

Pray For Your Dead.

Deep 'neath the snow drift lying,
Out mid the wild winds sighing,
In the plucking coils of the widow's shade;
Down low where the bells come tolling,
Through the sad years on ward rolling,
The dead dead faces we loved are laid.

MOONDYNE.

BOOK FIFTH. THE VALLEY OF THE VASSE.

By JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

VI.

THE VALLEY OF THE VASSE.

There was a large and pleasant party on the deck of Mr. Wyville's steamer as she slowly swung from her moorings and headed seaward through the islands of Fremantle Harbor. It was evidently more than a coast excursion, for the vessel had been weeks in preparation, and the passengers had made arrangements for a long absence.

"But are they virtues in the abstract?" asked Hamerton.

"No; I think not—I am sure they are not."
There was a movement of surprise in the company. The answer, given in a grave voice, was utterly unexpected. The old governor coughed once or twice, as if preparing to make a reply; but he did not.
"Patricism, not a virtue!" at length exclaimed one of the ladies. "Pray, Mr. Wyville, what is it, then?"

Hamerton, who had smiled at the ladies all through his allegory, did not answer.
"Mr. Wyville, who had smiled at the ladies all through his allegory, did not answer.
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Makes the Weak Strong
The marked benefit which people in run down or weakened state of health derive from Hood's Sarsaparilla, conclusively proves the claim that this medicine "makes the weak strong." It does not act like a stimulant, imparting fictitious strength from which there must follow a reaction of greater weakness than before, but in the most natural way Hood's Sarsaparilla overcomes that tired feeling, creates an appetite, purifies the blood, and, in short, gives great bodily, nerve, mental and digestive strength.