

THE MYSTERY OF THE HOLLY TREE.

CHAPTER VIII.—(CONTINUED).

Word by word we read this letter, and when we had ended it fell from Philippa's hands to the ground. She trembled like a leaf in the wind, her eyes were full of wild light, her face flushed crimson.

"I knew he was innocent!" she cried. Gladys went to the squire, and tell him that he must come to me in the library at once—he must not delay. Oh, thank Heaven, it has come to light at last!

I went at once. The squire looked at me. "Is it about Arthur—have they found him?" he asked.

"No; it is something about yourself and her. Pray, sir, be quick."

I shall never forget her face as we entered the library. The light fell full upon it—the noble dignity, the proud happiness, I shall never forget.

"What has happened to you, Philippa?" asked the squire. "There is something in your face that I have not seen for years. What is it?"

She went to him, holding the letter in her hands.

"Heaven is very good to me," she said, simply; "Guy is cleared."

He took the letter from her hand and looked at it.

"Why, this is Anice Vane's writing!" he cried in alarm.

"Yes; and this is a lock of her hair, and this is her little pearl ring—it was her mother's once. Nay, do not tremble; sit down and read that letter."

"Where was it found?" he asked, with shaking hands.

"Gladys Ayerton found it—I will tell you where afterwards. Anice wrote it to me on the morning she left home, and it has been hidden ever since. Read it, father."

Without another word the squire opened it and read. Every now and then he uttered a long, low cry. Philippa stood with her arm around his neck. When he had finished his head sank on his breast with a deep groan. Before we had time to speak a servant opened the door.

"Sir Guy Brooklyn wishes to see you, sir, at once."

No one moved or spoke. The next moment a tall, handsome man with the noblest face I had ever seen, entered the room. Philippa's face flushed, but no sound escaped her lips. He went straight up to the squire.

"Sir," he said, proudly, "I summon you to do me justice at last."

But the white head only dropped lower. When the squire looked up at last, there was something so heart-broken, so unutterably wretched in his worn face, that Sir Guy involuntarily bent over him.

"You have been very hard, very cruel, very unjust to me, sir; you persisted in believing me guilty when I swore to you that I was innocent. No one could do any man greater wrong than you have done me. Come with me. To-night, by Heaven's help, I have saved Arthur Brandon's life; he lies at my house. He has been very near death, but he will live, I hope. He has that to tell you which will clear me. I suspected it long ago."

"There is no need for me to hear more," said the squire, slowly; "I know enough. Read that."

Sir Guy took the letter and read it in silence.

"It is a sad story, sir," he said; "but, when you have heard what Brandon has to tell you, you will judge him less harshly. There is a carriage waiting for you and Miss Carleon. There may be great danger. One doctor says that Brandon has not an hour to live. I have hopes; but you must come to him."

"Guy," said the squire, in trembling tones, "can you ever forgive me?"

As he spoke a strain of music startled us. It was the "waits," and presently these words saluted our ears: "Peace on earth—peace on earth."

"Guy," again inquired the trembling voice, "will you pardon me?"

I turned away to hide my tears, for I saw the squire on his knees, his white head bent, and I heard Philippa weeping aloud.

When I turned again, Sir Guy had his arms around the drooping figure, and the old squire's head lay on the young man's breast.

"I always loved you, Guy. I loved you so dearly that I could not endure the thought of your guilt; it stung me as nothing else could have done. I did believe you guilty; Anice did not express herself clearly, and she was dying. I can understand now that when she uttered your name it was to clear you, not accuse you. It was my brother's son who did this great wrong."

"Hear him, sir, before you judge him," said Sir Guy; and then he went to Philippa. "My true, dear love," he said, "truest and dearest; there was no letter for you to-night. I was bringing it, and, coming over the cliffs I heard a feeble moan. It was dark and stormy, but I soon found light and help. After searching for some time, we discovered Arthur Brandon; he had fallen, not to the bottom of the cliff, but to some distance. Because he was your cousin I risked my life to save his. I went down and with the help of a stout rope brought him up more dead than living. We carried him to Deane's Chase, where he recovered his senses and found that I had saved his life. He confessed his sin to me, and prayed me to fetch the squire. Philippa, my true love, I can say to you now what I have written before."

He clasped her in his arms and kissed her. No wonder she loved him. He had the grace, the chivalry, the bravery that would have befitted a king. And then, notwithstanding the snow and the wind, they set out.

