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NO. 13.

## THE BEAUTIFUL WHITE DEVIL.

BY GUY BOOTHBY.

Author of "A Bid For Fortune," "Dr. Nikola," "The Marriage of Esther," Etc.

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### SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALLMENTS.

In order that new readers of THE ENQUIRER may begin with the following installment of this story, and understand it just the same as though they had read it all from the beginning, we here give a synopsis of that portion of it which has already been published:

Dr. De Normanville, an English physician at Hongkong, hears of a woman called the Beautiful White Devil making her home on the island in the Pacific of which she is the sovereign and leading a practical life in a white yacht on the ocean. Dr. De Normanville receives a call from a stranger who engages his professional services to go to an unknown place to treat an epidemic of smallpox. After an eventful voyage he finds himself on board the Lone Star, the yacht of the Beautiful White Devil. He is taken to her island home, where he fights the plague successfully and gains the love of her. The Beautiful White Devil. He informs Dr. De Normanville that a person in her employ plan is laid to kidnap him. The party meet at Batavia, where she impersonates an American girl. They go to Singapore, and she, as Miss Sanderson, induces Eubling, her enemy, to take a trip on the Lone Star. She tricks him into the Lone Star. Deceiving a steamer, she sends a party aboard to induce another enemy, Barkmansworth, to come aboard the Lone Star. De Normanville entreats her to marry him, and she agrees to meet him in England in one year, when, if his mind is unchanged she will marry him. The year having elapsed, she appears in England. Barkmansworth recognizes her at a theater and causes her arrest.

### CHAPTER XIII.

#### REMANDED.

Never shall I forget the misery of that walk back from Cavendish square to South Kensington. I rang the bell, and the pail had not dried away before poor, heavy eyed Janet had opened the door to me. Without a word she led me into her morning room, the room where I had first told her of my love for Alie, and having made me sit down would not let me speak until I had partaken of some refreshment. I filled my glass, but pushed my plate away from me. I could drink, but I was far too miserable to eat.

"Janet," I cried, "for heaven's sake tell me, as quickly as you can, all that has happened!"

"My poor George," she said, "as I told you in my note, Alie has been arrested. You had not left the house more than a quarter of an hour before two men called and asked to be allowed to see me on most important business. They were shown in here and when we were alone requested permission to see Alie. I went to fetch her and brought her down with me. Then one of the men advanced toward her with a paper in his hand and said, 'Alie Dunbar, in the queen's name I arrest you on a charge of piracy upon the high seas.' Oh, it was horrible, and I can see it all now!"

"And what did my poor girl say?"

"Nothing. She was just as calm and collected as she always is. She simply took the paper from the man's hand and looked at it, after which she said: 'There must be some mistake. However, you are only doing your duty, I suppose. Where do you wish to take me?'"

"To Scotland Yard first, madam," the man said, "then on to Bow Street." Hearing that, Alie turned to me and, putting her arms round my neck, said, "You will soften this blow as much as you can for George, won't you, Janet?" and then announced that as soon as she had changed her dress and procured her hat and cloak she would be ready to accompany them. These changes in her costume she was permitted to make, and when they were accomplished we set off, but not before I had written that note to you. We expected you would follow us at once and be able to arrange the matter of bail."

"I did not get your letter until after 3 o'clock. I was in such a strange state of mind last night that I went for a long walk after leaving you, Janet, it is all my fault. Did you notice those men in the box opposite us at Drury Lane? If so, you may have observed that they continually stared at Alie through their glasses."

"I did notice them, and very ill bred fellows I thought them. I think Alie must have thought so too. But what have they to do with this matter?"

"Why, the man at the back of the box was none other than the person mentioned in that last newspaper paragraph about the Beautiful White Devil. He was the man Barkmansworth, in fact, whom the Beautiful White Devil took from the mailboat and flogged in midocean."

"But what has this to do with Alie?"

"Why, simply that—no, there can be no shirking it now, it must come out, and I know it is perfectly safe for me to tell you—simply, Janet, because Alie is the Beautiful White Devil."

"Oh, George, my dear old brother, is this terrible thing true?"

"Perfectly true, Janet."

"And you of all men were going to marry the Beautiful White Devil?"

"Don't say 'were,' say 'are.' Janet, it is only half past 5 now. An hour and a half must elapse before I can do any good at the police station. If you will listen, I will tell you the story of Alie's singular life and how I became mixed up with her. Then, remembering what you have seen of her yourself, you will be able to judge what sort of woman the Beautiful White Devil really is."

