

BUTTER MAKING.

How the Article Should be Made on the Farm in Summer.

The following article, by H. H. Dean, B.S.A., Professor of Dairy Husbandry, Agricultural College, Guelph, is now being published by the Department of Agriculture, Toronto. Many enquiries have recently been received by this department as to printed matter dealing with buttermaking, which shows that there is a desire for something of that nature. To aid the overworked farmers' wives and daughters in the difficulties which constantly arise in the handling and care of milk and cream, and also in the churning of the butter, we thought that we could not do better than to give a simple outline of how our dairy at Guelph is managed in the summer time. We might here say, however, that we think it would be far better for our butter-making industry if the manufacture of the butter were done more largely in creameries or factories as in the case of cheese. The chief advantages of such a system are, a more uniformly good quality of produce and a lessening of labor at the farm.

Our dairy herd at the present time numbers 14 cows, 12 of which are now giving milk. We are raising 8 calves, which are fed chiefly on warm sweet skim-milk containing a little oil cake. Each calf has a small box in which dry oatmeal and oil cake are placed, and which they soon learn to eat with a relish. Some cut grass fed in the stable completes their ration.

IN THE STABLE.

At present the cows are at pasture. Night and morning they are brought into the stable to be milked, and are fed a small quantity of bran—about one pound a day. At the side of each manger is a small box, which is kept full of salt, and in front of each animal is a water trough, where they may obtain drink at will. Before commencing to milk the men wash their hands, for which purpose we keep a wash basin, soap and towel in the stable. Milking begins at five o'clock morning and evening. Each cow's udder is well brushed before commencing to milk, and the milking is done as quickly and quietly as possible. As soon as the cow is milked her milk is weighed, and the weight recorded on a sheet. (Twice a week morning and evening, each cow's milk is tested for the per cent. of fat or butter in her milk.) The milk is then strained in shot gun cans through a gauze strainer having three or four thicknesses of butter cloth fastened on the under side by means of a tin ring, which slips over the rim on the bottom of the strainer, thus securely fastening the cloth, and making an almost perfect strainer. The milk is moved from the dairy as quickly as possible after it is milked, and again strained before it is run through the cream separator. When all the cows are milked they are taken to the pasture. The stable is thoroughly cleaned out after each milking and the floor sprinkled with land plaster, the windows and doors being kept open as much as possible to give the stable a good airing.

Later in the season when the pastures begin to dry up we shall feed to each cow in the stable from 20 to 30 lb. a day of green peas and oats, of which we have about three-quarters of an acre growing vigorously at the present time. Later we shall feed about the same quantity of green tares and oats, of which we have about an acre and a quarter, sown ten or twelve days after the peas and oats. Later still we shall feed green corn, of which we have about two acres. We are thus prepared for a dry season if it comes, and if we do not require these to feed in summer they will be cured and kept for the winter.

IN THE DAIRY.

We have been using a Laval "Baby" Separator, No. 2 (hand-power) for over a year, and like it very much. Recently we have purchased an Alexandra, No. 8, and although we have not yet used it a similar machine has been in use at the farm for some time, and is giving good satisfaction. It is a cheaper machine than the Laval. Our method of using is as follows: After the speed of the bowl has been attained the tap is opened from the supply can, and the warm milk allowed to flow into the machine. It is very important to attain the normal speed of the machine before allowing any milk to flow into the bowl. Some have had trouble from lack of care in this particular. When the last of the whole milk is out of the supply can we run about a gallon of skim milk through, and lastly about the same amount of warm water, to clean the cream out of the bowl. The cream is then cooled down to about 45° Fahrenheit, the machine and all utensils thoroughly washed, and the dairy made neat and tidy—as every dairy should be. The skim-milk is then taken back to the stable for the calves, and the cream put into the cream pail and kept cool until twenty-four hours before we wish to churn. I may say that I think a preferable plan would be to have a neat, clean room in or near the stable, where the separator might be set, and when separated the cream could be taken to the dairy or cellar, while the skim-milk would be where it is wanted for feeding. The cream is kept in one large (10 gallon) tin can, which has a tin spoon in it for stirring at every addition of fresh cream, and also for stirring when the cream is either cooled or warmed.

Sometimes the milk is set in deep cans or creamers, in cold or ice water. When this is done the milk is put in the cans while warm, and cooled to at least 45° Fahrenheit before skimming, which is usually done at the end of twelve hours. After skimming the cream is handled in the same way as from the separator, except that it is not cooled, it being already cold enough.

