

No subject of a public nature interests and helps the farmer so much as that of improved public highways.

The new century will have twenty-four leap years, the greatest number possible in one hundred years, enough to give all the girls a chance.

According to the latest railroad statistics more than one-half of the mileage of railway track in the world is in the Western Hemisphere. The United States leads Europe, and North America is ahead of Europe, Asia and Africa combined.

Cleveland will have to look after the laurels she has long worn as the largest shipbuilder of the lake ports, for Chicago and some other places bid fair to become formidable rivals in this industry. Altogether, they are building \$10,000,000 worth of mercantile craft this season.

At the Paris Exposition a drop of water magnified a hundred thousand times is shown on a screen by aid of the electric light. The wonder of it is that the living creatures in this drop of water seem to have all the senses and to be as sagacious as creatures a hundred thousand times as large.

The increasing number of scholarships founded by rich men for the benefit of poor men's sons shows a tendency to make all college education free. When scholarships enough have been endowed, other means will be provided to give every student the benefit of a foundation. State universities are merely leading the way for the rest.

Count Tolstoy has been giving his views on the ethics of suicide, which he declares to be neither sensible nor moral. Life, says Count Tolstoy, has not only been given us for our pleasure, but for our personal perfection, and to serve general welfare. All work appears in the beginning disagreeable. Life has been granted to man on condition that he serves the general universal good, and not that he only makes use of his life as long as it is personally agreeable to him.

The industrial progress of the South is indicated by some recently reported incidents in North Carolina. A man who has been living on a small farm, almost crushed with debts, went into a cotton mill with five of his children, and in five years earned and saved enough money to pay off all his debts and to buy another farm of eighty acres. Another poor farmer went into a cotton mill with seven of his children, and in four years was able to pay off the mortgage that had burdened him, to buy another farm of a hundred acres, and still have money left in the bank.

The New York Sun says: "A long harvest of wounds and death, most of them in the horrible form of lockjaw, is now being reaped from the use of the toy pistol on the Fourth of July. Many of these wounds were from pistols meant for the use of blank cartridges, while others were from the toy pistol, pure and simple. The use of these pistols on the Fourth, or at any other time, is prohibited in some of the cities of our country. The prohibition ought to be general. The toy pistol is a deadly toy. It ought to be suppressed in New York City and elsewhere."

Admiral Dewey does not agree with Lord Wolsey that the Chinese, aroused and educated in the arts of war as practiced in Europe and America, might eventually expel every white man from Asia and overrun the world. It was ten years ago that Lord Wolsey gave that opinion. Japan's easy victory over China has since occurred. For several hundred years the Occident has been worrying from time to time about the "yellow peril." Nothing has happened as yet to change the opinion expressed by disinterested and acute travelers in China that the Chinese are a weak, inert, industrious people, incapable of great concerted activities.

The city of Janesville, Wis., has just made an interesting experiment in free telephone service. A few months ago a local company was prevailed upon to establish a two free stations in the business portion of the town, and the City Council passed an ordinance protecting them from vandalism, as they do fire alarm boxes. At first the booths were used constantly and became very popular, but the other day they had to be closed owing to their abuse by some mischievous members of the community. Not only were the telephones recklessly handled and used without reason, but the booths and the instruments were injured. The experiment came to nothing.

FROM THE SONG OF THE CANOE.

Drip! Drip!
And I thrill with the start—
For the ripples run and the waters part
At the Song the paddle sings.
Drip! Drip!
And lo, it brings
The word of a sweet command to me,
And leaving to answer it—I am free!
Drip! Drip!
Water-weeds weaving in vain to stay
me,
Pain, pain
Are the reeds arrayed at my prow to
delay me—
Vain, vain,
They cast their lure and they bid me
hide,
For the paddle swings along my side—
Drip! Drip!
Hath a dearer bribe than the still things
I know
And I go, I go!
Glide! Glide!
Across the calm of the evening tide
When the first white stars begin.
Creep! Creep!
Where the lilies sleep—
Stars in a sky as soft, as deep—
The paddle singing me in.
Hush! Hush!
For the tall reeds brush
My side as though they love me.
Rest! Rest!
On the inlet's breast
With the reeds of the leaves above me.
—Arthur Ketchum, in the Atlantic.

SWEET RUTH

ALLEN WEIR, walking, whistling along the country road, came to a dead halt, whistled and all.

