

HOLTON OF THE NAVY
A STORY OF THE
FREEING OF CUBA

By Lawrence Perry
Author of "Dan Marthew," "Prince or Chauffeur," 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 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. Miss La Tossa 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 sees the transports from destruction at the hands of the Spaniards and reports to Admiral Sampson for further duty. Holton is sent to General Garcia's command in the guise of a newsman to investigate Cuban plots against the American troops and to learn the plans of the Spaniards. 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 ordered executed as a spy. He escapes and saves the American troops from falling into a Spanish ambush. He learns from General Garcia that the spy is Jose Cenosa, one of the most trusted leaders. Holton takes part in the battle at San Juan. Disguised as a Spanish soldier he enters Santiago, goes at night to the home of Miss La Tossa, where he overhears a discussion of the Spanish plans by leading army and navy commanders. He learns that the Spanish fleet will leave the harbor at Santiago on July 1. Holton escapes and arrives in sight of the American fleet in time to see the admiral's flagship sail away. After frantic signaling he is answered by the Brooklyn. He warns Schley of the intentions of the Spanish fleet.

CHAPTER XII.—Continued.

Two or three faint cheers drifted shoreward, but for the most part there was silence. Boats manned by American sailors were about all the Spanish vessels, which, having left the harbor so proudly and so defiantly but a little while before, were now merely smoking, burning wrecks.

"Well, it was over. What would happen now? The harbor forts were still to be subdued, and it was out of the question that Sampson would attempt to rush them this day. No, Holton could see that the army still had its part to play, and that, as a consequence, his work was far from completed.

His duty was perfectly clear; and while he was able to drag one foot after another, its stern behests were to be obeyed. His place was at Garcia's headquarters—the sooner he took it the better.

After a last, lingering look at the scene below he turned inland, but had not gone more than two hundred yards when he realized that his sore feet were not adapted to rapid progress.

In short, he felt that, as compared to his normal condition, he was but half a man, and a very miserable and pitiful half at that. Still, with frequent halts he made his way toward the American lines, and by dusk he was again among the rifle-pits of the army.

A flag of truce was wandering over the hillside, and in answer to Holton's query an officer told him that General Shafter was sending in word to Toral that, now the fleet was destroyed, he



Holton Took Both His Shoulders in a Mighty Grip.

had better surrender and have done with further bloodshed. So everyone waited until the truce party returned from its mission.

They had not made, it was learned, great progress with the Spanish commander. He was quite content with the situation, he said, and, moreover, he had good information that the men from the United States were not doing very well in this climate.

In a word, he thought it advisable to oppose to the utmost extremity the advance of the Americans. A reply similar in its nature had been sent to Admiral Sampson, who, as though in spite, dropped a few shells into the city, and then desisted in order to give Toral time for the thirteen-inch messengers to sing home.

The destruction of Cervera's fleet was regarded as having simplified the task that lay before the Americans, but no one knew exactly what the developments would be. The general

surmise was that Toral would eventually surrender, and if that was the case there was disinclination on the part of the brigade commanders to shed unnecessary blood.

In the morning Holton was awakened by a bombardment which continued for half an hour. The men in the trenches got into action with their Krags and the Spaniards responded. The result was a spirited session, which ended as abruptly as it began.

The next development was the inevitable flag of truce trailing toward the Spanish lines, borne by messengers from Shafter sent to inquire of Toral if he had not yet changed his mind about holding out.

As Holton could see no special reason why the Spaniard should have changed his mind, he was inclined to regard the truce business as a joke, a sentiment which most of the officers shared with him. Toward noon he made his way along the lines, and, eventually, he located the Cuban contingent.

Garcia was seated in front of his tent with General Castillo. He remembered Holton and greeted him pleasantly. Yet he appeared to have something on his mind, and after welcoming the navy man he turned to his brother general and continued a conversation which the officer's arrival had evidently interrupted. Holton, not wishing to appear as an intruder, moved to one side.

The soldiers were sullen and regarded the new-comer with evident dislike. He tried to engage several of them in conversation, but with no success.

To a sergeant, who had turned his shoulder upon him, he said with some impatience:

"What's the matter with you, anyway?"

"You will find out soon," was the reply.

