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**UBERO** Selected COFFEE

beans make it a pure, whole-sole coffee for all the family. Put up in one pound air tight tins only. 35 cents buys a pound can of full weight, rich aroma and delicate flavor. Ask your grocer for **UBERO**.

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There is no watch, clock or article of jewelry we cannot repair

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**YOUR CHRISTMAS PHOTOS**

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**We Do Not Patronize**

The following named business firms are unfriendly to organized labor and have been placed upon the "unfair list." Watch the list carefully from week to week, as important changes may occur.

Union workmen and working-women and sympathizers with labor have refused to purchase articles produced by the following firms—Labor papers please note changes from month to month and copy:

**FOOD AND KINDRED PRODUCTS.**  
Bread.—National Biscuit Company, Chicago, Ill.  
Cigars.—Carl Upman of New York city; Krebs, Werthelm & Schiffer of New York city; The Henry George and Tom Moore.  
Flour.—Washburn, Crosby, Milling Co., Minneapolis, Minn.; Kelley Milling Co., Kansas City, Mo.  
Pipes.—Wm. Demuth & Co., New York.  
Tobacco.—American and Continental.

**CLOTHING.**  
Buttons.—Davenport Pearl Button company, Davenport, Ia.; Kremetz & Co., Newark, N. J.  
Clothing.—N. Snellenberg & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.; Clothiers' Exchange, Rochester, N. Y.; Strawbridge & Clothier, Philadelphia Pa.; Biauer Bros., New York.  
Corsets.—Chicago Corset company.  
Hats.—J. B. Stetson company, Philadelphia, Pa.; E. M. Knox company, Brooklyn, N. Y.  
Shirts and Collars.—United Shirt and Collar company, Troy, N. Y.; Van Zandt, Jacobs & Co., Troy, N. Y.; Cluett, Peabody & Co., Troy, N. Y.; James R. Kaiser, New York city.  
Shoes.—Wellman, Osborne & Co., Lynn, Mass.; Thomas, Taylor & Son, Hudson, Mass.; Hamey Bros., Lynn, Mass.  
Suspenders.—Russell Mfg. Co., Middletown, Conn.  
Textile.—Merrimac Mfg. Co. (printed goods), Lowell, Mass.  
Underwear.—Onetta Knitting Mills, Utica, N. Y.  
Woolens.—Hartford Carpet Co., Thompsonville, Conn.; J. Cairns & Son, Jacksonville, Ill.

**PRINTING AND PUBLICATIONS.**  
Bookbinders.—Geo. M. Hill Co., Chicago, Ill.  
Newspapers.—Philadelphia Democrat, Philadelphia, Pa.; Hudson, Kimberley & Co., printers of Kansas City, Mo.; W. B. Conkey Co., publishers, Hammond, Ind.; Gazette, Terra Haute, Ind.; Times, Lez Angles, Cal.

**MACHINERY AND BUILDING.**  
General Hardware.—Landers, Fry & Clark, Aetna company, New Britain, Conn.; Davis Sewing Machine company, Dayton, Ohio; Computing scale company, Dayton, Ohio; Iver Johnson Arms company, Fitchburg, Mass.; Kelsey Furnace company, Syracuse, N. Y.; Brown & Sharpe Tool company, Providence, R. I.; John Russell Cutlery company, Turner's Falls, Mass.; Atlas Tack company, Fairhaven, Mass.; Hohmann & Maurer Manufacturing company, Rochester, N. Y.; Henry Disston & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.  
Iron and Steel.—Hinks Iron and Bolt company of Carpentersville, Ill.; Carborundum company, Niagara Falls, N. Y.; David Maydole hammer Co., Norwich, N. Y.; Singer Sewing Machine Co., Elizabeth, N. J.

**Stoves.**—Germer Stove company, Erie, Pa.; "Radiant Home" Stove, Ranges and Hot Air Blast, Erie, Pa. pany, Sag Harbor.

**MISCELLANEOUS.**  
Advertising Novelties.—Novelty Advertising company, Coshocton, Ohio  
Telegaphy.—Western Union Telegraph company.

