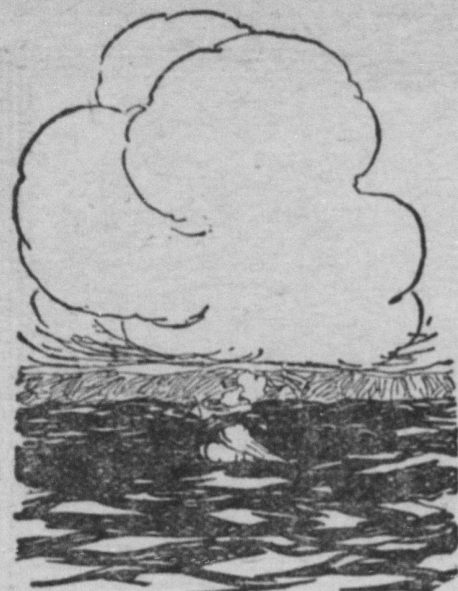


HOLTON OF THE NAVY

A STORY OF THE FREEING OF CUBA

By Lawrence Perry
Author of "Dan Merrithew," "Prince of Chauffeur," etc.
Illustrations by Ellsworth Young

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SYNOPSIS.

Lieutenant Holton is detached from his command in the navy at the outset of the Spanish-American war and assigned to important secret service duty. While dining at a Washington hotel he detects a writer in the act of robbing a beautiful young lady. She thanks him for his service and gives her name as Miss La Tossa, a Cuban patriot. Later he meets her at a ball.

CHAPTER II.—Continued.

The dance he was waiting for at length arrived, and Holton sallied forth to seek his partner before the opening strains of the waltz measure had died away. He found her standing alone near the musicians, and as he advanced with a smile of greeting she looked at him with a strange expression.

"No, Mr. Holton," she said, "we mustn't; it is best not."

"Best not what?" Holton stopped short and regarded her with a look of amazement.

"Best not dance, really," she said. Holton almost glared at her.

"And why not, please?" he asked stiffly.

The girl stepped impulsively forward and placed her hand on his arm.

"Ah, don't," she said. "It is for the best, I tell you. Now, please excuse me."

"Don't you care to dance with me?" Holton looked at her curiously.

The girl's lip drooped just a bit, and with that sign of weakness she was lost, for Holton's strong arm stole about her waist and the next instant she was out on the floor with him.

"Oh," she gasped, "why did you?"

"Because I wanted to," replied Holton simply. "Oh, I knew you thought I was a bad dancer and were trying to wriggle out, but I'll show you I am not at all bad."

She had already discovered that fact, and, abandoning herself to the sheer joy of the dance, relaxing slightly in his arms, she suffered herself to be guided about the floor.

After the dance Holton led her to a secluded corner and sat down beside her.

"That was great," he exclaimed. "Permit me to say you dance wonderfully well."

"And you, too," she said.

"But why?"

She interrupted him by tapping him with her fan.

"Don't please!" she pleaded. Holton shrugged his shoulders.

"Very well," he said. He took her card. "The next dance is ours," he added.

"Why did you come here tonight?" she asked.

"Why—why—because I wanted to dance," he answered.

"I thought," she began slowly, "I thought that perhaps there might be another reason for your coming."

Holton started back in his chair. Surely there was another reason, but this girl had driven that "other rea-

son" completely out of his mind. The thought occurred to him that he was not cut out to be a marvelous detective.

"What are you smiling at?" she asked.

"You live near Santiago?" he asked. She threw a swift glance at him.

"Yes," she answered.

"I have never been there, but it must be a wonderful country."

"The most beautiful in the world," she threw her head back proudly.

"Tell me about it," went on Holton.

"Do you live in the city?"

"No, father has an estate in the hills on the way to Cuabitas. Oh, it is wonderful! The beautiful birds, the flowers, the moonlight, the fruits! I am never happy save when I am there."

"You are quite a patriot," observed Holton with a laugh.

"Am I not!" she exclaimed. "I was born there; I love it. It is home."

"Sometime I may go to Cuba. May I call?"

Her face clouded.

"When you come to Cuba, I'm afraid

you'll not have time for the social amenities."

"I wonder," he said.

"If war is declared," she went on, "will you wield your sword for Cuba with as much sincerity as you would in defense of your own land?"

"Is that a request?" he asked.

"If you regard it as such."

"Then I promise," he said softly. She thrust out her hand impulsively.