Those who still use the small shallow pan should set where the air is pure, the temperature even (fifty to sixty degrees), and skim, always, before the milk becomes thick. Do not be afraid to take off some skim milk along with the cream.

CHURNING.

We churn three times a week—Monday, Wednesday and Saturday. The night before we churn the cream is warmed to about 60° by setting the cream can in another vessel containing water at about 90 to 100. We use a large can, but a washtub will answer the purpose very well. The cream is kept stirred until it gets to the proper temperature, when it is either placed in a "Boyd Ripening Vat" or set in a room where the temperature is about the same as the cream. The next afternoon the churning is done, but when the weather becomes very warm we shall churn in the morning while it is cool. The cream will

also be set to ripen earlier if necessary. This matter of ripening or souring of the cream is a very important one in preparing butter for the present market, and to get a profitable yield of butter. The only rule that I can give at present as to when the cream is ripe or sour enough is that as soon as it gets about as thick as good maple syrup, tastes slightly sour, and has begun to separate into small particles it is ready to churn, and we then churn it without allowing it to stand any longer.

Our average temperature for churning during summer is 58° ranging one or two degrees higher or lower according to circumstances. The cream is brought to this temperature in a manner similar to preparing it for ripening; it is then weighed and strained through a perforated tin strainer into the churn. The cream can is then rinsed out with a little water. For every 10 lb. of cream we add one dram (about half a teaspoonful) of Hansen's or Yorkshire butter color. This is done before starting the churn, and for the purpose of imparting a "June grass color" to the butter.

The churn we use is a No. 5 "Daisy." Two or three times during the first ten minutes of churning the plug at the bottom is removed to allow the gas to escape. Churning usually occupies from fifteen to twenty minutes—seldom over half an hour. The churn revolves at the rate of 60 or 70 turns to the minute. As soon as the butter "breaks," which we can tell by the swishing sound, or by the clearing of the glass in the cover, we add a quart or two of water for each paifull of cream, the temperature of the water varying with the day and the condition of the cream. On a warm day one can scarcely have the water too cold, as it will then chill the particles of butter and make them firm, while at the same time the water dilutes the butter milk, allowing a more perfect separation of the butter. The churning then continues until the butter granules are about the size of grains of wheat or little smaller, when the churn is stopped, the buttermilk drawn off from below and strained through the strainer previously mentioned for the cream. This strainer serves to catch any particles of butter which may come out with the buttermilk; but if the separation has been complete the butter will float on the top and none appear in the buttermilk until the very last. We next add either cold water or weak brine in quantity sufficient to float the butter and wash out the buttermilk. We usually half fill the churn with water, give it a few rapid turns, and draw off the milky water. The operation is repeated with pure, cold water, which generally comes away clear. If it is not clear, water is added the third time. The butter is then allowed to drain in the churn for fifteen minutes or half an hour, and sometimes the salt is added while still in the churn, but as a rule the butter is removed from the churn, placed in a butter tub and weighed. It is then spread upon a "V" shaped worker that slants towards the front and has a lever fastened at the lower end. Fine salt at the rate of one ounce for each pound of butter as it comes from the churn is now sifted on by means of a hair sieve. After sifting on about half of it the butter and salt are gently stirred, when the rest of the salt is added, and the butter worked by means of the lever. We work sufficiently to remove the excess of water, to thoroughly incorporate the salt in every particle of butter, thus preventing "streaks" and making a firm, compact body. The butter is then put up in pound prints made by means of Carver's butter mould, or a mould made by Moyer & Son, Toronto. These may be gauged so as to print a pound quite accurately, and their use saves a great deal of labor. Each print is then wrapped in parchment butter paper—one sheet wrapping a pound. On these sheets is printed, in such a way that when folded the words appear on the top of each block, the following, which serves as an advertisement:

FRESH BUTTER

made and put up by the
EXPERIMENTAL DAIRY,
GUELPH.

We never had enough at one churning to make a shipment, so the blocks of butter are put in the box. This box is made of wood, containing four wooden trays, with an opening down the centre in which is placed a tin vessel filled with ice, and the whole is kept in a cool room until the box is full, when it is taken to a commission merchant in the city of Guelph.

