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## TAG; OR, THE CHIEN BOULE DOG

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### CHAPTER II

THE next morning found the waif looking as joyously rotund as ever and not one whit elated by the fact that he had slept in a drawing room section. His protectors were fresh and smiling also, having decided that all they required to do upon their arrival at the station was to march slowly round the waiting room with Bateese well in evidence until an eager French father should dash forward and snatch his child to his bosom. They would then stand by with smiles of benevolence and, waving aside the parent's fervid blessing, would kiss dear little Bateese, shake his father's honest hand, and gracefully withdraw. It was the imagining of this drama which kept Mr. Patterson serene in spite of the enormous breakfast