

Weird Tales

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Contents for December 1929

- Cover Design** **Hugh Rankin**
Illustrating a Scene in "The Mystery of the Four Husbands"
- Fantaisie d'Antan** **Clark Ashton Smith** 724
Verse; decoration by Hugh Rankin
- The Eyrie** 726
A chat with the readers
- The Mystery of the Four Husbands** **Gaston Leroux** 730
A vivid weird mystery-story of a gloriously beautiful woman and her four murdered husbands
- Children of Ubasti** **Seabury Quinn** 742
An uncanny adventure of Jules de Grandin—a tale of a ghoulish pair who were neither brute nor human

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

FANTASIE d'ANTAN

by Clark Ashton Smith

Lost and alien lie the leas,
Purpled all with euphrasies,
Where the lunar unicorn
Breasts an amber-pouring morn
Risen from Hesperian seas
Of a main that has no bourn.
Only things impossible
There in deathless glamor dwell:
Pegasus and sagittary,
Trotting, part the ferns of faery;
Succubæ and seraphim
Tryst among the cedars dim;
Where the beaded waters brim,
White limoniads arise,
Interlacing arms and tresses
With the sun-dark satyresses;
There, on Aquilonian skies,
Gryphons, questing to and fro
For the gold of long ago.
Find at eve an aureate star
In the gulf crepuscular:
There the Hyperboreans,
Pale with wisdom more than man's,
Tell the wileful centaureses
Half their holocryptic lore;
There, at noon, the tritonesses,
All bemused with mandragore,
Mate with satyrs of the shore. . . .

Love, could we have only found
The forgotten road that runs
Under all the sunken suns
To that time-estrangèd ground,
Surely, love were proven there
More than long and lone despair;
Holden and felicitous,
Love were fortunate to us;
And we too might ever dwell,
Deathless and impossible,
In those amber-litten leas,
Circled all with euphrasies.

