The Sentinel.

THURSDAY, JUNE 10.

The editorial copied in another column rom the New York Evening Post, shows that some of the most thoughtful of the people are awakening to a sense of the awful injustice with which the nation is treating the Indians. Among Grant's worst failures may be classed the contemptible fluke which he made in regard to the peace policy. It is more disgraceful than the defeat of civil service reform.

Charles Nordhoff says that the ruling class in Mississippi has some curious representatives. The treasurer of Hinds county, in which the capital of the state is located, was a negro who could neither read nor write, and he was shot by another colored man on account of a disgraceful intrigue. The republican city ticket in Vicksburg last summer consisted of a white man who was under indictment for twenty-three offenses, for mayor, seven negroes, of low character, for aldermen, and a white man who could neither read or write as the eighth city father. To add another shade to the picture it may be remarked that the president of the board and two supervisors of the county in which Vicksburg is situated, can not read or write. This is a pretty good showing for the party of intelligence and moral ideas.

The notorious Peter Crosby, Sheriff of Warren County, Mississippi, has come before the public again. He was shot and probably mortally wounded Monday, in a Vicksburg drinking saloon, by Gilmer, his chief deputy. The telegraphic report does no, give the cause of the quarrel. It will be remembered that the riots in Vicksburg last fall were occasioned partly by the efforts to oust Crosby from the shrievalty on account of the insufficiency of his bonds, and that his life was only saved by a resort to the protection of the jail walls. After the trouble was over, Gilmer, who is a young white man of considerable shrewdness came from another part of the state and went into a sort of partnership with the sheriff. That is he made Crosby's bond good, accepted the position of deputy under him, did all the work of the office and received half the profits. But it seems that the prosperity of the firm has at last come to an end by the permanent retirement of the senior partner. Crosby was a handsome mulatto of about thirty-five, tall and straight, but ignorant and weak minded.

The Ripley County Journal asks: "Will the Indianapolis Sentinel be kind enough to inform us where it finds authority for declaring that gold and silver for a circulating medium is one of the cardinal principles of democracy?" The question is evidently not asked for information, as the questioner intimates that the answer will not be regarded as orthodox. The Sentinel will therefore remark casually that "gold and silver as a circulating medium is not a cardinal principle with any body at the present time. People of our day have found that paper is a much cheaper and more convenient medium of exchange than coin, and to legislate it out of use would be impossible. The function of gold is merely to form the basis of a currency. It serves as a guarantee, and the convertibility of paper currency checks over issue. Inconvertible paper, if issued by private corporations, with only their honesty to restrain excessive issue, would not be esteemed very trustworthy. Inconvertible paper put in circulation by the government is a very good medium of exchange, but it is dangerous, because, in dull times, the public always insist on inflation, and inflation inevitably leads to the deterioration of the money.

It appears that the labor lock in South Wales is about to end. As all such contests of hostile coercion must result, so this has terminated in favor of the employers. The reason why such must be the outcome is this: The employer's capital is staked against the laborer's life. The former may be unwilling to lose his fortune, the latter can not do without subsistence. He can not starve nor see his family starve. It is always an unequal contest, though very powerful forces may be engaged on both sides. In the case of the English miners, the latest issue was not a strike of the laborers, but a lock out of the employers by a concerted and well organized combination to reduce wages. A slight concession was made by the employers, although the overtures for a settlement first proceeded from the workmen. The attempt was to reduce wages fifteen per cent., but a compromise was finally reached on a reduction of twelve and a half per cent., and the miners have gladly gone to work with the last vestige of insubordination subdued. Terrible has been the suffering from this obstinate warfare, and now that it is ended, there is little prospect of another strike or lockout for a long time to come. It is to be hoped that this will prove the last disturbance of the kind. A like termination of the strike in Pennsylvania is near at hand. Were it not for the intimidation exercised by the paid leaders and a crowd of their followers, the miners would resume work immediately. As it is, the event can not be long delayed. It is barely possible that after these last two great lessons, injurious to both parties and also the business world, some better plan of adjusting differences between employers and laborers will be devised and adopted. The resort to brute force has signally failed to vindicate the laborer.

