

Summer Fruits.

"There is scarcely a disease to which the human family is heir but the sufferings therefrom would be greatly relieved or entirely prevented by the use of fruits which are often forbidden."—From "Eating for Strength," by Dr. Holbrooks.

Modern medical science has accorded to fruits an important place, not only in the preservation of health, but also in the treatment of disease; and in the public opinion also it is steadily growing in value. A proof of which is the wonderful increase in the consumption of all kinds of home-grown and foreign fruits within the last few years.

The busy country housekeeper values them from an entirely different standpoint; she regards with a sigh of relief the well-stocked fruit garden which will, in her planning of summer menus, displace to a great extent the rich puddings and pastries she was wont to provide in times past.

Nature has arranged her programme in the order best suited to our needs, and with the opening of summer presents us, as a foretaste of better things to come, with a fruit acid in the form of rhubarb, and to please the eye gives it the pretty coloring to the red-skinned varieties. This acid is oxalic acid or the acid oxalate of potash, and its effects medicinally are well-known.

RHUBARB SAUCE.

Wash and dry (but do not peel) the red variety. Cut in inch pieces, and for each three cups allow two scant cups of sugar, or about three quarters of a pound to each pound of fruit. Use no water, but lay in alternate layers in an agate double boiler. Cook until the sugar is dissolved and the fruit tender. Each piece should be whole and distinct in the clear red syrup, and inviting in appearance. For preserving use the same proportions and flavor with lemon juice and root ginger. The rhubarb may be sprinkled over in layers with sugar and left over night, then boiled until tender but not broken.

AUNT MARY'S PUDDING.

To one pint hot rhubarb (or any fruit sauce) add one-half ounce gelatine soaked in one-half cup cold water and dissolved. Pour while still hot into a plain mold which has been lined with thin slices of buttered bread, cover to keep the bread in place, and set on ice to harden. When firm turn out on a pretty dish and pour around it a soft boiled custard, or cream, either plain or whipped.

STRAWBERRIES.

These have a medicinal effect opposite to that of rhubarb; some economical persons mix them, as their flavors harmonize nicely. One authority says "strawberries have been known to cure malarial fevers." They are more popular served in their natural state or with sugar, but with them can be made an almost endless variety of desserts and ices. In warm weather what can be more welcome than a fruit ice cream, sherbet, or water ices? A water ice contains fruit-juice, sugar and water; a sherbet is similar, with the addition of gelatine, white of egg or milk; while an ice cream is simply cream sweetened, flavored and frozen, or its substitute a frozen custard.

STRAWBERRY SHERBET.

One pint milk, one cup sugar, juice from one box of strawberries. Wash and pick over the fruit, sprinkle with sugar, and mash in a bowl. Set in a warm place one hour, then strain through cheese cloth. Freeze the milk till it thickens, then add the berry juice and freeze until firm. Remove the dasher and pack in the freezer one hour, then turn out on a pretty dish, garnish with a few fresh strawberry leaves and serve at once. A delicious combination is a mold of strawberry water ice served with a mold of plain ice cream, the dark pink of the water ice forming a pretty contrast to the ice cream, a few green leaves completing the picture.

STRAWBERRY SOUFFLE.

To two whites of eggs beaten stiff add two heaping tablespoonfuls powdered sugar and one cup of strawberries cut or mashed slightly. Use a strong wire beater and beat until stiff. Pile it lightly on a glass dish and serve with delicate white or sponge cake.

GOOSEBERRIES.

For winter use gooseberries will keep without sugar. Pick over and wash the fruit, and fill a self-sealer which has been rinsed in warm water. Then pour on boiling water to fill the jar and while overflowing put on the cover and screw down tightly. If properly done these will keep a year, and are useful for pie-making, etc.

RASPBERRY BLANC-MANGE.

Heat three cups of milk in a double boiler. Add three tablespoonfuls cornstarch wet in a little cold milk, a pinch of salt, and one-half cup sugar. Cook—stirring often—for fifteen minutes, then add one cupful of juice from canned or stewed raspberries on fresh fruit sweetened. Put into a mold and when firm turn out and serve with sweet cream.

The moral effects of an abundant fruit diet are being more and more recognized, and some noted scientists take strong ground in regard to a farinaceous and fruit diet for the intemperate, asserting

that "persons using such food without meats feel no inclination for alcoholic liquors." Let us then luxuriate in nature's choicest delicacies.

