
TAG; OR, THE CHIEN BOULE DOG

The door of the baggage car was open and Cairlo stood revealed in all his hideousness.

"Pretty thing for a lap dog," commented



Pat, while Bateese jumped in frantic efforts to reach his pet. Standing with bandy legs well apart and huge head straining at his chain, Cairlo was a forbidding object, but the heart of Bateese yearned for him. In vain he was reasoned with, coaxed. He began to cry, gently at first, then, seeing the consternation on Patty's face, his wail became a