THE WITCH OF BADENOCH.

Near the side of a mountain rivulet at the north-west base of the great Grampian chain, and not far distant from Loch Laggan, there is a memorial cairn of stones heaped one above the other by pedestrians at various times. It is intended to mark the resting-place of the last genuine witch that has appeared in the Highlands. The mournful echoes of the deep valleys, the intense gloomy solitude of the place, the eternal sough of the wind among the great pines, over which the golden eagle soars in supreme dominion, render the spot a fitting resting-place for one who played so conspicuous a part in Highland superstition. The Wife of Laggan, as she was familiarly known, saw the birth of the present rapidly-expiring century, and when 1800 dawned upon the world it is alleged that she took part in a catastrophe in Badenoch from which important events even now derive their significance. As to her origin and birth, there seems to be as much doubt as of that of the Scriptural Melchizedek, but that she was no mythical personage, no mere creation of the heated imagination of the Highlander, is as indisputable as that the rock of Craigellachie still "stands fast" on its granite base. The Wife of Laggan seemed admirably suited for the role she assumed if the traditions handed down of her personal appearance can be relied upon, and fits in with the qualifications contained in the quatrain:

That Satan for weighty despatches
Sought messengers cunning and bold,
He passed by the beautiful faces,
And picked out the ugly and old.

When the century opened the Wife of Laggan would seem to be at the zenith of her notorious fame, and was fully invested with Satanic powers. She lived in gloomy solitude alone, on the verge of the great forest that stretches in unbroken line from Banffshire on the east to Fort-William on the west. Her caution was such that for years after she had passed away Badenoch mothers awed their children to sleep with stories of her doings, and even now in the long winter evenings round the peat fires the natives draw closer together, and the blood pulsates quicker in their veins when some grim incident in her life is recited. She was the terror of a district embracing an area of over 40 miles.

On the night preceding that which ushered in the century, a party of huntsmen, headed by the Black Officer of Ballacroan, proceeded to Gaick forest to kill deer. There were five in the party. The "Black Officer" had himself an evil reputation, and was alleged by the natives to be in daily communication with the Devil. Strange spectral lights were frequently seen in the dead of night at his residence. He had been connected with the Black Watch, and on retiring was appointed recruiting officer for the Central Highlands, in which capacity he proved himself unscrupulous and despotic. A storm such as was seldom experienced in that part of the country broke out, bringing disaster and ruin in its train. Great pine trees were whisked out of their gravelly beds as if they were reeds, and hundreds of sheep and deer smothered in the drift. The Black Officer and his party when they had disappeared behind the hill facing Ballacroan, were never afterwards seen alive. A search party was organised on the 2d of January, 1800, and they found the Black Officer and his men buried under tons of snow at the foot of a hill. They had taken shelter in a bothy from the fury of the storm, and an avalanche of snow came rushing down with the speed of lightning, burying the party, as I have stated. The guns of the party were twisted and distorted out of all shape, and the faithful hounds torn to pieces. It was these latter appearances that gave the datives the idea, which is still entertained, that the catastrophe was due to infernal agency, guided by the unerring hand of the Wife of Laggan. It is only fair to put on record here that the writer years ago had a conversation with a brother of one of the men lost but he was of the opinion that the cause of the catastrophe was due to purely natural causes.

