

LOVE IN A TRANCE.

An Odd Tale Told in Words which Have but One Sound.

BY THOMAS ROBINSON, M. D.

And then it came to me that I was dead now, and my chance to find my love, and love my love, was gone—gone as the life I had had when I was young.

While full of these sad thoughts Jack came back and brought not my friend, but the law's first man, "Mr. Sig," who at once to Jack's

And my old heart said: "Yes, he's dead." But Rex, who was sure, had kept his eyes on him, gave a deep, long growl at this. Poor Jack broke down at these words, and I heard his sobs as though I would break his heart.

For quite a while all was still; but I could feel a pin pricking me on my arm, my leg, my foot, my cheek, my chest, till I heard Jack's voice most distinctly say: "Stop that!"

Then I just quick stepped the stairs told the bell I heard was in some way rung for me, as a rap at the door brought proof. Jack's step to the door, a pause, and "No; thank you. But he came to me none too soon, for a deep gasp in my arm met his gaze. I knew of the rage at his heart by the calm, cold voice in which he said:

"I told you to stop that! If you touch him once more I will break your neck! Now, sir, let me tell you, to me he does not look as though he were dead."

Then the strange, calm as a calm as a rare day in June, and yet as cold as ice, said: "Though a man may have been dead for two months and a half, the flesh will have kept its form and hue for a month or more, and the scalp, the hair, the nose will have kept so well that the age can be told; for a few weeks more and the face is not all gone, and the bulk of the flesh for at least six months does not die, as flesh, though it is dead. If the breath stop, and the heart does not beat, we might feel quite sure—"

"But," said Jack, "how is it, then, with your eyes, your ears, and snuffs, and things that sleep in the cold?"

"Well, in that case—but man does not live so—and, too, this man is as cold as my own, and I have my chest a-slap the dog gave such a sharp growl he did not speak out what was on his mind to say, but went on: "Of course there is one case known to us where the man, when he closes to do so, could stop at once, and I would not think, but I do not think your friend is—"

"No," said Jack, in a sad tone, "my friend is no fraud."

"And," said Jack, "the voice, does not shrill at all when I touch, or rub, or slap, or pinch it. And, as you say, if I push a pin in it, he does not feel, he does not move, and there is no blood. And this deep cut here, on your neck, and I know that the man is dead."

And as he flung back the arm on my chest, he said with scorn: "Stiff, or not stiff, this is a dead man, I tell you! But, if you still doubt, I will prove it, if you will."

"Hold," said Jack, "let me read to you what I have just got from his home."

"No," said Jack, in a trance. Give him air. Keep him warm. Bring him home."

The voice rang out in a high key: "Which goes to show they are a pack of fools! I heard the snap of a lock; and next moment I found out that I could not move, head, or hand, or turn in bed an inch, nor draw up my legs. I could move no part of me up or down. I could see that Rex knew all was not right, and he made such a fuss at the door that my friend, John White, spoke to him from the foot of the stairs. But the dog growl worse the more he said to him. This was the first time that I saw him right up. As he got to my room, Rex gave a quick whine and a scratch at the door that led Jack to think that all was not as it should be. At first his hand was not as it should be, but he got the key in his hand, and his words, though full of force, were not the best."

When Jack had thrown wide the door Rex ran in, and at once put his cold, wet nose in my face, and then he came to my head, and he said: "Get up!" But, with a snuff or two, he knew that would not do, and took my left hand in his month and gave a long pull, as he was wont to do, when we were at the house. But he soon knew this would not do. He let go of the hand, and with a lick, a snuff, and a whine laid his huge paw full on my chest, and gave a long, low howl.

I felt that Jack was at his wit's end. I thought how he must look, as he stood there. From the long sigh he drew I knew, then, that I was dead, and that Jack was sure Rex knew it.

Jack came up to me and put his left hand on my brow, and took my right hand in his. He felt my pulse, laid his cheek to my mouth, his hand on my heart, and he said: "Get up!" But he soon knew this would not do. He let go of the hand, and with a lick, a snuff, and a whine laid his huge paw full on my chest, and gave a long, low howl.

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THE GREAT REBELLION. Chronological Record of Operations from April 23 to May 6, 1862.

YORKTOWN OCCUPIED. Surrender of Forts Jackson and St. Philip, and Occupation of New Orleans.

WILLIAMSBURG, VA. Operations in Kentucky, Tennessee, and Missouri.

(Compiled from the Official Records of the War)

April 23.—A detachment of 24 men of the 10th Wis., under the command of Serg't W. Nelson, Co. I, and H. M. Makinson, Co. H, were sent to guard the Point Lookout Bridge

April 24.—A detachment of 24 men of the 10th Wis., under the command of Serg't W. Nelson, Co. I, and H. M. Makinson, Co. H, were sent to guard the Point Lookout Bridge

April 25.—A detachment of 24 men of the 10th Wis., under the command of Serg't W. Nelson, Co. I, and H. M. Makinson, Co. H, were sent to guard the Point Lookout Bridge

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