



## CHAPTER VIII.

July reigns, vice June, dethroned, but still the roses hold full sway.

Seaton Dysart has come and gone many a time to and from Greycourt, and by degrees a little of the constraint that had characterized his early visits has worn away. He has even so far advanced as to be almost on friendly terms with Griselda.

But between him and Vera that first dark veil of distrust still hangs heavily—distrust that, on Vera's side, has taken a blacker hue and merged itself into dislike.

Seaton Dysart's arrivals being only looked for by the girls at about seven o'clock in the evening—just an hour or so before dinner—gave them plenty of time to prepare for his coming. Any day on which he was expected, Mrs. Grunch brought a formal message to Vera from her uncle to that effect. Never yet had their cousin come without the announcement being made; and so thoroughly understood was it that he would not put in an unexpected appearance, that when, after a rather longer absence than usual, an absence extending over all last week and part of this, he turns up at half-past two in the afternoon, his coming causes distinct embarrassment in several quarters.

"What can have brought him at this hour?" London must be reduced to ashes," hazards Griselda, her tone now as genial as usual. For one instant a sickening fear that it might be Mr. Peyton's knock had made her blood run cold. There had been a short but sharp encounter between him and her the day before yesterday, and a wild fear that he had come up to have it out with her now, and here, had taken possession of her. At such a moment the advent of Seaton is hailed by her, at least, with rapture.

"Why, what happy wind drove you down at this hour?" cries she, with the friendliest air, beaming on him as he comes into the room.

"It is good of you to call it happy," says he, casting a really grateful look at her as he shakes hands silently with Vera. "In time for luncheon, too, I see, though," with a rather surprised glance at the table, "you don't seem in a very hospitable mood. Nothing to spare, eh?"

"We didn't know you were coming, you see," says Griselda, mildly. "And it isn't lunch you see, or rather you don't see, before you, it is dinner."

"What?" says Seaton, flushing a dark red. He has got up from his seat and is regarding her almost sternly.

"Is it true?" asked Seaton, turning to Vera. It is a rather rude question, but there is so much shame and anxiety in his tone that Griselda forgives him.

"Why should it not be true?" says Vera, coldly. "As a rule, we dine early."

"She means that we always dine early except when we know you are coming," supplements Griselda, even more mildly than before.

"And this—?" with a hurried glance at the scanty meal, "do you mean to tell me that—that this is your dinner every day?"

"Literally," says Griselda, cheerfully. "This is the chop that changeth not. It is not all that one could desire, of course, but it sometimes it might be altered for—"

"Griselda!" interrupts Vera, rising to her feet.

"Why should I not speak?" asks Griselda, in a meekly injured tone. "I was merely going to add that a fowl occasionally would be a good deal of moral use to us. I have always heard that to keep the temper in a healthy state, change of food is necessary."

"I feel as if I ought to apologize to you for all this," says Dysart, with a heavy sigh, addressing Vera exclusively, "and as if, too, no apology could be accepted. But I shall see that it does not occur again."

"I beg you will do nothing," says Vera, quickly. "Nothing. I will not have my uncle spoken to on this subject. Griselda is only in jest; she speaks like a foolish child. I," folding her hands tightly together, "I forbid you to say anything about it."

"I regret that I must disobey you," says Seaton, courteously, but with determination. "My father's house is in part mine, and I will suffer no guest to endure discomfort in it."

"There is no discomfort now. There will be if you try to alter matters in our favor."

"You mean that you will accept nothing at my hands; is that it?" exclaims he, passion that will not be repressed in his tone; the coldness seems broken up, and there is fire in his eyes and a distinct anger. "You have had that 'time' you spoke of; has it fulfilled its missions—has it taught you to detest me? No!" detaining her deliberately as she seeks to leave the room. "Don't go; you should give me a real reason for your studied discourtesy, for I won't believe that I am naturally abhorrent to you. There must be something else."

"If you must know," says she, looking back defiantly at him, her blood a little hot, "you are too like your father for me to pretend friendship with you."

"Oh, Vera, I think you shouldn't say that," cries Griselda, now honestly frightened at the storm she has raised, but neither of the others hear her. Vera, with one little slender white hand grasping the back of a chair near her, is looking fixedly at Seaton, whose face has changed. An expression of keen pain crosses it.

