A MAGAZINE OF THE BIZARRE AND UNUSUAL

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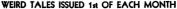
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The Haunted Castle

By W. L. HASTY, JR.

I smashed the lock which held the brazen gate;
I slew the dragon at the golden door;
Slashed to the heart the harpy and its mate;
Panting, I sprang across the throne-room floor.

The room was empty; but I shouted loud, Thinking them hiding, frightened at the din; Echoes came trooping like a devil's crowd And mocked my voice till it seemed weak and thin,

Madly I ran through endless lofty halls, Shricking that all within the house were free; That ancient spells long guarding these dark walls Were broken down in thundering blows, by me.

But no one answers—shadows hurtle out
Of rooms where whispers have just died away.
I stalk them endlessly; I cannot rout
These slithering Things no mortal's sword may slay.