

HOLTON OF THE NAVY

A STORY OF THE
FREEING OF CUBA

By **Lawrence Perry**
Author of "Dan Merrithew," "Prince or Chamfleu," etc.

Illustrations by
Ellsworth Young

COPYRIGHT A. C. MCCLURE & CO. 1913 - COPYRIGHTED IN GREAT BRITAIN



SYNOPSIS.

Lieutenant Holton is detached from his command in the navy at the outbreak of the Spanish-American war and assigned to important secret service duty. While dining at a Washington hotel he detects a waiter 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. A secret service man warns Holton that the girl is a spy. She leaves her home in Cuba. Holton is ordered to follow her. They meet on the Tampa train. Miss La Tossa tells Holton she is a Cuban spy and expresses doubt regarding the sincerity of the United States. Holton is ordered to remain at Tampa to guard the troop transports. He receives orders to land Miss La Tossa, who is considered a dangerous spy, on Cuban soil. At sea he is overtaken by another warship which takes Miss La Tossa aboard and Holton is ordered to return to Tampa. He saves the transports from destruction at the hands of dynamiters and reports to Admiral Sampson for further duty. Holton is sent to General Garcia's command in the guise of a newspaper correspondent to investigate Cuban plots against the American troops and to learn the plans of the Spanish navy.

CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

"Nevertheless," persisted his inquisitor, "I ask you what you would do. Come, come," Holton recognized by his manner a personage of some authority in the Cuban cause—"It would be so easy for you to say that until Cuba is absolutely free no drop of blood in your body is your own."

"It would be easy to say that," was the sad response, "but I have shed my blood. I am old. I have struggled and suffered for my country. In the intervention of the United States I see the answer to all my struggles and to all my prayers. I am like a man who has come to the end of a long journey. I see the brightness ahead, the land is eased from the back. God's hand is now at work in this island. And as his hand moves, so will I abide. He has sent the Americans here and he will send them away in good season after their work is done. If not, then so be it."

For a moment there was silence. Then Garcia spoke again.

"You have nothing to fear. It is my thought that unless our American friends make a speedy ending of this campaign they will be routed by disease, and if they do not fly they will die, surely and certainly. And thus even if I agreed with you in your contentions, I should still advocate leaving the matter to God."

"Time will tell. And now you must sleep, general. Who was that American," he added, "who remains with you?"

"An Englishman, a newspaper writer," was the reply.

"He is not English; he is American."

"Admiral Sampson vouched for him. But at any rate, suppose he is an American? He might be that and still be a writer for the English press."

General Garcia arose decisively.

"As you suggest," he said, "I must sleep. There is yet much before me."

"There is much yet before us all," grumbled the officer. "Good night, general."

As Garcia turned to his tent the man walked to the fire; he leaned down,



A Powerful Arm Was Thrown Across His Throat.

seized an ember and lighted a cigarette. The flames shone full upon his face.

With a half gasp Holton arose in his blanket, and then, as the fellow straightened up, he sank back upon the boughs. But his eyes never left the man's face.

At length, with quick motion, the Cuban turned toward Holton, who had just time to close his eyes. Thus he lay 'ase, listening for the sounds that would have caused him to spring to his feet—the sounds of the man's footsteps approaching him.

But the sounds did not come. As Holton at length opened his eyes he saw the man writing by the light of the fire upon a small pad lying on his knee.

"You are indeed a good waiter, my friend," muttered Holton to himself,

and rising from his blanket he walked noiselessly toward the fellow he had first seen in the dining-room at the New Willard.

So deeply was the man engrossed in his writing that Holton's movement was unnoticed by him. And for this Holton thanked him sincerely before he had gone two steps.

He acted upon impulse in rising from his blanket, and without any definite intention save that of accosting the man. But now the futility of doing this in the camp, with Garcia not yet asleep, and without any well-informed plans for dealing with him appealed to him forcibly. He stopped suddenly in his tracks and then stole back to his bed of boughs.

Holton's mind was in sore quandary as to what to do. Unquestionably this man held a high place in the esteem of Garcia, who just as certainly had no idea that he was a Spanish spy.

