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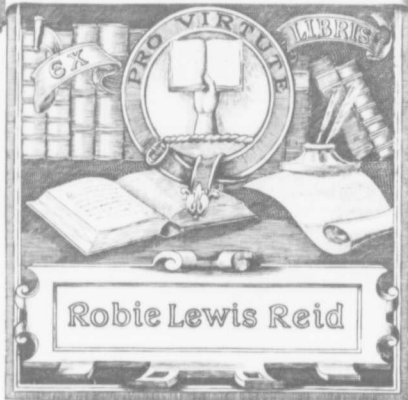
*The Chien*  
BOULE DOG



*By*

VALANCE J.  
PATRIARCHE

For him was lever have at hys beddes heed  
Twenty bokes, clad in blak or reed,  
Of Aristotle and hys philogophye,  
Than robes riche, or fithelc, or gay sautrye.



*The F. W. Howay and R. L. Reid  
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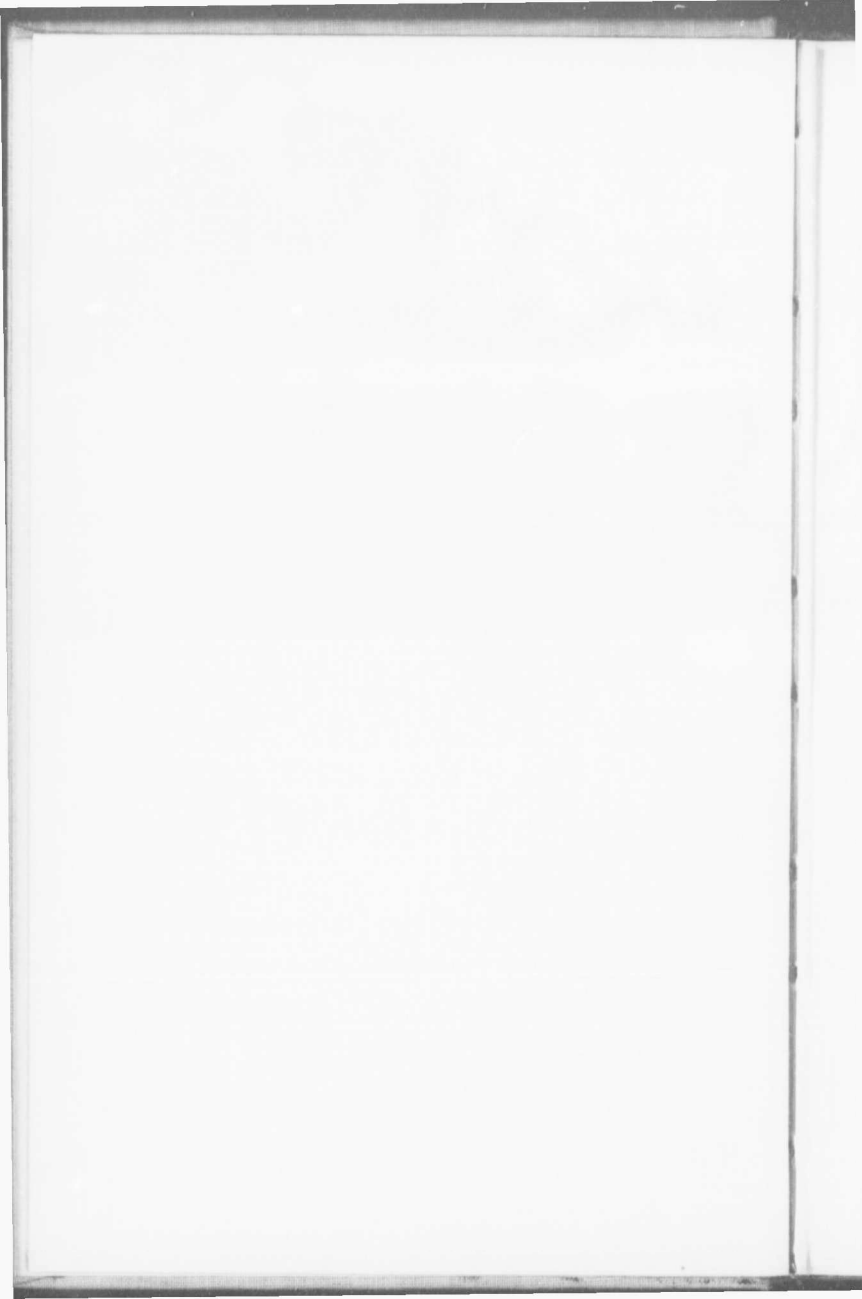
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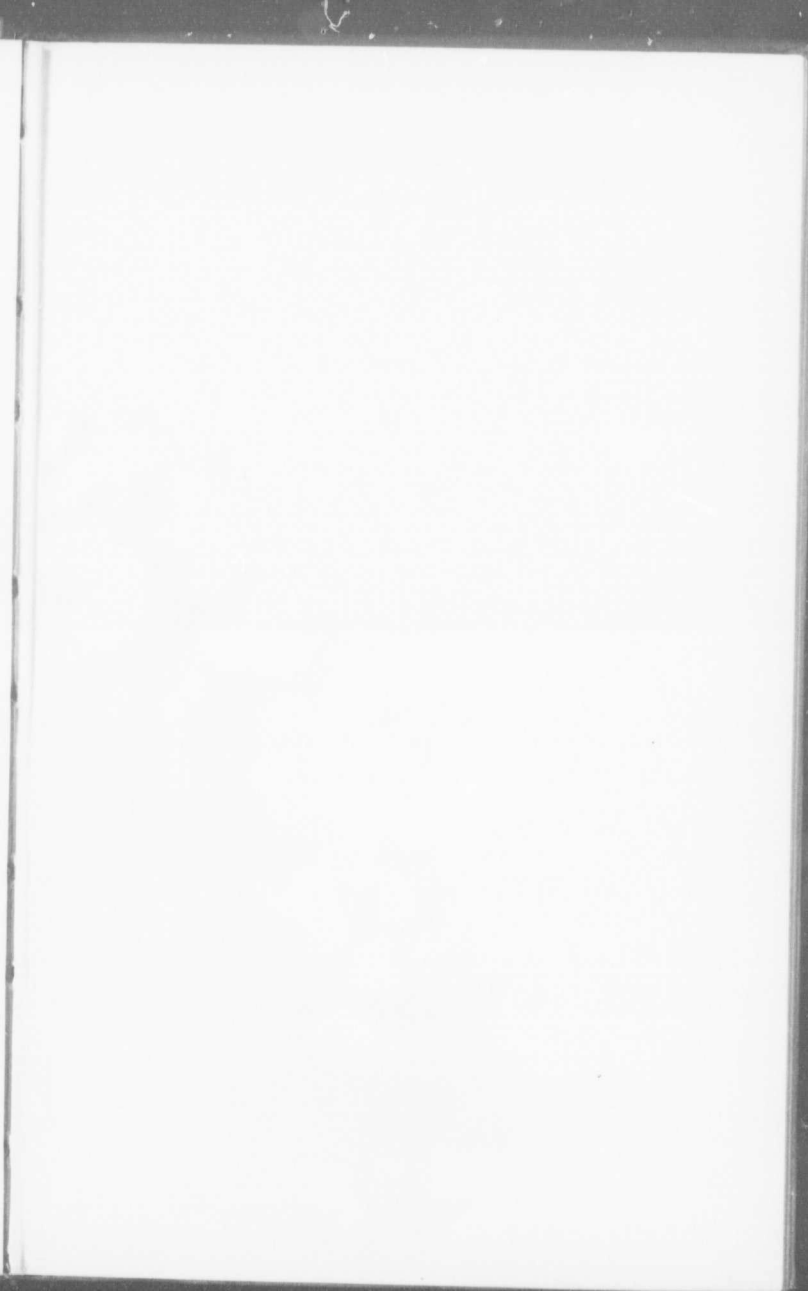
Christina 1909

A. F.



TAG;  
OR, THE CHIEN BOULE DOG







"A WILD THREE-CORNERED CONVERSATION ENSUED."

(See page 7.)



**TAG**  
OR  
THE CHIEN BOULE DOG

BY  
VALANCE PATRIARCHE

ILLUSTRATED BY  
WALLACE GOLDSMITH



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BOSTON, MDCCCCIX

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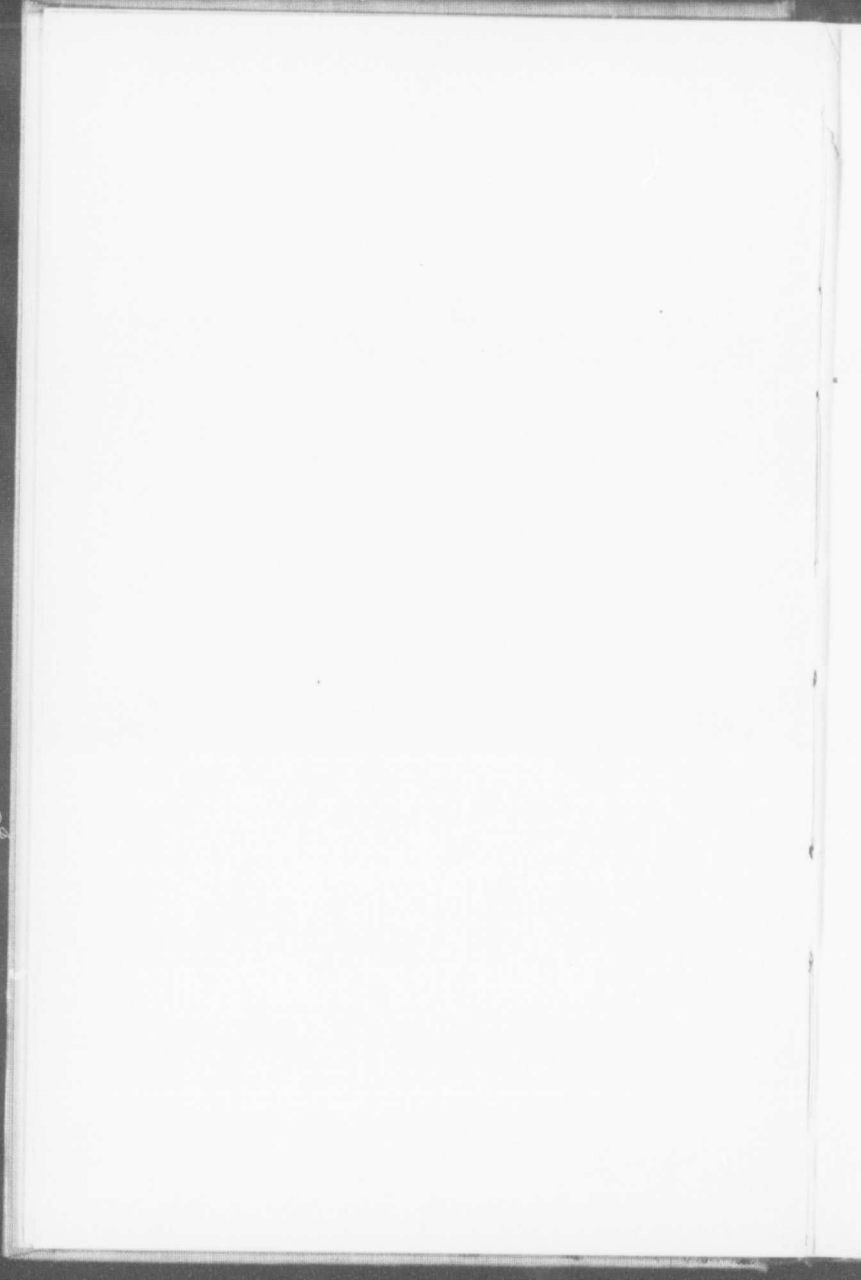
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# TAG; OR, THE CHIEN BOULE DOG



## CHAPTER I

“ Oh, leetle Bateese wat for,  
Oh, leetle Bateese wat for,  
Oh, leetle Bateese  
Wat for you grease  
Mine leetle dog's tail wit tar.”

THESE words, sung to a monotonous and unbeautiful tune, smote the ears of the occupants of a train as it suddenly came to a standstill before a lonely wooden structure in the province of Quebec. As the engine blew off steam the invisible singer roared anew, as if in opposition,

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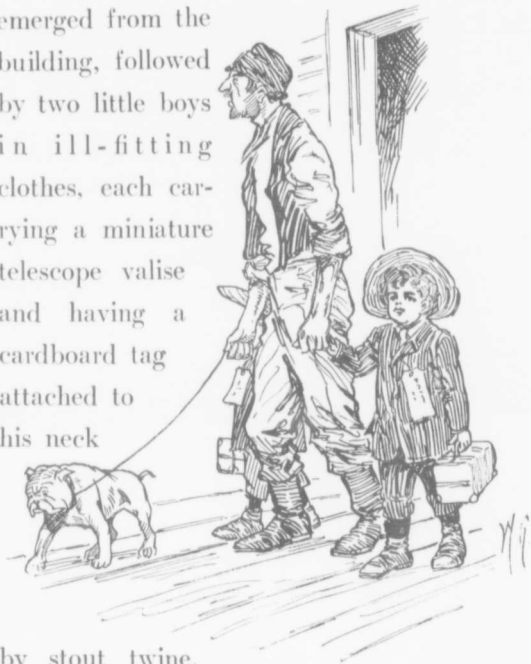
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“ Oh, leetle Bateese wat for,  
Oh, leetle Bateese — ”

A second's pause, then the figure of a man emerged from the building, followed by two little boys in ill-fitting clothes, each carrying a miniature telescope valise and having a cardboard tag attached to his neck



by stout twine.

