DR. CHARLES RICHARD TWILLEY,
Graduate of the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery,

Having enlarged and otherwise added to the conveniences of my office on Main street, I am prepared to perform operations in advanced Dentistry in the most approved style.

EXTRACTING TEETH WITHOUT PAIN.

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April 7-tf. Chestertown, Md.

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HOMOEPATHIC Physician and Surgeon.

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The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.00 PER ANNUM—IN ADVANCE. CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND, MARCH 9, 1899. VOL. XXXVIII—NO. 34.

LUMBER.
LUMBER.
SHINGLES. SHINGLES.

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GA. FLOORING,
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GA. " " "
VA. PINE SIDING,
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1899. THE SUN. 1899,
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For the People and with the People.
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If they come again, that's clear gain; if they bring others, that helps swell the average. In any event, it now begins to look as if people knew where the Shoe Store is. Large lot of Shoe findings, such as Slipper soles, Over Gaiters, Shoe Laces, Cork Soles, Brushes and all the different kinds of Polish.

DON'T GO TO THE CITY
to buy until you have given your home merchant at least a chance to show you what he keeps.

T. G. Wroth,
The Shoe Man Under Stam's Hall.

JACK'S SOLILOQUY.

Imaginary Reflections of a Popular Chestertown Pacing Horse.

Jack, the grey pacer belonging to Mr. W. C. A. Thompson, of Chestertown, is possibly the hero of a greater number of speed contests on the snow than any other horse in Kent county. Jack's crowning triumph was some time ago, when, in response to the popular demand, he was sent over the snow down the streets of Chestertown in a record-making heat.

The old flyer evidently appreciated the honors of the occasion, and is supposed to have indulged in the following soliloquy.

"What does it mean, this exhibition pace? Ah! this is what is known as honors bestowed by one's friends for merit of performance. Of course, the dash was pleasant. The plaudits of the crowd thrilled me with delight, and may be it was that which sent me from my feet into the air at an inopportune moment. No, it was not that, I was out of sorts—ankle out of shape and a trifle too much "warming up" before my old friend John W. Startt, took the reins to send me down the course for the final trial.

"Fifty-five seconds down a course of 648 yards was not up to the standard; it should have been fifty seconds or better, and Jack the pacer, would have won lasting honors in what may be his last great race against time. Horses, like men, have ambitions and love to indulge in contemplating past triumphs and reviewing the list of friends, many of whom have finished their course and gone to their reward.

"My parentage, while possibly not of the blue-blooded aristocracy as aristocracy goes now, possessed much of merit, the crown of every well-spent life. My father was Dr. Whaland's Monk, while Lady Finley, my mother, was a queen among the queens of her day. As a youngster I gave evidences of speed and about thirteen years ago Jack became a new star in the firmament of local trotters and pacers, and met some of the fastest horses of the county on the streets of this, my native town. There were all kinds and classes in the motly crowd. Then as now poor, scrawny half-breeds; some with a bare taint of 'blue blood,' but high-headed and proud. And then again, there were those of royal lineage; those who possessed merit of speed combined with merit of family.

"Memories of the performances of such goers as Darning Needle, Roan Chief, White Mountain, Bob Davis, Captain Jack, still clung to the old course, and under their inspiration my first race was made. The first great dash was a royal one. James Ringgold's filly by Roan Chief, W. W. Stephens' Dan and Jennie, John W. Startt's Nellie Swift, Col. Jos. Vannort's Lankford, J. Cordray Loud's Billie Morgan, William Wagner's fine youngster, A. L. Baker's Dexter B., Frank Wilkins' Fannie Wilkins, Samuel Vannort's Joe Hooker, A. J. Hynson's Sleepy Dave and many others were there. Of this splendid aggregation Fannie Wilkins was the dainty queen and one of the finest I ever met on the snow. Like great animated engines we dashed over the snow over the old course through the centre of town. It was a tug of war from start to finish, but Jack usually wound up with points to his credit. A misstep, a miscalculation in lining up meant defeat, but John Startt always saw to it that the other fellows had the misses on their side. This was away back in the eighties. I was young in those days, and if a speedy 'scrub' came up gave him a chance for a tilt, but times have changed and I've changed my methods of dealing with the commonplace plugs which block the road in every great carnival on the snow. As the old heads dropped out new candidates for honors came on whose vaulting ambitions I was called upon to nip in the bud. I missed old friends, but circumstances forced me to look around for new rivals. It never mattered where the mercury stood there were always warm times in town when that old aggregation pounded the snow into balls and set a pace which none but the best could hold. Several times Jack's honors hung in the balance as though ready to take their flight. But Driver Startt said no. The old track down town became as familiar as the friendly box from which I took my meals. With years came education and knowledge. The tricks of the trade which hung like some subtle energy in the well-trained hand and evenly poised brain of my driver stole down the reins like a current of inspiration whenever the tug of war came. We always knew the smoothest track, the shortest line between up town and the point of success at Cahall's corner, and went straight for the mark. With increased age came vigor of movement. It was about this time that a feeling of superiority possessed me, and I commenced to snub old friends whom I classified as 'poor trash' or 'snails of the track.' There was a feeling of superiority which even the old grey pacer in Thompson's comfortable stable is justified in finding pleasant. The Queen Anners put in a bid for honors with every great snow, and by the way, some good ones have come from across the Chester. Some of them of a mettle so fine that I never took time to question as to their royalty of lineage or aritocracy of breeding. They were good company, interesting companions for even Jack the pacer. Dave Hurlock's pacer and Field's and others.