**WOOD AND FURNITURE.**  
Bags.—Gulf Bag company, New Orleans, La., branch Benis Bros., St. Louis, Mo.  
Brooms and Dusters.—The Lee Broom and Duster company of Davenport, Ia.; M. Goeller's Sons, Circleville, Ohio.  
China.—Wick China company, Kittanning, Pa.  
Furniture.—American Billiard Table company, Cincinnati, Ohio; Brumby Chair company, Marietta, Ga.; O. Wisner Piano company, Ludolyn, N. Y.; Krell Piano company, Cincinnati, Ohio; N. Drucker & Co., Cincinnati, Ohio, trunks; St. Johns Table company, St. Johns, Mich.  
Leather.—Kullman, Salz & Co., Benicia, Cal.; A. B. Patrick & Co., San Francisco, Cal.; Columbus Buggy and Harness company, Columbus, O.  
Rubber.—Kokomo Rubber company, Kokomo, Ind.; B. F. Goodrich Rubber company, Akron, Ohio; Diamond Rubber company, Akron, Ohio.  
Pens.—L. E. Waterman & Co., New York city.  
Paper Boxes.—E. N. Rowell & Co., Batavia, N. Y.  
Paper.—Remington-Martin Paper Co., Norfolk, N. Y.  
Typewriters.—Underwood Typewriter company, Hartford, Conn.  
Watches.—Keystone Watch Case company of Philadelphia, Pa.; Crescent Courvoisier Wilcox company; Jos. Fahy, Brooklyn Watch Case company, D. M. Parry, Indianapolis, Ind.

Old Gentleman—"Tell me, my friend, why you are so ugly to passengers." Brutal Conductor—"So they'll hate the street car company too they employ me." "No, not exactly." "Why, when they hate the company, they'll just laugh to themselves when they see me cheatin' th' company by not ringin' up fares. See?"

Twenty years after a girl would marry a man he feels like apologizing to his grandmother about it.

If everybody came early to avoid the rush they wouldn't be any better off.

What is regarded an affair of the heart is often merely the result of a torpid liver.

**LAFFITTE of LOUISIANA**

BY MARY DEVEREUX

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY DON C. WILSON

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**CHAPTER XV.**

"Is she quite happy, Zeney?" "Happy? How could a wild bird be happy in a cage, even if its bars were made of gold?"

She was about to continue, but Lafitte, as if not caring to pursue the subject, asked, "Is your master here?"

Zeney nodded, and pointed to a closed door near them, "He is in there, and alone."

Lafitte, turning from her, knocked at the door, and De Cazenave's voice answered, "Entrez."

This the former did, leaving the door ajar.

Nato, now a tall, wiry lad of sixteen, and devoted, body and soul, to his master, was the only one to accompany him to Grande Terre. He had seated himself upon the steps, but too far away to catch the conversation between Lafitte and Zeney, even had they spoken in a language he understood.

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But he watched them with curious eyes, having often heard of Zeney; and her reputed powers served to make her an object of awe and aversion to him, as to most of his class.

It was, therefore, with a sigh of relief that he saw her disappear, after his master had gone inside.

He remained sitting on the steps, his chin supported by two yellow palms, while a group of young negroes who had drawn near to gaze curiously at him, after the manner of their kind, proceeded to converse in a way evidently intended to attract his attention.

Instinct, rather than any sound, made Nato realize that a presence was near him; and glancing over his shoulder, he saw a girlish, white-clad form standing in the doorway through which Lafitte had passed a few minutes before. Presently he saw one of her little hands go to her side, as if she had been startled, or was experiencing some strong emotion; and she



Her "Captain Jean" was none other than Lafitte, the terrible pirate!

even should the occasion or necessity arise.

Her childish trust in him became destroyed; he saw her shrink from him in terror and abhorrence. And this awakened in him the knowledge that had—as he supposed—paternal love he had been cherishing for the child of her who had always been his ideal, was not the affection of a father for his daughter, but the love of a man for a woman.

The bitterest potion he had ever swallowed was now working in his veins. Yet no one would have suspected this, as he went his way, and for a time with greater recklessness than before, although the rumor mentioned by Pierre had now become a fact, inasmuch as the governor of Louisiana had issued a proclamation offering a reward for Lafitte's apprehension.

This had come about by reason of a melee in the bayou Lafourche, and which proved to be the chip which kindled to a blaze the long-smouldering fire of wrath against the Baratarians.

When the information was brought to Lafitte, accompanied by a copy of the proclamation, he had, without delay, taken a pinnace and set out for the extreme southerly side of Grande Terre, upon which was the Count de Cazenave's abode.

At the sound of Lafitte's feet upon the steps, a woman's weakened face, wrinkled and scowling, its coffee-hue contrasting with wisps of gray, wiry wool showing from beneath a brightly-colored bandanna, was projected from one of the numerous doors opening from the hallway into various rooms in the two wings of the building.

It was apparent that she recognized the visitor, for she came out into the hall and, despite her age, advanced briskly toward him.

"Ah, Zeney, there you are, looking as young as ever," was his smilingly spoken greeting.

"Always you say words, Captain Jean, that please, even when one knows they are not true."

Lafitte laughed lightly.