On what he believed his death-bed, Arthur Brandon told his story to the squire. He had not intended such deadly harm; he had loved Anice Vane very dearly, but not well enough to brave the squire's anger for her sake. He loved her best, but he would have married Philippa for her fortune if she had been willing.

He did not intend asking Anice to elope with him; but, when she knew that he was going, her sorrow was so great, and his vanity was so flattered by it, that he proposed to marry her privately—and she was only too willing.

They arranged that the marriage should take place at St. Hilda's Bay, and that she was to live there until they had summoned courage to tell the squire.

Such conduct was not to be defended—it was base, treacherous and dishonorable—but they were young, foolish, and so much in love that they imagined they could not

live without each other. More than once Arthur Brandon was inclined to tell the squire, but he feared that his uncle would withdraw his allowance if he knew all.

They met at St. Hilda's, and they were married there. Before six months had elapsed they quarreled, and the young husband, in a fit of anger, said that theirs had been a runaway marriage, and that she was no wife. He meant nothing by the words, but she believed them, and they drove her mad.

He had kept the secret of their marriage well. His visits to St. Hilda's Bay had been so well managed that no one knew anything of them. He was quite safe in inviting the squire to Dover, for no one had the least suspicion of his secret.

His foolish words spoken in anger, had driven Anice mad, for she left her home and went he never knew whither. He would have given much to unsay them, but it was too late. He searched, but could not find any trace of her. Then he committed the worst and most shameful part of his sin. He ought at once, on losing her, to have gone to the squire and confessed all; and then, without doubt, she would have been found by their united efforts; but a coward fear came over him and he yielded to it.

He thought that, if the squire should know now, he would never forgive him, and that to the anger he would feel at the elopement and marriage would be added a most just and righteous anger at the loss of her. He dreaded lest the squire in his wrath should withdraw his allowance; and cut him out of his will; so he sacrificed Anice. There was no excuse, and there could hardly be any forgiveness for him. He told how sorry he was to find his cousin determined to give up King's Norton, and how often he had felt impelled to confess to the squire, so that Sir Guy might be cleared; but the same coward fear deterred him—he could not afford to anger his uncle. But, when the accident happened, and he found himself in the very presence of death, he was afraid with more than mortal fear, and he confessed.

The squire's wrath was terrible to witness; but the grievous error into which he had fallen respecting Sir Guy made him more humble and more merciful. He forgave his nephew, but it was a painful pardon.

"I will forgive you," he said; "but you must not live in my presence. You are my brother's son, but you have destroyed the daughter of the woman I loved, and I cannot look upon your face; you must go away. If in after years you wipe off by brave and good deeds the stains of your cowardly sin, so much the better. I shall not alter my will; the money I have always intended to leave you shall be yours; but I must forget what you have done before my home can ever be yours again."

Arthur Brandon did not die that Christmas night.

The squire and his daughter returned home. They had been missed from among their guests, but I made some excuse for their absence, and the events of the night did not transpire until afterwards.

CHAPTER IX.

While the Aberdare bells were sounding merrily on Christmas morning, a knock was heard at the hall door; and it was almost a shock of surprise to those present when Sir Guy Brooklyn entered. Every one knew of the quarrel and separation, though the cause was not so well known. There was not one present who did not rejoice. Philippa Carleon seemed to have grown years younger in that one night.

What a welcome there was for the baronet! And as he and Philippa stood together, I thought that I had never seen a handsomer couple. No wonder that she loved him; looking at him and listening to him, I did wonder that any man living could suspect him of dishonor.

"The church bells are ringing," said the squire. "We shall be late unless we start at once. Guy, you take Philippa."

There was no need to have said that, for he stood already by Philippa's side, and was looking with lover's eyes at her beautiful face.

"How long is it, my darling," I heard him say, "since we walked through the woods together?"

As we passed out of the hall door a beautiful sight greeted us. The tempest of the night before had abated; the sun was shining on the snow; and the crimson berries of the holly-trees and the white flowers of the laurustinus seemed to smile upon us; the sun shined on the hoar frost and on the icicles, made the earth look as though a diamond shower had fallen over it.

"We have something to thank Heaven for to-day," said the squire—and I saw tears in his eyes. "I never thought to see the sun shine so brightly again."