As to the conversation, Holton believed he had the key to that; the spy was engaged in the process of poisoning the minds of Cuban leaders against the Americans, a plot which, if carried forward successfully and rapidly, might seriously affect the present campaign, and at the same time have a decided tendency to give point to certain relations already strained with several powerful foreign nations.

One thing was sure, the moves of this man must be checkmated, and sharply. Just how was the question.

Holton lay there deliberating what he ought to do for more than an hour, and still undecided when the spy settled things for him by slipping his pad in his pocket and walking toward his horse. He stood for a moment there, his head turned toward Garcia's little hut of leaves and grasses, and then mounting he rode off down the trail.

Holton now lost no time in deciding on his course. Obviously it was to the interests of his government that this man be watched, and so waiting for a minute until the bushes had closed behind the spy, he stealthily started in pursuit.

After leaving the lines, Holton quickened his steps, keeping well within the shadow of the bushes until he was within fifty feet of the rider. Presently the bottom of the mountain was reached, and the spy continued on through the mangia jungle. As he broke through into the open, Holton made a little detour and came out on the beach, crawling now, about seven-foot-five feet from where the man was standing, holding his horse by the bridle and gazing out over the bay, where could be made out the light of a dispatch boat.

As the officer watched him, the spy raised his hand, and a low but penetrating whistle broke the stillness of the night. A lantern waved from a craft in the bay, and in a few minutes the rattle of oars in their locks sounded.

As the boat came shoreward, Holton, now breathlessly interested, wriggled his way nearer the spy and fattened against the sand and shielded by small growths of chaparral, he awaited the arrival of the boat.

As it grated on the beach, a tall officer sprang out, and Holton had no difficulty in recognizing him as one of General Shafter's aids.

"Well, Montez," said the latter, "I thought you were never coming."

"I thought so, too," was the reply. "There was difficulty in getting out of the camp, but now I am here and I have information the general wishes."

"All right. What is it?"

"Calixto Garcia is not your friend. He is one of the leaders in a plan to attack you once you have rid Santiago province of the Spaniards. I can give you proof." The spy drew from his pocket the pad upon which he had been writing and, tearing off a sheet, handed it to the officer, who read it by lighting a match and holding it in front of the paper.

"That is a copy of a letter which General Garcia wrote tonight to General Castillo and General Rabi."

"Are you sure of this?"

"Absolutely. But I will say this much: The message, as I have it, is not word for word. I read it after he wrote it, for he showed it to me; after he fell asleep I wrote it from memory."

"Very well. Have you anything else to tell me? Will Garcia carry out the arrangements made with General Shafter this afternoon?"

"Oh, yes; he will. You will understand that nothing which will hinder American success against the Spaniards will be done; Garcia and the other Cuban generals are looking to the future."

"Very well; I'll report to the commander-in-chief. What are your future intentions?"

"I should like to accompany you to the Sogranca. General Shafter may have some questions, and, in any event, I shall feel safer at sea just at present."

"You see," the spy added, "my role as one of the leaders of the Cuban

Junta, coupled with my supposed belief in the absolute integrity and disinterestedness of the United States as regards Cuba, sometimes lead me into danger. Garcia, who is my friend, believes in me, but Castillo, I have reason to think, is suspicious. Garcia meets Castillo tomorrow, and so—" he shrugged his shoulders and lifted his hands.

"All right," grunted the American; "jump into the boat."

Before the spy obeyed, he turned for a moment and repeated his whistle. Then, in a very mild voice, he said:

"It is time, senor, for your salad—with dressing."

Holton, knowing the words were addressed to him, was on the point of scrambling to his feet when a powerful arm was thrown across his throat, throttling him, while, at the same time, his hands and feet were seized and bound in a twinkling. A gag was then slipped into his mouth, and he lay there helplessly, regarding the four figures who stood over him.

"What is it?" he heard the officer say.

"Merely," was the reply, "an inquisitive soldier from Garcia's camp. They bother me so—you have no idea."

"Well," was the laughing reply, "you certainly seem to know how to deal with them. Now, come on, if you are coming."

"Thank you; yes."

