

THE FORTUNES OF FIFI

money to give you a cloak! But my appetite is so large! I am always thinking that I will save up something, and then comes a dish of beans and cabbage, or something like it, and my money is all eaten up!"

"Never mind, Cartouche," cried Fifi, laughing, while her teeth chattered; "I have twenty-five francs the week now, and in a fortnight I can buy a cloak. Monsieur Duvernet asked me yesterday why I did not pawn my brooch of brilliants and buy some warm clothes. I posed for indignation—asked him how he dared to suggest that I should pawn the last remnant of splendor in my family—and he looked really abashed. Of course I couldn't admit to him that the brooch was only paste; that brooch is my trump card with Duvernet. It always overawes him. I don't think he ever had an actress before who had a diamond brooch, or what passes for one."

"No," replied Cartouche, who realized that the alleged diamond brooch gave much prestige to Fifi, with both the manager and the company. "However, better days are coming, Fifi, and if I could but live on a little less!"

The streets had been almost deserted up to that