The most gruesome story, and the one which one hears most frequently recited round the Badenoch hearth about the Wife of Laggan was the occasion when she transformed herself into a cat. A local hunter or sportsman in the forest of Glenmore was overtaken by a furious storm on the hills, and sought shelter in a shepherd's bothy. He had a couple of deerhounds accompanying him and being far from the abodes of men, with no signs of the storm abating, he decided to pass the night in the bothy. He kindled a fire of turf, and his hounds, fatigued with the day's journey, lay down beside him on the earthen floor. The hunter was wearied with the day's walking, and soon lay down to rest beside the fire, and save the eerie sound of the storm-god moaning and howling among the great pines and the deep echoing corries, silence reigned over the humble shieling. He prepared to sleep, but could not slumber. He listened to the wind for hours, he thought, then looked out, and saw nothing, but a mass of indistinguishable blackness. He had scarcely resumed his seat at the fire when the door opened suddenly, and a huge ugly cat entered. On seeing the hounds it retreated a step. The dogs sprang towards the animal, and would but for the timely interference of the hunter have torn it to pieces, so infuriated were they at their nocturnal visitor. The dogs slunk into a corner in obedience to their master but never taking their gaze from the cat' which stood in the doorway, looking steadfastly, with its red, glaring eyes, on the dying embers as the hunter stirred them to get a better view of his visitor. He looked at the cowering beast at the door, which addressed him thus—"Great hunter of the hills, I claim your protection. I am aware of your hatred to my craft, but I have lost my way, and I appeal to you in the name of the great spirit which rides on the wings of the blast, and who guides my actions, to save me from the fury of your dogs, and to give me shelter from the storm." The hunter, astonished at the linguistic power of the cat, invited it to approach the fire. She refused, however, to accept this hospitality except on the condition that he would bind the hounds by the necks with a long hair which she handed him. He agreed to this proposal, but instead of putting the hair round the necks of the dogs he threw it across a beam which ran along the length of the bothy. The witch then, believing that she was secure from the dogs, stepped towards the fire. The beast threw its red, fiendish eyes slowly around he room. The dogs lay growling in the corner. The hunter replenished the fire, and the crackling sparks flew up, and the tongued flames from the turf and bits of fat moss-fir rose in the primitive chimney. The cat began to expand and grow abnormally large. The hunter watched the expansion, and remarked to his visitor in Gaelic. "A bad death to you, you ugly wretch. You are getting bigger and bigger." "Ay, ay," said the cat, "it is the heat of the fire." In a twinkling she transformed herself into a woman, wrinkled and haggard, and as ugly as sin. The hunter quietly and breathlessly waited the development of events. "Hunter of the hills," said the witch, in a deep sepulchral voice, "your hour has come. Prepare for death. Long hast thou persecuted my people, but now you shall have your reward. Before the muircock rouses the echoes with his crowing, and before the fox has left his lair, your soul shall be in Ifrin (Hell). Fasten hair! fasten hair!" she screamed; but instead of fastening on the necks of the hounds it cut the beam in twain. The dogs sprang on the woman. She rushed to the door and managed to escape from her enemies by metamorphosing herself into the likeness of Denmark's grim raven, flying away in the direction of her home in Laggan. Both dogs on returning to the bothy, and while in the act of caressing their master, fell dead at his feet, so badly were they wounded. The witch too, was fatally injured, and never recovered. The following night a traveller returning from Strathdearn, when he had entered the gloomy forest of Monalea, in Badenoch, met a woman running as fast as she could and in a great state of trepidation. She asked the traveller how far distant the graveyard of Dalrossie was, and if it were possible she could reach it before the hour of midnight. The traveller indicated the way, and said that if she kept on at the same pace she would manage to reach the churchyard by twelve o'clock. She then resumed the journey, uttering the most heartrending cries. The traveller had not proceeded far when he met two large black dogs which rushed passed him with the speed of the wind, as if they were in hot pursuit of some object. About a mile further on the traveller met a man riding on a huge black horse, following up the dogs. The man asked the traveller if he had met a woman as he came along the hill. He said that he did, and afterwards two dogs. "Do you think the dogs will overtake the woman before she can reach the churchyard?" "They will come pretty near her," the traveller replied. The two men went each his own way. Before the traveller had proceeded far on the journey the man riding the black steed overtook him with the woman who was hurrying towards the graveyard before him across the bow of his saddle, and one of the dogs fixed in her breast and another in her thigh. The black rider said that he had overtaken the woman, which turned out to be the Wife of Laggan, just as she was entering the churchyard of Dalrossie. She was flying from the evil spirits to whom she had sold her soul. Dalrossie churchyard has for centuries been the refuge of witches. Once within its gates the tie which bound them to his Satanic Majesty is released.

That is the story of the fate of the last real Highland witch, and even though the devil got possession of her in the end it is a better termination than roasting her at a tar barrel, as was the case with scores of her predecessors who professed to be adepts in the black art. It may seem incredible, but there are scores of people who still believe the story I have imperfectly narrated.

DEVOURED BY JACKALS.

The Awful Fate of Three Men on the Great Colorado Desert.

John Lang is one of the largest cattle men on the Colorado desert. He last year discovered water about forty miles south of Indian Wells, and he created a very large cattle ranch there. He had just arrived at Los Angeles from his isolated home, and told of a find of three victims of the desert whose identity may never be disclosed.

About five weeks ago he and a couple of his vaqueros were riding along the old telegraph road leading from San Diego to Yuma, when, at a short distance from the road, he descried the wreck of a wagon. The party were in search of estrays from their herds, so they started from the trail and rode toward the wagon, which was completely broken down.

