

COUNCIL BLUFFS.

MINOR MENTION.

Davis sells drugs. Moore's food kills worms and fattens. Buidewiser beer. L. Rosenfeld, agent. Victor hot water heaters at Bixby's. Estep, undertaker, 23 Pearl street. Perry pictures. C. E. Alexander & Co. Rev. A. L. Sargent of Griswold spent yesterday in the city.

DAVIS GENERALLY OBSERVED

Business is Suspended While Citizens Celebrate the National Holiday.

CROWDS THROUGH THE PLEASURE RESORTS

Fairmount Park Visited by Many Picnic Parties. Fronts Omaha-Lake Manawau and Manhattan Beach Prove Popular Attractions.

Although there was no public celebration such as marked the Fourth of July in the good old days, still yesterday was observed as a general holiday in Council Bluffs. Many of the larger stores kept closed all day, but others were open for business in the morning, but shut their doors promptly at noon.

Dr. A. P. Hanchett, wife and son, Alfred, returned yesterday morning from an extended eastern trip.

Miss Helen Shepard is suffering from a severe attack of quinsy and her sister, Miss Ethel, is substituting for her in the county recorder's office.

Inspector C. W. Peavey of the Department of Justice at Washington is in the city for the purpose of examining affairs connected with the federal court.

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Italian dirty, clear and sweet, if a trifle sharp, and I twiddled my same as I wondered what I could say when the prima donna appeared, in view of the way I had been deceived.

"Dye like that" inquired the voice behind the portiere. "A little thing I picked up in Venice—sweet and pretty, not much to it. I brought it from the opera house in the Italian music, anyhow, I find, and were my career ahead instead of behind me I think I should go in altogether for Wagner. Oh, the deuce!"

"The objection seemed a queer windup for a conversation so sanely begun. "How?" I inquired. "Mind your own business!" said the voice, sharply. "Why will you persist in meddling in my affairs? What claim have you upon me, anyhow? You are so annoying! You make me dreadfully, indeed you do! Oh, Leonardo!" and the voice began on "Foh, Leonardo!" from "Travatore."

"Well, I at length ceased to extract amusement from being roasted like this, and I arose to take my leave, feeling just a bit haughty and bit under the collar. "Madame," I started to say, "I am truly sorry if I have disturbed you, but in venturing to send my card up to you I had supposed that you would be quite willing to receive me—a supposition in which I was encouraged when you sent me word to come upstairs at once. Whatever annoyance I have caused you, I sincerely regret, believe me, but, nevertheless—

"I had got this far when Miss Thurby stepped radiantly in through the door of her private hall, and held out her hand cordially. "Whom were you speaking as I came in, might I inquire?" she asked me with a somewhat puzzled expression around her eyes.

"Why," said I, "I was under the impression that I had the honor of addressing you." "After she lighted up merrily, and she fell into a burst of uncontrollable laughter. Then she thrust back the portiere, and there sat on top of an eagle her famous parrot. The parrot eyed me humorously for a second, and then burst into a ha-ha-ing that threatened to deprive him of all his feathers.

"Has he been ribald and insulting to you?" asked Miss Thurby. "He is falling into the habit lately of treating my guests shamefully, but he is old and perhaps testy for that reason."

"The bird's imitation of Miss Thurby's speaking tones was almost perfect. I observed when she spoke. He could sing and talk in nine languages, I understood; but, for all that, in view of the bad quarter of an hour he gave me, I didn't grieve much when I read the other day that Miss Thurby's famous parrot, called 'Old Time,' had cashed in and gone to the great unknown."

Three shots were fired by Ludwig altogether. The girl jumped toward him as he drew the revolver, but he fired quickly. The first shot entered her forehead very near the center. The girl fell forward on the floor, where he placed the revolver near her head and fired again, the bullet entering near the temple. He then turned toward Miss Ballard and would probably have killed her had she not run out of the room. Stepping back three steps, he placed the revolver in his own hand and fired the last shot, the ball entering his head on the right side, back of the temple a couple of inches. The revolver used was a more toy, a 32-caliber Young America, with a 2-inch barrel.