Although there is no political advantage to be gained by insisting that justice be accorded to the Indians, the recent open and infamous outrage which the administration attempted to inflict on the Sioux, has provoked a great deal of indignant comment. There are plenty of people in the country who have never thought of the fate of the Indians before, who have been startled into a consciousness of all that they have suffered by the brutal and the illogical language in which the president and Secretary Delano addressed the chiefs who visited Washington to negotiate concerning the sale of their reservation. Men can not but pause to inquire why, if the negroes and Chinese are to be esteemed fit for the highest privileges of American citizenship, and every nerve is strained to elevate them, it should still be held perfectly proper to cheat, plunder and exterminate the Indians, who certainly are as fine a type of manhood, physically and mentally, as any savage race on the globe. Have the aborigines no rights which the white people are bound to respect at all? Is it because they are too strong and independent in character for philanthropists to pet, or politicians to make tools of, that they are to be smitten hip and thigh, even to the going down of the sun? Is the murderous policy which began with the landing at Plymouth, and has never since ceased, to be still continued? It is said that men forgive those who have injured them much more readily than they forgive those whom they have injured. It must be this inveterate hatred of the wrong doer for his victim that actuates the nation in its course toward the Indians. The Chicago Times puts the matter strongly and fairly: "The government of a nation which 'boasts of a Christian civilization can not afford to pursue indefinitely a policy which 'is little else than piracy under a very thin 'disguise. It can not afford to continue the 'policy of exterminating an entire race of 'men—a race not inferior in many respects 'to several of the races that combine to 'make up our nationality. And this means 'that it can not afford to continue its treatment of the aboriginal inhabitants of 'the country as alien enemies—foreign 'nations dwelling by sufferance in 'a land which they have possessed 'from a period that is lost in the mists of 'pre-historic time. They are Americans by 'a better title than the rest of us can boast. 'Why are they still treated as persons not 'entitled to the rights of American citizens? 'Inhabitants of a land whose sovereignty 'has decreed that "all men are equal before 'the law," why are they not our equals before the law? Why are they held and 'treated as outlaws by men who 'can assert only the title of usurpers?" If some remnant of this race be not saved from destruction the utter wreck of it will be a disgrace to the American name. The history of the French settlements on this continent, and the story of Mexico and South America proves that the Indians may be preserved, and let it be the triumph of this country to show that they may be preserved without the degeneracy of the white race.