He delivered a volley of commands in Spanish, speaking so rapidly that Holton could not understand a word. The men replied in kind, and then the officer and the spy stepped into the boat and were rowed offshore.

CHAPTER VIII.

A Grim Announcement.

The men, who proved to be three gigantic negroes and a white man, attired in the blue drill uniform of a Spanish officer, with a little cockade in his felt hat, jerked Holton to his feet, cut the lashings about his ankles and hurried him toward the trail.

Finally, as hints of dawn appeared overhead, the party arrived at a small clearing where were picketed some score of horses, with their riders, evidently a contingent of Spanish cavalry.

There was a short conference, and then the gag was taken from Holton's mouth and he was lifted upon a pony. The cavalcade took up the trail which ran alongside the mountain, below the camp of Garcia, in the direction of Santiago.

As the sun rose, a halt was called in a little valley, and preparations were made for what Holton believed would be a stay of considerable duration.

It was then that for the first time a word was spoken directly to Holton. An officer—not the one who had figured in his capture, but the man in charge of the detachment—confronted the American as he sat on the ground, and, releasing his hands, placed a guard over him.

"You will have opportunity for two hours' rest," he said, bowing. "Then we shall proceed at once to Santiago."

"But why have I been captured?" protested Holton. "I am a non-combatant."

"He produced his credentials as correspondent of the London Standard. The officer examined them carefully. Then he placed them in his pocket."

"I am convinced you are lying," he replied simply. "Our information concerning you is exceedingly accurate. For your sake I trust the papers may be found correct. For otherwise—" he shrugged his shoulders—"you are a spy."

A chill passed over Holton. He had not thought of that before. A spy! And in war time they had a summary way of dealing with such.

After a very meager breakfast, the men threw themselves upon the

carriage cases are wedged. These charms are sold to the patient.

In Suffolk a girl always keeps her first tooth; then when she marries and has a child the tooth is suspended about the infant's neck during teething, as it is said to bring instant relief.

These superstitions mostly exist in the counties which are washed by the North sea. Doubtless they are survivals of the days of the bold Viking marauders.—Ireland's Own

around, chatting and smoking, as Holton did likewise. He felt in its fullness the relief of having his hands free, and, in large measure, despite the guard standing over him and the men all about, he became possessed of greater confidence in his ability to meet this situation, the most dangerous that had ever confronted him.

Fearing, no doubt, the proximity of Garcia's men, the soldiers did not move until late afternoon, and then with great stealth, all talking in the ranks being rigidly silenced. Holton had had opportunity for several hours' sleep. He was thereby greatly refreshed, and, under reaction, his fears for himself were considerably lessened.

Dusk fell, and still the march continued. On through the night went the men, and without a stop until dawn, when camp was made in a clearing which had been cut where two of the mountain trails met and crossed. Here, as the heavens grew bright, fires were lighted, and a meal prepared, after which sentries were posted. Then the camp settled down for sleep.

Holton had no idea how many miles had been covered since his capture but felt it must be a great many. Standing up he could now see far away over the hills the twinkling lights of Santiago, and these he could not help viewing with dread.

At nightfall the march was again taken up, and at dawn the force was within a few miles of the city. A squad was sent on ahead to report to General Linares, but came flying back in a few hours with messages to the effect that the soldiers were leaving for El Paso, and that the troops of the United States would shortly advance from Siboney.

There were other matters, too, in the papers brought by the messenger, and one of them seemed to concern Holton, for the officer, while reading it, glanced at him with a troubled face. At length he came up to Holton and drew him to one side.

"I am sorry to inform you," he said, "that I have orders here to hang you at once."

Holton stepped back as though he had been struck in the face.

"Hang me at once!" he cried.

"Those are my orders, signed by the commander-in-chief of this province."

"But there must be some mistake," Holton went on, "I am not a spy; but even if I were I certainly have done nothing to justify an act so unfair, inhuman and outrageous."

"I do not see how any mistake could have been made," came back the answer. "Here you see the warrant signed by Muller, the general's aide."

"Then General Linares did not sign that warrant?"

"No. It reads General Linares 'orders,' and is then signed by Muller."

"But surely—" Holton began.