Later on in the nineties and following the old heads classified back in the eighties, came on A. J. Hynson's Sailor Girl, John McKee's Tommy M., Dr. Tom Cooper's Madge Russell, Wm. Stephens' Grover C., and that magnificent sleigher, Dexter. There were hosts of others well worthy of mention and a record.

Dexter was the beau ideal with patrons of the sport. Stylish, handsome and a vigorous goer, he was a conspicuous figure in every carnival. With H. M. Brown sending him through town it was difficult to find a driver more justly proud of his horse. Sailor Girl was another dainty favorite. But Victor B., belonging to George W. Stevens, of Worton, was one of the few who have carved out greatness in the outer world and is now winning new laurels in Russia. But 1899 finds the field well-filled with good ones though but few in Jack's class. John Clendaniel has one of the finest in the county beyond all question. Ah! Jack had no intention to shirk a contest with this brilliant newcomer. Nothing would have given the "old grey pacer," as his friends familiarly call him, greater pleasure than to administer a disappointing trial to this Kennedyville visitor. The field is filled with good ones this year. Hicks, Hayes, Aldridge, Twilley, Hatcherson, Jarman, Albert Story's finely bred youngster has blood and speed and is a representative of the best in Queen Anne, William McKee, and the names of an hundred others crowd upon my mind, but there is flour to deliver and Jack the racer must awake to become Jack the grocer's horse.

THE BATTLE OF THE HORSES.

A Band of the Wild Animals Charged by a Squadron of Army Steeds,

From the Detroit Free Press.

Just at sundown, and while we were at supper, a drove of wild horses numbering eighty-eight suddenly emerged from Thatcher's Pass and deployed on the level ground of the valley. They had made use of the pass to cross from Climax Valley, where grass and water might have failed them, or horse hunters had appeared to give them a fright. They emerged from the pass in single file, led by a spotted stallion, whose mane reached almost to his knees, and whose tail touched the ground when he was at rest. He wasn't as handsome as some of the droye leaders to be met with in the days of the wild horse, but he was yet a king among horses. Of the remainder of the herd about thirty were fine animals. The others would hardly be worth the catching. Three or four were recognized as cavalry horses abandoned on the march, and twice that number had collar marks to prove that they had stampeded from some immigrant train.

When clear of the pass they formed in line and advanced upon us to within a quarter of a mile. We had seventy-five horses at the lariat pins, and for half an hour we had all we could do to prevent a stampede. The wild horses were finally driven down the valley by two mounted men, but they did not seem to have much fear of us. On the contrary, the leader of the drove exhibited such temper that the men feared they would have to shoot him. It was an hour before our cavalry horses calmed down in the slightest. Every animal seemed enraged at the sight of the free herd, and the Captain's Kentuck stallion acted as if possessed by a fiend. He had been doubly fastened at the beginning of the excitement, and later on this proved a fortunate thing. He made the most tremendous efforts to get free, and when at length he realized the futility of further efforts in that direction he uttered shrill screams of rage and lashed out with his heels till no one dared approach him. All night long he stood on his feet pawing and snorting, and the camp sentinels reported the wild horses as hanging about within half a mile of us.

