

overpowered him now, and his dislike of any attempt to win the respect of the iron man before him stopped him in the other direction, and he knew that for the next ten minutes he was going to be regarded as the most hopeless fool in London. Yet he did not consider himself a fool, and his latent sense of humor prevented him from making any attempt at endowing his conversation with that wisdom which seemed so suitable to this sombre room.

When the Governor's secretary had presented Lord Stranleigh's letter to him, the head of the Bank had peremptorily refused to waste time with a member of the aristocracy of whom he knew nothing, but the secretary, whose business it was to know everything, dropped one word and a short phrase that arrested the Governor's attention.

"It's the *rich* Lord Stranleigh, sir."

The word "rich" was the straw at which the drowning man clutched. So here was Stranleigh, the living contradiction of that phrase "The last of the Dandies." Here was the embodiment of the spirit of Piccadilly and Bond Street confronted with the rugged, carelessly-dressed dictator of Threadneedle Street, a frown on the beetling brow of one man, an inane, silly smile on the lips of the other. At the sight of this smile the Governor saw at once that his first thought had been right. He should not have wasted a moment on this nonentity, y