The sight that met their eyes was a sickening one, for the skeletons of three men were scattered about the region, their clothing torn into shreds by the ravenous coyotes and vultures. There was not a scrap of paper in the pockets by which they could be identified because there were no pockets left. But the box of the wagon bore stains of blood, half obliterated by the rain, showing that the unfortunate men had gathered into the box for safety until they became too exhausted to fight the ravenous jackals, which tore them limb from limb.

But the voice from the bush is never silenced. Even from the desert the voice of expiring nature cries aloud to heaven with its faintest breath. On a card tacked to the bed of the wagon was distinctly written in a hand that had grown tremulous with the pangs of famine the words, "We are lost. There is no water on the telegraph road." And this pathetic message from men whose three white skulls lay bleaching in the stunted grass beside the wagon was all that came back from them to the world that had closed on them forever.

"One of these men was a fat man," said Mr. Lang, "and the other two were thin. You can always tell the bones of a fat man because they contain a larger percentage of iron, which turns reddish brown after the flesh is removed and the bones have been exposed to the air. These men were less than four miles from a fairly good supply of water, but they did not know it."

They had evidently started on a prospecting tour from San Diego or Yuma, it is hard to say which, and, from the appearance of the bones and partial obliteration of the blood stains on the wagon, had been dead about five months.

No ox yokes nor harness could be found anywhere near the wagon, nor were there any weapons in sight. As people do not travel on such errands without weapons to aid them in procuring food, as well as for defence against Indians, it is quite likely that the wagon had been previously discovered by other parties passing that way, who robbed it of its ghastly find and kept the discovery to themselves.

What is said to be the largest gas-holder in the world has just been completed for the gas company of East Greenwich, England. It is 300 feet in diameter, and when fully inflated is 180 feet high. The floating vessel of the holder weighs 1,300 tons, and the capacity of the arrangements is 12,000,000 cubic feet.

WARRIOR ANTS.

Two Remarkable Experiences—A Siege and a Battle.

It was in Honduras, near the Caribbean coast, while on a government survey, that I first saw the warrior ants—those strange insects which march through the tropical forests in armies, attacking every living creature in their path.

One intensely hot day as I sat swinging idly in a hammock under the thatched roof of my bamboo hut, a native came running in, and, with excited gestures, bade me follow him.

I did so wonderingly, and, going out into the open, looked in the direction he indicated.

There on the rolling savana stretched a wide black belt extending far back into the deep shadows of the adjacent forest. It rose and fell with every formation of the ground, and, like a huge snake, slowly crept toward the village.

"The warrior ants," explained the native in a strange patois of English and Spanish, which I shall not attempt to imitate. "They will soon be here," he continued; "you had better untie your dogs or the ants will kill them."

Acting upon his advice, I loosed my dogs, and, retiring to a safe distance, watched the approach of the warriors.

In countless multitudes they swarmed over the plain, marching in compact order like a well-drilled army. Before them scurried a heterogeneous mass of lizards, grasshoppers, frogs, beetles, and all other manner of insects and reptiles in a wild scamper to escape to a place of safety.

Presently the advance guard reached my hut, and disappeared within, then the main column appeared, and soon the roof, floor, walls, and rafters were black with them.

Like the soft rustle of dried grass stirred by a gentle breeze came the sound of their presence in the leaves of my thatched roof. The sound increased in loudness as the rats, mice, lizards, cockroaches, centipedes, and others of their ilk, who had long made the roof their home, tried vainly to escape. Some succeeded in getting away from the house, but only to fall victims to the surrounding hordes without.

One large cockroach, I noticed made a plucky fight, but, overpowered by numbers, he gradually relaxed his efforts and was soon dismembered, each ant carrying off a portion of his body as a trophy.

The most exciting battle was with a snake about three feet long that tried to slip away unseen. The ants quickly surrounded him, however, and fought with terrific ferocity. With every switch of his tale the snake killed a score of his tormentors, but their places were soon filled by the black swarm which swept unceasingly on. Finally the writhings of the snake became fainter and fainter, and at last ceased entirely, and then, and not until then, did the ants relinquish their attack.

All day long they marched through the house until at sundown the end of the column had passed and was lost to view in the thickness of the forest.

