

man before him was so unconcealed that poor Stranleigh thought, as he closed his open hand, he might feel it, so thick was it in the air. He plunged desperately into another tack.

"My dear Governor," he stammered, trying to conciliate his opponent by cordial familiarity, "as I told you I have the utmost respect for the Bank of England. You see, I am rather well off, and within the last day or two I have plunged, and every available asset I possess except one I have put into stocks and shares. I've thought this thing out——"

"Oh, you've thought it out," said the Governor.

"Yes, as well as I was able, and I believe that after the first of January London is going to see the greatest boom in stocks and shares that has ever taken place in the history of finance."

"What are your grounds for such a belief, my lord?"

"The—the respect I hold for the Bank of England. We want to see the good old Bank of England buck up. It's humiliating to think that an upstart like Wall Street should be able to play Hey-diddle-diddle, the cat and the fiddle, with a venerable institution like this. Why, it's as if some one spoke disrespectfully of one's grand mother. I want to see the Bank buck up, and that's why I'm here."

The Governor bucked up. He rose like a statue of wrath.

"My lord, this interview must terminate. The