

### The Farmer.

Once on a time he used to plough  
And rise at dawn to milk the cough  
And drive with merry song and laugh  
To pasture Brindle and her caugh.

Then for the pigs he'd fill the trough  
And for the market he would be ought;  
Sometimes his mare would bruss her hough  
Against a fence-post or a rough.

And there he'd switch her with a bough  
To teach her better any hough;  
He planted wheat to make the dough,  
Which, in a drouth, was hard to gough.

In winter when his work was through,  
A little sports he would dough;  
He'd wander with his un and shough  
And aim at crows he couldn't dough.

Sometimes he'd hunt along the clogh  
For birds that did not live there nough,  
And shoot a seagull or a clogh,  
Which he with joy would proudly dough.

From swampland, watered by a lough  
He'd make good pasture for his stough  
By laying here and there a sough,  
While perspiration wet his bough.

Sometimes a snake would shed it's slough  
Would scare him so he'd run and pough  
Till stuck knee-deep within a slough,  
He'd yell until he raised a rough.

But no work makes the farmer cough  
And, careless hough much peo, he scough,  
He lives on boarders rough and tough,  
Whough rough thigh dough not eat enough.

## Story of Baron Trenck.

I returned the written paper to Grefhardt by the same means it had been received, gave him my instructions, and he sent his wife with it to Gummern, by whom it was safely put in the post. My hopes daily rose; and as often as Grefhardt mounted guard, so often did we continue our projects. The 15th of August came, but it was some days before Grefhardt was again on guard; and, oh! how did my heart palpitate when he came and exclaimed, "All is right! we have succeeded!" He returned in the evening, and we began to consider by what means he could convey the money to me. I could not, with my hands chained to an iron bar, reach the aperture of the window that admitted air; besides that, it was too small. It was therefore agreed that Grefhardt should, on the next guard, perform the office of cleaning my dungeon, and that he then should convey the money to me in the water-jug. This, luckily, was done. How great was my astonishment when, instead of one, I found two thousand florins! for I had permitted him to reserve half to himself, as a reward for his fidelity. He, however, had kept but five pistoles, which he persisted in owing.

Worthy Grefhardt! This was the act of a Pomeranian grenadier! How rare are such examples! Be thy name and mine ever united! Live thou while the memory of me shall live! Never did my acquaintance with the great bring to my knowledge a soul so noble, so disinterested!

Having money to carry on my designs, I began to put my plan of burrowing under the foundation in execution. The first thing necessary was to free myself from my fetters. To accomplish this, Grefhardt supplied me with two small files; and by the aid of these, this labour, though great, was effected.

The cap or staple of the foot-ring was made so wide, that I could draw it forward a quarter of an inch. I filed the iron which passed through it on the inside; and the more I filed this away, the farther I could draw the cap down, till at last the whole inside iron, through which the chains passed was quite cut through. By this means I could slip off the ring, while the cap on the outside continued whole; and it was impossible to discover any cut, as only the outside could be examined. My hands, by continued efforts, I so compressed, so as to be able to draw them out of the handcuffs. I then filed the hinge, and made a screw-driver out of one of the foot-long flooring nails, by which I could take out the screws at pleasure, so that at the time of examination no proofs would appear. The rim round my body was but a small impediment, except the chain which passed from my hand-bar; and this I removed by filing an aperture in one of the links, which, at the necessary hour, I closed with bread, rubbed over with rusty iron, first drying it by the heat of my body; and would wager any sum that, without striking the chain, link by link, with a hammer, no one not in the secret would have discovered this fracture.

The window was never strictly examined. I therefore drew the two staples by which the iron bars were fixed to the wall, and which I daily replaced, carefully plastering them over. I procured wire from Grefhardt, and tried how well I could imitate the inner grating. Finding I succeeded tolerably, I cut the real grating totally away, and substituted an artificial one of my own fabrication, by which I obtained a free communication with the outside, additional fresh air, together with all necessary implements, tinder and candles. That the light might not be seen, I hung the coverlid of my bed before the window, so that I could work fearless and undetected.

Everything prepared I went to work. The floor of my dungeon was not of stone, but oak planks, three inches thick, three beds of which were laid crosswise, and were fastened to each other by nails half an inch in diameter and a foot long. Having worked round the head of a nail, I made use of the hole at the end of the bar which separated my hands to draw it out, and this nail I sharpened upon my tombstone into an excellent chisel.

