A CAPTAIN UNAFRAID

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ment so well that no one ever suspected its existence.

Clearly enough, Mr. Cleveland's second warning was aimed particularly at the Cuban Delegation in New York, and it had the effect of considerably upsetting and unnerving Mr. Palma. He was for leaving this country at once and establishing headquarters in Santo Domingo, where there is always much sympathy for any revolutionary movement, domestic or foreign.

However, with full confidence in our new organization and its ability to handle things in a manner that would avoid any serious trouble, we persuaded him that such a course was both unnecessary and unwise. Instead of running away, we argued, the proper way to reply to Mr. Cleveland's proclamation was to send to Cuba as quickly as possible the largest expedition that had ever been landed there. The effect of this, we pointed out, would be to impress the administration at Washington and the whole country with the strength of the revolution, gain public sympathy by showing a fighting spirit, and at the same time revivify the rebels. There was much discussion of this plan; but Palma finally approved it, though I fear with some misgivings, and we proceeded to carry it into effect.

FROM a firearms manufacturing company at Bridgeport, Connecticut, we ordered three thousand rifles, three million rounds of ammunition, three twelve-pounder Hotchkiss field guns, and six hundred shells, several tons of dynamite with which to blow up railroad bridges and do other damage, and a lot of machetes, all of which were to be ready for delivery within five days. This was much too large a cargo to be transported in one of the tugs we were compelled to use to negotiate narrow passages between the reefs and go close inshore at the points where the arms were to be delivered; so the Laurada, a thousand-ton steamship that had been running in the West Indian fruit trade, was chartered to carry two-thirds of it to Navassa Island, a guano covered rock lying south of the eastern end of Cuba, midway between Jamaica and Haiti. She belonged to John D. Hart, owner of the Bermuda, and was lying at Philadelphia ready to sail. I put Ed Murphy, who had been my mate on the Bermuda, in command of her.

Horatio Rubens then went to Brunswick, Georgia, and secretly bought the ocean going tug Dauntless from the Brunswick Navigation Company for thirty thousand dollars. He carried the purchase price with him in one-thousand-dollar bills to avoid any delay in completing the deal, which had been decided on before the necessity for quick action arose. The Dauntless was nearly new and a splendid sea boat, and as well suited to our purpose as she was well named. She measured one hundred and twenty-five feet over all, and had a powerful wheel that could drive her along at thirteen knots an hour, which was fast enough for all our ordinary needs.

The Dauntless was immediately turned over to Mr. Huau, the Delegate at Jacksonville of the provisional Government of Cuba, and his assistant, Alphonso W. Fritot, as she was to be despatched from their territory.

AS a matter of fact, they sacrificed more for the Cuban cause and rendered it more efficient service than did the delegation in New York, though they were not so much in the limelight. Huau was never called on for money that he did not respond, and his home was always open to sick or otherwise unfortunate Cubans.

Fritot, who was his nephew, was cast in the same mold. He was born in Cuba of French-American parentage. His father, who had been master mechanic of the Savanilla Railroad at Matanzas, was driven into exile after having been twice imprisoned for his revolutionary tendencies. He died from the effects of his confinement, and the son grew up with a bitter hatred of everything Spanish.

Fritot was the active worker at Jacksonville, and in the ways that were open to him he was the most useful member of the entire revolutionary organization ashore. He was at that time joint agent for all the railroads running into Jacksonville, and his position made it possible for him to do things of tremendous value which no one else could have done. He had the advantage, too, of living in a hotbed of Cuban sympathizers. It was not safe to speak a kind word for Spain anywhere in Florida.

The detectives who were assigned to watch him had many troubles. When he saw a stranger whom he suspected of being a spy hanging round the depot, he would have the special officer at the station arrest him on a charge of vagrancy—or on general principles, it made no difference which. The prisoner was carefully searched at the police station, and his room was also ransacked. If anything was found to indicate that he might be a detective, he was convicted of vagrancy without ceremony or delay, and sent to the rockpile or the turpentine farm for thirty to ninety days, without the option of a fine. In aggravated cases conspiracy charges were framed up against the detectives, the proof was promptly produced in abundance, and they were sent away for as long as six months, at very hard labor.

If there be any who profess to feel shocked by a frank statement of these methods, let them remember that the Cubans were fighting an enemy that was still living in the Dark Ages in its principles of governing its colonies, an enemy that resorted unhesitatingly to bribery and murder by wholesale, and one from whose brutality all Cubans had suffered, directly or indirectly. They were fighting, too, with the fury of desperation in what they believed to be a final effort to achieve their freedom; for they realized that if this revolution was suppressed it would be followed by a policy of extermination so complete that a new generation must come up before the fires of liberty could again be lighted.

Though it may seem that Fritot's way of dealing with the men who were sent to spy on him was high handed and unlawful, he was in reality generous with them; for he had but to raise his hand, and any of the detectives, or all of them, would have been lynched in five minutes. No fear of punishment deterred him from going to this extreme; for public sentiment would have unanimously approved the lynchings. It is supposed that "all is fair in love and war"; and if the Cubans sometimes went beyond the letter of the written law, it can never be truthfully claimed that they were nearly so lawless, so treacherous, or so murderous as the Spaniards.

JAMES FLOYD, a Jacksonville pilot who had a master's license, was placed in command of the Dauntless, and in a day or two she left Brunswick and proceeded leisurely down the coast to the mouth of the Satilla River, sixty miles north of Jacksonville, ostensibly in search of a wreck. Under her coastwise license she could go anywhere without regard to the custom house regulations governing ships bound for foreign parts. Floyd was a negro; but in everything except his skin he was white, as well as clever and shrewd.

As soon as Rubens telegraphed us that the Dauntless had been purchased, things began to move rapidly. Two-thirds of the arms were ordered to New York at once; the other third, which filled two cars, was shipped to Jacksonville by express. The Laurada, which was reported to be going to Jamaica for fruit, left Philadelphia with instructions to proceed to Barnegat Light, forty miles south of New York, and await orders. The arms she was to carry were brought down on the Bridgeport boat and allowed to remain in the vessel when the rest of her cargo was unloaded.

Late in the afternoon, followed as usual by two detectives, I went to New York and drifted aimlessly about for two or three hours. Soon after dark I was lounging around City Hall Park, when a carriage, which I had ordered to meet me at that particular spot at that precise moment, in which were Dr. Castillo and General Carlos Roloff, Secretary of War in the revolutionary Government, drove up. I jumped in, and we were driven away before the sleuths had time to think. There was no other disengaged carriage in sight, and before they could find one we were out of sight.

We were driven, at a lively gait and by a roundabout route, to the Bridgeport Line wharf, and the big swinging doors were closed and locked as soon as we were inside. There had been no attempt at secrecy in shipping the arms from Bridgeport; but the detectives who had been assigned to keep a sharp eye on them had gone off watch, taking it for granted that they would not be moved at night.

After they had departed and just before we arrived an apparently empty lighter was towed into the slip and tied up on the opposite side of the pier from the steamship with the arms. When the gates had been closed, so no one on the outside could see what was going on, we began hustling our cargo out of the steamer and across the pier into the lighter, with the aid of a large party of Cubans who had been concealed on the latter craft. At midnight, by which time all