## A MAGAZINE OF THE BIZARRE AND UNUSUAL



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Published monthly by the Popular Fiction Publishing Company, 2457 E. Washington Street, Indianapolis, Ind. Entered as second-class matter March 20, 1923, at the post office at Indianapolis, Ind., under the act of March 3, 1879. Single copies, 25 cents. Subscription, \$3.00 a year in the United States. English office: Charles Lavell, 13, Serjeants' 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 840 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill. FARNSWORTH WRIGHT, Editor.

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WEIRD TALES ISSUED 1st OF EACH MONTH

W. T.-1

## In the Shadows

By LEA BODINE DRAKE

As we went up the narrow stair,

My candle slim and I,

From the crouching shadows came

A little tired sigh.

And there was nothing on the stair
Or in my garret room,
But cobwebs on the rafters,
And corners filled with gloom.

And still and silent was the house,
And dark and still the air. . . .
But where the shadows wavered
In the candle-flare,
Something small, unearthly, sighed
Out of some strange despair.