The grate trubble with Frank ir, he don't light our pipes and have a char; you have no idea kno himself—if he only knew hiz own karakter haw my logs and arms ache," I said.

For some moments he seemed to be the pray of

#### AT DEATH'S DOOR.

(Written Specially for the Granger.)

BY R. F. D.

Ho seemed calmer again, and in an argumentative mood; to keep him so till we got to the next station was my only chance.

"You don't believe, then, with Longfellow, that life is carnest, life real," I replied.

"No; nobody but a moonstruck poet would be-lieve such rubbish as that," he answered, con-temptuously. "I've real that wishy-washy piece called the Paslm of Lafe, that so many persons rant and roar about—but we are running away from the subject, the fact of the matter is simply this your deatiny and mine are inextricably linked to-gether. It has been irrevocably foreordained that I am to be the means, in the hands of a kind Providence, of ridding you of the intolerable bur-den of life, and then to be myzelf relieved of existance for the act. One good turn deserves another you know," he added, with a grim attempt at a jest.

He rose to his feet. I instinctively jumped up to defend myself. Dashing down the razer on the seat, he rushed on me and we closed. His appearance certainly did not belie him, and, in a moment, I felt I was in the embrace of a man of examples of the contraction. traordinary strength. Lifting me up like a child, and, despite my frantic struggles, he deposited me on the seat. Holding me with one hand, he seized a large muffler which I had removed proviously from my neck, and, in a trice, my legs and arms were securely bound, and I was as helpless as a hill.

"You had better take it quietly," he said, as he completed his job and sat down on the opposite seat, and surveyed me complemently, as if gleating over my helplessness.

I was so completely stunned and bewildered that I did not at first answer, and he proceeded, handling the razor, while his eyes glittered like a tiger's preparing to spring.

"I have a morbid-so the doctors call it-love of sceing blood, warm, rod and ruby, spouting up like a fountain. They called it homicide mania, and tried to cage me, but I gave them the slip."

By this time I had, to a certain extent, recovered my presence of mind and collected my scattered adeas. With a desperate attempt at a laugh, I

"Well, I suppose you are enjoying the fun of accing me lying here scarcd to death, and not able to stir hand or foot. You are surely a most creatic genius. But I am sorry to inform you that you have quite failed in scaring me one bit."

He shook his head mournfully and slowly as he

"Would to God it were but a joke, and that I had not been assigned this task."

Just as he said this the train whistled the approach to another station, and its speed began sensibly to slacken. I prepared myself for a desperate attempt to regain my liberty when we stopped, by shouting out and attracting the attention of someone on the platform.

"How few it is that can read the book of fate," continued my follow-traveller. "That is one of the faculties which an unappreciative state of society calls madness."

I was just about to make an argumentative answer, that would occupy his mind to the exclusion of more dangerous subjects, when, with the mexplicable cunning of a madman, he divined my pur-

"Hat I'll stop your little game," and in another moute he had gagged me effectually with a large pocket-handkerchief, preventing the alightestsound from eacaping my mouth, adding, with a most malicious and sarcastic grin, "now, there is a case in point. See my forethought! and still a thick-headed public will call such men as me mad."

A few minutes more and we glided into the sta-

I will never forget the aforesaid state of my mind as I lay there, bound hand, foot and mouth, in the power of such a person, within a few feet of help, and still unable to make the slightest sound to attract attention. I have often since wondered that I did not faint under the ordeal: but there I lay, half stupitied by my position.

My last remaining shred of hope-that a chance porter might look in and discover mo—was dis-pelled when my captor leaned out of the window, completely blocking it up with his burley frame, and, with the most provoking nonchalance, lighted a cigar and commenced smoking. But a worse disappointment was in store for me.

Just as the locometive was commencing to blow off, and we were preparing to start, I heard the following colloquy outside.

"Get into that carriago as quick as you can, Julia, while I run and see after the luggage," said a man's voice on the platform. Then I heard my which it has extended successfully through the discovering the long period of therty-four years, the American to whether there was room for any more "Oh, yes, ms'am, but I must inform yeu that I have a dangerous lunatio in charge, conveying him to an asylum, and I don't think you would like to be in the same compartment with him. I assure you I greater achievements in its appropriate sphere that a near word, then with him a "continued"—that of a plain, practical, highly instructive have had a very rough time with him," continued the audacious liar.

It is needless to say that this had the desired effect, and that our privacy was not invaled.

In another minute we were speeding on our way north. My fellow travellor remained for some time at the open window after the train commenced to move. Then he resumed his seat opposite me.