It is a pleasant thing for a paper which is doing honest work in the public interest to be so fairly and generously sustained as the Sentinel has been by the state press in regard to the investigation of the Deaf and Dumb Institution. Their support more than counterbalances the mean and malignant animosity of rival papers in the capital, for the opposition of the Journal and the News is something which the Sentinel now calculates upon when undertaking any reform. Of course a conscientious journal—like a conscientious man—can go forward in the performance of its work against every sort of influence. It will neither be bullied, coaxed nor bribed into the neglect of its duty. But the temptation to leave guilt unassailed is very powerful, and often newspapers, aware of evils in public or private that should be redressed, shrink back from the work of reform, discouraged by the amount of opposition which they know they are to encounter if they undertake the task; and they are not to be severely blamed, when, after two or three bitter contests, they adopt the policy of a judicious tolerance of the evils that exist in the community. They are not so easily forgiven, however, when they undertake to thwart others who are less studious of ease and self-interest and enter upon a good fight, and the Sentinel, finding that, in accordance with the cut-throat system practised by the papers of this city, every movement which it makes is sure to be traversed by the Journal and the News, is more ready to appreciate the good opinion of the other papers of the state. It is willing to stand alone in a good cause, but it would much rather have a goodly array of comrades on either hand. Perhaps no better illustrations could be given of the difficulties which an honest newspaper has to encounter, and the triumphs which reward its perseverence, than those drawn from the experience of the Sentinel during the past year. If anything in the conduct of a journal's friends require criticism, what an amount of courage is required to take up the duty of censor! The clamor of treason and desertion is instantly raised, and the luckless critic while attacked by his usual party opponents in front is assailed by those who ought to be his allies in the rear. Such a one is for the time being completely girdled with foes, and it is not to be wondered at that so few papers possess the independence necessary for assuming such a stand. The Sentinel looks back with something akin to a sense of the ludicrous at the tempest through which it passed last summer for an account of its repudiation of certain portions of the democratic platform, and yet most of those who assailed its opinions then would probably be willing to accept them now, with the exception of extreme inflationists, even the Journal, which was once the fiercest advocate of controlling the finances of the country by government authority, has now settled down to more sensible views. But if the task of criticising friends is dangerous, the work of criticising opponents is disagreeable. The best intentions are misrepresented as partisan malignity, and the opposition press rushes forward to the defense of the greatest of scoundrels as a mere matter of party discipline. Reform in such a case becomes a mere political issue, and one side gets little credit for the good it undertakes, and the other acquires no bad repute from the evil which it defends. Among the contests of the past year in which the Sentinel has been engaged for the public good and had to overcome this purely partisan resistance, the Southern Prison business might be instanced. The Journal defended the management of that institution and the attempt to capture the board of directors with a degree of falsehood and dishonesty amazing to contemplate. The Sentinel and its representatives were belied, and what is a matter of more serious importance, the public officers who persisted in doing their duty were slandered and abused. To protect a few dishonest men the governor himself was subjected to the vilest misrepresentation. The only consolation for having to go through such a fight is that it was successful, and every one will now acknowledge that no other result should have been tolerated by the people of the state. In the same way the recent movement to reduce municipal salaries illustrates the inevitable trouble which a paper may expect to encounter which advocates a reform. The Journal and the News attributed to the Sentinel the meanest motives, and defended the payment of such exorbitant fees as $16,000 to single officers. The politicians to be affected by the measure, with some honorable exceptions, were busy behind their organs and for a while it looked as if a healthy reform were in danger of defeat from corrupt influences, but it was happily carried, and its opponents now do homage to success and praise the measure which they attempted to defeat. Even in matters which are not properly political in any sense, such as the stationery question and the consolidation of the boards of trustees of the benevolent institutions, the Sentinel has had to face and overcome the same opposition. Behind this newspaper antagonism, and perhaps responsible for it, there are various cliques in the community sure to be affected by the agitation of any public question, and their silent but powerful influence is felt when a paper infringes upon the outside circle of any ring. After a long series of triumphs during the past twelve months, the Sentinel feels less hesitation in speaking of the difficulties which lie in the path of a fair minded newspaper. Having been almost uniformly successful it sees no cause for dissatisfaction with its own career—even failure in a good cause would have been preferable to victory in a bad one.

