

# The Secret Dispatch

By JAMES GRANT

**CHAPTER XXII.—(Continued.)**  
"Heaven be blessed for this next omen of success!" exclaimed Balgonie in French. "And you were not drowned?"  
"No; I swam down the Neva, under water, escaping many a bullet—got ashore and reached the old place in the wood where Olga, the gypsy, stained my face, trimmed and dyed my beard, as you see. She is quite an artist, that girl! Even Mariolinka would not know me now."

Balgonie sighed as the poor fellow spoke. He evidently knew nothing of the barbarities to which she had been subjected, so Balgonie resolved, mercifully, to keep him in ignorance; and they proceeded at an easy pace together; he keeping his horse close by the shaft of the wagon, on which the pretended peasant rode; and, as they spoke in French, a language unknown to their ignorant and half-savage escort, Usakoff, in referring to the late event and its failure, poured out all the bitterness, the hate and fury of his soul against the government, the councilors and the rule of the empress; and, of course, entered with fervor into the scheme of an escape with Natalie. But still their ultimate plans were undecided when they saw the red flash of the evening gun, as it pealed from Schlussemburg, and the murky haze of a wet and stormy sunset; and ere long they saw the lights that glittered at times from amid the massive towers and black outline of that old castle streaming and warbling on the turbulent waters of the lake and the wet slimes of the sluices and ditches.

When all dripping and jaded, the escort halted and dismounted under the castle arch. Balgonie found that some changes were taking place in the executive of the fortress.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

Bernikoff, whose wounds had been fanned to gangrene, was at that moment actually on his deathbed, with Father Chrysoptom kneeling by his side. The old stiner was in all the agonies and terrors of reviewing his past life on one hand and anticipating the coming change on the other. Bernikoff was dying in the habit of a friar, with cowl, cord beads and sandals, hoping even on his deathbed, as Ivan the Terrible hoped, when similarly arrayed and disguised, to cheat the devil if that dread personage came for his sinful soul.

Leaving this scene, Balgonie presented the order of Gen. Weymarn and that of the treasurer to Captain Vlasief, who was now in command, and to whom he stated that "the prisoner referred to was Mademoiselle Natalie Mierowna."

"Carl Ivanovitch," said the captain, "you cannot think of leaving to-night in such a storm of wind and rain?"  
"I've seen worse in Silesia," said Balgonie, looking to the locks of his pistols.

"What of that?"  
"But the verbal order of the general was most peremptory."

"Ah! and you have brought a wagon for the money?"  
"A wagon for the prisoner also—so be quick, captain."

"'Tis a large sum in roubles," mused the other.  
"I am in haste to be gone! the prisoner—you hear me, sir?" said Balgonie, impatiently.

"You seem more anxious about the prisoner than the treasure?" responded Vlasief, sulkily, but still delayed to move.

"You have my orders—I come in the name of the empress—let there be no delay, Captain Vlasief," was the curt reply.

"Bring in two Cossacks of the escort; the money is here in seventy bags, each containing a thousand roubles."

"Excuse me, but the order of the imperial treasurer says expressly eighty sealed bags of a thousand each," said Balgonie, trembling with anxiety, yet compelled to appear to take an interest when he really felt none.

"Ten thousand are missing," said Vlasief, leisurely. "Suppose," he added, in a whisper, "suppose we divide the lost sum and offer a thousand to the treasurer?"

"Impossible, sir!" said Balgonie, with a fiery and impatient manner.

"Well, well—there are the other ten sealed bags," added Captain Vlasief, with a dark and steady frown of greed and hate, as the Cossacks tossed the whole among the straw of the wagon. "It matters little; but I hope you may not find the road beset, and so lose the whole."

"To be forewarned, sir, is to be forearmed," said Balgonie, touching his pistols, for he quite understood the treachery implied, and only trembled lest it might mar his dearest plans. "And now, sir, for my prisoner."

