are the highest and hardest kickers?"

"Drummers sir. I tell you when a waiter finds a drummer who don't kick, he ought to quit the hotel business and go to gambling, for he has struck a run of luck. They are the strongest kickers in the world and seem to think they are not earning their salary if they don't abuse the waiters and complain with the clerks. There are some exceptions though, for there are some very nice and innocent men on the road, and very frequently they put up very handsomely to a waiter. But the most annoying thing in the world to a hotel waiter is to get the dining-room full of people who are not accustomed to traveling and not accustomed to hotel life, and to have them rattling on their plates and cup and calling all over the house for the waiters to come to them. It does not make any difference how busy a waiter is serving the guests at another table, they think he must stop and run whenever he rattles on his plate with his knife or fork."

"That must be very annoying. What class of men are most easily satisfied?"

"Gamblers and easy going men of the world who are accustomed to good living. No matter how bad the fare is such men never kick. They may smile and nudge each other but they don't abuse the waiter. They have sense enough to know that it isn't the waiter's fault and to know that kicking does not help them, but makes a great fool of the kicker. Give me a crowd of women and children any day in preference to a crowd of little drummers."

Some one across the room rattled on his plate violently just at this moment and the waiter hurried off to attend to his wants. The reporter sawed away on his beefsteak with great patience, and thought there was a great deal of truth in the assertion that a hotel dining room was a good place to study characters.

THE MAN IN THE TOWER.

He Has a Dream About Reporters and Interviewers.

When the reporter had labored up the many steps to the old man's lookout yesterday, and paused in the top to catch breath and wipe the perspiration from his face, the old man was singing:

"Hasten sinner to be wise,
Wait not for the morrow's sun."

His sonorous voice rang out on the summer air and woke the echoes along the banks of the Trinity river, growing faint and fainter until lost in musical whispers in the windings of the stream.

"What's the matter old man?" said the reporter. "You seem as happy as a converted sinner, or an escaped convict."

"Oh," said the old fellow, "I was just thinking of some comparisons, and that it was about time I became converted. You know that the poet sings:

"I would not live always."

Most probably he does so because he knows he can't; or at any rate a fellow has got to pass in his bones some time or other and the summons is as liable to come in the middle of the deal as not, and it might catch a fellow unprepared. "Last night," continued the old man, "I had a dream: I thought I had been summoned before the judgment seat and took my position at the rear end of a long line of applicants for admission to the heavenly kingdom. In that long line of persons before me I saw the innocent babe with face of cherubic beauty which seemed to foreshadow the glory of heaven; the forms of lovely women, draped in the flowing garments of the grave—visions of loveliness around which spotless spirits seemed to hover like perfume of their rare and radiant beauty; men of the world of all grades, occupations and professions; men of different nationalities, colors and races, all waiting their turn in that line which slowly moved towards the Great Judge. As their records were read by the recording angels, while the whole heavens about us resounded with the music of cherubims and seraphims and the glittering golden pearl streets were filled with the voices of the heavenly choir, some applicants were sent to the right with 'well done thou good and faithful servant' as their judgment; some went to the left and was told, 'depart ye accused,' and once in a while one was sent to join a small party which seemed separate and distinct from the others. As the line advanced I thought I would like to know who composed this party, for I had been taught there was no dividing line and one had either to go above or below from his dread tribunal, so I asked a sentinel who they were."

"And who were they?" asked the reporter.

The old man replied: "The sentinel told me they were reporters and interviewers; that one of them was never known to enter heaven and that his satanic majesty had made a grand kick and refused to allow any more of them to enter hades."

"Was there any reason assigned?" asked the reporter.

"Oh, yes," said the towerman, "the sentinel told me that the old boy had said that he had enough of them already, and was afraid they would start a newspaper in his kingdom and then it would only be a question of a short time before his epitaph would be

Felzzebub,
Aged nearly six thousand years,
Talked to death by interviewers
and reporters.

Mrs. VanZandt's Funeral.