Right here in this county of Marion, at Traders' Point, according to a statement of the Indiana Farmer, about sixty sheep and lambs, in one flock, owned by one man, Mr. Thompson, were killed by vagabond dogs. This is a very heavy tax on one man, as well as a public loss of no trifling importance. If it were a solitary instance, or an extraordinary event of the kind, comment on it would be very different from what is demanded when it is known that such outrages are common. The above case is extraordinary in the number of animals destroyed by a single raid, but similar damages are of frequent occurrence, so frequent, in fact, that the annual aggregate of loss from this cause foots up into the millions of dollars. Besides, the direct damage done by the killing of sheep, the indirect loss by preventing attempts to raise sheep is many times greater. Altogether, the subject is one deserving of more serious consideration than it has yet received, notwithstanding legislation on the subject in nearly all the states. As the Sentinel endeavored to show some time since, the remedy proposed by the Farmer is useless. The Farmer says: "The tax on dogs should be so heavy 'that only responsible owners could pay 'it and only valuable animals be allowed to 'live." No such result as that supposed can be reached by excessive taxation. The irresponsible owners of worthless curs are such as would fail to pay even moderate tax. Suppose a heavy tax be assessed and the poor man who owns several villainous dogs fails to pay his tax. What is to be done?. He goes upon the delinquent list and stays there, being proof against all legal remedies. The best suggestion on this point was lately published in the Farmers' Home Journal of Lexington, Ky., which was that a moderately heavy tax be assessed, and that the penalty of non-payment be the death of the dog. The principal difficulty in the way of such a statute, granting that it should be held constitutional, would be its execution. It would require not only a public tax collector but also a public dog killer. As the Sentinel contended in a former article, there is but one way which promises relief, and that is rather slow. An effort must be made to improve the race of dogs. There was lately held in Scotland a dog exhibition, not a new thing in Europe by any means, in which the greatest interest was taken. A couple of weeks since the first page of Moore's Rural was adorned with portraits of prize takers at that show. Agricultural fairs could do as valuable a service to the country by encouraging well-bred dogs as well-bred horses, cattle, sheep, and hogs. The dog is a domestic animal so naturally and properly esteemed by mankind, that extermination is simply impossible if it were advisable to work in that direction. But when the noble qualities of this most intelligent of all dumb animals is considered, it is as unreasonable to make war upon the race because low bred curs kill sheep sometimes, as it would be to desire the extermination of mankind because some barbarians are cannibals. No, the true idea, and one that is worthy the most earnest attention of all, is to improve the dog race. It is a most noble field of exertion of far more practical value than the development of speed in horses. The direct effect would be to save millions of money to sheep husbandry, while the real value of fine bred dogs becomes as remarkable as that of aristocratic short horns which some times represent a fortune in a single individual. Legislation is needed. All that can be done by vigorous taxation and by restraining the propagation of vile curs should be done. Public welfare demands it. But a better thing is the improvement of the animal. Once the furor is raised in that direction and fine dogs become fashionable, the business would be carried on to perfection. Agricultural societies should see this, farmers should wake up to it and dog shows should be instituted with good premiums. They would be of vastly more use than poultry shows. The importer of good and finely bred dogs is a public benefactor who should be encouraged.

It is perhaps no cause for surprise that the Chicago Tribune should fling calumnies at the late National Temperance Convention in that city. That convention aimed to do a work for which the Tribune has no ardent sympathies, having some wholesome fears regarding the effect of any temperance agitation on the success of its own party. It is well, however, for a journal which lays some claim to dignity and fairness, to keep truth on its side even in criticising persons whom it dislikes. It says that "a resolution was offered providing that the work done by the organizations of reformed drunkards, known as the Reform Clubs of New England and Illinois, abundantly justifies the addition of this agency to those already operative in the temperance cause, and that we heartily recommend the organization of such clubs in every state." It then proceeds to magnify the work done by these clubs, and to berate the convention because it says "it recommitted this resolution, and then adjourned sine die without ever recognizing it, or calling for its consideration," but devoted the remainder of the time to various absurd and wicked things, and and among others to "a vigorous and characteristic denunciation of Anna Dickinson." Now, one of two things is certain, either the Tribune wrote thus confidently in utter ignorance of the facts, or else it lied. Such a resolution was offered, and there was in the convention no single voice of condemnation of the work done at these clubs. There was a difference of opinion about the name which these organizations should bear, and to settle that matter the resolution was sent to a committee raised for that purpose, and within an hour reoffered to the convention and adopted without a dissenting vote. There is a sentiment among temperance people that it is a kind of hopeless task to be forever reforming men whom the liquor business has in their opinion unmanned, debauched, and ruined, but it is a work which every advocate of temperance is more than willing to engage in. Their most direct opponents never deny them that virtue. So much for the Tribune's criticism this point. Anna Dickinson was introduced to the convention, and listened to with not only respectful, but enthusiastic attention. Demonstrations of applause were frequent and often long continued, and, although some in the convention did not approve all that she said, some of them putting prayer higher in the scale of agencies and the ballot lower than Miss Dickinson did, yet to say that the convention denounced her, is as bald a misstatement as any newspaper was ever guilty of. The Tribune says "this convention from first to last howled, 'begged, implored and demanded politics as 'the panacea for intemperance." This sounds rather strange beside the fact that, after a long and earnest debate, the convention almost unanimously—it is reported that there was but one dissenting vote—resolved against the formation of a politico-temperance party, and the few men who went there with axes of that sort to grind, went home with their axes duller than ever. This is not written with an idea of converting the Tribune from its conviction of the political dangers of a temperance alliance, but in answer to its travesty upon the doings of a convention which was not certainly above criticism in all respects, but which was conspicuous for doing just exactly the opposite of what this paper charges against it.

