

hands and boots told at once where they had been. Mr. Moore washed the oxide of iron off the two coins he held in his hand, and then in "panning out" the rest of the red dirt he brought to light six more. It can be easily understood that in a short time there were some pretty thoroughly surprised men standing around Moore's bar-room. Many a time pieces of buckhorn and other trifles had been picked up in this mine in such positions as would prove beyond doubt that the Indians had dug into it to a considerable depth (upwards of 14 feet in some places), but here were relics of an entirely different nature. Could it be true, then, that the Norsemen had visited this continent long before its discovery by Columbus? Could it be that these coins were relics, not merely of prehistoric man, but of a prehistoric civilization! Such were the questions that agitated the "sitters" around Moore's bar-room that evening.

Occasionally would come the question, always in the same formula—

"And do you mean to say that those coins are out of the hematite mine?"

And the answer, true to the ear though false to the sense, was always the same unvarying affirmative, which in this case did not mean that they had ever been in the hematite mine. The joke very soon went too far, however, and, as already stated, the story was given to the general public without Mr. Moore's knowledge or consent, and, it may be added, much to his annoyance. He prizes these old coins very highly, and justly considers that they of themselves possess plenty of interest for the antiquarian or collector of curiosities without being in any way bolstered up by theories founded on pure fiction.

Though not an expert in matters of this kind, I must admit that I do not think Mr. Moore is at all inclined to claim