

Special Bargain Sale

Boys' Suits and Pants.

To close out our present stock to make room for Fall goods, we have cut the prices and not considered cost.

All of our \$6.00 Suits	- - - - -	\$4.50
All of our \$5.00 Suits	- - - - -	3.75
All of our \$4.00 Suits	- - - - -	3.00
All of our \$3.00 Suits	- - - - -	2.25
All of our \$2.50 Suits	- - - - -	1.85
All of our \$1.00 Knee Pants	- - - - -	75¢
All of our 50c Knee Pants	- - - - -	38¢

Men's Odd Pants

Out of Suits and remnants of our business. We have thrown them into one lot at

\$1.50 PER PAIR

These pants are worth from \$2.00 to \$4.00 per pair.

THOSE WHO REMEMBER OUR FORMER SALE NEED NO SECOND INVITATION.

THE STAR CLOTHING STORE

THE OXNARD

HAS BEEN

Remodelled Throughout

Under the new ownership a Complete New Service has been installed. Every modern convenience.

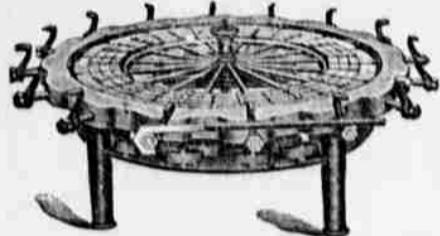
New Carpets,
New Decorations,
New Furniture.

L. A. BARTHOLOMEW, Owner.

C. H. VAIL, Manager.

If you have a buggy or vehicle of any kind get your tires reset on one of

Henderson's Tire Setting Machines!



It sets them cold. It does the work in a few minutes time. It keeps the dish of wheels just right. It does the work perfectly. It is a wonderful improvement over the old method.

AUG. PASEWALK.
Norfolk, Neb.

HAVE YOUR ABSTRACTS MADE BY

Chester A. Fuller,

PERSONAL.

Ralph Morris returned to Wayne this noon after a visit with his parents in this city.

Miss Winifred Cole leaves today for Neligh, where she will visit a few days before going to her school at Cody, Neb.

John Elliott of Winside is moving into Norfolk to make this his future home. He has taken the house at 207 South Tenth street, recently vacated by George H. Spear.

Dr. A. Mittlestadt, dentist, Bishop block. Telephone 60.

Geologist Visits Bonesteel.

Prof. G. E. Conda, teacher of geology in the Nebraska State University

at Lincoln, was in Bonesteel Monday. Prof. Conda is out in the interest of the United States government to look up geological points and especially investigate the artesian basin of northeastern Nebraska and South Dakota.

The professor has examined in the neighborhood of 300 wells in northeast Nebraska in the past thirty days, among them being a well at Niobrara with a depth of 1200 feet. He finds the pressure of this well to be ninety-four pounds. The well at Lynch is 1410 feet deep with a pressure of fifty pounds.

In speaking of altitude, Prof. Conda gave us the following elevations: Spencer, 1,548 feet; Anoka, 1,528; Butte, 1,820; Bonesteel, 1,990; Wheeler Crossing, 1,250; Chamberlain, 1,345. He stated that Spencer and Anoka were practical points for artesian wells but that Butte and Bonesteel were not.

The professor travels by bicycle and left Monday for Ben Turgeon's on the reservation from which place he expected to go to Chamberlain—Bonesteel Pilot.

NEWS VOTING CONTEST.

Standing of the Contestants in the Horse, Buggy and Harness Contest.

Miss Maude Tannehill's advance in the voting for today is the feature of the contest. This week Miss Tannehill, one of the belles of Madison county, has gained pretty nearly enough to place her three times as far along as she had been before.

The horse, buggy and harness to be given away by The News is a handsome outfit, modern and up-to-date, of which any woman might well be proud. The runabout is rubber tired and may be seen at Sattler's. Mag, the animal, is a beautiful bay, eight years old, with a splendid disposition and excellent qualifications for driving, single or double, or riding.

The contest closes October 15. Every paper contains a free coupon and with every new subscriber to the daily, 30 premium votes are given, besides the 312 for each year's subscription.

