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A short but intensely interesting weird tale



## By ALFRED I. TOOKE

What ghosts are these that haunt me? Not the shades
Of those who long have passed beyond the veil,
And finding in eternity a gap,
Slipped back again to Time's elusive trail.

They are my own ghosts, ever-present shades
Of what I might have been. They lie in wait,
To point, in sorrow, at the bygone years,
And haunt me with their cry: "Too late!"