I entered my house and prepared to survey ruefully my larder, but my anticipation or sorrow was premature, for there were all my provisions as I had left them—untouched. There was but one exception—a poor turtle which I had tied to a stake that morning, intending to keep him alive for a few days before making him into soup. He was stone dead, but the rumpled earth about him showed that he had made a hard fight for life. Not a dead ant was to be seen; they had all been carried off by their comrades.

I afterward learned that the warrior ants refuse to touch any food that they themselves have not caught and slain, which accounted for my provisions remaining unmolested.

I was overjoyed at the change in my house—not a cockroach, lizard or any other insect or reptile was left; they had been completely exterminated.

My second experience with warrior ants was not attended by such pleasant results, as you shall see.

I had been hunting all day in the vast forest with fairly good luck, but as dusk approached I found that in my enthusiasm I had wandered from the trail, and that I was practically lost.

Dreading the possibility of having to remain all night in the forest without my pablo (mosquito net), I looked around for a point of vantage from which to survey the surrounding country and get my bearings. Selecting a tall cabbage palm tree whose top towered high above the others, I removed my heavy hunting boots and started on my upward journey. The smooth surface of the tree rendered it difficult climbing; when about half way up I slipped and fell to the ground, a distance of about thirty feet.

Fortunately the earth beneath me was soft and spongy, and I escaped without being injured internally.

I tried to rise, but the sharp thrill of exquisite agony which shot through my leg made it impossible. I had broken my leg, and the unpleasant fact that I was helpless and must be there all night started me in the race.

My ultimates rescue troubled me but little, for I knew it was but a question of a comparatively short time before my absence from the village would be discovered and a search party sent out. Covering my head with my canvas coat as a protection against the myriad of mosquitoes which appeared soon after dark. I prepared to make myself as comfortable as was possible under the existing circumstances.

The long hours dragged along, and in spite of my precaution the mosquitoes bit me unmercifully.

Now and then a troop of baboons would crash through the forests and make night hideous with their deep roars as they jumped from tree to tree.

Their cries would awake the rest of the slumbering animal and bird world, who would add their quota to the infernal din, and it would be hours before the forest would be quiet again.

Finally the sun rose, and with the day came a strong sea breeze which swept my persecutors, the mosquitoes, far inland.

Listlessly I glanced about me, and, as I did so, my eye fell upon what seemed to be a large green blanket that I had not noticed before, about forty feet away.

I lazily speculated as to what it was, when presently a tremor ran through it, and it appeared to move.

On it came toward me across the open; slowly dragging over the uneven ground as though propelled by some invisible force.

Suddenly the truth flashed across my mind—it was the advance guard of an army of warrior ants, and the tiny green leaves composing the moving mass were each carried by one of them.

My heart sank within me as I remembered the fate of the snake and thought of my helpless condition.

Fascinated, I watched their preparations for the onslaught.

The green mass stopped. The ants had discovered the presence of an enemy in their path.

Messengers hurried to the rear, and soon the main body appeared; they marched as I had seen them before—in a compact column about six feet wide and extending as far back as the eye could reach. On they came closer and closer.

Suddenly I felt a shooting pain in my foot like the puncture of a red-hot needle, then another, and in an instant my body was covered with the ferocious insects.

They penetrated my clothes and sank their pincers deep into my quivering flesh. They doubled themselves and clung to me with a bull-dog tenacity—hundreds I killed but thousands remained to take their places.

Maddened with pain, I shrieked and screamed like a hurt child. Thank heaven! Answering cries were heard, and a party of natives burst through the bush.

They took in the situation at a glance, and, rushing in among the ants, picked me up and bore me rapidly away from my terrible assailants.

The next day, while lying in my hut with my injured leg in a splint and my swollen body daubed with moist clay, a young native entered, holding carefully between his fingers a large warrior ant.

"Senor, you do not like these ants?" he inquiringly asked. I confessed my love for them did not seriously disturb my peace of mind. "But we do," he laughed, "they clean our houses well, and then, too, they heal our wounds." I took the ant from his hand on a twig. He was about half an inch long and a glossy jet-black color. His head, which was of enormous comparative size, was armed with exceedingly sharp, branching forceps, or mandibles, which he kept high in the air, now and again bringing his jaws together with a sudden snap.

It was hard for me to believe that this lively little fellow was stone blind, yet such was the case; they have no eyes, but their sense of smell is very acute and the absence of sight seems to trouble them very little.

