

"How much gold have you got? What's its value?"

"Now, Governor, I put it to you, as one man to another, you're a little unreasonable. Didn't I tell you that unless I can multiply a hundred and twenty-three decimal-whatever-it-happens-to-be, I can't even estimate it. I asked—I hope with courtesy—the favour of your assistance in calculating the value of my gold, but you began to talk about infant schools. You see, I have got a mine down in Cornwall that holds two thousand tons of gold."

"Nonsense," interrupted the Governor, waxing impatient. "There are no gold mines in Cornwall."

"Sir, I did not say there were. The mine I speak of is a copper mine."

"I have had enough of this fooling, my lord, and I think I have already bade you farewell."

"Then you don't want my gold?"

"How many pounds of raw gold have you got?"

"Pounds? Oh, I don't estimate my gold in pounds. I hold at present upwards of two thousand tons."

"Two thousand tons! In ore, do you mean?"

"Certainly not. If the Bank of England is not an infant school, I suppose it is not a smelting furnace, either. This gold, as I told you, has been