Daylight had come and the sentinels of the night were coming into camp, when the wild horses rushed into view a mile below us. On the instant we discovered them, and while four-fifths of the men were yet under the blankets, the captain's horse uttered a scream which must have been taken as a signal. He reared up, shook his head like an angry lion, and freed himself of his halter. In the same instant every other horse in the command secured liberty; some pulled up the pins, some worked their heads clear of the straps, and away went the whole drove down the valley. It was not a stampede, as we naturally feared. Even had our animals desired to join the ranks of the free they would have been rebuffed. Our horses were bunched and in a solid bunch they drove right through the lines of the wild horses and left four of them lying crippled on the grass as they passed. The prairie drove retreated up the valley half a mile and then wheeled about in a single line. When our drove halted and turned there was a distance of three-quarters of a mile between the combatants. We were ordered to fall in, with a view of advancing upon the wild horses and driving them off, but before we had gotten into line it was too late.

The sight was a wonderful one. The two leaders advanced as if they meant to decide the issue by a fight between them, but when within forty yards of each other they wheeled and returned to their respective lines. Then we witnessed something which only a cavalryman will credit. Our horses fell into double line and pressed to the right as perfectly as if a trooper had occupied each saddle, and while we looked the lines suddenly moved forward on a charge. When they swept past us the alignment was absolutely perfect, with the captain's horse on the right and leading by about twenty feet. The line of wild horses bent and wavered, but did not break until struck. It was like striking a drumhead with a sledge-hammer. I believe that fully forty horses went down under the shock, but all except four were speedily on their feet again. From this on it was a melee, the whole drove circling around, and each horse biting and kicking and displaying such ferocity as to astonish us. The mob fought past us down the valley and back, and right in front of the camp the climax came. The battle had been raging half an hour, when the spotted stallion hobbled out of it on three legs and bleeding from half a dozen wounds, and that seemed to take the pluck out of his followers. Some ran up the valley and some down, but of the eighty-eight only fifty-seven got away. When the hottest of it was over we dashed in and secured a horse here and there, and in this manner we finally got hold of the last one, which was the captain's.

Of the seventy-five only five had escaped scot free. Every one of the others had been bitten and kicked, and twelve of them were so crippled as to be worthless. In almost every instance our horses had kicked off both hind shoes, and in some cases the front ones were gone as well. There were seven dead and thirty-six crippled horses on that battlefield when hostilities ceased, and of the thirty-seven wild horses which made their escape many were limping badly. Before breaking camp we turned to and put an end to the suffering of the cripples, and we were not yet in the saddle when a hundred great buzzards and a dozen wolves were feasting on the bodies.

Thoughts from Muscovy.

"To be happy in this world one must know when to let go: to be happy in God, one must learn to hold on."

"To truth one must stoop; to sorrow one must rise."

"Passion possesses the soul; devotion fills it."

"Who strikes out a new path must be content to be lost."—From "Thoughts" by Ivan Panin.

Millions Given Away.

It is certainly gratifying to the public to know of one concern in the land who are not afraid to be generous to the needy and suffering. The proprietors of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, have given away over ten million trial bottles of this great medicine; and have the satisfaction of knowing it has absolutely cured thousands of hopeless cases. Asthma, Bronchitis, Hoarseness and all diseases of the Throat, Chest and Lungs are surely cured by it. Call on M. A. Toulson, Druggist, and get a trial bottle free. Regular size 50c. and $1. Every bottle guaranteed, or price refunded.

"THEY WANDERED IN THE WILDERNESS IN A SOLITARY WAY."

Psalm 107:4.

There is a mystery in human hearts,
'Tis this,—that though we be encircled by a host
Of those who love us well, and are beloved,
And though we really love, and our real love is really returned,
There comes, at times, to ever heart, a sense of utter loneliness.—
We hold, then, dearest friends as strangers to our tears,
And that they cannot realize our bitterness,
That there's not one, on earth, can fully understand our grief,
Not one, on earth, can enter into, really, all we feel,—
Hence the deep cry from each bruised heart, in turn,
I cannot bear this heavy load alone: I wander in a solitary way.