"There is no time for argument, my brother. We are ordered to Guasmas and have no time to waste with you. I am sorry, but—" the fellow shrugged his shoulders and pointed to the order.

Holton's mind worked like lightning. The men were engaged in breaking camp and the one who had been guarding Holton had turned aside at the officer's approach, and now, with his back toward the two, was extracting a clip of bullets from his Mauser. Behind Holton was an apparently impenetrable jungle of mangia.

The muscles of his body grew tense, and then with all the skill and all the sureness of direction of the champion middleweight boxer at Annapolis, he sent his fist swiftly and silently into the officer's jaw. Without a sound the man crumpled to the ground. Holton stepped back into the thicket, was blocked a few feet from the trail, but exerting all his power, forced his way into the depths of the jungle.

During a full minute silence reigned in the camp. It was all of that period before the prostrate officer, hidden by the long grass, was discovered by Holton's guard. Then his outcry sounded through the clearing, and in another instant loud commands were being uttered and bullets were cutting branches of mangia on all sides of the fugitive American. Then followed the crashing of bodies through the maze of underbrush.

As he worked his way along a little lane, apparently formed by nature or by the deer that used to inhabit that section, opened before him, continuing for a clear quarter of a mile. This he took with the speed of one of the former denizens of the jungle, never letting up until he had traversed its length and had broken once more into the bushes.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

In France last year the births exceeded the deaths by 35,000.

PUBLIC SERVICE COMMISSIONER

Acts Promptly for Protection at
Railroad Grade Crossings

READS DOHONEY REPORT

Inspector's Statement Shows 531 Persons Killed Within Six Years—
Only 1619 of 11,763 Places Guarded.

(Special Harrisburg Correspondence.) Harrisburg.—The Public Service Commission acted promptly on the recommendations contained in the report of Investigator Dohoney on grade crossings in the State. After the report, which was the first of its kind ever made in the State, had been read, the commission immediately instructed its investigator to prepare at once regulations for the safety of travelers. Dohoney reported that 114 steam railroad crossings cross public roads at grade in 11,763 instances, and of these 10,444 are unprotected. In commenting on the numerous fatal accidents, Mr. Dohoney says: "The State Railroad Commission always regretted the fact that it was without jurisdiction to effectively recommend measures that would safeguard the travelers over these thoroughfares, but the Public Service Company law, now in force, gives to the Public Service Commission the power to make such safety regulations as the circumstances of the case demand."

The necessity for such supervision is emphasized by the statement of grade crossing accidents in six years in which 531 persons were killed and 1718 injured. Concerning the matter of the crossing of steam railroads by street railways, 79 of the 126 electric companies operating in this State cross steam roads at 574 places. Our accident reports show that the utmost care should be exercised at crossings of this character, and I suggest that the commission renew the following recommendation made by the State Railroad Commission under date of April 25, 1910: Every street railway car shall, on approaching a grade crossing of a steam railroad track, come to a full stop at a safe distance therefrom and shall not proceed further until the conductor thereof has gone across and signalled the motor man to come ahead."

Bituminous Industry Set Record.

The fourteenth annual report of Chief James E. Roderick, of the State Department of Mines, on the bituminous coal industry, emphasizes the need for a department that can publish annually industrial statistics of the State. The report deals with the calendar year of 1912. Pennsylvania made a new high record for coal production in 1912, digging 245,257,361 short tons out of the earth; of these 160,830,492 were soft coal and 84,426,869 tons were anthracite. The previous high water mark was 1907, when about 10,000,000 less short tons, total, were mined. In 1880 the gross tonnage was 44,538,972 tons. The number of employees was 182,642; fatal accidents inside and outside, 446; tons produced per life cost, 360,606; loss of life per thousand employees, 2.44; average loss of life for five years, from 1908-12, inclusive, 2.78 per 1000; for 11 years, 1902-12, inclusive, 3.03, which includes the big mine disasters.

Mothers' Pension Money.

The first money to be paid out under the mothers' pension law has been sent to the Allegheny County trustees by Auditor General Powell. He sent a check for \$500 to pay for the expenses of furnishing an office. As soon as the trustees of Allegheny are ready to begin payments, it is said, a warrant will be presented to the State for payment to some widow. The Auditor General expects some charitable institution of Allegheny County will bring suit to restrain the payment and the case will then get into court.

