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A. L. S. O. Corner Town Lots, in good situations for purposes. Apply to subscriber.

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SKELTON SKIRTS, and the balance of stock of WINTER DRY GOODS.

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Hats, Bonnets, Ribbons, Shawls, Mantillas, FANCY DRESS GOODS.

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The St. Andrews Standard.

PUBLISHED BY A. W. SMITH.

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[\$2 50 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE

Vol 33

SAINT ANDREWS, N. B. WEDNESDAY, JUNE 20, 1866.

No 25

Miscellany.

THE ANGEL OF THE DEPOT;

OR, What Came of A Kiss.

The great depot was crowded. The 4th Regiment was about to leave for the seat of war...

Corporal Walter Evermond leaned upon his rifle, and gazed upon the scene. No one came to kiss him—none to bid him farewell.

Walter Evermond felt a hand upon his arm, and the prettiest, sweetest face he had ever seen beamed upon him with a smile.

"I'll kiss you, sir! And the girl pressed both hands upon his shoulders, and placed her lips upon his blooming cheek.

"Thank you! Bless you!" "Fall in! Fall in!"

The corporal pressed the hand of the beautiful girl; gave one more look into her beaming face, and then fell into line; and ere long the cars rolled out from the depot, leaving the volunteers towards the field where patriot duty called them.

In a little while the train was out of sight around the turn, and the throng of legends gradually dispersed.

Nellie, Mr. Gainsford, and the other ladies, looking up into the face of John Gainsford, who walked by her side to a carriage.

Yes, how could you do such a thing? Such a thing as what? As kiss that fellow in the depot. Goodness gracious! What were you thinking of?

Was I thinking, replied Nellie, with a perceptible flush of feeling, that he might be a poor, thoughtless, senseless boy, who had no one in the world to love him.

I have all those thoughts you'd love him, eh! And so you thought you'd love him, eh! I have all those thoughts, noble men who have gone out to offer up their lives for their country's welfare!

I never knew how well I loved my own brother until I saw him going away to-day. I hope God will keep him, and return him to us in safety.

Did you notice, said Mr. Gainsford, after a pause, that your foolish behavior caused considerable remark?

I'd rather you wouldn't say anything more about that, Mr. Gainsford. You are ashamed of it, eh? I am ashamed of you, sir! You need not help me. I can get into my carriage alone.

Two days after this, Judge Preston came home looking very thoughtful. After tea he called Nellie to him, and asked her if she had called up her mind to be the wife of John Gainsford.

I have made up my mind that I will not be his wife! I was her prompt reply.

I have no wish to urge you, my child. I do not love him, father; and I should prefer to have no more intimacy with him. I never liked him. He is unkind to his poor sister; and he might be unkind to me.

You are right my daughter; and I am now free to confess that I am pleased with your decision. Almost the last thing your brother said to me, before he left with his company, was, that he hoped you would not make John Gainsford his brother-in-law. He knows Gainsford well, and has no respect for him.

The Judge kissed his child, and the matter was settled. Gainsford was the son of one of his oldest friends, and thus the intimacy had commenced; and he had been willing, for his daughter's sake, to try the young man; but he felt a sense of relief now that the trial was over.

By and by intelligence came. The regiment was at Poolesville. The regiment was at Ball's Bluff!

The great depot was crowded. The 4th Regiment was about to leave for the seat of war...

Ma! Good news. George is safe! The Judge came home with an evening paper, and handed it to Nellie, pointing with his finger to the paragraph she was to read.

Capt. Preston, after being exposed to a merciless fire for four consecutive hours, was one of the last to swim the river. He had made his way down the bluff, and was assisting some of his wounded comrades...

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A joyful moment was it for Nellie Preston when she threw her arms around the neck of her returned brother. O, she knew now how much—how very much, she loved him.

By and by Nellie asked after Captain Evermond. O, she cried, I hope he is not old and ugly, for I want to love him!

Not very old, said George, with a smile and not very ugly. But there's a curious circumstance connected with his experience as a soldier, which is worth relating.

He told the story to me with tears in his eyes. After the affair at Ball's Bluff we were like brothers. Evermond is an orphan; without father or mother, brother or sister.

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It was a curious position for both the captain and the maiden.

