

Democratic Watchman

Terms, \$2.00 a Year, in Advance.

Bellefonte, Pa., August 23, 1889.

P. GRAY MEEK, Editor.

Democratic County Ticket.

For Associate Judge—THOS. F. RILEY.
For Prothonotary—L. A. SCHAEFFER.
For District Attorney—J. C. MEYER.
For County Surveyor—GEO. D. JOHNSON.
For Coroner—DR. JAMES Y. NEFF.

Democratic County Committee, 1889.

Bellefonte, N. W. C. M. Bower
" S. W. Patrick Garrey
" W. W. Joseph W. Gross
Centre Hall Borough J. W. McCormick
Howard Borough M. J. Gardner
Milesburg Borough W. H. Weaver
Millheim Borough C. W. Hartman
Phillipsburg, 1st W. J. Ritter
" 2d H. Riley
" 3d Jackson Gorton
Unionville Borough J. J. Bing
Burnside W. H. Hopple
Benner John Mechtley
Boggs, N. P. Philip Conter
" W. P. T. Adams
" E. P. H. L. Barnhart
College Daniel Grove
Curtin T. S. DeLong
Ferguson, P. P. John T. McCormick
Gregg, S. P. Samuel Harper Jr
" W. P. B. Crawford
" N. P. J. C. Rossman
Haines, E. P. B. W. Bowersox
" W. P. A. Weaver
Halfmoon Wm. Bailey
Howard C. C. Meeker
Huston Franklin Dietz
Liberty John Q. Miles
Marion D. W. Herring
Miles J. J. Gramley
Patterson D. L. Meek
Penn. W. P. W. F. Smith
Potter, N. P. B. F. Arney
" S. P. C. L. DeLoach
Rush, S. P. Hugh McCann
" N. P. R. C. Wilcox
Snow Shoe, W. P. Levi Reese
" E. P. R. J. Haynes Jr
Spring N. Brooks
Taylor Wm. T. Hoover
Union Aaron Fahr
Walker H. McCauley
Worth Levi Reese
WM. C. HEINLE, Chairman.

Democratic State Convention.

The Democratic State Convention will assemble in the Opera House, in the city of Harrisburg, on Wednesday, September 4, 1889, at 12 o'clock, M., for the purpose of nominating a candidate for the office of State Treasurer and transacting such other business as may properly come before it.

The rules of the Democratic party of Pennsylvania provide that "the representation in the State Convention shall consist of representative delegates, one for each town Democratic vote cast at the last gubernatorial election, or for a delegation of 1,000 such votes amounting to 500 or more, in the respective representative districts; provided that each representative district shall have at least one delegate."

ELLIOTT P. KISNER,
Chairman Democratic State Committee,
(Secretary) BENJ. M. NEAD.

Reason to be Disgruntled.

The Philadelphia *Inquirer* regards it as a very reprehensible circumstance that "six hundred disgruntled colored men of South Carolina have organized a political party and denounce President HARRISON for not giving sufficient recognition to their race."

But why shouldn't they be disgruntled? What recognition has been accorded them commensurate to the glaring fact that it is not they nor their race the party of which they are the most steadfast supporters would be in a minority of over a million? Nor is it merely in the South that the colored vote preserves the Republican party from numerical insignificance. New York, Indiana, Ohio and a half dozen other Northern States were prevented from giving their electors to the Democratic Presidential candidate by the fidelity of the negroes to the importance of their service.

What would WYMANAKER'S hoodle, or QUAY'S skill in applying it, have amounted to if the party of trusts and monopolies had not had the assistance of its unwavering colored contingent? Under the circumstances it is surprising that the more intelligent of the negro voters are becoming disgruntled at receiving no better reward for their invaluable service than the few petty postoffices and menial positions which white office-seekers would consider an affront to have offered to them?

By right the negroes who have won the victories of the Republican party ever since the war, have been entitled to two or three representatives in the cabinets of the Presidents they elected, besides an equal proportion of the other important offices. Disgruntled, forsooth! Haven't they a reason to be more than disgruntled? There is cause for their being fighting mad about not receiving their share of the spoils which the Republican party would not have to dispense if it were not for their votes.

Broderick's Slayer Slain.