Thereupon I set to work and told her all my adventures. Then I looked at Janet and found big tears standing in her eyes.

"What do you think of the Beautiful White Devil now?" I asked.

"I think that, come what may, George, we must save her."

"Of course we must, and now I'm going off to see her. May I give her any message from you?"

"Give her my fondest love and tell her that, come what may, she shall be saved."

"It will cheer her to know that in spite of what has happened you believe in her, Goodby."

"Goodby, my poor George."

I left the house, and hurrying down to Gloucester road took the underground train for the Temple, walking thence to Bow street. On entering the police station I asked to see the officer in charge. To this grim official I stated the nature of my business and begged to be permitted an interview with his prisoner. This he granted with a very civil grace. The jailer was accordingly called, and I was led down a long corridor.

"Seeing that she is a lady," that official said as he unlocked the door on the right, "we have given her a somewhat better room than we usually allow our prisoners. I have orders to permit you a quarter of an hour together."

He opened the door, and I went in. With a little cry of joy, Alie, who had been sitting on a sofa at the farther end, sprang to her feet and ran toward me, crying as she did so:

"Oh, George, dear, I knew you would come to me as soon as you could."

I took her in my arms and kissed her again and again; her dear eyes were flooded with tears when I released her, but she brushed them away and tried to look brave for my sake. Then I led her back to the sofa and sat down beside her.

"Alie," I said softly, "this is all my fault. I saw Barkmansworth at Drury Lane last night and ought to have warned you. I intended to have done so this morning, but it was too late."

"Hush!" she answered. "You must not blame yourself. I, too, recognized him last night and should have spoken to you about it today. It is too late now, as you say."

"Can nothing be done, Alie?"

"I cannot say yet. I have been too much upset since my arrival here to think. But you must find me a lawyer."

Janet kissed Alie and cried over her.

at once, George, who will defend me at the preliminary examination, and if it looks as if the case will go against me, you must find some means by which I can escape."

"Escape? Alie, you do not realize how impossible that is."

"Nothing is impossible when one has brains enough to devise a plot and sufficient money to work it out."

"If I could only feel as you do about it. But have you any scheme to suggest?"

"Not yet, but I shall devote my whole attention to it, and it will go hard with me if I cannot hit on something. Would you have the courage to dare very much for my sake, George?"

"I would dare anything under the sun for you, Alie, and though you asked me such a question I do not think you feel any doubt as to what answer I would give."

"I had no doubt. Do not think that. And now, George, tell me what your sister says, now that she knows who I am?"

"Janet is more your friend than ever. I told her your story this morning, and she bade me give you her love and tell you we would save you yet."

Again the tears rose in Alie's eyes.

"What will the east say when it hears that the Beautiful White Devil is caught at last?"

"I don't know, and I don't care. One thing I'm certain of, however, and that is that I should like to have five minutes with Mr. Barkmansworth alone. I think then he'd know that."

But what I was going to say was interrupted by the entrance of the officer who had brought me to the room.

"Time's up, I'm sorry to say, sir."

I rose immediately and turned to say goodby. Being a good hearted fellow, the man left us alone together for another moment, and during that time I was able to whisper an assurance to my sweetheart that no stone should be left unturned to secure her release. Then bidding her be of good cheer, I passed out, feeling as if the bolts clanging behind me were closing on my heart.

It was well after 8 o'clock before I left Bow street and turned homeward. The shops in most cases had their shutters down, but though I looked for a newspaper board it was some time before I sighted one. Then for the first time I saw the headline I had been dreaming:

"Sensational Arrest of the Notorious Beautiful White Devil."

I stopped and bought a paper and

then continued my journey, passing at a telegraph office to send a wire to my old chum, Brandon, in which I asked him, as he valued our friendship, to come to me without a moment's delay.

When I got home, I changed my clothes, had a cold bath, which restored me somewhat, and then ordered breakfast, which I felt I could not touch, and while it was preparing sat down to read the account of the arrest. It was but a short report and published the barest details.

Nine o'clock had just struck when a cab drew up at the door, and Brandon jumped out. I opened the front door to him myself, and as I did so felt as if we were one step at least on the road to Alie's release.

"Look here, my friend," he said, as I led him across the hall to my dining room. "This is all very well, you know, but what in the name of fortune makes you send for me at this unearthly hour? Have you poisoned a patient and now yourself in need of me to square matters, or have you been jilted and hope to bring an action for the damage done to your broken heart? Out with it. But forgive my chaff if it's anything more serious."

