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## TAG; OR, THE CHIEN BOULE DOG

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Bateese moved heavily; the sin of gluttony had brought worse pangs than those of remorse in its wake. A porter, coming up at the moment, remarked briskly, "Leaving at once, sah," and seeing the child, lifted him down and ran him along the platform at a good pace with Pat and Patty following.

They were safely aboard, the train was moving, and Patty was soothing the outraged infant whose soul had cried for peace and been so rudely disturbed, when Pat, leaning over, looked first puzzled, then anxious.

"Bateese, where is your tag?" lifting the empty string about the child's neck, "tag, votre tiquette ou est il?"

Bateese answered in a tone laden with sleep,

"Cairlo, 'e lak de crème on dat tiquette — mebbe Cairlo 'e —" He yawned audibly and