

THE FORTUNES OF FIFI

"Duvernet," said Cartouche, shaking him, "you behave as if you were drunk."

"Perhaps I am—oh, I must be," replied Duvernet, continuing to mop his brow.

"Come, Duvernet," said the Emperor, laughing, "never mind about the toga. I am not going to eat you. I came to see my old acquaintance, Cartouche, whom I have known ever since we met at the end of a bridge on the tenth of May, 1796. And, although I have enough money to pay for myself and my two friends, I accept Cartouche's invitation to see the performance as his guests. He has promised us the one-franc seats—don't forget, Cartouche—nothing under a franc."

"Certainly, Sire," replied Cartouche. "But if Duvernet doesn't come to himself, I don't know whether we can have any performance or not; because he is the Roman senator in our play to-night—a tragedy composed by Monsieur Duvernet himself."

Duvernet, at this, brought his wits together after a fashion, and escorted the party within the theater, and gave them franc seats as promised. It was then time for Cartouche to go and dress, but Duvernet, not having to appear as the Roman