

THE IMPERIAL THEATER

At the mention of the name Chiaramonti the Emperor let go of Cartouche's ear, and cried:

"A Chiaramonti! And from what part of Italy, pray?"

"From a place called Cesena, at the foot of the Apennines. That is, the family are from there; so I discovered in Mantua."

"Do you know her father's Christian name?"

"Yes, your Majesty—Gregory Barnabas Chiaramonti. I have seen Fifi's baptismal certificate in the church at Mantua."

The Emperor folded his arms and looked at Cartouche.

"My man," he said, "I shall keep an eye on Mademoiselle Fifi of the Imperial Theater—likewise on yourself; and you may hear from me some day."

A sudden thought struck Cartouche.

"Why does not your Majesty go to see Fifi act to-night? The theater is in this street—yonder it is, with the row of red lamps. I put those lamps up myself. I am due at the theater now, and if your Majesty has not the price of the tickets with you for yourself and Marshal Berthier and General