The funeral and burial of Mrs. VanZandt, wife of our esteemed fellow-citizen and well known banker, Mr. K. M. VanZandt, occurred yesterday afternoon. The large concourse of people who followed her remains to their last resting place on earth, was but a slight testimonial to the esteem in which she was held by those who knew her. The grave now claims her body, but her spirit—her soul has flown to another world, and the sorrow of those to whom she was so dear is alleviated somewhat by the assurance that her goodness has taken her to Him who will comfort those she left orphaned and give consolation to her bereaved husband. The grave, for her, was dismantled of its gloom by the hope and light of the future, which to the Christian heart, offers a balm for the suffering it endures in a separation from the loved ones of earth. But there is a vacant chair in the once happy family circle, and there are aching hearts which can not be healed at once. The sincere sympathy of a thousand loving mothers and the condolence of as many kind husbands goes out to the household which has been bereft of its idol and guardian angel.

PERSONAL.

J. B. Coleman, a merchant of Coleman City, is visiting the city.

W. L. Townsend and J. A. Straley, ranchmen of Coleman City, were in the Fort yesterday.

Mrs. N. A. Senter of Nashville, Tenn., mother of Mr. E. G. Senter of the GAZETTE, arrived in town last night and is stopping at the El Paso Hotel.

W. G. Brown, of Brown & Benedict, Young county, passed through the Fort on his way to his home in Evansville, Ind. He reports the country in his section as dry but cattle looking in good fix.

T. J. Atkinson, one of Palo Pinto county's heavy cattlemen, came in to the Fort to spend the Sabbath yesterday, and meets with a hearty reception, as he always does, from his many friends in the city.

W. L. Townsend, one of Coleman's wide-awake cattlemen, was in the Fort yesterday and paid the GAZETTE a pleasant visit. He remarks the wonderful transformation as regards improvements in the Little Giant.

Hotel Arrivals.

METROPOLITAN HOTEL.

D R Wallace, Waco
Dan M Quinn, city
R M Neely, Austin
D M Lynch, city
A S Hoyne, T & P
Jas H Shields, Omaha
H C Finley, Portsmouth, O
W H Russell, city
W H Booth, Wichita Falls
H C Ferguson, Denton
M S Call, Rusk
Jno Towor and wife, Ennis
A L Corvir, Modoc railway
W A Davenport, Tex
T A Phillips, M P
S Von Bouble, city
J D Clark, T & P
Casheldon, Omaha
Wm Dent, Alvarado
J M McKustr, Colorado
Jas Taylor, Malley, Neb
Jno Dillon, Portsmouth, O
J R Houston, Dallas
M S Cool, Cisco
Arthur Merrill, Minnesota
D Waggoner, Decatur
O Jowes, Rusk
W E Arant, Rusk
Jno Kelly, city
J Burmon, Bowie
J Young, Sherman
F Carter, Texas
T S Honurl, Wichita Falls
C Wheller, Texas

Base Ball.

The two strongest junior base ball clubs of the Fort "crossed the ash" yesterday in an amusing but not very brilliant game on Montgomery Hill. The score shows the result and conclusions can be drawn from it: Favorites 44 runs; Brown Stockings 18. The Browns got completely rattled and gave up all chances for victory in the sixth inning. Mr. A. T. Dorsey officiated as umpire and gave general satisfaction with his prompt and just decisions. The "Favorites" had better go over to Dallas.

A Good Dinner.

By the kind invitation of Mr. W. F. Bigger a GAZETTE reporter dined at the Grand Central yesterday, and enjoyed a sumptuous repast. The table de hote was a marvel for Texas, and bespeaks unbounded success for the genial proprietors. The bill of fare was in neat Asiatic style with a decidedly French filling, which pronounces Mr. W. T. Evans, chief of the culinary, a caterer of first-class ability.

Children's Festival.

An ice cream festival will be given to-morrow (Tuesday) evening by the children of St. Andrew's church on the grounds of the church, corner of Fifth and Rusk streets. It will begin at five o'clock and is for the purpose of increasing the organ fund. Ice cream, cake and lemonade will be served by the little children and they should be liberally patronized.

Notice to Master Masons.

There will be a special meeting of Fort Worth Lodge No. 148 at the Masonic hall, corner of Second and Main streets, this evening at 7:30 o'clock for the purpose of conferring the master's degree. All master Masons in good standing are cordially invited. Remember 7:30 o'clock sharp.

HENRY FEILD, Secretary.

Notice.

The subscribers to stock of the Continental Meat Company are requested to meet at the Traders National Bank this evening at 5 o'clock.

R. E. MADDOX,
D. C. KEMPER,
H. C. EDRINGTON,
Committee.

Leischman's compressed yeast, the finest in the world is constantly on hand at Spencer & Tucker's.

