



THE THAMES AND LONDON BRIDGE.

ARCTIC LONDON I

WE GIVE a sketch above of the river Thames, with London bridge in the distance, which gives a very fair idea of the terribly hard winter which has been experienced in England this season. The Thames, it will be observed, is almost frost-bound, and only one plucky little tug is to be seen, which is threading its way in the centre of the river to some big ship's side. At this time of the year the river is usually crowded with brigs and smaller boats; now it is crowded with little else but ice-floes. In the opinion of meteorologists, the winter has been as severe as that of 1813-14, when the celebrated "Frost Fair" was held on the Thames. All the river steamboats are laid up, and the only vessels, which can venture into the middle of the river, and that with great care, are the steam tugs, which are very stoutly built, and which can push aside the small ice-bergs they meet. It is recorded that on January 9th only half an hour of bright sun-shine was registered in London.

The Boston Girl's Recitation.

"Miss Emersonia Osgoodson will now favor the company with a recitation," announced the teacher to the friends that had assembled in the schoolroom to enjoy the regular Friday afternoon exercises.

Little Miss Emersonia stood forth and recited as follows:

Corruscate, corruscate, diminutive, stellar orb!

How inexplicable seems to me the stupendous

problem of thy existence!

Elevated to such an immeasurable distance in the illimitable depths of space, apparently in a perpendicular direction from the terraqueous planet we occupy!

Resembling in thy dazzling and unapproachable effulgence, a crystalized carbon gem of surpassing brilliancy and impenetrability, glittering in the ethereal vault whose boundless immensity we endeavor to bring within the compass of the human intellectual grasp by the use of the concrete term firmament!

—When the dear little Boston girl had finished reciting these touching lines in her rapt, soulful, Bostonian way and sat down there wasn't a dry spectacle in the schoolroom.

A woman will face a frowning world and cling to the man she loves through the most bitter adversity, but she would not wear a hat that is out of fashion to save the Government.

RESTAURANT MARIAGGI

Ranchers, sportsmen and the public generally will find this a first-class establishment. Meals to order at all hours, both day and night. Private parties catered for.

FRANK MARIAGGI, Proprietor.