

## THE EVENING NEWS.

Monday, April 24, 1872.

### THE TELEGRAPH BOY'S STORY.

BY A. T. N.

[CONTINUED.]

Now all this worked upon the young wife's sensitive nature, as it would upon most sensitive people, making her sad and perhaps a little fearful. Her husband had to cheer her drooping spirits, and to laugh at her fears, but it was all in vain. She began to have some apprehension of coming evil, which she could not throw off, and it speedily began to tell upon her health and spirits.

I had been in the Telegraph office about a month, when a message came one day addressed to Isabel Merton, which read as follows:

"Will visit you in two months. Be ready to go with me then."

CAPTAIN CHANNING.

It was given to me to deliver, and I carried it up to the old house, and placed it in the lady's hand myself. I shall never forget the white face of the woman as she read that message, nor the look of unutterable horror that I saw picturing all there, though she lived a week, and died. She did not say a word, but sank back into her chair, trembling like a leaf, while I stood twirling my cap, and wondering at her strange emotion.

Just then Mr. Merton entered the room, and noticing the condition of his wife, directed a quick, inquiring glance toward me. I motioned to the message in her hand, and he grasped it, and read it while watching me.

He was a tall, thin man, immediately agitated and the color left his face.

Turning to me, after he had mastered his emotion, he asked me about the message, but I could give him no information, of course, beyond the fact that it had been delivered to us at the office, to bring to Mrs. Merton. He then took his wife tenderly in his arms and carried her quickly to the bedchamber.

I sought the office again, in a few hours Mr. Merton came to the office himself, and made minute inquiries concerning the message I had delivered. Nothing could be told him, of course, beyond the fact that it had been received from the city of A—.

To satisfy him, however, as to who had sent the message, an inquiry was made of the office, who replied that he had checked to see if the message had been sent from there.

This astonished those in our office considerably, for there was the message, sent just as all others are, and the operator who had read it off declared it was Barnes who had sent it—Barnes was one of the operators in the A— office.

Barnes declared that he never sent the message, and that he was one of the most honest men living, and there was no inducement for deception in the case, he had to be believed.

The message remained a mystery to the whole office, for it had already been announced to us that Captain Channing was dead.

Mr. Merton was deeply moved when our Superintendent informed him who had been buried above the mysterious telegram, but he quickly gulped his compassion, and requested that nothing be said of the matter outside of the telegraph office.

I saw no more of Isabel Merton after this visit, but from the old housekeeper we gleaned enough to keep constantly posted in regard to the occurrences of the next few weeks. What I shall now relate will be understood as having been learned from this source.

From the time that I took the telegram to Mrs. Merton, she was a changed woman. She grew pale and then the light faded from her eyes, and her laugh was heard no more. She became extremely nervous and fearful, and the slightest noise sometimes served to draw her into fits of extreme terror. She lived in constant expectation of a coming evil. The husband tried to banish the morbid ideas and fears from her mind, but it was of no avail. She who but a short time before had laughed at superstition, had become the most superstitious, and she declared that those who acted at such things would yet become convinced of their mistake.

After many days of such dire forebodings, the message had been received. Mr. Merton sat one night reading to his wife in the library, when there came a ring of the bell of the street door.

Mr. Merton laid down his book and went to answer it, the servants having all been allowed an evening out, but he was surprised to find no one there. Looking up and down the street he saw a figure who concluded it was the work of some mischievous boys, and shutting the door, he returned to the library.

He was startled, so he entered the room to see his wife with white face, great staring eyes, gazing intently at a distant corner of the room.

"Why, Isabel, what is the matter?"

"Look there! Don't you see him? See his glowering eyes! See his bony hand pointed at me!" cried he, Ralph! its Uncle Channing, comes to curse me!" shrieked Isabel Merton, cowering in her chair and trembling fearfully.

"I see nothing, dear Isabel, come, it is only your own over-wrought fancy, try to banish such thoughts from your mind."

"I tell you it is not fancy, Ralph, can't you see him? See his bony hand pointing at me!" cried he, Ralph! its Uncle Channing, comes to curse me!" shrieked Isabel Merton, cowering in her chair and trembling fearfully.

"I see nothing, dear Isabel, come, it is only your own over-wrought fancy, try to banish such thoughts from your mind."

"I tell you it is not fancy, Ralph, can't you see him? See his bony hand pointing at me!" cried he, Ralph! its Uncle Channing, comes to curse me!" shrieked Isabel Merton, cowering in her chair and trembling fearfully.

"To be continued."

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