I now cut through the board more than an inch in width, that I might work downward; and having drawn away a piece of board which was inserted two inches under the wall, I cut this so exactly to fit. The small crevice it occasioned I stopped up with bread, and strewed over with dust, so as to prevent all suspicious appearance. My labor under this was continued with less precaution, and I had soon worked through my nine-inch planks. Under them I came to a fine white sand, on which the Star-Fort was built. My chips I carefully distributed beneath the boards. If I had not help from without, I could proceed no farther; for to dig were useless, unless I could rid myself of my rubbish. Grefhardt supplied me with some ells of cloth, of which I made long narrow bags, stuffed them with earth, and passed them between the iron bars to him; and, as often as he was on guard, he scattered or conveyed away their contents.

Furnished with room to secrete them under the floor, I obtained more instruments together with a pair of pistols, powder, ball, and a bayonet. I now discovered that the

foundation of my prison, instead of two, was sunk four feet deep. Time, labor, and patience, were all necessary to break out, unheard and undiscovered; but few things are impossible where resolution is not wanting.

The hole I made was obliged to be four feet deep, corresponding with the foundation, and wide enough to kneel and stoop in. The lying down on the floor to work, the continual stooping to throw out the earth, the narrow space in which all must be performed, these made the labor incredible; and, after this daily labor, all things were to be replaced, and my chains again resumed, which alone required some hours to effect. My great-st aid was in the wax candles and light I had procured; but as Grefhardt stood sentinel only once a fortnight, my work was much delayed. The sentinels were forbidden to speak to me under pain of death; and I was too fearful of being betrayed to dare to seek new assistance.

Being without a stove, I suffered much this winter from cold; yet my heart was cheerful, as I saw the probability of freedom; and all were astonished to find me in such good spirits.

Grefhardt also brought me supplies of provisions, chiefly consisting of sausages and salt meats ready dressed, which increased my strength; and when I was not digging I wrote satires and verses. Thus time was employed, and I contented, even in prison. Lulled into security, an accident happened that will appear almost incredible, and by which every hope was nearly frustrated.

Grefhardt had been working with me, and was relieved in the morning. As I was replacing the window, which I was obliged to remove on these occasions, it fell out of my hand, and three of the glass panes were broken. Grefhardt was not to return till guard was again relieved; I had therefore no opportunity of speaking with him, or concerting any mode of repair. I remained nearly an hour conjecturing and hesitating, for certainly, had the broken window been seen, as it was impossible I should reach it when fettered, I should immediately have been more rigidly examined, and the false grating must have been discovered.

I therefore came to a resolution, and spoke to the sentinel, who was amusing himself whistling, thus:—"My good fellow, have pity, not upon me, but upon your comrades, who, should you refuse, will certainly be executed. I will throw you thirty pistoles through the window if you will do me a small favor." He remained some moments silent, and at last answered in a low voice—"What! have you money, then?" I immediately counted thirty pistoles, and threw them through the window. He asked to know what he was to do; I told him my difficulty, and gave him the size of the panes in paper. The man, fortunately, was bold and prudent. He contrived to procure the glass, which I put into the window, and all was safe.

A second letter which I got conveyed to Gummern for my correspondent in Vienna, was unfortunately discovered, and I was visited by Ferdinand, who demanded by what means it was conveyed out of the garrison. I was silent. No threats could force me to make an avowal.

The sentinels were now doubled; and shortly afterwards, when most of the garrison took the field, and a new Governor, Borek, was appointed, I was loaded with a monstrous iron collar, connected with chains to my ankles. My situation was now truly deplorable. The enormous iron round my neck pained me, and prevented motion; and I durst not attempt to disengage myself from the pendant chains, till I had for some months carefully observed the mode of their examination, and which parts they supposed were perfectly secure. The chains that descended from the neck collar were obliged to be supported, first with one hand and then with the other; for if thrown behind, they would have strangled me, and if hanging forward, occasioned most excessive headaches. The bar between my hands held one down while leaning on my elbow; I supported with the other my chains; and this so benumbed the muscles, and prevented circulation, that I could perceive my arms sensibly waste away. The little sleep I could have in such a position may easily be supposed; and at length body and mind sunk under this accumulation of miserable suffering, and I fell ill of a burning fever.