One child was sallow and melancholy, the

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other rosy, plump and beamingly cheerful. The aspect of the sallow one took on an added shade of gloom when he was enjoined, in pantomime, not to move from the doorway while his companions made their way down the platform accompanied by a particularly ferocious looking bull dog. After some parley before the baggage car the canine was disposed of and man and boy retraced their steps to a first-class coach. Here an animated discussion took place with the conductor, a ticket exchanged hands, the small boy's tag was read, he was lifted to the platform, "all aboard" was shouted, and the train moved out.

The conductor was good-natured and, seeing his charge struggling with tears, took him by the hand, saying, "Come along with me, sonny."

And thus it was the plump little boy found

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“Pat and Patty.” They were so called by relatives and friends during their engagement, and now that they had been married ten whole days, Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Patterson wondered they had ever been known otherwise. Patty was wont to say she was “just Pat and a little more.” Pat and Patty were seated in the parlour car, ostensibly reading, but behind Patty’s novel an affair of the toilet was being carried on; she was furtively rubbing the “shine” off her dainty nose with “papier poudre,” while Pat, watching her unbeknownst, wondered if any other woman could have looked as fascinating under like circumstances. These innocent occupations were interrupted by the advent of the conductor and his companion. Patty, laying down “papier” and novel, smiled at the small boy, who brightened visibly.

“Poor little chap. Is he all alone?” she



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asked, and the conductor became confidential at once.

“ He’s a little Frenchy,” he said, leaning over the end of the seat. “ Been in some kind of a home for a year, poor kid, his ma’s dead, an’ his pa’s working in Noo York. He’s doin’ pretty well now, so he sent for the youngster. The sisters up at the Home give him an’ another kid in charge of the hired man back there an’ told him to write out these here tags an’ send ’em along. Let’s see your calling card, sonny — Got his Noo York address on it — huh! Jim’s fergot to put on his name — jest like him — but it’s Bateese — Bateese — Good Lord, if I ain’t fergot! What’s your name, sonny? ”

“ Bateese,” was the prompt reply.

“ Bateese what? — go on — ”

Bateese shook his head, smiled broadly and edged nearer Patty.

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“Don’t understand much English,” said the conductor, “but anyhow the address is O. K. an’ his dad ’ll meet him. He’s got a dog on board, too, bandy-legged, wall-eyed bull with a hare lip. Don’t know how they come to let him have him at the Home. What’s the name of your dog, son?”

Bateese looked puzzled.

“Dog, chien boule dog — you know.”

The dark face lighted up. “Chien boule dog,” he repeated and laughed till his little fat sides shook.

“You are a dear,” said Patty, “come and sit by me.”

He knew the tone and gesture, and, with the fickleness of youth, turned his back upon his erstwhile friend and snuggled up to the smiling lady who had won his heart. According to himself his name was simply Bateese. Only that and nothing more, while the occupant

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of the baggage car was called "Cairlo." As his shyness wore off he remembered his scanty English and a wild three-cornered conversation ensued. Pat would ponderously give vent to a sentence in French as she is spoke in the schools, to be met by a disconcerting stare from Bateese, upon which Patty would translate in a mixture of French in one lesson and habitant English gleaned during a summer holiday in a Quebec village. This was usually the more intelligible of the two, and Bateese would reply in a cheerful jargon of his own, — thus, from Pat:

"Parley vous Francaise ou Anglaise d'en l' institution ou avez vous le — le silence?"

A wide stare from Bateese.

"He has le — le silence," mocked Patty, then, coaxingly, "Bateese, you spik Angleesh some tam or you parley vous Francais toujours?"

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“Spik Angleesh, me,” answered Bateese proudly, “an’ w’en garçon `e say I not spik Angleesh I ponch heese eye.”

“By George, he’s a jolly little cuss,” said Pat, “if he only understood my French better.”

“You go to mak’ too moche on de Parisian,” quoted Patty, and they laughed. They continued to laugh at short intervals like three gay irresponsible children until the other occupant of the car looked amused out of sheer sympathy.

It was a regular love feast until they arrived at a refreshment station, when it became a banquet of a more substantial order. Bateese was hungry. The trio alighted, and being told the train would remain forty-five minutes owing to an obstruction on the line, and having seen Bateese fed to repletion at the lunch counter, they started down the platform.

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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

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fearful howl. The baggage man appeared and took in the situation.

“Wants his purp, eh? Here, put him up an’ I’ll sit him on this trunk —



There you are, kiddie!” Bateese became smiling and amiable at once. “The brute ain’t half as savage as you’d think. Not

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much mor'n a pup, and kind of affectionate disposition."

It would seem so, for as Pat and Patty resumed their walk Bateese and his pet were leaning shoulder to shoulder, the small boy's arm about Cairlo's neck. There were further delays in starting, and it was an hour later when the bridal couple went to look at their protégé. He was asleep in the attitude they had last seen him, and the bull-dog wore a silly, apologetic expression as he wagged his tail at their approach. Bateese awoke. Having dug his knuckles in his eyes and yawned, he murmured,

"I'm not feel ver' bon en bas," laying his fat hands tragically on his leather belt.

"It's the cream puffs. I told you not to give him three, Pat, and he has cream all over his neck, too — Come here, Bateese, until I wipe you off."

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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



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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.

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For a moment Patty looked wild consternation, then the corners of her mouth began to curl up. "To say nothing of the chien boule dog," she added with a Frenchy lift of eyebrows and shoulders.

"D——, er, hang the boule dog," said her husband viciously. "All the same he is the only one with inside information on the subject. By George, Patty, you know it — its —"

They gazed at each other mutely for some seconds, then Pat's eyes twinkled, he threw back his head and haw-hawed till the car resounded with his mirth. His bride joined him and they were almost choking when Bateese raised his head and fretfully exclaimed, "I don' go mak de laf on you w'en you not feel ver' nice en bas!"

"If you only knew it, Bateese," said Pat,

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“ the laugh *is* on us, and we are doing it for you, and you ought to be mighty grateful.”

But Bateese was asleep.

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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

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eaten by Bateese, "a la carte," this and the sight of his bride daintily arrayed for the conquest of the metropolis and with the light of anticipation in her eyes. Red brown eyes they were, almost the colour of the wavy hair above, and her skin was very smooth and very white in contrast to the vivid red of her lips with their corners curling up for laughter on the slightest provocation — like the petals of a flower, cup-shaped to receive the sun. Of a verity she was good to look upon.

Having alighted in the humming New York station, the bride and groom proceeded to carry out their plan. Bateese, frightened and dazed by the noise and jostling of the crowd, was glad to be placed between them, clinging to a hand of each, and thus they walked with methodical slowness over every foot of the huge waiting room; Pat and Patty stiffening their arms to thrust the small boy well for-

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## TAG; OR, THE CHIEN BOULE DOG

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ward, as if mutely offering him to the public. He was instructed to call out upon sight of his father, while they keenly scanned the throng for a lone man with an expression of yearning



parenthood. Trains came and went, the crowds surged in and out, families were disunited or made complete according to the time table, and still Bateese remained fatherless. Officials were interviewed; no one had

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seen a Frenchman who looked as if he had lost his one ewe lamb, no inquiries had been made. They had marched through the sta-



tion so often they were all weary when an awful suspicion dawned upon the bride-

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## TAG; OR, THE CHIEN BOULE DOG

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groom; they were, perhaps, the victims of a well designed plot and no father would ever claim Bateese. As time wore on the suspicion became a horrible certainty in his mind, but he forbore to mention it. After two fruitless hours they seated themselves to discuss the situation. Patty had an idea. She would take their protégé to the matron in charge of the ladies' waiting room, leave money with her for his lunch, and request that he be handed over to his father when that person appeared to claim him. They were surprised they had not thought of such a simple arrangement long ago. A few moments later Patty was interviewing a prim-faced matron. The little boy's father had failed to meet him, she stated, but would arrive later, and if the matron would kindly take him in charge until that time and see that he was provided with food if necessary (here a frivolous little metal purse came into



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play) Patty would be *most* grateful. The radiant smile which terminated this speech failed to produce any softening expression in response; the listener merely asked for the name of the little boy and some description of the father whereby he might be identified.

“ Well, we don't know his name, you see — only Bateese. He was put on the train by some man and we — well, we just happened to get him.”

“ I suppose he was given in charge of the conductor. Why didn't you leave him with him ? ” Evidently the woman was not favourably impressed.

“ The conductor left the train, you see, and the other men knew nothing about him.”

“ Oh ! ” said the matron and looked intently into space.

“ He was sent from a Home of some kind, poor baby,” added Patty in pathetic accents.

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“ Oh, then,” brightening, “ of course he has a tag with his address somewhere about him. Those institutions always use something of that kind.” She fastened an X ray eye on Bateese as if to penetrate the innermost recesses of his plump person and discover this appendage.

“ Why, of course, he *had* a tag on,” began Patty promptly, “ but,” here her unruly lips curled up and a twinkle danced in her eye — “ his dog — a chien boule dog he is — chewed it up, and so — ”

The woman’s icy tones broke in,

“ I would advise you to see the police about it, madam. I don’t care to be mixed up in anything of the kind.” Whereupon she drew herself up and walked resolutely away, leaving the astonished and indignant Patty to grasp Bateese’s hand and drag him back to where Pat was soothing his spirit with a good cigar

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and the reflection that in about one hour he and his bride would be enjoying a cosy tête-à-tête luncheon in one of the city's palatial hotels. His jaw fell when he saw his wife racing excitedly towards him with the small boy trotting in her wake

“Horrid creature! She won't keep him; said to take him to the police; she was positively clammy about it!” Patty was breathing hard and her cheeks were pink with wrath.

Her husband whistled, looked sadly at the weed in his hand as if asking where was now its solace, then suggested he should speak to the station master and see if he would put forth the hand of fellowship. So leaving Bateese pledged not to move from his bench, they bearded the busy official. Pat told the tale of their enforced adoption of the small unknown quite eloquently until he reached the point where Cairlo came in. Then he

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hesitated, cleared his throat, and stated that an "accident" had deprived the young traveller of the tag whereon was his address.

"What was the nature of the accident?" asked the official curtly.

Pat hesitated. Patty grew flushed and anxious. She was not doing any smiling or twinkling now.

The station master looked keenly from one to the other, and as Pat could think of nothing else to say but the truth, he told it frankly, ending with,

"I know it sounds foolish, but foolish things *do* happen."

"That's right," assented the railway man with marked emphasis, "They happen round here mighty often." Then he added musingly, "A French kid, name unknown, put on train by man, also unknown, at unknown station;

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nameless conductor transfers kid to young couple — name unknown,” (this with a bow) “and disappears. Kid’s dog — by the way,” with cheerful interest, “has the dog a name?— Kid’s dog, nameless — buries the secret of the lost child’s parentage in innermost recesses of his being. Unknown father fails to claim offspring and I am asked to assume his duties. Ever been in New York before?” he asked irrelevantly.

Mrs. Patterson moved away, her head at a haughty angle, and before her husband could frame an angry reply the older man exchanged his tone of banter for one sternly businesslike.

“Let me give you a piece of advice, young man,” he said. “Don’t pipe that tune oftener than you can help in little old New York unless you want to find yourself in the foolish house or the coop. I don’t know why you want to

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get rid of the youngster and I ain't goin' to ask, but if you can think up any kind of a fairy tale that would go in the nursery, waltz over to the police station and tell it. That's all. *Good morning,*" and he swung off whistling "Since I first met you."

Pat joined his bride with gloom upon his brow. They moved on in silence for a moment, then she said,

"I suppose we will just have to go to the police now and tell that ridiculous story all over again."

"We *can't* go to the police!" savagely exclaimed the partner of her woes. "I see now how utterly improbable the whole thing sounds; they would run us in for child desertion or kidnapping, whichever crime called for the higher fine — And where would our honeymoon be then!" Their young faces were tragic. "Darn the luck — let's skin

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off and leave the little beggar. We didn't want him anyhow."

Just here they sighted a mourner's bench whereon was seated a small, plump figure looking so weary, so patiently forlorn, their hearts smote them.

"The poor, wee, lost thing," murmured Patty, and Pat gave her arm a surreptitious and responsive squeeze. "We'll have to take him with us to-day, dearest, and we'll advertise, put his picture in the paper or something," and she kissed Bateese in her contrition.

"We will get a cab," said Pat. Somehow the zest had gone from things and he felt flat and tired.

As they turned to go Patty spelled on her fingers, "D-O-G." Her husband's face hardened.

"No," he answered, loudly and emphatically. "Not if I know it."

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By some process of mental telepathy Bateese seemed to divine their meaning.

