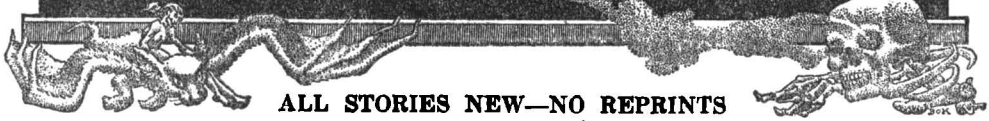


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Except for personal experiences the contents of this magazine is fiction. Any use of the name of any living person or reference to actual events is purely coincidental.

Published bi-monthly by Weird Tales, 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, N. Y. Reentered as second-class matter January 26, 1940, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Single copies, 15 cents. Subscription rates: One year in the United States and possessions, 90c. Foreign and Canadian postage extra. English Office: Charles Lavell, Limited, 4 Clements Inn, Strand, London, W.C.2, England. The publishers are not responsible for the loss of unsolicited manuscripts although every care will be taken of such material while in their possession. Copyright, 1941, by Weird Tales. Copyrighted in Great Britain. Title registered in U. S. Patent Office.

PRINTED IN THE U. S. A.

Vol. 35, No. 10

D. McILWRAITH, Editor.

HENRY AVELINE PERKINS, Associate Editor.

Shadows of Han

By GERALD CHAN SIEG

BENEATH the far, cold nimbus of the moon
The palace rears its crumbling, ancient walls.
Old trees lean earthward, lean and lift their boughs
Against the curving roofs at intervals.
Across deserted courts and ruined rooms
A lonely quiet falls.

Yet in the inmost room, whose door was jade,
Whose panels teak, whose floor was patterned stone,
Pale dancers clad in ghostly peacock hues
Move softly as the leaves of flowers blown.
The scent of long-gone incense fills the air,
And specter lutes make moan.