He must have seen by my face that something was very wrong, for his jovial manner suddenly left him and he sat down all seriousness.

"There is something very much the matter, Brandon," I said. "Read that."

I handed him the morning paper and pointed to the paragraph detailing the arrest. He read it through, and then, seating himself at the breakfast table, poured himself out a cup of coffee and

when he did so, he said solemnly: "I think I understand. You are interested in this lady and want me to undertake her defense. Is that so?"

"That is exactly what I want. I was at my wits' end to know what to do, when suddenly it flashed through my brain. Send for Edward Brandon. I sent that wire accordingly, and here you are. If there is any man living who can save the woman I love, you are he."

"I'll do my best, you may be sure, for your sake, old boy. Now where is she?"

"At Bow street. She is to be brought before the court this morning at 12 o'clock."

He took out his watch and looked at it.

"Well, I've none too much time. I'll go down and have an interview with her at once. Keep up your heart, old chap. We'll do our best, and nobody can do more."

I wrung his hand, and then, hailing a cab, he jumped into it and set off for the police station.

Long before 12 o'clock I was in the court, waiting for the examination to come on. The news of the case must have gone abroad, for the hall was densely packed with people anxious to catch a glimpse of the famous Beautiful White Devil, whose exploits were almost as well known in England as in the east. Every rank of life seemed to be represented, and when the magistrate took his seat on the bench I noticed that the chairs on either side of him were occupied by two illustrious personages whose dignity should have prevented them from giving such an exhibition of idle curiosity. Seeing the rush there was to stare at my poor, unfortunate sweetheart, I could have found it in my heart to hit out like a madman at those round me.

Precisely at 12 o'clock the door on the right hand side of the court opened and Alie stepped into the hall and ascended the iron dock. She walked with her usual queenly step, held her head high, and when she reached her place looked proudly round the dingy hall. Such was the effect of her wonderful beauty upon those present that, despite the efforts of the officers of the court to prevent it, a loud buzz of admiration came from the spectators. She was dressed entirely in black, a color which, as I have said before, displayed her white skin and beautiful hair to the very best advantage. Having taken her place, she bowed politely to the presiding magistrate, who returned the salute, and then the examination commenced. The first proceeding was for the police to make a statement of their case to the court. It was then shown that, although a warrant had long been out for her arrest, the Beautiful White Devil had evaded justice for many years. Indeed it was only for the reason that information had been supplied to the London police within the last few days that they had become aware that the Beautiful White Devil had left the east and arrived in England. Inquiries were instantly made, and on the strength of them the prisoner now in the dock had been arrested. They, the police, did not propose to call witnesses at this preliminary hearing, but would merely ask that the information should be read over, the evidence of arrest given, and then a remand granted in order that the arrival of an officer from Singapore might be awaited and further inquiries made.

At this point Brandon rose to his feet, and adopting a quiet, sober attitude of respectful remonstrance, begged to be allowed to place before the court what he considered and would unhesitatingly call a deliberate and cruel injustice. He pointed out the small likelihood there was of the charge being true, he dilated upon the facts of Alie's arrival from Australia, of her quiet, ladylike demeanor, spoke of her impending marriage with a gentleman, a personal friend of his own, well known and universally respected in London, and brought his remarks to a close by declaring it a monstrous thing that, in this nineteenth century and in this land of which we pretend to be so proud, it should be within the power of a public body like the police, without a titlle of evidence at their back to bear their case out, to bring so shameful a charge against an innocent girl, who might possibly have to suffer from the effects of it all her life. He would not ask the court to consent to a remand; on the contrary, he would ask his worship to dismiss the case altogether, and to the same time to issue a stinging and well merited rebuke to the police for their

officiousness and quite uncalled for action in the matter.

Clever and impressive as his harangue was, it, however, failed utterly in its purpose. The magistrate had evidently carefully considered the case beforehand and determined upon his course of action. The decision given, therefore, was: "Remanded for a week. Bail refused."

I saw Alie bow gravely to the court, the policeman open the door of the dock, and a moment later, feeling quite sick and giddy, I was in the throng leaving the court. By the time I reached the street my darling was on her way to Holloway.

That afternoon, at 8 o'clock, Janet and I drove out to the prison, and having shown our authorities were instantly conducted to the room in which prisoners are permitted to interview their friends.