Death in Cracker Crumb.

Michael Gruber died at his home at Highspire, as the result of a crumb of a cracker having lodged in his throat. This caused a violent coughing spell, and death shortly followed. His physicians said the coughing had produced paralysis of the heart.

Named to Legislative Board.

William H. Hargest, Deputy Attorney General, has been named to succeed the late Robert Snodgrass, of Harrisburg, as a member of the commission to promote uniformity of legislation in the United States.

Election for Senator.

Lieutenant Governor Reynolds has issued a writ for a special election of a Senator in Cambria County to fill the vacancy caused by the death of J. C. Stineman. The election will be held November 3.

Powell Names Assistants.

Rudolph Lugner, of McKeesport, was appointed warrant clerk in the Auditor General's Department and was directed by Auditor General Powell to report on January 10. Mr. Lugner was formerly assistant cashier of the First National Bank of McKeesport. General Powell also announced the appointments of William R. Brown and Frank Morrison, of Philadelphia, to clerkships in the bureau of accounts in his department. Mr. Morris will succeed Thomas J. Burke, Philadelphia, resigned.

ATTORNEYS.

D. S. FORRESTER
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
BELLEFONTE, Pa.
Office North of Court House.

W. HARRISON WALKER
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
BELLEFONTE, Pa.
No. 10 W. High Street.
All professional business promptly attended to.

A. B. OWENS and **J. BERRY W. R. SMITH**
L. J. BOWEN & BERRY
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW
EAST BLOOM
BELLEFONTE, Pa.
Accessories to OWENS, BOWEN & OWENS
Consultation in English and German.

H. B. SPANGLER
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
BELLEFONTE, Pa.
Practices in all the courts. Consultation in English and German. Office, Oriskany Exchange Building.

CLEMENT DALE
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
BELLEFONTE, Pa.
Office E. W. corner Diamond, two doors from First National Bank.

Penns Valley Banking Company
Centre Hall, Pa.
DAVID K. KELLER, Cashier
Receives Deposits . . .
Discounts Notes . . .

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

PATENTS

TRADE MARKS
DESIGNS
COPYRIGHTS &c.

Anyone sending a sketch and description will promptly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. Handbook on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through **Munn & Co.** receive special notice, without charge, in the **Scientific American**.

A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, \$5 per year in advance. Sold by newsdealers.

MUNN & Co. 361 Broadway, New York
Branch Office: 611 F St., Washington D. C.

Jno. F. Gray & Son
(Successors to GRANT HOVEY)

Control Sixteen of the
Largest Fire and Life
Insurance Companies
in the World. . . .

THE BEST IS THE CHEAPEST

No Mutual
No Amusements

Before insuring your life see the contract of **THE HOME** which in case of death between the tenth and twentieth years returns all premiums paid in addition to the face of the policy.

Money to Loan on First Mortgage

Office in Crider's Stone Building
BELLEFONTE, PA.
Telephone Connection

MARBLE AND GRANITE MONUMENTS.

H. O. STROMBEIER,
CENTRE HALL, PA.
Manufacturer of
and Dealer in
HIGH GRADE . . .
MONUMENTAL WORK
In all kinds of
Marble and
Granite. Don't Fail to See Our Prices

BOALSBURG TAVERN
BOALSBURG, PA.
AMOS KOCH, PROPRIETOR

This well-known hostelry is prepared to receive moderate rates. But to and from all "clean" stopping at Oak Hall Station. Every effort is made to accommodate the traveling public. Let us try attached.

OLD PORT HOTEL

EDWARD ROYER Proprietor
BATES, . .
\$1.00 Per Day
Location: One mile south of Centre Hall.
A comfortable breakfast. Parties wishing to enjoy an evening given special attention. Meals for such occasions prepared on short notice. All ways prepared for the transient trade.

DR. SOL. M. NISSLAY,
VETERINARY SURGEON.

A graduate of the University of Pennsylvania. Office at Palace Livery Stable, Bellefonte, Pa. Both 'phones.
Oct. 10, 1912.