There are perhaps fifty ways of making good butter, and I do not claim that ours is the best. There are scarcely two persons that pursue exactly the same method in all the details, but I think the plan here outlined will, if carried out in any dairy, give butter that no one need be ashamed to have a buyer examine.

THINGS WE DO NOT DO.

1. We do not consider that we know everything about butter making, as something new is being discovered every month. Not only from our own work are we continually learning, but also from the observation and research of others.
2. We do not keep a cow that makes less than 200 pounds of butter in a year;
3. Nor put the dry cow on a starvation ration;
4. Nor expect a cow to make something out of nothing.
5. Nor keep our cows in an ice house, hog pen or dungeon;
6. Nor allow them to go a whole year without carding or brushing them;
7. Nor depend upon pasture alone for a supply of summer feed.
8. We do not allow milk to stand very long in the stable to absorb foul odors.
9. We do not neglect to strain the milk at once after milking;
10. Nor set the milk in deep cans in well water without changing the water at least twice, or without ice;
11. Nor mix sweet cream with cream to be churned less than twelve hours before churning. (The cream is ripened in one vessel which holds the cream for a whole churning.)
12. Nor add scalding water to the cream; nor guess at the temperature with the finger, nor take two or three hours to churn.
13. Nor gather the butter until the "dasher stands on top," and then dip it out of the buttermilk.
14. Nor add coarse salt by guess; nor work the butter into grease.
15. And finally we do not send our butter to market wrapped in old rags that may have seen other service in the home.

To those who wish something more extensive than can be presented in a bulletin, I have much pleasure in recommending a pamphlet published by Smallfield & Sons,

Renfrew, Ont., costing ten cents; and also a publication by Mrs. E. M. Jones, of Brockville, Ont., costing about twenty cents, which is now in press.

The Tea Enterprise in Ceylon.

The enormous and rapid extension of tea cultivation in Ceylon and many parts of India was, we know, the result of two special motives, the one being the dissatisfaction felt with the quality of the tea imported into this country from China and the other the failure of the coffee enterprise owing to the ravages of what was too familiarly known as the leaf disease, (*Hemelia vastatrix*.) The quondam coffee planters faced their troubles with a patient perseverance which merited a better reward. For not only did they fight with hopes, delusively renewed every year by the apparently returning vigor of the plantations, (whose leaf crop was never more glossy and abundant than just before a fresh attack of the fatal disease,) for the preservation of their coffee trees, but they successively tried the planting of cinchona, cocoa, vanilla, and other products, which one by one failed them in the very hour of anticipated success.

Then they sought to retrieve their fortunes, already sorely shattered, by the planting of tea, a shrub or tree known to be indigenous in many parts of India, and little exacting in its demands upon the soil on which it grows. It formed, therefore, a ready and convenient substitute for the discarded coffee trees, and money being a very essential consideration to men whose resources had been exhausted by their protracted struggles, tea plantations, especially in Ceylon were first formed on the same ground that had been previously occupied by coffee. The product thus originally adopted as a last resource or makeshift has formed in that island its staple industry, so that while in 1873 the exports of tea growers in Ceylon amounted to no more than 23 pounds, they were expected in 1890 to exceed 48,000,000 pounds. My readers will be better able to grasp this astonishing fact when they remember that it takes from three to four years to obtain any produce at all from the tea plant. In the third year, that is to say, there is a small return, but practically the planter has to wait till the fourth year for the fruition of his labors. Thus it happened that the first tentative attempt at growing tea having proved unexpectedly successful, the rush into more extended cultivation was immediate and simultaneous.

Can Consumption be Cured.

Can consumption be prevented? is a question which some physicians answer emphatically in the affirmative. The careful and thorough enquiry of a Dr. Flick concerning the cases of tuberculosis in one ward of Philadelphia during the last twenty-five years has led to the organization in that city of a Society for the Prevention of Tuberculosis. Dr. Flick has made charts or maps of this particular ward in Philadelphia. These charts show in some houses ten or twelve cases, while in the adjoining dwellings the disease has not been found. Dr. Flick is well acquainted with the medical history of the ward, and his charts support the conclusion derived from his own observation and experience, that a great many cases of consumption in that district have been caused by infection through the agency of houses and rooms in which consumptives have been ill and have died. The houses in which there have been many fatal cases during the last twenty-five years are those in which there has been a succession of tenants following a family in which one or more persons succumbed to the disease. Through disinfection might have made the house harmless, but without such disinfection it was a trap for succeeding tenants. Fully one half of the cases of consumption in the ward are believed to be due to living in infected houses. A family unsuspectingly moves into one of the houses which on the map are marked with black dots. This house has just been vacated by a family in which death from consumption has occurred. The weakest member of the incoming family succumbs to the disease, the infection spreads to new victims, and death reaps a greater harvest. The new society will do the greater part of its work among the poor. It will teach them how consumption is communicated by infection and how this infection can be avoided. It will cause all cases of consumption to be reported to the Board of Health and to be registered. We presume it will urge the health officers to provide for the disinfection of houses and rooms in which consumptive persons have died, if this precaution is not taken by the occupants themselves.