If I could judge from Sir Guy's face his heart was filled with gratitude. The rest of that Christmas day will linger with me as the sweetest memory of my life. Its unbounded happiness, the music, the warmth, the fragrance, the bright evergreens, the Christmas banquet—it warms my heart even now when I think of it all.

And then, when the guests were gone, and the moon was shining on the snow, the squire sent for Sir Guy and Philippa. "Come with me, Gladys," said Miss Carleon. "You have shared my sorrow and you must share my joy."

I went, and the squire smiled when he saw me.

"Gladys Ayerton," he said, "you must be a daughter to me when I lose my own."

But Philippa clung round his neck.

"You will not lose me," she said. I shall never go from King's Norton."

"Listen to me," said the squire. "This is the 25th—I may say the 26th—of December, and you must be married before the 7th of January, if you are ever to be mistress of King's Norton, Philippa. Now, Guy, persuade her to name the day, while I talk with Gladys about the wedding. The very word makes me young again. I cannot imagine anything happier than a wedding at Christmas time."

Sir Guy bent over Philippa—what persuasion he used who shall say? In a few minutes he raised his head.

"That is good news," he cried—"of all the days in the year, the very day I should have chosen myself—New Year's Day."

So it was decided; and the squire could not do enough for Sir Guy. The wedding was to be the grandest festivity ever held in the old walls of King's Norton. It

seemed to me that half the county were invited, there was such a bevy of fair young bridesmaids; and Philippa would have me for the chief.

The squire could not pay honor enough to Sir Guy. When at last he remonstrated with him on his lavish expenditure and magnificent presents, the squire said:

"Let me show the world how I wish to atone to you, Guy. Do not interfere. I owe you all the amends one man can make to another."

On New Year's Day the hall was one mass of evergreens and wedding favors—great wreaths of holly twined with orange blossoms, mistletoe and laurel twined with dark fir. The earth still wore its bridal dress of pure white snow; but the memory that is choicest to me, the dream that is sweetest is of Philippa's face, as I saw it through her bridal veil.

On that most happy day Lord Estcourt had been invited to the wedding, and he came. I am sure no one rejoiced more heartily in Philippa's happiness than he did. While every one was busy wishing all kinds of good wishes to the bride and bridegroom, he came to me.

"Gladys," he said, calling me by my name for the first time. "I want to speak to you. Will you spare me a few moments?"

We went to the large bay window, and stood looking out on the scene. Turning to me, with a look on his face that I had never expected to see there, he asked me to be his wife.

How his proposal surprised me! Even to my own heart I had never whispered how dearly I loved him. There was but one answer to his question, and that was "Yes."

Arthur Brandon, as I have said, did not die on Christmas night. He recovered, and after awhile went abroad with his regiment. He repented of the wild sin and folly of his youth, until the hour of his death. He died on the battle-field, and in the annals of military story it is told how fearlessly he met his fate.

As I write these last words there rises before me the vision of that happy New Year's. I see the snow, the holly, the orange blossoms; my heart grows warm with New Year greetings; the sound of New Year bells makes sweetest music; and I say to you, dearest reader, as the squire said to his guests, the time-honored, well-loved words—"A happy New Year."

[THE END.]

A New Motor for Steamships.

As great an improvement on the screw propeller as the screw was on the old paddle wheel of Fulton is claimed to have been made by a local inventor named A. B. Smith, who has been for many years in the pilot service of this coast. To the end of each of two hollow shafts, running astern after the fashion of the screw shaft, is fastened a circular steel plate made in two equal parts and joined on a vertical line. The two parts of the plate are so hinged together and so moved by a rod running through the shaft that they may be opened to present a flat surface of great diameter to the water astern of the steamer, or closed so as to present only the thickness of the steel of which the two parts of the blade are formed. When in operation one of these two round blades is forced outward with great velocity while open, and the other blade at the same instant is closed and brought back toward the stern of the vessel. The shaft, as will be seen, is not turned as in a screw steamer, the only action being a horizontal stroke. As the stroke is direct, it is unnecessary to use engines, the power being applied from the cylinder. It is also claimed that much less power is necessary than for screw propulsion, as in the rotating motion of the screw from 35 to 40 per cent. of the power is lost in keeping the number of revolutions per minute up to the figure at which headway can be made.

