

HOLTON OF THE NAVY

A STORY OF THE FREEING OF CUBA

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Illustrations by
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SYNOPSIS.

Lieutenant Holton is detached from his command in the navy at the outbreak of the Spanish-American war and assigned to an important secret service duty. While dining at a Washington hotel he detects a spy 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 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. 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 is Jose Cesnola, one of the most trusted leaders. Holton takes part in the battle at San Juan. Disguised as a Spanish soldier he enters Santiago 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 3. While attempting to leave the house he is confronted by Miss La Tossa. Holton confesses his friendship with Miss La Tossa by assuring her that the Americans intend to leave the island as soon as the Spaniards are driven out.

CHAPTER XI.—Continued.

"I know, I know," he laughed, "but just the same, I think you had better leave the weapon in its holster. For I have—what do you Americans say?—ah, the drop on you!"

The girl stamped her foot.

"Senior Cesnola, I command you to leave us; you are a guest here."

"I shall not leave you. On the contrary, I must ask you to slip that revolver from your friend's belt." He stopped, as though struck with a thought. "But you need not mind. I am a guest here, and you are in the room; there is about to be an execution."

Holton stood facing the man, immovable as a statue. The girl stepped forward.

"You are lying!" she cried. "There will be no execution."

"Oh, but yes, there will be!" was the smiling rejoinder, "and right before your eyes unless you retire."

"You fend!" With a sudden, lithe movement she sprang in front of Holton. "Now fire, if you dare!"

Holton placed his hands upon her supple waist and lifted her to one side. The revolver darted forward to aim. The girl uttered a little cry and sprang back, seizing the American's coat with her hands stretched behind her.

"Miss La Tossa!" cried Holton. "You—you—"

Cesnola's face was working with the rage of a fanatic.

"Out of the way, girl!" he cried, glancing behind him at the door of the opposite room, which he had closed as he left it. "That man is a spy! He has got to die! He is an enemy, a snake in the grass, not worthy of a minute's quarter!"

"Miss La Tossa never moved; and



She Sprang in Front of Holton.

Holton, his mind working like lightning, did not attempt to put her aside.

"Out of the way," repeated the Spaniard, with a sort of hissing of the breath. "Out of the way, or, by God! I'll shoot through you."

There was the crash of an opening door.

"What's this—this noise and shouting?" came a deep voice.

Holton, watching his enemy like a hawk, saw the revolver-barrel deflected from him, the man's head turned in the direction whence the voice had come. Sprung backward and sideways like a deer, Holton shot across the room.

There was a loud report—a bullet

singed his hair. The next instant he had leaped through the window, glass and all, and was on the porch. From here, as two bullets sped after him, he leaped down upon the back of a horse that was being held by a soldier. Striking the animal with the butt of his revolver, he went careering off through the darkness like a rocket.

From the men on the drive, from men on the porch, came a rain of bullets; and Holton, who had learned a trick or two in the way of horsemanship, slipped down along the animal's body, shielding himself almost completely. But the horse was exposed, and a whining bullet pierced the steed to the heart. He suddenly plunged forward, throwing Holton to the ground, then rolled over and was still.

Holton landed on his knees, and, although jarred, was not stunned. He scrambled along desperately, regaining his feet, and struck out for the woods, about a hundred feet away.

He toiled on for two hours, distancing all sounds of pursuit, and then flung himself on the wet ground like a tired animal and fell at once into a deep sleep. When he awoke the sun was shining through the trees.

But it was not this that had roused him. It was the roaring of field ordnance and the racking of small arms. Evidently they were at it again. His one thought was that this was the 2nd of July, and that on the morrow the Spanish warships meant to dash out of the harbor and attempt an escape.

His fleet must be warned. That was what he was there for, and this, from now on, must be the single aim of his life, the one thought in his mind, the supreme struggle of his body.

By constant concentration upon the object of his mission, he brought his mental condition into a sort of hysteria. The heat, too, had got into his brain. As he stumbled over a log he would sob or curse, and once, when he tripped and was thrown flat, he lay for a second, weeping like a child.

So he went on until once, upon climbing a tree to ascertain his position, he looked down upon the upper waters of the harbor. He was on the hills to the right, and another hour's journey would bring him within signal of his fleet.

He struggled feebly, and then lay back with the realization that, great as was the exigency, he was not able to meet it. A sort of stupor, partly hunger, partly fatigue, stole over him, and he closed his eyes.

It was night when he opened them again, starlit night. At first he could not recall where he was. Then he remembered, and with a start remembered why he was there.

