



OH, THIS DEAR OLD MERRY CHRISTMAS! WAS THERE EVER SUCH A TIME!

MRS. PEABODY'S SOLITAIRES.

By Annelotte Van Hoesen Wakeman.

YES, I have been out enjoying what is probably the last opportunity of the season," said Mrs. Peabody as she stood in her bicycle costume, one of a little group waiting in the hotel rotunda for the elevator.

"Rather a cold opportunity, was it not?" said one of the gentlemen, regarding her with respectful admiration.

"A little fresh, but I can't let my path slip from me unimproved," and smiling she stepped lightly, but with dignified dignity, into the elevator.

"That's a woman in ten thousand," said the gentleman who had spoken to Mrs. Peabody.

"Yes," said his companion. "The old Mrs. Peabody," as her family and friends half in jest, half seriously, call her, is an exceptional woman. Her husband is 40. But years don't count when a woman is as charming as Mrs. Peabody. Give me a worldly woman of her right sort every time. It will be long enough for angels when we reach the Elysian fields."

"You're right. Didn't she look a picture, though, in that natty bicycle outfit?"

In the meantime Mrs. Peabody had donned a modish house gown and seated herself in the circling window of her sitting-room. It was one of the handsomest apartments in the hotel and its view was commanded a superb view of the shore and distant city. Although the holidays were near at hand the snow was just beginning to fall in large, far-apart flakes that poised and whirled in the air as if determined to catch some eerie game before perishing themselves to sink finally. As she looked up some gold and green satin she was fashioning into a gorgeous frock, she caught a glimpse of a marvelous picture which wracked the over-gray clouds, bits of sky, the water and floating snow were forming

regarded her not as the worldly Mrs. Peabody, but quite one of themselves. Still, Mrs. Peabody was a society woman to the end of her finger tips. She would no more have missed a social function from choice than she would have broken the decalogue, and she certainly would not have done that, for she was not only a member of one of the most fashionable Presbyterian churches in the city, but her husband was one of its elders, and in her way she lived the religion she professed. Indeed she was in all things wholly sincere. There was not even in her youthful appearance a single note of artificiality.

The Peabodys were not rich, but they were able to have many of the luxuries of life. On the wall above Mrs. Peabody's work table was one of Cazin's vivid yet delicately ideal interpretations of nature. Further on was a small Corot, a brilliant bit of Vibert's realism, a Landseer, a Gibson girl and a gay, impossible poster, for Mrs. Peabody's appreciation was of the all-around kind. Still, there were some things which Mrs. Peabody wanted very much which she did not have, and one of them was a pair of diamond solitaires. Her ears had been pierced when she was a child. She never would have thought of wearing anything less handsome than fine gems, and the small, vacant punctures were an ever-present thorn in the rose of her satisfaction as she viewed herself costumed and ornamented for the many functions she was never weary of attending. She would not have told just how it was that desiring them so much she had always missed having them, but so it was. As she sat stitching she found herself wondering if possibly the coveted solitaires might not be among her Christmas gifts. She had confided to an intimate friend, with whom Mr. Peabody invariably consulted when he gave her presents, how much she wanted them. As she sat sewing and thinking there came a soft knock at the door followed by the announcement:

"It is just Annie, Mrs. Peabody. It's about Nora I'm after comin'," she said as she came in. "It's very bad she is, mum. The doctor says she must have an operation that costs a dale of money, have her leg took off or die. Nora says she will go to Heaven on the two legs of her, but won't be livin' wid a stump. Nora's savin's are all gone, and Biddie Sullivan's too, and all they have now is Biddie's earnin's. Nora's mother, poor old dame, can do no more than take care of her. I thought, mum, if you would see Nora you could be chance injure her to have her leg cut off."

Nora had at one time been Mrs. Peabody's favorite maid, and she did not hesitate about going to her at once, although she knew the snow, so beautiful as a part of her window picture, was making a most disagreeable slush on the streets.

When Mrs. Peabody and Annie reached the tenement where Nora lived, and were mounting the stairs, they heard a strong melodious voice singing to the strokes and clicks of a flatiron as it was used and placed and replaced on a metal stand:

"De not courtin' of woes by lookin' 'em up. Just work and be merry and drink of your cup. Not carin' about what to-morrow may bring; It's to-day, my liddle, that's havin' its fling; What good at all are you if you're always a-carin'?"

"I wonder who that philosopher is?" said Mrs. Peabody.

"That's Biddie Sullivan. She's always a singin' to keep them cheered."

"She is Nora's friend, isn't she?"

"No, just a friend from the old country as always lives with them."

"And she supports them?"

"Yes, what else could she be doin' under the circumstances?"

