

THE IMPERIAL THEATER

face of the one he recognized so instantly, but seeing them keeping in the shadow, and having, himself, the soul of a gentleman, forbore to look toward them, and proceeded to get Fifi out of the way.

"Come now," said he. "It is time for me to go to the theater, and you promised me you would sew up the holes in Duvernet's toga before the performance begins. It split last night in the middle of his death scene, and I thought the whole act was gone, and I have not had time to-day to get him a new toga; so run along."

Fifi, for once angry with Cartouche, struck an attitude she had seen in a picture of Mademoiselle Mars as Medea.

"I go," she cried, in Medea's tragic tone on leaving Jason, "but I shall tell Monsieur Duvernet how you treat his leading lady."

And with that she stalked majestically across the street and disappeared in the darkness.

One of the group of persons came up to Cartouche and touched him on the shoulder. It was the one, at sight of whom Cartouche had started. In spite of his enveloping cloak, and a hat that concealed much of his face, Cartouche knew him.