The tyrant Borek was inexorable; he wished to expedite my death, and rid himself of his troubles and his terrors. How did I experience what was the lamentable condition of a sick prisoner, without bed, refreshment, or aid from human being! Reason, fortitude, heroism, all the noble qualities of the mind decay when the corporeal faculties are diseased; and the remembrance of my sufferings at this dreadful moment still agitates, still inflames my blood, so as almost to prevent an attempt to describe what they were.

Yet hope had not totally forsaken me. Deliverance seemed possible, especially should peace ensue; and I sustained perhaps what mortal man never bore, except myself, being, as I was, provided with pistols, or any such immediate mode of despatch.

I continued ill about two months, and was so reduced at last, that I had scarcely strength to lift the water-jug to my mouth. What must the sufferings of that man be who sits two months on the bare ground, in a dungeon so damp, so dark, so horrible, without bed or straw, his limbs loaded as mine were, with no refreshment but dry ammunition-bread, without so much as a drop of broth, without physic, without consoling friend, and who, under all these afflictions, must trust for his recovery to the efforts of nature alone!

My sufferings had the effect of melting the feelings of several of the officers in the garrison, and they continually visited me in secret, bringing little articles of luxury for my comfort. One of them, Lieutenant Sonntag, further aided me in contrivances for shifting off all my irons, and gave me information concerning the situation of my dungeon. I learned that, if I could mine through thirty-seven feet, I should, undoubtedly be free. The enterprise was lessened by the nature of the ground, a fine white sand. A door in a gallery, to which I was to penetrate, was to be left open when I should be ready for flight.

With tools and light provided for me, I began my labors, which I continued for six months. The greatest of my difficulties consisted in carrying the loosened sand out of and back into the hole daily, to prevent detection; yet this I overcame, and every day had the pavement replaced as formerly. On one occasion my working underground was heard by a sentinel, and he informed the officer on guard; but before the party reached my cell, I had the good fortune to

have returned everything to its place, and remain undetected. The day at length arrived when I was to break out; but the same sentinel was again on duty, and hearing me a second time, in pique for having formerly been disbelieved, once more gave information of the strange underground noises. My proceedings were now discovered in earnest. My vast labours had all been abortive.

My cruel fate was now aggravated by a new device; Borek, my inhuman jailer, gave an order that I should be prevented sleeping, and that the sentinels should call and wake me every quarter of an hour; which dreadful order was immediately executed. This was indeed a punishment intolerable to human nature! Yet did custom at length teach me to answer in my sleep. Four years did this unheard-of cruelty continue! The noble landgrave of Hesse-Cassel at length put an end to it a year before I was released from my dungeon, and once again, in mercy, suffered me to sleep in peace.

A new and better turn took place in my condition on the removal of Borek, and the appointment of Reichmann as governor. I was now indulged with more air and light, and I endeavored to amuse myself by carving figures and verses with a nail on the powder cups in which my food was brought. Practice made me wonderfully perfect in this kind of engraving, and my cups came into great demand among the curious. On one, which I understood made a sensation in Vienna, I had engraved a bird in a cage, held by a Turk, with the following inscription:—"The bird sings even in the storm; open his cage, break his fetters, ye friends of virtue, and his songs shall be the delight of your abodes!"

My labor at these cups became so excessive, that I was in danger of distraction or blindness; yet I continued to work upon them as a solace to my griefs, and also to supply the universal demand for these memorials of my imprisonment. My agony in such labors, was increased by the constant pressure of the huge iron collar on my neck; and for a time I was compelled to abandon my self-imposed employment. Another misfortune overtook me in the loss of a companion, to whose society I have not yet adverted. I had, two years before, so tamed a mouse, that it would play round me, and eat from my mouth; it also, in progress of time, learned to perform various little tricks, which helped to amuse me in my solitude. One night it was more than usually merry. It capered about on a trencher, and as I spoke to it, the mingled noises attracted the attention of the sentinel, who called the officers of the guard, and they pronounced that all was not right in my dungeon. At daybreak my doors rumbled; the town-major, a smith, and a mason, entered; strict search was made; flooring, walls, chains, and my own person, were all scrutinized; but in vain. They asked what was the noise which had been heard. I mentioned the mouse, whistled, and it came and jumped on my shoulder. Will it be credited? Orders were given that I should be deprived of its society. I earnestly intreated that they would at least spare its life. The officer on guard gave me his word of honor that he would present it to a lady who would treat it with the utmost tenderness. My poor mouse was accordingly taken away and given to the lady; but it was not happy with its new friends. It was put into a cage, where it pined refused all sustenance, and in a few days was found dead.

