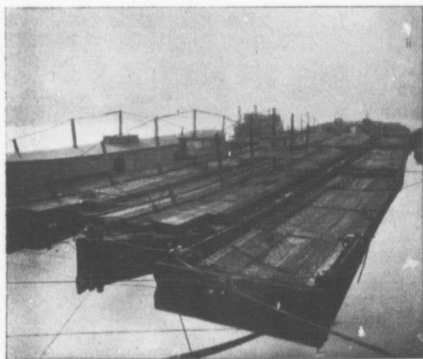


Don't Say "Don't Worry."

It is unsafe and foolish to say to a man—Don't worry. The advice to give an anxious, careworn man is to arrange his affairs so that he doesn't have to worry. Remove the cause of worry. Let such a man manage in such a manner that whether he succeeds or fails, whether he lives or dies, his future and the future of his family are provided for.

How better can this be done than by the means of life assurance? By what other means can a man spare himself the fret about the things of to-morrow? Few of us can accumulate, by saving, a fund sufficient to drive away all anxiety about the future. But a policy of life assurance guarantees to our families the savings which we fain would make.



Barges Loaded with Steel Rails.
This is said to have been the most valuable cargo ever shipped from the Port of Pittsburgh.

Dermatology and chemistry have but feebly battled against the wrinkle. It has held its own despite these sciences. But often where these have failed, life assurance has won. It spreads a soothing sense of contentment and peace. It banishes dread. It promotes cheerfulness. It drives away worry.—The Oracle in T. I. P.



Residence of Attorney General Hon. P. C. Knox, Pittsburgh.

Ambassador Choate as Waiter.

The inconvenience of the similarity between a gentleman's evening dress and the attire of a waiter has received yet another instance, says the Detroit Free Press. Mr. Choate, the American ambassador at the Court of St. James, was the victim on this occasion. At the state banquet to the king at the Guildhall, the American ambassador was one of the few men in evening dress, nearly every-one being in court or municipal uniform. He was interested in the pulpit arrangement in which the carving was done, and ventured to ask one of the functionaries a question concerning them. "Never mind about old customs," was the reply. "Look lively and clear away the soup plates!"

"After all your talk about sensational journalism!" exclaimed the fly on the edge of the sugar bowl, "I'm surprised at you!" "What about?" gasped the captured fly, vainly endeavoring to extricate himself from the sticky trap. "Well, I notice that paper you're stuck on now is decidedly yellow."—Philadelphia Press.