# Pike County Press. 

Cere office 111008



## THE OYSTER. Old and New Ways of Cooking them.




FATAL PRIDE At ident uight in early fall, A nifyt that one might well rooall.
The moon with it a repplendeat beamis. No'or brighter shone c'er hitls nad streum. Un thlo grand night, 'tifenad to tell,
The oomelleat pair in all the dell Had quarroted and though the hoor was
Both sullen atood beride the gate. At last "Forgive me" Harry enid; And a aharp "Olood. nikht" mide hate to go But Moud was gone, she had not heard. Harry silenoed, saidd no more 0 pridel 'Twas Sutan's primal elo
Why do mortate Thelr rocoln to feed with poivoned fond Well pride o'erraled, Moud gary it sway.
It atronger grew with her ench day. TH not retract my word," sald she,
"Ne matter what the cost may be." A month hind passerf; Mand had not hean
Io anl that tima a single word
From Harry. Did ahe melly From Harry. Did nhe mally caro? Her cheeks grew somewhat pale and there
Was a and look In ter bright faca
And it was ramore Harry had hasted, was called awny
For a three years term to stay. War was on ; the fields were red
Witb the blood the martyre shed One night the monn thone fast as bright
As it did on that 8eptember might,
Two youns before. The Noldiers lany
With aptarned fuces,
 A norke wat sookthn mong the olitn Among the bodioe. She prayed, whe wept
Ste That cruel word I woald give all earth oh mo! Remores is lato I
O Harry, Harry is this called fate?' What was it made her ahriek aloud?
A ghasty form, a bloody shroud. A ghastly form, a bloody shroud.
"'Tis Harry I" that was all ahe nald.
And fell proatrate apon the dead. She, too, on the same battle fleld
Cave ap her life, and thue, death healed
The broach. Pride's story's told. The broach. Pride's story's told.