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Despite the cloudy morning, the crowd came early and was on hand to witness the parade at 10:30, which was the finest one that has ever been given in this city. All the leading business houses, including the implement dealers, dry goods people, hardware, lumber, clothing and newspapers were represented. A prize was awarded for the most beautifully decorated float, and the action captured by Miss Steinke with a team of ponies and buggy, handsomely arrayed. Colonel J. Steadman of Council Bluffs was the orator of the day and made an eloquent address, dealing with questions of the hour. The Indians that attempted to start athletic sports and a ball game between Atlantic and Griswold. This evening there was a magnificent display of fireworks.

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HAWAIIAN WONDERS. Climate of Surprising Charm and a Quaint National Dish. In point of climate the island of Hawaii is perhaps not excelled anywhere on earth. It writes a correspondent of Harper's Weekly. Large enough as the islands are to have a character of their own, and still in no way neutralizing the peculiarly desirable quality of oceanic environments, the Hawaiian climate is midway between the highest and the tropical; tender, yet not enervating; breezy, though not boisterous; with sunshine from which you need no protection, and a rainfall that does not become monotonous. A veritable land of sunshine and breezes, with a temperature which you may vary as you choose from sea level up to 10,000 feet. (13,225 feet) or Mauna Loa (13,675). You may leave one side of an island in a rain storm and find sunshine on the other; but though there is considerable variety in this respect, the temperature is about uniform, at sea level, 75 degrees Fahrenheit. Taken by the year, this average does not vary over one degree one way or the other; taken by the month, the average of the coldest month is 69 degrees and of the warmest 78 degrees. The extreme lowest temperature is 59 degrees; the highest 96 degrees; and either of these figures has been reached only once in the last dozen years. The average daily range at Honolulu is 71 degrees, and its usual temperature is several degrees cooler than the average of a number of other cities in the same latitude—notably Havana.

The northeast trade winds are the saving feature of the Hawaiian islands, imparting uniform temperature, healthfulness and tonicity. The record for fifteen years shows that the least number of trade wind days per year was 225—the greatest 301—the mean 273. January has a normal average of fourteen days of trade, which, as the sun moves north, increase until the normal average reaches twenty-nine and a half days in July and August, and then begins a corresponding diminution through the autumn months to the end of the year.

Pot is the national dish of Hawaii, and has the great advantage of being cheap and fattening—formerly the native took as much pride in his particular brew of poi as some good housewives do in their biscuits. But now, alas, his pride has departed, and this matter has fallen into the hands of ever watchful John Chinaman.

And the making of poi is no easy task—perhaps that explains the natives' retirement from the work. Taro is a tough fleshy root, and in the first pot-making stage it must be ground to a flour. This course of course is done by machinery, but that would not be Hawaiian—therefore, as in the old days, the tough root is brought to the desired condition by a stone pestle and a wooden—sometimes stone—trough. After reduction to flour it is then worked into a thin, sticky paste, and if the best article of poi is desired, it is permitted to ferment before being served in the calabash, as the wooden bowl—the only dish of the natives—is called. Usually one calabash answers for a family, which, squatting around the common dish feeds by skilfully gathering a quantity of poi on the fingers, and then with equal dexterity transferring the mass to the mouth. According to its consistency, it may be "one-finger," "two-finger," or "three-finger" poi, the index finger being equal to the task of the feeding.

It is quite a quick, and three fingers are required when it is at its thinnest. It is an acquired taste to the foreigners, but many of them appear to acquire it readily enough—the white Hawaiians take their poi and squid (as the dried tentacles of the octopus are called) with apparently as much relish as the natives. It is useless to my palate, unless perhaps it suggested starch.

