

THE EVENING NEWS.

TUESDAY, - December 26, 1871.

A FIREY BLAST.

[CONCLUDED.]
I turned in a drowsy way to follow the voice, but as I did so I felt something catch at my leg, and I bent down there in the darkness—daring not think it was black after that scorching, blinding flash—I touched a hand, helped some one to stagger up, and then, with the water streaming off us, and the air choking us at every breath and making my ears sing, we staggered along.

How far that was I don't know, for it is hard to tell up a confused, troubled way, and I was like a walking incubus sleep till I felt my hand seize, and some one I knew directly awoke to be the human half load, half push me, and the man who clung to me, into one of the openings; where, in a machine-like sort of way, we climbed up and into the hole, when I rolled down on the pavement, and lay half stupor for a few minutes.

The voice of our foreman, though, roused me, and knowing what I did, I went down again and helped him and three more, and amongst us we got the rest up—four of them horribly scalded by steam explosion, and the rest so scared that it was a mercy that got out alive.

I said the rest, but there were some musing on the foreman counting us over; and then, calling us to follow, he ran like a mad-man down the street to the next opening, where the source of the explosion lay before us; the trap was shut, and the foul gas made by the chemicals could not escape.

I heard him grime his teeth as he dragged it up, and after it the grating, when it was at its hottest, of the scalding man—an old hand—he had made for the phænomenon climbed up, we setting it open just in time to save his life, for he was nearly stifled, and did not recover for weeks.

This was my first sewer adventure, and nearly the last, and all due to some mischievous persons closing the trap left open for ventilation; but I've had an escape or two since, for I have done as those in a coal mine called, really to dash off, at the first coming of a light. I could show you masts all blistered and drawn and distorted by the awful blast; but I think you've had enough for once of the horrors of a sewer.

HOW HE COLLECTED HIS BILL.

Some twenty-five years ago, Mr. Bodkin, one of the old-fashioned printers of New York, was looking sadly over his ledger. As he turned over the leaf that disclosed the account of Mr. Quoin, with an unmet balance of \$315, and more than two years past due, the sadness changed to grim terror. How well he remembered the first visit of the delinquent Quoin, when, with a corn-basket full of wood-ends, said to have cost \$1.00, he inveigled the credulous Mr. Bodkin into printing a book, for which Quoin had never paid. But he had proved his untrustworthiness.

"As soon, Mr. Bodkin, as I receive the \$315, and the rest of the book, I know, will not be less than that over a week—you shall have the money." A debt of honor, Mr. Bodkin. You should have it, if I had to sell my teeth! And here he showed a collection that a hyena would have envied for whiteness and hardness. "This again, Mr. Bodkin, you hold my wood-ends as security. Worth more than twice the amount of your bill! Fine collection, we never negotiated in Wall street. Poor! And he swung his cane around his head, as if ready to demolish any man or opinion that might rise in opposition.

So Mr. Bodkin, much impressed with the shrewdness of Mr. Quoin, although not entirely convinced, gave up the work, and Quoin went on his way rejoicing. Went to Rhode Island, where he joined his wife and postponed the process. And Mr. Bodkin had waited for the money. How often he had written to Quoin! How he had expostulated and threatened! How he had tried to make payments easy for Mr. Quoin! How he had offered to take calicoes, cottons, potatoes, or shingle nails, or any other production of Rhode Island! All to no purpose.

To get out the account in the lawyer's hands, Quoin went to law, and judgment had, and execution followed, and was returned unsatisfied. Neither Mr. Quoin's property nor income could be attached. Bodkin fairly smote his eyes full upon the expenses of that suit.

Then he thought of that security—the invaluable collaterals—the precious wood ends had cost \$1,000. Bodkin had hawked them, at every publisher in the city, to get substantially the same sum, from all. "Good cuts, of course they are. Worth \$1,000 no doubt to cut them; but to us who don't need them; and could not use them, worth no more than firewood." Such security! Bodkin was growing skeptical.

He laughed aloud, not sternly, but exultingly. It was the laugh of inspiration. For the wood-ends gave him a new notion of how the debt might be collected. With undisguised cheeking, he put on his hat and went in search of Mr. Mallet, a young gentleman of considerable social position, and abilities in dress—moreover, an agent of the Fokoskoche Lottery, and an equal agent of the game of pess and chance. He had been a good customer of Bodkin and Mallett, especially on credit. But it was said that Bodkin himself, in his return, had directed his foreman to print a dozen cards with this inscription—Henry Mallet, publisher, No. 2420 Washington street, Boston. Henry Mallet a publisher? Why, even the tender boys held their fingers above the name of that!

The foreman, this Mr. Mallet said, came down to the door of Mr. Quoin, and begged to inquire of that gentleman the probable value of the wood-ends used in his book. What did he mean? To sell them, or could they be used? To be candid, and candor was always a weakness of his, he needed them greatly. He had made arrangements to sell them at a high price within these months. If it was out by the time he would make \$2,000, and then he would sell a week, six days for profit and luxury. The miserly foreman waited three months to do the work, whereas he could not spare three weeks. Quoin says—now—exactly what he wanted, but they would never be taken \$200 for the use of them!

Quoin smiled at his foreman, took his hand, "I don't lend gold, but I will split them to you \$200, and that is cheaper than you can have them made to order."

There was no denying this, but it took more than an hour's hard juggling to make Quoin shake the price to \$200. The most potent argument Mallett had was his apparently careless predilection of a long fat wallet filled with big sums only, the rest of which was high. Mr. Quoin saw his beautiful white teeth. Mallett was undoubtedly a cash buyer.

Next came the question of terms. "Would Mr. Mallet pay \$200 cash, and take an order on his printer, who would deliver the cuts on payment of \$215?"

To be continued.

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