"Has he been so bad to you as that?" he says; and then, with a profound sigh: "My poor father!"

There is something so honestly grieved in his whole air that Vera's heart smites her.

"Why will you bring up this discussion again and again?" she says, with remorseful impatience. "Why not let me go my way unquestioned, and you yours? What am I to you when all is told? I am outside your life—I ever shall be—"

yet it seems to me as if you were bent on compelling my likes and dislikes."

"You are right," says he, going closer to her, his face very pale. "I would compel you to—more than like me."

"Compel!" She has drawn back from him, and her eyes, now uplifted, look defiance into his.

"If I could," supplements he, gently. He turns and leaves the room.

While the two girls were discussing, in a frightened way, the result of Griselda's imprudence, Seaton was having a tussle, sharp and severe, with his father.

"They are all alone in the world," he says.

"Yes, yes," acknowledges the old man with a frown. "Except for me," hastily; "I—I alone came to their rescue."

"That is true. It was quite what I should have expected of you!"

"Why should you expect it? There was no reason," says the old man, sharply. "It was of my own free will that I took them. Do you question my kindness to them? What more am I to do for them? Would you have me kneel at their feet and do them homage? Have I not explained to you how desirous I am of making one of them my daughter? Ha! I have you there, I think! Is not that affection? Am I not willing to receive her? You should best know."

"Yes," says the young man, stonily, his eyes on the ground.

"Why, look you; I would give her even you! You! My son! My one possession that has any good in it!"

"You must put that idea out of your head once for all. I could not combat a dislike active as hers."

"Her dislike? Hers? That beggar!" his face working. "What d'ye mean, sir? I tell you it shall be! Shall!"

"Talking like that will not mend matters. It certainly will not alter the fact that I myself personally am objectionable to her. I can see that it is almost as much as she can do to be civil to me—to sit at the same table with me. I entreat you not to set your heart upon this thing, for it can never be."

"I tell you again that it shall!" shrieks the old man, violently. "What! the cherished dream of a lifetime to be set aside to suit the whim of a girl, a penniless creature? She shall be your wife, I swear it, though I have to crush the consent out of her." He falls back clumsily into his chair, a huddled heap.

Seaton in an agony of remorse and fear hangs over him, compelling him to swallow a cordial lying on the table near.

"Here, sir. Be patient. All shall be as you wish. I implore you to think no more of this matter. Yes," in answer to the fiery eyes now more ghastly than ever in the pallid, powerless face, "I shall try my best to fulfill your desire."

He feels sick at heart as he says this, and almost despicable; but can he let the old man die for want of a word to appease the consuming rage that has brought death hovering with outstretched wings above him? And yet, of what avail is it all? A momentary appeasement. Even as he comforts and restores his father, there rises before his mental vision that pale, proud, sorrowful face, that is all the world to him, and yet, alas! so little.

Vera having made up her mind to go to her uncle and fully explain to him that neither she nor Griselda desire any change in their way of living, waits patiently for Seaton's departure from his father's den, and now, at last, seeing the coast clear, goes quickly forward.

"Uncle Gregory, I wish to say something to you," she is beginning, hurriedly, hating her task and hating her hearer, when suddenly she is interrupted.

"Hah! For the first time, let me say, I am glad to see you," says the old man, grimly. "Hitherto I have been remiss, I fear, in such minor matters of etiquette. Sit down. I too, have something to say to you." He fixes his piercing eyes on her and says, sharply: "You have met my son several times?"

"Yes," says Vera.

"You like him?" with a watchful glance.

"He can hardly say so much," coldly. "He is neither more nor less than a complete stranger to me."

"As yet. Time will cure that; and I speak thus early to you, because it is well that you should make up your mind beforehand to like him."

"Why?" she asks.

"Because in him you see your future husband."

There is a dead pause. The old man sits with bright unblinking eyes fixed upon the girl, who has risen to her feet and is staring back at him as if hardly daring to understand. From red to white, from white to red she grows; her breath fails her, passionate indignation burns hot within her breast.

"Absurd!" she says, contemptuously. "Call it so if you will, with an offended flash from his dark eyes, 'but regard it as a fact for all that. You will marry your cousin, let me assure you.'"

"That I certainly shall not," decisively.

"That you certainly shall. Did you not know that your marriage with my son was the last wish, the last command of your father?"

He is lying well, so well that at first the girl forgets to doubt him.