Mrs. Peabody found Nora not only very ill, but wholly determined not to have her limb amputated. To all that she could say Nora persistently declared:

"It's me two legs I'll be takin' to Heaven wid me, mum. I'll never be after carrying a stump around wid me."

"Don't be too sure," said Biddie Sullivan. "It may be to the bad place you'll

be taken' the two legs of ye. It was only last Sunday that Father Maloney said, quotin' the Holy Scriptures: 'If yer leg be bad cut it off and cast it from ye, for it's better to be halted and maimed than havin' two legs all right to go to hell.' But it was all to no purpose. Nora was obdurate.

Mrs. Peabody saw several physicians and found that nothing but a difficult operation which could not be undertaken for less than \$500 could save both the girl's life and limb and she determined if possible to have it performed. To that end she asked her husband if he thought they could spare \$500 to help some one in great need, and he had replied:

"I think not this year, my dear. I never knew more trying times. I have even withdrawn my subscription from the Relief and Aid."

It was but three days until Christmas. The weather was cold, crisp and fine. Mrs. Peabody had all her gifts ready and everything seemed to promise an unusually pleasant holiday season. But a cloud which constantly obtruded itself on Mrs. Peabody was the thought of the little household where Nora waited for death, and brave, faithful Biddie Sullivan was at her wash-tub and ironing board, early and late, to keep the wolf from the door.

"I've decided to take you into my confidence," said Mr. Peabody, "and I think I'll do so before I look over the evening paper. As the worldly Mrs. Peabody has perfect taste, I want to know what she thinks of these as a Christmas gift for my best girl? Will they suit her? I've only taken them on approval," and he handed her a dainty open case in which were a pair of brilliant and exquisitely matched solitaires, from the very best house in the city. This latter fact, the "hallmark," meant much to Mrs. Peabody, for nothing but the best from the best satisfied her fastidious taste.

"How very beautiful! Ah, how good you are, Erastus!" she exclaimed, her face glowing with pleasure.

"I have wanted them so long. You don't know how they suit me," she continued, as she adjusted the beautiful gems and viewed her reflected self with the utmost satisfaction.

"They do suit you," said Mr. Peabody, regarding her admiringly. Then suddenly the light went out of Mrs. Peabody's face and she turned from the mirror.

"Erastus," she said, "don't think me rude, but will you tell me how much you are to pay for my solitaires?"

"Certainly, Josephine, just an even \$1,000."

"Erastus, will you take them back and give me the price of one," and she explained that she proposed to have the

operation performed which would restore Nora, "and you take the price of the other and renew your subscription to the Relief and Aid."

"But, my dear, you say you have wanted a pair of solitaires for a long time," said Mr. Peabody.

"And haven't I had them?" asked Mrs. Peabody.

"But you are sure you are satisfied to do this?"

"And this is the 'worldly Mrs. Peabody,'" said her husband, putting his arm about her.

"Yes, it is," she said, throwing back her head and smiling. "I am worldly. I love the world, and I was never happier in it than I am just now."

"It was for love of the world," said Mr. Peabody, softly, as he bent and kissed his wife, "that the Christ whose birth we celebrate came to teach, suffer and die among us."

UNDER THE MISTLETOE.

Sundry industrial, social, geographical, and political phases of America will be represented by George Edw. Waite, Allan J. Henrich, William Frowbridge Larned, R. G. Robinson, Calvin Dill Wilson, John E. Bennett, and other good writers.

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Dr. James Weir, Jr., Dr. Harvey B. Bashley, Albert G. Evans, and others will write occasionally on scientific subjects.

Oscar Herzberg, Agnes Carr Sage, Emily F. Weaver, and others will handle themes of historical, foreign, or general interest.

The short stories of the Magazine, as hitherto, will have pith and point, and will come from various sources. Among their authors are: Marion Manville Pope, Gertrude Boyner, Doris Reed, Georgia Allen, Macintosh, Matt. Gray, Owen Hall, Philip G. Hubert, Wm. T. Nichols, Chas. Newton Hood, H. C. Stebbins, and not a few more.

Whether a writer be known or unknown is of less consequence than how he writes, and good writers, new or old, are the valued contributors to LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE.

Application blanks may be obtained of the agents, and same should reach the General Office by December 29, so that orders may be mailed December 21 to clerymen entitled to receive them. Orders will be issued only on individual application of clerymen, to be made to the Philadelphia office of the Company and certified to by one of its agents.

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Lippincott's Magazine, 1898

THIRTY-FIRST ANNUAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE for 1898 will continue to offer in each number a Complete Novel also as much additional reading matter in the shape of stories, sketches, essays, poems, and as the average illustrated magazine contains.

Admitting no serials, it avoids the objection of so many readers to a continued story. Combining all the characteristics of a magazine, each number is complete in itself.

