



CHAPTER V.—(CONTINUED.)

"Summon up your fortitude, my love, I beseech you, for I am deeply interested in the accomplishment of our purpose. I have an uneasy consciousness of a brewing tempest, and if it be possible I wish to ascertain in what quarter to mistrust treachery."

"If you remain undaunted I shall be sure to keep my courage."

"Go then, my love, to prepare a warm mantle, and we will take our dinner upstairs, and the moment the tray is removed we will slip away unperceived into the garden, from which it will be easy to steal across the lawn, since none of the servants venture out after sunset."

As they had arranged, the countess and her daughter slipped through an unfrequented corridor and reached the balcony, from which a long flight of steps descended to the garden, and while the whole household believed them sitting quietly in the little boudoir, as was their custom after dinner, they were speeding along across the park, holding each other by the hand, while the evening shadows gathered quickly around their pathway.

"Mamma," whispered Lady Felicie, as soon as she found breath, "M. Pierre may have seen us as we crossed the terrace."

"No, my love," answered the countess triumphantly. "From my retreat in the rear I saw him emerge from that long unused door under the portico; he looked it carefully behind him, and stole along through the shrubbery like a guilty creature. He had something under his arm, too; he has half an hour at least the advantage over us, but I hope to discover something concerning his movements before we return."

"And you are not afraid?" queried Lady Felicie in a trembling voice.

"Ah, my child, does not love for her young make the tigress fight desperately against fearful odds? Will not the gentlest and most timid of the brute creation dare anything to protect their offspring from menacing danger? I have an instinctive fear that peril is at hand; for myself I should be little alarmed; for your sake, my Felicie, I am ready to brave anything."

Lady Felicie pressed her hand warmly, but she still trembled.

"I am not sure that I am more afraid of M. Pierre if he discovers us than of the ghostliest ghost that was ever seen."

"He is the more dangerous person, certainly; but we will not be seen. You said Jeannot put you into a place completely screened with vines. Can you find it again?"

"Oh, yes; keep hold of my hand, mamma, and I will lead you thither."

They passed on the rest of the way in silence, walked very swiftly till they reached the low underbrush, and keeping as much as possible in the shade of the trees.

Felicie drew her breath more quiveringly as they gained the woods, but went on steadily to the same retreat in which Jeannot had introduced her.

They were scarcely settled there before the crackling boughs announced an approach.

The two watchers held their breath, and peered forward.

The same dark figure with the shovel, the slow pace and weird accompanying light—this time it was passing into the wood.

The countess, holding her daughter's hand firmly, stepped out from her hiding place as soon as it had passed a short distance beyond them.

Lady Felicie hung back a moment, obeying the somewhat impatient command of the countess, who whispered cautiously:

"Do not spoil all, Felicie; come with me, or I shall follow alone."

"Oh, mamma, suppose it turns around and sees us?" returned Felicie, in the same suppressed voice.

"I cannot help it; I will know who and what it is; but the shade on this side will prevent our detection if we step cautiously."

And the heroic countess trod lightly on the mossy bank, taking care to avoid the drier and more rustling pathway, and left her daughter to follow behind her.

The luminous circle in which the dark figure walked was their guide, for as they advanced the gloomy darkness deepened. It paused at length and was stationary for a few seconds.

The countess, holding her pistol with desperate firmness, passed on to the utter horror of Lady Felicie, who dared not, however, remain behind.

Nearer and nearer to the mysterious figure advanced the two ladies. Lady Felicie's heart beat suffocatingly, but the countess compelled herself to be sternly calm, when just as they seemed to reach it—lo! light, figure and all had vanished.

There was a brad rift in the dark canopy of leaves above them, where a mighty monarch of the wood had been stricken from his place by a lightning stroke, and the starlight and pale radiance of the waxing moon shone down, dissipating a little of the darkness. They could see the trunk of the trees, the black shadows cast on the ground by the huge limbs above, and it was very evident there was no longer present the tall figure of the mysterious guide they had followed thus far.

The countess stood motionless, petrified with astonished dismay. Her daughter scarcely knew whether to feel relieved, or more deeply terrified.

"What can it mean?" whispered the countess; "this seems incredible. I

saw him so plainly just here by this huge tree, and as if by magic he has vanished entirely. He certainly could not have passed on—that is impossible; and he is not here—that is equally certain."