"My father?" she says, with much amazement. "He never so much as mentioned my cousin's name to me."

"To me, however, he did. Do you wish to see the letter?"

This is a bold stroke. Vera hesitates—then, "No," says she, steadily. "Even if my father did express such a wish, I should not for a moment accede to it. I shall not marry to please any one, dead or living, except myself."

"So you now think. We shall see," returns he, in an icy tone.

"May I ask if your son is aware of this arrangement?"

"Munson—the first of you think we ought to do with the Philippines?"

Brisbe—I'm thinking that it might be a good idea for us to capture them.

"My son is willing," says Mr. Dysart, slowly.

At this moment the door is thrown open and Seaton himself enters.

"You know!" she cries. Her tone is low, but each word rings clear as a bell.

"You know! Oh, coward!" she breathes very low, her slender hands clinched.

Roused from his lethargy and stung by her contempt, he would now have made his defense, but with a scornful gesture she waves him aside and leaves the room.

"Great heaven! how did you dare so to insult her?" cries the young man, in terrible agitation, addressing his father. He casts a burning glance at him. Dysart cowers before it.

"Out of evil comes good," he says, sullenly, "and I did it for the best." He stretches out his hand to his son. "See, then," he cries, entreatingly, "I did it for you—for you!"

"For me! You ruin the one hope I had, which meant silence—time—and you say it was for my good!"

"I thought to compel her, to frighten her into a consent, and I will yet," cries he, eagerly. "Nay, Seaton, do not look thus upon me. I have not betrayed you without meaning, and all for the fulfillment of your desire—and mine."

"You misunderstand me," says Seaton, curbing his passion with difficulty. "I would not have her as a gift on such terms. Is it a slave I want, think you? No, not another word! I cannot stand it to-night. Forgive me, father, if I seem abrupt, but—"

He seems heartbroken as he turns aside and disappears through the doorway.

Long after he has gone the old man sits motionless, his head bowed upon his breast.

"Curse her!" he says at last; "the same blood all through, and always to my undoing! Cursed be her lot indeed if she comes between him and me! But that shall never be."

Presently he passes through a door on his right hand, gropes his way along the unlighted passage. Unlocking and entering an apartment here—where the strange old cabinet stands—he fastens the door securely behind him, and goes quickly up to it.

Kneeling down beside it he unlocks the secret door, and taking out the withered parchment opens and reads it with a feverish haste. It seems as though he hopes thus to slake the raging thirst for revenge that is tormenting him.

Long he kneels thus, coming each word with curious care, gleaning out the contents of that mysterious document. So lost is he in his perusal of it that he fails to hear the approach of Mrs. Grunch until she lays her hand upon his shoulder.

"What, don't you know it by heart yet?" asks she, derisively.

(To be continued.)

## WHERE TO LOSE TREASURE.

Best and Safest Place Seems to Be in a Paris Cab.

If a man must lose his purse somewhere, perhaps the best place is in a Paris cab. Major Arthur Griffiths, writing in Cassell's Magazine, tells some wonderful stories of money recovered after being thus left.

He says that the cabmen of Paris are honest enough—possibly in spite of themselves, for they are a rough lot—and are carefully looked after by the police.

As a result, some curious instances of self-denial on the part of these poorly paid servants of the public have been recorded.

One night a rich Russian, who had gone away from his club a large winner, left the whole amount, ten thousand francs, in a cab. He was so certain that he had lost it irreparably that he returned to St. Petersburg without even inquiring whether it had been given up.

Some time later he was again in Paris, and a friend urged him at least to satisfy himself as to whether the missing money had been taken to the lost property office. He went and asked, although the limit of time for claiming lost property had almost expired.

"Ten thousand francs lost!" said the official. "Yes, it is here," and after the proper identification the packet was restored to him.

"What a fool that cabman must have been!" was the Russian's only remark. The comment spoke ill for public morality in Russia.

On another occasion a jeweler in the Palais Royal left a diamond parure worth eighty thousand francs in a cab. The police, when he reported his loss, gave him little hope of recovering the treasure. Not only were diamonds worth sixteen thousand dollars a great temptation to the cabman, but worse still, the loser did not know the number of the cabman, having picked him up in the street instead of taking him from the rank; and more unfortunate yet, he had quarreled with the driver, for which reason he had abruptly left the cab.