“Cairlo!” he cried, stopping short and looking about anxiously.

“Come, come, Bateese. Cairlo is all right. We are going to have a nice ride in a cab, and lunch — dejeuner,” coaxed the bridegroom.

But Bateese was obdurate, his face puckered, “Cairlo!” he cried again, “Don’ lak no dejeuner. Wan’ mon chien boule dog.”

They attempted to drag him away and he threw his small body flat on the floor and yelled with anguish. A crowd began to collect and Pat descried the station master looking their way.

“Get up, you little devil!” he muttered, at the same time jerking him to his feet. “I’ll get your confounded pup,” and he strode off in the direction of the baggage room.

Some moments later, as the now smiling



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but tear-stained Bateese and his bull pet were being stowed into a four wheeler, a distracted Frenchman ran from an adjacent subway, headed for the main door of the depot. His eye was caught and held by the back of Bateese in its ill-fitting uniform of the institution he had so recently left. He stopped as if frozen to the spot and gasped with open mouth until the cab man touched up his horse and the vehicle moved off at a brisk pace, whereupon he clapped his hand to his head, looked around wildly as if seeking assistance, then started in pursuit.



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### CHAPTER III

As the gold-laced autoerat of the kerb went forward from the "Everleigh" doorway to welcome the latest arrivals, he raised his haughty eyebrows. He had caught the sound of a child's voice, and if there was one evil which the "Everleigh" religiously eschewed it was children. His manner was cold as he assisted the party to alight and watched them trail into the lobby. First a tall man with head well erect, at his heels a vicious pie-faced bull dog, then a young and remarkably pretty girl, leading by the hand a weary child clad in clothes such as sweet charity alone would have the heart to envelop him. The hotel clerk decided upon his course the moment the group appeared in the doorway. The "Everleigh"

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apartments, he informed them with lofty patronage, were rented only in suites engaged previous to arrival and for a stated term,



he therefore regretted he could not accommodate them. After listening to the remonstrances of the leader of the party for a few bored moments he slowly, reluctantly, but firmly turned his back upon them. Mr. Patterson's jaw grew visibly squarer as he met

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this rebuff, but, after a moment's hesitation, he followed his wife toward the door. The bull-dog, however, had endured a trying journey and was not accustomed to cabs. He decided to stay where he was for a time and rest. Thus Pat's dignified stride was brought to a sudden stop by the tug of Cairlo's chain and he yanked viciously at it in vain. Cairlo sat firm, bandy legs well apart, bleary eyes fixed and staring. Groups of men in the rotunda turned to watch the scene with visible amusement. Pat took the brute by the collar and dragged him a step or two, but it was hot work, for Cairlo's powers of resistance were great; gentle persuasion proved equally fruitless. Pat became conscious of flattering notice from all sides and suspended his campaign while he lighted a cigar with an easy air designed to announce to the world that the coercion of balky bull-dogs was his favourite

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pastime; so leisurely and calm was he that interest flagged and observation was withdrawn. And now, with the light of dire purpose in his eye, he leaned down suddenly, unloosed the chain, stuffed it in his overcoat pocket, and strolled toward the front door; before he arrived there the unctuous voice of the clerk reached him,

“ Mr. — er — ah — Will you kindly — ”

A hand was laid upon his arm.

“ ‘Scuse me, sir,” said a porter, politely struggling to hide his grin, “ You’ve forgotten your dog.”

Mr. Patterson’s hand instinctively sought his change pocket, but the authorities were too near. Assuming a stony countenance, he turned and called Cairlo; low at first, then in tones of sharp command. The graven image of a dog never stirred. Every occupant of the large and busy rotunda was now deeply

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engrossed in watching the scene. Bets were laid on the outcome, but the determined set of Cairlo's jaw did not invite interference. The courteous porter barred the way; evidently if the dog stayed the master did likewise. The situation grew desperate. At any moment Patty and Bateese might appear, the former he knew would take in the situation and laugh, and all those darned idiots of men would laugh with her, while Bateese would probably divine treachery and shriek for his "chien boule dog." Heroic measures were necessary, so retracing his steps to the side of the scowling animal, Pat gave a quick movement of muscular shoulder and raised the stubborn bulk in his arms. The dazed beast offered no resistance, and as the bridegroom stalked off with the dog's delicate retrousse countenance nodding over one shoulder a shout of hilarious mirth went up from the

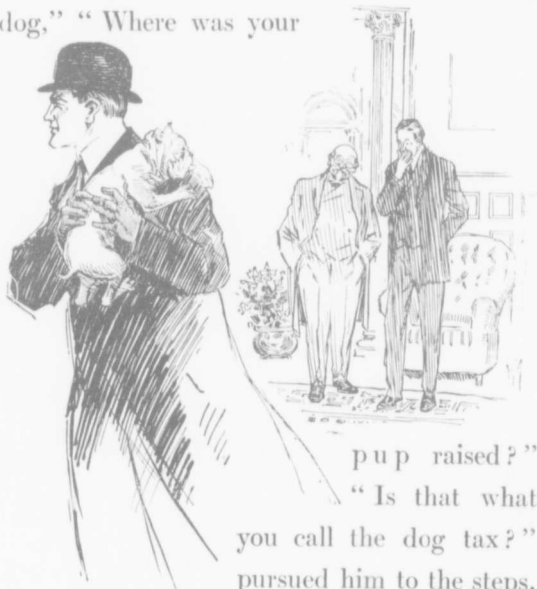
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bystanders and his exit was made under a fire of raillery. Cries of "Love me, love my dog," "Where was your



pup raised?"

"Is that what  
you call the dog tax?"

pursued him to the steps,  
where he dropped the now submissive  
Cairlo with unnecessary violence, and, later,  
threw him into the cab with no gentle  
hand. Patty had heard the roars of laugh-

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## TAG; OR, THE CHIEN BOULE DOG

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ter and caught a glimpse of the sudden descent of the bull-dog, but a look at her husband's face decided her that silence was golden — a decision wondrous wise for a bride of ten days. They visited many, many hotels after this, working their way down from palaces to quiet hostelrys in side streets, and though, in one or two instances, Bateese and the pup were concealed until rooms had been secured, yet, when the inevitable moment arrived that they must be produced, a miraculous slip of memory smote the conscience of the clerk. Those apartments (the only vacant ones in the house) were already engaged. Astounding thing how he could have forgotten; he was profusely apologetic but would have to keep to his original agreement. Cairlo's cannibal visage was too much for them all. Hours passed, miles were traversed, and in proportion as the spirits of the occupants of the



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## TAG; OR, THE CHIEN BOULE DOG

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cab drooped did the complacency of the driver increase. He whistled with a very insolence of joy when given the tenth address, and, at the eleventh, broke into song. Once the bridegroom grimly remarked that the Pound or Home for Lost Dogs seemed to be the only remaining institution to be visited, and that, on promise of good behaviour, they might be accommodated there to keep Cairlo company. At length, upon Patty's suggestion, they were driven to the sober precincts of the Y. W. C. T. U., where they fondly hoped to hear of some respectable Christian family which would gather weary wanderers to its bosom. The now white and anxious bride told the secretary how she, her husband, one little boy, — *very* well behaved, — and a small dog were looking for quiet temporary lodgings. The secretary was grave over the dog. Of course most landladies objected to children

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## TAG; OR, THE CHIEN BOULE DOG

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too, but she would look over her list. Patty sank into a chair feeling as if her life were at stake. The reprieve came. The secretary looked up with a beaming smile. She had the very thing. A widow, quiet house and locality, two front rooms with breakfast if desired. After a short conference over the telephone she confirmed the good news. "Mrs. Trent will be glad to rent the apartments, won't object to the little dog if kept in the basement and is fond of children." The secretary smiled as she added, "She helps us with our work when she has time, and is a nice motherly woman with strong views against race-suicide."

"Bless her heart!" exclaimed Patty as she took the address. She almost danced out to the cab, and Pat promised to add a half dollar to the driver's already swollen tariff if he took them to this last address in half an hour.

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## TAG; OR, THE CHIEN BOULE DOG

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"She has strong antirace-suicide views, Pat," quoted his wife, laughing.

"Darlint," he rejoined with solemnity, "Bateese is the child of our tenderest care. All our hopes are centred in his plump carcass and our only aim in life is to rear him to noble manhood." He winked at Bateese, who screwed up his black eyes and chuckled sleepily as if he were privy to the jest. Now that lodgings were in sight Bateese and the chien boule dog assumed the aspect of a huge joke; a Frenchy joke; a sort of "double entendre."

It seemed too marvellous to be true when they actually obtained admittance to the widow's abode. It was a beautiful home to them, a very nest of peace and a haven from the cruel, jostling world which loves not little boys and bull-dogs. The door closed on sounds of a rollicking song from the enriched

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## TAG; OR, THE CHIEN BOULE DOG

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cab man and they were led to the first floor front by a neat and smiling landlady, who, before leaving, stooped to pat the head of Bateese.

“ And how old might he be, ma'am ? ” she asked.

Patty hesitated and then came a dual answer.

“ Five,” said Patty.

“ Seven,” said Pat.

They paused in confusion and the landlady came to the rescue, saying with a nod at Pat, “ Now ain't that just like these men ; their heads is so full of business they don't even remember the ages of their own children. So he is five. He is fine an' fleshy for his age ; a healthy one, I guess.”

“ Yes, indeed,” said Patty, looking out of the window.

“ What is your name, my little man ? ”

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## TAG; OR, THE CHIEN BOULE DOG

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But Bateese was yawning and speechless.

“He is called Baptiste,” said Patty, “a French name, you know.”

“Well now!” exclaimed the well meaning landlady, “you don’t look like French folk.”

“He was called after a relative,” said Patty faintly, adding in firmer but sweet tones, “Thank you *so* much, Mrs. Trent, we won’t want anything more just now.”

The widow took her dismissal with good grace, and left the room. A few moments later one might have seen a small boy sleeping oblivious on a couch while two dishevelled young people danced noiselessly round the room, stopping only when weak with laughter to throw themselves on the nearest chairs, wipe their eyes and chokingly recount some experience of that seemingly interminable day.

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## TAG; OR, THE CHIEN BOULE DOG

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And Cairlo? He brooded darkly in solitary confinement in the basement and remorse



gnawed at his vitals as he thought of the pick-me-up he had accepted at the "Everleigh" which was the cause of this base ignominy.

CHAPTER IV

MRS. TRENT was a *rara avis* among landladies in that she was not suspicious, never poured forth tales of the late Frederick T——, nor sorrowed audibly over the contrast between her former station and present humble circumstances. She subsisted by letting rooms to young girls employed in the city, and among these was one whose small sister earned her board and keep by helping about the house. This was Josephine, a prim, white-faced miss of twelve, with the skin of her brow drawn taut as a drum-head from the excessive neatness of the braids of hair tied above it, and ill-assorted features which were apt to relax into fearful contortions when she fancied herself unobserved. As far as the household of

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## TAG; OR, THE CHIEN BOULE DOG

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Mrs. Trent were aware, these grimaces and the singing of "Strangers Yet" were Josephine's sole recreations, for, ready as the widow was to administer to bodily needs, she failed to recognize the universal cry for beauty and pleasure in the young feminine mind. When Josephine, in her funny old-fashioned clothes, was sent forth for her daily walk, it was with strict injunctions not to loiter, and to speak to no one; while if despatched on an errand, she was given just so much time for its accomplishment. This steadiness of bringing up was advanced by Mrs. Trent as reason why she (Josephine) should become the guardian of Bateese during the absence of his "Pa and Ma." This being arranged, Pat and Patty whirled off in a hansom on the morning after arrival, feeling like scholars out for a half holiday. After their weariness and anxiety they were ready



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## TAG; OR, THE CHIEN BOULE DOG

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to enjoy everything and quite confident that the problem of Bateese was to be settled — somehow — very shortly. Such a beautiful reckless day they had, lunching at Sherry's; being whirled through the park in an automobile; promenading down Fifth Avenue, gayest of all the laughing strollers; buying a huge box of spring flowers to brighten their humble apartment, dining royally, and finally returning in a hansom, enjoying to the full the cool evening air and rest after the bustle of the day. As they turned into a street near home, they were hailed with shouts from a strange figure on the sidewalk, — an animated red dress surmounted, apparently, by the head of Medusa. Their vehicle stopped, and the apparition was discovered to be Josephine with pig-tails flying loose and india rubber countenance working convulsively.

“Get him out,” she yelled, “Call him out!”

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## TAG; OR, THE CHIEN BOULE DOG

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“Who?” asked they in one breath, and their hearts sank. In the careless joy of the day they had almost forgotten Bateese.

“Your kid,” answered Josephine excitedly. “He ain’t hardly got any clothes left on him an’ he won’t come out.” She pointed to a flight of steps leading to the cellar of a deserted house, and, simultaneously, there came a wail therefrom; a long wail as of much pent suffering and sorrow too great to be borne. Pat and Patty alighted and hurried to the spot. Crouching against a cellar door, with tear-stained countenance raised imploringly, was the luckless Bateese; his coat was gone, his little shirt hung in shreds, his “half-long” gray trousers were spattered with mud and torn from hip to ankle on one side, and a much swollen under lip added the finishing touch to his forlorn and battered appearance. At his feet lay the ever-faithful Cairlo, whose

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## TAG; OR, THE CHIEN BOULE DOG

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sleek complacency was in strong contrast to the condition of his master.



