THE LAFAYETTE GAZETTE.

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CATHIE DANA'S LETTER.

It Came After Many Days of Waiting.

THE bridge over the ravine just east of Nugget camp was finished.

Guy Huyler, the young civil engineer having the work in charge, had left the camp with his men, to build one at the other end of the railway, and trains had been running through Nugget daily for a week or more.

The men in the post office were talking about the bridge.

"To change the subject," said Hi King, "I wonder if we won't see the young engineer chap back here ag'in afore long?"

"I see what yer drivin' at!" exclaimed old Bob Coomer, from his seat on the biscuit box—the post office was grocery as well—and he smiled good naturedly.

The man next to the big miner—old Lee Harding—looked at him with a puzzled stare, then dropped his bloodshot eyes to the floor.

"Don't believe the young feller could help lovin' Cathie Dana," Bob Coomer continued. "I've seen stacks o' gals, but old Mark Dana's little daughter beats 'em all!"

"I bet he does come back," put in another. "I saw 'em say good-by. Couldn't help it; but I didn't let on I did."

"P'raps that's what made the bridge take so long to build," said Hi King, jokingly.

"Boys," cried old Bob Coomer, looking through the open door down the road, "here comes Bill! Wonder if Cathie gits a letter?"

"She hain't got one afore," said Tim Lynch. "I've accidentally hung about here every day since the young feller's been gone, and when she'd come and ask if there mightn't be suthin' for her dad or her, Bill Reid never had a postal card even; this is near two weeks gone by."

Just then the postmaster came in, mail bag over his shoulder.

He went behind the desk in the back room and began to assort the letters, which were few, and two or three papers.

Bob Coomer looked sadly at his swaying head for a time, then turned impatiently toward his desk, behind which the postmaster was sitting.

"Mail shuffled yet?"

"In a minute," the postmaster answered.

A short silence.

"Mail sorted?"

This time old Lee Harding asked the question, and some of the men laughed.

"Ye ain't expectin' a love letter, be ye, Lee?" queried Hi King.

The old man did not answer.

"All done now, gents," said the postmaster. "Letter for Hi, paper for Tim, letter for Bob."

"Who else gets news in Nugget?" asked Bob.

The postmaster mentioned three other men in the camp and said that the rest of the mail was for the neighboring camp.

"Well," said Bob, "time to go to work."

And he left the building with the letter the postmaster gave him unopened.

"Hard luck!" Hi King commented. "Wonder if the young engineer chap's forgot all 'bout Cathie?"

"Like as not," Tim Lynch grum-

"IS THERE ANY MAIL FOR ME?"

bled. "Hope she'll forgit him soon. I'd like to wring his neck."

The rest, with the exception of old Lee Harding, then sauntered out and off to their afternoon work.

Lee still sat there on a nail-keg.

"That's what the tear meant in her eye t'other day," he mused. "Forget 'im! No; she cares for the feller, an' won't. Hard luck!"

Then he gazed up toward the desk sadly.

Cathie Dana had entered the low-ceilinged room, and was standing at that part of the counter where the postmaster gave out the mail.

Her head was uncovered and her dark hair fell over her shoulders.

With one hand she brushed it back as she faced the postmaster.

"Some sugar?" he asked; "you must be 'bout out to-day."

"Is there no mail for dad or me?" she said, hopefully.

Then, when the postmaster told her there was none, old Lee Harding saw her draw a letter from her pocket and leave it in the letter box.

"Writin' to him," he mused. "She think's he's ill or somethin'."

His eyes followed the slight figure out of the building sympathetically.

Then he buried his head again in his hands.

"Mebbe the young railway chap's married," he thought. "If he is I hope that letter gets to his wife. I wonder if an answer'll come. I'll watch an' see."

The next day, and each noon after that, he was there when the mail arrived.

Cathie Dana would come, a look of hope on her sweet face, and then go away disheartened, for no answer ever came to the letter that Lee Harding saw her leave.

The summer passed.

Autumn set in, and a fire was kept burning in the post office stove.

Two trains ran through the little camp then—one at nine o'clock each evening.

Nugget was growing.

It boasted of a concert hall and tavern.

These drew the men from the post office, only Lee Harding remaining out of the coterie that formerly chatted and played cards on the boxes and barrels.

