



# GANOUNG'S PHARMACY.

1400 O STREET.

Successor to H. O. Hanna.

First Pub. July 27-4.

**Notice to Creditors.—E 1546.**

State of Nebraska, ss. county court, Lancaster county, in re estate of Henning Peters, deceased.

Creditors of said estate will take notice that the time limited for presentation of claims against said estate is February 15, 1902, and for payment of debts is Sept. 2, 1902; that I will sit at the county court room in said county, on November 15, 1901, and February 15, 1902, to receive, examine, adjust and allow all claims duly filed. Publish weekly four times in The Courier. Dated July 26, 1901.

(SEAL) FRANK R. WATERS,  
County Judge.  
By WALTER A. LEESE, Clerk.

First Pub. July 27-4.

**Notice to Creditors.—E 1567.**

State of Nebraska, ss. county court, Lancaster county, in re estate of Elizabeth Mitchell, deceased.

Creditors of said estate will take notice that the time limited for presentation of claims against said estate is Feb. 15, 1902, and for the payment of debts is Sept. 2, 1902; that I will sit at the county court room in said county, on Nov. 15, 1901, and Feb. 15, 1902, to receive, examine, adjust and allow all claims duly filed. Publish weekly four times in The Courier. Dated July 26, 1901.

(SEAL) FRANK R. WATERS,  
County Judge.  
By WALTER A. LEESE,  
Clerk County Court.

First Pub. July 27-4.

**Notice to Creditors.—E 1557.**

State of Nebraska, ss. County court, Lancaster county, in re estate of Harriett S. Burnett, deceased.

Creditors of said estate will take notice that the time limited for presentation of claims against said estate is February 15, 1902, and for payment of debts is Sept. 2, 1902; that I will sit at the county court room in said county on November 15, 1901, and February 15, 1902, to receive, examine, adjust and allow all claims duly filed. Publish weekly four times in The Courier. Dated July 26, 1901.

(SEAL) FRANK R. WATERS,  
County Judge.  
By WALTER A. LEESE, Clerk

[First publication Aug. 3-4]

State of Nebraska, ss., in county court of Lancaster county.

In re Adoption No. 191, of Viola Horton, by John Haines.

Abraham Horton and all others interested, take notice: that John Haines has filed herein the relinquishment by the "Society for the Home of the Friendless," of Lincoln, Nebraska, and his petition and declaration for adoption of said Viola Horton; said matter is set for hearing before this court on August 31, 1901, at 10 A. M. Dated August 2, 1901.

(SEAL) FRANK R. WATERS,  
County Judge.  
By WALTER A. LEESE, Clerk County Court

**THE CYCLIST AND TIGER.**

A race for life on a bicycle from a man-eating tiger sounds more like a description of an incident from the latest thrilling story for boys than an adventure in real life; yet M. H. Rosny, the noted French author, traveler and sportsman, who has just returned to Paris from a tour among the islands of the Malay Peninsula, has been relating the story of his race with a tiger.

"One evening," he said, "we landed on a clearing called Nieuwehuys, and on getting up next morning I found that my host was already afield. A little later I was prowling about the plantation buildings, when my attention was attracted by a bicycle gleaming under a shed. I could not resist the temptation—I had not ridden since leaving France. So I sped along among the rice and coffee fields in the cool and delicious morning.

"After going about six miles I left the plantation behind me, following the track of bullock wagons into the heart of a forest, where I at last stopped.

"While I was enjoying the exquisite beauty of the place there was a crunching of branches, and I became conscious that something massive but light-footed was approaching. Thirty yards from where I sat a tiger had issued from the jungle.

"I dared not move a finger. To reach my bicycle I must get to the road. This was impossible without attracting the attention of the brute, and in two leaps he would be upon me.

"With extreme nonchalance the tiger now turned towards the depths of the forest. I could bear it no longer. I tore from my hiding-place, tumbled and clambered over intervening obstacles,

caught the bicycle, and ran alongside, my hands on the handlebar.

"In a flash, as I was jumping on the saddle, I caught sight of a great, long body crouching for the leap. I heard the tiger at the first bound land not far behind me. In the minute space between the first and second bound I got myself well started and balanced for the struggle. I heard his second descent, crashing and swishing in the branches and leaves on the ground.

"In my haste I had, of course failed, to insert my feet in the toe clips, and was riding with the hooks turned under. If I missed a pedal it was all up with me. I leaned over and pushed several long, powerful strokes that overcame the weight of starting with a very high gear.

"His fourth bound brought the tiger very near. The next time I felt the wind of his fall. A second later his shoulder or paw touched the tire, and made me swerve.

"The next leap, I thought, and the great beast will land on my shoulders and crush me down. But he didn't.

"What I no longer feared, or even thought of, now happened—I lost my pedal, then both. I regained them with some trouble, but on account of the delay a claw once more grazed my back tire.

"At this instance we came to a very narrow bridge—two boards side by side over an irrigation canal. The wheels went over it, true as an arrow. The passage must have slightly retarded the awful thing behind me, for I felt him to be further off.

"We were now between two fields of bananas. A small tree had been cut and thrown on the road by some workmen, with its branches, leaves and all.

It completely barred the way. There was nothing to do but to try to go over it at top speed. I sailed right in furiously, and, though nearly thrown over, I succeeded in recovering my balance—went on, on, reached a smart decline, and rolled down like a cannon ball. At a turning of the road the plantation buildings came in view!

"I cannot say when the tiger abandoned the race. But when I shot amid the group of my friends, fell and scrambled to my feet, completely out of breath, and my eyes bulging out, my first instinct was to look round in the expectation of finding the brute still on my heels and ready to slay us all. All I could gasp was—"The tiger—where is the tiger?"

"My friends had not seen it, and, the first curve in the road being over a mile away, I had evidently been alone in the race for some distance."—The Mirror.

"But, my son," said the fond parent, "if you do not attend school and college regularly you will never be regarded as an intellectual light."

"Oh, yes, I will, papa," responded the fair-haired youth. "I intend to make a few millions and then endow colleges, and thus acquire more degrees than I could win in a lifetime of study."

With eyes moist with pride the father bade the child go bravely forward upon the path of destiny.—Baltimore American.

"Mamma, dear, didn't you say I was worth millions to you?"

"Yes, darling. Why?"

"Could you give me twenty-five cents?" —Boston Herald.