With his great sombrero of a hat, his somewhat careless attire and gait, he presented a striking contrast to the object of his attention—a maiden in a soft, gray dress, white neckerchief and neatly folded hair.

Allen Weir was an artist and a young man, and must be excused for staring, for both nature and art pleaded for him. However, he returned to a sense of the proprieties before he had quite disgraced himself.

No sooner had he reached his place of destination, under a great oak tree, than out came canvass and colors, and the indefatigable pencil toiled until the sunset stayed it.

It was a pretty bit of form and color he left upon the canvass. I am sure there was something deeper in it than color and form, something more than a pretty Quakeress watering sweet peas.

He was up in the morning hard at work. He passed the farmhouse again and saw his "subject," not watering sweet peas now, but stitching "a long, white seam," watched her long and silently, himself out of sight, and went back once more and worked up the expression. The picture was a success. The greatest one Allen Weir had ever achieved. But something about the affair was altogether unsatisfactory.

The evening found Allen Weir at the Quaker farmhouse, with a pitiful story of fatigue. They were kindly people at the farm. If he was sketching near the place, they said, he must leave his portfolio and easel there till morning. And his heart and step were very light as he went his way, thinking of Ruth—that was her name. Sweet Ruth! tenderness and peace, and maiden love and innocence and purity, it seemed to him as well.

The aroma of coffee and buckwheat came from the kitchen, the sound of humming from the dairy, and Ruth, with a great earthen pitcher of milk, walked in at one door of the hall as Allen entered the other.

"Ruth," he spoke out. He was glad he could call her so without offense. "Ruth, let me show you something."

She looked up hastily. He had turned back the cover of the huge portfolio and she stepped forward, with the slightest tinge of pink rising in her fair cheeks, and looked upon her image with a little, suppressed cry of wonder and delight.

"Is it pretty?" he asked her. It was not what he meant, but he said the words that came first.

"I think it is like me," said Ruth, softly, "but there has made it too—too bright."

His hand was laid ever so gently on hers and they both started, for a face like Ruth's, but older and a little sad, was looking at them.

"Ruth, thee had better come now. Thy father is waiting breakfast."

Off trudged Allen, half ashamed of his rash beginning—half fearful of the effects of his temerity. It must be over soon—this going and coming from the Quaker farmhouse—and what after that?

There was a heavy fall in the passageway. The artist's great portfolio had slipped from its resting place and lying, bulging at one end, appealed for assistance. Ruth's father lifted it.

They turned them over—pretty sketches of rock and river and woodland mosses—and at last one that was lifted out and looked at long and steadily by the old man sternly, but his wife's face showed a half-pleased smile that lightened his sad expression wonderfully.

"Hannah, thy daughter Ruth must not see this thing," he says, sternly and solemnly.

"I doubt she has seen it," whispered the wife; "but it cannot harm her, I think. He is going to-morrow in another direction."

Out in the moonlight, down in the pine grove, Hannah walked with a great shawl wrapped close around her, for the night was cool. She had seen what she had seen, though she had held her peace, for her daughter's sake, and it may be she had noticed signs and tokens as well. Ruth came and went in her accustomed way, and did her accustomed duties, but a mother's eye is keen. There was something astir in the heart under that placid face.

A figure came through the garden gate, a figure with a square-shouldered coat and broad-brimmed hat. It might have been any one of a hundred of the Friends, but Hannah, with her woman's wit, guessed his errand, and the man by inference, when he went his way to the porch where her husband sat. "Friend Wilson, who is asking for Ruth," she said to herself, as she watched his friendly attitude. Friend Wilson was twenty years older than Ruth. Just so much older had her husband been than herself.

Meanwhile Friend Wilson stated his case, and Ruth, with a curious flutter at her heart, went down the pine grove all alone, calling softly:

"Mother! mother!" and saying to herself, "Mother will turn against me when she knows, but I cannot be Friend Wilson's wife. No, I cannot."

And she thought of the two men who were both so near, though she did not know it. The one who thought her a suitable helpmeet, the other who longed to make her life bright.

"Mother! mother!" softly. And she came upon them at the moment of dejection.

Then Hannah took Ruth's hand in hers, and Allen Weir whispered a little fondling word and pressed his lips upon it.