He did the rough work of the place for a small weekly wage and a dram now and then of liquor from a barrel in its cellar.

One night he sat dozing, with his head against the big desk.

The postmaster was on a tall chair behind it, drumming with a piece of pencil on a piece of quartz.

"That letter this morning said he'd be here to-night," the postmaster began, jerkily, talking to himself. "I'm in a pretty fix. Wished I hadn't meddled with their love affair."

Then Reid was silent for a short period.

"But Guy Huyler got the work I was after," he began again, "and I wanted some revenge. I've had it, too. His letters show he loves the girl, and here he is, coming out here again, leaving business, to see why she hasn't answered them."

Another silence.

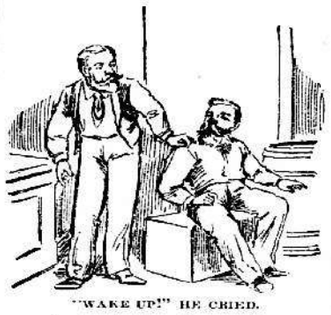
"If I could only get out of this scrape!" he exclaimed. "I wish the train would run off the track—kill him! The bridge!

"I'll do it! I'll—"

He had come from behind the desk, and at the sight of old Lee Harding he ceased speaking, with a low curse.

Then he regarded the old miner fixedly.

"Wake up!" he cried, as an idea



"WAKE UP!" HE CRIED.

seemed to strike him. "Here's a drink."

And he poured out some liquor in a glass for old Lee.

"Tarnation!" exclaimed the old man, in a dazed voice. "What did he mean, anyhow? Guy Huyler—letters—comin' to-night—the bridge," he stammered.

Then he staggered to his feet and threw the liquor to the floor.

Next he hurried out of the building and tottered off toward the railway.

He gave a few cries that he hoped would bring the men from the concert hall or the tavern, but they never heard him.

The night was cold and all the windows of the resort were closed.

An hour passed.

"Have you heard the train go through?" said Hi King, as he sat in the tavern with Bob Coomer and some of the other miners.

"Come to think, I haven't," Bob exclaimed. "An' it's late. Look at the clock!"

"Half arter nine."

"She ain't been so late as this since she commenced running."

Just at that moment the conductor of the evening train came in.

"Boys," he exclaimed, "one of your friends is about done for! But men are bringing him here. If you've got a doctor about, rouse him up."

"What's happened?" asked Bob, excitedly. "You're pale as death, man."

"Why, the whole train load of us came near losing our lives just out here on the big bridge half an hour ago," the man returned. "There was an obstruction on the track. Your friend ran down and warned the engine driver just in time to save us."

"And the man?"

"The engine threw him into the ravine. It was a wonder he was not killed outright."

As the conductor ceased speaking some railway men brought in a stretcher, on which was the limp and apparently lifeless form of Lee Harding.

The men gathered about him, sympathy softening their faces, and Bob Coomer exclaimed:

"Lee, old boy, you're a hero."

The injured man opened his eyes and looked up at Bob.

"'Twan't nothin'," he declared. "An' Bob, the young surveyor chap's here. He was in the train, comin' to see why Cathie didn't answer his letters. You'll have to get another postmaster. He stopped their letters and tried to wreck the express, an' he's skipped."

"Well, I'm flabbergasted!" growled Bob. "Doc," he added to the short man who had been examining Lee Harding, "if you don't pull Lee through—well, I won't answer for yer safety round here."

The frontier doctor said nothing for some time, but at last he told them there was little to fear.

Then six or eight of the party left the tavern to see if they could find Bill Reid.

They didn't find him.

But when old Lee Harding became postmaster Cathie's letters came.—San Francisco Chronicle.

A CHEST FOR NAPERY.

How an Up-to-Date Woman Takes Care of Her Table Linen.

A country woman up to date gave us some clever suggestions about napery.

She kept her generous supply in a wooden chest, about one yard long, two feet high and two feet wide.

The chest was placed in the embrasure of a dining-room window, and served also as a window seat. It was made of pine, finished with yellow enamel paint, ornamented with extensive brass hinges, handles and key hole. A flat hair cushion covered in gay Matteau chintz fitted its top. It moved easily upon rollers and opened readily to the insertion of the key kept in the good woman's possession.

