
TAG; OR, THE CHIEN BOULE DOG

his black head thudded onto the lap of Patty. He was at rest.

"That thing had his address on it," said Pat a little uneasily. "Guess I'll go and hunt up our friend the conductor."

Returning some time later he said with solemn emphasis,

"Patty, that conductor has gone back on another train and the present one never even heard of a Bateese. The baggage man knows nothing, the porter less, and I'm blamed if I remember even the name of the street — Do you? Think hard."

His wife shook her head slowly. "But, Pat, do you mean to say —"

"That we have a small, fat, French unknown on our hands for Heaven knows how long, and we on our way to spend a giddy honeymoon in gay New York. That's what I mean." His emphasis was bitter.