Dear child, when 'neath some heavy cross you faint,
And say, "I cannot bear this heavy load alone,"
You say the truth: Christ made it, purposely, of weight
Too great for you, that you, perforce, must look for help elsewhere.—
Your bitter grief, which none in this world understands,
Is Heaven's call to you,—Christ's call of love the best,
"Come unto Me" thou "weary" one, "and I will give you rest."
The "Man of Sorrows" understands you well,
In all points sorrowed, He can feel with you,
And if you'll load Him with your griefs from day to day,
He'll bear your heavy burden, and cheer your weary way.

And would you know the reason why this is?
It is because the Lord wants all your love,
And in your heart He wishes to be first:—
He, therefore, keeps the secret key Himself,
To unlock your heart's chambers, hidden from the world,
And bless with perfect sympathy, and peace, and rest,
Your inner life: and open up an unknown way to His dear Love.
Know, then, that when you feel this "utter loneliness,"
It is the voice of Jesus saying, "Come to Me!"
And every time your grief's not "fully understood,"
It is His voice to you, to come to Him again!!—
Come, then,—cast loneliness and grief on Him from day to day,
Bear cheerfully this world's sorrows, and its solitary way!!!

(AUTHOR UNKNOWN.)

HEPTASOPHS CELEBRATE.

A Delightful Musical Programme at Their Last Meeting.

Chestertown Conclave Independent Order Heptasophs made a most pleasant innovation at their regular meeting on Thursday. A musical programme having been decided upon, the arrangement was left entirely to Prof. R. K. Pippin, and that his work was a brilliant success was conceded by every one present.

After the regular business meeting the musical portion of the evening's pleasure was opened by a duett and quartette. It would be unnecessary to give the selections in detail yet it may be said that no more delightful entertainment was possibly ever given in the town. Mrs. Horace Reed, whose voice has thrilled with delight so many lovers of sweet song in Chestertown and elsewhere, was at her best. In spite of the disadvantages of a small and excessively warm room, her voice possessed that rich, mellow sweetness which has always made the talent of sweet song a divine gift. Mrs. William Smith, whose entire life has been spent in such close relation to the musical life of the town, had lost none of the charm and sweetness which has given an unquestioned popularity to her work. Miss May Fallowfield, in addition to several pretty solos completely captured her auditors by her unfailing store of catchy ditties. Miss Fallowfield was accommodating in the extreme but it was a physical impossibility to satisfy the demands made upon her reportoire of catchy ditties and songs. Prof. Pippin, through whose kindness it became possible to give the feast of song, was perfectly at home in his old role of providing a rare treat for lovers of music. His selections were fine, his singers were well drilled and the entertainment was just such as was expected from his skill and energy. Mr. James P. Parrott, whose magnificent bass has for years made him the bright particular star of the local musical world, possessed all of that old-time volume and richness of voice which his friends knew so well. "Richard was himself again" and Mr. Parrott's voice was a delight to those who heard him in solo, duett and chorus. The mind of the writer drifted back to the golden days of long ago as he listened to the Queen Anne songster. Mr. Arlington Sparks, too, whose bass voice possesses rare richness and power, contributed greatly to the perfection of the treat spread by the Heptasophs for their friends. Mr. Sparks is one of the very brightest of the younger circle of singers of Chestertown. His voice is mellow and rich and under perfect control. But without the presence of Messrs W. L. Wheatley and A. T. McDorman, of Washington College, the treat would have been only a partial success. The splendidly modulated tenor of Mr. Wheatley and the bass of Mr. McDorman were conspicuous contributions to an almost perfect programme. These gentlemen are members of the Washington College quartette and have fine voices which are being intelligently and industriously developed. Without undue enthusiasm in the matter, the Heptasophs are far more than "well pleased" with the entertainment which their friends provided on Thursday evening.

Because of illness, Dr. Grise was unable to be present and in consequence his address caused a disappointing vacancy in the evening's exercises. Archon John Bell extended a warm welcome to the guests of the occasion.