“For Heaven’s sake, Bateese!” gasped Patty.

“What under the shining canopy ever struck you?” asked her husband.

“W-wan beeg boy go mak de laf on me,” sobbed Bateese, “an’ I ponch an’ he hit wit

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## TAG; OR, THE CHIEN BOULE DOG

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de han' an' I cry on de eye an' he say bèbè!  
an' I ponch wan more tam — me — an' we  
go to fall 'roun' an' den Jo'sphine she ponch  
aussi an' I ron' 'ere."

"I stuck up for yer. Didn't I, Bateese?"  
cried Josephine eagerly. "I whaled that  
carrot-head good an' hard, — Didn't I, Ba-  
teese?"

Bateese nodded. He was beyond enthusi-  
asm. His guardians considered a moment  
and then decided that the small nurse and  
Bateese be sent home in the hansom, the  
latter wrapped in Pat's overcoat to protect  
him from the air, and eyes of a cold world.  
They were accordingly bundled into the  
vehicle.

"Here," cried Pat, "take this beast with  
you," and he thrust Cairlo in after them.  
"Same address and be quick," he added,  
counting the fare into the man's hand, and

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## TAG; OR, THE CHIEN BOULE DOG

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turning to where Patty stood ruefully examining mud stains on her tailor-made.

“ I am covered with tangible woe from Ba-teese,” she said, “ and my hair is coming down. Let us find a back street — Here is a quiet little place, we’ll run up here.”

Which they did, and thence made their way with some difficulty and many devious turnings, back to their lodgings; so it happened that when the cabman reached the right street and discovered he had forgotten the number of the house and never known the name of the occupants, he pulled up and looked anxiously but in vain for his former passengers. Then, lifting the trap, he called to Josephine.

“ What’s the number of the house youse is bound fer ? ”

And Josephine answered promptly and primly that she did not know, which was true, but she failed to add that she could point

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## TAG; OR, THE CHIEN BOULE DOG

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out the house, which was then in sight. For Bateese's nurse had black sins on her conscience, and, — weighing against the bliss of her first carriage ride, — was the fear of Mrs. Trent's wrath. It seemed a simple and exciting thing to go on driving indefinitely, a childish version of "eat, drink and be merry;" so she held the fat hand of Bateese, put her feet on Cairlo's back and, sitting very straight, thought of the lovely ladies she had seen in the course of her walks who did nothing all day but drive around and wear flowers.

Presently the cabman's face appeared from above the second time and, after eyeing his small and dirty fares, with much disapprobation, he said,

"Say, you girl! — Wot's the name of the folks wot live in the house you was goin' to?"

"Don't know," answered Josephine haughtily.

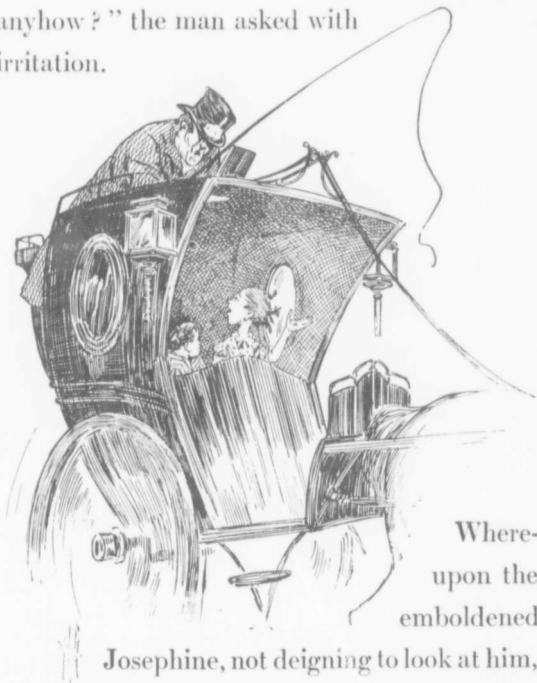
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## TAG; OR, THE CHIEN BOULE DOG

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“ Well, wot am I going to do wid youse anyhow ? ” the man asked with irritation.



Where-  
upon the  
emboldened

Josephine, not deigning to look at him,  
waved a dirty paw airily and cried:

“ Drive round the park, James ! ” in a tone  
which she flattered herself was the counter-

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## TAG; OR, THE CHIEN BOULE DOG

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part of that once heard from the lips of her heroine of the stone house on Riverside Drive.

The man's jaw dropped for a second with astonishment, then leaning over, he made a monocle of thumb and forefinger, the better to examine this prodigy.

"Crazy as a loon," he muttered. "'Drive round the park, James!' Oh, Lord, oh, Lord!"

He slammed down the trap, chuckled grimly and, wheeling his horse about, started to retrace his route in the hope of meeting the guardians of this lunatic. At intervals he repeated "*Drive round the park, James!*" in mincing undertones and with renewed chucklings, but even the delicious humour of that speech failed to buoy up his spirits when it became apparent that they who had saddled him with his burden had vanished. He returned to the street he had left and inquired



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## TAG; OR, THE CHIEN BOULE DOG

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imploringly of maids and landladies if they "knew anything about that outfit" (indicating his passengers), even inducing one or two females to go out and examine his charges at short range. But Josephine had never played on the street, and her sedate walks were pursued on more fashionable thoroughfares, so that she met with no recognition. One woman, indeed, who had turned her kitchen apron to the rear of her person on descending to the street, as if putting household cares behind her for the nonce, gave it as her opinion that Josephine was "Mis' Blundell, the milliner's little girl, who run away once before." The hansom accordingly moved to the milliner's shop, its driver much cheered in aspect, but when Mrs. Blundell appeared she looked at the lost pair with that complacent sympathy which is purely external, and positively declined to be a

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## TAG; OR, THE CHIEN BOULE DOG

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mother to either of the stray-aways, presenting a plump girl of eleven with sausage curls as her only effort in the maternal line. The cabman was dejected but persistent, and urged her "to knock up her thinker an' see if she couldn't place 'em as hers," and on this being received with indignation he suggested she might like to "adopt 'em for company." Here the door was slammed violently in his face, leaving him to return with scowling countenance to Josephine, who was just then happily engaged in sticking out her tongue at plump little Miss Blundell.

"I know what I'll do with youse now, my lady," he said, darkly, as he climbed to his post and drove off with decision. His purpose became apparent when he drew up before a police station and ordered his fares to descend. "Instanter — and haul out that pup. *I* ain't going to touch him."

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## TAG; OR, THE CHIEN BOULE DOG

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The heart of Josephine thrilled. It was a wonderful adventure. Here was a palace or something, and who knows what glorious things might be inside; she light-heartedly kicked Cairlo to facilitate his descent, and followed with Bateese. The cab-man pushed them on before him, and even the captain of the precinct, yawning at his desk, and the two policemen swapping yarns on a bench by the door, accustomed as they were to strange sights, sat up straight when they beheld the trio.

Josephine entered first, dragging after her the rotund form of Bateese, the tense expression of her face being in contrast to the appealing smile of the small boy, who beamed impartially on all as he stumbled in, tripping alike over his voluminous trailing overcoat and the bull-dog slinking at his heels. Suddenly Josephine's eye was arrested by the

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## TAG; OR, THE CHIEN BOULE DOG

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uniforms before her and an agony of fear pierced her soul. With a shriek she dropped the hand of Bateese and rushed for the door, but the cabby was too quick for her.

“No you don’t, duchess,” he said as he gripped her arm. “Sorry to interrupt you but we are going to pay a call —”

“What’s the matter there?” asked the captain, leaning forward.

“Lost,” answered the Jehu laconically, “an’ she, (jerking his thumb at the struggling Josephine), has bats in her belfry.”

The men gathered about while the driver told his tale, altering the fact of his having forgotten the house number to the statement that it had never been given him.

“You were a nice one to go driving off with an infant school an’ never askin’ where they belonged,” commented the captain.

“Well, say, if you’d been joggin’ by quiet

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## TAG; OR, THE CHIEN BOULE DOG

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an' happy wit' a bridal couple inside wot was good fer double fare an' all of a suddent seen a jumping jackess yellin' and pullin' her face every which way an' been told to pull up an' had your tony bridal pair go runnin' down a cellar an' come up draggin' Fatty here tied up in his nib's wedding overcoat an' stuffin' him an' the girl an' that snappin' turtle of a pup into your clean cab an' orderin' you to; — 'drive on — same address an' mighty quick' — say, you'd have found yerself wonderin' if it was time to git up jest like I did. When I come to I was on the right street, so I says to her highness here, I says; — 'Wot's the number?' — I says, and she says as cool as you please, she don't know, and I says; — 'Wot's the name of the folks youse is goin' to make joyous wid your presence?' — I says, and she speaks up haughty like and says she don't know that either. — 'Wot am I goin'

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## TAG; OR, THE CHIEN BOULE DOG

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to do wid youse anyhow?' — I says then, and she up an' waves 'er lily white paw an' pipes in reg'lar Lady Gwendolyn style; — 'Drive roun' the park, James.' — Here he paused with dramatic effect to look at his grin-



ning auditors,  
adding as he  
mopped his brow  
with his sleeve,

“Gee Willikins! I near  
fell off me perch.” He spat reflectively be-  
fore concluding, “An’ so I brought ’em  
along, an’ it’s up to you to git a home fer the  
duchess an’ her fat friend. I ain’t hirin’ me  
hansom out fer a kindergarten fer the royal

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## TAG; OR, THE CHIEN BOULE DOG

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famby no more. It's me to the woods an' the simple life."

After some further discussion and a sharp reprimand for carelessness delivered by the captain, the harassed cabby was allowed to go and the children handed over to a kindly matron. Josephine was in a state of terror, but living on the bounty of outsiders does not foster ready tears, so she stood dry-eyed but scared, awaiting her doom. Bateese, on the contrary, had endured so many vicissitudes that this seemed but another phase of an already confused but amusing existence.

He was warm, and the big men had laughed, so he laughed too, his black eyes dancing and sharp white teeth gleaming. Upon the departure of the cab-man he undertook to introduce his "chien boule dog, Cairlo," who "w'en I cry on de eye aujour d'hui jus sleep lak

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## TAG; OR, THE CHIEN BOULE DOG

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wan peeg " (giving Cairlo a reproachful push with his foot).

The captain suddenly whistled and took up a paper on his desk. It contained a notice to the effect that a Frenchman was seeking his lost son, who had been abducted in a cab before his eyes the previous morning by a well dressed young couple, said son having black hair and eyes and being garbed in the gray worsted uniform of an orphanage. Certainly what was visible of this small boy tallied with the description. The matron was ordered to extract what information she could as quickly as possible, and her motherly kindness soon drew a full confession from the fear-ridden Josephine. It seems that for many moons the carrot-top boy had embittered her young life with taunts upon the cut of her clothes, and arrangement of her hair, and she, fearing the subsequent wrath of Mrs. Trent,



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had forborne to retaliate. Therefore, when Bateese, in his hideous uniform, was put in her charge, she devised a deep, dark plot for the undoing of her enemy. She purposely sought the vicinity of this arbiter of fashion, and when, as she expected, the clothes of Bateese called forth scathing criticism and a scuffle ensued, she was able to rush in with a light heart and "lam him good," conscious that she could afterward pose as a noble heroine, the saviour of Bateese. She had not, however, quite counted on the savageness of the small boy, and when she realized the awful destruction wrought in the attire of her charge and that her "other" dress was ruined, then did woe and foreboding seize upon her. She would have gone home under the protection of "Bateese's pa and ma," but not alone — oh, not alone.

When the captain had in turn learned all

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this, together with the location of Mrs. Trent's house, and the fact that the boy bore upon his person the remnants of gray worsted, he whistled softly and prepared for business.

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TAG; OR, THE CHIEN BOULE DOG

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CHAPTER V

As the Captain shifted the papers on his desk the telephone bell rang, and in answer to a somewhat lengthy communication he replied that two children corresponding to the given description were at present at the station and would be sent home at once, — also a bull dog.

About an hour later Josephine and Bateese, accompanied by a tall man in civilian dress, made their way to the house of the widow. They were met by her at the door, and behind her were four young lady lodgers, all in a state of wild excitement but a little disappointed at the ordinary appearance of the adult of the party. They had expected to see a sergeant at least, and Mrs. Trent had given it as *her*

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## TAG; OR, THE CHIEN BOULE DOG

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opinion that the chief of police himself would be likely to arrive to explain matters, as that was the custom in "important cases." But when the children had been hugged, held off for inspection, hugged again, told that they had not "changed," but, as one young lady darkly hinted, looked as if they had "seen things," and had been thoroughly bewildered by treatment the like of which neither had ever received before, and when Bateese had been separated from his beloved Cairlo — who was again consigned to the lower regions — and triumphantly led upstairs, from where, strange to say, no welcoming voice had hailed the wanderers, then did the plain-clothes man come in for his share of flattering attention and prove to be a most pleasant spoken gentleman of a cheerful habit of mind. He tactfully won the heart of the widow by requesting sotto voce that she

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## TAG; OR, THE CHIEN BOULE DOG

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introduce him — “ Mr. Burns, at your service ” — to her “ sisters.” With explanations and blushes this was accomplished, and it was quite a friendly party which discussed the event of the day in the little front parlour.