What the two women I loved best in the world said to each other during that interview I cannot remember. I only know that Janet kissed Alie and cried over her, and that Alie received it all with that gentle graciousness which was so wonderfully becoming to her.

When we had discussed the events which had led up to the arrest, I asked Alie if she were quite comfortable.

"Perfectly," she answered. "My cell is by no means an unpleasant one. I have some books and writing materials, and I have arranged to have my meals brought in to me from a restaurant outside."

"What did you think of Brandon's speech this morning?" I then asked her.

"I thought it very clever and impressive," she answered, "but I was not surprised when it proved of no avail. No, there is very little chance as far as I can see. In a month the officer from Singapore will be in London, and unless something happens to prevent it I shall be sent out east to stand my trial."

"Something must prevent it," whispered Janet.

"But what? You cannot escape so easily in England, I find," she answered. "These stone walls are very strong, and the discipline is so perfect."

"Be sure we will find a way to get you out of Trust us." Then dropping my voice, "And if we can't do it legally we'll do it illegally."

"You must run no risk for my sake, George. I could not allow that."

"If only Walworth were here! His wit would hit on something."

"Walworth unfortunately is 10,000 miles away. So it is no use thinking of him. But, see, here is the warder. Your time is up, Goodby, dear Janet. I pray that you may find it in your heart to forgive me for having brought this trouble upon you."

But Janet, who by this time had learned to love this fascinating girl with all her heart, would listen to no such talk. When the door opened, like the kind sister she was, she went out first, thus permitting us an opportunity of saying farewell alone. When I joined her again, I had a little note in my waistcoat pocket that seemed somehow to make me a happier man than I had been for hours past.

From the prison I drove Janet to her own house and then went back to Cavendish square.

When I had dismissed the cabman, I let myself in and proceeded to my consulting room. Opening the door, I walked in, only to come to a sudden halt before a man sitting in my own armchair. He was small and queerly built, wore a long coat that reached nearly to his heels, had gray hair, a ferociously curled mustache and a short, closely cropped white beard. The effect when he looked at me over the edge of the paper he was perusing was most comical. For a moment I stood bewildered, but I was destined to be even more so when he rose and came toward me, holding out his hand and saying:

"Bon jour, monsieur!" Then in broken English, "Pray, do you not remember your very old friend?"

I thought and thought, but for the life of me could not recollect ever having seen his face before. I was about to speak when he stopped me and, changing his voice, said in excellent English:

"No! I can see you don't." Then pulling off his wig: "Well! Do you now?"

It was Walworth!

TO BE CONTINUED.

Pride's Penalty.

Quite recently upon a railway carriage at Oldham stepped a young man, fresh from school evidently and wearing his first watch.

The very many proud glances which he cast on the gold chain raised a smile on the faces of his fellow passengers.

Apparently by accident, though mischief might have been at the bottom of it, the subject of watches was "brought on the carpet."

"Ah," sighed an old farmer, giving the watch back to the young man, who had handed it round for the inspection of the company, "that their watch 'minds me o' my own son."

"How's that?" asked several passengers.

"Why, I gave 'im a watch when 'e was 15 year old, an it wur the ruin o' 'im."

Being asked for an explanation, the farmer continued:

"Afore I gave it 'im 'e wur the straightest baill lad for miles around, but 'e 'adn't 'ad that watch above four months afore 'e growd 'unpacked 'is lookin at the chain so much."—London Tit-Bits.

Women and the Franchise.

The assertion that when a majority of women ask for equal political rights they will be granted is a confession that there is no conclusive reason against their sharing them. And if that be so how can their admission rightfully depend upon the majority? Why should the woman who does not care to vote prevent the voting of her neighbor who does? Why should 100 girls who are content to be dolls and do what Mrs. Grundy expects prejudice the choice of a single one who wishes to be a woman and do what her conscience requires?—George William Curtis.

## Miscellaneous Reading.

### A FARMER'S RIGHT.

Some Sensible Hints as to How to Get Along In the World.

Greenville News.

"I want to tell you something," said a young farmer to the editor of the Greenville News yesterday. "I am just learning the value of advertising to us in the country. I wanted some flannel not long ago and looking over the advertisements in the Semi-Weekly News I found what I wanted, and I made out that in that single transaction I saved enough by studying the advertisements to pay my subscription a year. I find the advertisements as interesting and valuable to me as anything else in the paper. I think farmers will find that it will pay them all ways to keep track of all advertising changes. They can pick out what they want before they come to town, will know just where to go for it and will save time and money. There are always bargains to be found in the advertising columns."