CELEBRATED.—And justly so, is ACKER'S ENGLISH REMEDY for Consumption, Coughs and Colds. Price 10c, 50c, and $1. Sold by

L. N. BRUNSWIG & CO.

THE FIRE RECORD.

Destructive Blaze at Moline, Ills.—Mills and Lumber Burned.

Rock Island, Ills., August 19.—Shortly after five o'clock last evening fire broke out over the boiler room in the saw mill of the Keater Lumber Company in Moline. The flames spread to the yards where there were piles of lumber thirty feet high, the main portion of which was seasoned. It was soon a solid mass of flames. The fire also spread to Hewes across the street. The mill cost $90,000. There was about $20,000 worth of lumber in the yard. The company carried $50,000 insurance on the mill, and $40,000 on the lumber. Loss, $200,000.

AT BRAIDWOOD.

Braidwood, August 19.—A fire occurred at Wellington at twelve o'clock last night. Two mills and a carriage shop with contents were totally destroyed. The mills were owned by J. C. Fisher & Co. Loss, $30,000. Insurance, $15,000.

Two California Residences.

San Francisco, August 19.—Mrs. Fair, the divorced wife of Senator Fair, is about to construct a large residence, and Millionaire Flood is also to commence the erection of what he says will be the handsomest and most costly residence in the United States. It will be of brown stone brought from eastern quarries. The cost when completed is estimated at three and a half million dollars not including the value of the ground.

Report of the harvest prospects from all parts of Ireland is very encouraging. In the northern, the middle and southern counties the crops are full and promising. The potato yield is large.

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that direction by virtue of sympathizing with the true Republicans of France in their protestations against a similar evil as that complained of.

A late Paris telegram says the ninth volume of the late M. Gambetta's speeches is about to appear, and that special interest attaches to it inasmuch as it contains the hitherto unpublished speech delivered by the late statesman at Valence on September 18, 1878, in reply to a toast proposed by Mr. Madier de Montjau. After remarking that he was a strong partisan of concord and union, M. Gambetta thus concluded his eloquent harrangue:

"We shall assuredly not be a Greek, Italian, Swiss, Dutch, nor American republic. We shall introduce into the world a new form and a special physiognomy—those, namely, of a people which, possessing as it does the most ancient traditions, will add to them the highest intellectual culture, the best taste, the noblest literature, the surest genius, the most exquisite sensibility combined with the flower of urbanity, and the most elegant finesse, and which will present to the world the spectacle of an unrivalled republic—that is to say, of the development of the elite of humanity."

It is not for me to say to what extent this prophecy has been fulfilled, nor in what particulars it has failed. Had Gambetta been given the power he might have accomplished for the republic much that was scarcely attempted, but from the first day that he assumed such authority or was given him, he was compelled to fight for every inch of ground that he afterwards obtained. And now that he is dead, and the reign of inefficiency is the manifest rule in France, one is led to ask, what are the boasted "ancient traditions," coupled with "highest intellectual culture, best taste, noblest literature, surest genius and exquisite sensibility" of his people's worth, in the noticable absence of those most essential of all the fine requisites of success in a Republic, "unity of purpose, and stability of purpose."

As you will have learned from the cable telegrams, the Count de Chamford still lingers on the ragged-edge of life, likely any time to topple over into —— where? Legitimists, Orleanists, and Bonapartists, we are told, seem to be unanimous on this occasion, in deploring the possible death of the representative of the Bourbons, but for what reason it is hard to understand, since it is certain he never had the remotest chance of ascending a throne in France. He is reported to have said recently: "I know my end is near. When I am dead pray for me and for France, towards which Providence has not deigned to will that I should do my duty." Since he has not deigned to explain in what he conceived that duty lay, we are left to infer only that, in his opinion, he would only have discharged it had he mounted a throne.