What Twenty Cents a Day Will Buy

A man who had been accustomed to spending twenty cents a day foolishly found that by saving the same he could buy from the grocer the following bill of goods in one year: Three barrels of flour, 100 pounds of granulated sugar, 25 pounds of corn starch, 125 pounds maccaroni, 60 pounds white beans, 6 pounds ground pepper, 1 dozen scrub brushes, 50 pounds soda, 20 pounds roasted coffee, 25 cans tomatoes, 24 cans mackerel, 50 pounds best raisins, 1 dozen packages herbs, 40 pounds oatmeal, 20 pounds rice, 1 barrel crackers, 100 pounds hominy, 18 pounds mince-meat, 1 dozen brooms, 12 bottles machine oil, 20 pounds Oolong tea, 24 cans green peas, 20 pounds dried apples, 25 pounds prunes, 40 pounds laundry starch, 24 pounds table salt, 25 pounds lard, 12 bottles maple syrup, 100 bars soap, 2 gallons chow-chow, 1 ream note paper, 500 envelopes and 2 newspapers for one year.

"As if a brick were lying in my stomach" is a description by a dyspeptic of his feeling after eating.

This is one of the commonest symptoms of indigestion. If you have it, take Shaker Digestive Cordial.

Not only this syptom, but all the symptoms of indigestion are cured by Shaker Digestive Cordial.

So many medicines to cure this one disorder. Only one that can be called successful, because only one that acts in a simple, natural, and yet scientific way. Shaker Digestive Cordial.

Purely vegetable, and containing no dangerous ingredients, Shaker Digestive Cordial tones up, strengthens, and restores to health all the degestive organs.

Sold by druggists, price 10 cents to $1.00 a bottle.

HONORS TO AN OLD MAMMY.

A Scene in Which the Old South Was Blended with the New.

From the Atlanta Constitution.

MARTHA.—The relatives and friends of Mr. and Mrs C. B. Howard are invited to attend the funeral of their faithful servant Martha, from their residence, 242 Richardson St., at 3 o'clock this afternoon. The pall bearers will be C. B. Howard, his sons, Warren, Chessly and Troup, his grandson, Howard Mathews, and nephews-Richard and Lockhart.

The old black mammy was dead. The faithful service of nearly threescore years was at last finished. One more remnant of the old South was gone.

Martha was born in Liberty county. Before the war this section of the State was the most aristocratic part of Georgia, and its historic scenes are identified with many well-known families. She was the property of Major Thomas Shackelford and was given over by him as a maid to his daughter, Miss Caroline Shackelford. Both were the same age, and Martha became maid when she was about 12 years old. The little negro was, as was the custom in those days, the constant companion of her young mistress. The maid was generally lifted above the level of the common menial. She occupied the relative position of bodyguard and handmaiden. It was in this capacity that Martha served, and when Miss Shackelford went off to school the young negro girl went also. Their lives were closely identified. Martha presided at the marriage and was the happiest mortal at the brilliant occasion when Miss Shackelford became the wife of Col. C B. Howard. She remained with the family, constant in devotion and duty, attentive to every need, rendering what household services she could find to do.

Then the war came. Martha was not led off by the flattering cry of freedom. Her freedom was in the service of the family with which she had been so long associated. Her emancipation was in being allowed to perform the simple duties daily allotted to her. While many others of her race went off in frenzied delight to enjoy that freedom newly found and reach out for new conditions, Martha remained quiet in her demeanor, undisturbed in her faithful devotion.

Soon afterward Col. Howard moved to New York. Martha was carried with the family. She was one of the family; she shared its fortunes as would any other member of the household. She did not desire compensation. Her wants were supplied as were those of any other immediate member of the household. Her attachment to the children was equal to a mother's devotion. She presided at their birth. She nursed them in youth. She saw them go out into the world and regarded their careers with maternal pride. What success they had she contributed in part to her care. What misfortunes they met with called out her sympathy. Here was a life of love.

Worn with age, shattered with the infirmities of many years, several weeks ago she sickened, and it was soon seen that her malady was fatal. Those children whom she had nursed were in constant attendance upon her bedside, supplying every want.

She died on Saturday at the home of Col. Howard, on Richardson street. Last Sunday came the funeral. It was a scene of striking pathos. Gathered about the grave in the special lot in Westview were those whom she had served in life. The services were performed by Dr. Davis, of St. John's Methodist Church in a simple and impressive way. The pall bearers were the sons and nephews of Col. Howard. Tenderly they lower the coffin into the earth, sadly they stood with bared heads while the last sad rites were read. Their grief was deep.

And so came the funeral of Martha. It was simply a glimpse of old Southern life—a strange scene in this busy old world of to-day.

THE TOLCHHSTER CASE.

Judge Harlan Ruled the Case Out of Court.

