...ES OF GOLD.

...Treasure Still ...n the Snake-...ns of the ...vaal.

...deposits of gold ...ver heard of are ...orge F. Becker, ...ological Survey, ...Vashington after ...He says that at ... $3,500,000,000 ...fifteen miles ...arly as much ...coin now in

...d in a vein ... It is like ...vriggles its

...lepth. Dr. ...fteen miles ...rest of some ...in the fig-...ly to those ... with which

...an these stu-...estimony brought ...former assistant ... who is now at ...ing expert says ...d belief the gold ...irty miles long, ...practically 1,200

...is reef contains ...ld, 1,200 miles of ...000,000 worth of ...nder the English ...Rand reef and ...the widows and

...s stupendous de-...marked in the ...urg. The top of

...level surface of

...is called, varies in ...s to several feet in ...descend vertically. ...Not even the deep-...a sunk in the ...he bottom of

...go down to a ...diamond drill ...the rock from ...cording to the ...best California ...cannot be car-...than 5,000 feet. ...ate of three and ...rth of gold now ...ed on the possi-...that limit. In ...is expected that ...on at a greater ...expecting to follow ...st into the bowels of ...er how costly these

...iles of Johannesburg." ...'on what is called the ...there is an amount of ...sight estimated to be ...). I say 'practically in ...gold is extraordinarily ...rm as coal in an ordi-...as been shown by the

...old mine is usually esti-...ive years, and it is safe ...product will be worked ...or the present the gold ...at the rate of $100,000,-...would not be surprising ...years the South African ...lled that of all the rest ...sides.

...gold product in 1894 was ..., of which about $40,000,-...e Transvaal and nearly as ...United States. The great-...his country was that of ...hed $65,000,000."

...the 130 important gold ...ope...d in this little dis-... which is now ...alifornia yield-...ining State. ...timated on ...e other ...con-...ing

THE SNAKE OF GOLD WORTH ...

A VERY NEW DOG FAD.

Clothe the Darlings in a Coat That Matches Your Own, Dontcherknow.

The very latest fad among New York's ultra-fashionable women is to have a coat made for her pet dog of the same cloth and trimming as her newest Autumn coat or gown. And for the accommodation of these canine exquisites the swell tailoring establishments have to save out a piece of the specially woven goods from which their rich patron has ordered a tailor-made coat, no matter what the cost.

It must be perfectly fitted to dear doggie's figure just as particularly as her own is fitted, and the braiding is done in the exact pattern to match the costume, and soon you will see all the ultra-fashionables out for a walk—like girl, like dog.

Sometimes these dog tailor modes are lined with silk, while one perfumed and pomatumed pup was last week gotten up in a pearl gray satin coat with lilies of the valley embroidered round the edge to match the bridal gown of his young mistress on her wedding day.

When Redfern was asked as to what he knew of the fad, he rather hesitatingly said that such orders had been placed with him, but he would in nowise mention the names of his customers, though he would show some of the coats. "Some requests of this kind," he said, "have been made before this season, but not until now has it really become a fad. More frequently are these things done in London than in New York."

Three blankets, or coats, were brought out, each having been made to match a coat or gown of the dog's mistress. They are made in blanket fashion with side pockets, through which there passes a broad band, or collar, which buckles under the belly, and a fillet cord to go under the tail. These two cords keep the coat in position.

One of these coats was made for a French poodle, which may be seen any fine day riding in a swell trap along our uptown boulevards, by the side of his deeply veiled mistress, who just this Summer has been thrown into deep mourning. The dog has its mourning costume, too. It is a dull black mohair outfit with an inch-wide border about it of crape. There is a line down the centre of the back the same width, also of the crape, while "Lady" is done in like sombre letters on the right side.

One very rich dark red coat for a society girl's mastiff is particularly striking. There is a very narrow border of red, just a tone lighter in color, while all along the sides and across the top is the softest of red-brown braiding.

The third one was a very tiny affair, and unlike the others in some respects. It goes along with an Autumn bride's outfit, and, providing the little black-and-tan terrier for whom it was designed consents to become a globe trotter, this little coat may some day tell tales of far-away countries. It is made of dark green broadcloth and is fashioned to cover the entire body. Openings are made for the legs to pass through, and six tiny round buttons are seen along the edge beneath the belly, where it snugly buttons. Another and separate piece of cloth is neatly fitted to the neck, reaching just to the ears, where it is fastened with the narrowest band passing just in front of them. Tiny green straps and buckles attach it to the coat proper, while two of the same fastenings hold it in place in front. The binding is of the same tone of green, while the heavy braiding is of black.