There is no public lamentation over the death of ex-Judge TERRY which occurred in California last week in an irregular manner, at the hand of a United States officer. TERRY is remembered as the person who slew Senator BRODERICK in a duel some years ago under circumstances that looked like premeditated murder. He was one of the most reckless characters that marked with blood a terrible period of California's history. Going out of public sight after the Broderick episode he still continued to be a man whose reckless character and revenge-

ful disposition caused him to be feared if not actually shunned.

Several years ago he became mixed up with the Sharon-Hill divorce suit as counsel for the adventurous who was trying to get money out of Senator SHARON by claiming to be his wife. After SHARON'S death he married the Hill woman, and in proceedings before Justice FIELD of the United States Supreme Court, growing out of the Sharon-Hill suit, the Justice rendered decisions that were offensive to TERRY who threatened to have revenge. Those who knew his character believed that he would carry out his threats by doing the Justice harm.

Last week they met in the dining room of a California railroad station, and while Judge FIELD was sitting at a table TERRY approached him and struck him in the face. At the same table sat Deputy U. S. Marshal NAGLE who was attending the Judge, and when TERRY attempted to strike the latter a second time NAGLE shot him through the heart. The slayer of BRODERICK instantly fell dead upon the floor. Judge FIELD and Marshal NAGLE were afterwards arrested, but it is difficult to see upon what charge the Judge could be held, and it is not at all likely that a jury will find a verdict against NAGLE. It is said that fear was entertained that TERRY would do violence to Judge FIELD and that the Judiciary department at Washington had directed Marshal NAGLE to attend him for his protection from such apprehended violence.

Discontinuance of the State Agricultural Fairs.

The State Agricultural Society, on account of the embarrassment of debt and the unprofitableness of its annual exhibitions, has concluded to hold no fair this year and to discontinue the holding of them hereafter. For the last five or six years its fairs were held in the vicinity of Philadelphia on land leased from the Reading Railroad Company, but as the rent for the ground was never paid, the Company took such action as will prevent the further holding of the fair in that locality.

It is to be regretted that the State Agricultural Society has not had a more prosperous career. But the truth is, it was never properly managed. In the hands of able and more judicious managers it might have been of great advantage to the farming interest and a credit to the State. For a long while its exhibitions were peripatetic affairs, shifting around annually from one point to another. More recently they were made permanent at Philadelphia with the hope that the large population of the city would contribute a patronage that would make them pay. But in this expectation the managers were disappointed. The people of Philadelphia took very little interest in the fairs and the debt of the society increased every year with a result as above stated.

Now that the thing has collapsed some of the Philadelphia papers are lamenting the necessity that has compelled the discontinuance of the exhibitions. They point out the advantage that the city might have derived from the concourse of country people drawn there by the attractions of properly managed agricultural fairs. It would have been of more account if the Philadelphians had taken this view before the society was reduced to the extremity that wound up its exhibitions. A more liberal patronage, and a more intelligent interest in the fairs, would have kept in existence an attraction which every year would have been a substantial benefit to Philadelphia. But when a city lets its commerce slip away it could hardly be expected that it would hold on to a State Fair.

The friends of JOHN L. SULLIVAN expected more of the clemency of the Mississippi court before which he was tried than he had reason to hope for, believing that it would be satisfied with the imposition of a fine and would not inflict the punishment of imprisonment. In this they were mistaken, for it appeared to strike the Court that a term in jail would be more suitable to his offense and would be felt more as a punishment than the imposition of a fine for the payment of which he was abundantly provided. There was something peculiarly offensive to the dignity of Mississippi that it was selected as a locality where such a thing as a prize-fight would be permissible and could be enacted with impunity. It was this, no doubt, as much as anything else, that stimulated the determination of the authorities of the State to push the proceedings with the pertinacity that has marked their movements in the case, and induced them to impose the severest form of punishment that the law prescribed.

If New York isn't more liberal with her cash the Columbus centennial exhibition may be won by Chicago cheek.

A Plea.

Fellow Democrats, I feel it a privilege to address you this, and count myself wholly just in entering a plea in behalf of our newly nominated County ticket. I count the plea just for two reasons: First, the condition of county politics is such just now that a defeat of even a small ticket would be disastrous. Second, the ticket as nominated should command our undivided support. Our political circle in Centre county has assumed a somewhat distorted shape these last two years. This distortion, which so greatly disfigures this serene democratic countenance which old Centre is wont to wear, is wholly due to the action of individual Democrats. Submissive to personal whims, and prejudices, and wholly underrating the value of party support, they have allowed themselves to be secured with the opposition by neglecting the interests of their own party. This is a perfectly natural result, for they score votes for the opposition by their neglecting to cast their ballots for Democrats. This ought not so to be. This political indifference and negativism is unnatural for democracy.