The German Emperor belittles himself by exhibiting abnormal jealousy of his greatest subject. The demonstrations of popular interest which are attending Prince Bismarck's journey to Vienna are resented from the throne as a personal affront. A chorus of denunciation has followed from the Imperialist press, and the Emperor has indicated his displeasure in unmistakable terms. The sovereign's grandfather was so great a ruler that he could honor both Bismarck and Moltke without compromising his own dignity. He invariably contended that his chief title to distinction was his ability to discover the two men who could render Germany the most valuable service. His grandson evidently considers that a sovereign cannot remain great if the statesmanship and pre-eminent qualities of any subject are recognized by the nation. That is an exhibition of envy which tends to discredit sovereignty.

Russian Poland is ordinarily credited with suffering oppression and nothing else under Russian rule. This is probably true, as far as the old aristocracy is concerned, which was and is treated with revolting barbarity; but after the last revolt, in 1863 Alexander II freed the peasants and gave them the land, confiscating the territorial rights of the nobles. Peasant proprietorship and the railroads built by Russia for strategic reasons, with a protective tariff, have greatly stimulated manufactures, and Mr. Leo Winawsky points out, in an article recently published in a Norwegian periodical, the Bergen Samtiden, that the industrial output of Poland has risen from \$15,500,000 in 1857, to \$36,500,000 in 1872, and \$95,975,000 in 1884. The 6,627 factories in 1879 rose to 7,060 in 1882, and while the factories were less in number in 1884 their output had risen one-half in value. Out of a population of 8,000,000 all but 1,500,000 live on the land they own. It is really the rapid industrial development of Western Russia and the gradual exclusion, in consequence, of German manufactures and trade, which has stimulated German dislike of Russian progress.

HOW BEHEADING FEELS.

The Anguish Which the Head Suffers After Decapitation.

The double execution by decapitation which took place Saturday, April 23, at Goerlitz, Germany, of the two murderers, Knoll and Heydrich, caused serious discussion of the anachronism of inflicting death by beheading. This brings to mind that one experience was left to be added to the glories of hypnotism. It had never been thought to transmit a suggestion to an individual about to be beheaded and then accurately observe the sensations felt at the moment of torture.

The celebrated Belgian painter, Wiertz, whose works are collected in the Musee Wiertz, Bruxelles, must be considered a precursor of such a test.

Wiertz was not an adept in occult sciences. His investigation was impelled by generosity of sentiment rather than through vain curiosity. What occupied his mind was the legitimate question of the death penalty, and he was ceaselessly haunted by the desire to penetrate into the mysteries of death through the torture of the guillotine.

Is it true that the anguish endures but a second? What does the culprit think? What does he feel at the fatal moment when the deadly knife falls heavily upon his neck?

All such questions harassed the mind of the artist. Wiertz was a close acquaintance of M. M—, the physician in attendance at the prison in Bruxelles, and was likewise an intimate friend of Dr. D—, a scientist, who had for more than thirty years devoted himself to the study of hypnotism. The latter had often hypnotized the painter, who had already proved to be a wonderfully susceptible subject.

Wiertz, favored with the permission of M. M—, the prison official, and the consent of Dr. D—, determined upon the following experiment: He would place himself under the guillotine, where the severed head of the condemned rolls into the basket, and there be allowed to be put to sleep through hypnotism and ordered to penetrate the mental and bodily sensations of those executed. Preparatory to this test, a few days before a decapitation occurred, he submitted to be put to sleep by Dr. D—, who influenced him to identify himself with different people in order to read their thoughts—to penetrate their very souls and consciences—so as to experience all the sentiments which agitated them. Wiertz proved a most fitting person for so delicate a mission.