Then the farmer and the editor fell into talk. The farmer is a young man—about 30 years old. He has a wife and four children and he owns 60 acres of land six miles from town.

"Money in farming?" he said; "of course there's money in farming. I always make it a rule to come out ahead at the end of the year, and I've never missed it yet. I cleared \$100 on five-cent cotton and I expect to clear money on it even if it drops to four cents."

"How do I do it? It's like every other business. Close management and hard work and watching things. I can find something to do on my 60 acres every hour in the year. It's the little leaks that take farmers' profits just as they take merchants', and I keep 'em stopped."

He looked like that kind of a man—well fed and well kept. His clothes were strong and warm and fitted him well. He was in a well made wagon, which ran smoothly and easily and had been taken good care of. He drove a horse which he said is 30 years old and can do as much work as any animal in the country—a fat, sleek, ducky bay with evidences of good feeding, curby comb, brush and rubbing on every inch of his shining skin. The harness was good originally. It fitted like a tailor-made gown and every buckle was in place. There was not a piece of string or grass rope or hickory wythe anywhere about the outfit. It is safe to bet that the man did not have a pin anywhere doing a button's duty either. He looked as if he had left a wife at home who is the same kind of a woman as he is a man, and who watches her husband and children and house just as he watches his barn and stables, live stock, tools and running gear. He has a horse 30 years old and apparently good for five years' work yet, and many a man loses his horse at 12 or 15 years and must buy another at a cost of \$100, or more, simply from failure to take good care of him.

"One thing more you ought to tell farmers," he said, as he was leaving. "I like whisky, but I'm land hungry. I want more land. I figured out years ago that with very moderate drinking I'd drink an acre of good land every year. So I quit. At the end of the year I tell myself I'm just an acre ahead at \$25 an acre by not drinking. I find when I put it to my neighbors that it makes 'em think. You tell farmers to think about land every time they start to buy whisky and calculate how much real estate they are drinking or giving away."

Then the careful and prosperous looking farmer spoke to his prosperous looking horse and the horse moved off strongly and easily despite his 30 years, holding his head well up as if he felt that he was part of a successful combination and was proud of it.

And the editor of the Greenville News fell to wondering what kind of a country we would have here, with our natural advantages, if all our men in city and country studied the newspapers, watched their own business, kept the little leaks stopped up, stuck to their work every working day and figured out their whisky bills in arable land or town lots.

As the farmer left he was chuckling over the story of Bob Means's Alliance corn patch. Mr. Means says when the Alliance was first organized he marked off a 10-acre field of corn and determined that he would work it only while his neighbors were attending Alliance meetings and looking after politics. His scheme fell through because he found he was working his corn to death.

### DIFFERENT RECKONING.

A Roman correspondent of an American newspaper not long ago referred to the French invasion of Italy under Napoleon as an event of the Seventeenth century. Many readers of The Companion will remember that Napoleon's first Italian invasion was begun in the year 1796, and will be ready to exclaim, "That was the Eighteenth century!" Few boys or girls, and probably not many grown people, will be able to refer the correspondent's apparently confused statement to the correct cause, which is that, writing from Rome, he naturally used the nomenclature of the centuries, which is different from ours. When the Italians say, "The Seventeenth century," they mean the period which we designate as the Eighteenth century.

There are many familiar terms which are used in different senses in different parts of the world.

A few years ago a queer case got into the courts involving the meaning of the word "dozen." The articles numbered by "dozen" were cups and saucers. One of the parties contended that the word should be construed according to commercial usage, and that as applied to crockery it means

an English potter's dozen, which is 18. The other party held that a dozen means 12, and that view was taken by the court.

Every schoolboy knows that a pound is not always the same thing, as there are pounds avoirdupois, of 16 ounces, or 7,000 grains; and pounds Troy, of 12 ounces, and 5,760 grains.

Every city schoolboy knows that city coal dealers buy the fuel in which they deal by the "gross ton" 2,240 pounds, and sell it by the "net ton" of 2,000 pounds. It is no doubt the dealers who have modestly devised for what may be termed the "selling ton," the name above applied to it. In The Century Dictionary the 2,000-pound ton is called the "short ton"—an expression much less pleasing to a sensitive ear.