Presently, as the next dance began, she arose.

"Mr. Holton," she said, "believe me sincerely when I say to you that I must go now. I promised father I would leave at one o'clock, and you see now that it is after one."

Holton got up with a gesture of deprecation. He had taken her hand and did not relinquish it, nor did she attempt to draw it away.

"If you ever hear anything concerning me—now or in the future, will you withhold judgment until—until you ask me about it and have me explain?"

"I promise," replied Holton. There was a faint pressure on his fingers, a bright smile, and the next instant he was standing alone.

As he stood thus, someone touched him on the arm, and glancing about, Holton was confronted by a thick-set man in evening dress.

"A very charming girl, Mr. Holton," observed the stranger.

Holton flushed angrily.

"And who are you?" he asked bluntly.

"My name is Harper," was the reply. "I happen to be in the Secret Service. By the way, do you know anything about the young woman with whom you were dancing?"

"Who? Miss La Tossa? Oh, yes." But Holton suddenly realized how little he did know.

"How well do you know Miss La Tossa?" the other asked suddenly.

"Oh, a mere acquaintance; recent," answered Holton.

"Did you know that that young woman has been giving us more trouble than all the rest put together?"

"Rest of what?" demanded Holton eagerly.

"Rest of the spies, of course."

Holton thought a moment and then he recalled to him the girl's parting words: "If you ever hear anything concerning me now or in the future, will you withhold judgment until you ask me about it and have me explain?"

And he had promised. Well, he would make good his word. He would have her explain.

He turned to the Secret Service man beside him.

"What you have said is very interesting," he said. "In good time I may have supplementary information."

"Don't tell me you didn't know this all the while?" smiled the detective.

"I'm telling nothing," and Holton turned away.

CHAPTER III.

A Broken Promise.

While Holton was making up his mind to ask Miss La Tossa several questions, her father began to do that very thing without, apparently, waiting to make up his mind, as soon as the two were within the little anteroom of their hotel suite.

"Carita!" he expostulated. "You did not attend this dance to flirt?"

She laughed. "Father, and how could I help it? He was such—such a corker."

The senior raised his hands heavenward and looked at his daughter in mock dismay. "Agreed, then, he was a corker. I am glad to know that. It is really valuable information. But now tell me was he such a corker that you forgot to ascertain that for which you attended this ball? Was he in reality Lieutenant Holton?"

"Oh, yes, he was."

"Well, then, what about the Scorpion?"

"Why, I—I did not recall that you—"

The candor which was naturally a part of the girl's nature asserted itself. "Father, he was so fascinating that I forgot all about the Scorpion."

"So!" Senior La Tossa shrugged his shoulders. "There was very small doubt that he really was Lieutenant Holton," he went on. "Several of my men recognized him. But what was really important was why he left the torpedo boat, and having done so, what became of the boat. That was what I really wished to know, and what you easily could have learned. I am sorry you have failed me."

"I am sorry I disappointed you, but, father, I hate the Spaniards—I am Cuban born, and I hate them because they have been so cruel." Her eyes flashed. "I have disowned Spain."

"My daughter!" exclaimed the father sharply.

"I cannot help it, father. Have you not seen women starving with their babies at their dry breasts? Have you not seen men fighting for the bones we have thrown from our baskets? Have you not seen murder after murder in cold blood?"

"That! why I have been aiming to

obtain the governorship," said the father, "and how are you helping me? Not by such language. That is what you have to consider." Another thing, my daughter, I have heard that you are becoming too closely affiliated with certain groups of Cuban plotters—you know who I mean. I forbid that absolutely."

The girl blazed at him with dilated eyes.

"You have heard what?" she asked.

"I have heard enough to make it seem my duty to have you sent back to Santiago—to the estate. You are a girl—you are young, and I am sorry to have to say that you are also a trifle foolish. You will therefore sail on the Ward liner Saturday with your aunt."

"Very well, father; it shall be as you wish. There will be war, you think?"

"There is no doubt as to that. The drift of this government is easily read."

"And then—"

"Cuba will never be taken. We shall plan no war of aggression. We shall wait to be taken—but that never shall come to pass."

"You say that!" The girl regarded him closely. "The United States is a great nation."

