

Upon one I noticed that, thick as it was, the stamping of the device upon its centre had concaved it considerably.

After looking them over for some time I asked Mr. Moore a question predicated upon the supposition that they had been found in the hematite mine.

"I didn't find them there," he answered promptly, "and I am very glad to be in a position to set the public right upon this point. That story about the hematite mine was just started as a practical joke on half-a-dozen fellows in the village. But, before I was aware of it, it found its way to the telegraph office and over the wires into the newspapers. I believe some one called to see me from the telegraph office, but I was out, and so he sent the story that by that time was current all over the village. I am very sorry that what was at first intended only as a practical joke upon a few of my friends should ever have taken so serious a shape."

Mr. Moore then proceeded to give me the particulars as to how he secured these rare coins, and how the story of his having found them in the hematite mine got abroad.

In the first place the coins were brought from the far interior of India by an old soldier forty-three years ago. Mr. Moore (who has a fine collection, containing besides this last acquisition some very rare old silver and copper coins) heard of these curiosities in the possession of the old soldier, and finally succeeded in purchasing them from him. Happening to pass the hematite mine with his prize in his pocket and accompanied by a friend, the two conceived the idea of penetrating "a sell on the boys," and to this end they rubbed the old coins with the soft red ore, and taking out two, they left the remaining six in a mass of the soft red earth or oxidized ore which they carried with them to the hotel. Of course everybody who happened to be about the bar when they entered was anxious to learn what constituted the latest discovery at the hematite mine, for the "red paint" on their