

## **THE BREATH OF HADES**

### **Still Mowing Down Its Victims**

#### **Another Long Roll of Sufferers From the Terrible Heat**

#### **A Visit to Habig's Sixth-Street Death House**

Although the awful heat which has afflicted this community for a week past continued with unabated force yesterday, there was a gratifying decrease in the number of sun-strokes. With the alarming results of the last few days as a warning, the people seem to have been more careful, and the death-roll has in consequence been somewhat reduced. Many startling rumors of the death of prominent citizens from the overpowering heat were rife, but in almost every case the rumors had no foundation in fact. It was reported early in the afternoon that Hon. George H. Pendleton had been prostrated, and many friends were anxiously inquiring as to his condition. The Senator is in Columbus, and in some way the story of his supposed illness reached his ears. He at once telegraphed to his brother, Elliott H. Pendleton, saying that he was in first-class condition, and requesting that any statement of his prostration should be contradicted. Never since the last cholera epidemic in 1849[?] has Cincinnati experienced such a terrible mortality as at present. The undertakers are all overrun with orders for interments and so great is the demand for vehicles that it is almost impossible to get a hack at any price. The deaths among the poorer classes is absolutely appalling. At Habig's yesterday were sixteen bodies awaiting burial, coffins were packed in the lumber-room, in the stable, in fact every available inch of space was occupied with the remains of Old Sol's victims. The existing state of affairs has awakened the city authorities to the necessity of providing at least a temporary morgue. To accomplish this end a meeting was held yesterday at Coroner Hendig's office, which was participated in by Dr. A.J. Miles, Health Officer; Sam Trost, Clerk of the Health board, the Coroner and the County Commissioners.

The Commissioners finally decided to instruct Dr. Miles to find some suitable place at once and erect a temporary morgue. The County Solicitor gave it as his opinion that the Commissioners had a right to make necessary expenditures for the same. Dr. Miles and Mr. Trost are now busily engaged in looking for suitable premises.

Last evening there was a slight fall in the thermometer and a welcome breeze was blowing from the west, yet there is little prospect of a very great change in the temperature for several days.

Every one should take extra precautions to avoid being in the sun, and should be very careful in their diet.

### THE THERMOMETER

At the Signal Bureau at three o'clock indicated 100°, yet there was a brisk breeze stirring. From before midnight until morning there were only eleven miles of wind, which would be less than two miles an hour, whereas for the next six hours there were thirty miles of wind, or nearly three times as much. This breeze continued yesterday afternoon, so that, although the heat was greater than the day before, yet the breezes tended to make it less appreciated. The prolonged heat now is in its tenth day, and the mortality has been great, yet at the Red Bluff, Upper California, which is at the foot of Mount Shorta, for forty-four consecutive days the thermometer averaged each day 100° in the shade, and for twenty-six days was from 101° to 110°. There were no cases of sunstroke, and yet in a town of 2,000, with twenty-four saloons, drinking continued as usual.

"He's not dead," said an excited individual who rushed into the local rooms yesterday afternoon, when the thermometer was at 100° in the shade.

"Who's not dead?"

"Why, John McKlane, that great big man who used to peddle blank-books and pencils all along Vine street and through the markets, who was the terror of lunch houses, and never turned away from a drink of stale beer as long as there was a drop left in the empty kegs before a saloon door. Poor John, the police thought he was sun-struck, picked him up, and mistaking his snore for a death gurgle, laid him away in a big box on a cake of ice at Habig's. John slept off his "booze," the cold ice woke him up, and the way he kicked out the coffin lid was a caution.

