

HOLTON OF THE NAVY

A STORY OF THE FREEDOM OF CUBA

By Lawrence Perry
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Illustrations by
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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 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. Senior La Tossa chides his daughter for her failure to secure important information from Holton. She leaves for 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 Cuba 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 dynamite 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. He detects a trusted Cuban leader in the work of fomenting trouble among the Cubans in the interests of the Spaniards. Holton is seized by friends of the spy and later is ordered executed as a spy. He escapes.

CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

The shouts had grown more distant, and Holton knew that no one else had stumbled upon the trail, or at least that was his belief until he heard behind him the sound of footsteps patterning down the clearing. He paused, curious to see if it were not one of the scouts who had located his hidden alleyway and found his suspicious truce. As the big negro dashed to the end of the lane, Holton worked his way to the opening through which he had just come and waited, tense for the encounter. The man located the bent branches and with a little grunt started afresh on Holton's trail.

It was the last sound he made for some time, for, as he burst through, the American's fist, launched with bone-shattering force, landed just two inches above his chin and down he went, like a stricken animal.

Holton, with a prayer of thanksgiving, leaned over the huddled figure and was rejoiced to find that the fellow had a revolver and a belt filled with bullets, in addition to a hunting-knife. All these things Holton appropriated, and then leaving the negro where he lay, pursued his way into the forest.

He had marked his direction before starting upon his flight, his intention being to make the hills over Santiago bay, ascertain the location of Cervera's fleet, watch for any signs that might give him a hint as to the intentions of the Spanish admiral, and then make for a point where he might signal Sampson's flagship.

He had no thought of getting clear away until he had made a strong effort to perform the mission upon which he had been dispatched.

After walking all day with frequent halts in the torrid heat, making perhaps ten or twelve miles, he came near sunset to a tall grove of palms. One of these he climbed and at length was able to locate his position in a general way.

It may have been fever working in his blood, although he felt well, but Holton, his eyes strained ahead, his ears alert for the slightest sound, started convulsively as a campaign hat appeared for an instant through a rift in the high grasses on the valley side of the trail.

Then, flattening himself rigidly upon the ground, he pointed his pistol in the direction of the Spaniards beneath him, and pulled the trigger. The sharp report of the forty-four tore through the dead stillness with nerve-racking violence. It clattered across the valley in a hundred echoes. And then, as though both nature and man had been shocked into inattention, there followed a few seconds of pulseless silence.

Again Holton's pistol rang out. This time, from the direction of the hidden advancing forces, there came several short, sharp commands. As Holton lay hidden, thankful that the Spaniards had evidently attributed the shots to some over-anxious soldier on their own side, he saw two Cubans steal along the trail and behind them a gigantic young sergeant in the uniform of a Rough Rider.

Close behind him were four men. They were picking their way stealthily. There was no question that Holton's shots had the desired effect.

large number of soldiers had left not many hours before. There were remains of a fire and, better still, scattered upon the ground were bits of hardtack, a whole pineapple and an abandoned kettle with some boiled rice remaining in it.

Despite the suggestions of the proximity of the Spaniards, Holton sat down and ate the most satisfactory meal of his life.

Having eaten, he retired a little distance and lay back in the shadows. The sun warmed him, and the stiffness caused by the damp of the night left him. If, as he had feared, fever had been in his blood, it had gone now and this inspired him wonderfully.

He was about to descend when the flash of something below caught his eye almost beneath his feet. He looked closely and caught the flash again, followed by another flash, then by several. A flash in this jungle meant polished metal of some sort, and metal of any sort here meant only one thing—soldiers.

He strained his eyes downward and then caught glimpses of a trail, partially hidden from his view by bushes. On the side of the trail nearest to the eastward the land fell sharply away into a wide valley, the opposite sides of which were bush and tree-covered hills just as on his side.

And now as he looked, the situation dawned clear upon him. For he could see men moving, falling back along the trail, and eventually debouching into bushes on either side.

Holton's heart beat quickly. He remembered what the Spaniards had said of Americans marching from the direction of Siboney, and he knew that right before his eyes the Spaniards were arranging an ambush for them.

But what could he do? Almost any moment a detachment of Spanish soldiers might come upon him. His slightest movement would tend to attract the attention of some of them.

What was happening? Suddenly from the distance there came what sounded to Holton like the clatter of steel on steel. He at once recognized it as the sound a scabbard makes when it strikes against a spur.

Hastily he looked down at the Spanish position, but not a sign of a soldier could he see. The trail was deserted, the surroundings were as quiet, as peaceful as the heart of a jungle. It was too quiet, Holton thought.

Suddenly the situation dawned clear—his countrymen were walking into a deadly trap! And he was powerless to help them.

Then, as though a voice had whispered in his ear, he started up. Was he helpless? Yes, if he was considering himself. If fear of consequences to him personally were to be weighed, he was perfectly helpless. But not otherwise. Providence could not have smiled more benignly upon the Americans than in placing him just where he was—provided he justified the providential processes with the nerve of a hero.