We have the material, the votes, and above all the true democratic spirit, to lift our county from the hands of Republican jobbers, and place it under the keeping of upright, trust-worthy Democrats. Now is the time for action. Let us make a firm resolve and a firm step in the right direction. We are on the eve of the election of another Governor. Our stand in the coming campaign will determine what we shall do toward making our State Democratic. Hence the importance of harmony and unity in our workings. More than that, we owe the Republican party nothing but vigorous opposition. Our assistance which has enabled them to get a hold on our county, has been received with a chuckle and a grin, and any discordant feelings which they may aid in stirring up is only putting a penny in their pocket. Democrats, it is time we put a stop to this chuckling and laughing at our expense. By our actions we can put them into a silence as deep as that of an Egyptian mummy.

Everywhere we see the inconsistencies of Republican rule. Whether it is the pleasure jaunts of our chief Executive, the antics of Prince Russell and baby McKee, the carousal of the "model" legislature at the New York centennial, or the exorbitant valuation of real estate by bullheaded Republican commissioners, it all shows the glaring failure of Republicanism. If we can consider these examples without feeling that we must go to the rescue, our political judgment must be sadly warped. We must begin the work at home.

Our county ticket, although small, represents the unanimous choice of the Democrats in convention assembled, and for this reason, if no other, demands our hearty support. But there is another reason why we should support it: Every nominee is a man worthy of our best endeavors in his behalf. We may justly feel proud that nothing can be brought against them touching either their private or public characters. And we may honestly maintain that whatever is brought forth to be used as political capital against them is false, and that our nominees are good men.

Fellow Democrats: Under these circumstances it is ours to lose or ours to win. By united and harmonious action our success is insured; by any other action a defeat is our only alternative.

Mismanagement at Johnstown.

Things appear to be in a bad shape at Johnstown. Although more than ten weeks have passed since the flood, and millions have been contributed for the relief of the sufferers, destitution still prevails in the stricken community. This is a reprehensible state of affairs in view of the fact that the State Commission has at its disposal \$1,750,000 of relief funds which are comparatively unproductive of benefit to those whom this money was intended to relieve. It is sticking somewhere, and through incompetent management, or, perhaps, for a worse reason, it is not forthcoming to do the work it was intended to do. The people of Johnstown under the circumstances are discouraged and indignant. Winter is coming on, and although there is enough money to help them out of their distress, they find their condition but little better than it was immediately after the flood. They place most of the blame for this mismanagement upon the Governor who is charged with having blundered at every stage of the movement for their relief.

Speaker Boyer was nominated for State Treasurer because in organizing the committees of the House he used his official power to balk important legislative reforms in the interest of the people of Pennsylvania. If put in control of the State finances his official influence would be exerted in a different way in behalf of the ring managers. As Speaker of the House, he represented the majority that put the State to the needless trouble and expense of a special election on the Prohibitory Amendment, and when the question was submitted for decision he inconspicuously mounted the fence.—*Philadelphia Record.*

Plain Talk About the Trusts.

N. Y. Saturday Globe.
When President Cleveland in his message showed that the great combinations to control production and raise prices, which have lately taken the form of trusts, destroyed all competition, foreign and domestic, in the United States, and left the people entirely at the mercy of the conspirators, and that these combinations depended for their success upon the maintenance of existing tariff rates, there was no possible answer which could be made to his argument that would delude even a child, except that which consisted in a sweeping denial of the facts, pure and simple. Accordingly, Mr. Sherman and his associates denied them. They said there were no trusts. Mr. Blaine, the unwarmed king of the trust party, did the same; there were no trusts. If trusts, however, said Mr. Blaine, could be created and sustained, they would be great public blessings. They would cheapen commodities, and the benevolent owners of the trusts properly would generously pay their workmen high wages merely because it would be a great pleasure for them to do so.

On this agreeable theory that the rich made rich by tariff plunder, would gratuitously take care of the industrious, the Trust Party, by the expenditure of much blood, succeeded in capturing the Presidency by getting a slender majority in the House of Representatives. But how has the beautiful theory worked? The deep shadow of the trusts hangs over the whole land, and the heavy chill of the monopolies has settled upon almost every industry.

