A MAGAZINE OF THE BIZARRE AND UNUSUAL



Volume 26 CONTENTS FOR AUGUST, 1935 Number	r 2
Cover Design	dage
Doctor Satan	146
The Drome of the Living Dead John Scott Douglas What borrible compulsion made the aviators of the Whirlwind Fligh fire on their comrades?	165
Ghost Leona Ames Hill	179
The Black Orchid	180
The House Party at Smoky Island L. M. Montgomery A quaint and appealing weird story by the author of "Anne of Green Gables"	197
Once in a Thousand Years Frances Bragg Middleton A fascinating tale of a weird adventure in the Sargasso Sea	204
Satan in Exile (part 3) Arthur William Bernal An assounding weird-scientific story about a daring brigand of the airways	223
The Treader of the Dust	241
	24 6
The Idol and the Rajah	247
Weird Story Reprint: In Amundsen's Tent John Martin Leahy A popular story from WEIRD TALES of seven years ago, reprinted by request	251
The Eyrie	266

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FARNSWORTH WRIGHT, Editor.

43

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Old Salt

By EDGAR DANIEL KRAMER

All of fifty years I've wandered
Up an' down the Seven Seas
From the howlin' arctic blizzards
To the sun-kissed Celebes,
But my heart was ever dreamin',
As I journeyed east an' west,
Of my turnin' from the waters,
When I found a port of rest.

Now I'm settled in Snug Harbor,
Old an' grizzled, with a peg,
That has kept me navigatin'
Since a shark nipped off my leg;
But, though I have nifty quarters,
Where I hear the waters roar,
I've discovered that a seaman
Can't find happiness ashore.

Which explains my bein' grouchy,
When I should be satisfied,
But I'm achin' to be sailin'
In the ways I'm now denied,
For I hear the waters callin',
An' I'm knowin' in my bones
That there ain't no rest for sailors,
Till they sleep with Davy Jones.