

“But,” they said in the wine-shops at night, “when they took him up, though they thought him gasping in death, he had not lost himself; and as they carried him out they came upon a girl—the one who is called ‘the pretty sister of José’—her brother was taking her away. She looked like one dead three days; and Sebastiano—there is a man for you!—tore the *devisa* from his shoulder and dropped it at her feet; and she snatched it up—all wet with his blood—and thrust it her breast, and dropped like a stone. It is said that he loved her, and she had a devil of a temper and treated him badly. He is a good fellow—her brother José—and wept like a child for Sebastiano, and has begged to be allowed to nurse him, and Sebastiano will have it so.”

“I am strong as an ox,” José had said, weeping. “I can watch like a dog. I want neither sleep nor food, if it comes to that; and once when one of my comrades fell