Bloom's swell Fifth avenue establishment has also some newly placed orders for the upper Four Hundred and their dogs. He says: "Never until this season did I hear of such a thing, but since my Autumn opening some of my most wealthy customers have talked of dog coats to match their own, and some have actually placed their orders. It really is very awkward, for I confess that is a branch of ladies' tailoring of which we know little or nothing. But if it is to be the rage, why, we will prepare to grasp the situation."

Several of them were brought out, the most noticeable being made to go along with one of the most stunning costumes that will be seen in New York this season. The dog is an Italian greyhound, and his coat will be of golden brown Venetian cloth, with delicate braidings in dull gold.

Another, made for a swagger King Charles is of silver gray broadcloth, which not only matches my lady's coat, but her lap robe and livery also. There is just a modest bit of gold silk braid about it and in each corner a tiny crest.

Mr. Bloom laughingly tells of a dark red cloth gown he turned out last week after filling a like order for the lady's pet monkey. There were sleeves put in this coat, though, and a rolling collar, together with a cap. Monkeys take more kindly to these fixings than the dogs do, and are more easily fitted.

Martin & Martins, of 235 Fifth avenue, have not only orders for ladies' dogs, but men also are togging out their favorite canines in coats to match their liveries and carriage robes.

H. C. Beadleson's fierce looking bulldogs are to have each a dark brown coat with red bindings, while General Terrence, of Chicago, has just given his dog family a fine winter layout all round—"Major McKinley" will lord it over the rest of them, and make love to the "Baroness" rigged out in a black coat with cardinal trimmings and his name boldly picked out in the same color on the left side. "Tommy Atkins," "Sally," "Dinah" and "Peggy," will snarl sheepishly in brown coats.

Mrs. W. P. Douglass has her favorite Boston bull pup gotten up in a maroon refine cloth, with her monogram in silver and gold in the corner. Mrs. W. C. Whitney's dark-visaged bulldog will court attention in a red brown jacket. Perry Tiffany has his three bull terriers exquisitely tailored in fawn cloth, bound with blue cloth, while Mr. J. R. Salisbury's three bloodhounds will simply freeze the blood in the veins of all Fifth avenue dogs this winter, for they have the latest cut coat in dark red cloth, and a crest done in each corner.

New Fashions in Dogs' Costumes.

...rmann, the Magician, Will Use

...'s Yellow Kid To-morrow Night.

RUM AND INFLUENZA.

When the Grip Is Griping Us, Then the Rum Growers Get Happy and Grow Rich.

When the people of this country and England have an inclement Winter, and sneeze and suffer with colds and influenzas, then the distillers of rum in the far away island of Barbados grow gleeful and begin to plan how they shall spend to the best advantage their profits. This connection between rum and influenza has been most forcibly illustrated and explained by a recent annual report on this West Indian island issued by the British Colonial Office. The old adage about the ill wind that blows no one good acquires a startling significance when one reads that in 1894, when the influenza fiend was on the warpath in the British Isles, nearly 3,000 gallons of rum were exported to Great Britain. But last year there was no influenza worth speaking about, and so the exportation of rum to the United Kingdom—and the Chancellor of the Exchequer deplores the fact dropped to the microscopical figure of 103 gallons.

A MUMMY KING IS HILLIARD.

The Matinee Girl's Idol to Play the Role of a Revivified King of Egypt.

I'm a gay mummy bold,
Countless centuries old
And a King of Egypt's royal race,
I awoke, but to-night—
Though slow, I'm all right,
And you bet I am going the pace.

When in life I was King,
Subjects all kissed my ring—
And made their salaams to my throne.
But in this blooming land,
I don't lead the band,
But seem to be marching alone.

But I haven't a kick;
Being dead makes me sick—
And I think I will get into line.
So good people please take
Note, that I will awake
Each night at a quarter to nine.

Bob Hilliard is going to be a mummy. Not for all time, but for a couple of hours each night. And it is the first time such a role has been presented to New York theatre goers.