Each year's subscription to The Weekly News-Journal, the best weekly published in northeast Nebraska, takes 52 votes and 10 premium votes for each new subscriber. It is a prize worth the working for. The News wants new subscribers and anyone who will get these has a chance to win.

The vote at noon today was: Mrs. Elsie Desmond, Norfolk, 21,224; Miss Lucy Shaffer, So. Norfolk, 21,124; Miss Maud Tannehill, Warnerville, 4,054; Mrs. C. H. Vail, the Oxnard, 3,534; Miss Jennie Avery, Battle Creek, 53.

COST HIM \$40 FOR HIS FUN

Prominent Business Man From Western Town Went Some.

DROPPED \$34 ON HIS ROUNDS.

Then he Dropped Himself in a Gutter, and was Picked Up, Dollarsless, by the Police—Borrowed Enough From a Friend to Pay Fine.

When John Doe, a prominent business man from a little town not so very far west of Norfolk, came into the city to have a good time, he should either have come heavily chaperoned or have buried his roll of currency down in the recesses of his boot. Failing to make the proper preparations before he deserted his beastly state of sobriety, John woke up in a gutter down town just \$34 out of pocket.

He was taken up by the police and fined in court on the charge of drunk and disorderly. Having been relieved of his cash, he went out to hunt up a friend from whom he might borrow enough dollars to liquidate his indebtedness to the judge and to afterward buy a railroad ticket back home.

John told the court that he had had \$34 when he struck town and that he had turned loose with this to have a good time. After he had absorbed about all the whisky in town that he could comfortably encircle, he visited a few of the resorts on the row and that is where he thinks his filthy lucre escaped. He doesn't know just exactly how it all went, nor where, but he is dead sure it has disappeared and he knows he had nothing with which to finish up the police court details.

John, however, thinks his time was worth twice the \$34 and will enter no complaint. He will take the Northwestern train for the west at 7:50 this evening. His wayward cash, together with his fine at court, chalks the bill for his gay time in Norfolk at over \$40.

LIPTON'S STORY OF THE CUP.

Extracts From His Article in the Cosmopolitan, on His Efforts to Win It.

Just when I first desired to win the "America's" cup, I cannot positively say. Very likely the germs of that ambition entered my mind as far back as the time when the "Genesta" was battling for the trophy. But my first overt act, if I may use the term, was just sixteen years ago, and it came about, and took form, in this way:—The "Thistle" had been in America,

fighting valiantly, but unsuccessfully, for the cup. I remember sitting at my home, and pondering.

"England has tried and failed; Scotland has tried, and failed; why not give Ireland a chance?"

The idea pleased me. That same night I sat down and wrote long letters to my friend, Mr. Lane, then member of Parliament for Cork, and I asked him to submit a proposition to the Royal Cork Yacht Club—the oldest yachting organization in the world, by the way—to the effect that an Irish yacht be built from the designs of an Irishman, and that she be manned by an Irish crew, and commanded by an Irish skipper.

"I wish the challenger to be all Irish," I wrote, in effect, "and if the Royal Cork Yacht Club can give me such a craft, I will pay all expenses."

In due course of time Mr. Lane replied. The Royal Cork Yacht Club was very anxious to join me in the enterprise, but, alas! it was impossible. An all-Irish challenger was out of the question, for the reason that there was neither Irish yacht designer nor skipper for that class at that time. It caused the officers and members of the Cork Club much chagrin to admit this fact, but nevertheless it was a fact, and so the matter ended.

But the ambition to win the bit of silver that had remained so long in America was dead within me, nor was the desire to have much of the credit for bringing it across the Atlantic reduced to the glory of Ireland. I was resolved that, sooner or later, I would have a try for it, and that Ireland would figure very largely in my attempts to succeed where so many gallantsportsmen had failed. My time did not come for many years, but finally my opportunity arrived, and, true to my first ambition, I made my challenger as much Irish as I could.

She was christened "Shamrock," and her consort was "Erin." "Shamrock" she was named, because that is the national flower of my native land, and because I have always considered it an emblem of good luck. Hundreds of letters have come to me in the past few years, fairly begging me to give the challenger another name, arguing that (as that name had gone down in defeat on two occasions) there must be something unlucky about it; but I have invariably replied that it was not the name that was beaten, but the boat.