"Oh, mamma, if it were really a ghost!"

"I do not believe in ghosts, Felicie," was the dry response.

And still the countess looked around her anxiously.

Suddenly Felicie, half dead with fear, seized her arm. She turned hastily, and behold! some distance down the path was the same figure retracing his steps; it seemed like some spectre watchman on his rounds.

Even the stout heart of the countess was appalled. But another involuntary exclamation from Felicie gave her renewed courage.

Behold! from the opposite direction came another figure, dark cloaked, spade equipped, likewise attended by the floating circle of light.

"What!" thought the countess, "two ghosts, possibly three, and at this early hour? Now am I certain that this has a deeper significance than ever."

"Mamma, mamma!" implored Felicie, "what will become of us?"

"We must secrete ourselves somewhere. Don't tremble so, my precious one, there is time for us to retreat."

The words died off from her lips as a strange voice suddenly exclaimed:

"Trust yourselves with me—there is not a moment to lose."

From whence did it come, the ground or the skies? Poor Felicie was beyond shrieking; her heart stood still, and she felt a cold chill creeping over her whole frame.

But the countess, struggling for calmness, though her voice shook, answered:

"Who are you—and where?"

"A friend; one whom you need never fear to trust. Come!"

As if by magic, the great tree trunk against which the countess leaned, yawned, and there stood the dark figure who had so strangely disappeared.

"Come in hither quickly and you are safe."

Still, though the other apparitions were rapidly nearing, the countess hesitated.

"Who are you?" repeated she again.

He reached forward, and whispered a name in her ear.

"Come, Felicie!" exclaimed the lady, and the daughter was strangely thrilled by the blended relief and sadness of her voice.

They stepped, both of them, into what seemed a circular closet, and the weird, brownie doorway closed after them.

Their unseen companion pointed out several holes in the gnarled trunk, whispering:

"There are convenient windows; you may still watch your friends, if it is for that you ventured here."

CHAPTER VI.

THE space allowed only close quarters, and Felicie could hear her mother breathing heavily.

"Mamma," whispered she, "you are ill?" and gaining courage herself at the seeming prostration of her mother, she added cheerfully, "I am certain we may trust this gentleman, whoever he is, and the moment they are gone we can return to the chateau."

"No, my child, I am not ill, nor in the least frightened. I rest secure and confident."

"Is that quite true?" whispered the stranger.

"Entirely," was the low response.

"Thank you. I hope the darkness does not trouble you, nor the closeness of the air. I might give you light, but it would betray our retreat. But, hush! they are approaching. The rendezvous is at the other tree."

The countess bent her eye to the little aperture, and plainly discerned three figures, all alike, so that one might be readily taken for the other.

They sat down, not two yards from the tree which sheltered their unsuspected watchers.

"Well, Jaques, what news tonight?" said M. Pierre's dry, rasping voice; "how goes on the cause?"

"Gloriously, comrade! Paris is all in a ferment, and the fever is spreading through the country. What think you—a great company of them went out to that tyrant Louis's palace, and compelled him to consent to some of the Assembly's requirements. A few more such riots, and the whole thing is done, so say a host of the leaders. Then hurrah for a republic! We will make our proud masters drink of the cup they would have given to us."

"You are quite sure it is true?" questioned M. Pierre, cautiously. "There will be no mistake about it?"

"Not a bit of it. Jaques came direct from Paris to Fregus. Why, they have killed half a dozen of the aristocratic upholders already; they are expecting a general rise every night; the king himself suspects it, for he attempted to escape, but they brought him back in triumph."

"Then our plans may safely go on?"

"To be sure. Make certain of all the treasure you can; it won't be long before the whole peasantry will come forward to take their share. What harm in looking out for ours ahead?"

The three laughed coarsely.

"We haven't got a very mean fortune stowed away already," observed Jaques. "I tell you what, comrade Pierre, you have managed the thing famously. You ought to go to Paris, and take a hand there."

"Perhaps I shall, when the outbreak comes; to tell the truth, the peasants of the Languedoc lands owe me a little grudge, and I shouldn't care to remain here when they obtain control. They don't consider that the count compels me to be harsh with them."

"I shouldn't like to stand in his shoes in that day," laughed the other man. "I don't doubt but they will tear him limb from limb."

