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FARNSWORTH WRIGHT, Editor.

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## Contents for April, 1929

Cover Design .....	Hugh Rankin
<i>Illustrating a scene in "The Devil's Rosary"</i>	
Neptune's Neighbors .....	Cristel Hastings 436
<i>Verse</i>	
The Devil's Rosary .....	Seabury Quinn 437
<i>Tibetan devil-worshippers play a thrilling part in this eerie tale of the French occultist, Jules de Grandin</i>	
The World-Wrecker (Part 1) .....	Arlton Eadie 455
<i>A stirring three-part weird-scientific serial about a scientist who pulled the world from its position in the solar system</i>	
In a Dead Man's Shoes .....	Harold Markham 465
<i>A story of Tyburn gallows and vengeance from beyond the grave—disaster seized the man who betrayed his friend</i>	
Folks Used to Believe:	
The Unicorn .....	Alvin F. Harlow 472
<i>One of the strange beliefs of our ancestors</i>	

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

<b>The Hermit of Chemeketa Mountain</b> .....	<b>Thomas de V. Harper</b>	<b>473</b>
<i>A strange tale of anthropomorphism, and the fate that befell the man who investigated the hermit and his dogs</i>		
<b>A Dinner at Imola</b> .....	<b>August W. Derleth</b>	<b>478</b>
<i>Abandoning poison for once, Caesar Borgia took an unusual way to rid himself of an enemy</i>		
<b>The Dunwich Horror</b> .....	<b>H. P. Lovecraft</b>	<b>481</b>
<i>A colossal story of eery happenings in a drab New England settlement—a tale of blood-chilling horror</i>		
<b>The City of Iron Cubes (Conclusion)</b> .....	<b>H. F. Arnold</b>	<b>509</b>
<i>A two-part weird-scientific story by the author of "The Night Wire"—strange invaders from space land in Peru</i>		
<b>Up Irriwaddy Way</b> .....	<b>Lieutenant Edgar Gardiner</b>	<b>519</b>
<i>A story of man-eating plants and giant fungus growths that attack human beings</i>		
<b>The Goddess of the Painted Priests</b> .....	<b>Drury D. Sharp</b>	<b>532</b>
<i>Down into the nest of venomous snakes and sparkling jewels she went, to the amazement of the Indian priests</i>		
<b>Sonnet</b> .....	<b>Clark Ashton Smith</b>	<b>442</b>
<i>Verse</i>		
<b>The Damsel and Her Cat</b> .....	<b>David H. Keller</b>	<b>543</b>
<i>The high-born maiden lay in a deathlike swoon, but outside the castle terrible things were happening</i>		
<b>Weird Story Reprint:</b>		
<b>The Diamond Lens</b> .....	<b>Fitz-James O'Brien</b>	<b>547</b>
<i>This was the first of the great weird-scientific stories, and it made its author famous</i>		
<b>Moon Mockery</b> .....	<b>Robert E. Howard</b>	<b>562</b>
<i>Verse</i>		
<b>The Eyrie</b> .....		<b>563</b>
<i>A chat with the readers</i>		

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# MOON MOCKERY

**By ROBERT E. HOWARD**

I walked in Tara's Wood one summer night,  
And saw, amid the still, star-haunted skies,  
A slender moon in silver mist arise,  
And hover on the hill as if in fright.  
Burning, I seized her veil and held her tight:  
An instant all her glow was in my eyes;  
Then she was gone, swift as a white bird flies,  
And I went down the hill in opal light.

And soon I was aware, as down I came,  
That all was strange and new on every side;  
Strange people went about me to and fro,  
And when I spoke with trembling mine own name  
They turned away, but one man said: "He died  
In Tara Wood, a hundred years ago."