In his new play, which will have its first production to-morrow night, Hilliard will play the part of a revivified Egyption King, who, after having lain in his swathings for aeons, has been rudely awakened. According to the diagram which goes with the plot, Rameses was one of the ancient line of Egyptian Kings of that name. When he died he was made into the conventional mummy and buried in the tombs of his ancestors.

According to chronology, Rameses's time was somewhere in the remote past, about the time the mother-in-law joke was first perpetrated. By all rights and figures he should have been a very old man, but Mr. Rameses believed in the old saying, which his father had imparted to him, that a man was as old as he felt. He felt very kittenish and for that reason decided to get out in the world and see what the people of this age were doing. And it is in this story of his adventures that the action of the play begins. Rameses may have had dreams in his sarcophagus, but unlike Du Maurier's lovely duchess he didn't dream true, and consequently he could never understand the distinction of forks at a swell dinner, and the hundred and one other things that a man is supposed to know nowadays in order to be up to date.

He was willing to learn, however, and learn in this instance spells fun. But with all its good points, Bob Hilliard as a mummy will be a sight for the gods. What will the matinee girls say to it? They have always regarded him as one of their own precious idols. In a dress suit or a yachting costume he was a winner, but will it be the same in the swathings of an ancient mummy?

BOB HILLIARD AS A MUMMY.

VICTORIA'S ESCAPES.

Seven Different Attempts That Have Been Made on the Queen's Life.

A singular fact about Queen Victoria is that she has not only always enjoyed exceptionally good health, and that even at her present advanced age she is unusually strong and well, but that she has had more hairbreadth escapes than any other sovereign in history. No fewer than seven attempts have been made on her life, and there have been many occasions when the Queen has seemed to be face to face with death.

Hyde Park was the scene of the first attempt on the Queen's life, which was made by a youth of seventeen, who, on the 10th of July, 1840, fired at Her Majesty with a pistol. The Prince Consort, to whom the Queen had been married a few months before, happily saw the youth in time to draw his wife down beside him, so that the ball passed over her head. The mad youth was for some time confined in Bedlam and was afterward allowed to go to Australia.

Only two years passed away before the second attempt, when, almost on the same spot, a man named Francis fired at the Queen as she was again driving with the Prince. The shot missed, and Francis was sentenced to death for high treason, the sentence being afterward commuted to transportation for life by desire of the Queen.

Strangely enough, on the very day Her Majesty's clemency became known, a hunchback named Bean, a mere youth, made another attempt to injure the Queen. He was transported for seven years.

A bricklayer was the next seeker after notoriety. He fired at the Queen as she rode in her carriage, on July 9, 1849, but his pistol missed, and he was sentenced to seven years' transportation.

Less than a year after this, as Her Majesty was returning from a visit to the deathbed of her uncle, the Duke of Cambridge, an ex-captain of hussars rushed forward and struck her on the face with a small stick. The blow caused a wound, but the Queen was not seriously hurt.

It was 1872 before another attack was made. In the early part of that year a boy ran up to the Queen with a pistol and a petition. He was arrested before he could fire, however, and was declared insane. Ten years later a madman, named Robert Maclean, aimed a pistol and shot at the Queen as she entered her carriage at Windsor railway station.

On many other occasions the Queen has been within an ace of death. When a child, six months old, she was at Sidmouth, on the Devonshire coast, when a boy shooting sparrows accidentally discharged his gun at the window of the nursery in which the princess was playing. The shots passed close to the baby's head, but did not, fortunately, do any harm.

When Queen Victoria was four years old, her life was saved by an Irish soldier who happened to be passing when the royal carriage was overturned. But for the soldier's intervention, the carriage would have fallen on the Queen. Half a century passed away before the soldier knew whose life he had saved.

A yachting excursion was the occasion of an alarming accident when the Queen was a girl of fourteen. The young princess stood on a yacht watching a storm that had suddenly arisen, when the topmast became dangerous. The pilot quickly conveyed the princess to a safe place, and the next minute the mast fell with a heavy crash on the spot where the royal passenger had been standing.

Twenty-one years ago, when the Queen was crossing to Gosport from Osborne, there was a fatal collision with the royal yacht, in which three persons perished. But once more her life was preserved.

On many other occasions the Queen has been in great danger, such as when, in August, 1851, Her ... in a railway acc... ...r her ac-cess... ...rriage ... the ...