

Weird Tales

REGISTERED IN U.S. PATENT OFFICE



Published monthly by the Popular Fiction Publishing Company, 2457 E. Washington Street, Indianapolis, Ind. Entered as second-class matter March 20, 1928, 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 840 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

FARNSWORTH WRIGHT, Editor.

Copyright, 1929, by the Popular Fiction Publishing Company

Contents for August, 1929

Cover Design	Hugh Rankin
<i>Illustrating a scene in "The Inn of Terror"</i>	
The Eyrie	148
<i>A chat with the readers</i>	
The Inn of Terror	Gaston Leroux 152
<i>A tale of stark realism and gripping horror by the author of "The Phantom of the Opera"</i>	
The Shadow Kingdom	Robert E. Howard 166
<i>Grisly serpent shapes slither through this tale of Kull the King and Brule the Spear-slayer</i>	
The Speared Leopard	John Horne 183
<i>A story of the Leopard-men of Africa, negro magic, a weird metamorphosis, and bloody death</i>	

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE]

- Demon Doom of N'Yeng Sen**..... **Bassett Morgan** 193
The author of "The Devils of Po Sung" returns to the South Seas for another gripping tale of brain-transplantation
- The Purple Sedan**..... **Lois Lane** 207
An unusual ghost story, involving a strange-colored automobile and a shocking murder
- Folks Used to Believe:**
- The Murderer's Touch**..... **Alvin F. Harlow** 218
One of the curious superstitions of our ancestors
- Outside the Universe (Part 2)**..... **Edmond Hamilton** 219
Blood-freezing horrors make vivid the second installment of this epic four-part serial of interstellar space
- The Idol-Chaser**..... **Barry Scobee** 243
A strange quest took two white men into the jungle among unknown tribes and unforeseen dangers—a wholly unusual tale
- Ballad of Winds**..... **Paul Francis Sutton** 252
Verse
- The Hanging of Alfred Wadham**..... **E. F. Benson** 253
Evil apparitions haunted the good priest who could not save an innocent man from execution as a murderer
- The Sorceress**..... **C. Noir** 261
Verse
- An Examination in Diplomacy**..... **Edith M. Almedingen** 262
A brief story of Soviet Russia, and the weird ordeal imposed upon one of his operatives by a commissioner from the Tcheka
- Old Mark**..... **August W. Derleth** 266
A strange lifeless creature loped across the moors—a tale of old Roman ruins in England
- Weird Story Reprint:**
- His Unconquerable Enemy**..... **W. C. Morrow** 273
The dread tortures inflicted by the raja upon his enemy could not subdue the implacable spirit of revenge

For Advertising Rates in WEIRD TALES Apply Direct to

WEIRD TALES

Western Advertising Office:
HARLEY L. WARD, INC., Mgr.
360 N. Michigan Ave.
Chicago, Ill.
Phone, Central 6269

Eastern Advertising Office:
GEORGE W. STEARNS, Mgr.
Flatiron Building
New York, N. Y.
Phone, Algonquin 8328

Ballad of Winds

By PAUL FRANCIS SUTTON

Over the roof-tops and through the streets
 Dances and shouts the black north wind,
 Rushes and whirls, advances, retreats,
 Then chucldes in glee at the bloody rind
 Of a dying moon fleshless and blind;
 While strangling fast in the grip of the night
 Scintillant stars struggle to find
 A logical cause for the wind's delight.

But the wind whoops on o'er the rotting slime
 Of bones on an alley's garbage heap,
 And the wind wails on down the caves of Time,
 Disturbing the dust o'er the shades asleep;
 Till out from their ebon bodies creep
 Whispering things by the sane forgot,
 Phantom things o' the pits sunk deep
 In the charnel mush of the world's black rot.

Ho! the night screams in the bellowing wind,
 While down the dark sweep of a star-paven trail
 Dance crystalline shadows of breezes designed
 And formed by the mad demon god of the gale;
 Swept high o'er the roof-tops gibber and wail
 Like imbecile children, like maniac's spawn,
 Dark memories laughing, till skies turning pale
 Command all the phantoms to death in the dawn.

L'ENVOI

Ho, Prince, you laugh at my songs of the night;
 Indulgent you smile and perchance praise their tune,
 Then turn to sweet singers who drool of delight,
 For, Prince, you're afraid of the winds and the moon.