A mild-mannered Missourian named Hezekiah Inman attained the age of 73 years last week, and might have become a centenarian had he not accused his nephew of having abducted a neighbor's chicken. Without waiting to see whether prayer would drive the grasshoppers out of his native state, he took to his bed with a broken nose and a mangled anatomy generally, and before set of sun he had passed hurriedly beyond the border.

PERSONAL.

Sypher isn't worth 0.

Butler thinks a $25,000 fee to small to divide.

Miss Rucker was absorbed in Phil. Sheridan yesterday. We wish them many little banditti.—St. Louis Times.

Gustave Dore is said to look thin and overworked, having been very hard at his labor of late. He is meditating new and grand enterprises.

J. E. Owens, the comedian, has purchased the Academy of Music, in Charleston, South Carolina, and it will be conducted in future under his auspces.

Any attempt on the part of George W. Childs to decline the honor of being the poet laureate of America should be firmly met and defeated by the public press.

Just at this particular season it is far better to be a door keeper in Dan Rice's circus than to be a manufacturer of crooked whisky with an income of $5,000 per month.

Mayor Barnum, of Bridgeport, whose temperance proclivities are well known, has begun his administration in that place by taking active measures to enforce the Sunday liquor law.

Mr. James Lick, of San Francisco, has so far recovered his health as to be able to take occasional rides about the city. He swears with something of the old fluency when contemplating his doctor's bill.

Mrs. Elizabeth Gardner, the Boston artist, now in Paris, has clear-cut, strong features, lit up by a pleasing smile of intelligence, and wears her dark brown hair short. She is said to resemble Anna Dickinson.

Joaquin Miller has been in Philadelphia for several days incognito. He stopped at a quiet hotel, and outside of a few personal friends his presence in the city was entirely unknown. With the exception of a visit to his brother poet, Walt Whitman, in Camden, and a few private calls, his time was entirely devoted to driving around the city and visiting park and centennial grounds. Mr. Miller is here as the representative of a London journal to write up Philadelphia and the centennial, but so dark did he keep himself that not even the officers of the exhibition knew he was in the city.—Philadelphal Times.

THOSE AFFIDAVITS.

THE SENTINEL STILL SUSTAINED FOR THEIR PUBLICATION.

THE SENTINEL IS WELL SUSTAINED.

[From the Columbus City Post.]

The Indianapolis Sentinel is well sustained throughout the state by the press in showing up the alleged abuses in the Deaf and Dumb Asylum. The press is peculiarly the guardian of the people's rights, and the effort of the superintendent of that institution to divert public attention by bringing a libel suit is very lame and impotent.

GRATITUDE TO THE SENTINEL EXPRESSED.

[From the Cannelton Enquirer.]

