

# Weird Tales

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FARNSWORTH WRIGHT, Editor.

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## Contents for May, 1930

Cover Design .....	C. C. Senf
<i>Illustrating a scene in "The Brain-Thief"</i>	
The Eyrie .....	580
<i>A chat with the readers</i>	
Shadows on the Road .....	Robert E. Howard 586
<i>Verse</i>	
The Brain-Thief .....	Seabury Quinn 588
<i>An almost unthinkable weird situation tests Jules de Grandin's powers</i>	
The Sun People .....	Edmond Hamilton 606
<i>A thrilling novelette about a race of people living in the interior of a gigantic sun</i>	

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE]

- River of Lost Souls** ----- **R. C. Sandison** 625  
*An eery story of the undead—of a vampire of old Spain who was not bound by the ordinary limitations of vampires*
- Marmora** ----- **Donald Wandrei** 636  
*Verse*
- The End of the Story** ----- **Clark Ashton Smith** 687  
*A strange tale about a lamia who dwelt beneath the ruins of the Castle of Faussesflammes*
- The Land of Lur** ----- **Earl Leaston Bell** 649  
*A bizarre extravaganza about a weird country beset by terrible beings*
- The Black Monarch (Part 4)** ----- **Paul Ernst** 655  
*A stupendous five-part serial story of incarnate evil—a tale of an unthinkable doom hanging over mankind*
- Light-Echoes** ----- **Everil Worrell** 671  
*An occult-scientific story that goes beyond Einstein in the daring audacity of its science*
- The Whistler** ----- **August W. Derleth** 682  
*Who was it whose eery whistle came out of the darkness there on the African veldt?*
- The Footprint** ----- **G. G. Pendarves** 685  
*Back from the gates of hell came Jerry's grandfather—a grim story of black magic and evil rites*
- Recapture** ----- **H. P. Lovecraft** 693  
*Verse*
- Seven Drops of Blood** ----- **H. F. Jamison** 694  
*An outré story about a man who found out how to bring the dead back to life*
- Weird Story Reprint:**  
**The Magic Egg** ----- **Frank R. Stockton** 699  
*An American story-teller describes a strange exhibition devised by a magician to astonish his sweetheart*

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# MARMORA

By DONALD WANDREI

Out of the west, foul breezes sweep,  
Out of the dark where the black moons creep,  
With the breath of the web-faced things asleep  
In Marmora.

A ruby flares in the glistening sky,  
In the marble palace, gold dwarfs cry,  
Long-dead creatures murmur and sigh  
In Marmora.

In a marsh that even the water-snakes spurn,  
Mandrakes writhe and witch-fires burn,  
Swart talons toward the ruby turn,  
In Marmora.

All night the blood-red ruby glares,  
Before the palace a beacon flares,  
But the spell-bound half-beasts lie in their lairs  
In Marmora.

Out of the sky, a black star shines,  
From the palace, a marble monster whines,  
On the throne a king for its worm-queen pines  
In Marmora.

Smooth is the liquid ink of the lake,  
On its shore, mad emeralds burn in the brake,  
A slain man moans on a pointed stake  
In Marmora.



C. BECK

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Out of the dark where the black moons creep,  
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*Yours sincerely  
Claude Beck*