The loss of this little companion made me for some time quite melancholy. I again contrived a plan of escape; but was spared making the attempt. I had always expected that, on the conclusion of the war between Austria and Prussia, I should be liberated. Peace had been concluded nine months, and still I was a prisoner. Had I been forgotten? At last, however, when I supposed all hope lost, the day of freedom came. At the hour of parade, Count Schlieben, lieutenant of the guards, arrived, and brought orders for my release. Joyful intelligence! My chains were knocked off, and I was free.

I was set at liberty on the 24th of December, 1763. I had been confined in Magdeburg nine years, five months and eleven days; add to this seventeen months' imprisonment at Glatz, and the amount is eleven years. Thus had the prime of my life—the brightest hours in the days of man—been passed in the damps of a dungeon! And for what? An imaginary crime—an offence for which I was never tried, and was entirely guiltless.

### CONCLUSION.

Trenck was released on condition that he never more set foot within the Prussian territories, and was forth with conducted to Prague. Thence he travelled to Vienna, to recover his property; but meeting with little success, and being in poor health, he went to Aix-la-Chapelle, to take the benefit of its waters. Here he fixed his residence, and in 1765 married the daughter of a burgo-master of that city.

Literature, politics, and commerce as a wine-merchant, now alternately engaged the attention of Trenck. He wrote a piece entitled the "Macedonian Hero," the professed design of which was to unmask the character of Frederick, his oppressor; and he edited a weekly paper, called the "Friend of Man." In 1772 he commenced a gazette at Aix-la-Chapelle, which he conducted for some time with considerable success. His wine trade failing, he visited England; then returned to Austria, and was received with considerable kindness by the Empress Maria Theresa, who bestowed a pension on his wife, which she enjoyed till the death of that princess. Trenck now retired to his castle of Zwerbach, in Hungary, where for six years he devoted himself to agricultural pursuits. He also published various works and verse, including the history of his own life. The king of Prussia having died in 1786, Trenck found himself at liberty to revisit his native country, which he did in 1787, after an exile of forty-two years. On this occasion the princess to whom he partly owed so many misfortunes, and who was now an aged woman, is said to have expressed a becoming sympathy in the losses and privations of which he had been the miserable victim.

We wish we could close the life of this unfortunate man with some fact of a cheering kind; but such is not permitted. Of an eager and heedless temperament, he warmly embraced the revolutionary doctrines, which were let loose in France in 1789, and consequently fell into disgrace with the Austrian government. Towards the end of 1791 he visited France. The time was exceedingly unpropitious. Instead of meeting with friends, he was denounced as a secret emis-

sary of the king of Prussia, and imprisoned at St. Lazarus. There being no evidence to support this ridiculous charge, he was about to be released, when he was accused of having taken part in a conspiracy in the prison; and for this offence he was guillotined, July 25, 1794. Such was the dismal end of Baron Trenck. First a sufferer from despotism, he ultimately fell victim to what is equally dangerous and hateful—a savage and unrestricted democracy.

[THE END.]

### Industrial Training for Girls.

If I were able I would change the public sentiment so radically that no girl should be considered well educated, no matter what her accomplishments, until she has learned a trade, a business or a profession.

Lack of technical and industrial training not only makes dependent and inefficient women of our daughters, it puts them in fearful peril morally. Indolence is always demoralizing. It ruins health, destroys beauty and enfeebles the will. "Out of 2,000 fallen women in the city of New York 1,850 had been brought up to do nothing; 525 pleaded destitution as the cause of their sad life." In view of these facts, which might be multiplied indefinitely, ought we not to rid ourselves of the inherited social idea that it is a shameful thing for young women to be taught to support themselves by honorable industry?

It is wasteful, as unwise, as inhuman, to send our delicately-nurtured and tenderly-reared young daughters out from home to fight the battle of life without a preparation for it, without an equipment in the form of an industrial and business education. They become anxious concerning the future, with no power to provide for it. At the mercy of circumstances which they know not how to control; victims of petty belief, old abuses, and respectable tyrannies, they drop into mental ill health, and bodily diseases come with it.