"If she be not drowned, for the lower vaults are apt to be flooded on such a night as this," said Vlasief, spitefully.

Writhing under the keen glances of this lowborn Muscovite, Balgonie felt that all now depended upon his outward and assumed bearing of coolness and carelessness. Night favored him in this, and his face was almost concealed. Could anyone then have read his heart, as he, Usakoff, two Cossacks and two soldiers of the main guard made their way down, down through dark and slimy passages and stairs, till they were foot deep and then knee deep in the water that flooded the low and humid corridors, off which were the arched doors of numerous cells—corridors where spiders spun their webs, rats were swimming and terrified bats flew wildly to and fro!

Ere long they reached the door, through the cracks of which despairing cries and painful gasps had been heard, and after unlocking forced it open by main strength.

A great flood of water poured from the aperture amid the darkness, and with it came the body of poor Natalie, who was well-nigh drowned.

So the red light seen by Natalie was as fancy, but that of the lamp which was borne by one of those who came just in time to save her from the more terrible death by which the Princess Orloff

Least all might be perilled by a recognition, Balgonie was compelled to retire and leave her in the captain's hands till she was restored to consciousness, to warmth, and till she was habited anew; and he passed three dreadful hours of doubt and anxiety, while pacing to and fro in the cold and gloomy archways of the fortress, and having to conceal his face when she was brought forth and supported into the wagon. Usakoff sprang on the shaft and flourished his whip; then the Cossacks and Balgonie put spurs on their chargers, and clattered over the wet drawbridge just as the passing bell for the departure of Bernikoff's tortured spirit rang ominously and solemnly on the stormy gusts of that black and gloomy night.

Balgonie, instead of proceeding by the way he had come, avoided the town of Schlussemburg and wheeled off to the right, committing himself partly to the guidance of Usakoff, and quite in ignorance that, about an hour before, Vlasief, who could by no means let so many roubles escape without paying toll, had best two of the roads by chosen followers of his own—men whom he hoped might pass for some of the adherents of the late Prince Ivan, rescuing the daughter of the exiled Mierowitz.

A strange incident occurred before the interior of old Bernikoff, who had a pompous military funeral. The bottom of his grave was found to be on fire.

A Scottish doctor attempted to explain this phenomenon, as resulting from a species of iron-stone, which was saturated with the phosphorus supplied by the bones of old interments, and which had been ignited by the friction of the sexton's shovel; but the superstitious Russians took a very different and much more diabolical view of the matter, and laughed to scorn the learned opinion of the Scottish pundit.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

Their horses were tolerably refreshed by the halt at Schlussemburg, and so the whole party pushed on at a brisk pace by the road toward the frontiers of Finland—the Cossacks of the escort, whatever they thought, making neither remark nor inquiry, as they trusted obediently and implicitly to the officer who led them; but the darkness of the October morning, the deep and muddy, stony and rough, nature of the roads, and the evidence of the storm, ere long began to have a severe effect upon their cattle, and to the great satisfaction of Balgonie, two of the troopers gradually dropped to the rear and were seen no more.

Now the corporal of the Cossacks ventured to hint that "perhaps they were not pursuing the way they had come, as the lights in St. Isaac's Cathedral must have been visible long ago"; but Balgonie replied, haughtily and briefly, that he "had special orders."

Then the corporal urged a short halt, as the horses were sinking; but again Balgonie replied, that he "had peculiar orders, and must push on."

After passing a little village with a windmill, several miles from the shore of the Lake of Ladoga, the road dipped down into a dark hollow, between impending crags of granite, the gray faces of which were beginning to brighten in the first light of the lagging October sun. The rain and wind were over; the hollow way was full of rolling and perplexing mist; but Usakoff affirmed with confidence that he knew the country well.

Out of the gray vapor, from both sides of the path, there flashed, redly and luridly, five or six muskets! One bullet struck white splinters from the wagon, eliciting a shriek from its occupant, another whistled through the mane of Charlie's horse, and a third killed one of the Cossacks, who died without a groan.