A wooden tray, five inches deep, greeted the eye inside. This held napkins, doylies, carving clothes and center pieces. Beneath was ample space for a good assortment of table linen used in the home. The bottom of the tray and that of the chest was nicely padded with a sachet bag made of yellow cheese cloth perfumed with lavender and orris root.

Such a chest is readily made out of a pine box, and its position in the dining room has the extra advantage of being directly at hand in case of emergency, or upon the advent of an unexpected guest.

Housekeepers usually have a care to expense; they set their dinner table with fresh napery and use the same for the breakfast and luncheon following. The digestion is usually weak after the night's inactivity and one likes to be greeted in the morning with fresh napery, whatever its quality may be, glassware and silver, a sparkle from hot water and ammonia, crisp fruit, invigorating coffee and hot rolls as a stimulus to the day's work.

The laundry will attest that frequent washing of slightly soiled napery is much better in results than hard washing of really dirty linen occasionally.

For breakfast and luncheon napkins our good woman tells us she uses unbleached muslin. Suitable quality may be purchased for six cents a yard; one yard will make nine napkins of useful size.

Breakfast napkins have an inch hem, hemstitched about their edges; a half inch inside of the hemstitching threads of the material, producing a decorative border. This is the simplest process of drawn work and easily mastered. Luncheon napkins may be fringed, the fringe being overhanded or caught in bunches by means of needle and thread for durability. An initial outlined in one corner finishes a napkin nicely.

Cloths to match these napkins are attractively made of Ozenburg, which is as cheap and as durable and comes in greater width than the unbleached muslin, and matches it well in texture and surface.

Fresh-laundried and neatly-kept, such homespun napery will have a charm of its own, for it is pleasant to use and to touch.

The hostess explains that being of German extraction, since her little girlhood she has been accumulating and embellishing for her own future household linen, towel and napery, feeling that anything so closely approaching the personal needs as these are best and most delicate when providently prepared against the future. This had been her training, she added; that while living in the country, each Sunday she brings forth the best of her home and her larder for the general family use, and saves nothing better "for company," as she wishes to rear her children in touch with the very best she knows, that later, when they go into the world mayhap, they will not underrate the simple home and its tender memories and sacred associations, because overawed by finer qualities.

Economy in household matters must rise from judgment and in its pursuit a wise wife and mother will not forget that the familiar associations about the home are educating.—Detroit Free Press.

Rice Jelly.

Cold milk rice is made by boiling over a slow fire half a pound of thoroughly cleansed rice in one and one-quarter quart of milk or cream, with a pinch of salt, a stick of cinnamon and the peel of a lemon, until the rice has swollen enough to make a moderately stiff porridge. Remove from the fire, take out the cinnamon and lemon peel, stir thoroughly, and fill a mold which has been wet with cold water. When cold, turn into a dish and serve with any favorite sauce, or simply with milk or cream. If the flavor of bitter almonds is palatable, chop half a dozen fine and stir into the rice before putting into the mold. A variation of this dish is to fill the mold with alternate layers of rice and stiff marmalade and serve with cold wine sauce.—N. Y. Advertiser.

Charity.

Women are far too economical in the use of kind words. In bestowing praise they are absolutely stingy. If mothers are critical and uncharitable, what can be expected of the children? No one is perfect. Teach your lips to speak pleasant words daily, and to avoid evil communication. Idle gossip should never influence you in your treatment of persons. Learn its source, learn its truth, and then be governed by good sense in the matter. And do not lend fine powers of conversation in speaking evil tidings of others. If you can not speak well of your acquaintances and friends do not talk about them. No one escapes calumny—the greatest and purest of men and women are forced to endure it, but banish it from your own mouth.—N. Y. World.

The Boss Baking Powder.

"But I don't want to buy your baking powder," insisted the lady of the house to the man at the door.

"Why, madam," he said, "you are losing the opportunity of your life in the matter of economy alone; this baking powder of mine will make your bread so light you won't have to use any gas in your dining room."—Detroit Free Press.

OUR FASHION LETTER.

Hints on the All Important Question of Dress—Rare Combinations in Silk and Wool—Birds All the Rage for Hat and Bonnet Decoration.

[Special New York Correspondence.]

