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FARNSWORTH WRIGHT, Editor.

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The Haunted Lake

By A. LESLIE

Gray coils of mist that wreath and writhe
Above the leprous scum
That shrouds the dull, dead waters
Where the fettered waves are dumb.

Gray, tortured mists that twist and turn
And vainly seek to rise
And drown the mocking moonlight
In the devil-haunted skies.

Midnight! A witch wind veils the moon,
The gray mists swirl and sink;
And ghostly faces, green with scum,
Leer from the black tarn's brink.

The sullen waters mutter
As they lap the festering shore,
For now their mucid surface
Is a lurid ballroom floor!

Strange fleshless shapes flit through the gloom
To dance a mad quadrille,
While moaning things step starkly
In a weird demon drill.

The wild wind sweeps the shuddering sky,
The wan moon struggles free:
The ghost mists writhe, the nameless shapes
Shriek shrilly as they flee!

