

Weird Tales

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Published monthly by the Popular Fiction Publishing Company, 2457 E. Washington Street, Indianapolis, Ind. Entered as second-class matter March 30, 1923, at the post office at Indianapolis, Ind., under the act of March 3, 1879. Single copies, 25 cents. Subscription, \$2.50 a year in the United States; \$3.00 a year in Canada. English office: Charles Lavell, 13, Serjeant's Inn, Fleet Street, E. C. 4, London. The publishers are not responsible for the loss of unsolicited manuscripts, although every care will be taken of such material while in their possession. The contents of this magazine are fully protected by copyright and must not be reproduced either wholly or in part without permission from the publishers.

NOTE—All manuscripts and communications should be addressed to the publishers' Chicago office at 450 East Ohio Street, Chicago, Ill. FARNSWORTH WRIGHT, Editor.

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An Old House

By CRISTEL HASTINGS

Bathed in mystery and moonlight,
 Wistfully it stands
 At the end of a lonely, winding road
 Where cobwebs hang in strands
 Of dusty lace an old ghost hung
 Before a sagging door—
 And winds go moaning through the
 rooms
 With fog from down the moor.

Never a light—nor sound, nor laugh—
 Never a footfall—wait!
 What was that?—did I hear a step
 Down by the creaking gate?
 Echoes resounding in empty halls—
 Shadows that spring like cats—
 Sudden drafts that seem like breaths,
 And a fluttering of bats.

Eery tenants—ghosts of old—
 Loves and griefs—and tears—
 Underneath a leaking roof
 Haunting mildewed years.
 Straggling roses climb the porches
 Hiding broken panes,
 Though their roots be dry and faint-
 ing
 Waiting for the rains.

Bathed in silent, moonlit fragrance,
 I hear the old ghosts talk—
 Must be wind in that old maple
 Down the lonely walk.
 Bats, and broken, paneless windows—
 Creaking shutters—weeds—
 Loneliness and sobbing wind ghosts,
 Wait for the friend it needs.