He rolled half on his side, loosened his revolver in its holster, and then drew it out. No more sounds came from the trail, and yet, somehow, there was the impression of movement down there, a subconscious feeling of the approach of men.

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Then, as he looked, several long, lance-like lines of flame darted out of the bushes in which the Spaniards lay. The valley resounded with a racketing uproar. He saw the big Rough Rider sergeant stop short with a look of surprise upon his face, saw his jaws set grimly, saw him advance a step, and then heave forward on his face, blocking the trail with his body.

The bushes beneath Holton were now darting sheets of flame and the gases from the smokeless powder drifted upward and into his nostrils.

From the American side he heard a crashing as the main body rushed up into action or deployed into the grass

to the eastward of the trail and then suddenly out of the thicket came the roar of the Krags. Holton thrilled with pride as he noticed that the aim of the Americans was low and that the shooting discipline was excellent.

The firing was incessant and Holton, whose activities with his revolver had brought a volley or two in his direction, now ceased firing and began to work his way into the valley toward the American position. He had not gone far when the advancing lines swept upon him.

"Hello, Dud," cried a tall, swarthy-faced sergeant from a New Mexican ranch, "what're you doin' way out here?"

Holton smiled and was about to reply when a red light suddenly flashed before his eyes and he clapped his hand to his forehead, for it seemed as though a red-hot brand had suddenly been clamped upon it. Then mercifully came darkness.

And as he lay thus in the tall grass, his eyes closed, blood streaming down



A Red Light Suddenly Flashed Before His Eyes.

his cheeks and coagulating in the hot sun, the Rough Riders met the regulars from across the valley, while four companies revolved around the left end of the hidden enemy and then, as the Spaniards later put it, "they started to catch us with their hands."

For a mile and a half these men, who had marched into what approximated a deadly surprise, chased the Spaniards, sent them flying hastily from three successive barricades until finally, in utter route, they abandoned all thought of further interference with the American movement and fell back on the trenches before Santiago.

But Holton did not witness this triumph of Guasmas. Long after the thin blue line had swept on up the valley he lay as he had fallen, vultures flitting over him and terrible land-crabs rattling about, seeking for that food which death alone makes palatable to them.

CHAPTER IX.

Before San Juan.

Agony seemed to have passed when Holton was aroused by a pleasant voice and the sensation that some revivifying fluid had been forced down his throat. Some very sympathetic hand was touching his head and a genial voice was addressing him.

"Come, old man, you're all right. The bullet just clipped your very thick head and glanced off."



SOURCE OF NAME IS HIDDEN

Scholars Own Themselves a Loss as to Whence Came the Term "Mephistopheles."

There has been much discussion concerning the origin of the word "Mephistopheles" in the past, which has, moreover, as yet ended in no very satisfactory conclusion. Some very bizarre explanations had been propounded before the time of Goethe, who was himself forced to own to the musician Zelter in a letter of November 20, 1829: "I cannot give any definite answer to the question 'Whence comes the name Mephistopheles?'"

According to one theory it was a hybrid Graeco-Hebraic formation of mephis and topel (the liar); according to another its etymology was entirely Greek—very dubious Greek—

Holton opened his eyes and saw a tall, broad-shouldered surgeon bending over him.

"How do you feel now?" he asked.

"Bully," smiled Holton. "I think I'm getting up, if I may."

"Oh, you can get up just as soon as you think you feel sufficiently strong," replied the surgeon. He looked at Holton closely. "You're not of our outfit. Correspondent, aren't you?"

Holton smiled and shook his head. "No, my name is Holton, a lieutenant in the navy."

"The navy! God! You must have been spoiling for a landlubbers' scrap, then."

"I came in from behind Santiago," volunteered Holton, "and ran into this fight by accident. I have important information for Admiral Sampson, if you think I can get to the coast."

"You certainly can. I am sending a couple of wounded men down to Siboney now on horseback. I have another pony which you may borrow—remember, borrow," laughed the surgeon. "Be careful to keep that first-aid bandage on your head and by tonight you'll be all right. Not even a headache."

"Thanks," Holton, aided by the surgeon, got upon his feet, swayed weakly a moment with the other's arm around him, and then, getting his swimming head to rights, he walked slowly toward the trail.

A hospital attendant stood there holding two horses, and one of these the surgeon took and assisted Holton into the saddle.

"You can leave the nag at our camp in Siboney and I'll get him," he said. "By the way, my name is Church."

"Bob Church, of Princeton?" exclaimed Holton, recalling now that he had seen that broad-shouldered young doctor on many a hard-fought gridiron.

"The same," was the smiling reply. "Well, Bob Church, I owe you one," rejoined Holton. "I used to try to emulate your deeds on the eleven at Annapolis, but I don't think I ever succeeded."

"Oh, yes, you did!" exclaimed the surgeon. "Holton—Holton—Tommy Holton—I place you now. I think they put something like All-America end after your name, a degree they never conferred upon me."

