

# HOLTON OF THE NAVY

## A STORY OF THE FREEING OF CUBA

By Lawrence Perry  
Author of "Dan Marritow," "Prince of Chantiers," etc.

Illustrations by  
Elsworth Young

Copyright, A. C. McClurg & Co. 1913. Copyrighted in Great Britain



### 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 escapes by his service and gives her name as Miss La Tossa. A patriotic patriot. Later he meets her at a ball. A secret service man warns Holton that the girl is a spy. Senator La Tossa chides his daughter for her failure to secure important information from Holton. 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 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 and saves the American troops from falling into a Spanish ambush. He learns from Gen. Garcia that the spy, Jose Censola, one of the most trusted leaders. Holton takes part in the battle at San Juan.

### CHAPTER X.—Continued.

Presently he came to a street which presented a vista of a long line of street lamps. Evidently it led into the heart of the city. Holton followed it past stores and houses, until at length he stood in the patio before the "palace." Here there were lights in all the windows. Evidently the official machinery was working overtime. The lights gave him a sense of comfort, the doubtful sort of comfort that a man out in the cold feels when he looks in at a company gathered about a genial fire.

Holton's emotions were those of a pariah. He was an outcast, and more than that an outcast who would speedily feel a hempen rope about his neck if he were not extremely careful. Somehow the thought that he was a spy had slipped his mind for the time being.

For more than an hour he stumbled along, leaving the city, crossing the tracks of the Sabanilla and Maroto railroad, until he came to a gate guarded by a thatched lodge. Upon the walls of the gate were emblazoned the Spanish coat-of-arms. It was thrown back, and a soldier stood in the opening.

"Who comes there?" he asked, bringing his gun across his chest. "Cardenas," cried Holton, giving the countersign as he had heard it several times that night.

He walked forward. "I have a message from General Toral for Senor La Tossa. Does he live here?" he added.

The sentinel threw his gun into the hollow of his arm.

"No," he replied. "You must walk up this road two miles. It is the first estate on your left."

Holton politely thanked the soldier and proceeded on his way. His shoes were caked with mud and his clothing dragged heavily. And he was both tired and sleepy. He moved as though in a dream. He was really not more than half awake.

And yet he was not aware of the passage of a great amount of time when he passed in front of another thatched lodge, with the dark outlines of a large house, lying back on the top



He Glued His Eye to the Crevice.

of a gentle hill. There was no soldier at the gate here, and as he walked up the winding path he could not discover a single light in the great mansion. At least he could see nothing in the way of illumination until he got quite close, and then through a crevice in the tightly drawn shades of what apparently was one of the larger rooms he made out a tiny gleam. At least the house was not deserted.

He walked close to the window and found that the front veranda passed under it. So he mounted the steps

and, stealing to the window, glued his eye to the crevice.

He could see a table, and around it some men in uniform, drinking and smoking. The figures were, of course, indistinct, and although Holton could catch the sound of their voices, he could not make out what was being said.

As he crouched thus under the window-ledge the front door opened, and a figure passed out and walked to one end of the long veranda. Here the man emitted a low whistle, which was not answered. With a muttered exclamation, the stranger retraced his steps, and, walking directly past Holton in the other direction, leaned over the railing and whistled again.

Holton never afterward knew what possessed him, but he noticed that the man had left the front door slightly ajar. Acting upon quick thought, he suddenly leaned down, unlaced his shoes, and then, with a quick glance at the fellow still leaning over the railing and cursing under his breath, he stole from his position, made for the open door, and slipped hastily and noiselessly into the hall.

A light with a deep red shade was burning here, and the shadows it cast were heavy. The door of the room into which he had been peering was half open, and across the hall, directly opposite, was a corresponding room, the interior of which was not lighted.

Into this apartment, scarcely breathing, Holton stole, standing inside the jamb and listening with strained ears. Before he could adjust himself to the sense of what was being said, the man who had emerged from the door when Holton was on the veranda returned into the hall, closed the door and entered the lighted room. He was attired in the uniform of a captain in the navy, and his entrance seemed to quiet somewhat the ardor of the argument.

"It is agreed, then gentlemen, that the city cannot long endure a siege!" The voice was deep and authoritative. Holton, in an ecstasy of eagerness, craned his head forward.

"I for one deny it," was the angry response.

"But aside from you, general," was the rejoinder, "we seem unanimous. Do we not?"

There was a chorus of assent. Then Holton heard a voice that he recognized; a voice that sent thrills down his spine and caused him to loosen his revolver in its holster.

"Shafter's army alone would not suffice. But I know that General Miles with reinforcements will soon be here, and I know, also, that while General Shafter would prefer to abandon his present position, he will not do so. I can inform you, too, that the lines of our army will not be attacked by charge on the morrow, and that a long siege will be entered upon. The Americans are in excellent health, and they will starve us to submission."