"You will look out for the girl, if I shouldn't be around? she's my prize, you know," said M. Pierre.

"What, the daughter? she's a comely wench, they say."

"Yes, and as haughty as a queen to me. It's out of revenge that I mean to take possession of her, after her parents are killed," replied M. Pierre, in a fierce tone.

Felicie reached forward and grasped her mother's icy cold fingers; their unseen companion clenched his hand wrathfully.

M. Pierre went on:

"I've brought some more of the plate tonight. The count's keeping away is a store of luck for us. They don't think of using the richest service at all, and no one looks after it. It was a bright idea, playing the ghost. They are all afraid of their own shadow, and don't think of attending to half their duty. The moment the sun sets not a soul of them ventures out of the chateau, and I doubt if the peasants leave their cottages. The field is left clear to us."

"It is cleverly managed, comrade, I grant you that. I have brought some more pikes. We must bury these, too. But I reckon they won't lie long in the ground. If the signs don't fail, it won't be a month before we are masters here."

"Do you know what the signal will be?"

"All whom we dared to trust. But we must wait for the tide to set in from Paris. There are hundreds ready to spread the spirit through the country when the scheme is ripe."

"I have spoken for a fishing smack to wait for me off St. Thomas," said M. Pierre, at length.

"What is that for?"

"To take the treasure to safety, and maybe I shall go too."

"That is queer. I should think you would stay to see the fun out."

"Maybe; but I shall want to take Lady Felicie away."

"She'll have to leave off the lady's precious soon, I'm thinking. But come, if we are to bury the pikes and the silver, it's time to attend to the digging. Jolly ghosts are we! It was rare sport for me to throw my brimstone around when that old demented Jeannot was coming toward me."

"We must thank him for the idea; I should never have thought of it but for him. I believe you won't be able to turn the old dotard; he'll stand up for that proud woman and her daughter to the last minute; I can swear to that."

"Then he will get knocked over himself, that's all," was the brutal rejoinder.

And taking up their shovels the three worthies went forward a little distance, and they in the tree could hear the rapid shoveling and careless talk for a half hour at least. Then slowly one by one they dispersed, and all was silent in the forest.

When the coast was once more clear the countess exclaimed fervently:

"Thank Heaven that I was prompted to come. I shall at least know where to look for my enemy. Oh, why does the count linger in Paris?"

"Because he could not leave. An edict has gone forth from the Assembly prohibiting any one from leaving Paris. It will not hinder him long, however. I left means for their escape, and you may expect them any moment now."

"You are so kind," faltered the countess.

"It is all I live for, except to see poor France cleared from a weight of tyranny," was the sad-toned reply. "I learned of this conspiracy through a comrade of Jaques, in Paris, and have cautiously watched their movements. A blessed accident revealed to me the hollow trunk of this huge tree. I went to work cautiously and sawed out the door, fitting it with secret hinges. I have excavated a lateral passage below. See, this board can be lifted. There will be a comfortable and safe retreat under ground just below that huge rock, in two days more. I shall store food there. It is for you and your daughter, if the terrible days come I dread—come before you are able to escape from these shores. Innocent and noble hearted as you are, you will be sacrificed because of your connection with Count Languedoc, unless I save you."

"Heaven bless you!" ejaculated Lady Felicie.

The countess struggled a moment with herself, and then said, firmly:

"You must save the count, likewise, or I shall not stir a step from the chateau!"

"If it be possible, I will do my best," was the grave reply.

"Now I can exclaim also—Heaven bless you, Emile!" sobbed the countess.

"Emile!" exclaimed Lady Felicie. "Oh, mamma, is it Emile? How I wish it were not dark!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Gaelic Tongue.

The number of persons in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland who use Gaelic as their native language is much larger than is commonly supposed; it includes 660,000 in Ireland, 350,000 in Wales and 230,000 in Scotland.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"HEAVENLY RECOGNITION"—LAST SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

From the Following Text: "I Shall Go to Him"—Second Book of Samuel, Chapter xii, Verse 23—The Future Life of the Just.



HERE is a very sick child in the abode of David the king. Disease, which stalks up the dark lane of the poor and puts its smothering hand on lip and nostril of the wan and wasted also mounts the palace stairs, and bending over the pillow, blows into the face of a young prince the frosts of pain and death. Tears are wine to the King of Terrors. Alas! for David the king. He can neither sleep nor eat, and lies prostrate on his face, weeping and wailing until the palace rings with the outcry of woe.

