

THE FORTUNES OF FIFI

"Who is that pretty young lady with whom you have been quarreling?" he asked.

"That, your Majesty," replied Cartouche, "is Mademoiselle Fifi, a very good, respectable little girl who has just been made leading lady at Monsieur Duvernet's theater across the way."

Cartouche, although thrilled with happiness, did not feel the least oppressed or embarrassed at talking with the Emperor. No private soldier did—for was not the Emperor theirs? Had they not known him when he was a slim, sallow young general, who knew exactly what every man ought to have in his knapsack, and promised to have the company cooks shot if they did not give the soldiers good soup? Did he not walk post for the sleeping sentry that the man's life might be saved? And although the lightning bolts of his wrath might fall upon a general officer, was he not as soft and sweet as a woman to the rugged moustaches who trudged along with muskets in their hands? And Cartouche answered quite easily and promptly—the Emperor meanwhile studying him with that penetrating glance which could see through a two-inch plank.

"So you know me," said the Emperor. "Well, I