About 10 minutes previous to the arrival of the condemned the day of the execution Wiertz, accompanied by his friend, Dr. D—, and two witnesses, proceeded to the guillotine, and there placing themselves close to the fatal basket beneath the scaffold, but unsuspected by the public, Wiertz was hypnotized by the doctor. While in this condition, Dr. D—obliged him to identify himself with the victim, to follow minutely all his thoughts and to feel and express aloud the sensations affecting the criminal just at that moment when the knife entered his neck. He ordered him finally, just as the head fell into the basket to make an effort to enter that brain and analyze the last thoughts there impressed.

The three friends who accompanied the painter stood there in breathless silence anxiously awaiting developments. The tread of feet overhead warns them that the condemned is being led by the executioner to the death-dealing machine.

The culprit ascends the scaffold; another instant and the guillotine will have accomplished its bloody work.

The doctor watches Wiertz and notices that he is extremely perturbed. He supplicates piteously to be awakened. The anguish oppressing him is intolerable. But—it is too late—the knife has fallen.

"What do you feel? What do you see?" questions the doctor.

The painter, struggling with convulsions, answers, moaning: "A lightning! The thunderbolt has fallen! Oh, horror! The head thinks, the head sees!"

"It suffers horribly! It hears, it feels, it thinks but cannot comprehend what has happened."

"It looks for its body. It seems as if the body must come and join it. It expects the final blow. It awaits death, but death will not come!"

While Wiertz was giving utterance to these shocking sentences the other witnesses, who had noticed the head falling through the bag to the bottom of the basket, crown downward and bleeding neck upward, observed that it was looking at them with mouth widely distended and teeth tightly clinched. The arteries still pulsated palpably where the knife had severed them, and the warm blood spurted out, splattering the eyes, the face, the hair.

The painter continued his woful lamentations.

"Ah! what hand is this strangling me? An enormous, merciless hand. Oh! this pressure crushes me. Nothing but a large, red cloud do I see. Shall I ever liberate myself from this accursed hand? Let loose, you monster! Vainly do I struggle with both my hands. What is this I feel? An open wound and my blood flowing. I'm nothing but a head rent from the body!"

It was only after long suffering that must have seemed endless in its endurance that the decapitated head realized its separation from the body.

Wiertz had again subsided into somnolence, and Dr. D—continued his interrogatories.

"What do you see now? Where are you?" The painter answered: "I fly into open space like a wheel through a fire. But am I dead? Is all over with me? Oh! if they would only join my body with my head again! Oh! men have mercy; restore my body to me and I shall live again. I still think. I still see. I yet remember everything. There are my judges clad in dark robes. They utter my sentence! Oh! my poor bereaved wife! My wretched, unfortunate child! You love me no longer. You abandon me. If you only would unite me with my body I should be with you again. No! You are insensible to my entreaties. But I love you still, my poor darlings. Let me but embrace you once again. Come, my little child. No! You shudder with fear. Oh! unfortunately, you are stained with my blood. When will this ghastly racking end? End? Is not the criminal doomed to eternal punishment?"

While the sleeping artist described these frightful sensations the bystanders noted that the orbs in the severed head were immensely dilated and expressed a look of indescribable agony and intense pleading. The bewailing continued:

"No, no, such torture cannot last forever! God is merciful! Now all belonging to earth fades from my sight. I see afar in the

remote distance a star glistening and scintillating. Oh, how restful it must be there! How relieved I feel. My entire being is soothed by the gentle balm of peace and calmness. What a tranquil slumber I shall have. Oh, what ecstasy!"

These were the last words uttered by the hypnotic subject. Although still in this sleep, he failed to answer any further questioning. Dr. D—at this point examined the head in the basket, touching its forehead, its temples, its teeth; all was icy. The head was dead.

Some Queer Thieves.