A mile is a measure of distance the world over, but the length of the mile varies greatly, as the following table will show:

English and American mile,	1,760 yards.
Scottish mile,	1,976 yards.
Irish mile,	2,240 yards.
German mile,	8,100 yards.
Dutch and Prussian mile,	8,640 yards.
Italian mile,	2,145 yards.
Roman mile,	1,817 yards.
Vienna post mile,	8,296 yards.
Swiss mile,	9,153 yards.
Swedish and Danish mile,	7,941 yards.
Arabian mile,	2,145 yards.
Roman mile,	1,817 yards.
Tuscan mile,	1,826 yards.
Turkish mile,	1,826 yards.
Flemish mile,	5,899 yards.

It will be observed that in Switzerland a mile is more than five times as long as in England and the United States. If an American traveler in the land of mountains and of William Tell should ask an inhabitant how far it was to the next town, and misled by the statement that it was "four miles," should set out to walk there, he would find reason to exclaim with the mock doctor, in the old English farce, "Oh, why did I neglect my studies!"

### DISPENSARY INSURANCE.

Placed in Bogus Companies at a Loss to the State of Over \$1,000.

During the meeting of the state board of control the other day, the committee appointed at a previous meeting to examine into the matter of insurance and bonds of dispensers, reported as follows:

To State Board of Control:

Your committee appointed last November to examine and report on the insurance on state and county dispensaries, and also bonds of dispensers beg leave to submit our report. In explanation of the delay in making our written report would say it was caused by our having to wait until January 19th for testimony.

At the December meeting you will remember we made a verbal report in which we advised that two policies on county dispensaries insured in the Newberry Mutual Fire and Protective Association of South Carolina, and one in the American Insurance and Trust company of Chicago, Ill., be cancelled and policies placed in other companies. This has been done and so far as we are able to judge all policies on state and county dispensaries (except one small dispensary uninsured) are in good companies who have fully complied with the laws of the state.

We find the losses by fire in the dispensaries, at Manning, May 7th, 1897, of \$400, and at Eutawville, January 12th, 1898, of \$200, have not been paid. These two dispensaries were insured in the British and American Exchange association, with T. J. Brown, Chicago, Ill., manager, and B. E. Evans, agent for South Carolina. These two policies were issued March 20th, and April 15th, 1897. After careful inquiry, we find this to be a bogus company; therefore nothing can be recovered on these policies. We find there were 40 of these policies on dispensaries in the state, with premiums amounting to \$485.05 and losses by fire amounting to \$600. The last policy in this company expired eight months ago. In the future we recommend that no insurance, either on state or county dispensaries, be placed without knowing they are reliable companies licensed to do business and have fully complied with the insurance laws of the state. Also that the party claiming to represent them is their regularly appointed agent.

We find all dispensers have good and satisfactory bonds so far as we can judge with the showing before us.

Respectfully submitted,

J. B. DOUTHIT,  
D. M. MILES, } Committee.

### NEW PENSION LAW.

It Proposes to Place Matters Entirely in the Hands of the Veterans.

The general assembly is still trying to perfect the state pension law. The following bill by Mr. Dean was passed to a third reading in the house last Friday with a single amendment giving members of the board \$1 instead of \$2 per day:

Section 1. That the bona fide ex-Confederate soldiers of each township of each county in the state shall meet on the first Saturday in August, 1899, at a place in said township to be designated by the clerk of the county, and organize a camp of bona fide ex-Confederate soldiers, to be known as camp (here give name of township), of \_\_\_\_\_ county.

Sec. 2. All the camps of a county shall send three delegates to the county seat on the first Monday in October, 1899, and thereat assembled the said delegates shall elect one of their number as colonel of the \_\_\_\_\_ county regiment.

Sec. 3. All applications for pensions, inclusive of widows of deceased soldiers, shall be approved by the commander of the respective township camps and countersigned by the colonel of the respective county regiments.

Sec. 4. On the first Monday in October, 1899, and annually thereafter, the said regiment, represented by delegates from the several township camps, in convention assembled, as

provided in section 2 hereof, shall elect three persons, who are not applicants for pensions, one of whom must be a physician of good standing, who shall constitute, and be known as the county board of pensions, whose duty it shall be to pass upon all applications for pensions from their county; but they shall not approve any application of any person whose application is not favorably endorsed by the commander of the camp of the township where applicant resides, and by the colonel of the regiment. The persons thus elected to the county board shall hold office for one year, and