

THE IMPERIAL THEATER

"Cartouche! Cartouche! It is the Emperor! Give me my smelling-salts."

Instead of running for the smelling-salts, Cartouche shook Fifi's elbow vigorously.

"Don't be a goose, Fifi! The Emperor has come here as my guest—do you understand? And it is the chance of your life!"

But Fifi, quite pale under her paint, could only gasp:

"Cartouche, I can never, never act before the Emperor!"

"It isn't likely you will ever have but this one opportunity," was Cartouche's unfeeling reply.

"Cartouche, within this hour I have seen the Holy Father—and now the Emperor—oh, what is to become of me!"

"Get yourself superseded by Julie Championet, who has a walk like an ostrich and a voice like a peacock," answered Cartouche rudely, "but who does not go about screaming like a cat because she has seen the Pope and the Emperor both in one evening."

Now, Julie Championet warmly reciprocated Fifi's dislike, and was looking on at Fifi's doings and