

I'm lost. I can figure out that two and two are four, but beyond that——"

"I assure you, my lord," interrupted the Governor, "a great many people cannot go so far as that. If you will have the kindness, not to say the mercy, to tell me exactly what you want, I will guarantee that your answer will be brief and prompt."

"All right. To get directly at the nub of the business, then, do you have twelve ounces to the pound of gold, or sixteen?"

The Governor's fingers were drumming on the hard surface of the table. He glared at his visitor, but said nothing.

"When I get entangled with decimals or vulgar fractions, it's bad enough, but when I don't know whether the pounds I am dealing with are twelve ounces or sixteen ounces, then the case gets kind of hopeless—ah, I see you are in a hurry. Now tell me how much would be the value of a bar of gold weighing a hundred pounds, and we'll let troy or avoirdupois go. Just give me a rough estimate."

"My lord Stranleigh," said the Governor, with ominous calmness, "have you come here under the impression that the Bank of England is an infant school?"

Lord Stranleigh blushed a delicate pink, until his cheeks were as smooth and crimson as that of a girl receiving her first proposal. The contempt of the