"Yes, but not a warlike one. Our soldiers uphold the traditions of the Old; the blood of war flows in their veins. It is inconceivable that the arms of a nation so rich in military history, so filled with annals of achievement and of conquest both on land and sea, should succumb to a nation whose shrines are dollar-marks and whose gods are profit and loss. Remember, until my return to Santiago, you are to remain at the estate."

He paused and took a paper from his pocket.

"And between now and Saturday," he added, adjusting his glasses, "you will avoid Senores Perez, Pedrajas, Montez, Cassajara, and Castro."

The daughter cast a swift glance at her father, and then let her eyes fall to the floor.

"You see," he continued, "I am tolerably familiar with what has been going on. My position here, Ranees, is one of dignity. I am not a spy, I am not a diplomatic emissary. When relations of diplomacy are broken I shall have no further business here. But you—you are different. You have been played upon by a group of zealots whose cause is not only against the country of my birth, but also against the United States."

Then he kissed her good night and went into his room to enjoy a much-needed rest.

For some time she sat in her apartment, thinking; finally she sat down and wrote the following letter:

"Father Dear:

"Forgive me, but I cannot keep that promise. I cannot. Before you awake I shall have gone to Key West, perhaps. From there I shall go to Santiago as you wished, where, if you have not disowned me I shall await you at our home."

She smiled as she wrote this, knowing that however angry her father might be, love for her, his spoiled darling, would utterly prevail.

"In the meantime you will receive daily messages from me, telling you I am well. Adios."

"Your loving RANEES."

Enclosing the note in an envelope, she addressed it, placed it on a desk in the anteroom, put on a coat, con-

cealed her face with a heavy veil, and went out of the hotel.

Early next morning Holton set out for his audience with the assistant secretary.

"Well, what did you learn?" was the smiling greeting he received from his superior.

Roosevelt's eyes never blinked as Holton told his story, but when he had concluded he leaned forward.

"Well, how do you like detective work?"

"I fear I am not a detective, Mr. Secretary. I think I have demonstrated that."

"Ahem, I don't know, Mr. Holton. I tell you, it was more or less of a whim of mine, sending you to the ball. I had hoped you might meet a Miss La Tossa. In fact I had requested a Secret Service man to bring you two together."

Holton started.

"Oh," he said, "I did meet her."

Holton proceeded to recount his experiences with the girl, beginning with the incident of the waiter and the gold-mesh bag and ending with his dance and his interview with the detective.

"Well," responded Mr. Roosevelt, "you have done exactly as I might have wished you to do, and, having done this, it is my desire that you cultivate her acquaintance assiduously and report to me whenever you learn anything that may appear valuable."

He noticed the blank face of the officer. "What is the matter?" he asked.

"But, Mr. Secretary, I cannot spy upon her—she is my friend. Why," he cried warmly, "she's the finest girl you ever met!"

"Why, my dear Holton, cannot you see? She was spying upon you."

"I cannot see how she was doing that," protested Holton. "She made no attempt—"

"Well, see here, Mr. Holton, you have established your acquaintance. Now, then, I ask you this: If you discover in the course of your friendship with her that she is working to injure our country, will you take steps to prevent her doing so and to apprise me as to the facts?"

"I am under oath to the United States, sir."

"Well, then, that is all I ask. You are ordered hereby to pursue your acquaintance with this young woman to that end."

"Yes, sir," replied Holton. "I suppose then that I shall remain in Washington some time."

"No, Mr. Holton, you'll not be in Washington long. Miss La Tossa left for Tampa this morning."

Holton started to his feet.

"And I'm to follow her?"

"Yes, at once, please. You had better arrange about transportation and the like immediately."

"Thank you, sir."

Holton did not hear the laughter that followed his outburst of gratitude, or at least he paid no attention to it. For the one thought that filled his mind was that he was going to some heavenly place where his dance partner of the night before was to be.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Hard to Find.

"Don't get down in the mouth, old man," said the optimist. "Look on the bright side of things." "That's all very well," mournfully replied the sufferer; "but what is the bright side of a gumball?"



WOMEN IN FIELD OF LABOR

Statistics Show Female Workers to Be on the Increase Throughout Great Britain.

The Textile Mercury of Manchester, England, states in a recent issue that textile trades have always provided more employment for girls and women than for boys and men, and that during the present generation female workers have increased in other trades as well.

According to the Mercury there are now employed in various occupations in the United Kingdom about 3,000,000 females of all ages besides the 2,000,000 engaged in domestic service.