It was the voice of the waiter of the New Willard.

"But, Senor Censola," interposed the first speaker, "you have led us to believe that within a week, at least, your Cuban rebels will turn upon the Americans."

"They will when I give the word."

"Then why not give it?"

"Because the time is not ripe. That time must come when the fever has begun its work and the army is beginning to be demoralized. Two—three—five more days in the trenches on the hillsides under this hot sun, will do our work for us."

"Gentlemen," went on the first speaker, "my mind is made up. Tomorrow is the 2nd of July. We shall make no move then. But I warn you, if on the morning of July 3 the situation is still unchanged the fleet will leave Santiago harbor. Orders from Blanco are getting imperative. If we survive the attempt and reach Havana we shall be safe; it cannot be taken, I believe, in a year's siege. Here the successful storming of our lines means the end of our navy and the unsuccessful close of this war."

"So this is your decision?" inquired another voice.

"Those are my orders and they are final."

Holton, trembling like a leaf, his mouth hanging open, drank in the words as a drowning man drinks in his last breath of air. He could hardly credit his senses.

Here, after a night of aimless stumbling through the blackness and through the rain, he had chanced upon the very place of all places where information most valuable to his country's success was to be obtained.

The voices had fallen to a hum and, strain his ears as he would, he could catch no more than fragmentary sentences. Some one went out at the door, and presently the sound of horses' hoofs was heard on the shell driveway. Three men departed, and then Holton heard the scraping of chairs and the rattle of glasses, as though those that remained were pre-



paring to spend some further time in their present quarters.

Holton having put on his shoes, was on the point of stealing into the hall and out by the door when he decided that this, exposing him as it would to detection, was not the wise course. So he turned back into the room, purposing to open a window.

As his hand touched the catch he was startled by a sudden blaze of light and a voice.

"Well, sir, what are you doing here?"

He turned to confront the young woman he loved.

### CHAPTER XI.

#### A Close Call.

Holton's first instinct was to utter the girl's name; but flashing second thought came to his rescue, and he broke into a volley of Spanish ejaculations. As he went on she stood regarding him fixedly, and finally, seeing a peculiar expression settle upon her wonderful face, he paused.

"Mr. Holton!" Her voice was low, almost guttural.

Holton sprang toward her.

"Miss La Tossa—Ranee!" His voice, too, was low, quivering with emotion.

She stepped back, and, pointing her



"Well, Sir, What Are You Doing Here?"

finger at him, repeated with blazing eyes her first question.

"What are you doing here?" Then she stopped and looked at him. "Do you realize what you have done?"

She reached up hastily and extinguished the lamp she had lighted.

"Mr. Holton," she continued, as the young officer stood silently regarding her, "have you truly no desire to live?"

"I was captured in the battle," replied Holton. "I escaped and—and—"

"How—why did you come in here?"

"Because a soldier on the road—I mean a farmer—a planter—told me this was your home."

"And you wish me to hide you?"

"No, I wish to leave."

"But you cannot."

"I came in here; I am able to leave."

"No, you are not," she whispered.

"General Toral's and Admiral Cervera's escort are outside now. She peered out of the window. "I can see them."

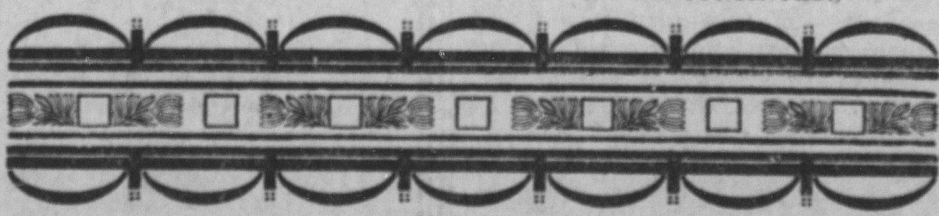
Holton looked for himself, and saw the front of the house lined with mounted men. He faced her irresolutely.

"But I must get away at once," he remonstrated. "I cannot stay here."

"Then why did you come here? How did you get in?"

"I wanted to see you," replied Holton. "The door was open, and I walked in."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



### MILLSTONE AROUND A TREE

Seed Sown in the Center in Course of Time Lifted Up a Comfortable Seat.

"Sometimes nature turns to an unexpected use the handiwork of man," says Dr. Charles G. Percival in his new book, "The Trail of the Bulldog." At Sheldon's Mill, near South Devoro, N. Y., there is a very comfortable seat of stone around a huge tree which puzzles visitors, as the stone is natural without a single break to show how it got around the tree trunk.

The story is that a discarded millstone lay on the ground for many years, and a seed blown by the wind dropped into the core of the stone and grew there, finally growing into a tree, filling the hole in the center of

the stone, and as the tree grew in size the stone was gradually lifted from the earth, making the unique seat.—Rural Farmer.