CHAPTER XIII.

A Night Rendezvous.

Before Holton could make answer, a young Cuban galloped by on horseback. So lithe was he, so cleanly limbed, his uniform so spick and span, his face so handsome, that Holton turned to glance after him. He, too, was turning to gaze at Holton, and now brought his horse to a sharp halt. Noting this, the navy man walked toward the fellow, feeling that he had seen him somewhere before but puzzled to know where.

The young soldier, with head turned over shoulder, nodded to Holton, and then, with a sweep of the hand, beckoned him toward a group of small palms, whither he urged his horse at a slow walk. The naval officer followed and came to a standstill beside the beautiful animal.

The boy—he was little more—bent down and looked at Holton a moment. Then he smiled and held out his hand. "You have been pointed out to me as Lieutenant Holton," he said. "Are you he?"

Holton looked at the other steadily without answering. A thrill passed over him.

"I could almost say," he replied finally, "that you are Miss La Tossa in disguise."

"You would be pretty nearly right," was the laughing response; "I am her brother."

"Oh!" Holton reached up and seized the lad's hand. "I am very happy to see you. Where is your sister?"

"At home. I stole in to visit her last night. She wished me to find you and to ask you to accompany me to a place beyond Sevilla at once. She will await us on the road and will have something of importance to say to you. I do not know what it is."

"But—" Holton hesitated. "I have just come in from Santiago at some peril. I have work to do here."

The boy smiled at him.

"There will be no peril in returning with me. We Cubans," he grimaced, "have a secret route into the city which has always been kept open. It is open now. You must come with me; my sister has news of great importance you must hear."

Holton needed no great incentive to accompany the other. He still wore his Spaniard's uniform, with the addition of an army hat bearing the insignia of the Fifth Corps, and he felt himself sartorially well qualified once more to penetrate the ranks of the enemy, if that were necessary. With the young Cuban for a guide, he felt that danger was reduced to a minimum.

"I have a pony you may ride," continued the boy, mistaking Holton's silence for hesitation.

"Oh, I'll go, even if I walk," returned Holton, "but I certainly shall appreciate the horse."

Sunset was the hour and the Cuban camp the rendezvous agreed upon by the two, and after shaking hands with the young man, Holton returned to his own lines and made his way to Shafter's headquarters. The commander-in-chief was in wretched physical condition, and the able and en-

ergetic Lieutenant Miley was attending to many of the executive details. To this officer Holton made his way.

"Did you receive any word from the President?" he asked.

The naval officer some days previously had requested General Shafter to solicit a message from the President disclaiming any idea of holding and annexing Cuba after the close of hostilities. It was well understood by Shafter, or rather by his aide, why Holton proffered the request.

Now, in reply to his question, the aide dived into his tent and emerged bearing a cable dispatch sent from Washington via Key West and Guantanamo. It was addressed to General Shafter and read as follows:

"The President states herewith that hostilities against the Kingdom of Spain were instituted with the sole purpose of liberating Cuba from Spanish rule. It is our wish that, thus free, she shall take her proud place among the republics of America."

"Good!" exclaimed Holton, after reading the message. "Nothing ambiguous about that, is there?"

"Not a thing," laughed Miley. "I suppose you want this."

"It would be invaluable," responded Holton eagerly. "May I take it?"

For reply, the tall, weather-beaten army officer handed Holton the cablegram.

At sunset he proceeded to the spot suggested by young La Tossa, and found him already mounted and holding another pony by the bridle.

"You are on time," he said. "This is your horse, and I suggest we start at once."

For an hour they rode in silence, and finally paused in a copse of woods outside the little settlement called Sevilla. Here the young Cuban dismounted, and Holton did likewise, looking inquiringly at the boy. The latter smiled half mockingly, and Holton, advancing to him, placed his hand upon his arm, while he regarded the youth with curious eyes.

"You make me think very much of your sister," he said.

"Do I?" The fellow laughed. "You care for my sister, then?"

Holton flashed back a quick glance at the boy.

"Care for her! Look here, youngster, I care for her so much that if she doesn't look out I'm going to be your brother some day."

A laugh broke on La Tossa.

"I have heard her say pretty much the same thing," he chuckled.