"Some day, if I live," I wrote one gentleman, "a 'Shamrock' will prove the better boat, and then you will be one of the first to say that the name was a lucky one."

So much for my efforts thus far to lift the cup, and how I happened to make this achievement one of the ambitions of my life. Perhaps that ambition is to be realized this year. Perhaps the "Erin" will sail from these shores carrying back for "Sham-

rock III," the most prized yachting trophy in all the world. I have great faith in the third "Shamrock," but so had I in the other two. I have seen the "Reliance," and I know her to be very fast, but I also know "Shamrock III," to be very fast.

In all, this organization consists of twenty-five boats, including the launch, and nearly two hundred men—all engaged in the business of trying to win that cup. We are compelled to have as much system, and as perfect an organization, as an army or a large commercial house. The men must be in perfect health, especially the crews of the two "Shamrocks." They must have the best and freshest of foods; they must have recreation and plenty of practice and drill. They must know the meaning of a nod, and spring to position at the sound of a whistle. Our discipline must be strict, and our methods must be sure. There must be no boy play during working-hours. It is a serious, sober, absorbing task which confronts us all. We are here to bring back to the old country the cup wrested from us half a century ago, and the men who are defending it are seriously minded that we shall do no such thing.

I wish to go on record as saying one thing, and that is that the American people, the American sportsmen, are the kindest people on earth.

My antagonists are fair fighters, and the people, whom I meet everywhere, are so cordial and hospitable that this has often embarrassed me and my associates.

Frequently I have been asked if I bet on my own boat. Unreservedly I say I never wagered a farthing. I do not believe in betting. I have never bet on a horse-race, or on any sport. I have gone into ship's pools while crossing, but more for the reason of not seeming to hold myself from others than for any other purpose. But when it comes to wagering sums of money on such a sport as yachting, I would like to say that I heartily disapprove of it, and I would be much displeased if anyone of my guests or any member of my ship's company were to do such a thing. I know, from what I have learned, that enormous sums of money have been wagered in Britain on the success of the two previous "Shamrocks," but personally, I have done everything possible to discourage this form of gambling. To my mind, it cheapens the sport, no matter what the moral side of the question. So whether "Shamrock" wins, or loses, it will make no difference to my pocketbook, nor, I am confident, to that of any one connected with me here.

And what if I should win the cup? If I should, I think I know what I would do. American yachtsmen would have to build a different kind of boat from either "Shamrock" or "Reliance" to bring it back again. Cup-challengers and cup-defenders are dangerous. One stands upon our decks as one sails, and at any minute a spar may fall, or a sail may fall, or a piece of metal may fall. Yes, racing-yachts are dangerous and useless.

Of what use to mankind, of what use to commerce, are these beautiful white swans? They are of no use at all. Do they aid the science of shipbuilding? Do they teach any lesson to the thousands of men who earn their livelihood upon the seas? They do not! They are mere racing machines, nothing more, and nothing less. When these races are ended, they are worth only so much as the metal with in them will bring. They are of no practical use to any one. If "Shamrock III" loses, I shall have to throw her upon a scrap heap. I love her, because upon her my hopes are centered. I want that cup to go back where it came from, and, in order to meet the requirements of the defenders, I had to build her—good-for-nothing, beautiful creature that she is. But, if she wins the cup, I will cherish her for the glory that was hers. Yet, in that case, never will her type race again for the "America's" cup, unless it again leaves its native shores for the United States.

If the cup goes to Ireland, England and Scotland, the challengers, must a real boat, to meet the defender on the other side, if I live, and have any voice in the matter.

I am an Irishman and I love "Shamrock III" from the edge of her keel to the top of her mast.—Cosmopolitan.

Sweet's "A Messenger Boy" at the opera house last night played to a large audience and gave excellent satisfaction. The company is made up of extra good actors and actresses. They put snap into their work in a way that carries the entire audience. A fine band and orchestra are also leading features.—Sioux Falls Daily Sentinel.

HARDWARE **A Reputation**
for good work in our tinshop and good goods from our store keeps us busy all the time.

G.E. Moore