She went on as though he had not spoken.

"It is quite clear now," she was about to continue, when steps were heard in the hall and a voice called her name:

"Ranee! Ranee, my daughter!"

She pushed Holton into the folds of a heavy tapestry by the door, and then looked out into the hall.

"Yes, father. Here I am."

"Oh, yes! I wish you would ask Maria to prepare a guest-room for Senor Censola. He decides to remain the night with us."

"Yes, father," and with a warning "Sh-sh!" Miss La Tossa went out into the hall and disappeared.

The two men stood near the door, chatting.

"My daughter," complained La Tossa, "is still very restive. She escaped from us the day before the battle on horseback, and was gone the entire day."

"It is just as you say," was the laughing reply. "She will do no harm now, for while your daughter counts on the mine exploding after they have vanquished us, I can assure you that the fuse will be lighted a great while before 'that rather visionary event.'"

"You told me that young naval officer who was with Garcia had been executed," went on La Tossa. "I am rather sorry for that. He was a likable young man apparently."

"You need spare your grief," was the rejoinder. "When I so informed you I believed my orders had been carried out. But, as it appears, he escaped."

"Your orders!" ejaculated La Tossa. "And when have you assumed the prerogatives of life and death?"

"Spies must assume such prerogatives occasionally," was the quiet reply. "This young man Holton was in a position to undo my work. He was in my way. As a consequence, I forged Muller's name to a warrant for his execution. That fact may wound your sensibilities; but this is war, not child's play."

Holton's eyes fairly glared through the darkness, and yet, despite his anger, he was pleased to know that the murderous order was the work of a renegade and that it had not the sanction of authority.

"Well, I must say I am glad he was not executed," remarked La Tossa. "My daughter"—his voice sank low—"is, I believe, very fond of him."

"And you approve?"

"Oh, it has not gone so far as that! But I do know that in some way her little secret amour has exerted upon her a repressing influence, has caused her to mope and to brood—in other words, to curb activities which formerly caused me much worry."

Miss La Tossa appeared at the moment, and the two men rejoiced their comrades in the opposite room.

"Are you here?" she whispered.

"Yes," Holton stepped before her. "Now listen, Miss La Tossa, I have something I wish to tell you. When I met you before I was unable to reassure your fears as to your country. Now I am. I have spent seven days among the leaders of our army, and I know their intentions. I wish to assure you as a man of honor that as soon as Santiago is taken, as soon as the city and the province are utterly rid of the Spaniards, and as soon as order is restored here, our troops are going to withdraw."

"Is this true?" she whispered tensely.

"It is true, and more. I heard Admiral Sampson and several high army officers assure General Garcia that as soon as practicable the Americans would withdraw, leaving him, General Garcia, as governor of the province. Now, there is no doubt of this at all. I have heard it with my own ears."

He paused and held out his hand. "Are we friends?" he added.

She met his hand impulsively.

"Yes, a thousand times, and God bless you Americans!"

Holton drew her fingers to his lips and kissed them. As he bent thus a figure darkened the doorway and a sneering voice broke the silence.

"A very charming picture, indeed!"

Holton swung around quickly, and before him, his face writhing with a saturnine grin, stood Censola. Holton's hand flew to his revolver, but the face and a significant flash of steel on a line with the man's waist gave him pause.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## DAUGHTER IN TRADE FOR HOME

### County Authorities Prevent Marriage of Eleven-Year-Old Girl TO 45-YEAR-OLD MINER

#### Child Is Turned Over to the Care of United Charities Society—Little Anna Consented to Sacrifice to Help Father Bedfast for Months.

Wilkes-Barre.—The county authorities prevented the marriage of a mine worker, 45 years old, and an eleven-year-old girl, who had consented to wed the man in order to give her injured father a home and the necessities of life. John Sodusky, the father, has been bedfast for months from an injury received in the mines and was without means to support himself and daughter. The little girl consented to marry the mine worker when he agreed to care for her helpless father and a marriage license was procured. The man and girl came to Wilkes-Barre to be married, but before they could find a clergyman the county authorities heard of the intended marriage and took the two before Judge Fuller, of the County Court. After hearing the case the court ordered the child turned over to the care of the United Charities Society. Little Anna, who has been attending the public schools at Lopez, consented to make the sacrifice. She expressed a willingness to become the wife of Skobon, in order that she might provide a home in which her injured father could get at least the necessities of life. Skobon consented to care for the crippled father, if the girl were permitted to become his wife. A marriage license was applied for at Lopez. The child told a justice of the peace she was willing to wed. The parent signed away his daughter as a child-bride. Before they found a priest, the county authorities heard of the case and Skobon and the child were forced to appear before Judge Fuller. After hearing the facts, the court decreed that the marriage could not take place. When before the court, the child declared that she liked Skobon, but did not love him. She said she was willing to become his wife if he took her father and cared for him.