What are courtly attendants, or victorious armies, or conquered provinces, under such circumstances? What to any parent is all splendid surroundings when his child is sick? Seven days have passed on. There, in that great house, two eyelids are gently closed, two little hands folded, two little feet quiet, one heart still. The servants come to bear the tidings to the king, but they cannot make up their minds to tell him, and they stand at the door whispering about the matter, and David hears them and he looks up and says to them, "Is the child dead?"

"Yes, he is dead," David rouses himself up, washes himself, puts on new apparel, and sits down to food. What power hushed that tempest? What strength was it that lifted up that king whom grief had dethroned? Oh, it was the thought that he would come again into the possession of that darling child. No gravedigger's spade could hide him. The wintry blasts of death could not put out the bright light. There would be a forge somewhere that with silver hammer would weld the broken links. In a city where the hoofs of the pale horse never strike the pavement he would clasp his lost treasure. He wipes away the tears from his eyes, and he clears the choking grief from his throat, and exclaims, "I shall go to him."

Was David right or wrong? If we part on earth will we meet again in the next world? "Well," says some one, "that seems to be an impossibility. Heaven is so large a place we never could find our kindred there." Going into some city without having appointed a time and place for meeting, you might wander around for weeks and for months, and perhaps for years, and never see each other; and heaven is vaster than all earthly cities together, and how are you going to find your departed friend in that country? It is so vast a realm. John went up on one mountain of inspiration, and he looked off upon the multitude, and he said: "Thousands of thousands." Then he came upon a greater altitude of inspiration and looked off upon it again, and he said: "Ten thousand times ten thousand." And then he came on a higher mount of inspiration, and looked off again and he said: "A hundred and forty and four thousand and thousands of thousands." And he came on a still greater height of inspiration, and he looked off again, and exclaimed: "A great multitude that no man can number."

Now I ask, how are you going to find your friends in such a throng as that? Is not this idea we have been entertaining after all a falsity? Is this doctrine of future recognition of friends in heaven a guess, a myth, a whim, or is it a granite foundation upon which the soul pierced of all ages may build a glorious hope? Intense question! Every heart in this audience throbs right into it. There is in every soul here the tomb of at least one dead. Tremendous question! It makes the lip quiver, and the cheek flush, and the entire nature thrill. Shall we know each other there? I get letters almost every month asking me to discuss this subject. I get a letter in a bold, scholarly hand, on gilt-edged paper, asking me to discuss this question, and I say: "Ah! that is a curious man, and he wants a curious question solved." But I get another letter. It is written with a trembling hand, and on what seems to be a torn-out leaf of a book, and there and here is the mark of a tear; and I say: "Oh, that is a broken heart, and it wants to be comforted."

The object of this sermon is to take this theory out of the region of surmise and speculation into the region of positive certainty. People say, "It would be very pleasant if that doctrine were true. I hope it may be true. Perhaps it is true. I wish it were true." But I believe that I can bring an accumulation of argument to bear upon this matter which will prove the doctrine of future recognition as plainly as that there is any heaven at all, and that the kiss of reunion at the celestial gate will be as certain as the dying kiss at the door of the sepulchre.

What does my text imply? "I shall go to him." What consolation would it be to David to go to his child if he would not know him? Would David have been allowed to record this anticipation for the inspection of all ages if it were a groundless anticipation? We read in the first book of the Bible, Abraham died and was gathered to his people. Jacob died and was gathered to his people. Moses died and was gathered to his people. What people? Why, their friends, their comrades, their old companions. Of course it means that. It cannot mean anything else. So in the very beginning of the Bible

four times that is taken for granted. The whole New Testament is an arbor over which this doctrine creeps like a luxuriant vine full of purple clusters of consolation. James, John, and Peter followed Christ into the mountain. A light falls from heaven on that mountain and lifts it into the glories of the celestial. Christ's garments glow and his face shines like the sun. The door of heaven swings open. Two spirits come down and alight on that mountain. The disciples look at them and recognize them as Moses and Elias. Now, if those disciples standing on the earth could recognize these two spirits who had been for years in heaven, do you tell me that we, with our heavenly eyesight, will not be able to recognize those who have gone out from among us only five, ten, twenty, thirty years ago?