Every importing house and dry goods establishment in this city is now filled with busy hurrying throngs of women, all apparently in the brightest and best of moods, and for the simple reason that they are wholly absorbed in deciding that most important question: 'Wherewithal shall ye be clothed?" Certainly the fair shoppers are busy with a confusion of bewildering temptations this autumn season, for wherever the eye may turn, there is found richness, novelty and rare elegance. Just enough of the picturesque element is added to the newly-opened textiles and garnitures to make them increasingly attractive. The materials which enter very largely into the composition of the new handsome toilets and costumes of the season consist, in a great degree, of rare combinations in silk and wool, in mixtures of brocade or moire and corded silk, or exquisite light-weight wools to be made up with satin or velvet, plain or fancy in style. A great variety of fabrics in black are brought out in silk, satin, wool and fancy mixtures. Some of these are in brocaded effects, while others are plaided, checked or striped.

This season very stylish separate coats are made, that are not designed to match the gown in color, still there is a certain harmony between it and the costume, which it is to complete, not eclipse. Dark green, dark blue and black can be worn almost indiscriminately with any gown.

The most fashionable skirt of the season is in three pieces—one part composing the front and sides, and in the back are two gored breadths with a seam down the center. The bell skirt and the seven-gored model also remain in popular favor, though the first named style is a novelty. Some of the new tailor gowns show a slightly draped overdress slashed open at one side to show a velvet underskirt, or a panel to give the idea of such foundation. The overdress is arranged to show the velvet, but not prominently.

The other extreme is the stately and enveloping French redingotes, which

not a few designers and tailors think are the most distinguished looking street garments that are made. Real dreadnaughts for utility wear in rough weather have a decidedly English air. They are finished with all the smart accessories of the modern long cloak, the silk lined shoulder capes included. They have a faint peaty odor and a basket weave, and they wear as only English tweed and cheviot can be made to. Dark-hued green, dark Neapolitan blue (an exquisite shade), tan, olive, brown, and a number of very dark fruit shades that impart a glow of crimson—all these colors in covert, Venetian and ladies' cloth are used in the making of various natty coats in Duchess of York, princess and double-breasted English walking jacket styles, and capes likewise, in shapes innumerable. Fancy waists of every description are in the height of fashion, and many women for this season have made one or two black satin, silk or striped moire and faille skirts of stylish cut and hang, and by the aid of some of these smart bodices they vary their appearance most charmingly at small expense; for fancy silks, designed for these waists, are sold at from sixty-five to seventy-nine cents a yard, twenty-two inches wide and of excellent quality and most beautiful patterns and colorings.

KATE DUNHAM.

Mamma's Boy.

Minister—Ah, Tommy, is that you? I trust you are always a good boy, Tommy.

Tommy—Yeth, thir.

"That's right. I am sure you are always kind to your good mother."

"Yeth, thir. I was helping her yesterday."

"Very glad to hear it, Tommy. What did you do for her yesterday?"

"I helped her with the washing, thir. She said she couldn't get on with the washing if we didn't take our dinner an hour sooner, and I took it as soon as she had it ready."—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

GODS MADE TO ORDER.

The Chinese Variety Are of Both Sexes, and All Sizes and Prices.

Josses come from Amoy and Canton, where there are joss factories which supply Celestials with any shape, design or size desired. Josses are either male or female. If the former they are fat and ungainly, if the latter they are possessed of four arms.

The making of these images is simplicity itself, the manufacturers relying upon wooden or metal moulds. These are filled with wet clay, which dries, is then touched up, dipped in molten glaze and allowed to cool. An average workman can make a hundred gods in a day. The clay used is kaolin, and is shaded from red and gray to white, and costs about one cent a pound. A good joss maker can earn from twenty to forty cents a day, while an image costs to make on an average about three cents. Natives pay five cents for them, foreigners five dollars. Josses can be made in all colors, opaque, transparent or colorless. The most effective work is made by painting the clay with thick white paint and then dipping it in the glaze. Chinese curio-dealers are very fond of antique josses, as they can be planted and dug up to order from the time of Confucius to the present day. The most popular is the "black joss." This is made by painting a kaolin cast with paint made of tar, bitumen, shellac or varnish, wrapping it in paper and then firing it in a furnace. In this way any shade of black can be obtained and the color burns through, as can be proven by breaking.