The way was beset by armed men, whose numbers and disposition, the dim light, or rather, the darkness and the mist, alike served to conceal.

"Make way, in the name of the Empress!" cried Balgonie, dashing forward with his saber drawn; "nay, I command you, on your peril and allegiance!" he added, as the threatening words of Vlasief occurred to him; and, to his astonishment and dismay, he saw that personage actually appear, mounted and armed. His party, who seemed all on foot, were clad like peasants, but were armed with muskets, which they were rapidly casting about and reloading.

"Halt! in the name of the Empress—halt, I command you! for this is not the way to St. Petersburg, whither the prisoner and treasure were to be conveyed. Treason! treason!" shouted the Staff Captain Vlasief.

Balgonie fired a pistol at his head; but the Captain's horse reared, or was compelled to do so by bit and spur, for the bullet pierced its throat; and with an oath, Vlasief fell on the pathway, entangled in the stirrups as the animal sank under him.

The three remaining Cossacks, who were somewhat bewildered by the attack, by the appearance of Vlasief, whom they knew, and whose confident bearing confirmed certain gathering suspicions that something was wrong as to their route, now drew their sabers, aimed several blows at Usakoff's head, and endeavored to cut the reins of his horse, or stab it between the shafts, as he lashed the animal almost to racing speed, and the light wagon jelted, rolled and bounded along the rough road behind it.

By another pistol shot Balgonie rid himself of the Cossack corporal, whose bridle arm he broke, while facing about and galloping in the rear of the wagon, and now, with wild halloo, the entire party of armed men followed it on foot, with all speed, up a steep slope, over which the path wound.

Usakoff ground his teeth, for he was without weapon, and passive in the flying combat; but, being fertile in expedients, he tore open a bag of roubles, and scattered them on the upland road with a ready and reckless hand.

The bright coins proved too enticing for the cupidity of the pursuers, who halted to pick them up, smothering,

screaming, rising and falling over each other, with shouts, curses and maledictions; their firearms sometimes exploding the while; and so the whole were speedily left behind, as the wagon, guarded now by Balgonie alone, was driven along a lonely and unfrequented road that led to the little town of Pampheia.

"Thanks, dear Usakoff—thanks for your presence of mind," said Balgonie. "I had forgotten all about those roubles. To lighten the wagon let us throw out those remaining bags—this perilous lumber, the intended recapture of which has nearly cost us our lives—honor—all, at the hands of Vlasief!"

"Nay, nay, never! Lumber, say you! The roubles are Natalie's—hers and mine—hers and yours, when you wed her; they have saved us once, and may do so again," replied Usakoff, cheerfully, as the sun burst forth in his clear October splendor, and they saw the dome shaped cupola of the Church of Pampheia rising with a golden gleam from amid the white morning haze.

There Balgonie's uniform and display of gold roubles operated powerfully on the postmaster, who, without asking for passports or other papers, at once, and in the name of the Empress, supplied them with fresh horses for the frontier, toward which, after procuring some proper nourishment and restoratives for Natalie, they pushed on without a moment of unnecessary delay.

"Ah," thought Balgonie, with a shudder and a prayer; "had Jakowski's name not been omitted in that order of Weymarn, where would she have been now?"

Pale with sorrow and long suffering, her face was still beautiful, though sorely wasted; the deep, thoughtful eyes had yet a wealth—a world of tenderness in their liquid depths; and the long, dark hair was thick, soft and wavy as ever, as it fell in masses behind the small, compact and finely formed head.

All was changed now, and, as she laid her head on Charlie's breast, she felt content—almost happy; and the horrors that hung over her family alone prevented her, as yet, from being completely so.

No trace of pursuers was behind them now, though their flight must by this time have been known both in the capital and at Schlussemburg. But in those days there were neither railroads nor electric telegraphs; so, riding on more leisurely, Balgonie changed horses again near Viborg, and ere long the great Lake of Saima appeared before them, with the distant hills of Swedish Finland beyond its friendly waters.