He seemed to have taken a merciful fit, for he reached over and unded the gag that bound my mouth, saying, at the same time, "Well, as I don't intend to sufficiate you, I suppose I'd better unloose

Carlisle was our next station, and as the carriage would then be entered by a porter, I was sale if I could keep him engaged until we get there.

"Now, I'll just trouble you next to loose my Judd Com hands and arms like a good fellow, and then we'll York city.

Just in proporeing that a man knows his own failings, just in that proporeing that a man knows his contending emotions. He looked down on the floor, and failings, just in that proporeing that proporeing the possability, and allmost a certainty, too, ov his improvement.

But my appeal was in vain, "No, no," he replied, mournfully shaking his head, "that cannot be. I cannot run counter to fate. Propare for your end?" He took up the open rayer that lay on the seat beside him and rose to his feet, while his eyes glittered with maniscal lightness. He bent down over me, as I lay in a horrid stupor of agony and apprehension, and went on, "I will endeavor to do it as quickly and scientifically as possible, and give you as little pain as I can help.

I gave myself up for lost, and nover uttered a word, and as I lay there, at what was apparently death's door, I never, till then, realized what I had so often read about and heard of before, viz., that, at an hour of eternal and eminent danger, a per-son's mind reverts to his provious life and reviews all its events with a flash of lightning like retros-

Infancy, childhood, boyhood and manhood's scenes rashed before my mind's eye in paneramic succession, and my past life seemed condensed into a brief minute of time

The glittering blade of the razor approached my threat, and I could almost feel it severing my flesh, when suddenly my intended murderer dashed the weapon out of the window, and, throwing himself on the opposite seat, burst into a paroxyom of uncontrolled laughter.

Thinking that this might be another form of his misdness, and thankful, at least, that the dangerous weapon was out of his reach (a postl-handled, monogram worked, creat-engraved article, by the way), I lay, with a throbbing heart, watching his next move,

"Ha! ha!" laughed my would be murderer, "to see you lying there, momentarily expecting death, asying your prayers and giving up yourself for lost. That beats all your tricks at Queen's, Oxon, old boy.

boy."

"Queen's College, Oxford," I repeated to myself,
"Good Graciousi Jack Itsulleigh," I exclaimed, as
the conviction flashed upon mo. "Well, who on
earth would have ever expected to see you here!
I thought you had been devoured and digested by
grizzlies, or scalped by Indians long age."

"You old thick-head," he replied, when his
bursts of laughter would allow him to speak;
"Why, I know you in two minutes, but I saw you
did not know me, although you looked at me so
hard, so I thought I'd have a lark with you Do
you remember the dead pig in my room! but I have
taken the rise out of you this time."

Jack referred to some ally practical joke I had once played upon him during our college days, which had consisted in drossing up a pig's carcass (borrowed for the occasion from a butcher) and placing it, attired as a respectable old lady, in an arm chair in his rooms, which apparation Jack had politely addressed as "madam" on coming back late one evening from a wine party, and not finding out the deception played upon him for a long time.

This time, however, he had certainly turned the tables on me with a vengeance.

"Why I have been laughing at you all along," continued my erratic friend, "but I suppose you were too scared to notice it," continued Jack, atlil exploding with bursts of laughter.

"Well, unlose me at any rate," I said, too thankful at what had appeared my narrow escape to be angry at the trick, and really glad to meet with a very old and doar friend, rose, as it were, from the grave.

With another roar at my forlorn condition, he untied my arms and legs, and I was again free. A few minutes more and we were chatting over old times as if nothing had happened.

Jack and I had been schoolfellows together at the same public school, college chums at Oxford, and had been the Jonsthan and David of our cellege. We had parted with mutual sorrow years before, he going to try his luck in California, and I settling down to the hum-drum life of lawyer. For some time we had corresponded, then came unanswered letters, and we had not heard of him for years, and finally concluded that poor Jack had gone the way of all fiesh. His reappearance under such strange circumstances was, consequently, a most unlooked-for event.

He had always been a strange harum-scarum, hair-brained individual, and the trick he played

I have, ever since that night, had a morbid avertion to razors, and, I'ke King James and the sword, can never look on one without blinking. But I have grown my beard, which now flows over my "manly botom" in patriarchal luxuriance.

Moral-Nover carry a razor with you unless you cnow whom you are travelling with.

THE END.

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### Commercial Intelligence.

NEW YORK STOCKS AND MONEY

New York, Doc. 10 — Money easy, 4 to 5. Sterling firm, \$4.84 to \$4.89 Gold opened at 1142, closed at 1144. Governments firm and in good demand. State bonds dull. Railroads firm. Stocks were irregular, but in the main firm in early dealings; but during last hour strong and higher; improvement ranging from 1 to 11 per cent.

