

And when they speak together of the great heart that lies at rest there, their own hearts are very full—of the loyal-souled one who went so boldly to his death for them—and of that Guiding Hand which inspired and accepted the sacrifice, and turned it to their lasting good.

The same day Pavlof made arrangements for their journey to Vladivostok, and then went up for a last talk with Captain Sokolof.

He told him their decision as to Palma's money, and Sokolof did his best to veil his impression that the joy of freedom had made them slightly mad.

"Da! 200,000 roubles!" he said. "That is a fortune not easily arrived at. And you will throw it away."

"By no means, if you will help us to make good use of it."

"I will help you, but it is throwing it away all the same."

"We don't think so. I will send, to you direct, from time to time, money to help our friends here who are in need. Dmitri Polokof and Madame Roskova will give you their names."

"I will see to it. Are you taking any letters?" he asked, and fixed him with a keen eye.