

THE IMPERIAL THEATER

studying the face of the old man, around which the lamps made a kind of halo in the darkness. Especially was this true of the shortest of the three, who with his head advanced and his arms folded, stood, fixed as a statue, cying the white figure in the coach. Suddenly the wheels revolved, and Fifi felt herself seized unceremoniously by Cartouche, to keep her from falling to the ground.

"Do you know whom you were staring at so rudely?" he asked, as he stood Fifi on her feet, and the coach moved down the street, followed by the traveling chaises. "It was the Pope—Pius the Seventh, who has come to Paris to crown the Emperor; and proud enough the Pope ought to be at the Emperor's asking him. But that's no reason you should stare the old man out of countenance, and peer into his carriage as if you were an impudent grisette."

Cartouche had an ugly temper when he was roused, and he seemed bent on making himself disagreeable that night. The fact is, Cartouche had nerves in his strong, rough body, and the idea just broached to him, that Fifi would have to go two weeks or probably a month without a warm