He sat up and with difficulty got on his feet. Then he walked. He did not know he was walking; he had no consciousness of moving, and no sense of direction; but his subconscious powers were leading him right. A breath of pure salt air blew on his face. He turned toward a line of brush and parted it, and there, below him, lay the Spanish fleet, their lights, reflected in the velvet waters, twinkling and winking. He heard the chug-chug of a steam launch, and several times the murmur of a voice rose to his ears.

Farther down, in the moonlight, he could see the masts and funnel of Hobson's Merrimack. Ships' bells struck as he looked, and the sound floated sweetly to the hilltops.

He turned his face seaward and walked along, partially revived by his rest. At length a sense of openness came upon him, the sensation of a vast void in front of him. He paused, and then stole noiselessly onward, until at last, passing through a growth of mangut, the wide expanse of the Caribbean lay before him.

Here he flung himself on the ground and waited for morning. His limbs were aching with almost unbearable pain. His eyes burned with fever, his head throbbled. And yet all these things he regarded lightly, for the Caribbean was in front of him, and the American fleet would receive his warning as soon as God brought the dawn.

CHAPTER XII.

Destroying a Fleet.

It was well past dawn when Holton awoke. He was in a panic of fear that he had permitted valuable time to elapse. He rose to his feet stiffly and broke through the bushes until the blue sea lay beneath him. His eyes were strained to the left, where the stern of the flagship was swinging toward him. He noticed black smoke belching from the funnels. Evidently the New York was leaving her station when the ships of the enemy were preparing to come out of the harbor where they had been bottled up for so long.

Cold sweat stood out upon Holton's forehead, and, hastily throwing aside his coat and tearing off his shirt, he took from beneath it a white signal flag, which he had carried around his body for days against just this emergency.

Breaking off a branch and knotting

the corners of the flag to it, he sprang tensely into position.

The flagship was leaving beyond peradventure. Her stern was still toward him, and it was growing smaller.

The admiral going away, of all times! In desperation he raced along the hill, trying to catch an angle where his signaling would be seen.

Finally, seeing the futility of further running, Holton stopped, and began swinging the flag right left, right left, with frantic energy. For five, ten minutes he repeated the T. E. call, but without eliciting the slightest response, and so, ceasing his exertions, he watched the New York move away with tears springing from his eyes.

The Brooklyn had swung broadside to him, and the picturesque ram bow and the tall funnels were as cleanly cut against the sea as a cameo. Admiral Schley, he knew, was on board her, and must of necessity be the commander-in-chief pending Sampson's return. So it was to this rakish craft that he now turned his attention.

Walking to a point as nearly abreast of her as he could get, he began snapping the flag right and left, in the effort to attract her attention. If he could only get her now, and could deliver his message, there was no doubt that the New York could be recalled by a signal gun. So simple did this seem that he wondered why he had not thought of it before.

He swung his flag with fresh ardor, but it was as though he were signaling to Mars, so far as any answer was concerned. Holton could see a launch leaving the Indiana for the Massachusetts. Everything was peaceful. From the city drifted the sweet notes of the matin bells and through the trees he could catch glimpses of the red roofs and the blues and greens and browns of the houses of Santiago.

Holton redoubled his efforts with the flag. It seemed as if he had moved his arms to and fro for an hour without response. He had to rest. He lowered the flag and was leaning on the staff when suddenly from the bridge of the Brooklyn he saw a flutter of

As he looked he read that vessel's call letter. No doubt now they had seen his signal and were making inquiries. Quickly raising his flag over his head he repeated his E. E. call and then, as he caught the answering flashes of white from the Brooklyn, he began his messages. And this is how it read:

"Message to admiral from Lieutenant Holton."

"All right. Ready."

"Cervera's fleet will leave the harbor this morning."

There was a pause. Holton waved his flag frantically.

"Did you get it?"

There was still no answer. Finally it came.

"Repeat."

Holton scowled.

"Cervera's fleet will leave the harbor this morning."

There was another pause.

"Who are you?"

"Lieutenant Holton, United States navy."

After a short wait the flag on the Brooklyn flashed again.

"The admiral sends his compliments—and his thanks."

There followed several up and down movements of the flag, indicating that Admiral Schley had received all he wanted to know and that his mind was already turning to more important matters of the hour.

As Holton threw his flag aside and turned shoreward he saw two tall columns of black smoke arising from the direction of the harbor. They were coming!

