

"Tramp, tramp, tramp, earth groans as they tread,
The clay-covered bones going down to the dead.
Every stamp, every step, every footfall is bolder,
'Tis a skeleton tramp with a skull on his shoulder.
But O' how he strides with his high-tossing head!
This clay-covered bones going down to the dead."

The cars pulled out to the strains of "God bless you Tommy Atkins, Here's your country's love to you." Ah well! all the rest will be prose and sharply punctuated.

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For a stranger in the land to express dogmatic opinions regarding the social life and traits of the inhabitants always smacks of presumption. It is only upon the secure basis of several years residence that one can hope to make a fair judgment. At best you can only present the characteristics of the comparatively few people you have met, and as they appeared to you under certain circumstances.

It has been pointed out that in England a woman is either decidedly a lady or decidedly not a lady. Perhaps this is the only way in which as a sex they are particularly emphasized. As compared with the Americans, the English women of position are lacking in individuality: they are solid but not brilliant: wanting in tone but not insipid: they are an amalgamation. Animated, graceful, polished, dignified, and domestic are all terms that could be properly applied to them, but apart from their high culture they have no organic individuality unless perhaps it is their religionism. An English lady has a high sense of her moral obligations. She considers it meet, right and her bounden duty to be entirely religious. Often she makes her life a continuous round of labor in the performance of sacred or philanthropic undertakings.