

**Twilight.**  
I've been roaming  
In the gloaming  
Of a mellow autumn eve;  
Twilight fingers,  
While its fingers,  
Countless, boundless beauties weave.  
II.  
Day is dying,  
Dying,  
In his dim and dusky  
Clouds in splendor  
Sleek their tender  
Soul-subduing light on me.  
III.  
Night's descending,  
Slightly blending  
Twilight glories with its own;  
Till the shadows  
To their fullest length have grown.  
IV.  
And this token,  
The "unspoken,"  
Tells us that the day is dead;  
Stars are peeping,  
As if keeping  
Silent watches round its bed.  
V.  
Time glimmers,  
Dim and dimmer,  
From our lives must pass away;  
Till the morning,  
In its dawning,  
Us here in another day.

—E. D. Snow.

### BEHIND MINERVA'S SHIELD.

Homer Ashton one autumn evening passed a dreary and gloomy hour, as he sat alone in his study, musing over the reports of the late expedition to the top of the mountain. He had just read a sensational article in the "Boston Herald" regarding the discovery of a new world of gold and silver in the high mountains of the Sierras. He had been struck by the magnitude of the find, and he was wondering how it was possible that so much wealth had been discovered in a remote and inaccessible place. He had been thinking of the many adventures of his youth, and he was wondering if he could ever hope to find such a fortune for himself. He had been a man of many adventures, and he had been successful in many of them. He had been a soldier, a sailor, and a trader, and he had been successful in all of them. He had been a man of many friends, and he had been successful in all of them. He had been a man of many enemies, and he had been successful in all of them. He had been a man of many loves, and he had been successful in all of them. He had been a man of many fears, and he had been successful in all of them. He had been a man of many hopes, and he had been successful in all of them. He had been a man of many dreams, and he had been successful in all of them. He had been a man of many wishes, and he had been successful in all of them. He had been a man of many desires, and he had been successful in all of them. He had been a man of many ambitions, and he had been successful in all of them. He had been a man of many passions, and he had been successful in all of them. He had been a man of many virtues, and he had been successful in all of them. He had been a man of many vices, and he had been successful in all of them. He had been a man of many sins, and he had been successful in all of them. He had been a man of many crimes, and he had been successful in all of them. He had been a man of many misdeeds, and he had been successful in all of them. He had been a man of many wrongs, and he had been successful in all of them. He had been a man of many hardships, and he had been successful in all of them. He had been a man of many trials, and he had been successful in all of them. He had been a man of many tribulations, and he had been successful in all of them. He had been a man of many afflictions, and he had been successful in all of them. He had been a man of many sorrows, and he had been successful in all of them. He had been a man of many pains, and he had been successful in all of them. He had been a man of many sufferings, and he had been successful in all of them. He had been a man of many hardships, and he had been successful in all of them. He had been a man of many trials, and he had been successful in all of them. He had been a man of many tribulations, and he had been successful in all of them. He had been a man of many afflictions, and he had been successful in all of them. He had been a man of many sorrows, and he had been successful in all of them. He had been a man of many pains, and he had been successful in all of them. He had been a man of many sufferings, and he had been successful in all of them.

The night outside was twilight. Sometimes he seemed to hear a sound, but when he stopped to listen it was the beating of his heart. When he reached the foot of the stairs he still went on every now and then his outstretched hands struck against a wall or pillar, for he was passing through an arched hall that ended in a narrow passage. He next entered what he thought must be a large room, for the air had an indefinable difference and the blackness seemed that of space instead of substance. As he stood there uncertain which way to move and the very echo of his footsteps ceased, the horror of darkness and silence which had been growing upon him reached its height. He tried to utter his challenge, but his dry lips would give forth no sound, an abyss of night seemed to swallow him up.

Suddenly he fancied he heard a movement, he thought that something like palpable blackness flitted about him. He turned to fly and took a few hurried steps in the direction of the entrance. Then he stopped. It was no ghostly presence that arrested him, but the iron hand of his resolution; he had come here to do a certain thing and was not to be cowed by a feeling which he would be ashamed to own to himself in the daylight. He faced about and went forward quickly a few steps.

"If there is any ghost let him now appear," he called loudly.

The heavy walls answered his cry with a dull reverberation.