Mrs. Trent told, with great gusto, how she had waited and watched and longed for Josephine, whom she “ loved as her own,” how the pair in the first floor front had come home and told of putting the children in the hansom and how her anxiety had grown almost unbearable as time passed and they failed

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## TAG; OR, THE CHIEN BOULE DOG

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to arrive. How the said first floor fronts had gone forth to make enquiries and returned to say the lost ones were at the police station, and all was well. Then Josephine's sister had to tell how *she* felt when the dire news was broken to her and how she feared it might be too late before her pa could reach the city and help her find little Josie and how awful it would be to tell him his little girl was lost (as pa was "doing time" this was pathetic imagining on the part of his daughter).

The young lady who served in the quick lunch parlour stated that she had telephoned her employer she just couldn't go back that night because her nerves were that upset if she tried to carry "two hot fried hen's fruits" she would have "made 'em an omelette before she got 'em to the table."

The belle of Bradley's, who sold gent's gloves at that emporium, fanned herself lan-

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## TAG; OR, THE CHIEN BOULE DOG

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guidly with a much trimmed handkerchief and said it had turned her quite faint. No one knew the snares of New York better than she — it was a terrible place for a poor, unprotected girl. She was a statuesque beauty with dark hair, parted in the middle of a very white forehead, and when she lowered her eyelids and sighed the effect was very fine. It may have been the too obvious interest displayed by Mr. Burns in these charms which caused the little stenographer to remark that as Miss Perkins had not come in until it was known that the children were found she did not see why she should have wanted to faint at that late hour.

Mr. Burns listened gallantly and sympathized with each in turn before he proceeded to describe the arrival of the pair at the station and to retail the cabman's story of Josephine with great vivacity. The prodigal was sound

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## TAG; OR, THE CHIEN BOULE DOG

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asleep on her sister's shoulder by this time, so was not disturbed by the incredulous exclamations which followed:

“ Josephine did that! ”

“ What — *Josephine!* ”

“ She ain't *so* slow! ” (this last from the lady of the lunch counter in a tone of lively admiration).

Josephine's sister cricked her neck as far to one side as possible and gazed slantwise at the innocent countenance of the sleeping one as if she had never really seen it before. After a prolonged examination, she shook her head.

“ I don't believe she ever said them things. I'll bet the man was drunk an' put up that song an' dance to keep from bein' run in. ”

The gentleman of the party good-naturedly agreed that this was most likely the case. Cab drivers, he said, were a queer lot. “ We



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had one feller," he added, "was a regular frenzied financy. Got thinkin' so hard about makin' money an' watchin' the wheels go roun' at the same time, at last he come to believe the wheels on his cab was extra size silver dollars, an' he never unhitched nights for fear they might be stole. No one was onto his brain twist till one day a passenger gives him a V an' asks for change. Cabby didn't have enough in his pockets, an' he stands there for a while thinkin' hard an' shakin' his head kind of mournful an', at last, blamed if he didn't start takin' the wheels off his cab, and the old guy he'd been drivin' standin' there swearin' at him an' yellin' he'd been robbed. A friend of mine on the force seen it all an' he run in Mr. Cabby. 'I was just gettin' the gent's bloomin' change off fer him,' says cabby, an' blubbers all the way to the station. They puts him in the foolish

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house. Judge said he had wheels in his head."

"And had he?" asked Mrs. Trent, with polite interest.

The young ladies went into ecstasies of mirth.

"Say, ain't she the limit?" exclaimed the handmaid of the lunch counter. At which the landlady smiled roguishly, feeling she had said something highly humorous, though not in the least knowing what it was.

And all this time no sound came from the first floor front. The stenographer, who had safely delivered Bateese, reported that the gentleman had thanked her very nicely but, drawing the small boy inside, had closed the door at once, "quite polite he was, you know, but sort of cold, I thought."

Mr. Burns was visibly interested.

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TAG; OR, THE CHIEN BOULE DOG

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“The father of the fat little boy?” he asked. “His parents must have been pretty anxious about him, I guess.”

Mrs. Trent hesitated, then said in a low, impressive tone. “You would think so, wouldn’t you?” She raised her scant eyebrows and pursed her lips.

Mr. Burns hitched his chair nearer and leaned forward.

“Do you mean to say as they wasn’t frettin’ any too much?” he asked.

“Well, of course it ain’t for me to judge, but they’re kind of flighty, you might say. He did go an’ telephone, but — well, we all has our own way of showin’ our feelin’s, an’ I must say theirs ain’t mine.”

“Quite a young couple, did you say?”

The widow blushed painfully and unexpectedly.

“Tain’t for me to talk about my lodgers

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## TAG; OR, THE CHIEN BOULE DOG

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to outsiders," she said in a loud dignified tone, glancing at the open door.

The belle of Bradley's closed the portal, favouring her landlady with a smile which met with no response.

"A very young couple, I think you said, ma'am," insinuated Mr. Burns.

"Well, yes," said the widow, sinking her voice and looking mysterious, "Too young by half."

There was a tense silence. The young ladies looked demure and pricked up their ears.

"The little boy would be about six or seven, I should say?" remarked Mr. Burns.

"*She* says five an' *he* says seven," answered the landlady grimly.

Another silence.

"I don't deny it puzzles *me*," said the landlady, shaking her head. "Two young things from a town in Ontario, so *they* say, and a

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little boy from 'Kébec' so *he* says. The parents speakin' no French and the child speakin' no English, not decent ord'nary English, it's — well I don't deny it puzzles *me*."

Mr. Burns' eyes sparkled as he laid a respectful hand upon Mrs. Trent's arm. "Really now, you tell things so well, I'm real interested. Well, well! Parents English an' kid French, an' parents look almost like a bridal couple, you said?"

The widow looked uneasy. "I've a good mind to tell you something, but," she glanced at the young ladies, who promptly looked out of the window; she fidgeted. "Do you happen to be a family man, Mr. Burns?" she whispered.

"Two," lied Mr. B. glibly.

"And do you happen to have a paper and pencil?" still whispering.

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## TAG; OR, THE CHIEN BOULE DOG

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The articles were produced with great promptitude and presently Mr. Burns read—

“I found a piece out of a paper in their room, all about their wedding, and they were married just two weeks ago!”

Mr. Burns gave a long whistle and then shook his surprised informant vigorously by the hand. “You’re the clearest headed woman I’ve met for a long time, ma’am.”

Mrs. Trent was proud but mystified. The young ladies were gaping. “And now, ma’am,” said the gentleman in quick business-like tones, “I must see these lodgers of yours at once. Fact is I’ve a little paper here to give ’em.”

“But I believe they’ve gone to bed,” objected their landlady; “see them some other time.”

She was vaguely conscious of trouble in the air.

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## TAG; OR, THE CHIEN BOULE DOG

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“ If I could speak to you alone a moment,” said Mr. Burns, raising his voice, at which the young ladies filed haughtily from the room, the half-awakened Josephine being dragged in the rear. “ Now, ma’am, the truth is I’m a detective an’ I’ve got a warrant to arrest this precious young couple for kidnapping. This news of yours about the weddin’ notice clears up any doubt, an’ I’ll just serve the paper to-night, please.”

Mrs. Trent was crying. “ I’m sure I never meant to hurt ’em, poor young things. To think of havin’ people arrested out of my own lodgin’s. Why, it ain’t respectable, Mr. Burns!”

“ Oh, the arrestin’ll be respectable enough. I’ll do it quite quiet an’ handsome. Now will you just go, please, an’ tell ’em the honour of their comp’ny is requested, or will I break the glad tidin’s myself? ”

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TAG; OR, THE CHIEN BOULE DOG

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“ I e-can't have anything to do with it,” sobbed the widow.

“ Can't, eh? Well, it's me to the bridal chamber.”

A moment later he was knocking loudly at the door of the first floor front, while the landlady, with handkerchief half way to her eyes, stood clutching the lower banister of the stairs for support and four pompadoured heads jostled each other in the doorway of a back bedroom.



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## TAG; OR, THE CHIEN BOULE DOG

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### CHAPTER VI

THE guilty pair had not retired. The door was opened at once and the detective admitted without protest. The protracted silence which followed was nerve-racking to the anxious watchers, who held their positions as if hypnotized. They were rewarded at last by seeing Mr. Burns issue alone and descend the stairs, where, after some parley, the landlady consented to make him up a sofa-bed in the sitting-room. Which factor was more potent in deferring the arrest — Patty's beauty or Pat's bills — is not known, but certain it is that they were not to feel the clutches of the law until the following day. Mr. Burns telephoned his superior officer and set about making his preparations for the

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## TAG; OR, THE CHIEN BOULE DOG

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night with much cheerful bustle and noise, whistling a lively air, as if sin and crime were things unknown.

Meanwhile, long after the other inmates had sunk wearied to rest, the lodgers of the first floor front carried on a discussion in subdued though excited tones. Mr. Patterson paced up and down, raging at the publicity entailed and cursing the hour they ever spoke to "that incubus," "that hoodoo" — indicating, with wrathful glances, the sleeping Bateese.

"It has been the most infernal chain of circumstances any bridegroom was ever tied to. Think of you being dragged into a dirty police station all for that unknown brat, that —"

"Call him a tambourine," suggested Patty with a rueful smile. "You have done nothing but 'pay, pay, pay' ever since he was pre-

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## TAG; OR, THE CHIEN BOULE DOG

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sented to you." A second later she looked contritely at the chubby face, so peaceful and happy. "Oh, Pat, don't let us blame him. It was not his fault, and he really is a dear, how isn't he?"

"He seems to have put up a pretty good fight with Carrot-Tops;" admitted Pat reluctantly, at which they both laughed.

Before they slept they decided perhaps it was best things had come to a head now, and when the Frenchman received his son in safety he would probably say no more about it. "You can give him a little something for his anxiety," said Patty comfortably. Pat groaned.

Next morning, after the young lady lodgers had departed unwillingly to work, a stir of excitement was felt through the house, the remaining occupants of which were making their several preparations for the journey to

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## TAG; OR, THE CHIEN BOULE DOG

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the police station; the landlady and Josephine in the capacity of witnesses. Bateese was the only one of whom a toilet was not required, for it was discovered that his small valise had been lost during some of his many adventures, and, as his present garments were in ruins from the onslaught of Carrot-Tops, he presented in his few poor rags the appearance of a plump cherub symbolical of human frailty.

Here was a problem! Even if he could be again swathed in Pat's bridal coat, it would tell against them to have him appear in court in such a pitiable condition. The obliging Mr. Burns was consulted and agreed to accompany them to a department store where Bateese might be made presentable. In accordance with this plan he was wrapped temporarily in the coat and carried to the waiting cab. The "chien boule dog" was hustled

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## TAG; OR, THE CHIEN BOULE DOG

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in also under a fire of protest from Mr. Burns.

“See here, I ain’t got no orders about bull dogs. Leave the pup out of this picnic.”

“But he *must* go!” cried Patty. “He belongs to the Frenchman too.”

“That brute goes or I put up a fight and stay here myself,” declared Pat with decision, adding, “and I haven’t been half back on a foot ball team three years for nothing.”

So to the accompaniment of threats from the bridegroom, entreaties from the bride and ominous growls from the undesired himself, Cairlo was established under the front seat. The landlady and Josephine then settled themselves in the vehicle, the former in a state of nervous collapse between fear of the damage which might accrue to her lodgings if the story of the arrest were printed

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## TAG; OR, THE CHIEN BOULE DOG

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and expectation of wrath on the part of her guilty tenants. She was soon reassured on the latter head, as Pat hastened to assert she had done but her duty and all would soon be explained to the satisfaction of everyone concerned.

But Josephine! No smiles could draw her from her gloom, no coaxing advances from Bateese serve to move her. She sat with straight lips and staring eyes, her thin little hands clasped tight in her lap. Heaven knows what fearsome tales she had heard that morning while the young lady lodgers sat on her bed discussing criminal atrocities and prison terrors, nor how her anguish was augmented by the widow's pale face, and the widow's tears which were braided into her back hair. No one could know the exact cause, but the result was evident in a tiny face as stony and terror stricken as that of a sensitive woman

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doomed to see her best loved sentenced to death.

Upon reaching a colossal store Patty and Bateese descended and entered under the escort of Mr. Burns, leaving the others to the watchful eye of the cabman, who had previously been put wise as to their destination. Under the belief that fine raiment might have a softening influence upon the irate parent's heart, Patty purchased an outfit which would have done no discredit to a Fifth Avenue mansion, and was somewhat dampened in spirit by her husband's expression when he surveyed the glory and fingered his depleted purse.

They were soon at the end of their journey and entered the awesome precincts, Bateese and his boule dog the only members of the party entirely at ease. The Frenchman had not yet arrived and they were ushered into an anteroom, where some conversation

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## TAG; OR, THE CHIEN BOULE DOG

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took place between Pat, Mr. Burns, and a stout policeman, at the conclusion of which the last mentioned remarked.