The Indianapolis Sentinel has been sued by the superintendent of the Deaf and Dumb Asylum, Thomas McIntire, because that paper published the charges preferred against him by Mr. Fawkner of criminal intimacy with the patients of the asylum. Now, if it has come to this, that when such grievous charges are made and accompanied by the affidavits of the victim they must be kept a profound secret from the public for fear of damaging the reputation of such a villain as he is, if guilty, then the people need some protection. If the deaf and dumb girls from the different portions of the state are to be seduced and debauched by the superintendent, and is not even whispered about, then we had better dispense with all our charitable institutions. For our part we desire to express our gratitude to the Sentinel for making the sworn charges public.

TAX PAYERS SHOULD BE GRATEFUL TO THE SENTINEL.

[From the Tipton Advance.]

Dark suspicions have long rested upon the management of the Indiana Deaf and Dumb Asylum. The Indiana Sentinel, weary of calmly pleading for an investigation, recently published a brace of affidavits from female inmates of the institution, which criminate Superintendent McIntire and a male teacher named Valentine of lewd and beastly conduct. There is nothing strange in the fact that the Sentinel is called to answer in a round sum for libel, but it is passing strange that the paper should receive other than gratitude for giving to the people and tax-payers of the commonwealth, facts that to them so justly belong. We hope, in common w e expect with a majority of our readers, that the gentlemen—through a rigid investigation—will succeed in establishing their innocence; but even if they are guilty, as charged according to the theory of some, and newspapers, too, the curtain of secrecy should have been let fall, and the work of debauchery continue. No. Any print that goes ahead and tears the mask from corruption fulfills the mission of journalism and does society a service.

JUSTIFIES THE ACTION OF THE SENTINEL.

[From the Bloomfield Democrat.]

The Fawkner, McIntire, Valentine, Sentinel case, has caused some excitement. In the name of common decency, the interests of the state and society, the well being of the public interests, and that of the inmates of the asylum, all demand an investigation, and that immediately. This way of trying to play the injured innocence dodge, to put off, retard, delay, and shrink, seemingly from, rather than to court an investigation under the circumstances seems strange. Bringing suit against the Sentinel Company for $50,000 damages has nothing whatever to do with the case, and does not affect the superintendent's guilt or innocence in the least. We think the Sentinel in publishing those affidavits would have done well to have dropped out at least one-half; yet we justify the actions of the Sentinel in giving publicity to the charges, as a matter of so vast importance to the public weal should not be smothered, nor whitewashed over and kept from the public. An aperture where smoke issues therefrom, upon examination, fire is always found to be the cause. The charges may be found to be incorrect, and, if incorrect, the greater reason an investigation should be had, and that speedily, and if Mr. McIntire and Mr. Valentine are innocent they should be restored at once to public favor; if guilty to the charges as published, should be punished, not only to the full extent of the law, but their punishment should be increased in proportion to the heinousness and brutality of the crime.

THE JOURNAL'S INCONSISTENCY.

[From the Peru Sentinel.]

The Indianapolis Sentinel published the affidavits of a man and one or two girls, charging Mr. McIntire with the seduction of unfortunate young girls placed under his charge as superintendent of the hospital for deaf and dumb pupils. The charges are monstrous and revolting, and for the sake of official decency, no less than common humanity, we hope that Dr. McIntire may be exonerated and vindicated by the investigation which is promised. The Journal, strangely and inconsistently, calls for a suspension of public opinion and implores that the good Superintendent McIntire, who has led an exemplary life before the world, shall not be condemned until his full defense is heard; it declares that the pure life of the accused should count for something against the unsupported affidavits of his accusers; it berates and abuses the Sentinel for publishing the charges, so monstrous, against so good man. And really no paper with self-respect would pollute its columns with such obscenity. Can it be the Indianapolis Journal that is sufficiently candid and unprejudiced to talk of dealing honorably and justly with a good man accused of crime? Is it the same paper that has so persistently rendered aid and comfort to Tilton and Moulton in their infamous efforts to impeach the fair name and blacken the reputation of Henry Ward Beecher? If so, is the Journal disposed to say that the previous good name of Beecher should count for nothing in his favor? When did the Journal ask for a suspension of public opinion in his case? When has it failed to malign him, to seek to create prejudice against him, to comment unfairly on the testimony and attempt to make his defense and method of it appear ridiculous? Can any reader of the Journal remember an editorial paragraph in its columns, commenting on the Beecher case, that was not partial, unfair or contemptible? It is in place to remind that very modern apostle of justice and fair-play, and defender of a good name, that the testimony against McIntire is much more specific, credible and convincing than the testimony against Beecher; and yet it does well to ask a suspension of the popular verdict until the defense is heard. Has the Journal secured the services of a new editor, or has the scandal editor concluded to be decent?

