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thin streak of light at the far end, which told of another door, ajar.

I crossed the room very cautiously and slowly, lest in the darkness I should stumble over any furniture, and was close to the door, when I was brought to a sudden halt by hearing my own name pronounced by a heavy, strident, and obviously angry voice.

"I tell you, gentlemen, this Ferdinand Carbonnell is a traitor and a villain. He is playing a game of devilish duplicity, pretending to help the Carlist cause and intriguing at the same time with the Government. He has come to Madrid now for that purpose. There are the proofs. You have seen them, and can judge whether I have said a word too much in declaring him a dangerous, damnable traitor."

In the start that I gave at hearing this extraordinary speech, my foot struck a small table and overturned it. Some kind of glass or china ornament standing on it fell to the ground, and the crash of the fall was heard by the men in the room, who flung the door wide open and came rushing in to learn the cause.