“ There seems no doubt the boy was nabbed, but why under the shining canopy a bridal couple should want to cart around a strange kid — ”

The officer's fat face wrinkled jovially as he beamed encouragement upon Pat. Pat was silent. He had made up his mind he would not tell that insane cream puff story again except under dire stress of circumstances. Some papers were produced and the party proceeded to a desk to sign them. No one noticed the children had quietly slipped out of the room, with Bateese's pet in close attendance. They were now standing by the outer door, Josephine shaking poor Bateese savagely.

“ You *must* run, Bateese. They're goin'



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## TAG; OR, THE CHIEN BOULE DOG

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to shut us up and beat us with straps, an' p'raps kill us, an' we'll never git out of an iron place for years and years."

Bateese's placid temperament failed to become aroused at this. "You ron so you lak', Jos'phine. I go to stay wit nice peep; buy me nice 'chapeau,' an' nice 'bottes' an' nice 'habit' "—



he was proudly enumerating his



new possessions, pointing to each in turn, when cut short by a fierce grasp on his arm. Josephine was about to drag him forth, but just then a street piano struck up a lively tune and Bateese was conquered.

"Let's run and hear the piano, Bateese, an' then we'll come right back," urged the temptress, and Bateese fell.

On issuing from the anteroom a moment

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## TAG; OR, THE CHIEN BOULE DOG

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later the detective was astonished to find the outer hall deserted; he questioned a young policeman, who stated he had just come in and had seen no one; found the matron had been busy and knew nothing; dashed wildly into the street — no sign of the runaways. He returned in a state of white rage to heap abuse on the heads of his prisoners for putting up such a slick game on him. Without the kid to show, where was the case? Oh, they were a precious pair of young innocents, *they* were. So that was why they wanted to wait till morning. His flow of language and the bridegroom's attitude of tense wrath might have ended in a physical encounter had not the captain of the station entered and carried them sternly off for explanations.

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### CHAPTER VII

THE street piano, as if obedient to the desires of Josephine, moved away as they neared it, and Bateese, now imbued with the spirit of adventure, trotted in pursuit as briskly as his companion. When the instrument at length stopped to favour passers-by with "The Good Old Summer Time," it was quite out of sight of the police station, so the children followed dulcet strains from street to street until, having heard the entire repertoire many times, and finding pavements hard for small feet, their interest in music flagged and Josephine again remembered they were a persecuted pair fleeing from cruel tyrants and dungeon cells. She decided they must go on turning more corners, more and more,

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## TAG; OR, THE CHIEN BOULE DOG

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until they reached a place she had heard of where the grass grew all by itself and you could walk on it if you liked. There could be no policemen there, as they only go to grassy places to catch people who don't stay on the paths. This she explained to Bateese, who failed to enthuse. He liked the grass of course, but when you have always lived "on de contree" freedom is not appreciated at its true worth and he did not understand the excessive advantages of places where people could wander from the beaten way. He answered stolidly,

"I go 'ome, Jos'phine. It maks de tam for dejeuner. Bateese 'ongry an' Cairlo 'ongry too — pouvre Cairlo!— 'Ome, Jos'phine."

"You're always thinkin' of your dinner, Bateese. Greedy little thing, you are. Very well then, (giving him a push), *go* home, an'

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## TAG; OR, THE CHIEN BOULE DOG

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you'll see they'll beat you an' won't give you any dinner at all."

Bateese stood dismayed. His round eyes slowly filled with tears and the heart of Josephine melted within her.

"See, Bateese," she said coaxingly, "Josephine got a copper here" (exhibiting the nobbly corner of a pale gray pocket handkerchief). "You know them buns with the sugar on top an' currants on the bottom? — Um!" Josephine smacked her lips with imaginary gusto.

"Um!" smacked Bateese in response, his face alight with the joy of anticipation.

"Well, I guess there is a place round here we can get 'em. Come on." So again did Eve tempt and Adam fall by the sin of greed.

And it was while in search of the delectable bun that they saw the glittering lady. The street they were in was dirty and narrow, but

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## TAG; OR, THE CHIEN BOULE DOG

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a sunbeam had found its way there and lighted

up the glittering  
one as a  
beacon warn-  
ing them of  
the end of  
their quest.



She stood at the door of a shop and her hair was very gold. The sunshine twinkled

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## TAG; OR, THE CHIEN BOULE DOG

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on the diamond "drops" in her ample ears, on a diamond brooch at her throat, and fairly danced a mad jig over the dark bejewelled fingers resting on her broad hips. As they stopped to gaze upon her with awe, she smiled largely at them and the sun made new lights on the gold in her teeth.

The children thought her dazzlingly beautiful. Josephine even placed her above the carriage lady of Riverside Drive. There was more of her and she looked gayer somehow.

Bateese was the first to speak.

"Dis is Jos'phine," he said politely with his beaming smile, "she go to buy the bun on me."

The lady did not appear as much struck with the matter as the manner of the speech.

"Say, wot kind of a lingo do you call dat anyhow?" she said, almost to herself.

The children smiled ingratiatingly.

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## TAG; OR, THE CHIEN BOULE DOG

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“Abe,” she called back over her shoulder. “Cut out yer cash-book an’ come an’ git a free look at de circus.”

A moment later a shuffling figure appeared from the dim background of the shop and stood, hook-nosed and loose-lipped, beside the fair one.

“Dat’s Jos’phine,” said the lady, pointing a shining finger, “an’ de heaven knows w’at dat is wit her — talks kinda dago, but ’tain’t dago an’ — Good Lord! Look at de purp! Say, ain’t he de French poodle fer your life! How’d you like to see yer wife goin’ up Fi’t Avenoo wit dat on de end of a chain — eh?”

With the quick instinct of childhood to resent ridicule, Josephine and Bateese had drawn closer together and were about to move timidly on. A hurried whispering ensued between Abe and his wife, in which she was told to “quit her kiddin’ an’ look at de



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TAG; OR, THE CHIEN BOULE DOG

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clothes on de fat one." "Lost, strayed or stolen, liberal reward. Git wise, Ella, git wise." And Ella, being no fool, took the cue and changed her tactics.

"Jos'phine," she called in honeyed accents, "Come here, Jos'phine, till I tell youse something."

The children hesitated but were won by the next overture.

"What was dat you was sayin' about buns? Why, if it's buns youse is lookin' fer, we got 'em by de dozen. (Abe! Skate round to Grostein's and git some copper buns quick.) An' milk too, fresh from de cow."

So with smiles and seductive promises, she lured them to her, and they were only too glad to rest in the cool back room while she set a small table for them. It all seemed very grand to Josephine, and when many buns and much milk had been consumed and Bateese

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## TAG; OR, THE CHIEN BOULE DOG

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and Cairlo were slumbering peacefully on the floor together, she related a weird tale of midnight drives in hansom cabs, pursuit by the police, capture and hairbreadth escapes. Her hostess, after listening politely to the end, merely asked if she ever tried "lying on her side so she wouldn't dream."

About eleven A. M. the wife of Abraham's bosom suddenly swooped down upon him in his little money cage. She had a dandy idea. He was not surprised. She was always having them. People had said he was a fool to marry Ella when she was as crooked as a tenement stair, but no one ever denied she was smart. Oh, Ella was smart all right, and, after all, that is what really counts when you want some one to help build up the business. As she unfolded this plan, which proved to be a new advertising scheme, the expression of Abraham's face changed from indifference

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## TAG; OR, THE CHIEN BOULE DOG

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to dawning interest and finally to enthusiasm.

“ But 'spose the cops come nosin' round,” he objected.

“ Bah!” said Ella, “ Our man's fixed all right, all right, an' if a strange one butts in, why, how do we know de kids wasn't sent reg'lar? We're rentin' 'em by de day from a man named Brown livin' somewheres on de Bowery. — Dat'll keep 'em busy. If that don't go, ther dad pawned 'em w'en he was on a booze an' didn't call in, so we've got ther keep to make up. Oh, buck up, Abe! It'll go all right, an' I'll bet youse have a hunderd people lookin' inside of a minute. I'll go an' get de fixins now.”

Abraham's slower mind was swept along by the impetuosity of his bride, and a few moments later he was busy clearing a shop window of its heterogeneous mass of pledges.

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## TAG; OR, THE CHIEN BOULE DOG

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Guns, mandolins, watches, a wee pair of shoes once very blue and gladsome, a string of wedding rings — all were consigned to back regions, and a pair of turkey red curtains were suspended across the window and tastefully draped back on either side. A trip to a neighbour procured a small red table and two small red chairs to match, and when these were in place between the curtains the worker stood back to invite admiring comments from the instigator of the scene.

“Heavenly day!” exclaimed that lady. “What an ass you are, Abraham! Where is the tea? *And* the sign? Hustle now. I’ve got the goyle half dressed an’ she’ll look great. I wish her legs wasn’t so skinny though. Don’t say anythin’ about the stuff bein’ nourishin’. She don’t look it.”

As she flew to the back room Abraham brought forth two large and dusty chests

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## TAG; OR, THE CHIEN BOULE DOG

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of tea from under a counter and wiped them off carefully. They had been left as pledges years before, and stood as a monument of the one occasion on which he had been "done." Originally there had been a third canister, the contents of which he had sold to neighbours, thereby gaining enmity for several blocks. Even the Bowery, not too delicate in its tastes, could not stand that stuff. You could put a pound in a small pot, and when it had drawn well you would think you were drinking contaminated hot water. It was taking chances trying to foist it on the public again, but Ella had decided they were to move uptown in a month, so it was worth while to make a last attempt. One chest was placed by the window with a curtain end draped carelessly about it, and above it was hung a sign upon which Abraham had laboriously printed, "*Try our celebrated Bull Dog Tea. So strong*

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## TAG; OR, THE CHIEN BOULE DOG

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*a pinch is as good as a pound, yet so wholesome a child can drink it. It gets a grip on you."*

Then Ella came forth triumphant, leading by the hand a strange and radiant creature. It appeared to have many legs and arms and much hair, all set off by a scanty supply of crushed pink tarleton. On closer inspection it proved to be Josephine, her eyes ablaze with the excitement of the adventure and the delicious feel of real wavy hair flowing free.

Abraham was dubious about her. "Say, she looks kinda like a blushin' spider," he commented.

Ella frowned warningly. "She looks like a real princess," she declared. Adding aside, "Dat was de only t'ing in de shop dat would fit 'ceptin' a nun's rig, an' de Bowery would a t'rowed a fit if it'd seen a blessed sister sittin' in dis window. De boy'll have to do like he is. Looks kinda cute anyhow."

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## TAG; OR, THE CHIEN BOULE DOG

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Josephine was jumping with eagerness to begin the play-acting, and as Bateese was cheerfully acquiescent as usual, there was no difficulty in seating them in the window, one on each side of the table whereon Ella had placed a small tea-pot, sugar bowl, cream jug, cups, saucers, plates and (a special inducement to Bateese) a plentiful supply of currant cake. When Cairlo had been coaxed to the foreground and made to lie still, all was complete. From the sidewalk the scene presented was that of a flighty ballet dancer of tender years affectedly sipping afternoon tea opposite a round-eyed small boy in conventional tweed jacket and knickers while a forbidding bull dog crouched at their feet, his heavy jowl resting on his paws. It was a novel spectacle even for the East Side, accustomed as it is to the bizarre and unusual. That it was appreciated was obvious from the

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## TAG; OR, THE CHIEN BOULE DOG

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group which soon gathered about the window and exchanged gibes and comments. "An-

other of dem millyun-

aires gone wrong," ex-

claimed

one man,



whereupon his companion stuck his head in at the door and bawled "Call off yer chorus lady, Abe! She's too many fer his yout' an' innercence."



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## TAG; OR, THE CHIEN BOULE DOG

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“Aw, go on,” cried Ella, in quick retort, “He’ll sic de bull dog on her if she gits too gay.”

These pleasantries put the increasing crowd in high good humour, and from entering to “josh wit’ Abe’s Ella” they ended by buying the tea, “jest to test de grip.” So it went on all afternoon, and by five o’clock the second tea chest was almost empty. Josephine was keeping up bravely, though feeling a little damp inside from the amount of hot water she had imbibed; Bateese had ceased to ask her if she was going to bed because most of her clothes were off, or to worry her, wanting to know if she were not “col’ on de laig.” He had sunk into a state of apathy, unmindful of the crowd which had at first frightened him, and remembering only that, once before, he had eaten too largely of rich confections and not felt “ver’ ’appy *en bas*.” Cairlo had

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## TAG; OR, THE CHIEN BOULE DOG

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enjoyed a good dinner, his beloved master was near and he was content. All was thus quiet in the window and Ella was regaling a select group over the counter with an imitation of Bateese' dialect, quite unconscious that it did not differ so very widely from her own language of the Bowery. Her spirited account of the "chain bool dog" was interrupted by the entrance of a tall man who, looking over the heads of her admirers, said casually,

"Hello, Ella. Doin' a music hall turn?"

The woman paled a little and hesitated for an answer, her eyes held by those of the newcomer. The tall man laughed.