MORTON'S MISSION

IN THE INTEREST OF INDIANA INTERNAL REVENUE OFFICE SEEKERS.

Gideon, the Washington correspondent of the Chicago Times, telegraphs yesterday's issue of that paper as follows: One of the reasons for Morton's visit here is to secure some new appointments for some of his Indiana friends. The internal revenue bureau will need some twenty new special agents, until this whisky excitement is over. Pratt has given Morton early information of this, and he has come on at once, to see that Indians gets everything. His presence will bring a large crowd of politicians here, who begin to think that this democratic state ought to rest awhile in its demands for office. One of these incensed gentlemen has compiled a little tabular list, which shows how strongly represented is this state in some of the best places the government has in its gift. It is as follows:

Frasier, captured and abandoned property division, secretary's office	$10,000
Pratt, commissioner of internal revenue	6,000
New, treasurer of United States	6,500
Orth, minister to Austria (in gold)	10,000
Foster, minister to Mexico	6,000
Tyner, assistant postmaster-general	4,500
Ray, deputy commissioner of internal revenue	2,500
Yaryan, chief of division of internal revenue agents	3,500
Grubbs, postmaster, Dennison, Tex	4,000
Premium on gold, $16,000	2,500
P. C. Shanks, $10 per day and expenses estimated per annum	7,000
Total	$82,500

FROM GRAVE TO GAY.

GRAVESTONES AT AUCTION.

THE SELLING OF A CALVARY CEMETERY MARBLE YARD—A SALESMAN'S PURELY BUSINESS VIEW OF MORTUARY SCULPTURE—WINDING UP THE MUNDANE AFFAIRS OF A DEAD HEADSTONE MAKER.

"From grave to gay, from lively to severe," was never better illustrated by the types than in the subjoined sketch of the sale of a tombstone manufactory, from the New York Sun: The twenty-five or thirty men and six women who gathered in Morton & Clancy's marble yard, at the north end of Calvary Cemetery, on Wednesday, seated themselves on tombstones and vases, and impatiently awaited the arrival of an auctioneer. The firm, which has done a prosperous business for a long time, was dissolved a few months ago by the death of the senior partner, and its affairs were to be closed yesterday, the property being sold by auction. Several workmen were still busy inside the little building. One ruddy-faced youngster in a paper cap, as he chiselled on the line "Sacred to the memory," cheerfully whistled, "Oh! poor Robinson Crusoe," stopping a moment to sympathize with his neighbor, who grew profane when he chipped off too much of the wing of a stone angel. The proprietor busied himself around the yard, numbering the stones with dark chalk; and after the gathering had waited an hour in the scorching sun, the jolly auctioneer mounted a tombstone. The terms, he said, were ten. per cent. cash, the remainder on approved notes at sixty days, all goods to be removed from the yard before the 1st of August. "Now, who's the first man that wants a parlor ornament?" the auctioneer asked. "When you

