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FARNSWORTH WRIGHT, Editor.

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# GHOSTS

**By JEWELL BOTHWELL TULL**

'Tis said that nothing lives in the dark,  
That growing things must have the light;  
But I have seen the moon grow big  
And beautiful at night.

And in the night my soul grows big  
With doubt and hope and love and pain  
That fade away with morning light,  
Leaving me cold again.

The moon is made of old dead dreams,—  
Pale echoes of a living sun;  
The moon and I are lonely ghosts  
That die when dreams are done.