For a steamer of the dimensions and tonnage of the State of California, the propeller blades would each be six feet in diameter, with a seven-foot stroke. A boat thirty-two feet long has been built for the trial of the new propelling system. She will soon receive her boiler and machinery, and will make her first trip about the middle of next month. The size of her blades is about one and one-half feet, and the shaft has a twenty four inches stroke. Great interest is taken in the invention, and its success is hoped for by all steamship owners here, who are anxious to secure an increase of speed and a reduction of expense in the running of their craft. The motion of a steamer can easily be reversed, the opening and closing of the propeller blades being regulated by a simple attachment to the rod enclosed in the shaft. If the rudder be lost, the steamer can easily be steered through the medium of the shaft. All of these peculiar features of the new system of propulsion have been fully demonstrated by practical operation, a small boat with wooden propeller blades and shaft of the kind referred to having made an unusually high rate of speed, the machinery working to the entire satisfaction of the inventor.

The record of the Ledger shows the deaths of persons who died at great age in Philadelphia during 1886, as follows:—Ninety years, 34; 91 years, 23; 92 years, 22; 93 years, 13; 94 years, 8; 95 years, 13; 96 years, 12; 97 years, 8; 98 years, 3; 99 years, 5; 100 years, 5; 101 years, 1; 102 years, 1; 104 years, 2; 109 years, 1. The invariable preponderance of women is again emphasized this year. On the male side only 22 lived to or beyond 90, and their combined ages make up a total of 2,061 years, while the aggregate ages of these women aged 90 or over give 4,224 years.

WARMING OVER DWELLINGS.—The old-fashioned fireplace, with its black log of glowing coals to throw heat into the room, was probably a wasteful method of heating houses as could well be devised. But the fuel of those days was plentiful, and the fireplace with open draught to the chimney at least gave better ventilation than has been devised by the methods of heating houses provided now. Heated air is not unhealthful, provided it has been heated so as to destroy substances with which it comes in contact and thus change its carbon to carbonic acid gas. Our present modes of warming houses are defective alike in the waste of heat and in lack of ventilation. The best stoves and furnaces allow an enormous amount of heat to go out through the chimney, while all give much impure air to the rooms which they occupy. There is room for invention as to the best means for cheaply and effectively warming houses, and at the same time securing good ventilation.

NOTES FOR HOUSEKEEPERS.

Make children's gingerbread with oat instead of wheat flour. It acts as a medicine.

Scraped potato applied to a burn on the skin will relieve pain and reduce inflammation.

A simple home remedy forroup is alum and sugar. The way to use it is to take a knife or a grater and shave off in small particles about a teaspoonful of alum; mix this with twice its amount of sugar to make it palatable and administer it as quickly as possible. Almost instantaneous relief will follow.

Dr. Hammond warns people against spending money for silk to be used in making undergarments. Silk is not, he says, a suitable material to be worn next to the skin, principally for the reason that it is not a good absorbent of moisture. Wool is by all means the best.

The latest announced theory regarding cancers is that it is a result of a nervous shock. The case of General Grant would seem to sustain this view in part, and more clearly the case of John Roach, whose illness is said to have manifested itself soon after his business misfortune, which came suddenly upon him.

JOHNNA CAKE.—Two-thirds of a teaspoonful of soda, three tablespoonfuls of sugar, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one egg, one teacup of sweet milk, six tablespoonfuls of Indian meal, three tablespoonfuls of flour and a little salt.

CREAM BISCUITS.—Six eggs, separate the yolks and whites, beat the former with six ounces of powdered sugar and the same of flour, whisk the whites and then mix them together, add to it whipped cream in proportion to the sugar and flour, stir it carefully. Pour this into moulds or paper cases and bake.

CARROT PUDDING.—One pound of boiled and mashed carrots, one pound of flour, one-half pound each of suet, raisins and currants, one-quarter of a pound of citron and a little salt. Mix and tie in a cloth and boil two hours or more. As this receipt includes neither milk nor eggs, when mixed it is as stiff as a loaf of bread, and should be made in form to boil.

THE SAUCE.—One cup of sugar, one-half cup of butter, hot water sufficient to melt them, and flavor to the taste.