The great body of the people are fleeced upon nearly all the necessities of life, while the workmen in the protected industries are worse off than they ever were. The industrious prosper no more than the idle; thrifty workmen do no better than the shiftless poor. With strikers here and lockouts there, thousands of workmen, who gave their votes to the rapacious Trust Party, are pinched by want and in some places actually dying of starvation. Still sugar and salt and lumber and woollens and implements and binding twine pour their enormous tribute into the pockets of the benevolent friends of Mr. Harrison and Mr. Blaine, who were going out of the goodness of their hearts, to share their ill-gotten wealth with the industrious and the poor.

Where lies the responsibility? Is it with the party of the American people and of American labor, which, under the fearless leadership of Grover Cleveland, warned the country of the consequences of further fostering the grasping monopolies represented by Mr. Harrison and Mr. Blaine? Or does the responsibility for the trusts lie exclusively with the Trust Party? Mr. Cleveland omitted no part of his duty. He warned his countrymen that they must check the monopolies then and there; they must enforce a moderate reduction of duties, and they must choose a President and a House of Representatives who would see that justice to American industry was done at once, or the entire business of the country would fall into the hands of those who had combined, first, in the Republican party to keep up monopoly duties, and second, in business trusts, to keep up prices, to limit production, to enslave the workmen and limit straight up to the line where he stood, and there it is to day. Its warfare is upon the trusts, upon monopolies. Its blows are in the face; it means business. It contemplates no retreat. It will move, but it will always move forward and never backward. It has entered upon a contest for the emancipation of American labor for the protection of American industry, in which there will be no cessation until the principles of Thomas Jefferson—namely, taxation for public purposes only, the equality of all men before the law and the taxpayer, freedom in business and trade, restricted only by the absolute necessities of government—are not only confessed but embodied in the tax laws of the United States.

We cheerfully accept the issue, trust upon us by the Chicago Convention of the Monoplist Party, by the United States Senate, and by the Harrison administration. The Trust Party must sustain trusts. It cannot do otherwise and live; for the trusts are its life and strength. The Democratic party must fight trusts by the very law of its existence, for it is the party of the people only, and it must die the instant it ceases to be such. The party of Jefferson, of Jackson, of Tilden, and of Cleveland must stand for the mass of men, for the rights of the individual laborer for the independence of the humble fireside and the prosperity of the common home. It can never agree to surrender its vast constituency, consisting almost exclusively of the industrial classes on the farms, in the mines, in the forests, in the shops and factories of the country, to the tender mercies of the capitalist class, unrestrained by rule or law except that of its own greed.

But how are the trusts to be dealt with? Our Republican friends have abandoned the lying pretence of last year. Mr. Blaine and Mr. Sherman are no longer denying the existence of trusts or defending them as propitious and blessed institutions. The salt consumer, the sugar eater and the twine buyer are heard in the land. Trusts are confessed and terrible realities. Their curse has fallen wide, and blighted as it fell. The trust party must do something about trusts. As last year they will give out that the evil is greatly magnified, that the trusts are not so bad after all, and that the millions which they extort from American consumers are but a trifle in comparison with the wealth of the country; that the trusts find no support in the tariff, and that if denounced with plenty of words and then left severely alone, they will die out of themselves, except in a few cases, such as Mr. Carnegie's steel trust, where they are essential to the protection of American industry?

This is the way the Trust Party in their conventions of this fall and next propose to deal with trusts. They will not hurt trusts; they do not wish to do so. Trusts fill their campaign funds and drive intimidated voters to the polls to throw away their birthright and accept industrial servitude at the hands of trusts. The Republican party, as it exists to-day, is but a mighty coalition of the trusts, and it is utterly impossible that it should do or propose anything which

would actually destroy or even cripple the trusts. Therefore, while that party will, now that they can no longer deny the existence of trusts, denounce them with more or less vehemence, they will, in no instance, in no State or county convention and in no caucus, agree either to reduce the tariff duties which support the monopolies and the trusts, or to a law which shall consign the promoters and operators of trusts to the penitentiary.