"Where's Abe?" he asked.

"Out," was the laconic reply, scarcely uttered when a thick voice was heard remonstrating, "No, no, I'll not advance one d—cent. It's not worth it, I tell youse."

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## TAG; OR, THE CHIEN BOULE DOG

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The stranger winked slowly and made his way in the direction of the sound.

Ella became absent minded, and having failed to rouse her to reply to several sallies, the circle about the counter slowly edged off into the street. As the last one left she locked the shop door after him and hastened to a compartment in the rear. Here, as she expected, she found Abraham in conference with the tall visitor. As she entered her husband was saying in a whining sing-song,

“So de kid’s dad got on a jag an’ come here an’ he says he had no food fer ’em ner room ner nothin’, an’ I says, jokin’, ‘Better pawn ’em,’ I says. ‘I’ll advance youse five dollars on ’em, seein’ they’re healthy,’ I says, an’ he took me up right off, an’ so as I ain’t never gone back on me business word yet, I —”

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## TAG; OR, THE CHIEN BOULE DOG

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His listener was grinning delightedly when Ella broke in.

“Cut it out, Abe, cut it out! It’s Ted Burns. He’s on to de racket good an’ plenty. Well, (turning defiantly to the detective), wat are you goin’ to do about it? We ain’t hurt de kids none. Dey come up to me so tame dey eat out of me hand inside of fifteen minutes. De boy’s so full of cake he can’t hardly move, an’ de goyle tinks she’s de star of de Metropolitan drawin’ a tousand dollars a night — Wat’s wrong?”

“Why don’t you teach yer dinky husband to quit lying?” asked Mr. Burns. “He don’t do it artistic an’ he ain’t like you. He can’t see when the truth is goin’ to be best fer his health.” He rose lazily and laughed. “Oh, well, Ella, old girl, considering you’ve put me on to one or two little things in your time, I ain’t goin’ to git malicious. The kids is

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## TAG; OR, THE CHIEN BOULE DOG

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well an' happy, so I'll jest ask you to ring down the curtain on the melodrama an' put a few more clothes on the heroine, then I'll restore 'em to anxious relatives and git a blessin'."

Much relieved, Ella flashed a golden smile. "Say, Ted, — didn't she look a bloomin' show! A guy on de street yells in to Abe, 'Call off yer chorus lady!' he says. It's been bigger an' better'n Coney Island, an' me old man's got a lame wrist shovellin' out de celebrated Bull Dog Tea." She went off in great good humour to lower the window blind in the face of a disappointed group of loungers and whisk the children off to prepare them for speedy departure. A few moments later a cab left the door, containing Mr. Burns in charge of a sleepy small boy, phlegmatic dog and wiry little girl, whose floating frizzled hair was all that was left to remind her of the glory of an hour gone by.

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## TAG; OR, THE CHIEN BOULE DOG

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### CHAPTER VIII

BEFORE setting out to find the runaways Mr. Burns had endured a bad quarter of an hour. He, his prisoners and the tearful landlady were ranged before the captain's desk, and explanations ensued. The detective grew vehement in his denunciation of the bridegroom, who, pale with wrath, endeavoured to preserve his dignity and shield his bride from a scene by haughty silence. In a lull due to the denunciator's lack of breath Mrs. Patterson murmured sweetly, "It seems so odd to *lose* children at a police station, doesn't it?" She sniffed daintily at a bunch of violets in her coat, and the captain's eyes met hers with an answering twinkle. At intervals during Mr. Burns' speech Mrs. Trent had tremulously

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## TAG; OR, THE CHIEN BOULE DOG

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interjected " But they was here just a minute ago. I saw them myself." She repeated the remark now with more animation, causing the captain to say testily, " Yes, ma'am, yes, probably you did see them a minute ago, but the question is, Do — you — see — them — *now* ? " Which retort, thundered at her, reduced her to a state of limp speechlessness.

" Now, see here, Burns " (as that worthy was about to hold forth anew), " I've heard all I want to about this. I know the case an' we've got the parties. You don't want to waste any time chewin' the rag, but get out and hustle. See? The kids are in Noo York an' it's your business to find 'em. You let 'em go, now bring 'em back. I give you five hours to do it in. Shut up now — Go ! " And Burns, having had dealings with this particular captain before, lost no time in obeying.

He first heard from a street urchin of a " dago

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## TAG; OR, THE CHIEN BOULE DOG

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and his pianner " followed by a " skinny goyle, fat kid an' a reg'lar bruiser of a dawg," and as the trio were somewhat noticeable, he had little difficulty in finding and following clues. Upon reaching the neighbourhood of Abe's emporium all was plain sailing, for the fame of " de show in Abe's winder " had travelled fast. He was thus enabled to capture his quarry and return to the police station in four hours and forty minutes. He burst in upon the tired group awaiting him with triumphant bearing, and thrust forward the runaways. They were not received with effusion. Mr. Patterson frankly glared, Mrs. Patterson's expression was one of whimsical resignation, while Mrs. Trent tearfully shook her head over Josephine's flowing locks as betokening further depravity in her household. The wanderers themselves were subdued and silent; even Cairlo appeared dejected, as if weary of this



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## TAG; OR, THE CHIEN BOULE DOG

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uncertain existence. Mr. Burns alone was all cheerful volubility, his antagonism to the young couple quite forgotten in the success of his mission. His account of the scene in the shop window and subsequent interview with the shop keeper and his wife was graphic in the extreme and proved quite absorbing to most of the party. While the tale was in progress Josephine looked furtively and anxiously about her, the terror of possible imprisonment once more shadowing her young soul, but observing that the owners of the hated blue uniform were grinning in a very human and jovial manner, that Mrs. Patterson was pink with laughter, and her husband wore a grim, reluctant smile, while Mrs. Trent looked merely depressed and bewildered, she took heart of grace and bobbed her head long and vigorously at Bateese. This was done partly to enjoy the sensation of billowy hair

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## TAG; OR, THE CHIEN BOULE DOG

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about her face, partly to allay any anxiety her fellow sinner might be experiencing. Her re-assurance was quite unnecessary however, for the plump Bateese, sitting on a bench with his legs braced on Cairlo's back, was in a state of semi-coma induced by the fatigues and indulgences of the day. He roused once to respond to a ripple of laughter from Patty with a sleepy chuckle, then sank again into lethargy.

The story being concluded, a silence fell upon the room. The captain shifted some papers and frowned upon the door through which the French father should have entered hours ago. One of the two policemen occasionally rose, opened the door and glanced out, returning softly to his place. Mr. Burns seated himself next Bateese and watched the alleged kidnappers of that young person with keen but puzzled eyes. His inability to come

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## TAG; OR, THE CHIEN BOULE DOG

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to a decision in their case annoyed him. The recent escapades of the children would appear to be instigated but that it was such a clumsy affair; two odd looking youngsters and a bull dog could scarcely escape notice even in New York. Then, too, they seemed impatient, even eager, for the advent of the father, whose testimony would doubtless clear up the mystery and set the seal of guilt upon their brows. And there was always the unanswerable query — why in thunder did an apparently pleasure-loving bridal couple want to saddle themselves with a half foreign kid and a bull dog? Well, he supposed it would be explained eventually and, meanwhile, he fell back upon the usual decision that it was a question of money. The objects of his thoughts stood somewhat apart from the other occupants of the room and leaned on a window-sill, their eyes fixed on a dingy patch of courtyard,

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## TAG; OR, THE CHIEN BOULE DOG

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their minds busy with the possible outcome of the claiming of their protégé. The Frenchman's late arrival at the station had been the cause of all their woe, and his present tardiness was beginning to get on their nerves. Pat turned suddenly to the captain and was about to make some irritable remark when the door was thrown open with violence and a dishevelled figure of a man stumbled in. He was excited and not over clean, and stood blinking as if suddenly thrust from sunlight to gloom. The occupants of the room became alert and expectant, all except Bateese, who continued to drowse peacefully. Leaning over his desk, the captain addressed the new arrival with some sharpness, asking his name, age, etc. The Frenchman furnished the information in stammering, broken English, then, gaining confidence, poured forth a torrent of explanations and lamentations regarding the loss of

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## TAG; OR, THE CHIEN BOULE DOG

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his *petit garçon* and his own subsequent anguish. He was silenced by a peremptory command from the desk to "look about him" and see if he recognized any of those present. As the man's eyes travelled slowly around the room Pat and Patty held their breath in suspense. They were the first to stand the fire of his inspection. He scanned their faces carefully, but his expression underwent no change; evidently their features were not familiar; Mr. Burns he passed over with a careless glance, seemed puzzled at the tearful whiteness of Mrs. Trent's countenance and slightly interested in the sharp eagerness of that of Josephine. Then his eyes reached Bateese and paused. Only the tapping of the captain's pencil on his desk broke the tense stillness. The man stood gazing with dumb stupidity from the small boy to the bull dog, back to the boy again. Where was the joyful outcry?

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## TAG; OR, THE CHIEN BOULE DOG

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Where the glad rush to gather his son to his yearning bosom? The ecstatic reunion expected by all? — Simply the man stood and stared, while Bateese dozed on and Cairlo did not so much as blink an eyelid. Patty shivered a little with nervousness and laid a hand on Pat's arm as he in turn braced himself for the coming outburst of recognition, which he imagined to be merely delayed by the gorgeous attire of Bateese. The seconds dragged on; still no sound from the gaping foreigner, who was motionless save for restless glancing from dog to boy. Feeling eyes upon him, Bateese slowly wakened, sat up with a yawn and stretched his little legs. The spell was broken, the Frenchman stepped back muttering, "Wan boule dog! *Ma foi!* I see wan boule dog go on ze cab." He turned to the captain, who said in sharp interrogation,

"Well, sir, what now?"

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## TAG; OR, THE CHIEN BOULE DOG

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“Monsieur,” answered the man, his face white with disappointment, “it ees ze boule dog of ze cab, but *mon petit* he ees not 'ere, an' for *les autres* I know zem not.” Then he



broke into entreaty. “Ah, monsieur, it ees one treek you put upon me — wan leetle treek. You have heem safe, mine *pauvre petit*. But do not keep me to be unsure, for I so lof mine leetle one.” He looked about with wild eagerness, as if expecting the lost child to rush

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upon him from some hiding-place. Finding his appeal unanswered, he began to pace to and fro, gesticulating and unheeding the tears which streamed over his pale cheeks.

Patty stepped to the side of Bateese, raising his face to hers and causing it to break into its characteristic beaming smile. "There — see how he smiles. It is surely your little boy, only the clothes are different, and he was so sleepy you could not see his eyes or expression." She looked anxiously at the distracted parent, who stopped his restless walk to exclaim,

"Ze cloes, madame! Ze cloes! You t'ink I not know mine leetle boy w'en ees cloes are change? *Mon Dieu!* I know heem w'en he wear everyt'ing or not'ing, an' I say to you zis ees not *mon fils*. I know heem not. Nevaire before did I see heem, but a boule dog I haf seen, an' de leetle one he was dere. A so ugly *chien* an' mine leetle boy bote



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## TAG; OR, THE CHIEN BOULE DOG

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together had I seen." The man's voice rose to a piercing note, as if accusing his listener of spiriting away the missing child. The captain put an end to the scene in summary fashion.

"See here," he said sternly, "come out of your hysterics and get down to business. It seems you saw a dog an' a kid in a cab and you *think* this is the dog but you *know* it ain't the kid. There's about two thousand bull dogs in New York, I guess, all havin' a kind of family likeness, so it's just possible you've made a mistake in the dog as well as the boy. Anyhow, as you ain't lost a bull dog an' never had one to lose, I don't see what's exciting you so. The question is — Is — that — boy — your — son — or — is — he — not? Answer yes or no."

"He ees not."

"Very well, we have to start on another tack, that's all, an' look somewheres else,

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## TAG; OR, THE CHIEN BOULE DOG

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so the sooner you git cool and give us more information on the subject, the sooner you're likely to gather in your boy. Just you sit down please, 'till I settle these people, an' I'll see what we can do for you."

The Frenchman sank dejectedly into a chair and the officer turned to his erstwhile prisoners.

"Now it's up to you to see that this sort of thing —" he began briskly, but his eye was caught by the woebegone beauty of Patty's face and his tone became gentler: "I must say, madam, we are sorry to have brought you here for nothing, and as it has been proved that you are not concerned in this business, you are free to go." A grim smile lighted his face as he added "and take the little boy *and* the bull dog with you. They are now minutely described in the police records, so you need have no fear of ever losing them again in New York."

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## TAG; OR, THE CHIEN BOULE DOG

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Pat looked at Patty and Patty looked at Pat, mutely questioning. Should they venture on the cream puff story or not? Then Pat surprised a wicked twinkle in the captain's eye and his decision was made. Turning to Bateese, he extended a frigid hand, bowed in haughty silence and stalked out, dragging the small boy in his wake. As Patty was about to follow she met the quizzical gaze of the captain fixed upon her and her eyes were led by his to the shambling bull dog at her heels. In spite of herself her lips curled at the corners and her eyes danced, but she felt that the visible dignity of her husband must be upheld; so, merely murmuring a "good morning," she joined Mrs. Trent and Josephine, leaving the room with a face so demure and serene as to cause the police officer some precious moments just wondering.