A boat was prepared there; the wagon was abandoned; and with a shout of joy, Usakoff assisted the Finnish boatman to hoist the great lug-sail to catch the breeze of a balmy and beautiful evening, as they made a long farewell to Russia and all its terrors.

In a quiet old church of Finland, by the eastern shore of the Lake of Saima, and in view of its little archipelago of granite islets—a lonely little fane, buried amid groves of plume and cherry trees, built of wood and painted red, with a little bell jangling in its humble belfry—Charlie Balgonie and his future bride were united by the old curate; and there a thousand roubles spent among the poor spread in the primitive district a happiness the tradition of which is still remembered with many a grateful exclamation.

After this, poor Usakoff, finding himself perhaps, as a third person, rather in the way, left them to become a soldier of fortune; and he is supposed to have perished in one of the Polish struggles for freedom; at least they heard of him no more after their final journey to Scotland.

Two years previous these events Charlie's uncle, Gamaliel Balgonie, merchant, magistrate and elder, had departed in peace to his more, leaving the lands and possessions of Balgonie unimpaired; and a long tombstone records at length all the virtues which his contemporaries believed him to possess.

So Carl Ivanovitch became once more Balgonie of that ilk; and the roubles of Natalie added many a turret and many an acre to his paternal dwelling in beautiful Strathgairn.

(The end.)

## IS THERE REAL SENTIMENT?

Is It Right to Call Deep Emotion "Sheer Sentimentality?"

Some years ago I should have been tempted to declare that the exact female equivalent of the practical man—my anathema be upon him!—did not exist. To-day I dare not go so far in assertion. For to-day there be women—to me they seem sexless as hockey sticks or golf clubs—who take very much the same line. They speak as if passion might be doubted, like the burglar's glib, by diet; as if adoration could be killed by a hearty regimen of grape-nuts, a broken heart be mended with platinum. One such charmer recently said to a tortured sister, whose life had been laid in ruins by a man: "My dear, take up typewriting!" The remark would appeal to the practical fool.

It is often assumed nowadays that any real deep emotion is "sheer sentimentality." But sentiment is not sentimentality, whatever the practical one may bellow with machine-made eloquence. There are people, and often they are the very finest, the most sincere, the most delicate, the most truly human, who, having once given their hearts, can never take them back. They do love once, and once for all.

Matthew Arnold—no fool, I fancy!—wrote the "Twin soul" that halves one's own. I hear the practical man's guffaw. The very word "soul" always sets him off. Nevertheless, roar his ribs out as he may, it is a fact that thousands, millions of people, both men and women, go through life consciously, or unconsciously, seeking that twin soul. The seeking is hope. The finding is joy, as perfect as exists in this uncertain world.—London Queen.

The Lesser Evil.  
Mrs. Phamley (in the sitting room)—As long as Mary is playing the piano, Henry, we may be assured she isn't spooning with that Mr. Huggard.

Mr. Phamley (whose ears are weary)—Well, if the rule works the other way I wish you'd go down and tell them to go ahead and spoon.—Philadelphia Ledger.

## SWEET HERBS.

Don't Forget to Plant Catnip for De-light of Pussy.

In any garden, save one of very limited dimensions, indeed, a small space may well be devoted to the cultivation of sweet and medicinal herbs. They are easily grown, and once well established require little care beyond the keeping free from weeds. Any thrifty housewife who has once stuffed her Thanksgiving turkey, her Christmas goose, her every-day ducks and chickens with a fresh blend of aromatic sage, summer savory and sweet marjoram grown in her own kitchen garden will be loath ever after to employ the dust of herbs sold in paper packages of uncertain date and doubtful origin.

Some of these herbs make a novel bouquet or give an added sweetness to a bunch of roses or sweet peas. Excellent for such a purpose are the pale pink blossoms of the thyme and the French marjoram, the fragrant stalks of ambrosia and lemon balm, the bright yellow umbels of the sweet fennel, the finely cut steel blue leaves of the rue and the long, glossy oval of the bergamot.

