WEIRD TALES



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AN ADVENTURE OF A PROFESSIONAL CORPSE	
(1) The Artificial Honeymoon H. Bedford-Jones	4
A Certain Young Man Finds Dying a Profitable Business	
THE GOLDEN CHALICE Frank Gruber Thousands Doubted. But One Thief Knew the Cup's Secret	15
THE FIDDLER'S FEE Robert Bloch He Called the Tune—And Had to Pay the Piper	23
THE DREADFUL RABBITS Gans T. Field Their Hunters Became the Hunted—and Died Horribly	36
A MILLION YEARS IN THE FUTURE (Conclusion) T. P. Kelley —Planet Ships Are as Common as the Airplanes of This Age	44
ON PELL STREET Frank Owen Manhattan's Chinatown Shows Its Teeth	70
EARS OF THE DEAD James Arthur	75
THE GENTLE WEREWOLF Seabury Quinn A Lovely Girl In Wolf's Clothing	76
THE CRYSTAL HORDE Harry Walton The Crystal Juggernauts Had an Insatiable and Cannibal Appetite	96
INHERITANCE Sudie Stuart Hager	111
BEYOND THE FRAME Maria Moravsky The Picture Was a Gateway into a Century Time Had Forgotten	112
IT HAPPENED TO ME—F. T. Compton, Thomas Trafton, Jim Price	120
THE EYRIE—and Weird Tales Club	123
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Inheritance

By SUDIE STUART HAGER

I'm grateful to people, a thousand years back, Who let their minds run on a fanciful track— Saw silver-winged fairies dance lightly in rain; Heard witches conniving at trickery and pain; Felt shivers when ogres, hobgoblins and gnomes Shrieked nightly in forests or haunted their homes.

I, too, search for eggs Easter rabbits have laid, And footprints where shy woodland brownies have played; Deliciously shudder at Hallowe'en bats, Great owls, with eyes flaming, and spitting, black cats.

Had all folk bequeathed things of practical need, Oh, life would be prosy and meager indeed!