Heart Balm Based on Arrest. Scranton.—When Joseph Kearney, of Archbald, son of a prominent mine foreman there, told Miss Eva Kelly that he had changed his mind, and "would not marry her tomorrow," the young woman was heartbroken. They had kept company for five years, and she had worn a diamond engagement ring for a year; her trousseau was ready and the banns had been published in church, and the priest engaged for the ceremony. The only reason the young man would give for breaking the engagement was that his father did not approve of the match. Miss Kelly brought suit for \$10,000, and caused Joseph to be arrested on a capias.

Women Drop Hammers. Scranton.—Twenty-one ministers and a hundred leading members of their churches donned overalls and worked with hammer and saw on the "Billy" Sunday tabernacle, being erected in preparation for the coming of the evangelist in March. Five women also gave a hand for a while, but there weren't enough hammers and saws to go around, and they had to give way. They started at 8 o'clock with a prayer and kept it up all day, although it was very cold for outside work.

Months With Broken Neck. Towanda.—Charles Chamberlain, a farmer and father of 10 children, died after lingering three months with a broken neck. He was breaking a colt on October 16, and was thrown on his head. Chamberlain was a powerful man, and he suffered no pain, just wasted away, and was reduced from 200 pounds to a mere skeleton.

In Front of Express to Die. Bristol.—Alfred Deana, of Philadelphia, was struck and instantly killed by an express train on the Reading Railway at Yardley. Deana, a boss plumber, was installing a new water distributing system near the station and stepped from behind a freight train directly into the path of the approaching express.

Beat and Rob Express Agent. Scranton.—While Edward Roche, agent of the Blue Line Express, was engaged in the office at Carbondale at noon, he was attacked by two masked men, who beat him over the head until he became unconscious. After putting him out of the way, the men broke open the cash drawer and took \$50 or \$60.

Woman Draws Plow. Carlisle.—Mrs. Laura B. Porter, of North street, in an action for divorce against William Henry Porter, testified that her husband had forced her to draw a plow. She said that during her early married life, spent near Plainfield, she was compelled by her husband, who said that it was impossible to obtain horses, to draw a plow which he held. For 18 years her work included field labor, clearing and grubbing, loading, splitting and crossing logs, some of which were heavy enough for three men.

### ATTORNEYS.

D. S. FORBNEY  
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  
J. D. CURTIS  
Jas. J. BOWEN  
W. S. SCHUBERT  
L. ETTIG, BOWEN & EBBERT  
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW  
BELLEFONTE, PA.  
KELSO BLOOM  
BELLEFONTE, PA.  
Consultation in English and German.

H. B. SPANGLER  
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW  
BELLEFONTE, PA.  
Practices in all the courts. Consultation in English and German. Office, Order's Exchange Building.

CLEMENT DALE  
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW  
BELLEFONTE, PA.  
Office N. W. corner Hancock, two doors from First National Bank.

Peens 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 may receive immediately an opinion free whether or not invention is probably patentable. Consultation in strictest confidence. Handbook on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through Mann & Co. need no special notice, without charge, in the

Scientific American.  
A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, \$1 a year; four months, \$1. Sold by all newsdealers.  
MANN & CO., 361 Broadway, New York

Jno. F. Gray & Son  
(Successors to GRANT HOOPER)  
Control Sixteen of the Largest Fire and Life Insurance Companies in the World. . . .  
THE BEST IS THE CHEAPEST . . . .  
No Mutual No Assessment  
Before insuring your life on 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 Ceder's Shoe Building BELLEFONTE, PA.  
Telephone Connection

MARBLE AND GRANITE MONUMENTS.  
H. G. STROHMEIER  
CENTRE HALL, . . . . PA.  
Manufacturer of and Dealer in  
HIGH GRADE . . .  
MONUMENTAL WORK  
In all kinds of  
Marble and  
Granite. Don't fail to call my pattern

BOALSBURG TAVERN  
BOALSBURG, PA.  
AMOS KOCH, PROPRIETOR  
This well-known hotel is prepared to accommodate all travelers. Bus to and from all "local" stopping at Oak Hill Station. Every effort made to accommodate the traveling public. Liquor attached.

OLD PORT HOTEL  
EDWARD ROYER  
Proprietor  
RATES . . . \$1.00 Per Day  
Location: One mile South of Centre Hall.  
Accommodations first-class. Parties wishing to enjoy an evening give special attention. Meals for such occasions prepared on short notice. All ways prepared for the transient trade.

DR. SOL. M. NISSLEY,  
VETERINARY SURGEON.  
A graduate of the University of Penna's Office at Palace Livery Stable, Bellefonte, Pa. Both phones. oct.1.10 120.