

IN A HAUNTED ROOM.

It Was Located in the Italian Quarter of the City of Cincinnati.

Mysterious Deaths Which Have Occurred in the Old Structure.

All of Them at Last Traced to a Gigantic Tarantula.

The Lair of the Creature Discovered in a Hole in the Ceiling.

Down on the south side of West Sixth street, between Central avenue and Mound, Cincinnati, are gathered in a motley congregation many of the Italian fruit-vendors of the city, says the Enquirer.

Most of them are Sicilians, engaged in selling bananas and fruits. Their fare to America is advanced to them by one of their countrymen, and they sell goods on shares until this indebtedness is paid.

Then they branch out for themselves. Among the residences of these sons of the sunny South is one.

A Wood Structure. In years past and gone it was a noted resort for men and women, white and black, of unsavory character. The Italian neighbors did not believe it was haunted. Still, there is a room in the house that has been looked upon by the denizens of the quarter as ill-omened. It is a fair-sized room on the second story.

The Tenant who has the house is a short, dark-eyed, heavily bearded Italian, and he uses the first floor as a caterer for his wives. Huge strings of bananas hang from the ceiling, and oranges and lemons are in the front windows. His wife and babies are in this room all day, but the room upstairs they never enter.

The mystery about the room arises from the fact that while a number of persons have occupied it, come to bed at night in perfect health, when morning came they were found dead. There were no marks of violence, there were no tell-tale finger prints of strangulation on the throat, no ugly gashes about the head, no contusions about the body, no bottles containing poisons, nothing to indicate anything more than death naturally caused, as was decided by physicians, called.

Death from Heart Failure. The victims seemed all to have suffered no special pain—their countenances were all in repose—they simply were dead. The first case was that of Antonio Peruchio. He was a stout, healthy young man of perhaps twenty-eight. He came to the room, was ignorant of the English language and found his way from New Orleans to Cincinnati. He drifted into this place and his countrymen assigned to the front room. He retired early one evening, and said on the morrow he would try to secure a job from one of the fruit firms in the city.

In the morning he did not come down stairs, and the proprietor of his room, but was unable to awaken him. Thinking that perhaps he was tired and a sound sleeper, he went away. At dinner he had not returned, and the proprietor grew alarmed and, rushing up, roused vigorously the door. No answer coming, he unlocked the ladder and looked over the transom. There lay Peruchio, his eyes wide open and glassy. He made no motion. The proprietor

Yelled, Hysterical, Shrieked! No answer came from the figure on the bed. "He's dead," he said, and it was the work of an instant to call his wife and force the door. The well-known Italian consul was notified, who suggested a coroner's inquest. The coroner came, and was there to witness the man was dead. The corpse bore no marks. Verdict, death from heart disease. This was over four years ago. This did not give the room a bad name for in almost every house there are rooms whose walls have witnessed the scenes of death.

A few months later Lorena Laboso, a pretty brunette with a six-months-old babe, came alone. She was hunting for her husband, who had sought work in the Hocking valley mines. She came through Cincinnati, and was directed at the Grand Central hotel to the Sixth street quarters, where she could find accommodations for the night for herself and babe. There she was, and was glad to find rent in the quiet room. At 9 o'clock,

Her Light Was Out, and when morning came, not appearing, and no sound coming from her room, the proprietor, when breakfast was announced, sent his wife to call her. There was no response to her loud knocks at the door, and, becoming alarmed, she mounted the step-ladder and peered with fear and trembling over the transom. Her worst fears were realized. There lay mother and babe, the little one snuggled in the arms of its mother. Nothing was to be seen, but no leaving of the mother's breast, no uneasy tossing of her arms. She lay motionless and like marble. "I believe she's dead," she called, loud and louder, but the echo of her own voice was all the response that came to her. She ran to her husband. They forced the door.

Yes, Mother and Babe were cold in death. The coroner held the inquest, thoroughly examined the mother and babe. There was not a scar that marred the satin softness of their ivory white skin. There was no motive for suicide; there was no cause for murder; there was no evidence of either—they were dead. It was heart failure. The mother and babe were buried, and the affair was forgotten save in the Italian quarter, when one day Antonio de Luca, a Sicilian of some little means, came to the city to make arrangements for a New York house with some of the well-to-do Italians of the city.