The case seemed hopeless, yet the cabman brought back the diamonds of his own accord. The quaintest part of the story is to come. When told at the prefecture to ask the jeweler for the substantial reward to which he was clearly entitled, he replied:

"No, not I; he was too rude. I hope I may never see him or speak to him again."

All cabmen are not so honest as this, yet a great deal of treasure finds its way to the prefecture, whither everything found in streets and highways, in omnibuses, theaters, cabs and railway stations, is forwarded. In one case an emigrant, who had made his fortune in Canada, and carried it in his pocket in the shape of fifty notes of ten thousand francs each, dropped his purse as he climbed on to the outside of an omnibus.

The conductor picked it up and restored it with its one hundred thousand dollars intact. To be sure, he was rewarded with two thousand five hundred dollars, but the temptation he overcame was great.

The First Thing.

Munson—the first of you think we ought to do with the Philippines?

Brisbe—I'm thinking that it might be a good idea for us to capture them.



Uncle Sam—Yes, Miss Columbia, we will take good care of our storm-stricken wards.—Williamsport (Pa.) Grit.

## THE DREYFUS TRIAL.

Some Dramatic and Sensational Features of the Evidence.

Dramatic and sensational as was Thursday's session of the Dreyfus court-martial, it yielded less substantial advantage to the defense than the friends of truth and justice anticipated. The political character of the trial was strongly emphasized. For the first time the court itself directly intervened to shield and protect the military witnesses. The refrain so familiar at the Zola trial, "this question will not be put," was frequently heard during Labori's attempt to cross-examine Mercier, the chief of the conspirators. Besides, many of the questions which counsel did put and which the court could not decently rule out as irrelevant Mercier simply declined to answer, being sustained by the presiding officer in his refusal.

All that Labori succeeded in showing was that Mercier was intriguing with Paty de Clam on the very eve of the present trial, that he inserted an alleged incriminating document in the secret dossier which he had illegally held and that he had tried to prevent the defense from knowing its contents. This document Col. Jouaust was forced to rule out. All the rest of the scathing cross-examination related to the trial of 1894, now known to have been flagrantly lawless and unfair, and had no bearing on the question under inquiry except as tending to prove the existence of prejudice and conspiracy.

At the opening of Friday's session of the court-martial, a doctor's certificate to the effect that it was impossible for Du Paty de Clam to be present was read. M. Labori asked the court that an official physician be sent to examine De Clam, but Col. Jouaust refused.

M. Gobert, handwriting expert of the Bank of France, was called. Gobert told how he was originally called by the war office to examine the bordereau. After comparing it with specimens of Dreyfus' handwriting he declared that from first to last it was not the work of accused.

Gen. Gonse was called to confront the witness. Gonse said that Gobert was wrong in the details of his testimony, whereupon the expert earnestly demonstrated the correctness of all he had said. Gonse retired discomfited, but insinuated that Dreyfus had known the witness in the bank. Dreyfus denied emphatically that he had ever known Gobert.

The rest of the day's session was given over to the testimony of M. Bertillon, head of the anthropometric department of the Paris police, and who maintains that he has proved Dreyfus was the author of the bordereau.

Bertillon came into court accompanied by four soldiers carrying charts, portfolios, compasses, logarithm tables, photographs, etc., which looked like the properties in a comic opera. The audience burst into laughter at the sight. The judges themselves looked dismayed as the procession approached the platform, and all those in the court who did not have to be there fled from the room. The rush for the doors was noted by Bertillon, who remarked that it took intelligent people to understand what he was going to demonstrate.

After arranging his paraphernalia about him on tables and chairs, the witness began by stating that the bordereau had been produced by the forces of nature, but that somebody must have written it. This was given in the manner of a man announcing a great discovery. M. Bertillon continued by declaring that the bordereau had been traced by Dreyfus, who had cleverly imitated his own handwriting. Then Bertillon proceeded to give the exact measurement of each pen stroke, and showed the court a large diagram resembling the plan of a fortress.

This he claimed proved mathematically that Dreyfus was guilty. The witness stopped constantly to untie packages and surround himself with a mysterious apparatus to the increased bewilderment of his auditors. Bertillon proceeded to demonstrate his whole system, which, with its ratios and angles, was understood by no one in the court. The table in front of the witness was filled with charts which came inexhaustively from numerous pouches. Bertillon's exhibition discredited the whole expert system. His reasoning was based on taking as a fact some charge against Dreyfus which was unsupported by evidence and then arguing in a circle.