You know very well that our joy in any circumstances is augmented by the companionship of our friends. We cannot see a picture with less than four eyes, or hear a song with less than four ears. We want some one beside us with whom to exchange glances and sympathies; and I suppose the joy of heaven is to be augmented by the fact that we are to have our friends with us when there rise before us the thrones of the blest and when there surges up in our ear the jubilate of the saved. Heaven is not a contraction. It is an expansion. If I know you here, I will know you better there. Here I see you with only two eyes, but there the soul shall have a million eyes. It will be immortality gazing on immortality—ransomed spirit in colloquy with ransomed spirit—victor beside victor. When John Evans, the Scotch minister, was seated in his study, his wife came in and said to him, "My dear, do you think we will know each other in heaven?" He turned to her and said, "My dear, do you think we will be bigger fools in heaven than we are here?"

Again, I accept this doctrine of future recognition because the world's expectancy affirms it. In all lands and ages this theory is received. What form of religion planted it? No form of religion, for it is received under all forms of religion. Then, I argue, a sentiment, a feeling, an anticipation, universally planted, must have been God-implanted, and if God-implanted, it is rightfully implanted. Socrates writes: "Who would not part with a great deal to purchase a meeting with Orpheus and Homer? If it be true that this is to be the consequence of death, I could even be able to die often."

There is a mother before the throne of God. You say her joy is full. Is it? You say there can be no augmentation of it. Cannot there be? Her son was a wanderer and a vagabond on the earth when that good mother died. He broke her old heart. She died leaving him in the wilderness of sin. Years pass, and that son repents of his crimes and gives his heart to God and becomes a useful Christian, and dies and enters the gates of heaven. You tell me that that mother's joy cannot be augmented. Let them confront each other, the son and the mother. "Oh," she says to the angels of God, "rejoice with me! The dead is alive again, and the lost is found. Hallelujah! I never expected to see this lost one come back." The Bible says nations are to be born in a day. When China comes to God will it not know Dr. Abeel? When India comes, will it not know Dr. John Scudder? When the Indians come to God, will they not know David Brainerd?

I see a soul entering heaven at last, with covered face at the idea that it has done so little for Christ, and feeling borne down with unworthiness, and it says to itself, "I have no right to be here." A voice from a throne says, "Oh, you forget that Sunday school class you invited to Christ! I was one of them." And another voice says, "You forget that poor man to whom you gave a loaf of bread. I was that man." And another says, "You forget that sick one to whom you gave medicine for the body and the soul. I was that one." And then Christ, from a throne overlooking all the rest, will say, "Inasmuch as ye did it to one of the least of these, ye did it to me." And then the seraphs will take their harps from the side of the throne, and cry, "What song shall it be?" And Christ, bending over the harpers, shall say, "It shall be the Harvest Home!"

One more reason why I am disposed to accept this doctrine of future recognition is that so many in their last hour on earth have confirmed this theory. I speak not of persons who have been delirious in their last moment, and knew not what they were about; but of persons who died in calmness and placidity, and who were not naturally superstitious. Often the glories of heaven have struck the dying pillow, and the departing man has said he saw and heard those who had gone away from him. How often it is in the dying moments parents see their departed children and children see their departed parents. I came down to the banks of the Mohawk River. It was evening, and I wanted to go over the river, and so I waded my hat and shouted, and after awhile I saw some one waving on the opposite bank, and I heard him shout, and the boat came across, and I got in and was transported. And so I suppose it will be in the evening of our life. We will come down to the river of death and give a signal to our friends on the other shore, and they will give a signal back to us, and the boat comes, and our departed kindred are the oarsmen, the fires of the setting day tinging the tops of the paddles.

Oh, have you never sat by such a deathbed? In that hour you hear the departing soul cry, "Hark! look!" You hearkened and you looked. A little child pining away because of the death of its mother, getting weaker and weaker every day, was taken into the room where hung the picture of her mother.

