

that I was the man who had been guilty of the act which had so moved him, and my intuitive recognition that his fanaticism made him really dangerous, disturbed me now profoundly.

"Speak, man, speak," he cried, stridently, when I stood thinking in silence.

"I can only say what I have said before, that it is all a horrible mistake. I am not the man you think me."

"You are Ferdinand Carbonnell, you have admitted it."

"I am not the Ferdinand Carbonnell you accuse of treachery."

"What! Would you fool us with a child's tale that there are two Ferdinand Carbonnells? Can your wits, so subtle and quick in treachery spin no cleverer defence than that? By the Virgin, that one so trusted should sink so low! All shame to us who have trusted so poor a thing! Can you produce the list that was given you, or tell us something to let us believe that at the worst it was filched from you when you were drunk and so conveyed to the Government. Anything, my God, anything, but the blunt fact that we have harboured such a treacherous beast as a man who would deliberately sell his comrades." The sight of his passion tore me as a harrow tears and scarifies the ground.

"What I have told you is the truth. I am not the man."

"It is a lie; a damnable lie, and you are the paltry, filthy dog of a coward that you were called and shall have a dog's death. What say you, Valera?"

"He is guilty; serve him as he has served our com-