Holton took both his shoulders in a mighty grip.

"You have!" he cried. "Quick now, boy, are you joking?"

The other wriggled away and placed his hand ruefully upon his shoulder.

"You needn't crush my bones in," he grumbled. "Of course it's true."

Holton leaped upon the pony.

"Come on. Let's go to her." His tone was as ardent as a cavalier's.

"Not now," was the laughing reply. "We must stay here until it is dark."

Young La Tossa pointed toward a crumbling building.

"Do you notice the peculiar shape of that roof?" he asked. "Well, I have an idea you will be in this vicinity later. If you are, remember the shape of that roof. Inside that very building—" He paused. "But my sister will tell you," he added.

The darkness grew rapidly denser, until at last it was sufficiently black to suit the wishes of the young Cuban. Mounting their ponies, the two turned in the direction of Santiago, and had just entered a trail leading through low bushes, covering an immense area, when a man, gun in hand, stepped out in front of them.

Holton's revolver leaped from its holster, but his companion put out a restraining hand.

"Well, Pierre?" he asked sharply.

"Miss La Tossa," responded the man, "is here."

A thrill shot through Holton, and he was on the ground in an instant. The brother followed suit, and the next instant the form of the girl confronted him.

"Ramon!"

"Ranee!"

As they embraced it seemed to Holton as though he would give up ten numbers of his rank as senior lieutenant if he could be in the youth's shoes. Moodily he saw the girl regarding him with luminous, smiling eyes.

"I am so happy to know you escaped," she began.

"Yes, thanks to you," was Holton's warm reply.

She walked close to him, then turned to her brother and to the Cuban.

"Will you please leave us for a few

minutes?" she commanded. "I must speak with Mr. Holton alone."

Holton said nothing, but waited while the two, thus adjured, moved into the bushes out of earshot.

"Mr. Holton," she said then, with a little catch in her voice, "I don't know why I am doing this, but it is because I believe in you and in your country."

"You are justified, I am sure, in believing in both me and my country," replied Holton.

"I am sure of it. Tonight, Mr. Holton, at Sevilla, in the building which my brother pointed out to you—he did point it out, as I asked him to, did he not?"

"Yes," nodded Holton, "he pointed it out."

"In that building," she continued, "tonight, there is to be a meeting of officers high in the Cuban army, at which an immediate outbreak against the soldiers of the United States will be discussed."

Holton started.

"Garcia—will he be there?" he asked.

"Garcia will not be there, nor Rabi, nor Castillo."

Holton laughed.

"Then," he declared, "the meeting will not amount to much."

"Do not be fooled," was the warm rejoinder. "It will amount to a great deal. You know—or do you?—the condition of your army. Sickness is beginning."

"Yes, but a majority are well, and I myself know the straits of the Spanish army, for I have been in Santiago. I myself have informed General Shafter that Toral can muster at most not more than twelve thousand men, if that."

"Yes, yes," she responded, tapping her foot impatiently. "I do not come here to argue, Mr. Holton. I tell you only this: Toral has not surrendered, because he knows of the threatened revolt of the Cubans against your men. He is waiting for that to happen, and will take what advantage may be gained from the result. This may be serious. There are six thousand Cubans immediately upon the field. Their attack upon the American flank, coupled with the attack of the Spaniards upon the front, will drive your countrymen to the sea."

Holton shook his head. "Why, Miss La Tossa, this deed is suicide for your country. It can mean but one thing—the wiping out of the Spaniards and the Cubans, and in the end the very colonization you dread. For if this happens I cannot see but the United States will have the best sort of object-lesson to show that the last thing of which you are capable is self-government."

"That is true," she agreed. "I have come to realize it. I had been led astray in my views. But now, thanks to you—and to others—I see more clearly."

He looked at her face, dim in the darkness.

"And that is why you wished to see me?"

"Not altogether," she replied.

"Well, you must hurry, because I wish to say something to you, too," he reminded her.

The girl moved impatiently toward him. "To-night—I wish to ask you what I should do about the meeting. I alone of those not in the conspiracy know of it. What shall I do? Shall I send word to General Garcia? Is it better that you should inform Shafter?"

Holton interrupted.

