

THE IMPERIAL THEATER

up between them. But that is not the way with people of your sort—because you are not named Chiaramonti for nothing.”

“It seems as if I were named Chiaramonti for nothing, if I am, as you say, only a little third-rate actress at a fourth-rate theater,” replied Fifi, sulkily.

To this Cartouche answered only:

“At all events, there’s no question of marrying for you, Fifi, unless you marry a gentleman, and there is about as much chance of that, as that pigs will learn to fly.”

“So, I am to have neither lover nor husband, no flirtations, no attachments—” Fifi turned an angry, charming face on Cartouche.

“Exactly.”

“Cartouche,” said Fifi, after a pause, and examining Cartouche’s brawny figure, “I wish you were not so big—nor so overbearing.”

“I dare say you wish it was my arm instead of my leg that is stiff,” said Cartouche.

He moved his right leg as he spoke, so as to show the stiffness of the knee-joint. Otherwise he was a well-made man. He continued, with a grin:

“You know very well I would warm the jackets