The case of the State, use of Charles F. Herbert, against the Tolchester Beach Improvement Company, of Kent county, and the Tolchester Steamboat Company, of Baltimore was taken from the jury Monday of last week by Judge Harlan in the Court of Common Pleas at Baltimore and a verdict given in faver of the defendants.

Mr. Herbert sued for damages for the loss of his son, who was drowned last summer at Tolchester as he was going to the boat to return to Baltimore. The plaintiff claimed there should have been a rope or railing along the pier. Judge Harlan said he never heard of such a requirement, and ruled that it was a case of contributory negligence, the drowned man having drifted from the crowd going aboard the boat at the time he fell overboard.

Rev. E. Edwards, pastor of the English Baptish Church at Minersville, Pa., when suffering with rheumatism, was advised to try Chamberlain's Pain Balm. He says: "A few applications of this liniment proved of great service to me. It subdued the inflammation and relieved the pain. Should any suffer profit by giving Pain Balm a trial it will please me." For sale by M. A. Toulson, druggist.

LITERARY NOTES.

The Best in Our Periodical Visitors.

REVIEW OF REVIEWS.

"The White Man's Burden" gives the key-note of the *American Monthly Review of Reviews* for March. The editor in "The Progress of the world," discusses the Philippine situation and American prospects in those islands, as well as the bearings of the ratification of the Spanish treaty on the future of the Filipinos. Col. William Conant Church, editor of the *Army and Navy Journal*, contributes a sketch of Gen. Elwell S. Otis, whose efficiency in subjugating the refractory followers of Aguinaldo is winning the admiration of the world. There are two articles on Philippine native types and characteristics, one of which was written by Senor Caro y Mora, editor of the *Voz Espanola*, of Manila. These articles are both illustrated from a remarkable series of photographs now published for the first time. Dr. William Hayes Ward, who has recently returned from an extended journey through Porto Rico, contributes an article on present-day conditions in that island, with special reference to the effect of American occupation on the welfare of the people. Several of the young Cuban leaders in the reconstruction of their country are sketched by George Reno. This number of the *Review* also contains articles on the late President Faure, of France, on "An American Farmer's Balance-Sheet for 1898," and on "Characteristics and Possibilities of Middle Western Literature."

CENTURY MAGAZINE.

Major-Gen. Francis V. Greene has written for *The Century Magazine* the only authoritative account of the military operations at Manila yet offered to the public. In the March number he describes the voyage of the second expedition, which he commanded; the landing and intrenching of the troops on the mainland; and the interesting features of the situation while Admiral Dewey and the military officers were waiting for General Merritt and the monitors. The chapter includes a statement of the plans of Admiral Dewey and General Anderson to meet the crisis which would have been precipitated if Admiral Camara's fleet had reached the Philippines. A second article, to appear in the April *Century*, describes the means by which the insurgents were removed from the American front, and the thrilling events of the assault and surrender, including the stop put to the determined efforts of the insurgents to enter the city. General Greene's part in the operations was conspicuous and varied, and he describes his experiences with the skill of a military expert accustomed to write for the general public.

THE BROWNING LETTERS.

Fascinating as an interesting novel, every page breathing the spirit of a pure and wholly self effacing love, and filled throughout with terse and thoughtful comments on literature and life, this correspondence is indeed a most important contribution to English literature. It has been said that a man reveals himself fully only to the woman he loves. Robert Browning himself tells us that every man has two sides—"one to face the world with, one to show a woman when he loves her." In his letters we see only the latter side; we read the story of a wonderful romantic love, told as no one else could tell it. But with all the passion, all the sacred and intimate confidences that passed between these great writers, we find nothing to regret, nothing that would have been better left unsaid. The correspondence began in January, 1845, and continued until their marriage in the autumn of 1846. One letter out of about five hundred was destroyed. With that exception the correspondence is intact. Robert Browning gave his full consent that the letters should be published after his death, and Miss Barrett, writing more than half a century ago when she never dreamed that her correspondence would some day be eagerly welcomed by the world, expressed her opinion regarding the publication of letter in a letter to her lover. "I, for my part," she writes, "value letters as the most vital part of biography, and for any rational human being to put his foot on the traditions of his kind in this particular class does seem to me as wonderful as possible. I could read book after book of such reading. And if her principle were carried out, there would be an end. Death would be deader from henceforth, also it is a wrong,