Again, to those who are interested in the brewing of refreshing pick-me-ups—and who, in the "good old summer time" is not—herbs like the perennial of old-fashioned gardens, that readily parts with its essential oil, the blue flowered, hairy leaved sage, which is cool as any cucumber, and the bitter wormwood, all appear in a subtle manner. After a little experimenting the "herb habit" is formed, and a very healthy one it is.

No tender-hearted lover of cats can fail to plant in some old corner the catnip, that very common weed which its pussy with such delicious joy. No owner of a well-filled linen chest can fail to wish to perfume her shining resources with the sweet lavender, cherished by all worthy dames, to lay colonial or of more recent growth!

If to these herbs of varied uses we add lovage, whose strongly aromatic root, when candied, makes a delicious sweetmeat, coriander anway, whose sugared seeds from the heart of the pink and white "confetti" dear to all children, and tarragon, greatly prized by the French as a flavoring in vinegar and salads, our list of some twenty herbs—out of a possible 300 and more—will include perhaps the most desirable herbs for domestic use.—Country Life in America.

## MORAL TRAINING OF YOUNG.

Dr. Adler Says It Should Extend from the Cradle to the Grave.

The Ethical Culture ideal of the moral training of the young was discussed by Dr. Felix Adler, of New York, at the New Century Drawing Room. "The greatest mistake educators make," he said, "is to talk of moral education as if it were a task that were confined to nineteen or twenty years of a person's existence. Moral training should go on from the cradle to the grave; it should be progressive through the whole of life. Practically speaking, the greatest zest and interest in moral things begins after the school life is over. Human life is divided into periods, and the problem of moral education differentiates itself according to the needs of the periods. Moral instructors should study each period and instruct their pupils according to the characteristics of the periods of life."

Touching on the changes that occur in a man's life, Dr. Adler said that at 33 years of age a man undergoes a new development; at 48 another change of attitude occurs, and at 60 still another change is noticed. "It is the business of educators," he said, "to study every phase of life and to grade their teachings accordingly."

Dr. Adler deprecated the modern wave of thought that would intrude the moral instruction in the secular schools. "I thoroughly detest any scheme of moral education in schools at present," he said, "it will be thrusting the most dangerous and the most difficult tasks into hands utterly unprepared to teach ethics. If we get pupils to take a right view of the teacher and to select teachers whose example will induce pupils to unconsciously imbibe a moral training in the school room that is all we can hope to do."—Philadelphia Record.

## Political Differences.

Years ago, when Lord Anglessey was lord lieutenant of Ireland, he said once of the Irish Secretary of that day: "Mr. Stanley and I do very well together as companions, but we differ so totally about Ireland that I never mention the subject to him." Just how they transported official business remains a mystery.

Mottoes Upon Walls of Jap Homes  
On the walls of every well-regulated Japanese home are to be found hand-somely framed mottoes and proverbs; some of them run as follows: "Clever greaser, short sermon." A woman's tongue three inches long can kill a man six feet high." "Live under your own hat," and many others equally pertinent and clever.

## The Trouble.

"How often do we find that great inventors are allowed to go unrewarded and unrecognized?"

"Yes," answered Senator Sorghum, "the trouble about inventors is that they insist on inventing machinery instead of ways to make money."—Washington Star.

Don't gossip, don't spread poison with your tongue; don't be a weiner wart.

Any man who has money can have lithographs printed claiming a big show.



## THE POPULAR PULPIT

less jewels, richly set, which should adorn every Christian life!

### TOLEANCE IS SPREADING.

By Rev. W. Hanson Pulford.

One most hopeful sign of the vitality of religion among us is its increasing neglect of what is merely formal. In all churches we find to-day a tolerance, a humanity, a reasonableness, which are in no small degree the result of our national prerogatives of religious liberty, democracy and education. The days are long past in this country when it was possible to say that whoever did not hold to the trinitarian formulas of past authority "shall without doubt perish everlastingly."