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## TAG; OR, THE CHIEN BOULE DOG

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### CHAPTER IX

“It’s more hopeless than ever,” groaned Pat.

It was the day after their return from the police court, and Mrs. Trent’s lodgers sat in their apartments listening to the cheerful jargon of Bateese as it floated up to them from the widow’s parlour, where he played with Josephine.

Patty gave a little sigh and nodded by way of answer.

“To-morrow,” said her husband with slow impressiveness, “we are going to take him back to the orphanage.”

Patty’s lovely eyes opened wide. “But we don’t know the way. Don’t know the orphanage nor the name of the station nor

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## TAG; OR, THE CHIEN BOULE DOG

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the man who put him on the train nor — oh, Pat, we don't know anything."

"If we had *ever* known anything we would have had more sense than to have noticed the little beggar in the first place. We would have left him with the conductor, where he belonged," was the almost savage reply.

"We will learn, dear," said Patty meekly: "Give us time. In a few years we may attain that greatest of all wisdom — the art of doing without."

The bridegroom gave a sarcastic grin. "We may even learn to deny ourselves the inestimable bliss of supporting derelicts in second class lodgings. But we cannot go on denying ourselves honeymoons, and, by George! I *will* have a honeymoon, Patty. If we can get that kid back to his orphanage right away I will have enough of the needful left to give us a few days' great and glorious

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## TAG; OR, THE CHIEN BOULE DOG

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fun in little old New York — a regular dizzy whirl of joy to wipe out the memory of this fiasco.”

His enthusiasm was contagious. Patty sat up and took notice. “Let’s try, anyway,” she said. “I remember there was a big red barn just by the flag station where Bateese was put on, and it was not *very* far the other side of that junction where we got the cream puffs — oh, fatal cream puffs!” She jumped to her feet impulsively, ruffled Pat’s hair, and began to hastily stuff a few toilet articles in a hand-bag, talking as she worked. “We will just take tooth-brushes and things, because we will be coming back right away and we will leave the rest here so Mrs. Trent won’t ask questions, then we can go to a really truly hotel with palms in the dining-room, and send for our things after, so there won’t be any fuss. We will be *sure* to get Bateese settled this

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TAG; OR, THE CHIEN BOULE DOG

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time, Pat. I just feel we are going to be successful right away. What on earth is this in your shaving-mug? Oh, I remember, Bateese used it to mix some paint in this morning. — Now you look up the time-table, like a dear, and see how soon we can leave — Here are three of my best hankies tied up in a lump. Marbles in them. Bateese, I suppose. Well I'll put them in just as they are. — Have you found a train? In two hours! — Goody! We will catch that. Do go down and get Bateese, so we can keep him in the room with us until we get safely started, and tell Mrs. Trent we are going on a little pleasure jaunt. — And Oh, Pat, we will *have* to take Cairlo, I suppose. I had a sneaking idea we *might* forget him, but then our trunks will be here — ”

By this time Mr. Patterson was half way down-stairs, his descent hastened by the sudden

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## TAG; OR, THE CHIEN BOULE DOG

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fear that their protégé might accomplish one of his temporary disappearances before he could reach him.

However, all went well, and that evening saw the bride and groom travelling towards Quebec in a suppressed state of excitement and accompanied by Bateese, who audibly enjoyed an orange. Their tickets were for the "cream puff junction" (as they called it), and Cairlo was safely billed for that point with other baggage. The plan was to leave the train there, hire a conveyance, and drive in the direction of Quebec until they found an orphanage and a red barn. It was rather a wild scheme, but as Pat said, no crazier than all the rest of it. They hardly hoped to carry out their programme without the interference of some untoward event, and it was quite a surprise to find that, on arriving at the junction, Bateese and Cairlo were



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at hand and a local livery stable contained an ancient vehicle and dilapidated horse which might be hired for two days upon payment of an exorbitant fee in advance. They learned too that the railroad took a roundabout route through that part of the country and the next few stations could be reached direct by the public highway in a comparatively short space of time. It all seemed too good to be true.

The day was beautifully mild and balmy, and as they drove along the country road there seemed to be a soothing gentle hush in the atmosphere. The wheels of the carriage rolled softly over the sandy road, the leaves of the trees were unfolding silently, stirred by a tiny breeze which lifted them tenderly now and then to see that they were being properly aired and sunned on all sides, the birds hopped almost under the horse's

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feet and a great peace descended upon the harassed souls of Pat and Patty. They spoke seldom and in low tones, and Bateese was in a state of dumb content; sometimes he held Patty's hand fast in the plump moisture of



his own, but more often kept both arms around the neck of Cairlo. He had a blind confidence in his protectors which forbade any questioning on his part as to the why and wherefore of this latest sudden move.

That morning Mrs. Patterson had hesi-

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## TAG; OR, THE CHIEN BOULE DOG

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tatingly asked her husband how he meant to — er — explain to the good sisters; thereby provoking an outburst of vehemence.

“ Explain! ” he cried, “ Explain! We have given up explaining. The thing has gone beyond explanations. When we find that orphanage, we simply put Bateese and his bandy legged pet inside the door and vanish — skidoo. You will stay in the carriage a little way down the road and I will restore the lost treasure and do the vanishing act, then we drive like mad back to the junction, board the first train, and lose ourselves in New York.”

And Patty had replied dubiously, “ It seems so mean to dump him down that way and run. Do you know, Pat, I believe he is really fond of us.”

Her husband groaned. “ *Fond* — I should say so. I hope I may never again have casual

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## TAG; OR, THE CHIEN BOULE DOG

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acquaintances so attached to me as that darned kid and his pup."

Now the consciousness of their nefarious design gave Patty guilty thrills when the hand of Bateese stole into hers, but she steeled herself with remembrances of past tribulation and hopes of future joyous freedom. At noon, having reached a quaint whitewashed domicile bearing over the door the imposing legend, "Chateau Bel Air," they descended and partook of luncheon. Ample justice was done to the homely fare, especially by Bateese, who was urged to eat with quite needless warmth. They here obtained some information, which caused the elder members of the party to exchange excited glances. It seemed that there was a flag station two miles further up the road, and a mile beyond was an orphan asylum kept by a colony of French nuns. Their host volunteered the information in shattered Eng-

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## TAG; OR, THE CHIEN BOULE DOG

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lish that the good sisters performed miracles in the way of gardening, with the assistance of only one hired man, — “ Jeem See-dall ” by name, of a disgraceful laziness, — they produced vegetables which were the despair and envy of farmers for miles around.

“ A flag station, Patty, *and* a hired man named Jim — the same, the same, — Eureka!” whispered Mr. Patterson as they drove off in the direction indicated by the landlord. The lonely little station soon greeted their eager gaze and — oh joy! Beside it loomed a large red barn — a rotund, florid, bumptious sort of barn and cheerful withal. Pat and Patty nudged each other and beamed. They could find no words to voice their relief. Shortly after this the road skirted a well fenced field of rich soil backed by prosperous outbuildings.

“ Ah, that must be where those wonderful

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## TAG; OR, THE CHIEN BOULE DOG

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vegetables grow, Pat. Oh, Pat, we have arrived!" Patty murmured this in ecstatic undertones, and scarcely had she finished speaking when a shout burst from the lips of the hitherto silent Bateese.

"Jeem!" he called excitedly, "*Par ici, Jeem.* Come see Bateese."

Pat pulled the horse up short and looked back just in time to see a great hulking form making hurriedly for the shelter of a barn.

"Jim!" he shouted frantically, "Oh, Jim."

The retreating form broke into a run and was fast disappearing when the bridegroom hastily thrust the reins into his wife's hands, leaped from the carriage, vaulted the fence and started in hot pursuit, his progress somewhat impeded by the damp, heavy soil. Before he had gone very far Jim had vanished into the recesses of the barn and Patty stood up the better to see what followed.

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## TAG; OR, THE CHIEN BOULE DOG

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She gave a little gasp as her husband entered the barn at a quick run, then waited with tense nerves for his re-appearance. Some ten minutes later the two men emerged



arm in arm, not exactly with the jolly good fellow air which usually accompanies that attitude, but rather like captor and captive. Pat motioned Patty to drive to a small gate, whence he presently emerged leading his sheepish looking companion. The latter was greeted rapturously by Bateese and Cairlo. The small boy clambered from the carriage and ran to him.

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## TAG; OR, THE CHIEN BOULE DOG

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“Halo, Jeem! Bateese come back on de farm, Jeem, and Cairlo 'e come aussi.”

“You come back, eh?” answered Jim, without much warmth. “Ain't forgot the English I learned you?” Obviously he was ill at ease, avoided looking at the agitated Patty, and bestowed a furtive kick on Cairlo, who jumped and frisked about him in ponderous playfulness.

“This is *the* Jim,” explained Mr. Patterson to his wife, leading the reluctant giant to the side of the carriage. “The man who — you know.”

Patty nodded swiftly. “And will he?” she asked with a comprehensive gesture from Bateese to the farm.

“Yes. He is going to take Bateese to the orphanage for us,” said Mr. Patterson in slow, decided tones, getting a fresh grip on Jim's arm.



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## TAG; OR, THE CHIEN BOULE DOG

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“ I said I’d take him off you. I never said I was goin’ to take him up to the home myself,” objected his stalwart captive sullenly. “ I ain’t goin’ to get roped in for that. You kin have yer wad back if you like, but you don’t git me to tote the kid up there.”

“ What in thunder did you mean to do with him ? ” asked Pat, wrathfully.

Jim was silent.

“ Of course Jim is not afraid of a few women,” said Patty sweetly, “ and religious women at that.”

The hired man mopped his brow. “ Perhaps, Ma’am, you ain’t aware that the other kid was brung back two days ago by this one’s dad from Montreal an’ there was the H—— to pay when he found his own youngster had been shipped off to Noo York by mistake. The language that man used you’d hardly believe, ma’am, an’ he made the Mother

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## TAG; OR, THE CHIEN BOULE DOG

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Superior pay fer his ticket an' said he was goin' ter set the police on her, an' then I had to make up a yarn about the horse runnin' away the mornin' the kids was shipped an' my chasin' it an' a man at the station bein' left to tie on the tags and the Lord knows what all. As fer the bull pup, why I owned him an' was trainin' him to fight Joe Lancey's dog fer a wager, an' the sisters come on me siccin' 'em on one day an' they near had hystericks an' I pretended I was scared of 'em an' hadn't ever seen either of 'em before. So I jest *had* to git rid of the pup. An' now," he paused to shift his tobacco quid and gloomily shake his head, "An' now you're wantin' me to go up there an' hand over the kid *an'* the pup to Mother Alice! She's a saint, ma'am, is Mother Alice. Sure she's a saint. But fer the love o' God, Mrs. Patterson, did you ever see a saint good and mad? Righteous mad?"

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## TAG; OR, THE CHIEN BOULE DOG

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There was no answer to this outburst. No words seemed fitting, but Pat was, nevertheless, doggedly determined that this man, who had been the means of saddling them with their unwelcome burdens, should now be compelled to take them off their hands.

“Oh, Lord, no,” muttered Jim. “I jest couldn’t do it. Not for all the five dollars you could give me.”

Then followed protestations, entreaties, threats from Mr. Patterson. All to no purpose. Bateese ran happily up and down the road, playing with the dog, and Patty sat with clasped hands and parted lips awaiting the outcome. At last, when there seemed to be no possibility of getting their charges back to the orphanage, she ventured a suggestion. Jim had the address of Bateese’s father in Montreal. Why not send the child there? Jim’s face cleared like magic. But — there

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## TAG; OR, THE CHIEN BOULE DOG

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was the railroad fare *and* the dog, he objected. Mr. Patterson promptly agreed to settle the former and Patty said,

“ Why, we will send Cairlo along. Bateese loves him, and the father will be so perfectly delighted to get his little boy back he will gladly take the dog in too. We can send them as if they came from the orphanage. ‘ With Mother Alice’s affectionate regards ’ — or something like that — and then the father will leave the poor sisters alone and everything will be all right. Why, it will be just splendid.” The spirits of the grown-up members of the party rose twenty points, and when Jim remembered that the next train was due in an hour they decided to drive to the village at once, obtain tags from the express company, label Bateese and the dog, and ship them off to Montreal, sending a message by the conductor to be wired from the first tele-

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## 'AG; OR, THE CHIEN BOULE DOG

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graph station, notifying the anxious parent of the advent of his son and heir. Having carefully copied the necessary address, Mr.



Patterson bundled Bateese and the dog back in the carriage, jumped in himself and, turning the horse in the direction whence they had come, whipped him into a gallop, leaving Jim to stand in a dazed condition, staring open-mouthed after the vanishing vehicle.

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## TAG; OR, THE CHIEN BOULE DOG

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An hour later, Pat and Patty stood on the platform of a flag station watching a departing train. From the window of the last car was thrust a small tearful face surmounted by a mop of black hair. Patty kissed her hand frantically after the swiftly receding vision, then with a little sound half laugh, half sob, she turned and ran back to the carriage.

THE END.

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