For the anti-trust party there is one plain thing to do. They should resolve in every convention in favor of the unqualified repeal of the tariff duty upon every article whatever which has been the subject of an unlawful and extortionate trust. Not one of them should be spared; not one of them should be the smallest consideration. In each and every instance the trust is a criminal conspiracy against humanity, contrary to the spirit of the common law, contrary to the statute in most States, contrary to the public policy of every civilized country and especially contrary to the whole genius of American institutions. Take from the trust the monopoly duty, imposed and maintained for the benefit of the trust by the Trust Party, and you have taken its life blood. This is so plain that it needs no argument or insistence. Every man who can count two must understand it, and every citizen who has a drop of free America's blood in his veins must burn with indignation when he looks abroad over his country and sees it writhing and suffering in every quarter under the heels of these greedy monsters.

A Unique Charivari.

The Boys Had Lots of Fun With Old Spouts on His Wedding Night.

A dispatch from Findlay, Ohio, says the boys had some rare old sport in Delaware township, that county, on Saturday night. Merle Sours, 65 years of age, married a girl of about 17 summers, and the boys determined to give them something of the ordinary in the way of a charivari. They came to the city and procured from a slaughter house two pails full of fresh blood, which they carried out in the country. As soon as everything indicated that December and May had retired, these boys slipped into the yard surrounding the old man's premises and a stream of blood entirely around the house.

Having accomplished this without detection, they drove a half dozen cows into the yard and concealed themselves to await developments. The cows no sooner sniffed the blood than they commenced bellowing frantically, and could easily be heard a mile or two. Other cows caught on, and soon there came a procession of cows from nearly every farm in the township, all bellowing in the most vehement manner. They fought and stamped and pawed the ground, and bellowed in chorus, until the bridal couple went wild with annoyance.

When the tumult was at its height, the bridegroom, wearing nothing but a red flannel undergarment, was seen to emerge from the door with a huge club. He made an endeavor to drive the cows away, but appearing in such a costume only added fury to the flame, and what followed cannot be faithfully described. The old man made one run around the house, pursued by the entire outfit of cattle, which would have beaten the world's sprinting record, and just managed to get back within the doorway as the horns of the pursuing host tore a generous piece from the nose of the bride in the meantime contributing to the horrible din by screaming at the top of her voice.

Again and again during the night the old veteran attempted to break up and disperse his unique charivari party, but without avail, as often would the cows return to their bloody trail, and all this time the crowd was increasing in number until not less than two hundred cattle surrounded the house, while from every direction could be heard the answering bellow of new recruits hastening to join in the demonstration.

Not a wink of sleep came to the couple that night, but by early morning the cattle had so thoroughly effaced the trace of blood by their pawing and stamping that it no longer acted as a drawing card, and one by one they withdrew from the devastated yard.

Demanding a Report.

The Knights of Labor throughout the state have set up a howl because the committee which was chosen to represent them at the last session of the legislature has not made its report in accordance with the direction of the convention which selected them, and there is good reason for believing that there is a scheme among the Republicans to prevent the report from being made public until the election for state treasurer shall have been held.

The committee whose duty it was to look after the labor legislation consisted of Charles Andrews, a brother of the present chairman of the republican state committee, William Lewis, of Harrisburg, who was recently appointed a clerk in the postal service, and Hugh McGarvey who made speeches for ex-Congressman Brumba, of Schuylkill, during the last campaign. These three Republicans it was thought would take care that the interests of the wage workers were not trampled on by the model legislature; but prominent Knights of Labor say that everything the workingman asked for was refused and the committee didn't amount to a row of pins. Every measure advocated by chairman Andrews, of the state committee, was passed without any trouble, but those bills which Andrews' brother was paid to advocate, fell by the wayside. A rumor comes from the coal regions that some time ago Andrews and Lewis agreed on a report that clearly exonerated the republican legislature of the charge of beating the labor bills to death with the party club, but that McGarvey who was chairman of the committee refused to sign it. It is said now that if McGarvey cannot be induced to say that the republicans should not be held responsible for the defeat of the labor legislation the matter is to be dropped until after the election for state treasurer. The Knights of Labor, however, are demanding the report and unless it is soon presented to the order some plain talk is likely to be heard.

The Governor Censured.

The Residents of Johnstown Favor a Special Session of the Legislature.

JOHNSTOWN, Pa., August 20.—There are many expressions of disapproval of the methods pursued by Governor Beaver in conducting the State work here. The fact that the fund for prosecuting the work of cleaning up the filth has run short just when the work should be pushed the hardest, shows that there has been inefficient management, and subjects the Governor to much censure. Just what will be done under the circumstances is not known, but Dr. Lee, of the State Board of Health, will make a strong appeal to the Governor to do something.