"Is your young mistress well?" he inquired.

"Yes, she is well," Zeney answered, in a tone implying that more might be said.

stood with bended head, as if listening.

Nato was still staring at the girl when she started impetuously, and went hurriedly down the hallway.

Led by curiosity, the boy jumped to his feet, and saw her descend the steps of the back gallery, and go swiftly into the woods, which seemed to swallow up the snowy form and glittering hair—swallow them so suddenly as to leave in the boy's superstitious mind an uncomfortable suggestion that she was not real flesh and blood, but a "spirit," or perhaps a second voodoo priestess.

Within the room, near whose open door the girl had stood, Lafitte and De Cazenave were having a serious conversation.

Following the custom of the time, De Cazenave had reached out to ring a bell for refreshments, when Lafitte, with an expressive gesture, stayed his hand.

"No, M'sieur le Comte. I can tarry but a very short time—only long enough to impart the very important intelligence I came to bring you." And he held out a paper he had drawn from his pocket.

The count, having put on his glasses, took the document; and his wavering hands made the blue paper quiver as if his own startled pulsebeats had stolen into it while he read the contents aloud.

"Whereas the nefarious practice of running in contraband goods, which has hitherto prevailed in different parts of the state, to the great injury of the fair trader, and the diminution of the revenue of the United States, has of late much increased; and whereas it has been officially known to me that, on the 14th of last month, a quantity of smuggled goods, seized by Walter Gilbert, an officer of the revenue of the United States, were forcibly taken from him in open day, at no great distance from the city of New Orleans, by a party of armed men, under the orders of a certain Jean Lafitte, who fired upon and grievously wounded one of the assistants of the said Walter Gilbert:

"I have thought proper to issue this, my proclamation; and I do solemnly caution all and singular citizens of this state against giving any kind of success, support or countenance to the

said Jean Lafitte and associates, but do call upon them to be aiding and abetting in arresting him and said associates, and all others in like manner offending; and I do furthermore, in the name of the state, offer a reward of five hundred dollars, which will be paid out of the treasury to any person delivering the said Jean Lafitte to the sheriff of the parish of Orleans, or to any other sheriff in the state, so that the said Jean Lafitte may be brought to justice."

The Island Rose had heard the greater part of the document read in her grandfather's voice, low, to be sure, but with a clear enunciation which made each syllable as distinct as though she had been the reader instead of a listener. And when he ended, she heard the voice of him heretofore known to her as "Captain Jean," and its tone was one of banter.

"Well, M'sieur le Comte, will you be the one to claim this five hundred dollars, and do your governor and state a brilliant service by delivering to them this body of mine?"

Then came her grandfather's sternly cold reply:

"What have I ever done, Captain Jean Lafitte, that should lead you to suppose I would stoop to traffic in the blood of my associates?"

It was this that made the small hand go fluttering toward the girl's frightened face. It was the revelation that her "Captain Jean" was none other than Lafitte, the terrible pirate, of whom she had heard such dreadful tales! He was the freebooter, smuggler and outlaw—the leader of that fearful band of men she had shuddered to hear the slaves mention! And not only was her grandfather cognizant of this, but he was this man's abettor—his associate and friend!

Her brain in a whirl, her heart terrified by dread of an undefinable terror, she fled from the house, and into the woods, wandering on, scarcely knowing or caring where, until her steps were arrested by the matted thicket into which she had penetrated with unseeing eyes.

Now all was revealed to her. The man whom of all others she trusted in this new, strange, and fettered world into which she had been brought from the peaceful island home, where life had been happy, and free from fear—he was the notorious Lafitte, the "Pirate of the Gulf," who scuttled ships, who murdered men and women, and whose hands were red with blood, shed that he might plunder his victims.

(To be continued.)

**GREAT AUTHOR AT PLAY.**

Interesting Reminiscences of One Who Knew Hawthorne.

Mrs. Sedgwick, in "A Girl of Sixteen at Brook Farm," gives a little sketch of Hawthorne which shows him in a pleasant and merry light, although in general, she acknowledges, the great author was silent, almost taciturn. One day she was learning verses to recite at the evening class formed by Charles A. Dana, when, seeing Hawthorne sitting immovable and solitary on the sofa, she daringly thrust the book in his hands.

"Will you hear me say my poetry, Mr. Hawthorne?" I said.

He gave me a sidelong glance from his very shy eyes, took the book and most kindly heard me. After that he was on the sofa every week to hear me recite.

One evening he was alone in the hall, sitting on a chair at the farther end, when my roommate and I were going upstairs. She whispered to me: "Let's throw a sofa pillow at Mr. Hawthorne."