"Yes," I replied, handing the insect back, "I have seen them clean your houses—but as for wounds," rubbing myself ruefully, "I thought they made them instead of healing them."

"Look at this cut upon my hand," he answered. "See." Taking the ant in his sound hand, he held it just over the cut; the insect's pincers clasped and caught the edges of the flesh on either side of the cut and drew them tightly together. This done, the native twisted the head of the ant from its body and showed me his hand.

"You see the cut is closed," he said, "The pinchers of the ant hold the flesh together—it will soon heal now."

This was the last I saw of these wonderful insects, which take the place, in the tropics, of housemaid and surgeon, for I soon afterward returned to Canada.

A WRESTLING LION.

Rather a Dangerous Sport, but it Pleases the Crowd.

Roused to emulation by the instantaneou success of the boxing kangaroo, London variety managers have been hustling to unearth a rival athletic novelty. The Oxford Theatre of Varieties believes it has at length filled the bill, and now expends its display type on the wrestling lion.

The Sporting Life describes the first appearance of the leonine star as follows:

When the curtain was drawn up the lion was discovered in a huge cage, making the usual parade from end to end of his prison house peculiar to his species. In a brief speech Mr. C. R. Brighten, the courteous manager, stated that the lion was bred in the forest, and was brought to England four years ago. He has been two years under the care of Amousa, who is a West Indian and black as ebony, with gleaming eyes, and teeth as white as the driven snow. Standing 5 feet 10½ inches, and weighing close on 15 stone, he looks the personification of strength and courage. Quietly he entered the lion's cage, and at a sign from Alex, the brute reared himself up and the pair "took hold" in the Cumberland fashion only neither could clasp hands round the body. The first fall was given in favor of his majesty the lion (whose name, by the way, is Prince), who simply, by superior weight in the upper part of his body, bored his opponent down flat on his back. Again the couple got into grips, the lion apparently very unwillingly this time. After a little manœuvring Alex attempted to twist the king of the beasts on his back, but failed lamentably, both falling side by side. Consequently a "dog fall" was recorded. For a while the lion rested on his haunches until in a catch-hold bout Alex threw him very cleverly by a singularly well-executed twist. The fourth and last fall went to the sable champion, who very adroitly back-hurled the leonine hero of the wrestling arena, and fell plump upon him. At the close of the wrestling Alex opened the jaws of the lion, and, while holding them apart, placed his head in the stomach. After that Prince fired a pistol which was suspended from the roof of the cage, and then Alex and the lion lay down on the floor together and positively cuddled each other. Talk of the lion lying down with the lamb, that performance, if it ever comes off, hasn't a look in what took place at the Oxford yesterday afternoon. Before being supplied with his customary afternoon luncheon his majesty eats a couple of snacks of beef from Alex's mouth, and seemed to enjoy the toothsome morsels. By no means the least interesting of the twain is Alex Amousa, who has been a lion hunter and lion trainer and tamer from his youth. He was a very attractive conversationalist, and speaks modestly of himself. Stating that he knew little of the art of wrestling, and was not particularly conversant with such clips as the back-heel, the cross-buttock, the inside click, or the flying mare, but, with a merry twinkle in his intelligent eye, he signified that he could take his own part. Alex is not certain as to how many pounds avoirdupois Prince weighs at the present moment, but he states the lion is above the ordinary size and weight, and is a little over 6 years old, and the most tractable of his species he has met with.

Alaska miners pay fifty cents for a potato.

THE HOME OF BIG BEN.

Fifteen Minutes in the Great Clock Tower At Westminster—The Biggest Clock in the World.

Its Dial is Twenty-three Feet in Diameter, and Its Minute Hand is Fifteen Feet Long.

Between the palace yard at Westminster and the top of the clock tower which marks the hours for parliament, there are 420 steps. No one predisposed to heart disease, even in its mildest form, whether an orphan and an alien or a son of the soil and burdened with a large and growing family, should under any circumstances attempt to climb unless accompanied by a life or accident insurance policy and a guide. The mere presence of a guide need not be accepted as a safeguard against apoplexy, particularly if the guide be Mr. J. W. Prim, the resident engineer of the palace, for, although not exactly youthful in mere years, he is so accustomed to going up and down the 420 steps that six trips in a day have no worse effect upon him than to put a razor edge on his appetite.

