

smelted, and is in ingots. I came down by two-penny tube to keep my appointment because I had lent my principal automobile to a man named Conrad Schwartzbrod. I see my automobile standing outside, and as I gave Schwartzbrod eight bars of this metal, telling him to take it to his bank, he seems to have taken it to this Bank, so if this seminary for young ladies has purchased these eight bars, we may go at once and examine them. My two thousand tons is divided into ingots similar to those Schwartzbrod has sold you."

"Where is your gold?"

"A thousand tons of it is in Cornwall still, but can be delivered here within a day or two. The other thousand tons is on a special train of the Great Western Railway, which has already arrived in London, and its contents may be in your vaults this evening if your vans look sharp."

The Governor sat down in his chair more hurriedly than he had anticipated, drew out a handkerchief, and wiped his brow.

"Are you telling the truth, or is this—is this—What you say, my lord, is incredible."

"Very well, come up to the Great Western goods depôt, and see for yourself. I have always avoided the City as a cynical place, but I had no idea that unbelief was so prevalent there as it seems."

"A thousand tons of gold! Worth a hundred and ten million pounds sterling!"