The girl's blue eyes were raised, and the mother laid her hand this time upon Allen's head.

"I believe he loves thee truly, Ruth." It was permission and blessing all in one. Hannah was mistress of her own household in very sooth, and in course of time Friend Wilson learned that his suit was in vain, and Allen Weir bore Ruth away from her quiet home.

DREAMS THAT CAME TRUE.

Two Bewildering Cases That Cannot Be Explained as Coincidences.

Speaking of dreams that come true, a few days ago the newspapers published a strange but trustworthy story of a Mrs. Malloney, of West New York, N. J. In a dream she saw her son caught under the wheels of a railway train. The vision was so vivid, it so wrought upon her that she rushed out into the night to the railway and there, crushed to death on the track, found the body of her son.

When I read this incident it recalled one of a similar tenor, but more remarkable, which was related to me by a prominent lady of this city, who spends much of her time abroad. "A few years ago," she said, "I was tarrying a few weeks in Paris, accompanied by my maid, who had been in my service many years. One morning she came to me with her eyes red with weeping, and I asked her what the trouble was. She replied that her mother had died the night previous, in Philadelphia. 'How can you know that?' said I. 'During the night,' she explained, 'my mother appeared to me in a dream and told me that she had just died. I saw her as plainly as I see you, and I know she's dead.' I was attached to the girl, who had faithfully served me, so, having assured her that it was silly to believe in dreams, I promised that in order to convince her that her mother was alive, I would send a cable inquiry to Philadelphia. I did so, and the reply came that her mother was alive and well. A few months later we returned to America, and, leaving me in New York, my maid went over to Philadelphia to see her people. And what think you she discovered? Why, she discovered that her mother had died on the identical night of her dream, and that when she felt that her end was approaching she made her family promise they would not let her daughter in Paris know of her death. 'I'll tell her myself,' said the mother, 'but if you cable her or write her she may leave her employer and come home, and I wish to spare her that useless journey.' Therefore—the family explained to my maid—when your employer sent the cable message we felt that justice to your mother's request required us to tell a fib." This story as I have related it is absolutely true in every particular. I wonder if the Physical Society has anything in its records which eclipses it?—New York Mail and Express.

Got What He Needed.

It was plain to be seen that he was in a very depressed mood as he entered the drug store and called for something that would ease his heart-ache and make death certain. He had the suicidal tendency, and it was a very pronounced case.

"I want to forget that I ever lived," he explained, "and I don't want to take my chances on the inefficacy of morphine, chloral or similar drugs."

"Can you recommend anything superior than your favorite agencies?" asked the puzzled druggist?

"Well, here is a prescription I received from a man on the next corner," and the strange customer handed over a slip of paper, upon which was written: "Get twenty-five cents' worth of dynamite; make ten pills; take one every hour; turn a back flip at the end of ten hours, and a sudden stop will do the rest."

The druggist gave him something for his nerves.—Detroit Free Press.

Rabbit-Whore in a Church.

One of the most tumble-down, ruinous churches in the country is that of Huddington, a tiny village in Worcestershire, England. It has long been neglected, and is in a miserable state. The walls are mostly out of the upright, the flooring is much decayed, and in some places quite gone, while in the south nave wall at the present time there is actually a rabbit-warren.

It is said that many generations of rabbits have been reared in the church walls. An effort is now being made to obtain funds to put the building into a proper condition of repair.—The Antiquary.

CHINA'S MILLIONAIRES.

LI HUNG CHANG IS PROBABLY THE WORLD'S RICHEST MAN.

How from a Beggar Boy in the Rice Fields He Rose to Be the Most Powerful Mandarin in the Celestial Empire—His Peculiarly Picturesque Career.

People are apt to believe that America has a sort of monopoly on the possibilities that exist for the friendless, helpless boy and that no hand but democracy can ever show such startling and rapid evolutions from poverty and humble surroundings to great wealth and power, says John R. Nathan in the Chicago Times-Herald.

Li Hung Chang, the "old fox with the gray goatee," as Vizevona, the Italian freebooter, once called him, is a man whose wealth is reputed to be on a level with that of the Rockefellers, Rothschilds and Vanderbilts, though students of Chinese history will tell you that he could buy up any two of them. In 1840 this representative of a "dead" nation was a puny orphan boy, working on a rice boat in the marshes of Hwei Ling, where he was born. His life was bounded on all sides by the rice fields.