With arms folded he stood a moment—the hardest thing of all to do—awaiting results. If there had not been a roar in his ears, if the beating of his heart had not made even his vision unsteady, he would have said that he heard subdued laughter, or moaning, or sighing, or weeping. He had been waiting for a sound which would tell him of the presence of some hidden being, but he had heard nothing. He had been waiting for a sound which would tell him of the presence of some hidden being, but he had heard nothing. He had been waiting for a sound which would tell him of the presence of some hidden being, but he had heard nothing.

"You! What is it?" Ashton bowed and smiled also, as he handed the other his discovery of the night to his daughter? "Does it belong to your daughter?" he said. But Sir Gresham was too bewildered to answer him. "That?" he cried. "Good heavens! that? Where did you find it? It's a claw!"

"A claw to what?" cried Homer, eagerly. He felt on the brink of discovering how a lady's ornament could come in so strange a place.

But Sir Gresham was too excited by some suggestion awakened by the sight of the stone to have an idea of trying to satisfy any curiosity but his own.

"Where did you find it?" he repeated.

"Is it your daughter's?" returned Homer.

"Yes, it must be hers," and remembering that he had seen the young man for returning it, he stood with the stone in his hand waiting impatiently for a full account of its recovery.

"Does Sir Gresham Land suppose that I came here for the purpose of taking a midnight adventure to him?" thought Homer as he looked at the ornament flitted across his face. "If you will be so kind," he answered, suavely, "as to ask Miss Land if she will do me the favor to identify her ornament, I shall be most happy to tell you, and her if she cares to know, how I came by it."

Sir Gresham hesitated only an instant. "Assuredly," he said, and sent for his daughter.

The young man's heart beat faster at the sound of light steps behind him. Looking Violet were plain and heavy-lipped, yet suppose—she turned hastily, but not soon for the beautiful face that was coming toward him. "She was married for her eyes," thought Homer; and there was something in every detail, yet she was something else than the girl he had seen at the moment. She greeted him with a simplicity that charmed him; but when she saw the medallion in her father's hand she cried: "Oh, papa, my bracelet-clasp; where did you get it? Have they found out the robbers?"

Homer's eyes opened wide at her words.

"Robbers?" he repeated. "That's it, then? Perhaps I really did hear and see something after all." And after a moment in which three people stood facing each other with looks of inquiry he began an account of his expedition to the mine, and he told in every detail, yet she was something else than the girl he had seen at the moment. She greeted him with a simplicity that charmed him; but when she saw the medallion in her father's hand she cried: "Oh, papa, my bracelet-clasp; where did you get it? Have they found out the robbers?"

### THE FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

The Farmer.  
Let the wealthy and great  
Roll in splendor and state,  
I envy them not, I declare!  
I eat my own lamb,  
My chickens and ham,  
I eat my own butter, and I wear it;  
I have lawns, I have bowers,  
I have fruits, I have flowers,  
The lark is my morning alarm:  
So, jolly boys, now  
Here's God speed the plow.  
Long life and success to the farmer!

Location of a Poultry Farm.  
Poultry breeding has advanced so rapidly from the condition of an experiment, carried on in places few and far between and in the quietest manner, to a business known the length and breadth of the country, and affording employment as well as pleasure to thousands of people, that the question of how it is to be systematized is one of the greatest importance.

The foremost consideration is naturally the location of the farm. It is an impression as widely spread as it is groundless that the best place for operations of this nature is some barren spot too poor to be used for any other purpose. This is a mistake of the very worst kind, and of itself is cause enough for the failure of the whole undertaking.

The soil of the poultry farm is one of the most important subjects, and should be the first considered. It is not enough that the land should be well drained and have a suitable exposure to the sun, while it is sheltered from the attacks of chilly winds—it must also be arable. To utilize the manure from the large number of hens which will naturally be kept on such a place, it must have a certain amount of cultivation. Were it possible to dispose of this fertilizing material at its value without conveying its distance to a market at considerable cost, it would be by far the best plan to attempt to mix the labor of a farmer with those of a poultryman. But it is rarely the case that railroad or other facilities for selling are to be found conveniently near a fairly large number of acres of arable land.

When the farmer has made arrangements for utilizing this product upon the farm itself, in a way to supply the wants of our stock as nearly as possible. Naturally we shall seek for those grains and vegetables which are at once most easily grown and best adapted to our wants. Corn, which plays such an important part in the list of provisions, will occupy a leading place, and all the refuse broken, and is simply used for the feeding of the stock. This food so necessary to every flock must be cultivated liberally.