We present a partial list of the novels, etc., to be published during 1898.

AMELIE RIVES (Princess Tomboy), author of "The Quick of the Dead" returns to the field in a love story in her own peculiar style.

MARIA LOTSKA POORE, well known by her sketches of New England life, will offer a tale of abundant interest, in which comedy mingle with the elements of tragedy, and the characters in a level of which the hero is dramatic and the heroine an actress.

EDWARD S. VAN ZILE, author of "The Man-hunters," "The Crown Prince of Rostand," etc., will be found to surpass his previous achievements in a level of which the hero is dramatic and the heroine an actress.

JOSEPH A. ALTSHEIMER, who has won much repute by stories of the American revolution, this time returns to his subject in a story set in the wilderness, after the war is over.

JENNIE BULLARD WATERBURY tells of the life of an American girl who goes to Paris to study music. It is a vividly depicted tale of student life.

Annie E. Brand, Henry Willard French, and others will also contribute novels.

Sundry industrial, social, geographical, and political phases of America will be represented by George Edw. Waite, Allan J. Henrich, William Frowbridge Larned, R. G. Robinson, Calvin Dill Wilson, John E. Bennett, and other good writers.

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PIRATES KNOWN OUT.

The League of Lobbyists and Contractors in Philadelphia Ruined.

QUAY AND PENROSE QUARREL.

Penrose Interfering With Quay's Schemes to Make Deals to Secure His Re-election to the Senate. Quay's Friends, the Ward Leaders, Already Badly Beaten—Their Man to Run as an Independent.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

Harrisburg, Dec. 21.—The news of the past week has centered around two things of general state interest. The first is the announcement of another break between Senators Quay and Penrose at Washington. The second is the declaration from an authoritative source that the Ward Leaders' league, the recognized Quay machine in Philadelphia, is on its last legs.

The cause of this, the second quarrel between Senator Quay and Senator Penrose, is the attitude that Senator Penrose has taken in the local fight for supremacy now going on in Philadelphia. Senator Penrose has been unusually active in pushing the candidacy of Mr. Newitt, of the Ward Leaders' league. He is at present making a campaign in the city on behalf of Newitt and the Ward Leaders' league. Senator Quay has frequently remonstrated with Penrose for his unwisdom in taking such an active interest in the affairs of the league. And his reasons are these:

WHY THEY FOUGHT.

Next year the legislature that is to elect Senator Quay's successor will be chosen. Senator Quay is very much worried over the outlook and is afraid that he will not succeed himself. He has been endeavoring to placate all his enemies—to settle all differences. This action of Senator Penrose in going around through Philadelphia denouncing Secretary of State Martin and all of his friends only tends to widen the breach and make it harder for Quay to effect any sort of truce with the secretary of state. But Penrose is headstrong and obstinate, and cares nothing for Quay's prospects, so that he may satisfy his own personal animosity against Martin.

As the story goes, Quay took Penrose to task for his action in this respect, and the result was a war of words between the two men. Penrose came back to Philadelphia, and ignoring all of Quay's wishes and requests, plunged into the city campaign and denounced everything and everybody not in sympathy with him and his friends.

Another element of worry to Senator Quay is the activity of Senator W. H. Andrews, late chairman of the "Lexow" committee of Philadelphia, and the manager of Congressman William A. Stone's boom for governor. Andrews' power in politics is brute force. He has no finesse. His persuasive powers are main strength and money. With these two he thinks it is impossible to lose. It is on this basis that he is pushing Colonel Stone's campaign, and it begins to look as if he were pushing it over the brink of the precipice. Andrews is pushing the Stone boom just as he did the Delamater boom—to ruin. It is an unpleasant thing to predict, but the prophecy is here made unreservedly, that if Hon. "Bill" Andrews succeeds in nominating Colonel Stone as the boss candidate Stone will be whipped as badly as Beaver was fifteen years ago.

ANDREWS IS WORRYING QUAY.

In pushing this boom Andrews is making bad friends for Quay. As an instance he is going into congressional districts in the state selecting postmasters who can help him, as he thinks, and then ignoring the congressmen, himself demanding of Quay and Penrose that these men be appointed. Several of the congressmen have resented this action with great vigor and at least one of them has informed Quay that he proposes to see that Stone does not get the delegate from his district if he can help it. All in all, Senator Quay is having a good many bothersome half hours, and it is no wonder that he is growing alarmed over the outlook for next year.

The situation in Philadelphia is as bad as it can be for the Quay following, known as the Ward Leaders' league. When it started out to do business the combination consisted of 21 contractors, officials, lobbyists and ward heeled. A majority of its members, or it, constitute a majority. All last week until Friday the league was unable to obtain a quorum of its members, and finally to secure a quorum it was compelled to elect three new members for the purpose. Both of these members are obscure ward heeled with no important following.