Imagine this barefoot beggar lad earning a few handfuls of food a day for his labor, shut in the heart of a province crowded with poverty-stricken coolies—a father and mother laborers before him. The village settlement, 20 miles away, was a place that, in his wildest dreams, he probably never hoped to be able to visit. Make a little leap and see this small earth creature as he is today; swaying millions of his countrymen with his bare word, more powerful in reality than the empress if he chose to act, the friend and intimate of the leading potentates and statesmen of the world, the only channel through which the powers can hope for the pacification of China—and the richest man in the world.

How many other instances are there today of vast wealth allied to statesmanship, of millionaires being the unquestioned leaders of their fellow countrymen? Not one. We are accustomed to see great fortunes made in a few years, to hear of half a dozen successful stock manipulations placing a financier in the "six noughts" column, and to watch a business grow to enormous proportions, enriching its founder in what seems to be a twinkling of time.

But Li Hung Chang's exchequer has been built up in a different way. He never gambles, for he has no need to take any chances. "Many a mickle makes a muckle" seems to have been his policy, and the mild-mannered old gentleman has done fairly well by sticking to the tenets of that homely Scotch proverb.

To understand fully the manner in which Li Hung Chang has acquired his enormous wealth it would be necessary to understand the whole system and method of life and government in China, but in a general way a few facts may throw some light on the subject. It may be said in starting that Li Hung Chang, though the greatest, is only one of China's multi-millionaires. There are 20 or 30 of them, and having had the sagacity to acquire their wealth, they know pretty well how to take care of it. The strongest European banking institution and glittered government bonds and funds are the great storehouses of these Chinese fortunes.

In 1841 Li Hung Chang, by some freak of fortune that nobody has ever been able to discover the truth about, reached Canton, and a year later, thanks to the way in which a ragged and friendless beggar lad can seek and obtain an education while the state feeds and clothes him in that "effects" and "barbarous" land, he was admitted to the famous study cells. In 1849, after five years of hard work, he outstripped all competitors and became secretary to the viceroy of Kowloon Province. In the following year this viceroy led 50,000 men against a rebel uprising. He was killed in action, and Li Hung Chang took his place, pursued the enemy and won a great victory.

In 1851 he was called to Peking and became secretary of war, and in the ten years following he studied and mastered the whole intricate system of his country's government. The year 1865 saw him still a poor young man, but when he was appointed governor of Kiang Su he began to accumulate money.

In Kiang Su are the great salt mines of China, and the governor of the district has the privilege of "farming" the monopoly. Then too he began to round up the mandarins in his province. They tried to tell this young, quiet-mannered governor that they were only earning a bare living out their fees but he astonished them by exhibiting complete knowledge of their methods, and soon 50 per cent. of their emoluments went into his capacious pockets.

In 1863 came the great rebellion, and General Gordon began his triumphant march against the insurgents. Li Hung Chang, the war genius of the empire, became his right-hand man, and after four years of marvelous success on the field his emperor loaded him down with more honors and emoluments. In 1865 he was appointed governor general of the Liang King provinces, with four viceroys and 1800 mandarins under his orders and absolute control of the salt tax, the rice tax, the sampan tax and the house tax—all infinitesimal charges on the individual—but when one directs the mulcting of 190,000,000 people it is the fractions that count.

In 1868 his wealth was estimated

by foreigners who knew him intimately to be \$45,000,000. Still he remained in imperial favor, and in 1872 came his culminating triumph, when he was made viceroy of Pe Chi Li, the imperial province, with a palace in the royal city, and practically the collection of all the national funds under his control.

Here he evolved a peculiar method of semi-moral squeezing. His emissaries visited every province regularly and took good care to guard the mass of the people from extortion at the hands of the mandarins. An officer found guilty of demanding or accepting more than the set amount of taxation was promptly dismissed from his office in disgrace. Li Hung Chang saw that with such an enormous population there was no necessity to crush the individual with heavy taxes. He insisted on one-half of every tax being turned into his hands, and one-half of these receipts he handed over in turn to the imperial treasury, keeping the balance for himself.

There was no false pretense about it. The emperor, happy in the fact that never before had he found a man who could drag such enormous sums out of the hands of the mandarins, was more than satisfied with the share that came to him, and he knew very well that his minister was dividing equally with him.

