

AGATHA CHRISTIE
THE LOST
MINE



COOLTURA

I laid down my bank book with a sigh.

‘It is a curious thing,’ I observed, ‘but my overdraft never seems to grow any less.’

‘And it perturbs you not? Me, if I had an overdraft, never should I close my eyes all night,’ declared Poirot.

‘You deal in comfortable balances, I suppose!’ I retorted.

‘Four hundred and forty-four pounds, four and four pence,’ said Poirot with some

complacency. ‘A neat figure, is it not?’

‘It must be tact on the part of your bank manager. He is evidently acquainted with your passion for symmetrical details. What about investing, say three hundred of it, in the Porcupine oil-fields? Their prospectus, which is advertised in the papers today, says that they will pay one hundred per cent in dividends next year.’

‘Not for me,’ said Poirot, shaking his head. ‘I like not the sensational. For me the safe, the prudent investment – *les rentes, the consols*, the - how do you call it? - the conversion.’