Reaching over the banisters, we each took a pillow and threw it. Quick as a flash he put out his hand, seized a broom that was hanging near him, warded off our cushions, and threw them back with sure aim. As fast as we could throw them, he returned them with effect, hitting us every time, while we could only hit the broom. He must have been very quick in his movements.

Through it all not a word was spoken. We laughed and laughed, and his eyes shone and twinkled like stars, until we went off to bed vanquished.

**Politeness Pays.**

Suddenly the man fell. He was a dignified person, but as he reached a sleety corner his feet, set down with precision, failed to stay set. They flew so high, and the result was so abrupt, that as the man hit the walk in sitting posture observers expected to see a spine protrude from the top of his hat.

Two youths had seen the episode. One was a bad youth, and unwise. He laughed. The other was a good youth, who knew a thing or two. He hastened to pick up the fallen man.

"Thank you," said the man. "I am a childless millionaire, looking for an heir. You're it. Meantime take this roll and blow yourself. Only one condition is attached. Don't spend a cent on that laughing jackass who is with you."

Handing over a \$10,000 bundle, and giving his hotel address, the man went his way.

The moral of this is so obvious that the reader unable to discern it isn't worth bothering about.—Washington Times.

**Nothing Sensational.**

City editor—You got Mrs. Gassaway's speech to the Woman's Rights club, didn't you? What did she say?

Reporter—Oh, nothing worth printing.

City editor—Why, she spoke for more than an hour.

Reporter—I know, but what she said was quite sensible.—Philadelphia Press.

Few women are wise enough to render one little word sufficient.

**Prices Right**

**Clothes Right**

**Treatment Right**

**All Right**

We don't want to carry over any of our winter stock. We'd rather sacrifice in prices, so we've hammered them down to the bottom prices.

Men's suits and overcoats, from \$7.50 to \$10, worth from \$12 to \$18.00.

Boys' suits and overcoats, from \$4.00 to \$7.00, worth from \$6.00 to \$12.00.

Winter underwear at half price. Best values for the money in the city.

Men's caps 25c to 50c, worth from 50c to \$1.25.

Coys' caps, good ones at 10c and up to 35c, worth three times the money.

Mitts and gloves from 10c to 75c, worth twice the money.

We try to win your trade by deserving it.

**Lincoln Clothing Co.**

NEBRASKA CITY.

**Teamsters' Union Enjoy a Banquet and Have a Good Time.**

The Teamsters' Union of Nebraska City held its annual meeting one day last week, and elected the following officers for the ensuing year.

President—J. W. Conklin.  
Vice-President—S. E. Crouse.  
Secretary and Treasurer—Volny Bowen.  
Rec. Secretary—Al. Olson.  
Warden—Chas. Thomas.  
Conductor—Clem Conklin.  
Delegates—F. Thrall, Frank Ohmnight and T. Blevins.

After the election the teamsters had a banquet that held them to the tables until long after midnight.

Nebraska City is Paul Morton's town. Paul is "fermest" all unions. He was down there during the packing house strike a few months ago, and when he happened to see a "Union Teamster" card in a lively stable office it made him so mad he tore it from the walls. But they have some pretty staunch union teamsters down that way, and one of them happened to see Mr. Morton in the act. Then the teamster was mad. He doubled up a pair of fists as big as country hams, spat three times on the ground and then politely requested Mr. Morton to "put it back." Mr. Morton glanced at the pair of fists, caught a gleam of the teamster's eyes—and put it back. He restored the card to its place on the wall, muttered an apology and sneaked. We'd hate to be responsible for what Paul said to himself as he hiked away from that dangerous vicinity.

If money matters keep the gait that it has struck in Polk it won't be long before any one who wants to deposit their shekels in the bank they will have to pay for the privilege. Polk county has six banks. All of them put in a bid for the depositing of the county money and offered 2 per cent interest annually, and the county commissioners has ordered the treasurer to deposit with each of them according to their capital stock.

The Presbyterian congregation of Auburn has decided to erect a new church edifice this spring. An active canvass is now being made to raise the required amount of money, \$10,000, to build a modern church. The new church is to be built on the present site of the old one which was one of the first church buildings built in Auburn and is now badly out of repair. It is expected that work on the new edifice will begin as soon as the weather will permit in the spring.

The Baptists of Silver Creek township near Tekamah dedicated their new church edifice which is located about four miles from Tekamah. The building is frame, of modern design and has cost in the neighborhood of \$2,000 and was dedicated fully paid for. At the opening of the service there was a deficiency of \$359. Of this the state Baptist association agreed to pay \$200 providing the balance was raised before dedication. The amount was quickly raised in the congregation. Rev. Cook will be pastor of this new church.