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opening of a fresh page of experiences, the anticipation of seeing my old friend, Mayhew, and the general sense of independence, woke my roving instincts, and I was quite ready to forgive the cheery little widow for having been the innocent cause of my exile, and to wish my brother success in his venture.

It was about ten o'clock at night when I arrived in Madrid, and I was standing by my luggage waiting for the porter of the hotel to which I had telegraphed for a room, and looking about me leisurely according to my wont, when I found myself the object of the close scrutiny of a stranger. He passed me two or three times, each time scanning me and my luggage so intently that I was half inclined to be suspicious of him. He did not look like a detective, however, and was too well dressed for a thief; and he puzzled me. At last, to my surprise, he came up, raised his hat, and addressed me by name in Spanish, with a great show of politeness.

"I am not mistaken. Your name is Carbonnell, Ferdinand Carbonnell?"

"Certainly it is. The name's on my luggage," said I. I was not a diplomatist for nothing. He bowed and smiled and gestured.

"It is also here in my instructions;" and he took from his pocket a sheet of notepaper from which he read in Spanish, "Ferdinand Carbonnell, coming by the mail train arriving ten o'clock." Having read this, he added: "I am to ask you to accompany me to No. 150, Calle de Villanueva. May I ask you to do so?"

I looked at him in profound astonishment, as indeed I well might. Then it dawned on me that Mayhew had somehow heard of my arrival and had sent him.