

Weird Tales

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Contents for November, 1928

Cover Design.....	C. C. Senf
<i>Illustrating a scene in "The Mystery in Acatlan"</i>	
The Eyrie	580
<i>A chat with the readers</i>	
The Mystery in Acatlan.....	Rachael Marshall, Maverick Terrell 582
<i>It happened in Acatlan, and the horror of it drove the American to seek forgetfulness in strange drugs</i>	
The Polar Doom.....	Edmond Hamilton 589
<i>From under the polar ice a horror out of long-dead ages is loosed upon the world to spread terror and destruction</i>	
The Head From Ecuador.....	Robert Lee Heiser 608
<i>The sight of that shriveled head and red hair, with the tattoo-marks he knew so well, was too much for Dan Hack</i>	
Flame of the Ages.....	Robert Choate Albright 616
<i>Shabad Nagaur, high priest of the Fire Temple of Oudh, let the sacred flame expire on the altar</i>	

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE]

- The Cave of Spiders**..... **William R. Hickey** 619
*Into the wilds of South America went Seton and his wife—
and there in a ghastly cave a terrible thing happened*
- Sonnets of the Midnight Hours:**
8. **The Creatures**..... **Donald Wandrei** 624
Verse; decoration by Hugh Rankin
- The Last Test**..... **Adolphe de Castro** 625
*A superb novelette, through which, like a cold breeze from
the tomb, sweep suggestions of unearthly horror*
- Satan and Lilith**..... **George Sterling** 656
Verse
- The Werewolf's Daughter (Part 2)**..... **H. Warner Munn** 657
*A three-part serial of the weird adventures that befell the
daughter of the Werewolf of Ponkert*
- The Flying Death**..... **B. Wallis** 669
*A dread monster comes from the sky, and the horror of its
coming robs mankind of its age-old sense of security*
- The Tryst in the Tomb**..... **M. J. Cain** 685
*Sardinossa's bride lay dead in the tomb, while Sardinossa
lurked in ambush for the young gallant who came to visit her*
- Folks Used to Believe:**
- The Fairy Court**..... **Alvin F. Harlow** 689
One of the strange beliefs of our ancestors
- The Tenant at Number Seven**..... **August W. Derleth** 690
*The ancient Roman medallion was bought by a strange man
who lived at St. John's Wood—a bizarre little ghost-story*
- Weird Story Reprint:**
- The Legend of Sleepy Hollow**..... **Washington Irving** 693
*The story of Ichabod Crane's tragic misadventure with the
headless horseman—a favorite tale with our grandparents*
- Haunted**..... **Earl W. Scott** 711
Verse

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HAUNTED

By EARL W. SCOTT

The auld house glooms atop the wall,
 With never a tenant there;
 'Twas erected before Prince Charlie's fall,
 At the edge of the moorland bare.

At nicht the dreemin' wind blows o'er
 Its turrets, stark and drear,
 And the misted fingers of the storm
 Alone seek entrance here.

A werewolf stalks its empty halls;
 It killed its bonnie Laird;
 Fu' many a year ago it was
 That it murdered Malcom Baird.

At nicht strange lights abune the brae
 Dance warning to all men
 To seek their hearths and stay away
 Frae the hoose o'er the lonely glen.

The bangin' shutters, through the wail
 Of the dreemin' gale, shriek laughter;
 'Tis said that in its last travail
 The Laird's soul sought a rafter

And perches there o'er the attic stair,
 To moan and mouth a warning
 To all folk who might enter there
 From dusk to light o' the morning.