He strolled along Sixth street, and becoming acquainted with the proprietor, inquired where he should stop for the night. The vacant room was shown him, and he said: "That suits me; I'll be here a week," and, paying in advance, had his valises and belongings at once moved. In the evening he and the proprietor, who had become friends,

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Woke at 8, and the proprietor was prompt to call the man. He knocked, then shouted, and then suddenly recollecting the fate of the other occupants of the room, hastily ran down stairs, and calling his wife told her his suspicions. There was another post mortem. The door was opened, De Luca was dead. He lay, as one sleeping peacefully. "This is the fourth person found dead in this room. I don't understand it," said a physician who had been called in. "There's something deadly here. What can it be?"

He thought of arsenic in the wall paper, but there was no wall paper; simply plastered walls. De Luca was fleshy and bore marks of being a Good Liver.

The post mortem revealed nothing. All the organs revealed nothing. His stomach contained evidences of the wine, and the weather being warm possibly the wine threw the blood to the head, so apoplexy was the only way out. The proprietor was thoroughly alarmed.

No one who knew the room would sleep in it now. It had a bad name, that was all. Finally, late one evening, as the proprietor sat by his little stand, two ill-fated, many-looking, ragged tramps came along. One of them was an Italian, and he begged a place to sleep. Not wanting to turn a countryman away, the proprietor reluctantly said: "Yes, I have a vacant room; you can sleep in it if you want, but it has a bad name, don't know what is the cause of it, but everybody who sleeps in it never wakes up."

"Nonsense," replied the Italian, "I am not afraid. I haven't touched a bed in two weeks, and I am not afraid of ghosts on any account."

TOOK THE MACWHIRTER.

How a London Guardsman Arranged His Affairs.

BUT WHAT WAS HE TO DO?

As It Turned Out, It Was Rough on Him and on Lady Adelaide.

THE Honorable Charles Augustus Fitzhardinge, a second lieutenant in the Earl of Colshire's, a Scotchman, was in her Majesty's Regiment of Horse Guards.

He was tall and slender, and in his chambers at half-past 7 on an exceedingly warm morning, and, pressing both his hands to his throbbing head, made some remarks to himself, which he repeated, at the expense of his health, to the satisfaction of his friends. He then exclaimed, "Perkins!"

"No, hang the brandy, give me the brandy," and, placing the spout in his mouth, the lieutenant slowly drank the scalding fluid into his system. It had a wonderful effect. In another ten minutes the lieutenant splashed his bath and was being rapidly encased in his fatigue uniform by Perkins.

"Drill at Wormley Scrub, to-day, sir," said the latter, "breakfast, to-day, at 11:30, and Mrs. Bellini's bootmaker calls at 12 o'clock."

The lieutenant, it is said, tucked his sword under his arm, clanked down the steps, and, jumping on a splat-back charger held by a groom, cantered away in the direction of the barracks, from which he emerged a few minutes after side by side with Capt. Lord Frederick Polemarch, riding in the rear of his particular troop.

"Horrid nuisance, this infernal exercise," said Lord Frederick, "I wish you were a woman, and I could get you to do my exercises for me."

"Yes, 'ferral outrage!" replied Fitzhardinge, "late last night?"

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THE MARVELOUS EXPERIMENT EDISON.

Now He Under Way in Jersey, New York Herald.

At Orden, N. J., there is a mass of iron ore a mile long, standing perpendicular and extending into the bowels of the earth to great but unknown depths.

As the violent storms and uprushes in the sun produce disturbances of the magnetic force of the earth, and as the iron ore is a powerful conductor of the earth's magnetism, by the use of instruments every change in the magnetic force of the earth is immediately reflected in the deflection of the needle of the instrument.

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THE FASHIONS IN CLOTHING! FOR MEN, BOYS AND CHILDREN! Acknowledged by all fashion's followers that the only place in which they can be seen with certainty is at BROWNING, KING & CO.'S EMPORIUM OF FASHION.

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