"No, no, not Shafter," he cried. "The Americans must take no action that might precipitate any sort of a fight with the Cubans."

"Well, Garcia then?"

"A fight with the Cuban ranks would be almost as bad."

"That is true. What then?"

Holton thought a moment. Then he looked up.

"I will go to the meeting," he announced.

"You! It is impossible. An American officer! No, it cannot be!"

"Then, what?" Holton's voice was impatient.

He took from his pocket the cable dispatch from Washington.

"I have here," he resumed, "a message from President McKinley to General Shafter, sent him at my request. If read at the meeting it should not be without effect."

He quoted to her the contents. She seized the paper and kissed it. Then she stamped her foot as a sudden thought took possession of her mind.

"I have it!" she cried. "I will go to the meeting myself. And I shall take this dispatch with me."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

INGENIOUS IDEA OF ROBBER

Absolutely Innocent According to Judge He Explained It, but Judge Was Doubtful.

The other evening a man of the burglar type stepped up to an old gentleman and, handing him a piece of paper, said:

"Sir, would you be good enough to read me the writing on this piece of paper?"

The individual addressed consented and, moving toward the rays of a convenient gas lamp, read the following words:

"If you utter a cry or speak a single word I shall shoot you. Give me your watch and chain and your purse at once and then pass on."

Completely taken off his guard, the gentleman, handed over the articles asked for and walked off. A few steps

brought him to a policeman, and, relating his story, the pair proceeded in pursuit of the stranger, who was not yet out of sight.

Next morning, before the magistrate, the vagrant was called upon for an explanation.

"Your honor," he said, "I am not an educated man, and, therefore, can neither read nor write. Last evening I picked up a piece of paper, and, it striking me that it might be of some importance, I took it to the first person I met and asked him to decipher it. The gentleman read it quietly to himself and then, without saying a word, handed me his watch, chain and purse and walked off without giving me time to recover from my surprise or to ask him what he meant."

The student exclaimed: "My! how much I have learned! The scholar sighs, 'Alas! how little I know.'"

KNIFE SAVES TITANIC BOY

Mother Hurries Across Seas for Young Thayer's Surgery

FATHER DROWNED AT SEA

Son Ill from Scarlet Fever Mrs. Thayer Arrives in Time to Witness Successful Operation—Was Passenger on Fated Ship.

Haverford.—After racing across Europe and the Atlantic Ocean against everything that a mother fears when her child is ill, Mrs. John Thayer, of Haverford, reached her home in time to take part in preparations for an operation on her son, John B. Thayer, Jr. "Jack" Thayer has been ill with scarlet fever for some days and Mrs. Thayer was in Switzerland when the boy's illness developed. She started immediately for home. After that journey began young Thayer passed through the worse stages of the disease. The trip made by Mrs. Thayer from Switzerland was marked by all-night journeys and ceaseless connections with trains and steamers. Mrs. Thayer reached the dock in time to take the Lusitania, one of the fastest vessels on the sea—and none too fast for her, even then. After her arrival physicians said that complications in young Thayer's condition necessitated an operation upon a gland in his neck. The operation was performed and young Thayer's condition was reassuring. With his father, who was a vice-president of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and his mother, young Thayer was a passenger on the Titanic. Mrs. Thayer was taken off in one of the boats, leaving her husband and many little son on the doomed ship. Father and son leaped into the sea afterward, but only the boy was saved. He was taken to a different ship and many soul-racking hours passed before they were reunited.

Corn Growers Still a Unit.

West Chester.—At the annual meeting of the Corn Growers' Association of Pomona Grange of Chester and Delaware counties, held here, the name was changed to "Chester County Corn Growers' Association," but it was decided to retain in membership the members from Delaware County who desired to hold several field meetings in addition to the annual exhibit of corn and corn products. The newly organized association elected the following officers: President, David C. Windle, West Goshen; vice-president, Henry Palmer, London Grove; recording secretary, Henry G. Paschall, Kennett township; corresponding secretary, Charles F. Preston, West Chester; treasurer, Horace W. Sinclair, Birmingham; executive committee, Philip M. Hicks, Avondale; Caleb Fulton, Doe Run; Harry J. Wickersham, Embreeville; W. Merritt Echoff, West Cain; Francis B. Williamson, Concordville.