## CONSUL BEDLOE SUSPENDED.

United States Official at Canton, China, Relieved.

Consul Edward Bedloe of Pennsylvania, whose post is at Canton, China, has been suspended by the State Department and granted permission to return to the United States. Consul Bedloe's suspension is due, it is stated, to the fact that he gave a certificate of American ownership to the filibustering steamer Abby, which was subsequently seized by the gunboat McCulloch.

## WILL HOLD THE PHILIPPINES.

McKinley Outlines His Policy Regarding the Islands.

President McKinley made an address at the Methodist stronghold at Ocean Grove, N. J., in which he outlined his policy regarding Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines. The chief interest centered in his remarks regarding the Philippines, which he declared must after the establishment of peace be under the control of the United States. The President said:

"I believe that there is more love for our country and that more people love the flag than ever before. Wherever that flag is raised it stands not for despotism and oppression, but for liberty, opportunity and humanity and what that flag has done for us we want it to do for all people and all lands, which by the fortunes of war have come within its jurisdiction."

"That flag does not stand for one thing in the United States and another in Porto Rico and the Philippines. There has been some doubt in some quarters respecting the policy of the Government in the Philippines. I see no harm in stating it in this presence. Peace first, then with charity for all establish a government of law and order, protecting life and property and occupation for the well-being of the people who will participate in it under the Stars and Stripes."

## WORK OF THE HURRICANE.

Almost 2,000 Persons Killed and 22,000 Rendered Homeless.

The reports of the Board of Health up to last Friday give the following statistics of the ruin caused by the Porto Rico hurricane:

Killed ..... 1,973  
Missing ..... 1,000  
Houses destroyed ..... 8,421  
Persons homeless ..... 22,040

Cities in need of physicians, drugs and hospitals:

Caguas ..... Yabucoa.  
Manabo ..... Utuado.  
Camo ..... Corozal.

The Board of Charity at San Juan is sending out supplies by land and water daily, but petitions keep coming in from all over the country demanding food, medicines and money. There are no means of raising funds in the different localities. At Manabo an effort was made to start a popular subscription, but only ten pesos was contributed.

In consequence of the putrefaction of bodies typhus fever has developed at Arroyo. The captains of coastwise vessels complain that the bad odors at the various ports have caused them more suffering than the hurricane.

## BOERS DEFY BRITAIN.

Military Is to Rule Johannesburg in the Case of Hostilities.

Pretoria advises that the volksraad, by a vote of 18 to 9, adopted the report of the majority of the dynamite commission continuing the monopoly. Commandant General P. J. Joubert issued a circular to all field cornets cautioning them against any act tending to bring on a conflict with another power. He declares that not a single stranger who does not volunteer is to be coerced into bearing arms.

Commandant Viljoen has given notice in the volksraad that he will ask the Government if in case of war it is prepared to confiscate the property of inhabitants who take up arms against the Government. In the course of an interview after the session Commandant Viljoen said that if war broke out military government would be established at Johannesburg and all British subjects would be compelled to leave.

## Pranks of the Lightning.

While bathing in the surf near Seabreeze, Fla., a girl was killed by lightning.

A Maine hunter claims to have once had his pipe lit by a flash of lightning.

Lightning knocked a child from its mother's arms during a storm at Ocilla, Georgia.

A woman telephone operator was struck by lightning while at work in the Berlin exchange.

Lightning struck two trees at Franklin, Ill., and then jumped to a wire fence two feet away, showing that the current sometimes deviates.

Although lightning rods are not used as much as they were the weather bureau says they are of value.

Half of the crew of the Sachem were disabled by a lightning stroke that struck the ship while on its way from Philadelphia to Tacoma.

Curious wounds were made by lightning strokes on residents of Berlin. None of the wounded has extensive burns; the wounds look as if caused by a charge of grain shot. The holes reach to the bone and are surrounded by a web of blue and pink lines.

## A STARTLING OBJECT LESSON.

How a Mexican Alcalde Learned Some of the Difficulties of Railroad.

The old Southwestern engineer was telling tales of by-gone days down in Mexico and dwelling upon the Mexican's ignorance of railroading.

