

New York Shop Girls.

Talking of shop girls, there are about thirty thousand poor girls and 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 basement—in the lower part of Mott 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 lopsided 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 macaroni 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—over 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 remote toes telegraph 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 is powerless to provide, and the brain cannot transmit. At times all the starving organs conspire together, suspend work and

undertake to compass by riot what they fail to get by appeal. 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 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 of 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 for faith in God, in human love, in earthly 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 tortures 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 to go after it. Old age is but the failure of nutrition. Nutrition is life; non-nutrition is death.—*Ex.*

Mrs. Farley, of Portland, Oregon, in a fit of insanity killed her young babe, three months old, and then put it in the stove and burned it to a crisp. She is raving crazy and was taken to the asylum.

The Puget Sound (Oregon) *Courier* says: "After careful analysis and practical tests, the coal taken from the Skookum Chuck mines has been passed upon in San Francisco, as excellent. Governor Salmon shipped some twenty tons of it to that port about a month ago, and has just received a letter from Col. A. F. Bee, speaking of it as above. It is regarded there as particularly valuable as a family coal. It was found to burn freely, leaving little ash."

From the Oregon *Reporter*: "D. H. Jones of McMinnville the other day went down to Dr. Littlefield's office, in St. Joe, and had all the fingers on his left hand taken off at the first joint. Some years ago Jones had the misfortune to get his hand into a circular saw, from the effect of which it has ever since been almost useless to him, yet he was loath to part with any of it. He came to the conclusion that it would be of more use to him if some of it were out of his way, so he had that much of it removed and is doing finely."

Mr. Foster, of the Virginia and Gold Hill Water Company, states the fact, as an evidence of the constant creeping of the earth in the southern part of the city, that a water pipe laid near the Chapin House, South C street, has been pushed up in the form of a siphon, or rather a series of siphons, by the pressure upon it. In one place a section was thus bent upward until it had flattened and almost pinched together. No wonder that buildings standing upon foundations so unstable are cracked and racked out of all shape. It is said, however, that the old workings below are so filled up with waste rock that there can be no sudden or extensive caving at the surface.—*Terrestrial Enterprise, Dec. 23.*

An English jury recently valued a curl from a lady's head at seventy-five cents. It was burned off by a barber who used a curling iron which was too hot.

DIED.

In the 10th Ward of this City, December 31st, LYDIA, wife of Benjamin Judson, aged 34 years.

Deceased was a native of Bradford, England, and emigrated to this country in 1859. She leaves a husband and one child.

Funeral services to-morrow, January 1st, at 10 o'clock. Friends of the family are invited.

Mill. Star, please copy.

A Wabash editor returns thanks for a centipede received by mail from Texas, and says it is the first cent of any kind he has seen in a month.

A young lady in Indiana was rescued from drowning the other day, and she has sent the young man four quarts of butter as a token of appreciation.

Broad, flat, low heels for boots are now considered the thing among the ladies of Paris. This is the most sensible move fashion has made recently.

The Boston *Globe* says that the workmen celebrated the opening of the Hoosac Tunnel by tapping two or three barrels of beer. There was no interference by the police, as the barrels were marked "nitro-glycerine."

DIED.

At the residence of her daughter, in the 14th Ward, Mrs. KATHERINE ROBINSON, aged 73 years. Born in Dublin, Ireland, 1800. Joined the Church in 1844, at Liverpool; emigrated to America in 1850. Stayed at St. Louis one year and came to this city in Elder Orson Pratt's Company in 1851.—*COM.*

At Pleasant Grove, Dec. 23, 1873, of typhoid fever, MAUD, daughter of C. Ben and Mary Ann Hawley, aged 2 years and 1 day.

Chapped Hands and Face,

SORE LIPS, Dryness of the Skin, etc., etc., cured at once by Hegeman's Camphor Ice, with Glycerine. It keeps the hands soft in all weather. See that you get Hegeman's. Sold by all Druggists. Only 25 cents. Manufactured only by Hegeman & Co., Chemists and Druggists, NEW YORK.

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For sale by Z. C. M. I. and all its branches.

ESTRAY NOTICE.

I HAVE in my possession One bay MARE, about eight or nine years old, white stripe in face, the left fore foot and left hind foot white nearly to the knee, branded Z sideways on right shoulder, and R B with a small P between the R and B and a little above on left hip.

If not claimed and taken away in ten days, it will be sold to the highest bidder, on Saturday, the 10th day of January, 1874, at 10 o'clock a.m., at the District Court, Provo City, Utah County.

S. HARBING, District Poundkeeper. Provo City, Dec. 29th, 1873. ds&wl a

TABLE KNIVES AND FORKS OF ALL KINDS, And Exclusive Makers of

THIS Handle never gets loose. Is not affected by hot water. It is the most durable knife known. Always call for the "Trade Mark," "Meriden Cutlery Company," on the blade. They are GOOD. Sold by all dealers in Cutlery. Made by The Meriden Cutlery Co., 49 Chambers St., NEW YORK.

Our Goods are kept by Z. C. M. I. and all its branch stores, and also by the Co-operative Stores of the Territory.

My business is to supply what every farmer of experience is most anxious to get, perfectly reliable Vegetable and Flower Seed. With this object in view, besides importing many varieties from reliable growers in France, England, and Germany, I grow a hundred and fifty kinds of vegetable seed on my four seed farms, right under my own eye. Around all of these I throw the protection of the three warrants of my Catalogue. Of new vegetables I make a specialty, having been the first to introduce the Hubbard and Marblehead Squashes, the Marblehead Cabbages, and a score of others. My Catalogue containing numerous fine engravings, taken from photographs, sent free to all.

JAMES J. H. GREGORY, Marblehead, Mass.

My business is to supply what every farmer of experience is most anxious to get, perfectly reliable Vegetable and Flower Seed. With this object in view, besides importing many varieties from reliable growers in France, England, and Germany, I grow a hundred and fifty kinds of vegetable seed on my four seed farms, right under my own eye. Around all of these I throw the protection of the three warrants of my Catalogue. Of new vegetables I make a specialty, having been the first to introduce the Hubbard and Marblehead Squashes, the Marblehead Cabbages, and a score of others. My Catalogue containing numerous fine engravings, taken from photographs, sent free to all.

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W. H. HOOPER, Superintendent.

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Sole Agents of Phoenix Cartridge Co's Metallic Cartridges of all sizes.

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CATECHISM FOR CHILDREN.

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APPLICATION FOR A PATENT.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that Joab Lawrence, E. L. Poase and Geo. B. Graft, where Post Office address in Salt Lake City, U. T., have made application for a Patent for the South-west Quarter of Section Twenty-Four (24), Township One (1), North of Range Nine (9) East, Utah Territory, for valuable deposits, said location being recorded in vol. 1, page 4 and 5, of the Slick Mining District Records. There is no adjoining claim. The name of nearest is the "Wood & Atkinson" claim, nearly east and distant half a mile.

GEO. R. MAXWELL, Register. w44 3m

Salt Lake City, Dec. 1, 1873.

Mansfield, Atchison & Steell, WHOLESALE WINE & LIQUOR MERCHANTS

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Whisky, Brandy, Gin, Rum and Wine for sale in original packages, pure and unadulterated. s80 w40 ly

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