He dashed for his flag, but even as he did so he saw the flash of a tier of guns from Morro and Socapa, and then suddenly, as he glanced down

toward the mouth of the bay, he saw a leaden-colored cruiser, with yellow and red flag of Spain snapping defiantly from her jack-staff, appear from behind the hills, and then, as a panther dashes from a cave in the mouth of which hunters have kindled a fire, she turned to the right and dashed into the open sea.

It seemed an age, but it was not more than a few seconds, when a terrific roar shook the waters, and a burst of flame and gases rolled from a turret of one of the American ships.

Holton marked the course of the great thirteen-inch shell, saw the great, dark shape dart with lightning speed toward the Vizcaya, saw it hurtle over the deck, ricochet on the water, and explode in the woods beyond. Then the earth shook with fearful noise.

From all the American ships, and from those of the Spaniards, great guns vomited forth their messengers of death and destruction. The sky grew dark, and a yellowish pall settled upon the sea.

As Holton stood tense, following the combat as in a trance, he heard a tremendous explosion, and saw the Marie Theresa list sharply, and then saw her turn in toward the land, where she soon grounded. He could see men clinging to her decks.

It was clear that the American vessels were overhauling the enemy's ships, although Holton had understood that, as regards speed, our vessels were inferior. The discharge of guns was incessant. Almost directly beneath him he saw two Spanish destroyers disengage themselves from the larger vessels and swing about, evidently with the intention of returning to the harbor; but, like a hawk, a

The Earth Shook With Fearful Noises

long, rakish American craft, a converted yacht, pounced down upon them, letting fly with her machine guns and six-pounders as she came.

The torpedo boats fought back with all the venom of maddened serpents, but gallant Wainwright and the Gloucester were not to be denied, and, under the fury of his onset, the two destroyers succumbed like craft of cardboard, disabled and sinking within the course of what seemed to Holton a very few minutes.

He could see two or three of the larger Spanish vessels aground now, flames seething from hatchways, the men of the crew leaping into the sea. Lifboats from the American vessels were among them, attending to the work of rescue as diligently as, but a few moments before, they had set themselves to the task of dealing death to their foes.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FELT HE WAS PASSED OVER

Somewhat Peculiar Idea That Gave Youngster a Great Sense of Personal Injury.

Mrs. Flint, who always has an eye and ear for childish troubles, stopped one day on her way to a luncheon of her college class because she saw a stout little boy who was standing near the curb and crying loudly. She undertook to comfort the distressed youngster.

She bent down, patted the tow-colored head, gazed into the tear-stained face, and made as if to wipe away the traces of grief.

"Why, what is the matter, my dear child?" asked she solicitously.

"My b-brother's got a vacation and—and I haven't!" he roared.

"What a shame!" said the woman.



Year's Work in the Mints.

The United States mints in the fiscal year ended June 30, 1913, turned out 186,626,871 coins, a pretty good year's work. The face value of these coins was \$37,496,530, but this amount was rather unevenly distributed, \$30,058,288 being in gold coins, \$3,448,200 in silver and \$3,940,102 in copper and nickel. In number, however, the copper coins had even more preponderance than the gold coins in value, since there were 170,068,761 of them, against only 4,221,400 of the gold pieces.—Engineering and Mining Journal.

A Doctor's First Question Is _____?

"How are Your Bowels?" A Simple Remedy that Guarantees Good Bowel Action.



LIEUT. G. W. VAUGHAN

Trace the origin of the common ills of life and almost invariably you will find that constipation was the cause. It is not to be expected that a mass of fermented food can remain in the system beyond its time without vitiating the blood and affecting the nerves and muscles. It congests the entire body.

The results are colds, fevers, piles, headaches, and nervousness, with its accompanying indigestion and sleeplessness. There is only one thing to do, and that is to remove the trouble; and when nature seems unable to do it, outside aid is necessary. You will find the best of all outside aids a remedy that many thousands are now using for this very purpose, called Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. Many hundreds of letters are received by Dr. Caldwell telling of the good results obtained, and among the enthusiastic letters is one from Lieut. G. W. Vaughan, of 623 W. North St., Decatur, Ill. He is 72 and has had a bad liver and stomach since he came out of the army. He says he tried about everything, but never succeeded in getting permanent relief until he took Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. He is never without a bottle in the house, and he is never without good health.

It has untold advantages over pills, salts and the various coarse cathartics

and purgatives, for while these do but temporary good, Syrup Pepsin cures permanently. The effect of its action is to train the stomach and bowel muscles to do their work naturally again, and in a short time all forms of medicine can be dispensed with. It can be bought without inconvenience at any nearby drug store for fifty cents and one dollar a bottle, the latter size being regularly bought by those who already know its value. Results are always guaranteed or money will be refunded.