As thieves the Bheels still maintain their old prestige as the most adroit professionals in that branch of industry in India, a land abounding in many types of roguery. Endless tales are told of their skill in stealing, and in escaping pursuit by tricks which would put the most knowing thieves in Europe to the blush. They have been known to steal the blanket from under a sleeping man, who had been put on his guard that this would be attempted. The feat was simply accomplished by the thief tickling the face of the sleeper and as involuntarily he turned himself under this slight titillation, the blanket was gently pulled bit by bit from under him. Naked and oiled all over they move about noiselessly, and if grasped will ee-like slip out of the captor's grasp; if not, he will probably speedily feel drawn across his wrist the sharp razor-like knife, which is always hung suspended round the thief's neck by means of a string. They have a trick of dropping poison on the leaves of the plantain bushes among which the cattle that they are not able to capture are grazing. In the morning the cattle being found dead the carcasses are thrown away by the Hindoo owner. This quite suits the thieves' designs and calculations, for they immediately return, flay the dead animals and sell the skins, which was what they were desirous of obtaining. The Bheels, on being pursued, have been known to escape among the burnt stumps—which, owing the prevalence of forest fires, cover considerable tracts of country in certain parts of India—and allow the pursuing parties to pass them within a few yards by the expedient of throwing their black sinewy limbs into such attitudes that they would be mistaken for the scorched stumps among which they were hiding. An amusing (and possibly even true) story in reference to this trick of theirs is often related. An English officer with a troop of cavalry was on one occasion pursuing a party of thieving Bheels. The soldiers almost overtook the savages, when suddenly they lost sight of them behind a rock, and though a strict search was made until dusk they failed to find them. The day had been hot and the sun exhausting. The officer, imagining that in an open piece of country like this the Bheels could not escape very far, ordered a halt near a clump of blackened stumps. Exhausted he threw himself on the ground, hung his helmet on a scorched branch, and leaned his back against a stump. To his astonishment the stumps seemed to become alive before his eyes, loud chuckles came from them; in about a second or two he found himself thrown to the ground by the stump on which he was leaning, and his helmet seized by the very branch on which he had hung it. At the same time the other stumps became as suddenly metamorphosed into men, and before he or his men could recover from their astonishment they had disappeared, carrying off the officer's helmet as the reward for their exertions! What he had taken for a clump of blackened stumps was the party of Bheel thieves, who had skillfully, after their usual manoeuvres, thrown themselves into the attitudes which had imposed upon their pursuers in so ludicrous a manner.

Loss of Life at Sea.

Much is written on the question of lives lost at sea, and though we do not wish to check the zeal of men who have done noble service in safeguarding our sailors from the practices resorted to in the past by rapacious ship owners, we think the great improvement of recent years is too often ignored, and the tendency to over-legislate very great.

In ten years the number of lives lost has decreased by nearly one-half, and when it is noted that the British fleet has in that period increased from 8½ to 9.68 million tons this result is even more favorable. Our sailing ships are being improved in design, so as the better to withstand great storms and the adoption of steel minimizes the danger of standing. The small old wooden vessels are disappearing at the rate of about 1,000 a year. These facts indicate a cause why the proportion of lives lost to the total tonnage entering and clearing our ports has decreased from 4.17 per 100,000 tons in 1881 to 2.06 in 1890. This represents a decrease according to tonnage of one-half. In the case of steamers the increase in traffic is equal to 43.6 per cent., and yet there is a decrease in the number of lives lost of 28 per cent. In other words, the lives lost were equal to 0.57 per 100,000 tons of steamers frequenting our ports in 1881, and in 1890 0.41 per 100,000 tons. In 1882 the ratio was 1.45 and in 1886 0.16 per 100,000 tons. These were the highest and lowest in the decade, and indicate the possibilities of great fluctuations due so extraordinary disasters. The tendency, however, is toward a substantial decrease. In ten years the deaths among masters and seamen from all causes decreased from 23.2 per 1,000 employed to 13.1 per 1,000.

Electric Shocks.

A despatch from London says:—A flash of lightning caused a sudden transformation in the dining room of Col. R. Lewis' residence, yesterday, during the storm. The lightning ran down the chimney, smashed the mantelpiece, and broke things up generally. Several pictures were shaken off the walls, and the frames demolished. Fortunately nobody was injured. Lightning also struck the barn of Mr. Ed. Vincent, London West, and killed one of his horses and a pig. It also prostrated Mr. and Mrs. Vincent, who were in a house near by. While Messrs. Levi Smith and George Temple, of Waterford, were working yesterday in a barn owned by the former, the building was struck by lightning. Temple seems only to have been stunned, but the shock sustained by Smith was a severe one. His clothes were torn from his body. His recovery is reported doubtful. Miss Barley, of Piccadilly street, had her face somewhat burned and her hair singed by a flash of lightning during the storm. The chimney on her residence was also damaged, and the furniture in one of the rooms injured considerably.