Soil which must be made to turn out the crops we have mentioned cannot be of the wretched character generally thought good enough for the purpose. Land may be waste in the sense that it is unbroken, and is simply used for the pasturage, and yet be suitable, but an incredible sand or poverty-stricken gravel can never be the best field for poultry farming, because the manure of the poultry cannot be economically applied to such a soil.—*World.*

Farm and Garden Notes.  
Ordinary stable manure contains upward of seventy per cent. of water. Blood and refuse meat rubbed upon the trunks of trees will keep away mice and rabbits.  
Hoof and horn shavings contain more than twenty-five times as much nitrogen as is contained in average stable manure.

The milking quansas of swine are as transmissible by careful breeding as in the case of cows, and probably will receive more attention hereafter.

Anybody can have grapes vines by cutting them properly. Trim off a portion of the old vine and leave a bud at each end. Stick one end in the ground and it will take root.

Blue grass is somewhat delicate when very young, but after it gets a good hold it usurps the soil, cleaning out all other grasses. It should not be pastured the first season.

Professor Riley thinks that immunity from the ravages of the Hessian fly may be expected for several years, as the heat and drought of last summer killed large numbers of them.

The dead bark from the trunks and larger limbs of trees is best removed during a thaw. A wash of whale oil or soft soap applied with a brush gives a smooth, healthy appearance.

One cow well fed and comfortably cared for will produce quite as much milk and butter as two that are allowed to run at large, lie on the wet ground and be subject to the exposure of the weather.

An application of 100 pounds of nitrate of soda to an acre of wheat, where the crop looks weak, will show its benefit in a few days, not only improving it in growth but largely increasing the yield.

It is commonly stated that superphosphates, potash salts and other similar materials are more effective when used together than when applied separately. Certainly complete fertilizers are more efficient than partial fertilizers.

The sow should be fed but little corn during the last two months of her pregnancy. Her diet should avoid that which is so heating and fattening. Oats, bran, middlings and beets are a great deal better than the everlasting corn diet of the West.

If you begin pruning fruit and ornamental trees and shrubby while young, and follow it up each year, you can form just such a top as you want. If your tree needs spreading out, cut the young shoots off just above a bud on the outside of a shoot; and if you want to train upward, leave a bud on the upper side of the limb where you cut it off.

beaten, and then beat the whole together until stiff. Grate nutmeg over it. To be eaten with cream.

COOKING TURNIPS.—A lady writes: My favorite method of cooking rutabagas is to boil them, previously sliced quite thin, and when done drain off the water and chop fine with a knife, seasoning with salt, pepper, butter and vinegar. A friend chops hers before boiling, but I prefer my own method, it being so much more quickly done.

LEMON CHEESE CAKES.—Take two ounces of butter, two eggs, three tablespoonfuls of moist sugar, the grated rinds and juice of two lemons, and two stale Savor biscuits (or hard crackers of any kind), also finely grated. Mix all together and then simmer over the fire for a few minutes in a saucepan. Have ready some patty pans, lined with puff paste. Put a very small quantity of the mixture into each, and bake for fifteen or twenty minutes in rather a quick oven. This quantity will make about one dozen and a half cheese cakes.

Household Hints.  
Hot irons should never be used for embroidery.  
In beating butter always take the back of your spoon.  
A thin coat of varnish applied to straw matting will make it much more durable and keep the matting fresh and new.  
Filling a lamp when it is lighted is something that ought never to be done. It can be avoided by filling it in the morning.

