

The Ebensburg Alleghanian.

I WOULD RATHER BE RIGHT THAN PRESIDENT.—HENRY CLAY.

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The Old Folks.

Ab, don't be sorrowful, darling, And don't be sorrowful, pray; Taking the year together, my dear, There isn't more night than day.

Mr. Harrison.

I certainly thought he was "out of his head." He had such peculiar ways, and said such peculiar things; and he went about as if he was in a somnambulist state almost; that is, I don't quite mean that, but he never seemed to take the same notice of what happened about him that other men do.

Beg your pardon, sir.

Mr. Harrison spoke—"It is of some consequence. You will lose your life if you don't look out. I'll fix you."

William Willis was the son of a New York merchant...

William Willis was the son of a New York merchant, who had been a school-mate of my father. It was my father's wish that we should be married. I loved my father, and was anxious to be pleased with his friend's son.

Mr. Harrison started, amazed.

"Willis? I beg your pardon, Miss Monroe." This very coldly, "I should not have spoken in those terms if I had known that your companion was your—"

John W. Steele.

The old adage that "a fool and his money are soon parted" is aptly illustrated in the personal history of John W. Steele, the one-time petroleum millionaire.

In 1864 Widow McClintock died from the effects of burns received while kindling a fire with crude oil.

In 1864 Widow McClintock died from the effects of burns received while kindling a fire with crude oil. At this time the average daily income from the landed interest of the farm was \$2,000, and by her will the property, with all her possessions in money, was left, without reservation, to her adopted son, John W. Steele, then about twenty years of age.

It was a queer place for a proposal, was it not?

It was a queer place for a proposal, was it not? But my husband is not like other men. He always has his wits about him.