

THE COLUMBIA SPY.

SAMUEL WRIGHT, Editor and Proprietor.

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Poetry.

Maude Clare.

BY CHRISTINA FOLLETT.

Out of the church she followed them. With a lofty step and mien; Her bride was like a village maid, Maude Clare was like a queen.

Selections.

Miss Fyfe's Adventure.

A NIGHT WITH A BURGLAR.

It is now some six or seven years ago, began Miss Fyfe, since my nephew Fred, having just left college, came to reside with me for a short time previous to going out to India.

"If they are likely to be very late," I said, "I will, I think, be best for them to stay all night at your house, and get back first thing in the morning in time for breakfast."

The manifest delight with which this proposition was received by the two girls, only served to confirm it, so it was finally arranged that they should not return till morning.

The feeling was not a comfortable one at the moment; but I am not naturally a nervous woman, and I soon banished the subject from my mind as one not worthy of much consideration.

"I opened the door of the passage leading to the yard-door, with the intention of releasing the dog, but at the same moment I felt a sudden nervous tremor shoot through me, such as I had never experienced before, and a strange disinclination to move out of the lighted parlor into the darker parts of the house.

I opened the door of the passage leading to the yard-door, with the intention of releasing the dog, but at the same moment I felt a sudden nervous tremor shoot through me, such as I had never experienced before.

"How, in the name of goodness—or badness—had he obtained such precise information? There was nothing for it but to obey, so I conducted him into my study, opened my escritoire, and quietly handed him the money.

Both spoons and forks were soon disposed of, and, sorrow of sorrows, my cherished silver teapot, together with sundry other articles of plate, placed in a capacious bag which Mr. Black produced from one of his pockets.

"Yes, there it is—coming—coming!" I whispered to myself, as a figure, black and vague, but still of human shape, rose slowly from the floor, till it reached what seemed to me a more than mortal stature, outlining

"Gosh! but this is prime, and no mistake!" he exclaimed, turning up his coat-cuffs, as I set before him a cold fowl, a roll of bread, and three parts of a bottle of old port.

"Here's your health, mum!" he said after a time, speaking with a full mouth, as he held up a glass of wine before the candle; "and the best wishes of a fellow whose heart doesn't hold too many good wishes for anybody!"

"I wanted to give you a pleasant surprise," he replied with a grin. "Are you going to get up?"

"Then light your candle, and go down stairs; you in front, me behind. But first hand me over that gimerack watch of yours; I always had a fancy for a lady's ticker."

"Thank you, but I'm not in want of a husband at present," I said; "and even if I were, I should prefer seeing you with your face washed before deciding to accept you."

"You have such a polite way of making your wishes known," I said, "that I find it impossible to refuse you."

Chuckling to himself, he bent down to pick out some bottles from the lower tier. While he was thus stooping, I gave him a sudden push with all the strength of my two hands, which sent him crashing head first among the bottles; and before he knew where he had happened, or could recover himself in the least, I had blown out the candle, and double-locked the door behind me.

"None whatever," I replied. "If you will follow me into the dining-room, I will see what I can find for you."

This cruel deed seemed to set my blood all aflare with hatred of the man; the loss of my poor favorite touched my feelings far more closely than the loss of my money and plate had done; and with my dread of the wretch swallowed up in a great measure in my desire for vengeance, I hastened back to the house, contrary to my first impulse, which had been to rush away and hide myself in the darkness.

"You are a privileged visitor," I replied; "so light your pipe by all means."

"A brick!" I said to myself, and I'll maintain it again; he exclaimed, slapping his leg with his huge hand. "Ah, a comfortable crib, this, and no mistake!"

"Come one step nearer, and you are a dead man!" I exclaimed, standing at the top of the stairs, and pointing both pistols full at him.

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I rushed to the door, and opened it as quickly as my trembling fingers would let me, and in a few words everything was told.

The Fort Pitt Works, at the foot of O'Hara street, Pittsburgh, Pa., have obtained deserved celebrity for the casting of large ordnance.

The Doctor in the Bath Chair.—At the Dover Police Court, the other day, John Collyer applied for assistance to regain possession of his Bath chair.

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A new class of large navy guns are about to be cast and finished in this foundry.

Another terrible volley of oaths was again his reply; then I heard him knock off the neck of another bottle, and drink at the contents. What I dreaded more than anything was that he would drink till he lost the sense of fear, and then make a sudden dash up the staircase towards me; but whatever my fears might be, I still stood resolutely on the topmost stair, peering down into the darkness with eyes that never turned away, and holding a pistol firmly in either hand.

Two or three times more did Mr. Black appeal now to my fear, now to my compassion; but my only reply was a warning to him not to put his foot on the stairs, a warning which he conscientiously obeyed.

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