The josses carved from wood and covered with gaudy colors are often very ancient. The prices vary from a few cents to five hundred dollars or more, according to the size, workmanship and amount of decorations. They range in size from an inch to ten or twelve feet. In the larger sizes the carving is of a superior quality and the coloring admirable. Josses carved out of stone are rare and expensive. Those made of jade, pale green or light blue, fetch marvelous prices, while white, yellow or brown are almost as expensive. One of these, belonging to Lin, the ex-governor of Formosa, is about eight inches high and is valued at ten thousand dollars. It is said to be one thousand five hundred years old. In Fuchan they make josses out of stealite and selinite of various colors. The stone is so soft that the manufacturer, by rubbing the newly made images with sand, can produce a most deceptive antique appearance.—N. Y. World.

REIGN OF COMMON PEOPLE.

An Assurance That Future Wars Must Have Reasonable Grounds.

We are frequently told by cynical critics that democracy is on its trial, but when the democracy demands the abolition of standing armies, or urges a mutual disarmament, it gives a good answer to critics of this type. Such facts are sufficient in themselves to enable us to contrast the blind and stagnant selfishness of callous autocracies with the advance possible under broader forms of government which stimulate the progress of our race by putting the destinies of humanity into its own hands. We have in such expressions of the popular voice an evidence of a growing sense of moral and intellectual self-respect among the common people of the nations of the world. We are coming to the time when the peasant and the artisan will inquire into the merits of a quarrel in which they are ordered to sacrifice themselves. They may refuse to stand up to be shot down without asking questions, and not be so easily led away by appeals to that spurious patriotism which has ever been the device by means of which ambitious monarchs and wily statesmen have sought to make their quarrels those of communities. Hitherto we have had democracy in name rather than in fact. The way in which the sayings and doings of monarchs and statesmen are chronicled by the press; the manner in which such people have been allowed to act without question upon affairs of the gravest concern to humanity; the extent to which they have been able to count upon the support of the people in any war they might resolve upon; the levity often shown by them toward the interests of the people—without whose support the most powerful among them would be reduced to the level of common clay—in such matters we have proof of the extent to which we are still governed by men whose chief claim to govern often consists of the fact that their ancestors did the same thing before them.—Westminster Review.

Mistaken Economy.

I have lately been reading some receipes for making vinegar in a current magazine—vinegar "evolved" from apple cores and peelings, and the rinsings from sauce-dishes, soured fruits, and so on. Those housekepers may be neat, but I for one object to their method of making vinegar. I may eat dirt and not know it, but I certainly will not eat dirt when I do know it. Turning "slops" and other refuse into vinegar is not a sign of economy, but poor judgment, and it is a practice that is as uncleanly as it is uncalled for. Surely even the most poverty-stricken can have vinegar without making it of slops, or if they can not, then they ought to be supplied by charity, for only vinegar made from clean, sound apples ought ever to be found on the table. Some day it is to be hoped that common sense will point out that half of our diphtheria and typhoid fever comes from the kitchen.—Womankind.

American Energy.

In the year 1883, when the first contract was signed for the increase of the United States navy, there was not a mill in the country that had ever made plates required in the specifications; there was no foundry suitable to turn out the work, no forges for the same, and no plant that could make the armor plates. Since that time there have been brought forward shops and yards that can produce in any quantity, and of the highest quality, any work in steel, brass or iron that the new navy demands.—Hardware.

HOW STOUT GOT STOUT.

The Remarkable Experience of a Rheumatic Sufferer.

All But Paralyzed—Lost His Flesh and Expected to Die—How He Got Well and Strong.

[From the Mt. Sterling (Ill.) Republican.]

Few men are held in higher esteem by their fellow-townspeople than James W. Stout, of Riply, Ill., and it is due, no doubt, partly to this popularity that the record of the case has created such widespread interest. While his experience is not without an equal, yet it has been sufficiently remarkable to demand the attention of thousands of people in Illinois, among whom are numbered some of the most eminent physicians.

