

Englishman, the son of Lord Glisfoyle, an English nobleman, and I have come to Madrid from London to join——"

"Enough ; you are Ferdinand Carbonnell. You have just come from Paris, haven't you ?"

"I came through Paris, from London." A sneer showed that he regarded this admission as a contradiction of my previous statement. "Paris is on the direct route from London," I added.

"And on the indirect route from a thousand other places," he retorted. "Your only chance is to stick to the truth. You shall have a fair trial, and it will go less hard with you if you speak the truth. I am Felipe Corpola, and this is Pedro Valera—you will know our names well enough."

"On the contrary, I never heard your names until this instant, nor that of Colonel Livenza until it was told me at the station."

"Santa Maria ! what a lie !" exclaimed the third man, Valera, in a loud aside ; and by this I gathered they were two Carlists prominent enough to be fairly well-known in the ranks of that wide company.

"On the 20th of last month you were at Valladolid, two days later at Burgos, and two days later still at Saragossa, urging that a rising should take place there simultaneously with that planned at Berga two months hence in May."

"I have not been at either of those places for three years past. At the dates you mention I was in London ; and I warn you that you are giving me information which may prove very compromising for you and those associated with you. I am no Carlist." My protestation was received with fresh symptoms of utter disbelief.