TRY BARLEY FLOUR.—I wish to say a word of favor for barley as a general article of food. As a regular breakfast dish, it will be liked better than oatmeal by many persons—especially ladies and children—it takes a medium position between brain and muscle feeders and oats is largely a muscle-feeder. In ancient times barley was the staple cereal, the old Homeric heroes used fruit mainly for bread, and the Roman soldier received his rations in barley. For intellectual work wheat constitutes the king of the cereals, but one might call barley the queen, and artists will prefer it if they closely observe the effects.

TWO ENGLISH HOLIDAY CAKES.

Yule Cakes.—These cakes are made in large quantities in the northern counties of England during Christmas or "yule tide." They are often served as an accompaniment to cheese, but they also form a welcome addition to the tea table, especially when one is growing weary of the richer dainties. Put four pounds of fine flour into a large bowl with a dessert spoonful of salt; rub in a pound and a half of butter, until quite smooth, then make a hole in the centre, and pour in a quarter of a pint of strong home-made yeast, or three ounces of German yeast, dissolved in lukewarm water. Draw a little of the flour from the sides into the yeast, sufficient to make it like batter, then sprinkle flour on the top, cover the bowl with a clean cloth, and set it in a warm place to rise. When the yeast begins to rise in bubbles through the flour, knead the dough thoroughly, in the same manner as for common bread; then let it rise again until nice and light. At the end of two or three hours, when the dough is sufficiently risen, work in, by degrees, two pounds of currants, one pound of raisins, one pound of sugar, an ounce of spice, and four or five well-beaten eggs. Divide the mass into loaves of the required size, put them into tins lined with buttered paper, and bake in a well-heated oven for an hour, or more, according to size. These cakes are better made just a day or two before using.

Lemon Sponge Cake.—This is a most delicious cake, and forms a nice contrast to the dark fruit cakes, and this is a great point, for if we wish to have an attractive tea-table, we must always study variety. Break six fresh eggs, and separate the yolks from the whites. Beat the yolks thoroughly, and while beating, add half a pound of sifted white sugar, the rind of a large lemon, grated, and two tablespoonfuls of orange-flower water. When the beating has been kept up briskly for some time, dredge in gradually half a pound of finest flour, then add the juice of the lemon, strained, and the egg whites, whisked to a firm froth. Beat for a few minutes longer, till all the ingredients are thoroughly blended; then pour the mixture into a pretty, well buttered mould, and bake at once in a well heated oven for about three-quarters of an hour.

Speed the Snow Plough.

BY W. M. BRATTON.

Let others praise the rural plough
That turns the soil in lengthening furrow,
And farmer stout that guides the share
Where once the gopher used to burrow,
The plough I sing of other sort.
That runs in town when all is whitened;
No field it waves with lapping sods,
But scoops a path for children frightened
Who schoolward went with easy steps,
But had not Pat, whom corporation
Has hired, been here with thee to plough,
They'd stayed at home and roused the nation,
Their merry shouts have died away,
But welcome back without a sorrow
The daisies who've left this morning cold
And but for thee had stayed the morrow.
Then speed thee, plough, pile up the snow
To right and left. No need of harrow;
Instead of tramping road so rough
They walk thy track on sidewalk narrow.

Marah.

BY HANS KORHEL.

Like Rachel I am mourning for my dead.
The evening shadows gather round my heart,
And from my eyes the bitter tear-drops start.
"They are not," and shall I be comforted
While through this deepest Marah I am led?
I see their dimpled cheeks, their sunny hair,
Their laughing eyes and faces pure as fair.
I hold my arms to them, and they are fled,
"O, vision of my angel children, stay!"
Nought but the winter wind doth make reply,
The vision has already passed away,
In vain my bitter, agonising cry,
No longer may I their loved features see,
Fond memory alone remains to me.

A DREADFUL EMBRACE.

The Sentations of a Man Who Gets into the Arms of a Devil Fish.

"We were lying about half a mile off the beach at the Barbadoes, overhauling the standing rigging," said James Gillis, able seaman, "when the mate ordered John Webb, an apprentice boy, and myself into the yawl, which had been covered and brought around to the port side, that some painting might be done just about the main mast. It was a terribly hot day, with the water very warm and the men having little energy. The paint was lowered down to us, and while I used the brush the boy held the yawl in position. We had been at work for about a quarter of an hour when the boy suddenly yelled out in affright, and as I turned to him he declared that he had seen

A HORRIBLE-LOOKING OBJECT

pass under the boat, and so on under the ship. Here are plenty of strange creatures floating about in those waters, and a patch of seaweed will sometimes assume a queer shape. I laughed at the boy's fears, but at the same time saw how pale and frightened he looked.