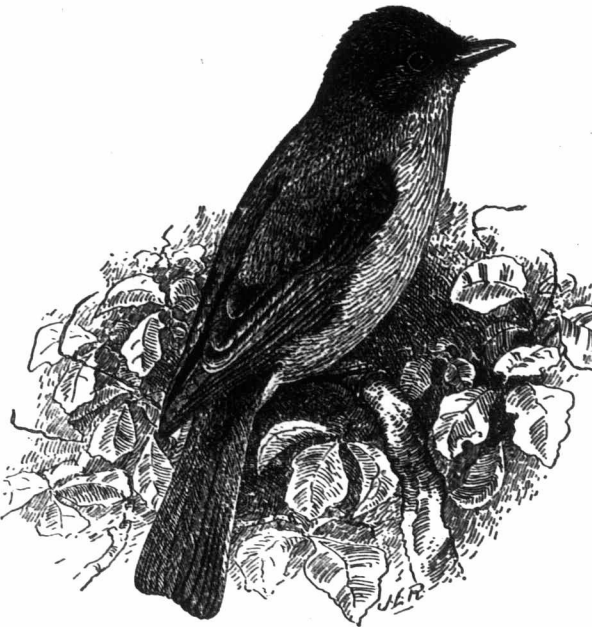
MARY E. MILLAR.

The Phoebe.

Few people are aware of the importance of birds in regard to agriculture. It is true we frequently hear complaints made of the harm they do, but as a general rule the good they effect is never mentioned.

When a number of crows or blackbirds appear in the fields or orchards they are regarded as enemies to our crops, when in reality they are working in our interests by destroying noxious insects and weeds.

The majority of land birds eat insects at all



THE PHEBE.

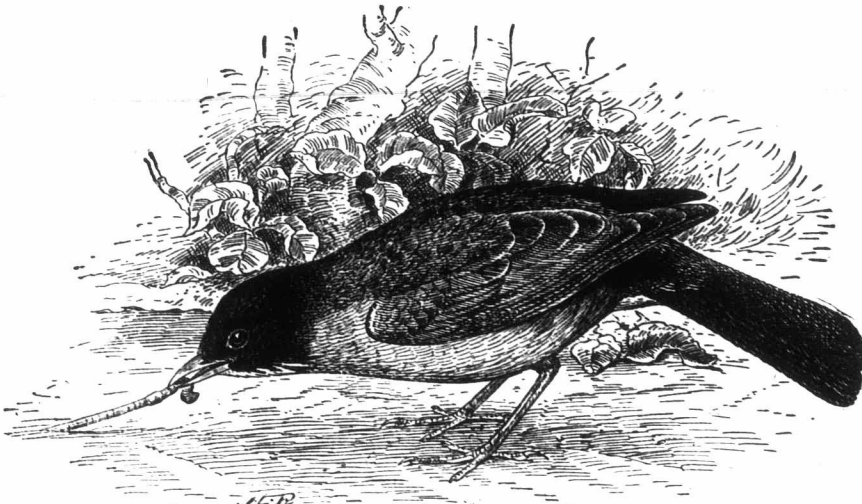
times, particularly during the breeding season, and their young are reared entirely on that diet.

It is a much easier matter to exterminate birds than to annihilate insect pests. When the practical value of birds in destroying insects and noxious weed seeds is more widely known, they will be encouraged to nest about the farm, instead of being regarded as deleterious to its prosperity.

A bird which subsists almost entirely on insects is the phoebe; its confiding disposition has made it such a favorite that it is seldom molested. A pair of phoebes destroy an astonishing number of insects in a garden or field, as they raise two broods a year of from four to six young. It is useless to furnish nesting boxes, as they prefer a more open situation like the overhanging cliff of rock or earth.

The Robin.

On its first arrival amongst us, early in the season, the robin is always welcomed with delight, being regarded as a sure harbinger of spring; but later on when our early fruits begin to ripen frequent



THE ROBIN.

and many are the complaints made of bold Robin Redbreast. His depredations in the cherry orchard are a constant source of annoyance to its owners; the cherries ripen early so that they are almost the only fruit attainable at a time when the robin's appetite has been sharpened by the long continued diet of dried berries, insects, and earthworms, and consequently they devour an amazing quantity.