Asylum Ready for 60.

Norristown.—There is room for about 60 insane residents of Philadelphia in the State Hospital for the Insane. This, in effect, is the substance of a resolution adopted by the Board of Trustees of the hospital. The Board of Trustees finds that the full limit of the accommodations of the institution is for 3,050. Of this number 1,500 may be men, and 1,550 women. There are now 2,945 patients, so that the difference of 105 is the number for which there is room for new patients. But they all may not come from Philadelphia. The courts of that city have decided that two-thirds of the patients in the institution are all that Philadelphia should hope to have.

Hurls Woman from Buggy.

Bryn Mawr.—The lives of two prominent Main line women were endangered when an automobile crashed into their carriage here, demolishing the vehicle. The Lower Merion police were called upon to investigate the occurrence. In the carriage, which belonged to Robert Toland, of Wynnewood, were Miss Julia Rush, Mrs. Toland's sister, and Mrs. Theodore Spencer, of Haverford, on their way to Bryn Mawr College. The automobile, approaching from the rear, tried to swing clear, going fast, and struck a wheel, throwing the horse down and the women and coachman out. Charles Wheeler, of Bryn Mawr, passing in his motor, carried Mrs. Rush and Mrs. Spencer on to the college.

Bids Murder Jurors Agree.

Tonawanda.—The jurors in the Zoltowski murder case, tried here, came into court and reverted to Judge Maxwell that they could not agree. The Judge told them to return to the jury room and deliberate until they agreed; that he would not discharge them until they did. They had been out 48 hours. Zoltowski shot and killed Bert Kern, tax collector, at South Waverly.

Gives a Fire Band Hall.

Bethlehem.—Charles M. Schwab, the steel magnate, whose chief hobby is music, has just completed at a cost said to be nearly \$100,000 the handsome private band hall in the world, and in it he will house his crack Bethlehem Steel Company band of 100 pieces. There is only one other musical organization in the world which owns quarters that can approach those of the local band, and it is an old abandoned castle in Europe, where a symphony orchestra does its rehearsing.

ATTORNEYS.
D. E. FORTNEY
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
BELLEFONTE, PA.
Office South of Court House.

W. HARRISON WALKER
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
BELLEFONTE, PA.
No. 27 W. High Street.
All professional business promptly attended to.

L. D. CHAFFIN
JES. J. BOVY
W. D. GIBBS
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW
EAST BLOSS
BELLEFONTE, PA.
Successors to CHAFFIN, BOVY & GIBBS
Conversation in English and German.

B. SPANGLER
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
BELLEFONTE, PA.
Practice in all the courts. Conversation in English and German. Office, Ober's Exchange Building.

CLEMENT DALE
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
BELLEFONTE, PA.
Office N. 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 may receive our opinion free without charge. Our invention is probably patentable. (Communication strictly confidential. Handwritten Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through Munn & Co. without cost or fee, without charge.)
Scientific American.
A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms \$3 a year; four months \$1. Sold by all newsdealers.
MUNN & 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 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 Store Building
BELLEFONTE, PA.
Telephone Connection

MARBLE AND GRANITE MONUMENTS.

H. G. STROMMEIER,
CENTRE HALL, PA.
Manufacturer of and Dealer in HIGH GRADE . . . MONUMENTAL WORK in all kinds of Marble and Granite Don't forget to see our prices.

BOALSBURG TAVERN
BOALSBURG, PA.
AMOS EGOR, PROPRIETOR
This well-known homestead is prepared to accommodate all travelers. Bus to and from all train stopping at Oak Hill Station. Every effort made to accommodate the traveling public. Let us try attached.

OLD PORT HOTEL
EDWARD RUYER
Proprietor
LATES
8.00 Per Day
Location: One mile south of Centre Hall.
Accommodations first-class. Parties wishing to enjoy an evening of vocal attention. Meals of each occasion prepared on short notice. All ways prepared for the transient trade.

DR. SOL. M. NISSLEY,
VETERINARY SURGEON.
A graduate of the University of Pennsylvania. Office at Palace Livery Stable, Bellefonte, Pa. Both phones
Oct. 1, 1913.