A newspaper correspondent in Paris says: "To be 'Monsieur le Marquis,' or even 'Son Altesse Prince de——' will soon lose its prestige in matrimonial and other markets, should M. Girault's bill, now before the French chamber, become law; for it will then become possible for a Frenchman to purchase the title of prince for the very reasonable sum of £2,000; and inferior titles at lower rates, down to the simple prefix of 'de,' which will be procurable for £800. One does not quite see why he fixed the title of baron at £1,200, while that of vicomte is to be put at £1,000, as the second of these titles seems to possess a decidedly more aristocratic ring than the other. After all, the less high-sounding title would be worth more to M. Girault himself if he should have a notion of profiting by his own measure. Baron Girault would not sound nearly so ridiculous as Viscount Girault. One is reminded of the request made to Louis XVIII by M. Genou for permission to add the prefix 'de' to his name. 'One 'de' is not enough,' said the king, 'take two while you are about it.' The petitioner took the hint and the two particles, and changed the very plebian name of Genou into the high-sounding patronymic 'de Genoude.'"

The recent death of M. Jules Sandeau, in France, has left vacant a place among the Immortal Forty, and who is to fill it is a bone of contention to his survivors. M. Edmund Abou is said to have the "inside track," and it does look as if the author of "La Grece Contemporaine," and "La Question Romaine" would not be out of place in such society as he would find in the academy. It is said though that Francois Coppee, the author of "Le Passant," "Le Luthier de Criemone" and "Les Intoinetes," aspires to fill the place, and since he is not only a good poet but a very handsome one, he is not unlikely to succeed in a country where the influence of fair women has been omnipotent. The question will be decided in November, when we will see whether I should have written "is" instead of "has been."

The collossal statue of Liberty for the port of New York is being built up after the model of Bartholdi at the Maison Gaget-Gauthier, 25 Rue de Chaselles. It is to be two mitres higher than the Vendome column, and as some eighty workmen are employed in putting it together. The operation affords the visitor a very fantastic sight, suggestive of "Gulliver at Lilliput," as a letter writer in a paper here puts it. The interior of the head will hold forty persons. When completed it will be forwarded to New York in 300 sections, each weighing about 200,000 kiles, the whole statue being about 46 mitres in height.

The suicidal attempt of Captain Webb to swim the rapids below Niagara Falls and his death created a profound sensation here. The newspapers all published the particulars as far as received, with long-winded editorial notices in which the unfortunate man is "lauded to the skies." If future generations happen on one of these notices, they will conclude that Captain Webb was one of the greatest of the great men of the world in the nineteenth century. Such superlative terms as "unparalled daring," "unapproachable courage," "wonderful nerve," and dozens of the same kind are scattered thickly through them, and are only explainable on the hypothesis that the "gallant captain" was an Englishman. Most of these notices were as venomous in their allusions to certain "cold-blooded American railroad companies," and "callous hearted, gaping sight-seeing Americans" as they were fulsome in their laudations of the victim of a stupendous piece of folly, and now that it is authoritively denied that said railroad companies made any such offer as was reported, and that there was scarcely a corporal's guard of "gaping Americans" to witness said folly they are not at all taken aback, I seem to think no apology to either the railroad companies or the other crowd is demanded. Of course it isn't quite polite to say so here, but nevertheless it is quite the truth that the act of Captain Webb was the act of *a fool*, who put his life in the scale against the chances of a success which would give him a noteriety having a positive value. One naturally feels sorry for his widow and children, but their sorrow is unmixed with any such tender feeling for the victim of his own folly.

Another death, that of Zulu king, Cetewayo, has also been announced and discussed extensively, but since he was not an Englishman, the papers here have discovered nothing worthy of special commendation, either in his life or death. Tories laugh at the Liberal ministry on account of this tragical *finale* of a ridiculous policy which sent the beastly old king back to stir up further trouble in Zulu land, and ministers put on the "simple-grins" and submit with but a poor grace to the jeers which greet them every day in the house of commons, from the opposition benches.