After Four Years.  
The Philadelphia Press tells of the affecting way in which Mrs. Melville, wife of Engineer Melville, of the lost Jeannette, received the first letter from her husband after a silence of four years. Says the Press: Mrs. Melville, the wife of Lieutenant G. W. Melville, who went out as chief engineer of the Jeannette exploring party, yesterday at her home at Sharon Hill, near Philadelphia, received a letter from her husband. For four years the anxious mother and three little girls have been awaiting a letter from him. Yesterday morning Maude, who is about fifteen years of age, went, as she has thousands of times in over three years, to the postoffice to see if there was a letter. Mrs. Melville was seated at home sewing, and the other two girls were playing with their dolls. Suddenly one of the little ones said: "Why, mamma, something's the matter with Maude. I actually believe there's a letter from papa. Maude's feet did not appear to touch the ground. She broke through the gate like one pursued by some terrible phantom. With tears of joy streaming down her face and choking with sobs she threw herself at her mother's feet, dropping the letter and crying out: 'Oh, mamma, at last! at last! it's from papa! Oh, it is from papa!' The mother tore it open and read it at a glance, and then read it several times over. All the afternoon and up to going to bed last night the children were doing nothing else but reading over papa's letter. With the intelligence that it contained of the fate of others and the knowledge that just now he himself with the search party is facing similar dangers, there was nothing in the letter to give hope of the return of the husband and father. Written on a single sheet of tough, heavy note paper, the letter read as follows:

—BROOKLYN, Russia Siberia, January 1, 1882.  
—MAMA, I have arrived here yesterday. We came aboard at thirteen people, all told, out of our original thirty-three persons. I am pretty well and will be at home this evening. I am not yet, according as I may be instructed by the navy department. I have telegraphed asking to remain and search for De Long and others who perished at the mouth of the Lena river. Love to children. Yours faithfully,  
GEORGE W. MELVILLE.

### AN OLD MAN'S SILVER.

He Recovers It From the United States Treasury Vault.—The Picture of His Father—Other Family Treasures.

When General Sherman and his men were marching through South Carolina, the people in his path, snatching up what valuables they could find in their hasty flight in every direction. When ever a body of soldiers are raiding a country more or less pillaging and plundering take place, no matter how strict the orders or how well disciplined the troops. In such circumstances a soldier seems to think he has a right to what he can get—and keep. General Sherman's boys proved no exception to this rule. While on the watch one day the attention of an officer was attracted by a group of soldiers quarreling over the division of a large box of captured property. A glance told him that the contents were valuable and ought at once to be placed in the care of the government. "Here, men, this won't do! This box must be sent to Washington at once." Orders were given to that effect, and it was sent to Washington and stored away in the division of captured and abandoned property in the war department. It remained there until 1868, when, while other valuables, it was placed as a special deposit in the vaults of the treasury department. Some of the things deposited there had no mark about them by which they could be identified, while others were plainly marked. Congress authorized that the former be sold, but those that might by any possibility be claimed by the owners were carefully preserved. It is long time since that box of household valuables was ruthlessly snatched by rough soldiers from the fleeing South Carolinian, and he is now an old man. He had forgotten all that the box contained, but remembered that his family plate was there, and that it was all marked and that it must have been placed in the government's care. If he could only get the necessary authority to have his goods returned to him, he knew he could identify them. After a good deal of hard work and worry on his part, a private bill authorizing the return of such pieces of silver as could be clearly identified as his property should be returned to him, was passed by Congress. It was a happy morning for him, only a few days ago, when he made his way to the treasury department armed with the necessary authority, and carrying a large, old-fashioned carpet-bag in which he had intended to bring away the long-lost family plate. He had been waiting for the officers of the department, and the articles placed before him for identification. Yes! there they were, all plainly marked with the family name, large old-fashioned silver goblets, heavy ladles, spoons, forks and various other articles of silver. His eye brightened and his hand trembled as he picked them up and carefully examined them. Turning to those who stood near: "Ah! I tell you, these were bought when money was more plentiful than it is now," he said. One by one he dropped them into the old bag of goodly proportions; but large as it was the sides began to bulge. Several hundred dollars' worth by weight was clearly identified as his property. But what is this? It bears the name of my father, but had been entirely forgotten. He touched the spring and opened the case. "Why, that is the portrait of my father, dressed in the uniform of a major in the British army; how many years since I looked upon his face! Ah! old man, that must not go with the rest; it bears your name, I know, but Congress authorized the return of articles of silver only." His eyes filled with tears as he reluctantly laid the portrait down. A further search brought to light numerous pieces of family jewelry, some very handsome, and all bearing the same mark, but they had to be left aside, as they did not come within the provisions of the act. The vaults were again locked, and the old carpet-bag closed. "I wouldn't mind the jewelry so much if I could only take away that portrait," were the last words of the old man as he took his departure.—*Washington Star.*

### HUMOR OF THE DAY.

"I cannot account for it!" exclaimed the defaulting bank cashier. Woolen shoes, especially those made of oak, are said to produce scurvy. Bismalbaumalbaum! is one of the convenient words sometimes worked into verse by German rhymers.

