New York Shop Girls.

Thousands of shop girls, there are about fifty thousand poor girls in the working women out of employment. The suffering among the poorer classes is terrible. I have heard stories of distress—and I heard some of them on the very Thanksgiving Day when the reader sat probably before a magnificent turkey, rendered more palatable by a blazing, crackling fire—that made my heart ache. A lady connected with one of our many charitable institutions told me she visited a dungeon—it was called a tenement—in the lower part of West street, and found a den, black, cold, without a ray of light, and the very air faint with noxious vapors. All there was in this hole, was a lop-sided table, a heap of straw, that looked like muck, and a ramshackle kettle. A poor woman lay on the straw, quite unprotected from the cold and racked by pain, while her husband lay on the table, wasting away under a terrible fever that slowly but surely consumed him. It was night, and there was not even a candle in the room. Could pages of description add anything to the sorrows of this scene?

Another story which I heard seems scarcely less credible, but I know it to be true. A few days ago a poor but respectable-looking woman came to one of our missions of charity and begged for money. The matron had no money, and told her so. "O, for heaven's sake, do give me some money," the woman cried. She begged so earnestly, and her eyes were swimming with tears, the matron finally said, "My dear woman, I would gladly give you all the money I have, but, to tell you the truth, I have only two cents." "O, if you would only give me the two cents," the woman sobbed; "my poor child is dying, and if I have no candle I shan't even see when it breathes its last." The matron gave her the two cents, and the woman poured out a torrent of thanks. The next morning she came back, and her eyes welling with tears, she said: "O, how kind it was of you to give me the two cents. I bought a candle, and at eleven o'clock in the night my child died. I saw it expire, and it went out of the world so softly that I should not have known when it died if I had not had the candle." This story is true, and the city in which it occurred is where many a man says he must pinch himself at $10,000 a year, and where the maccaroni spend enough in one night at Chamberlin's or Morrissey's gambling saloon to keep a poor family in Baxter street for a year.—*Cor. St. Louis Globe.*

The Horrors of Indigestion.

Did you ever have the dyspepsia? Did you ever have—or ever imagine you had—a complication of all known and several unknown diseases? If yes, then you have had the dyspepsia, or its full equivalent. Chronic dyspepsia may be defined as an epitome of every complaint wherewith transgressing mortality is scourged. It is as nice a thing to have about you as a trunkful of tarantulas, with the trunklid always up. An eminent English physician has said, "A man with a bad dyspepsia is a villain." He is, and worse. He is by turns a fiend, and moral monster, and a physical coward—and he cannot help it. He is his own bottomless pit, and his own demon at the bottom of it, which torments him continually with pangs indescribable.

When a worm of the business of this world has writhed with the dyspepsia until it has assumed a virulent chronic form, who shall find colors and abilities varied enough to paint his condition? His blood becomes first poverty-stricken, then impure, and, as "blood will tell," every part of his system is contaminated by the foul stream. The brain complains bitterly on its own account, and vehement complaints are being continually sent up to it from the famishing liver, bowels, spleen, heart, and lungs. Like "sweet bells jangled out of tune," the entire organization breathes discords. Even the remotest toe telegrams up to the brain, "We are starving down here; send down more provender." The brain makes requisitions on the stomach, which are futile. The stomach pleads poverty to provide, and the brain cannot transmit. At times all the starving organs conspire together, suspend work and undertake to compel a redress of what they allege to be grievances. Then life trembles in the balance. Then the consolation—O, the consolation!—that is visited upon the dyspeptic. Friends—when he is lifeless from lack of vitality—friends will exasperate him with taunts of being "lazy," "shiftless," "indolent," and "without emotion!" Nor can his friends be made to appreciate that it is a preposterous to expect one who is undergoing constant torture, and consequent exhaustion, to have "ambition," as it would be to expect a corpse to have an appetite. Remedy: Everybody's advice—that is, ride everybody's hobby. Cure: Death. Drugs are but aggravations, and "bitters" are bitter indeed! We have heard a chronic dyspeptic who took his cue from his chickens, and, by swallowing daily a moderate handful of gravel stones of the size of a pea downward, finally succeeded in transforming "cue" into "cure." He claimed complete restoration. In the face of this evidence of the contrary, we reassert that, for chronic dyspepsia in its worst form there is but one certain cure—absolute rest. Preventive: Take as good care of the coats of your stomach as you do of the coats of your back. Do you wish to live in God's health, love, to enjoy happiness, in the beneficence of Nature, and in immortality? Keep your digestion vigorous: on that hang all of these. Would you prefer an abiding faith in fortune's unspeakable, in horrors inexpressible? Destroy your digestion. Would you live in the body forever? Keep your digestion at full vigor, and although the end of the world may come, your end will not come—you will have no go after it. Old age is but the failure of nutrition. Nutrition is life; non-nutrition is death.—*Ex.*

MISS ANNIE PAGDIN, (successor to Madame S. C. Watters,) Ladies' Hair Dresser, the cheapest place in the city, for real and imitation hair, 1st South street, opposite the Theatre. d269 eod tf

MINING STOCKS.

AFTERNOON BOARD.

San Francisco, Dec. 23.

1200	Ann Flat.	6¾	6¾	7; 7¼, b 30; 6¾
300	Senator.	1⅞		
2000	Tyler.	1½	1¼	1¼, b 30
80	Central No 2.	30	30	30
425	Union Con.	14½	13, s 30;	14½; 15½; b 30
1470	Sutro.	3⅞	3⅝	3⅝, b 3
400	3 Overman.	15c	2	
100	Woodville.	1¾		
400	3 Cloud.	2¾		
1400	Alaska.	4		
1400	Franklin.	2	2¼	2⅛
200	Yellow Jacket.	2	1¾	
200	Bay State Island.	40c	35c	30c
540	M Valley.	13½	12½	13¼, b 30; 13¼, b 30; 13½, b 30
365	Raymond & Ely.	47;	47½;	47; 46¾
20	Eureka Con.	2½	2¾	
295	Peoche.	7;	6½;	6¾; 6
40	Crown Point.	3	2¾	
1415	[illegible]			
100	[illegible]	1	1	1, b 5
20	H & M.	1¾		
200	Silver Peak.	1¾		
1000	Sequoia.	60c		
910	[illegible]			
100	Off Hill.	1¾		
700	Newark.	2¼;	2½;	2¼
400	Monitor Belle.	35c		
440	Rye Patch.	10½;	10¼;	11, b 30
100	Orizaba Scorpion.	6¾		
320	Hayes.	1;	1¾	
100	E K Con.	1		
100	Carolina.	1;	87½c;	75c; 65c
100	Watson.	1½		
300	North Belmont.	1¼		
100	Eldorado North.	8		
[illegible]	[illegible]			
[illegible]	[illegible]			
[illegible]	[illegible]