Holton blushed, and then, thanking his benefactor, once more he passed on down the trail, in company with two privates wounded in the legs.

As Holton wandered down a line of tents, he ran into Aldridge, Buxton and Fisher, all of the flagship New York. He fairly flung himself into their arms, and, overjoyed at seeing them for themselves not only, but because of the opportunity it gave him of getting the information he had obtained through to Admiral Sampson.

After lunching with his friends as guests of the junior officers of the Third Cavalry, Holton made his way to General Shafter's headquarters. The general was sleeping and could not be awakened, but Holton detailed his information concerning the spy to Lieutenant Miley, who received it with great politeness and apparent gratitude, but obviously with little faith either in the fealty or the efficacy of the Cubans—a state of mind that Holton found prevalent among most of the officers of the army.

The army had been ordered to move to El Paso, or rather in the direction of El Paso, and there was much to engage Holton's interest. The trail leading into the jungle was congested with light artillery, ambulance wagons and marching men.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Possible Explanation. Some prophets are without honor in their own country for the reason that it is harder to fool people when they are well acquainted with you.

STATE FORESTS EARNING MONEY

Timber on All Public Reserves to Be Sold for Profit

FUNDS USED FOR SCHOOLS

Department of Forestry Has Reports Showing Cash Returns From Lands Owned by Commonwealth—\$78,000 Turned into Treasury.

(Special Harrisburg Correspondence.)

Harrisburg.—The state department of forestry has received reports indicating that cash returns to the state from lands, owned by the commonwealth, will soon be no mean item in the state's annual receipts. During last year the state got \$15,000 for timber taken from the forest lands. During the years since the state first began to buy such lands a total of \$78,000 has been turned into the state treasury from this source. The prediction is likewise made that 1914 will be a record year for receipts of this character, as contracts for timber cutting are unexpired and will extend into the new year, while ten or twelve new operations will start under contract in January. All funds that the department of forestry derives from the sale of timber are turned directly into the state treasury and 80 per cent. of this revenue becomes a part of the state school fund. Whenever possible, timber is cut only by contract let by the department, but at times lumbermen refuse to bid because of physical difficulties in timbering. Then the department uses its own sawmill. The time has passed when only dead timber or dying timber is taken out, for many acres of state forest land now have trees that are mature and ready for market. "The policy of the department of forestry is, and always has been, to take the forests of value to the people in every possible way," said Robert S. Conklin, state commissioner of forestry.

Law After Film Shows.

Arrangements for the arrest and prosecution of managers of moving picture shows who permit overcrowding of their theatres have been made by John Price Jackson, Commissioner of Labor and Industry, and his deputies with chiefs of police and Burgesses in a number of the cities and boroughs of the State, because of reports which have been sent to the Capitol, showing that the State laws and the common rules of safety are being ignored in many instances. Commissioner Jackson has secured the names and addresses of managers of about 80 per cent. of the moving picture shows in the State and will send them letters, calling attention to State laws and regulations, but says he does not intend to wait until they receive them before acting in case of overcrowding. "I am not going to wait until a fire or panic occurs in some small theatre and lives are lost as a horrible example," he said, "but wherever I can get local authorities to cooperate with my men I will have arrests made. In fact, the local officers do not need any authorization from me to begin a suit if they find the law violated and a place overcrowded. I have just received word of the arrest of a manager at Barnesboro who would not comply with regulations about overcrowding and I'm going to stand behind that case and push it. And I will do so with others."

State Gives Twenty Million.

Statistics compiled by the Board of Public Charities show the last Legislature appropriated \$16,855,391.31 for maintenance and buildings, for the next two years, of 26 State institutions, 7 semi-State institutions, 149 hospitals, 5 sanatoria, 116 homes and asylums, for the indigent insane. Of that amount \$2,012,927.25 was set aside for buildings. In addition, \$2,625,000 was appropriated to the State Department of Health for the free treatment of tubercular patients. Governor Tener likewise approved appropriations of \$40,000 for the Pennsylvania Village for Feeble-Minded Women; \$250,000 to the State Industrial Home for Women, and \$25,000 to erect the new State Institution for Inebriates.

To Know the Laws.

Steps to provide for the General Assembly of 1915 a complete code of laws of the Commonwealth are being taken by the Legislative Reference Bureau. Statutes of over 100 years have been overhauled in the process.

Inventory of State Waters.

Engineers of the State Water Supply Commission have started in the two ends of the State to make an inventory of the water resources of the Commonwealth.

Building and Loan Reports.

A call upon 1737 building and loan associations of the State, of which 1034 are in Philadelphia, was made by Banking Commissioner W. H. Smith. Their reports are to show business up to the end of 1913. Under the act of May 4, 1913, these organizations must set aside funds for contingent losses to be carried as a separate liability. Where funds are loaned to members on straight mortgages they are to be carried as assets independent from mortgage loans on shares.

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