Inquirer: "What is the most scarce American coin?" Don't know, sir, dollars are quite scarce enough.—*Boston Post.*

"Why does a donkey eat thistles?" asked a teacher of one of the largest boys in the class. "Because he is a donkey, I reckon," was the prompt reply.

Oscar Wilde does not admire the American union. It so closely resembles a bulb of his dentilly that it brings tears to his eyes.—*New Haven Register.*

In youth my maid's name  
Was to change my name for mine,  
And so I made an aim  
At him, and won my game,  
And changed and made a name.  
—The Judge.

A bald-headed professor, reproving a youth for the exercise of his fists, said: "We fight with our heads at this college." The youth reflected a moment and then replied: "Ah, I see, and you have butted all your life off."

Glass balls and clay counterweights have been successfully substituted for live pigeons at shooting matches. Now why cannot somebody bring forward equally merciful and efficacious proxies for the pugilists and baseball players? We congratulate the pigeons, but why should not the trammisette be extended also to men?—*Boston Transcript.*

J. E. P.—"Would you like to publish in *Sittings*, a composition written by a boy on a mule? We do not wish to encourage boys to write on mules, and therefore cannot use the manuscript. Boys should write at home on a slate, and when on a mule should give all their attention to steering the quadruped. Now, if you have anything written by a mule on a boy there would doubtless be something original in that, and we would gladly publish it.—*Texas Sittings.*

A Bear Festival.  
On arriving at the scene of the ceremony the visitor found about thirty persons, chiefly residents of the place, assembled and dressed in their gala costumes, which consisted chiefly of old Japanese brocade garments. From the commencement of the festival a large plumed hat, prominent as part as the bear himself. The guests sat around the fireplace in the center of the host's hut, and an offering was first made to the god of fire. This was done in this wise: The Ainos, who were all seated, raised their left hands, holding a drinking vessel to their foreheads, while the palm of the right was also elevated slightly. A small stick lying across the cup was then dipped in the sake and the contents sprinkled on the floor to the fire god, the stick being then waved three or four times over the cup. A formula was uttered by each person present and the sake drunk in long draughts, the stick being meanwhile employed in holding up the matches. A similar ceremony then took place in front of the bear's cage. This was followed by a dance around the cage by the women and girls. Offerings of drink were then made as before to other gods, and finally the bear was taken out of his cage by three young men specially selected for the purpose. The animal was killed by pressing the throat firmly against a large block of wood. The body was then cleaned and placed neatly on a mat, food and drink being laid before it, and ornaments of various kinds being placed on its ears, mouth, etc. Mats were spread around the bears, the guests took their seats on them, and the drinking commenced. This continued for some time, until the Ainos sank in a state of helpless intoxication on their mats. The women in another part of the village mean time amused themselves with various dances, which Dr. Scheube describes at length. The following day, as a rule, the debauch is continued. The body of the bear is then cut up in such a manner that the hide remains attached to the head. The blood was collected in vessels and drunk by the men. The liver was cut out and eaten raw. The rest of the flesh was distributed among the partners of the feast. The writer states that, although fastened in a certain sense to the sight of blood, he could not look without horror on the sight of the drunken crowd, with their faces and bodies smeared with blood. The skull of the bear, stuffed with charms, is placed in a sacred place on the east side of the house, and the month is filled with bamboo leaves. It is then always preserved and venerated as a sacred object.—*Nature.*

### WISE WORDS.

The height of meanness is to exult in one's success.

One vice worn out makes us wiser than fifty others.

Neither worth nor wisdom comes without an effort.

Grief has been compared to a Hydra; for every one that dies two are born.

The scientific study of man is the most difficult of all branches of knowledge.

Conceit is to nature what paint is to beauty; it is not only needless, but impairs what it would improve.

There is pleasure in contemplating good; but the greatest pleasure of all is doing good, which comprehends the rest.

Poverty is the only burden which grows heavier in proportion to the number of dear ones who have to help to bear it.

Sanctified thoughts, made conscious of, and called in, and kept in awe, and given fuel that burns not, are a water for Satan's coal.

Duty is the voice of God, and a man is neither worthy of a good home here nor in the next world, who is willing to be in peril for a good cause.