The employment of many is of a non-productive character, and yet the number of female factory workers increases, as many of them enter occupations formerly fully monopolized by men, besides which a large part of the work formerly performed in dwelling houses has been transferred to the factory system.

It has been found more difficult to

effect organization among female-employees than men, and a comparatively small proportion of female laborers have united with the trade unions.

Writers of Historic Songs.

Most of the songs that have made history were written by men who had no other claim to immortality. The "Marseillaise" is the only production of Rouget de Lisle which has survived, and "The Wearing of the Green" was the work of an anonymous purveyor of ballads for the street hawkers of Dublin. Max Schneckenburger, an obscure Swabian merchant, who never published anything else, composed in 1840 some verses of which the burden was thus translated:

"Dear Fatherland, no danger thine. Firm stand thy sons to watch the Rhine."

Little was heard of these until 30 years later, when the Franco-German war gave them an enormous vogue. They were then adopted as the national anthem of United Germany, and a yearly pension of 3,000 marks was conferred on the composer of the tune in which they were set.

SNAPSHOTS AT STATE NEWS

All Pennsylvania Gleaned for Items of Interest.

REPORTS ABOUT CROPS GOOD

Farmers Busy in Every Locality—Churches Raising Funds for Many Worthy Objects—Items of Business and Pleasure that Interest.

Blandon is lighted by electricity from a Reading plant.

Owing to leaks, the Wernersville reservoir has only seven inches of water.

St. Paul's Methodist congregation, of Lancaster, broke ground for a \$45,000 new church.

More than \$250 was realized by the Lutheran Ladies' Mite Society, of Topton, at a dinner.

At the reorganization of Pottstown School Board, Hillary M. Lessig was elected president.

Lye salts, taken in place of a tonic, almost killed Mrs. Charles Bower, of Centre township, Columbia county.

A new 20-ton street bridge has been erected on the Colebrookdale branch of the Reading Railway, near Morysville.

Thomas Tyler has brought suit against the Young Men's Christian Association of Norristown for \$25, a month's salary.

Chief Burgess Lattimore, of Norristown, is determined to put a stop to the throwing of stones and stone fights by boys in that town.

The Berks County Court has heard argument for a new trial in the case of Frank F. Schnabel, convicted of the murder of his wife.

The Allentown Rod and Gun Club feasted on a carcass of venison, presented by John I. Hall, of Williamsport, an honorary member.

James M. Wuchter was elected president of the Allentown School Board, and Wilson Arbogast vice president.

John Urban's family was so near starvation at Hazleton that its members ate raw some hams he had stolen.

The revenue receipts for the Lancaster district for November were \$441,708.72, and cigars furnished \$239,229.19.

A spoonful of coffee in his wind-pipe instead of his throat almost choked to death M. L. Hufford in a Berwick restaurant.

The third Hazleton saloonist to lose his license in a week was Vito Gallo, from whom boys got drinks before a Sunday stabbing affray.

The Reading's anthracite tonnage for November approximated 1,119,000 tons, compared with 1,243,000 tons in November, 1912.

Mice and matches are blamed for a fire at Lewistown in a house occupied by William Groce. The building was damaged and the furniture ruined by fire and water.

For the first time in the history of the Bethlehem public schools a woman, Miss Annie Goth, has been elected to a principalship, and she is in charge of the Fairview building.

Henry Clark, colored, 32, of Middletown, and Annie Ryan, white, 15, of Lewistown, were wedded at Sunbury. Judge Moser, when he learned of it, told them to stay out of Northumberland county.

Clyde Haines and Harold Miller, young Shamokin residents, returning from San Francisco, Cal., were tendered a reception, on account of their successful journey across the continent last summer on foot.

Daniel Snyder, of Milton, has as a guest his brother, William Snyder, of Freeport, Ill., who left Union county 25 years ago and has since acquired farms in Illinois, Montana and Dakota.

More than 3,000 pheasants have been brought down over the Bowman's Creek branch of the Lehigh Valley road since the hunting season opened, according to computations made by one of the crew on the run.

Wilson township, adjoining Easton, is installing 11 five-cluster ornamental lighting standards.

Four lots, to be used as public playgrounds, were bequeathed to the borough of Dunmore in the will of Mrs. Barbara B. Duggan, who left an estate valued at \$60,000.

P. M. Sharples is a staunch advocate of the Chester County Farm Bureau, which he says has been the means of placing much more money in the pockets of farmers.

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