Or they marry, and make faithful, loving, lovely wives to admiring husbands. But the husband dies. He was living on a salary, which ceases with his life. His young widow has one or more children. What is she to do? Or the husband may drop into permanent invalidism, or into bankruptcy, or into dissolute habits. If the young wife has not been in part prepared for such emergencies by previous training her lot is hard indeed.

"Oh, you can prepare girls to meet such emergencies!" said an eminent clergyman, in whose parlors this topic was being earnestly discussed. "You must prepare them to be good wives and mothers, and risk the rest. There you will have to leave them, and trust in God." Our trust must be in God.

Our trust must be in God, to be sure. No one disputes that. And yet I have the deepest respect for the advice that Oliver Cromwell gave his soldiers, "Trust in God, and keep your powder dry!"—Mary A. Livermore.

### Photographing the Bottom of the Sea.

Engineering, a journal devoted to that subject, says: "The electric incandescent light, which has been applied to the taking of photographs in such inaccessible places as underground cavities, mines, and so on, is now to be tried by MM. Bonfante and Massonneuve for photographing the sea bottom, sunken vessels and submarine works. Divers may be employed in the work, because photography nowadays can be learned in a few lessons. Again, by suitable electrical arrangements the negatives may be taken far above water, the light let on and the camera manipulated from a distance. While upon this subject we may mention that M. Marey, the well known experimenter in instantaneous photography and the analysis of movements, has succeeded in producing photographs with an exposure of two-thousandths of a second, and he proposes to reduce this period still further. M. Chevreul, the illustrious French chemist, has enabled him to do so by devising an "absolute-black" background, against which the illuminated object is seen. If the rapidly revolving shutter or obscurator employed is rendered less effective and so it is of great importance to have a perfectly black background. The background of M. Chevreul is obtained by using a box or case blackened inside, and piercing a hole in the wall. M. Marey employs black velvet to form the background, and care was taken to avoid dust, which sometimes emits a little light.

### To Sail Under the Waves.

A new idea in submarine boats is reported. An English inventor has constructed a boat which is sometimes 60 feet long, and sometimes considerable less. In other words, it shuts up and opens out like a telescope, and sinks in the former case and floats in the latter.

A boat of this kind, which would dive down and hang a torpedo to an adversary's keel would be an awkward customer to deal with in a naval battle. Perhaps the sea-fights of the future are going to be decided under water, as the land wars may be decided by balloons in mid-air.

The new idea, however, is only in its infancy yet, and may not be practically developed for a long while. The telescoping boat to which we referred is said to work satisfactorily, but it has only been tried, so far, in the shallow and placid waters of the London docks.

### English Sparrows.

The English sparrows, I think, will eventually drive our native birds away. I live surrounded by shade and trees, and previous to the last five years, our garden and trees were made lovely by the sight and gay with the songs of native birds of our childhood's memory.

Again this summer, as in those past, our fruit and other trees were partly covered with caterpillars which have been destroyed by smoke, and not by English sparrows who much prefer their usual feeding place—the streets and pavements.

One set of little wrens built on our porch regularly for several summers and one season raised three broods in their different boxes prepared for them. The next year the English "dude" sparrows made their appearance, and though our little wrens fought and chirped for their rights, the sparrows drove them off and have taken full possession of the whole grounds; and all our sweet birds are to be seen no more, but instead we have the incessant squeak, squeak of the detestable English sparrows.—Western Plowman.

### HOUSEHOLD.

#### SCRAPS.

To preserve goods from moth do not use camphor in any form. Pieces of tar paper laid in fur boxes and in the closets are a better protection. Five cents will buy enough to equip all the packing boxes and closets of a large house for a year.

A drop of kerosene or sweet oil, a little candle tallow, or a slight application of soap, will stop the squeak of door-latches or chairs.

When your cane-seat chairs begin to wear out, mend the break the best you can by weaving in cords, or if very bad, replace with a piece of canvas securely tacked on; put on a generous layer of cotton batting or curled hair, and cover with a piece of any kind of upholstery goods, an embroidered pattern, crazy patchwork, or a large "log-cabin" block. Finish the edge with furniture gimp, and fringe if desired. The back may be finished with a similar panel.