The clock from which Big Ben strikes the hours is the largest in the world. Looking at the dial from the northern footway of Great George street, or from the Embankment, it looks as if its diameter might be equal to the space that a man of medium size could cover with outstretched arms. This estimate hardly does the dial justice, for its diameter is twenty-three feet. From the ground the minutes on the dial look like ordinary minutes, and as if they were close together. As a matter of fact, they are a foot apart. The numerals are two feet long. The minute hand, with the counter balance—the heavy end that projects beyond the centre of the dial—is fifteen feet in length. This hand is so massive that during a snowstorm sometimes the clock is retarded by the weight of the flakes that alight upon it.

The clock room is an apartment fifteen feet square. Fully a third of it is occupied by the works. The other two-thirds are filled with a "tick-tick-tick-tick" that never stops and that bores holes through people who are unaccustomed to it. The "tick" is large enough to supply about a hundred clocks of the style that stand on the floor and are on terms of intimacy with the ceiling. The pendulum is too long for the room and is accommodated with a hole in the floor, so that its swing is familiar to two apartments. It does not look unlike the driving rod of huge engine. When the chimes announce that another quarter of an hour has fled there is a frightful commotion in the clock room. A large double fan whizzles around as if time were worth £100 a second, and it wanted about an hour. It stops as suddenly as it began, and then a ratchet, on which the spindle runs, makes a ripping, crunching noise, that in the dark would strike terror to the heart of a stone dog. The clock is wound up by hand. It is wound up twice a week. The winding is done by two men who are supposed not to have a weak spot in their frames. Each wind up occupies four hours, during which no vacation for refreshments is permitted. The men halt while the quarters chime. No difficulty has ever been experienced in inducing them to halt. According to an inscription on the works. "This clock was made in the year of our Lord, 1854," from the design of Mr. Edmund Becket Denison, by Messrs. Dent.

To reach the home of Big Ben from the clock room it is necessary to climb seventy-two steps. The home of the great bell is light and airy. The floor and all supports of the tower in Big Ben's quarters are of iron, the supports being solid, the floor of open work. The space occupied by Big Ben and the four quarters—the bells that chime—is square. The bell that strikes the first quarter is, at the mouth, about the size of a coach umbrella. The bell that strikes the half is considerably larger. The three-quarters is of still larger growth, while the four-quarters, at the mouth, is about five feet in diameter. While one of these bells is chiming the section of an hour the clock tower is filled with a resonant, vibrating hum that does not die with the last stroke, but fades away so gradually that it still seems to sing in the ears long after it has been swept away by a breeze that whistles as it rushes in at one entrance, whirls around and past the bells, and flies out at another opening. Big Ben, in comparison with the other four bells, looks like the gigantic sire of four promising sons. Lying on the floor is the old clapper. It is an oblong piece of iron, two feet long, twelve inches in diameter, and weighs 750 pounds. Had not an accident happened Big Ben his tones would be even louder than they are. Before he was placed in position some of the workmen amused themselves striking him with sledge hammers in order to make him speak. In response to one blow he replied in a cracked voice.

In order to repair Big Ben's voice the crack was cut away until the tone of the bell was again true, though quite a large piece of metal was removed. Still, had the accident not happened, Big Ben's voice would be louder and perhaps more musical, though this may not be the opinion of the clapper that is in use. He struck 1 o'clock yesterday when I was looking down upon him from a height of ten feet, waiting for the explosion. The tremendous sound seemed to be made of a massive "B," a long succession of gigantic captial "R's," a brigade of mammoth "O's" and a phalanx of leviathan "M's."

Twenty could stand under Big Ben in a rainstorm and escape a wetting if the rain fell in an exact perpendicular and stayed where it fell. About a foot from the mouth, on the interior, is the following inscription: "This bell weighs 13 tons 10 cwt. 3 qr. 15 lb. It was cast by George Mears of Whitechapel, for the clock of the houses of Parliament, under the direction of Edmund Becket Denison, Q. C., in the twenty-first year of the reign of Queen Victoria, and in the year of our Lord 1858.

The new light is forty-three steps higher than Big Ben. The old light was twenty-four steps higher still. The new light is of 2000 candle power.

The view from the top of the tower depends upon the weather. The latter was hazy when we looked out. Nothing beyond Lambeth Bridge could be seen Lambeth way. Only the tops of Nelson's monument and the Duke of York's column appeared above the mist, Westminster Abbey looked lonely and mystical. The National Liberal Club looked modestly small. On a clear day it is possible with a good glass to see Epsom Downs.