A QUAY PAPER ADMITS DEFEAT.

The most significant utterance on the subject was made last week by The North American, of which Colonel Clayton McMichael, the new city treasurer and a personal friend of Senator Quay, is proprietor. It made the manly, honest declaration that the Ward Leaders' league was going to pieces, and that nothing could stop its progress in that direction.

The fact that this combination of public plunderers is doomed to destruction is recognized by all the newspapers of Philadelphia save two, one Democratic and the other Republican, both of which are organs of Senator Quay. The leading spirits in the Ward Leaders' league recognize this fact also, as shown in their determination to have their candidate, Harvey K. Newitt, run as an independent after he fails to receive the nomination for tax receiver in the Republican convention. Every plan is being laid with this end in view that he will abide by the decision of the Republican city convention, which is the best evidence of his intention to run independent.

The bearing of this canvass on the coming state campaign is everywhere recognized. Last week William J. Roney, the old soldier candidate of the regular Republican organization, addressed a letter to his opponent of the Ward Leaders' league, Mr. Newitt, as follows:

RONEY'S MANLY LETTER.

Philadelphia, Dec. 17, 1897.

Harvey K. Newitt, Esq.:

"Dear Sir: In view of statements that have recently appeared

purporting to come from you and your friends, expressing fear that unfair methods would be attempted at the polls to defeat the will of the people in the coming primary election, I would make the following proposition:

"That you or your friends name a reputable and responsible man in every division of Philadelphia to act in conjunction with a like reputable and responsible man to be named by myself or my friends, both of whom shall be present at the polling places to act as watchers or election overseers at the coming primary election, whose duty it shall be faithfully to report any infraction or violation of the election laws upon the part of any individual or persons identified with either side in this party controversy."

"It is my earnest wish that there be not the slightest grounds for even the suspicion of unfairness. If the nomination for receiver of taxes is received by me it must come without the taint or suggestion of unfair practices, and I believe that the same is your earnest desire. It is to this end that I submit the above proposition for your early consideration and approval."

"Yours very truly,

"W. J. RONEY."

In speaking of this letter the Philadelphia Press of last Sunday in an editorial said:

"The developments of the past week have confirmed the impression which was fixed some time ago that the Sandbaggers' league is crumbling to pieces, and that its present raid is doomed to ignominious failure. It has not been able in any way to recover the ground it has been steadily losing. Its collapse does not come simply from the desertion of its own members, but from the public understanding and appreciation of its true character and its brazen purpose."

"The attempt to get up a tempest in the little tenet of the recoverability of taxes has been a failure. There are two reasons for it. In the first place the people recognize that the struggle over such a place possesses no real public importance. It is not a position which in itself justifies any great conflict. It is an administrative office where integrity, character and fidelity are required, but it is not a pivot of the general administrative machinery and of governmental character. In the second place the people see that the fight which has been raised over it is a mere factional contest. In such a contest they have no concern. It would be extraordinary if they should get excited over a mere tussle of the politicians for the possession of a plum which, however interesting to them, has no public significance."

THE PEOPLE INTERESTED.

"There will come a time before long when the people will really be aroused. There are issues just before us which will stir the popular depths and rightly stir them. They will be deeply concerned in the election of the governor of the state next fall. They will be keyed up over the choice of mayor of this city a year hence. Both of these selections are of the highest public importance. Both of them will vitally affect the welfare of the state and of the city, and will directly and visibly touch the interests of the community. The people are not likely to waste their strength now in a useless pathos over a minor phase when their public spirit will so soon be enlisted in these greater and graver contests."

"The politicians who are wise will anticipate the demands of these issues and seek to meet the highest public standards. The crucial test is not applied now, but it will come then, and the politicians who undertake to fool with the awakened public sentiment which is looking forward to those trials will make a very dangerous blunder."

The Ward Leaders' league does not want any such arrangement. It proposes to raise the cry of fraud and cheating, and thus secure an excuse of unfairness and go before the people on an independent basis. They are willing to tie up with Democrats or any one that can help them pull their candidate through.

Senator Quay, who was the principal figure in organizing the Ward Leaders' league, has now grown afraid of it, just as he is afraid of Senator Penrose and State Senator Andrews. Indeed, as Senator Quay stands today he is the political Jonah of Pennsylvania. He is disowned by both sides. Secretary Martin has refused to make deals with him, while the Ward Leaders' league and Senator Penrose, disgusted at him because of his selfish fears for his own safety, are only too glad that he has not come out and declared for their candidates, Newitt, and the fight still goes on.

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