As viceroy of Pe Chi Li, Li Hung Chang started to build a navy. He let contracts for ships, armaments and dockyards, and, beginning to mingle with Europeans in this way, soon came to see a vista of new possibilities for the acquiring of wealth. He was chief promoter and is today principal owner of the China Merchants' Steam Navigation company, the only native steamship line in existence, with a monopoly of all internal and most of the coast traffic.

The fluctuations in the value of silver gave him a chance for the accumulation of more millions by skillful manipulation of deposits in the great Hongkong bank, of which he is now one of the largest shareholders. In 1877 the members of the diplomatic corps at Peking presented a memorandum to the emperor begging for the establishment of an exact system of coinage. The viceroy told them plainly that he would see about it. He has been seeing about it ever since.

The sale of titles and honors a recognized perk of the viceroy of Pe Chi Li, was in his hands for several years, and his policy was to charge "all the traffic would bear" to merchants who were able and willing to pay for handles to their names or the right to wear gold buttons on their caps. In 1894, when he became commander in chief of the Chinese forces, he was "elited" by dozens of contractors, but it may be said to his credit that he listened to none of their advances, possibly because their "offices" were so small in comparison with his vast wealth that he chose to overlook them: possibly too because he wished to give them the idea that he was not a man who could be bought.

In addition to the many sources of revenue mentioned he has had percentages of very large customs duties, the export silk tax, the jade mines and municipal earnings of many cities. No one in the empire can approach Li Hung Chang in the hold he has on the common people in China. They know of his great riches, but they also know that for 40 years he has stood between them and the extortions of petty mandarins.

His fortune is an accumulation of mites and atoms.

WEST TEXAS PEARL-HUNTERS.

Growth of an Obscure Industry—Valuable Gems Sent North.

"Some fine pearls from the Concho river in Texas are now marketed in New York City," said a dealer in precious stones. "Of late years, pearl-hunting in that locality has been developed into a considerable industry. The harvest is brought north by a competent man about twice a year. As a rule the pearls command as high a price as any in the market. No finds of extraordinary value have been made, so far as I know; but the average is very good. Most of the pearls find a sale at between \$5 and \$35; a good many come nearer the latter price than the former. Some years ago nobody considered the Texas pearls as important; the growth of the industry has been gradual and quiet."

"Men hunt along the Concho from its mouth to its source at various times; but the most profitable fields seem to be in Sterling, Concho, and Tom Green counties, where a number of pearl-trading companies have organized, both for harvesting and selling."

"These counties are thinly settled; that accounts for the fact that the existence of the industry is not well known in Texas—at least, not the extent of it. The nearest railway station is many miles away; so but few people pass through that locality in the course of a year, and the work is carried on very quietly. While Sterling, Concho, and Tom Green counties yield the greater part of the harvest, the Llano river and other tributaries of the upper Colorado river are good hunting-grounds. I have heard it said that some valuable pearls have been found there."

Marshall's Pillar.

One of the striking natural curiosities of America is that known as Marshall's Pillar, located in Fayette county, Va. It is an impressive mass of rock rising in columnar form to a height of 1030 feet, and is an object of great interest to tourists.

KEYSTONE STATE NEWS CONDENSED

PENSIONS GRANTED.

Prohibitionists Nominate Their Ticket—Imprisoned for Life—New Coal Company Incorporated—Other Items.

Pensions granted last week: Henry Crist, dead, Steelton, \$8; Jeremiah M. Weibley, Port Royal, \$10; Addison Wilson, New Brighton, \$8; William Bennington, Monongahela, \$12; Joseph McGregor, Manorville, \$10; Martin S. Sherwood, Edinboro, \$12; Julia A. Hoffman, Beech Creek, \$8; Joseph Goodman, Huntingdon, \$8; Hezekiah H. Blair, Philipsburg, \$10; Patrick Burk, Hollidaysburg, \$8; Margaret Walker, Apollo, \$8; Sabilla C. Lucas, Leechburg, \$8.

Alderman Benjamin Leslie, Contractor William Mitchell, William A. Hall and R. M. Allen, of New Castle, and Benjamin Klnordinger, of Pittsburg, composed a party that went fishing out to Elliott's mills, in Slippery Rock township, Lawrence county, last week. After wading through a swamp infested with snakes they fell into a cave that appeared to be 100 feet long and infested with snakes and bats. They escaped by an old ladder and returning killed 189 reptiles.