In January, 1893, Mr. Stout was stricken with what was then believed to be sciatic rheumatism, and in a short time was barely able to hobble around on crutches, and it seemed to his friends that his days were numbered. To-day he is a strong, hearty-looking man for 160 puonds

How this wonderful change was brought about is most interesting as told, to a representative of the Republican by Mr. Stout himself:

"I was afflicted with sciatic rheumatism and lumbago in January, 1893. The sciatic nerve on the right side became affected in the hip, running down to the ankle and across the small of the back to the left side, and soon my whole system became afflicted, causing me the most excruciating pain. In a very short time I become totally unable to attend to any business whatever, and the disease rapidly growing worse I had to take to my bed, where I lay suffering almost continuously for months the most agonizing torture, scarcely being able to move or be moved. At one time I lay for six weeks flat on my back, the slightest movement causing me such pain as almost to throw me into convulsions. I cannot begin to express to you the intense pain I suffered. I was drawn, by the severeness of the malady, over to the left side; lost my appetite, had no desire for food, and what little I did eat I could not digest, the digestive organs failing to perform their duty, adding greatly to my already precarious condition. For weeks at a time I was unable to eat or sleep, suffering all the time most intensely and at times fearing I would lose my reason, and would have welcomed death to relieve me of my sufferings.

"I consulted with local physicians and some of the most eminent specialists of the larger cities throughout the country, some treating me for one thing and some for another, but without effect, and I received no elief whatever. One physician told me I had double curvature of the spine and would eventually become paralyzed. I spent hundreds of dollars in the short time I was afflicted without receiving the least benefit. My friends all thought that there was no hope for me whatever and said that I must die, and I, myself, had almost given up in despair, when, in September, 1893, about eight months after I was first afflicted, my attention was called to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Without much hope, I at once sent to C. F. Rickey & Co., Druggists, Mt. Sterling, Ill., and procured some of the pills and immediately began taking them. Before long I became aware of a great change for the better in my almost hopeless condition. My appetite came back and my digestive organs performed their usual functions properly. I took some more and grew rapidly better—could sit up in a chair and my body began to straighten out; continued the treatment and in a short time was able to be about on crutches. My recovery from that time on was very rapid and assured. My right leg, which before I commenced this treatment, was numb and dead, now experienced a pricking, tingling sensation. I was enabled to throw away my crutches and walk upright once more among my fellows, a better man physically than ever before. When first taken by the disease I weighed 160 pounds, was reduced to 115; I now weigh 166, more that I ever weighed at any time in my life. Yes, sir, I lay my recovery entirely to Pink Pills."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of la grippe, palpation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions and all forms of weakness either in male or female. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent postpaid on receipt of price, 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50—(they are never sold in bulk or by the 100,) by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady N. Y.

GOVERNMENT RAILROADS.

CHILI owns 670 miles of railroad.

BADEN owns 820 miles of railway.

IRELAND owns 2,691 miles of railway.

CHINA owns and operates all her railway.

SOME 181 miles of railroad is owned by Ceylon.

BELGIUM owns about 2,000 miles of railway.

ENGLAND and Wales own 14,034 miles of railway.

THE German empire owns about 21,840 miles of railway.

SCOTLAND has 3,118 miles of railway belonging to the state.

AUSTRIA owns and operates nearly 2,000 miles of railway.

BAVARIA had 1,806 miles of railway owned by the government.

THE United States of Colombia owned 218 miles of railway in 1890.

DENMARK has about 1,000 miles of railroad owned by the government.

FRANCE owns about 2,000 miles of railway, but most or quite all is leased to companies.

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

THE first spinning machine had not been set up.

IMPRISONMENT for debt was a common practice.

EVERY gentleman wore a cue and powdered his hair.

THERE was not a public library in the United States.

ALMOST all the furniture was imported from England.

A MATTER of Doubt.—"Maria," he said thoughtfully, "I want to ask you something." "What is it?" "Do you think that you'll ever have a vote?" "I do, assuredly." "If you get one, and I run for office, will you cast it for me?" She was thoughtful for some time; then she said: "Hiram, I can't say yet. Not till our debating society has passed on the question whether a woman's first duty is to her fireside or to her country."—Washington Star.

THE Lady of the House—"Why don't you go to work? Don't you know that a rolling stone gathers no moss?" Browning, the Tramp—"Madam, not to evade your question at all, but merely to obtain information, may I ask of what practical utility moss is to a man in my condition?"—Tit-Bits.

SHE—"How fearful it must be for a great singer to know she has lost her voice." "It's much more torturing when she doesn't know it."—"B."