Knowing that a polar wave of madness would float over Vine street if this news of John's resurrection were true, an Enquirer man visited Habig's morgue, on Sixth street, and entering the folding doors on the first floor, commenced his search for John. The story did not materialize, but

### THE STENCH OF THE DEAD

At Habig's did. It is hard to conceive a worse place for a dead house for a great city boasting a Probasco Fountain and College of Music than Habig's. It is nothing more nor less than a dilapidated stable, with stalls at the entrance end, windows with iron gratings along one side, and the cheapest of

coffins strewn about the floor, generally laying in a pool of dirty water and dead body washings. Yesterday seventeen bodies were on hand, and as the reporter entered, an ambulance came from Covington to carry away the body of a man who had fallen with sun-stroke the day before. The coffin was unscrewed, the body lifted out, laid on a board, arms tied in place, and then lifted into the covered wagon that waited to receive it. The sixteen remaining coffins had lids upon them which were not fastened down, and, upon a

### COLORED WOMAN

Entering, pretty full of beer, who said she was looking for a railroad man, named "George, a big fat feller," who gave her all his money, that she heard he was dead and wanted to bury him, the accommodating attendants at once lifted the coffin-lids and described the hideous contents, each containing about a cent's worth of ice. Into the windows peered crowd of children, who hung about all day with a morbid curiosity, and as each new body came in, or a coffin lid is raised, push and fight to get a sight.

"You've been here all day, now let me see," shouted one little nine-year-old to another. "No, I won't. I got this place first," and the little fellow hung to the bars as though for dear life.

The body of George, the fat man, could not be found, so his colored inamorata departed in peace, saying: "I've got money, and mean to give him a decent funeral.

### MR. HABIG

Is not to blame for the mean quarters that he occupies, nor the horrible stench that emanate [sic] from his establishment. The paltry pittance the city allows him is not enough to pay for the ice to keep the bodies long enough to be identified. There never was the need of a Morgue, large, commodious, with marble slabs, dripping water, plenty of ice, centrally located, open and free to all as in Paris, the metropolis of the world, which we are so proud to imitate, more forcibly demonstrated than at present. Let any citizen go and see Habig's stable, and the manner bodies are hustled in and hustled off, simply because there is not compensation enough granted, and people would toss away their mock squeamishness and favor the finest morgue in the United States.

Day before yesterday evening Dr. Thomas C. Minor was called to attend a case of sun-stroke of a young lady at a tenement house corner of Central avenue and Third street. As he passed the porch he noticed Mr. and Mrs. Shanson, an old couple whom he had long known, and spoke to them. Early

yesterday morning going to see how his patient progressed, he was surprised to find the Shansons still sleeping. Something about Mrs. Shannon's [sic] appearance attracted his attention, and an examination showed she was dead. She must have died in the night, for her husband said she never spoke of feeling ill, and was as much surprised as the doctor.

### WHAT TO DO IN CASES OF SUN-STROKE

When the spine becomes dry and hot, when the quantity of urine excreted is increased, when the head aches and grows dizzy, keep your weather eye open for the hospital ambulance.

When a man drops to the pavement and you find the pupil of his eyes contracted to the size of a pin's head, convey the unfortunate individual to the nearest yard having a hydrant, and, selecting the coolest and most shady spot, divest the patient of all clothing, and proceed to give him a douche by pouring buckets of water over the naked body. Keep it up until some signs of life are manifest. If the patient's body grows cold and shivers, stop the water douche and pour a little brandy down his throat. Never forget to rub the patient's head with ice from the start. When a man's pupil commences to dilate after an attack of sunstroke, its [sic] a favorable sign.

The drinking man runs a big risk these hot days. He finds his potations make him drowsy, and he droops his head and sleeps--a sleep from which he often fails to awaken, for, when his friends knock at the door in the morning, there is no answer, and every body is astonished to learn that--died during the night. The Coroner says, "Congestion of brain."

Stiff-necks are common all over town. Fellows will sleep on the floor, without clothing or pillows, and imagine who have rheumatism next day.

Curiosity is manifest concerning the fate of some of the Mutual Insurance Companies. If the hot weather continues there will be numerous demands on the surviving members. A sun-stroke Insurance Company has not yet been reported, yet the meteorological conditions are all favorable.