

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 20, 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 810 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

FARNSWORTH WRIGHT, Editor.

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The Haunted House

By CRISTEL HASTINGS

It stands deserted through the mildewed years;
Its only friends the wind and evening star
And the gray mist that rains its dripping tears
And wonders who its ghostly tenants are.

They say it's best to take the upper trail
Where sunshine floods the flowered, perfumed way,
Avoiding an old road where thistles sail
And blank-eyed windows stare back, gaunt and gray.

They say the walls have bullet-tunneled holes,
And that the rats run screeching through the night;
They say queer shapes slip out and walk the knolls,
Seeking the souls that long ago took flight.

Queer lights glow where the zero hour sounds,
And winds moan through the empty, aching halls;
And as they bend the trees, a shadow bounds
From room to room, and sends its shrieking calls.

Forgotten with each dawn the moaning croon,
The screeching rats, the shadow shapes that strode;
But if I *must* go by, even at noon,
It's just as well to take the upper road.