Work is a necessity in one way or another to all of us. Overwork is of our own making, and like all self-imposed burdens, is beyond our strength.

Origin of "Excelsior."  
One of the best known of all of Longfellow's shorter poems is "Excelsior." That one word happened to catch his eye one autumn eve in 1841 on a torn piece of newspaper, and straightway his imagination took fire at it. Taking up a slip of paper, which happened to be the back of a letter received that day from Charles Sumner, he crowded it with verses. As first written down, "Excelsior" differs from the perfected and published version, but it shows a rush and glow worthy of its author. The story of "Evangeline" was first suggested to Hawthorne by a friend who wished him to found a romance on it. Hawthorne did not quite coincide with the idea and he handed it over to Longfellow, who saw in it all the elements of a deep and tender idyll.—*James T. Fields.*

Recipe.  
APPLE FLORAL.—Pare and core twelve large green apples, boil or bake in as little water as possible and press through a fine hair sieve when cold; sweeten to taste, add the whites of two eggs well

beat, and then beat the whole together until stiff. Grate nutmeg over it. To be eaten with cream.

COOKING TURNIPS.—A lady writes: My favorite method of cooking rutabagas is to boil them, previously sliced quite thin, and when done drain off the water and chop fine with a knife, seasoning with salt, pepper, butter and vinegar. A friend chops hers before boiling, but I prefer my own method, it being so much more quickly done.

LEMON CHEESE CAKES.—Take two ounces of butter, two eggs, three tablespoonfuls of moist sugar, the grated rinds and juice of two lemons, and two stale Savor biscuits (or hard crackers of any kind), also finely grated. Mix all together and then simmer over the fire for a few minutes in a saucepan. Have ready some patty pans, lined with puff paste. Put a very small quantity of the mixture into each, and bake for fifteen or twenty minutes in rather a quick oven. This quantity will make about one dozen and a half cheese cakes.

Household Hints.  
Hot irons should never be used for embroidery.  
In beating butter always take the back of your spoon.  
A thin coat of varnish applied to straw matting will make it much more durable and keep the matting fresh and new.  
Filling a lamp when it is lighted is something that ought never to be done. It can be avoided by filling it in the morning.

After Four Years.  
The Philadelphia Press tells of the affecting way in which Mrs. Melville, wife of Engineer Melville, of the lost Jeannette, received the first letter from her husband after a silence of four years. Says the Press: Mrs. Melville, the wife of Lieutenant G. W. Melville, who went out as chief engineer of the Jeannette exploring party, yesterday at her home at Sharon Hill, near Philadelphia, received a letter from her husband. For four years the anxious mother and three little girls have been awaiting a letter from him. Yesterday morning Maude, who is about fifteen years of age, went, as she has thousands of times in over three years, to the postoffice to see if there was a letter. Mrs. Melville was seated at home sewing, and the other two girls were playing with their dolls. Suddenly one of the little ones said: "Why, mamma, something's the matter with Maude. I actually believe there's a letter from papa. Maude's feet did not appear to touch the ground. She broke through the gate like one pursued by some terrible phantom. With tears of joy streaming down her face and choking with sobs she threw herself at her mother's feet, dropping the letter and crying out: 'Oh, mamma, at last! at last! it's from papa! Oh, it is from papa!' The mother tore it open and read it at a glance, and then read it several times over. All the afternoon and up to going to bed last night the children were doing nothing else but reading over papa's letter. With the intelligence that it contained of the fate of others and the knowledge that just now he himself with the search party is facing similar dangers, there was nothing in the letter to give hope of the return of the husband and father. Written on a single sheet of tough, heavy note paper, the letter read as follows:

—BROOKLYN, Russia Siberia, January 1, 1882.  
—MAMA, I have arrived here yesterday. We came aboard at thirteen people, all told, out of our original thirty-three persons. I am pretty well and will be at home this evening. I am not yet, according as I may be instructed by the navy department. I have telegraphed asking to remain and search for De Long and others who perished at the mouth of the Lena river. Love to children. Yours faithfully,  
GEORGE W. MELVILLE.

### RECEIPE.

APPLE FLORAL.—Pare and core twelve large green apples, boil or bake in as little water as possible and press through a fine hair sieve when cold; sweeten to taste, add the whites of two eggs well