"What's wanted below there?" called the mate as he leaned over the rail, having heard Webb's cry of alarm.

"I—I saw something go under the boat, sir."

"O, you did. Well, if you bawl out again you'll feel something go under your jacket."

"I began work again, and had been at it only three or four minutes when the yawl heaved away from the ship two or three feet, and at the same instant the boy screamed again. His voice had scarcely reached my ears when something flashed before my eyes.

SOMETHING CAUGHT MY ARM

and pulled it down and pinned it fast to my body, and in five seconds more I knew what had happened. A devil fish had hung one of his arms about me. Webb was screaming at the top of his voice, and, as I got a look at him, I saw that two of the beast's feelers were clenching him. The arm or feeler which had reached me pinned my arm to my side as if in a vise, making a clean wrap around my body, and the extreme end of the feeler crept up along my neck and face. Talk of pain; I never felt anything like it. The teeth of a bulldog couldn't have hurt worse. It was a burning, biting, blistering sensation, as if a live coal had been laid on the flesh. I added my yells to those of Webb, but before any one came to the rail I was jerked to my knees in the boat and saw that the creature's object was to pull me overboard. I heard the boy go down and thrash about, and then three of the men came to our assistance.

"The devil fish had outwitted himself. He had gone under the ship and fastened to her bottom or keel, and as soon as he began pulling on us he of course pulled the yawl close against the ship's side. That closed the gap, and he could not pull us overboard, although I think he would have upset the yawl, for we were both down on her starboard side and she was almost on her beam ends when the men jumped down. They began to cut and slash and hack with their knives, and after two or three minutes they had us free—not of the arms, but of the creature. We were hoisted on board

HOWLING AND GROANING,

with the feelers still biting, and they had to be cut from us almost by inches. Webb got it far worse than I did, as he wore a thin cotton shirt and was barefooted. He was bitten on one foot, both hands, and across the breast, and it was a long two weeks before he was on deck again, his face swelled up until one eye was closed, and the poison made me ill for many days. Wherever one of the cups or suckers took hold the skin was entirely taken off, and it seemed as if pins had been stuck into the raw flesh. A native doctor brought me some herbs of which to make a poultice, and, though that relieved the pain and helped me to get around again, it was months before my face was entirely well.

"The devil fish minded the loss of his three arms for only half an hour, at the end of which time he clutched the empty boat, half capsized her, and swam twice around the ship as a defiance to the crew. Two or three musket balls were fired into him, and he sank out of sight to be seen no more during our stay."

How to Live a Full Century.

Prof. Humphry of Cambridge has prepared a series of tables which contain some interesting information about centenarians. Of 52 persons whom he mentions, at least 11—2 males and 9 females—actually attained the age of 100. Others attained very nearly to the hundred years. Only one of the persons reached 108 years, while one died at the alleged age of 106. Of the 52 persons, 36 were women and 16 men. Prof. Humphry tells us that the comparative immunity of women from the exposures and risks to which men are subjected, and the greater temperance in eating and drinking exhibited by women are the chief points in determining their higher chances of longevity. Out of the 36 women 26 had been married and 11 had borne large families. Of the 26 who had been wives 8 had married before they were 20, one at 16 and 2 at 17.

Twelve of the fifty-two centenarians were discovered to have been the eldest children of their parents. This fact, adds Dr. Humphry, does not agree with popular notions that first children inherit a feebleness of constitution, nor, with the opinion of racing stables, which is decidedly against the idea that "firstlings" are to be depended on for good performances on the course. The centenarians generally regarded were of spare build. Gout and rheumatism were as a rule, absent. "It seems," says Prof. Humphry, "that the frame which is destined to great age needs no such prophylactics, and engenders none of the peccant humors for which the fingers joints (as in gout) may find a vent."

Of the fifty-two aged people, twenty-four only had no teeth, the average number of teeth remaining being four or five. Long hours of sleep were notable among these old people, the period of repose averaging nine hours; while out of door exercise in plenty and early rising are to be noted among the factors of a prolonged life. One of the centenarians "drank to excess on festive occasions;" another was a "free beer drinker;" and "drank like a fish during his whole life." Twelve had been total abstinents for life or nearly so, and mostly all were "small meat eaters."