Yesterday was published the narrative of not only a remarkable but most commendable act of heroism performed at sea. The steamer Aurania, belonging to the Cunard line, was on her way across the Atlantic when some serious injury befell her crank shaft. A consequence of this disaster was to convert a portion of the shaft into a gigantic flail of steel weighing many tons. This frightful whip of metal, welded by the engines, revolved at a tremendous speed, and the scene presented in the engine-room baffles description. "Iron and steel," we read, "were knocked to pieces. A supporting pillar of wrought iron, a foot in thickness, was broken in two, and one piece, weighing a ton, was bitten out, so to speak." It was very soon understood that if the fearful thrashing movement was not arrested by the stoppage of the engines the ship's plates in the neighborhood of the whirling body of steel would be beaten out, and that she would sink like lead. It so happened, however, that the brake which controlled the vast piece of mechanism was situated within two feet of the revolving mass. Clouds of scalding steam hid it from view, and the storm of sparks which were thrown up threatened death to any man who approached the spot. The second engineer, a Scotchman named Andrew Lambert, described as a "tall, brawny man, of some three or four and thirty," was on duty in the engine-room. He was standing at a distance of about thirty feet from the brake when the crank broke, and instantly perceived that if the ship was to be saved the engines must be stopped. The brake was invisible; the rush of steam was suffocating, and the thunderous commotion of the racing engines and the violent crashing sounds of the rotating mass of metal produced a clamor sufficient to daunt the bravest heart. Nevertheless, this heroic man, dropping on knees, fearlessly crept through blinding vapor and sparks, inch by inch way as he moved, until he came close to the whirling flail that threatened of it was like a hurricane in his face, and then, still groping with one hand, he grasped the brake and stopped the engines. "He was badly scalded about the face and hands," concludes the account, "otherwise uninjured. He had risked life to save the ship."

Here was something that was not of "no end of gush," but the man didn't get "knocked in the middle of next week," as has been said on the subject. If he had been killed, there would have been some sense in shedding a tear on his grave, and forget-me-nots and immortelles would have grown there to sympathy and love. He who risked his life to save the lives of others is a hero, indeed, and blessed shall be the memory of him who can say truthfully and feelingly, in the language of Abou Ben Adhem:

* * * * "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one who loves his fellow-men."

BALLOON VOYAGE.

A Reporter's Account of his Trip with Professor Grimley.

New York, August 16.—A special dispatch to the *Herald* from White Plains, New York, says: "A band of cold gray clouds from the north ended a happy festival, a race of some [illegible] miles above rugged mountains, through fertile valleys, and winding rivers, to plunge through dense fogs and vapors, and a crash into the tops of an unoffending farmer's house at o'clock in the morning. Such was the voyage made in the balloon Buffalo with Professor Charles B. Grimley, from Sulzer's Harlem River Park, Wednesday afternoon. The reporter who accompanied the professor says: "When we ascended from the Italian festival at twenty minutes to five o'clock, the booming of cannon, the crash of music and the roar of ten thousand throats made the air tremble. A bag of ballast sent the balloon up to 3,000 feet; and at that height we crossed the Hudson below, leaving feathery trails of foam behind us, and the large sailing vessels looked like the tiniest catboats. At half-past five o'clock we scuddled past Port Jervis. The lights of the city glittered in the bend in the Delaware river below us, just 2:50 o'clock, when our car crashed into the top of a tree. There we were swung for a few minutes, and then gracefully dropped among tall stalks of green corn. We decided to wait until day before attempting anything more. Grimley secured himself among the ropes in the penetrating ring, while I laid in the bottom of the basket, where we rested. It was light enough to empty the ballast and pack it in the car. It took us two hours and a half to go from Port Jervis to Windsor, and it took a special train to bring us back yesterday afternoon."

Let Him Succeed.

[Buffalo Express.]

Captain Rhodes, the parachute lamanca, who proposes to shoot the whirlpool at Niagara, wearing a life saving armor, starts for the falls to-morrow. Rhodes ought to be encouraged in this scheme. If he succeeds at the last moment throughout. When a man sets out to be a warning to others, the best thing sometimes is to let him succeed.

Heenan is said to have struck a blow which lifted 337 pounds from the floor. Sullivan, in his prime, was a better man, heavier, also, by several inches, and for years past a fighter, can probably strike quite as hard a blow as Heenan did. Let two men of ordinary strength take a ten-foot rail six inches thick each with a boxing glove on one end and hit at that end as hard as they can, and it is doubtful if the blow will be as vicious as one of Sullivan's.

Lillian Russell's beauty is said to have received the approval of the Prince of Wales, who sent a bouquet to his box in the London theatre in which she has been singing, and assured her that she was not an American in appearance or accent.

There is a free railroad in Oregon City, Cal. That city is accessible by boat from San Francisco, with a population of 45,000. The Central Pacific Co. needed a way directly through the principal street afforded the best route, but the people were willing to have the thoroughfare spoiled if they only consented with the proviso that no fares should be collected for travel within the corporate limits. There are several stations on this section of the line, and the people use the trains freely.