

THE IMPERIAL THEATER

manager's Roman tragedy would not have got itself acted at all that night; but, by coolness and the assumption of authority, the curtain came up to the minute, the play began, and went through without a hitch.

As for Fifi, she acted as if inspired, and Julie Campionet saw her hopes of becoming leading lady vanish into thin air. Duvernet, in spite of two large rents in the toga made out of Fifi's petticoat, was a most imposing senator. In his dying speech, which bore a suspicious likeness to one of Corneille's masterpieces, his voice could be heard bellowing as far as the corner of the street of the Black Cat.

The Emperor sat through two whole acts and applauded vigorously, and when the curtain came down on the second act, sent for Cartouche, and paid the performance the highest compliments. Especially did he charge Cartouche to say that he thought Duvernet's death scene the most remarkable he had ever witnessed on or off the stage. And then he handed Cartouche a little tortoise-shell snuff-box, saying:

"It is not likely I shall forget you, Cartouche—that is, not until I forget the bridge of Lodi;