

# Weird Tales

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FARNSWORTH WRIGHT, Editor.

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## Contents for March, 1929

- Cover Design..... C. C. Senf  
*Illustrating a scene in "The People of Pan"*
- The People of Pan..... Henry S. Whitehead 292  
*Under the surface of a West Indian island Canevin found a strange people who worshiped Pan—then the catastrophe*
- The City of Iron Cubes (Part 1)..... H. F. Arnold 306  
*A two-part weird-scientific serial story by the author of "The Night Wire"—strange invaders from space land in Peru*
- The Immortal Hand..... Arlton Eadie 325  
*A ghost-story of Shakespeare and Stratford-on-Avon—three tourists make a startling discovery*
- Visions in Smoke..... Rufus W. Landon 332  
*Verse*
- The Deserted Garden..... August W. Derleth 333  
*He investigated the mysterious death of his predecessor—and himself fell a victim to an elemental spirit*

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE]

- The Rat**.....**S. Fowler Wright** 337  
*The surgeon experimented on a blind rat, then committed a strange murder—a story by the author of "The Deluge"*
- The Sea Horror**.....**Edmond Hamilton** 351  
*In their cities in the ocean depths the slug-people launched their war against the civilization of man*
- The Hounds of Tindalos**.....**Frank Belknap Long, Jr.** 373  
*A tale of unutterable horror—of a pursuit by loathsome entities through the ages and through the dimensions*
- Ballade of Wandering Ghosts**.....**Hanna Baird Campbell** 382  
*Verse*
- The Vengeance of the Dead (Conclusion)**.....**Eli Colter** 383  
*A two-part serial story of a strange monstrosity whose ghastly depredations terrified the guests at Waggener Wilds*
- The Celadon Vase**.....**John Murray Reynolds** 397  
*The alchemist devised an ingenious trap in which to catch his lady and test her faithfulness*
- Folks Used to Believe:**
- May Dew**.....**Alvin F. Harlow** 403  
    *One of the strange superstitions of our ancestors*
- Left by the Tide**.....**Edward E. Schiff** 404  
    *A bizarre tale of the sea—the story of a gruesome struggle with a monstrosity out of the deeps*
- Weird Story Reprint:**
- The Phantom Farmhouse**.....**Seabury Quinn** 406  
    *A reprint from Weird Tales of six years ago—a werewolf story of unusual pathos and beauty*
- Sonnets of the Midnight Hours:**
- 12. A Vision of the Future**.....**Donald Wandrei** 420  
    *Verse; decoration by Hugh Rankin*
- The Eyrie**..... 421  
    *A chat with the readers*

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# SONNETS of the MIDNIGHT-HOURS

BY DONALD WANDREI



## 12. *A Vision of the Future*

I dreamed the waters of the world had dried;  
 The ocean-beds were open, now, and free,  
 And all strange things once covered by the sea  
 Lay everywhere, and slowly, vilely, died.  
 Here was a hulk, some bones, and there I spied  
 Old, rotted things of ancient mystery,  
 And slimy horrors that were yet to be,  
 And stone enormities no slime could hide.

I saw the monstrous caverns of the deep,  
 I saw the dwellers of the ocean night,  
 The graves, the relics of the curious dead;  
 And in the fading vision of the sleep,  
 I saw a thing, vast, horrible, and white,  
 That feebly moved its pulpy, eyeless head.