

## THE EVENING NEWS.

Saturday, March 22, 1872.

### THE WORKS OF A WOMAN.

(CONTINUED.)  
In one corner of the room stood an antiquated chair which served as a receptacle for old clothes and rubbish. In the next aforesaid, in the room beyond, I was hustled, much against my will—as I then and there said. I had just got safely ensconced, and Millie was sitting demurely at the table sewing, when the party entered, and distributed themselves around the fire began to talk of events of the evening. Now, I am a person of rather "superficial length," as Sam expresses it, and that does not being one of either superfluous smallness, my position was far from comfortable. My limbs were cramped, and the odor of the place where I was situated, did not add to my comfort. But I bore it like a martyr, not daring to move a muscle lest even the faint rustling among the old clothes should reach the ears of my unconscious besiegers, and lead to unpleasant results.

I never knew how long I endured this living torture, but it seemed an age to me. Every bone and muscle in my body ached with insupportable anguish, and the perspiration ran streaming down my agonized brow. At length I could endure it no longer, and I ventured to move very cautiously to one side, when something moved at my feet, and experienced a sharp, stinging sensation on my leg. My first thought was of snakes, but that was dispelled in a twinkling. Heaven! What a squalling and spitting! I comprehended the situation at once. The old cat had made this her dormitory, with her feline brood, and in moving about, I had unwittingly set my foot right into the midst of her family circle. Curse the cats! I never did like 'em!

"What! never? What on earth ails the cats?" exclaimed Aunt Hetty.

"I heard something in that closet," said Uncle Nathan, who was sleepily removing his boots, preparatory to going to bed.

"Never mind, Anny, I'll go and see what it is," volunteered Millie; but Milliburn stopped her, and decided to investigate for himself, remarking that "it might be something serious."

I had no doubt of that myself—but what was I to do? To be discovered asleep in such a place would be "something serious," for what reasonable explanation could I give of my presence in that closet? None, whatever.

In that moment of supreme peril and perplexity, one thought was clear to me—for Millie's sake, for the sake of my own repose, and perhaps my personal comfort, I must not be discovered. Moreover, I recollect that I could not be recognized. Pulling my hat down over my face, and drawing back into the corner, I awaited the old gentleman's approach, and as he opened the door and peered cautiously in, I sprang upon him with a most appalling yell, that would have been creditable to a comanche brave.

"Thunder an' sawgaw!" ejaculated Uncle Nathan, turning pale, while Aunt Hetty screamed hysterically, and then, woman-like.

"Burglar!" shrieked Millie, in well-affected alarm, rushing to the aid of her master.

My impetuous onset had completely overthrown the portly old gentleman, and he now lay rolling on the floor in a mass of fear and bewilderment. Now my way seemed clear, and without waiting to excuse myself, or to apologize for my hasty intrusion, I set out at once to make my exit through the open door. As I was passing, Uncle Nathan snatched the hot, red, tick full of my hair, before once look was on my side. Just as the right moment I ran square into a sea of snakes—into a cluster, and had on the frames in the middle of the room, and which, in my haste I had not noticed. I stumbled and fell, bringing the whole snake in a total wreck to the floor, and the missile passed over my head, striking Milliburn, who was just recovering his feet, in the pit of his stomach. Instantly, writhing him off again a snake.

To be continued.

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