Experience of a Milkshake Man Who Had Routed an Italian. He keeps a "sweet milk, buttermilk and milkshake" stand on Park row, right out in front of the big newspaper offices, reports the New York Sun. He has a good stand, and he knows it, and does not propose to share it with any one. So it happened that when an Italian fruit vendor approached that corner the other night with the evident intention of diving the trade, the milkstand man defended his monopoly with vigor, dispatch and a big bluff.

"Get away from here!" he commanded. The Italian grinned and approached still nearer.

"How do you come from here, tell me," repeated the man with the fruit, and he braved the same against the fruit man's cart and gave a vigorous push. The Italian was good at pushing, too, and gave evidence of it. So the other resorted to more active measures and brandished the club so violently and in such close proximity to the fruit vendor's skull that the next command was "Get out of here, right off!" was promptly obeyed, and the bananas and oranges wandered further down the street, while the ferocious dispenser of most peaceful beverages returned triumphantly to his place of business and ended away his weapon in a rack above his head.

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RASH MURDER AND SUICIDE

Young Man Kills His Former Sweetheart and Himself at Des Moines.

DEED IS CAUSED BY UNREQUITED LOVE

William Ludwig Shoots Bertha Whiteside Dead with a Revolver and Then Puts an End to His Own Life.

DES MOINES, July 4.—(Special Telegram.)—William Ludwig of Rockwell City shot and killed his former sweetheart, pretty 20-year-old Bertha Whiteside, at her home in this city this morning at 9 o'clock. Ludwig then turned the pistol on himself and sent a bullet through his own brain. The girl died instantly. Ludwig lived about a half hour.

The murder and suicide were witnessed by Miss Lou Ballard, a visitor, also of Rockwell City, and the firing of the shot which ended the life of the murderer was also seen by Bert Whiteside, brother of the murdered girl.

The cause of the double tragedy is supposed to be unrequited love. Two years ago Ludwig and Miss Whiteside were engaged. He lived in Rockwell City, the former home of the girl. Ludwig was arrested about a year and a half ago on the charge of grand larceny. He was tried in the court of Calhoun county, convicted and sentenced to a term of six months in the penitentiary at Madison. This term expired only a short time ago. Miss Whiteside, immediately upon the arrest and conviction of Ludwig, severed her relations with him, sent back his letters and sent word to him that she would never again have anything to do with him. Ludwig has brooded over his repulse in love and came to Des Moines Monday to settle the matter according to his own desires.

He went to the Whiteside home with the expressed intention of killing his former sweetheart. He told her so when he was shot. The girl was in the bedroom making the bed when he entered. She and Miss Ballard, a girl friend who was spending the Fourth with her, saw Ludwig coming and fastened the screen doors at both the back and front of the house, but Ludwig cut the wire and entered.

Three shots were fired by Ludwig altogether. The girl jumped toward him as he drew the revolver, but he fired quickly. The first shot entered her forehead very near the center. The girl fell forward on the floor, where he placed the revolver near her head and fired again, the bullet entering near the temple. He then turned toward Miss Ballard and would probably have killed her had she not run out of the room. Stepping back three steps, he placed the revolver in his own hand and fired the last shot, the ball entering his head on the right side, back of the temple a couple of inches. The revolver used was a more toy, a 32-caliber Young America, with a 2-inch barrel.

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She was a red-headed girl with a go-and-see-and-find-out sort of air, and she stood watching the proceedings from a neighboring curbstone with no small degree of interest. After the Italian had retreated she slowly approached the milkstand.

"Do you sell milk-shakes when you're home from the wars?" she asked, gravely. "The man grinned. "Try to," he replied. "Have one?" "Isn't it dangerous that passerby falling down on a customer, I suppose?" she pursued. "I keep that to chase Dagooes with," he explained. "Got a lien on this corner?" "Not exactly, but—well, I just belong here, as you know, don't you?" she nodded. "I understand. Suppose you give me strawberry and vanilla," she suggested.

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