Families wishing to try a free sample bottle can obtain it postpaid by addressing Dr. W. B. Caldwell, 203 Washington St., Monticello, Ill. A postal card with your name and address on it will do.

Is Typhoid Conquered?

Vaccination to prevent smallpox is so general in this country and has been so effective in abolishing what was formerly one of the most destructive scourges of the human race that nearly everybody except the small number of people whose temperament predisposes them to "take the other side" accepts it as a matter of course and recognizes in it one of the greatest blessings conferred by modern medical advancement. But typhoid vaccination is somewhat comparatively new, with which the public as a whole is not familiar. Yet it will be well for the public to take heed of the results that have been obtained by its use in the United States army.—Cleveland Leader.

SALTS IF BACKACHY OR KIDNEYS TROUBLE YOU

Eat Less Meat If Your Kidneys Aren't Acting Right or If Back Hurts or Bladder Bothers You.

When you wake up with backache and dull misery in the kidney region it generally means you have been eating too much meat, says a well-known physician. The kidneys are overworked in their effort to filter it from the blood and they become sort of paralyzed and loggy. When your kidneys get sluggish and clog you must relieve them, like you relieve your bowels; removing all the body's urinous waste, else you have backache, sick headache, dizzy spells; your stomach sours, tongue is coated, and when the weather is bad you have rheumatic twinges. The urine is cloudy, full of sediment, channels often get sore, water scalds and you are obliged to seek relief two or three times during the night.

Either consult a good, reliable physician at once or get from your pharmacist about four ounces of Jad Salts; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then act fine. This famous salts is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to clean and stimulate sluggish kidneys, also to neutralize acids in the urine so it no longer irritates, thus ending bladder weakness.

Jad Salts is a life saver for regular meat eaters. It is inexpensive, cannot injure and makes a delightful, effervescent lithia-water drink.—Adv.

Between the Acts.

"Sir," said the man in the orchestra chair, "in passing to and fro you have ruined my silk hat."

"I cannot help that, sir," said the other. "If you had gone out between the acts yourself your hat would not have suffered!"—Puck.

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5 or 6 doses 666 will break any case of Chills & Fever, Colds & LaGrippe; it acts on the liver better than Calomel and does not gripe or sicken. Price 25c.—Adv.

Not for Home Use.

"He has an offensively important air."

"Yes, but that's his away-from-home look."

That Weak Back

accompanied by pain here or there—extreme nervousness—sleeplessness—may be faint spells—or spasms—all are signals of distress for a woman. She may be growing from girlish into womanhood—passing from womanhood to motherhood—or later suffering from that change into middle life which leaves so many wrecks of women. At any or all of these periods of a woman's life she should take a tonic and nerve prescriber for just such cases by a physician of vast experience in the diseases of women.

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has successfully treated more cases in past forty years than any other known remedy. It can now be had in sugar-coated, tablet form as well as in the liquid. Sold by medicine dealers or trial box by mail on receipt of 50 cents in stamps.

Miss Elizabeth Lordahl of Berkeley, Cal., in a recent letter to Dr. Pierce said: "I was completely broken down in health. I wasaching and had pains all over my body and was so nervous that I could scream if anyone talked to me, but I had the good fortune to meet a nurse who had been cured by Dr. Pierce's Prescription. I have never had an occasion to consult a physician since—am in excellent health."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate stomach, liver and bowels—cure constipation, tiny granules.



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are quickly relieved by Sloan's Liniment. Lay it on—no rubbing. Try it.

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"I sprained my ankle and dislocated my hip by falling out of a third story window. Went on crutches for four months. Then I started to use your Liniment, according to directions. I must say it is helping me wonderfully. We will never be without Sloan's Liniment anymore."—Chas. Johnson, Lawson Station, N. Y.

SLOAN'S LINIMENT Kills Pain

Splendid for Sprains.

"I fell and sprained my arm a week ago and was in terrible pain. I could not use my hand or arm until I applied your Liniment. I shall never be without a bottle of Sloan's Liniment."—Mrs. E. E. Springer, Elizabeth, N. J.

Sloan's Liniment has done more good than anything I have ever tried for stiff joints. I got my hand hurt so badly that I had to stop work right in the busiest time of the year. I thought at first that I would have to have my hand taken off, but I got a bottle of Sloan's Liniment and cured my hand."—W. Lion W. Wheeler, Morris, Ala.

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