A certificate of incorporation has been issued by the secretary of state to the Tompkins Coal Co., of Clifton, Mason county, with \$500,000 capital. The incorporators are E. W. Tompkins, M. T. Dresback, F. J. Kropp, Lewis James and C. D. Honeywell, all of Wilkes-Barre, Pa. The company is composed of experienced coal producers, who have taken a big tract of coal land on the Ohio river, with the view of opening mines and operating them for shipment by boat to lower river markets.

George M. Stanley, former treasurer of the Economy building association, was arrested and held in \$4,000 bail on the charge of appropriating \$3,285.03 belonging to the association. The arrest was made at the direction of George B. Wooster, who was appointed receiver of the association last April. The shortages had developed since the annual statement on September 1, 1899, and do not include an alleged shortage prior to that date. Important books of the association, it is said, are missing and cannot be found.

The faculty of the Indiana State normal school has undergone some changes. The vacancy left by Miss Mary MacMartin, the former musical instructor, has been supplied by the election of Mrs. Sawyer, of Connelville. Mrs. Sawyer has been teaching at Carlisle. The vacancy left by Miss Feabody, who had charge of the German and French classes, has been filled by the election of Miss Sauvage, Newark, N. J., a Vassar graduate. Prof. Robertson returns after a year's absence to the natural science department.

The Pennsylvania Oil Company has obtained a lease for the oil and gas on 7,000 acres of land in Lebanon, Oregon and Mount Pleasant townships, in Wayne county, in consideration of \$20,000 and one-tenth of the oil. The company has one year in which to begin operations. The lease will embrace a term of 20 years and as long thereafter as oil and gas shall be found in paying quantities. Experts believe it will prove to be one of the most valuable oil territories in the State of Pennsylvania.

A company of eastern capitalists is taking options on extensive tracts of timber land running from Ohio Pyle back and including the Stewart estate, in Fayette county. The intention is to make an enormous game preserve and country club of it. The bidders are said to be Philadelphia business men and sportsmen. The tract includes the famous Meadow run, one of the best trout streams in the country.

Della Gaines, aged 18 years, of Metz, Marion county, died at the home of Madame Schmalzer, Wheeling. Three physicians had attended her, and it is announced that she died from blood poisoning caused by malpractice. She was brought to the Schmalzer house by a man who gave the name of J. M. Lowry, of Pittsburg, and who is supposed to be an oil man. The police are making a search for Lowry.

The Prohibition party of Blair county, which numbers an exceptionally large voting part of the population, has come out with an urgent address requesting all members of the party to support their own ticket and platform at the coming general election, and to extend no aid whatsoever to any independent political movements.

While making excavations for a station west of Union station, at Pittsburg, workmen came upon a large quantity of heavy sawed timber, put in place two years ago in building a canal lock. The timber was in almost a perfect state of preservation, though it must have been underground for fully 75 years.

The remaining part of the old Clark farm, west of Washington, has been sold to T. G. Allison for \$50,000. The real purchasers are Jonathan Allison, John W. Donnan and J. R. Kuntz, Jr., the largest shareholders in the Gordon Land Company. It is said the company will locate a number of mills on this plot.

B. F. Ramage, a farmer near Edgely, Westmoreland county, was fatally stabbed by John Shannon. Ramage has charge of several farms belonging to the Oil Well Supply Company and Shannon was employed by him as a laborer. The assailant escaped.

Joseph Bots, of Wayne C. H., was shot and killed near Kenova by Bob Meek. The men quarreled at a picnic on July 4, and when they met Thursday night the trouble was renewed. The murderer attempted to escape, but was soon captured.

The Clayville school board balloted 72 times in the effort to elect a principal for the public schools, but failed. There are three candidates.

A new company, the Lawton troop, has been organized at Connelville. It has 52 members, nearly all of whom are old members of Company D and Company M. They will offer their services, in case of war with China.

William Fischer, an Altoona brewer's driver, was perhaps fatally injured, falling through a trap door while walking in his sleep.

Fish Warden Brown, of Venango county, surprised and arrested four of a party of Pittsburg campers who were dynamiting fish in French creek.

William Beegle, 70 years old, at Dry Ridge, near Greensburg, hanged himself to his barn. Cause unknown.