

Only Pepita sat without color or applause—only Pepita's fan was motionless amidst all the fluttering—though her breast moved up and down, and the throbbing in her side was like the beating of a hammer. She was speaking to herself, though her lips were closed; she was speaking to Sebastiano.

"He will look soon," she was saying. "He will look as he did that first day. My eyes will make him look. They will force him to it. Listen! it is Pepita whose eyes are on you. You must feel them. You have not forgotten. No. And it is Pepita—Pepita!"

All the strength of her body and soul she threw into her gaze—all the fire of her young wildly beating heart and throbbing pulses.

"You must hear," she said. "Pepita! Pepita!"

And unconsciously she leaned forward so that her white face and great eyes, and the