CREMATE YOUR MOTHER-IN-LAW

you want a stone behind the hall door to remember her by; and there's just the slab you want. Number 51—that plain white slab—how much am I offered?" He was offered $7; and in a minute or two, after rejecting several 50 cent bids, he sold the stone to Mr. Murphy for $11. "Who's the next man that hasn't got his life insured!" the auctioneer continued, as he stepped to the next headstone, a much larger and thicker one than the first, "or perhaps some of the ladies want something in our line to-day. These stones are warranted not to pinch at the heel nor run down at the toe, ladies. Yard wide, all wool, double thick, won't shrink or fade. How much?" Mr. Mullen bought the stone for $18. "Now, here's a stone that any man might be proud to be buried under. It's a real pleasure to die when you can have a slab like this over you—rubs out half the sorrow of parting, and bridges the gulf to the other world. I'd be willing to die myself if I could afford such a stone as this. But I never can if you don't bid up. How much for this stone, gentlemen, with a statue of Jay Gould and two angels in the middle, and a wreath of flowers on top. No, sir; no five dollar bids for this stone. How much? Bid high!" Mr. McNamara bid as high as $17, and chalked his name on the stone. "Here's another of this beautiful set," said the auctioneer. "What can remind us of the next world more than a row of tombstones like this? And a six dollar bid for that handsome slab. Look at that border; look at those flowers on the corners. You'd feel ashamed all your life to have a friend buried

UNDER A SIX DOLLAR TOMBSTONE.

Now bid up." The stone was bought by Mr. Murphy for $14. A small, plain white marble slab, square on the corners, with no base, was started at $3 and bought by Mr. Murphy for $5. A thick oval stone, prettily chiselled, standing about six feet high, without a check or flaw, was sold for $10. A very thick stone, about seven feet high and three wide, with fancy scroll work on top, and a border of flowers, was started at $10, agd knocked off to Mr. Murphy for $14. "Clerk, put down Mr. Murphy's name again," said the auctioneer. "He's all right; I've heard the name before. There's been a frightful mortality among the Murphys lately, or else he's going to start a graveyard. Anyway, it's a right every man has to own just as many tombstones as he wants, and if he has the stamps to pay for them he shall have them." Mr. Clancy explained that Mr. Murphy was a neighboring marble-cutter, and the auctioneer went on to number 39, an extra thick headstone, with an image of the Saviour in the center, and an angel kneeling on each side. "How much, now, for this stone, statuary and all? Bid quick. It's not every day you have a chance to see an angel. You see you don't have to go to the Saviour now-a-days; if you have the stamps you can make Him come to you. How much for the stone? Any grave would seem like home with such a stone. It would make Shearman weep with joy to look at it. Give us a bid." Somebody bid $10, but Mr. Gagney settled it by offering $9 more, and then Mr. Murphy bought a plain white slab for $7. A thick white stone, with a heavy double base, surmounted by a scroll, was started ot $20. Mr. Clancy, the surviving partner, ran it up to $32 50, and it was sold to him; another, with graceful overlapping folds, and a double marble base, was started at $25, and was bought by Mr. Murphy for $37.

A VERY HIGH HEAD OF STONE,

with a scroll extending the entire length, and a wreath of flowers, was sold to Mr. Murphy for $26. "There's that Murphy again," said the auctioneer. "One more death in the Murphy family. Put it down, clerk, Mr. Murphy, are any of your friends sick?" Mr. Murphy applied in the affirmative by buying the next, a plain white slab, for $13. "Now we're out of these headstones," said the auctioneer, "and we'll tackle the monuments. There's some pleasure in selling monuments. Any man could sell a headstone; but monuments are different. There's a little beauty. Eight feet high, a foot square at the pedestal, tapering toward the top; heavy carved base, beveled edges, and a heavy cap,' so the catalogue says. How much am I offered? Just right for a good boy who was killed at a Sunday school picnic—so innocent and white-souled. Give us a bid. Mr. Murphy bid $5, but Mr. Wade bought the stone, one of the prettiest and plainest in the yard, for $15. A headstone eight feet high, with a double base, and a large cross, under which were the letters "I. H. S.," was started at $10. "What, $10 for such a stone as that!" said the auctioneer. "You can see that stone was made to order. It was made for Mr. Isaac H. Smith. It has his initials on it. There's no sham about that stone. It's solid all the way through." Mr. Murray bought Mr. Smith's solid stone