The robin, however, is such a valuable bird that we should not seek to exterminate it on that account. A well-known authority says that noxious insects comprise more than one-third of the bird's diet—insects that would otherwise considerably injure our fruit and grain crops—in that case the remedy would be worse than the disease. An experienced fruit grower says: "A good plan to protect the cultivated fruit is to have some wild fruit-bearing shrubs and vines planted about the grounds as it has been proved by careful observation that where

these can be obtained the robin seldom touches the cultivated varieties." It is a remarkable fact that the wild fruits upon which the robin principally feeds are those which man never gathers for his own use. Some persons assert that birds are most careful in always consuming the choicest and costliest varieties of fruit; but this is contrary to all scientific observations. How is it that few or no complaints are made of them eating apples, pears, peaches, or even the choicest fruit of the grapevine? Because by the time they are ripe the hedges and forests are teeming with wild fruits, which the robin plainly prefers to the richest varieties brought to perfection by the labor of man.

THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

The Golden Fleece.

(Continued from page 281.)

The adventurous youths, all over the country, who had fought with giants and dragons, came thronging to Tolchos, and clambered on board the new galley. Shaking hands with Jason, they told him that they were ready to row the vessel to the farthest edge of the world, and as much farther as he might think it best to go. Among these heroes were the mighty Hercules, whose shoulders afterwards held up the sky; Theseus, who killed the Minotaur; Lynceus, with sight so powerful that he thought nothing of looking through a millstone; and Orpheus, the wonderful harper who could make the animals dance in tune with his music. There were several prophets and conjurers in the crew, who could foretell what would happen a hundred years hence, but were generally quite unconscious of what was passing at the moment.

Well, when the Argonauts, as these fifty adventurers were called, were ready to start, a new difficulty arose. The vessel was so ponderous that with all their efforts they could not launch her. Then Jason asked the figurehead what they were to do. "Seat yourselves," answered the image, "and handle your oars, and let Orpheus play upon his harp."

They obeyed this strange command, and at the first ringing note of music the vessel stirred and slid easily into the sea.

During the voyage the heroes talked about the Golden Fleece. It originally belonged, it appears, to a Boeotian ram, who had taken on his back two children, when in danger of their lives, and fled with them to Colchis. One of the children fell into the sea and was drowned, but the faithful ram brought the other ashore, but was so exhausted that he immediately lay down and died. In memory of this good deed his fleece was turned into gold, and was hung in a sacred grove, where it became the envy of mighty kings. If I were to tell you all the adventures of the Argonauts, it would take a week, and perhaps longer. At a certain island, where they were very kindly treated, they found the inhabitants in fear and trembling because of a band of giants who made war upon them. The sharp eyes of Lynceus, which were better than a telescope, made out the figures of the six giants walking about on the top of a distant mountain. They had six arms apiece, and a club or sword in each hand. The next day, when the Argonauts were setting sail, down came these terrible giants, stepping a hundred yards at a stride, waving their thirty-six arms aloft in the air. But they were not very brave, and soon would have been glad to have six legs apiece instead of six arms, as it would have served their purpose better to run away with.

At Thrace they found the poor blind king, Phineus, deserted by his subjects, and terribly tormented by three great creatures called Harpies, with the faces of women, and the wings, bodies and claws of vultures. These ugly wretches were in the habit of snatching away his dinner, and gave him no peace. The Argonauts spread a feast on the seashore to attract the greedy Harpies, and then the two sons of the North Wind, who had wings on their shoulders, drew their swords and set off through the air in pursuit of the thieves. After a chase of hundreds of miles they overtook them, and so frightened them with their drawn swords that they solemnly promised to let the poor king alone for the future. Then the Argonauts sailed onward, meeting with many other marvellous adventures, any one of which would make a story by itself. At one time they landed on an island and were reposing on the grass when a shower of steel-headed arrows nearly put an end to them. There was no sign of any enemy, but they soon found that a flock of birds, overhead, were shooting their feathers down upon them. Not knowing what to do, Jason applied to the oaken image and asked for advice. "Make a clatter on your shields," said the image. So they beat their swords upon their shields, making such a terrible noise that the birds flew away in a fright. Then a small vessel approached the shore and in it were two young princes. These turned out to be the sons of that very Prius who had been carried to Colchis on the back of the golden-fleeced ram. Prius had married the king's daughter, and the two young princes had been brought up at Colchis,