Moreover, the abandonment of the old unreasoning intolerance is due in no small measure to the need of religion. God, Jesus, the Christian spirit, figure less in the abstract statements of the creeds, but as men seek to live figure increasingly as actual factors in the development of a finer type of manhood.

It is not so much an intellectual as a practical motive which underlies the process. That form of religion will ultimately prevail which best serves the end of helping men to meet the demands of life with the largest measure of strong, resolute self-possession. That it may better serve that supreme end religion is everywhere emerging from the narrow precincts of the creeds to renew her youth in the clear open air of truth and fact in which men best come to the fullness of their manhood.

### WANTS NO CUT RATES.

By Dr. Bruce Brown.

Rate-cutting with the railroads is a good thing for a community. People can thereby get to their destinations at less expense. Rate-cutting in education is not so advantageous. People are learning to beware of cheap schools. Rate-cutting in religion is even more disastrous. If every church could sell through tickets with stop-over privileges those who desire to get to heaven as cheaply as possible would be gratified. But the mischief of the matter is that no church as yet has its line completed. Rates are cut before the great bridge is built.

It has come to pass that rates have been cut by many churches. A theological scalper's ticket can be obtained to-day by any man without any change of conscience, character or conduct. It will just look around a little while he will find something that calls itself a church that will offer to take him through just as he is.

The first great cut in rates was made when the authority of the church was substituted for personal allegiance to Christ. The next came when in the time of Luther ritualism had been substituted for righteousness. The next cut was made when divine ordinances were changed to please the people.

### MORMONISM IS SCORED.

By Rev. Frederick C. Priest.

Mormonism is a menace; first, to the home; second, to the public school system; third, to the State. The government of the United States recognized the fact that the teaching, organization and practices of the mormon church were a menace to these three institutions and provided in the enabling act that the menace to the home—polygamy—should be forever prohibited in the State of Utah by an ordinance in her constitution; also that the constitution should provide for the free public school system and that it should contain a further provision that no church should dominate the State or interfere with its functions.

As soon as the proclamation declaring Utah to be a State was issued, however, the mormon people changed from their good behavior of five or six years and resumed the old practice of polygamy—the chief menace to the home. But their chief violation of the compact between the State and the nation, and that which is a most dangerous menace to the government, was that the mormon church immediately began to dominate the State, not only dictating as to the election of officers, but also seeking to control the legislation in the State as to the laws and the enforcement thereof.

### Short Meter Sermons.

He who creates can control. A real grief needs no uniform. Character is incorruptible case. Man is a harp and not a hand organ. Nothing is lost that falls into a heart. Peddlers of scandal are sure to be infected. A man does not have to be congealed to be calm. The heart of the present is the hope of the future. Affection is the language of conscious inferiority. Science is simply the search into the mind of the Supreme. The shepherd's crook needs no crookedness in the shepherd. The people who have seen better days did it with a telescope. What a man gets always depends on what he is willing to lose. There is a difference between claiming the right to rule and trying to rule right.

Brotherly love is a spice of God's garden; a fruit of God's spirit; heaven's supreme test of true discipleship. If we love the brethren we know that we have passed from death to life. If we hate our brother we abide in death.

Devotion to Christ and a deep love for his kingdom is another fruit of God's garden when the south wind of divine favor blows. When Christians are truly devoted to all that is good, pure, noble, and holy it is a fine evidence that the south wind is blowing.

Likeness to Christ is another rich spice of the garden, the church. It should be the high aim of all to learn of Christ, walk in his footsteps, and grow into his image. If we are truly and genuinely Christlike the world will be convinced that we have been with Jesus and have learned from him the secret of holy living. "The fruit of the spirit is love, joy, peace, long suffering, gentleness, meekness, temperance." Here is a cluster of price-