MONTREAU STOCK MARKET.

Montreal, Dec. 10.—Stocks quiet, but pretty firm Sales—Montreal 1792 to 180; Jacques Cartier 17 to 20; Commerce closing at 1212 to 1221; Merchants 953 to 96; Telegraph 1612 to 102; closing at 162

CHICAGO MARKET.

Chicago, Doc. 10.—Flour dull.

Wheat in fair domand and lower rates; No. 1
Chicago apring \$1 04 to \$1.05; No. 2 do. 98jo.
spot, 99jc. seller January; \$1.00j seller February;
No 3 do. 79jc. to 80c; rejected 66c.

Corn stronger and higher, No. 2 mixed 51c apot;
58go. bid seller Dec.; 45o to 45jc. seller Jan.;
44jc. bid seller Feb.; new, No. 2 mixed 49jc. to
50a.; old. rof. 44c.

500.; old, rof 44c.
Oats quiet and steady, but unchanged
Barley firm and unchanged.
Ilye dull.

ltye dull.
Pork irregular, but fa'rly active at \$10.20
Lord quiet and steady at \$12.30.
Bulk meats firm and unchanged.
Whiskey dull at \$1.11.
Receipts—Flour, 12,000 bbls; wheat, 69,000
bush; corn, 9,000 bush; cats, 12,000 bush.; barley, 20,000 bush.; rye, 3,000 bush
Shipments—Flour, 8,000 bbls; wheat, 15,000
bush; corn, 37,000 bush; cats, 7,000 bush.; barley, 3,005 bush; rye, 785 bush.

#### MONTREAL MARKET.

Montreal, Dec. 10.—Flour. receipts, 1,200 bbls.; sales, 800 bbls. Market dull, transactions limited, buyers holding off, anticipating lower rates. Sales—100 extra \$3.50, 100 do. 84.90, 100 super \$4.50; and 1,200 city bags \$2.47½ to \$2.50.

Grain—10,000 bushels two rowed barley sald at

Provisions nominal; moss pork dull at 221c. to to 223c.

Ashes-Pots and pearls unchanged.

ENGLISH MARKETS.

Liverpool, Dec. 10,	1.30 յ	p, <b>m</b> ,	, 187	5.
Flour	6d	to	254	Gà
Red Wheat 9s	44	to	10a	ભા
Red Winter 9s	101	to	161	4d
Whito	94	to	114	ld
Club	24	to	lls	7d
Corn 33s	Od	to	334	Ga
Barley 3a	CI	to	0.	0.1
Oats, ?s	4d	to	Ŏa.	Óđ
Peas	04	to	41	64
Pork	0.1	to	00s	04
Lard	Gā	to	00a	01
Becf		to	00s	0.3
Bacon		to	57:	Gd
Tallow 47s		to	00=	- ôã
Cheese 54s		to	004	Oi
Receipts of wheat for the past 000 quarters; American, 17,000.	thre	eo d	; ,eya	25,•

## BUJJALO LIVE STOCK MARKET.

Buffalo, Dec '9.—Cattle—Receipts to-day, 374 head, making the total supply for the week, 9,180. The market is over for the week, and all lots unsold were shipped East. The market closed dull, with yards about bare of stock.

Sheep and Lambs—Receipts to-day, 1,000 head. No market to day. Prices were 25c. to 37½c. in advance of last week's quotations.

Hogs—Receipts to day, 6,300 head, making the total for the week, 20,500 head. The market was very dull. The yards are full of useful stock. Yorkers at \$6.70 to \$6.90, with the majority of sales at \$6.75 to \$6.80; heavy hogs \$7 to \$7.15.

### LONDON MARKETS.

London, Friday, Dec. 10, 1875.

The market receipts were comparatively small to-day, as they usually are on this day of the week. In grain, no change to note, only peas were week. In grain, no change to note, only peas were rather casier, and are likely to decline from present figures. Pressed hogs—a few careasses coming in, finding ready sale at \$6 25 to \$6.75. In other articles very little of anything offering, hay excepted, which was rather liberal in supply, selling at \$12 to \$14. Grain.

	Q / Wini					
	Treadwell Red Winter Spring	l l l	60 63 63 50 50	នននននន	1 1 1	28888
	Peas		15 SG 10	to to		19 90 20
, ] . I	Beans	ì	90 03	to	1	21 10
	Produce.		00	to	1	10
	Straw, per load.	ł	00	to	\$14 5	00
	Fleece Wool		30	to		35
	Apples, per bushel \$ Pears Tomatoes, per bushel	L	40 50 30	to to to	\$ 1	78 75 40

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