

THE FORTUNES OF FIFI

cheeks to color, and made her shift her ground as she said, crossly:

"Everybody knows you lead Duvernet around by the nose."

"Who is 'everybody'?"

"Why, that hateful Julie Championet, and myself, and—and—"

"It is the first thing I ever knew you and Julie Championet to agree on yet—that the two of you are 'everybody'. But mind what I say—no flirtations. Duvernet beats his wives, you know; and you come of people who don't beat their wives, although you are only a little third-rate actress at a fourth-rate theater."

Fifi's eyes blazed up angrily at this, but it did not disturb Cartouche in the least.

"And you couldn't stand blows from a husband," Cartouche continued, "and that's what the women in Duvernet's class expect. Look you. My father was an honest man, and a good shoemaker, and kind to my mother, God bless her. But sometimes he got in drink and then he gave my mother a whack occasionally. Did she mind it? Not a bit, but gave him back as good as he sent; and when my father got sober, it was all comfortably made