Hold on! cried the major, with another lump of his crutches. I have it. I know how awkward it is; and if I had mis-trusted, so much as by a thought that my own sweet sister was the identical angel of depot, I should have prepared the way for this meeting.

But see how nicely I'll fix it; you, Nellie are my sister by right of birth; and you, Walter, are my brother by every tie of love and gratitude.

So, of course, you two are brother and sister. Capital! exclaimed the Judge.

And now for enjoyment. Come, Walter, lead your sister to a seat and we'll talk of the times that have tried our souls.

Ah! the present was a time that tried Nellie's soul; but it was a happy, blissful trial.

Late at night they prepared to rest. The two soldiers were left alone after the rest had gone to bed; for they had got used to helping each other.

The major cared for the captain's shoulder; and the captain took care of the major's thigh.

We are at home my dear Walter, said George Preston after they had dressed each other's wound, and we will have a happy time of it.

I shall not be able to stop with you long, returned Walter.

Merely! What is up now? Where else will you go? I don't know. I must not stop here.

And why not, pray? Because I dare not!

Oh! I cried George, who knew his friend well enough, and knew human nature well enough to read ordinary signs of feeling, I think I understand you now.

But we'll say no more about it to night. On the morrow I'll help you to find a good boarding place.

And so they went to bed.

On the following morning, after breakfast had been disposed of, George took his sister away into the library and had along talk with her.

She wept and smiled by turns during the conversation.

When he came out from the library he met his father in the hall; and he had a talk with him.

Half an hour afterwards he met the captain in the parlor.

Walter Evermond, he said, I have found a good, comfortable boarding-place for you.

Ab—have you? Thank you, George.

Yes, sit down, and I will tell you all about it. Now listen, continued the major, after they were seated; I have assumed some what of a responsibility in this matter.

I have even gone so far as to pledge my own honor that you will so bear yourself that the house can never be ashamed of you.

things. Who expelled all your weakness moral and physical, and set you on your spiritual feet, cloth, armed, helmeted, and invulnerable to all attacks of the enemy from within and without, and left you to wonder how you would ever have sighed, or cried, or been troubled about anything; or ever have supposed that there was a thing in the universe that a human being could, would should, or might have done, that you wouldn't yourself bring to pass, immediately, if not sooner.

Did you ever meet such persons, and experience all this? and can you tell me what it all means? FANNY FERN.

ITEMS On Tuesday five rowdies belonging to Calais, attacked private Cross of the volunteers in a shop in King street which resulted in the whole five getting a thorough beating.

Diurnal, the leader of the Conservatives in the House of Commons, is sixty one years of age.

Many ladies think themselves unable to walk a mile, who would gladly dance three times that distance.

Speaks upon a looking-glass don't, do much harm. Many persons see best through specks.

Widows wear their weeds; smokers smoke their pipes.

Generally a love-quarrel, like the name of a certain big fire-arm, ends in fuss.

One half of this generation are born to be the wives of the other half, and the mothers of all the rest.

Wines, Crushed Sugar, Teas, Nutmegs, I ice, &c.

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THE SUNDAY MAGAZINE. EDITED BY THOMAS GUTHRIE, D. D., Author of "The Gospel in Ezekiel," "Speaking to the Heart," &c.

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TRAHAN & CO. will send specimen copies, and offer one of the most elegant volumes of "GOOD WORDS," or the "Sunday Magazine," or an additional copy to any one who will furnish a bookseller with FIVE subscriber's names.

MONTREAL, 59 ST. PETER STREET.

WHERAS I have been informed, that certain statements have been circulated through this County, to the effect that I have spoken disrespectfully and disloyally of Her Majesty the QUEEN or of Her Government, I would hereby distinctly contradict all such reports, and declare every such statement to be false and calumnious, and wickedly designed by some persons whom I do not yet know, to injure me as a good subject of the Queen in the eyes of my neighbors and fellow subjects. Dated Saint Patrick, 15th May, A. D. 1866.

Wm. B. BYRNE.

Grand Display of Military and Fancy Goods at the Albion House.

MILITARY GOODS ON FRIDAY, 31st P. M. Public inspection invited.

Mrs. J. S. MAGEE.