As it seems that the credit of the governor with his friends who agreed to back him is exhausted, it is now said that he will be obliged to call a special session of the legislature to appropriate money for the purpose of cleaning the filth from the town. Hon. John M. Rose, member of the legislature from this district, says that is the proper thing to be done, and expresses the opinion that the money can be legally appropriated so it can be used for that purpose.

Another body was taken out from under a porch on Walnut street this morning, and there are said to be many more crushed between a lot of buildings that have not yet been moved.

At a meeting of the board of trade last night, a committee was appointed to devise means for obtaining a national aid in dredging the river. An analysis of the drinking water in the reservoir supplying the town was recently made by Dr. Lee, and in his report of the matter the Dr. says: "I was quite surprised to find the amount of impurities in the reservoirs to be trifling; and, knowing their sources, it is easy to keep them entirely free from contamination."

George Was Bashful.

George was a bashful fellow. He scarcely dared touch his lady's hand. He loved her well and she was worthy of his affection, for she was modest, intelligent, sweet and lovable—but, like all good women, she yearned for the respectful caresses that are the evidences of a pure affection. She, however, yearned in vain. George worshipped her. He might kiss the hem of her garment, but to kiss her lips or cheek, the very audacity of the thought made him tremble. They sat together by the sea looking out upon the track of the moon's light which, white-winged yachts were crossing now and then.

"It was a wretched hour, a scene for love and calm delight."
Suddenly she moved slightly away from him.

"Please, George, don't do that," she said.

"What?" he asked in genuine surprise.

"Oh! you needn't tell me," she replied. "You were just going to put your arm around my waist, and were going to try and kiss me."
"Dear Arabella—"
"Oh! you needn't tell me no; you were going to do it. Well, after all, I suppose you are not to blame. It is just what a lover would do to his sweetheart, and I suppose I must not be offended if you do it."

And George grasped the situation and did exactly what Arabella supposed he would do, and the moon grinned and the stars winked and the wavelets laughed and a mosquito that was about to alight on the maiden's cheek flew away and settled on the nose of a grass widow who was sitting near the bandstand.

A Comparison of Illiterates.

Because Kentucky went Democratic at its recent election the Philadelphia *Press* said that "as Kentucky has the largest number of illiterates, in proportion to its population, of any state in the union, a republican victory there could hardly have been expected." The Louisville *Courier-Journal* replies to the foregoing misstatement as follows: "The *Press*," says Kentucky has the largest number of illiterates in proportion to its population, which is not true. Ten other states have a larger proportion of illiterates, as the *Press* could see by even a casual examination of the census. "Worse than this, Pennsylvania has more white voters unable to write than has Kentucky, and this the only fair comparison. White males unable to write number 54,856 in Kentucky, 65,985 in Pennsylvania; 77,745 in New York, and 40,375 in Ohio. So that the number of white men unable to read their ballots hold what is called the 'balance of power' in these three states; and not only actually but proportionately the purchasable vote in those over-righteous states is much larger than in Kentucky. We are not proud of these 55,000 illiterates, but we promise the *Press* to have these educated before it succeeds in educating or starving to death its 65,000 illiterate voters."

The Hoodwinked Wage Worker.

Among the 17,000 dissatisfied coke workers in the western part of the State, as among the thousands of disgruntled iron and steel workers, in various localities of Pennsylvania, there are no doubt a few men who tramped the soles of their shoes during the presidential campaign in their admiration for a protective tariff.

It is scarcely necessary to tell them that they have been misled. This fact they know and know full well. But right here let it be said that if ever again they permit themselves to be hoodwinked by the blatherskite agents of the beneficiaries of a system that makes the "poor poorer and the rich richer," they should without a murmur lie upon the bed of their own making.—*Lock-Haven Democrat.*

Saturday's Johnstown *Tribune* says: Yesterday, while workmen were cleaning out the cellar of the former residence of B. F. Hoffman, the hackman, corner of Vine and Market streets, they unearthed a lot of gold coin, which, when gathered up by Harry Hoffman, one of the sons, who happened to be present, was found to amount to \$1,020, mostly in twenty dollar pieces. Mr. Hoffman had the money in a box in the house when the flood came, but it was all out of the box and pretty well scattered when found.