The following is described as a pretty way to make vestibule curtains: Cut white tartan enough larger than the glass to admit of an inch wide hem all around. Cut from large figured cretonne, of satin finish, flowers, leaves and butterflies if possible. Make a thin starch paste and paste the figures on the tartan in sprays and wreaths. Turn on 'the wrong side and press until dry with a flatiron. The light shines through them and they have the effect of being painted.

Out of a discarded carpet of large size, enough that is bright and clean can often be got to make a square or rug for the centre of the room; then the floor around can be stained with walnut or cherry stain. This fashion of rug and stained floor is in every way desirable in summer time. It gives a cool, refreshing, artistic appearance to the room. It does away with the dust constantly arising from an allover carpet, for the rug can be taken out of the house and beaten clean whenever necessary. Unfortunately some floors are too rough and poor to be stained. In that case take the good parts of the old carpet to cover around the sides of the floor, and buy for the centre of the room one of the "squares" that come for that purpose.

CARE OF SILVER.—Silver not in use should be put in Canton flannel bags with bits of gum camphor laid around it. Silver-plated articles last longer when cared for in this way.

#### RECIPES.

DRIED CURRANTS.—Dried currants for cake should be thoroughly picked over and cleaned. Then pour boiling water on them and cover with a plate for two moments. Then drain and lay on a clean cloth to dry; use when cool.

BROWN BREAD.—One teacupful of Indian meal to three of Graham flour, one pint sour milk, three tablespoonfuls molasses, a teaspoonful soda, and the same amount of salt. Dissolve the soda in the milk, mix all thoroughly together, and bake in a loaf.

RICE CUSTARD.—Rice custard can be made very delicious by long boiling, and thickening with milk and flour, with some delicate flavoring; the absence of eggs will not be noticed at all. It will please the children if a few raisins are stuck into each dessert dish.

RASPBERRY VINEGAR.—(A good summer drink.) Put the berries in a dish with vinegar enough to cover, and let them stand twenty-four hours. Then scald and strain; add a pound of sugar to each pint of juice; boil twenty minutes; then bottle it and it is ready for use, and will keep for years. Put a tablespoonful in a glass of water. It is much relished by the sick and is very nice. Strawberries and blackberries can be used as well as raspberries, and are as good.

FLANNEL CAKE.—One quart of milk, one cup of corn meal and nearly three of flour, half a cake of yeast, stirred in a half cup of warm water, one large cup of boiling water, one teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of molasses, bit of soda the size of a pea in the milk. Scald the meal with the boiling water stir in the milk and strain through a colander, add flour and yeast and let it rise until morning, beat in salt and molasses, and when the batter is smooth and light bake on a griddle. They are very nice.

#### LITTLE THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

That milk which stands too long makes bitter butter.

That rusty flat-irons should be rubbed over with beeswax and lard.

That tough meat is made tender by lying a few minutes in vinegar water.

That a cup of strong coffee will remove the odor of onions from the breath.

That to beat the whites of eggs quickly, add a pinch of salt. Salt cools, and cold eggs froth rapidly.

For every purpose for which a horse can be used, blood will tell. There are in use in the street railroads of the United States, as the statistics show, 100,000 horses, and the companies require, to keep up their stock, over 30,000 fresh horses yearly. A few years ago the companies were buying their horses at from \$90 to \$100 per head. Now they are paying from \$130 to \$150. They can still get the same kind of horses they formerly got for the same price, but they find that a horse with even a little blood, has so much more endurance and capability, that it is economy to give the average price of nearly \$50 per head more for it. This puts about \$1,500,000 per year more into the pockets of the breeders of this class of horses, with no additional expense except a somewhat larger service fee for the use of stallions.

At the Farmers' Institute at Rio, Wis., as reported in *Hoard's Dairyman*, Mr. Geo. A. Austin gave the farmers present an eye opener on the varying values of cream from different cows by displaying a card of fifteen test tubes, in which the butter oil was shown from the same amount of cream from each of fifteen different cows. Some tubes had fully three times as much butter oil in them as others. Had the test been made of average samples of cream from fifteen different dairies, the variation in quality would probably have been fully as great. And yet some creameries are still paying for cream by the gauge on the assumption that a certain bulk of cream will make a pound of butter, and that cream is cream, and that from any herd of cows is just as good as from any other, irrespective of breed, care and keeping.