She seemed to enjoy looking at it, and then she was taken away, and after awhile died. In the last moment that wan and wasted little one lifted her hands, while her face lighted up with the glory of the next world, and cried out, "Mother!" Do you tell me she did not see her mother? She did. So in my first settlement at Belleville a plain man said to me, "What do you think I heard last night? I was in the room where one of my neighbors was dying. He was a good man, and he said he heard the angels of God singing before the throne. I haven't much poetry about me, but I listened, and I heard them, too." Said I, "I have no doubt of it." Why, we are to be taken up to heaven at last by ministering spirits. Who are they to be? Souls that went up from Madras, or Antioch, or Jerusalem? Oh, no! our glorified kindred are going to troop around us.

Heaven is not a stately, formal place, as I sometimes hear it described, a very frigidity of splendor, where people stand on cold formalities and go around about with heavy crowns of gold on their heads. No, that is not my idea of heaven. My idea of heaven is more like this: You are seated in the evening-tide by the fireplace, your whole family there or nearly all of them there. While you are seated talking and enjoying the evening hour, there is a knock at the door, and the door opens, and there comes in a brother that has been long absent. He has been absent, for years you have not seen him, and no sooner do you make up your mind that it is certainly he than you leap up, and the question is who shall give him the first embrace. That is my idea of heaven—a great home circle where they are waiting for us. Oh, will you not know your mother's voice there? She who always called you by your first name long after others had given you the formal "Mister." You were never anything but James, or John, or George, or Thomas, or Mary, or Florence to her. Will you not know your child's voice? She of the bright eye and ruddy cheek, and the quiet step, who came in from play and flung herself into your lap, a very shower of mirth and beauty? Why, the picture is graven in your soul. It cannot wear out. If that little one should stand on the other side of some heavenly hill and call to you, you would hear her voice above the burst of heaven's great orchestra. Know it! You could not help but know it.

Now I bring you this glorious consolation of future recognition. If you could get this theory into your heart it would lift a great many shadows that are stretching across it. When I was a lad I used to go out to the railroad track and put my ear down on the track, and I could hear the express train rumbling miles away, and coming on; and to-day, my friends, if we only had faith enough we could put our ear down to the grave of our dead, and listen and hear in the distance the rumbling on of the chariots of resurrection victory.

O heaven! sweet heaven! You do not spell heaven as you used to spell it, h-e-a-v-e-n, heaven. But now when you want to spell that word you place side by side the faces of the loved ones who are gone, and in that irradiation of light and love, and beauty and joy, you spell it out as never before, in songs and hallelujahs. Oh, ye whose hearts are hallowed under the sod of the cemetery, cheer up at the thought of this reunion. Oh, how much you will have to tell them when once you meet them.

Oh, how different it is on earth from the way it is in heaven when a Christian dies! We say, "Close his eyes." In heaven they say, "Give him a palm." On earth we say, "Let him down in the ground." In heaven they say, "Hoist him on a throne." On earth it is, "Farewell, farewell." In heaven it is, "Welcome, welcome." And so I see a Christian soul coming down to the river of death, and he steps into the river, and the water comes up to the ankle. He says, "Lord Jesus, is this death?" "No," says Christ, "this is not death." And he wades still deeper down into the waters until the flood comes to the knee, and he says, "Lord Jesus, tell me, is this death?" And Christ says, "No, no, this is not death." And he wades still further down until the wave comes to the girdle, and the soul says, "Lord Jesus, is this death?" "No," says Christ, "this is not death." "No," says Christ, "this is not death." And deeper in wades the soul till the billow strikes the lip, and the departing one cries, "Lord Jesus, is this death?" "No," says Christ, "this is not death." "No," says Christ, "this is not death." But when Christ had lifted this soul on a throne of glory, and all the pomp and joy of heaven came surging to its feet, then Christ said, "This, oh transported soul! this is death!"

The Principles of Jesus.

The principles of Jesus plainly are that God is an Infinite Spirit; that He is infinitely good; that the best qualities of humanity are but hints of His excellence; that all souls are His children; that evil is our most dreadful foe; that God desires our rescue from it; and that Christ is the expression of that desire, and His holy and unchanging love.—T. S. King.

More Words.

We are not as careful with our words as we ought to be. We often wound and are wounded by hasty or angry or rude words; we say things not soon forgotten by the hearer, and for which we feel sorry ever afterward.—Rev. O. F. Gregory.

Ahead of Time.

"And now, little children," said the Sunday-school superintendent, "if you are good children, some day you may wear a golden crown."

"Paw's got one on his tooth now," chirped the smallest and newest boy, Indianapolis Journal.