"Once, near Victoria," said he, "we were loaded heavily with iron, and we hit the usual drunken Mexican asleep on the track. Then folks used to think a roadbed better'n a wool mattress. It was down grade and around a curve, and we were going at a fair clip, and though we had air brakes, we couldn't hold up in time. We ground him up, and at Victoria, ten miles further on, we didn't have any better sense than to report it. Of course, the train was sidetracked and we were put in jail. Next day we were hauled up before the alcalde. He was a little, dried up man, with mahogany skin and snow-white mustache. He bristled fiercely, but I noticed that his eye twinkled a good deal and I sorter cottoned to him right away. We told him that we couldn't stop the train in the time allowed us, and it was the truth. He said, through an interpreter, of course:

"I've heard all this before. Five of my people have been killed by trains in six months and I have let the train crews go. They said they couldn't stop. I'm going to see about this. Your train is on the sidetrack, coupled and loaded. We'll fire up and go back to the place where you killed Vicente. We'll run down at the same speed. When you come near to the curve you must try hard to stop. I will go in the cab with you."

"Well, we fired up and went back three miles beyond the death spot. Then we started forward again. Of course it was not my business to run too slowly. I wanted to show the alcalde that stopping in the space described was an impossibility. Old 93 was a quick engine, and inside of two miles, it being a down grade, we were doing a forty-minute clip. We struck the curve at two miles an hour. The alcalde had never in his life been on a train, and he was leaning out of the cab window, waving his big straw hat and shouting 'Viva! Viva!' As we sighted the spot where Vicente had been pulverized the airbrakes went on like the clasp of death. I was thrown to the floor of the cab myself. As for the alcalde, he shot through the window like a rocket, turned six somersaults and lit on his back in the sand thirty feet away. The train ground to a standstill, yards beyond the blood-stained ties. He came limping up, brushing the sand out of his white hair. I remember that his mustache was all bent down on one side. He looked up at me and said simply, 'Valga me Dios!' which is about equivalent to 'Dern my buttons!' We went back to town; he discharged us all and invited us to dinner with him. We stayed and pulled out that evening. Everybody ran pretty much on his own schedule in them times."

## Whence Gutta Percha Comes.

The tree from which gutta percha is obtained grows in Borneo, and in other islands of the Indian Archipelago, says the Philadelphia Times. It is very large, but the wood is spongy, and of little use as timber. The leaves grow on long stalks, and are green above and of a bright yellow beneath. The flowers are small and grow in pretty tufts in the axils of the leaves, each on a separate stalk or stem.

To obtain the gutta percha of commerce, the finest trees are cut down, and incisions are made in the bark; a milky juice exudes from the incisions, and is reserved by little troughs made for that purpose. When the juice has hardened to a certain extent it is kneaded into cakes and exported. The cakes are of a reddish brown color and are full of irregular pores.

Before, however, the cakes are ready for use they have to undergo some preparation. They are first sliced into very thin shavings and then placed in a "tearing" machine, which revolves in a trough of hot water. The machines tears the shavings into small pieces, and the hot water washes them thoroughly. These pieces are then made into cakes and the cakes are rolled several times between heated cylinders to free them from any air or water that they may contain, and to make them uniform in texture. Again they are rolled between heated rollers and thus made into sheets of various thicknesses for use, or formed into rods, water pipes or any other shapes which may be desired.

## Whale in Shrimp Net.

A small bottle-nosed whale 11 feet long and 6 feet in circumference has been captured off the Essex coast, and is now to be seen on the beach at Southend. It was surprised near the shore by some local fishermen, who managed to take it by tangling it up in an old shrimp net.

Its vitality was so great that it lived for fifty hours after capture. The idea of tackling a ton of lively whale with a shrimp net does not in the least impress its captors, who, says our correspondent, "would go for a sea serpent with a half inch rope."

## Crowded London.

At this time in London there are living 400,000 people in one-roomed homes. Of that number 3,000 are living eight or more in one room, 9,000 are living seven or more in one room, and 26,000 six or more in one room. In Scotland one-third of the entire population live in one-room homes. Seventy nabobs own one-half of the whole land of Scotland and obtained it by fraud. "No Room to Live" is the title of a book on the subject.

## World's Coal Fields.

The total area of the coal fields in the world is estimated at 471,800 square miles.