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*Full-Length Feature*

**THE WANDERER'S NECKLACE.....H. Rider Haggard 12**

Strange relic of a forgotten time, it lay awaiting its foreordained day of destiny in a hidden Viking grave. For then a long dead hand would reach for it, and grasp again the love and glory of the centuries—and its final; Inescapable doom.

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*Short Story*

**THE ESPADRILLES.....Margaret St. Clair 94**

Barkeepers have listened to hard-luck tales for centuries (and will for centuries more) But when the scope of a man's hard luck is the starry galaxy, then the trouble can be really bad.

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Editor, MARY GNAEDINGER

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# ON THE RIM OF SPACE

By Stanton A. Coblentz

**H**IGH on a world of crater peaks, beside an ash-gray plain,  
They saw the starlike sun look down across a flint terrain.  
And one, with shrivelled mummy-form, was hollow and stooped  
and gaunt,  
And one was tall, with ridged dark eyes a horror seemed to haunt.



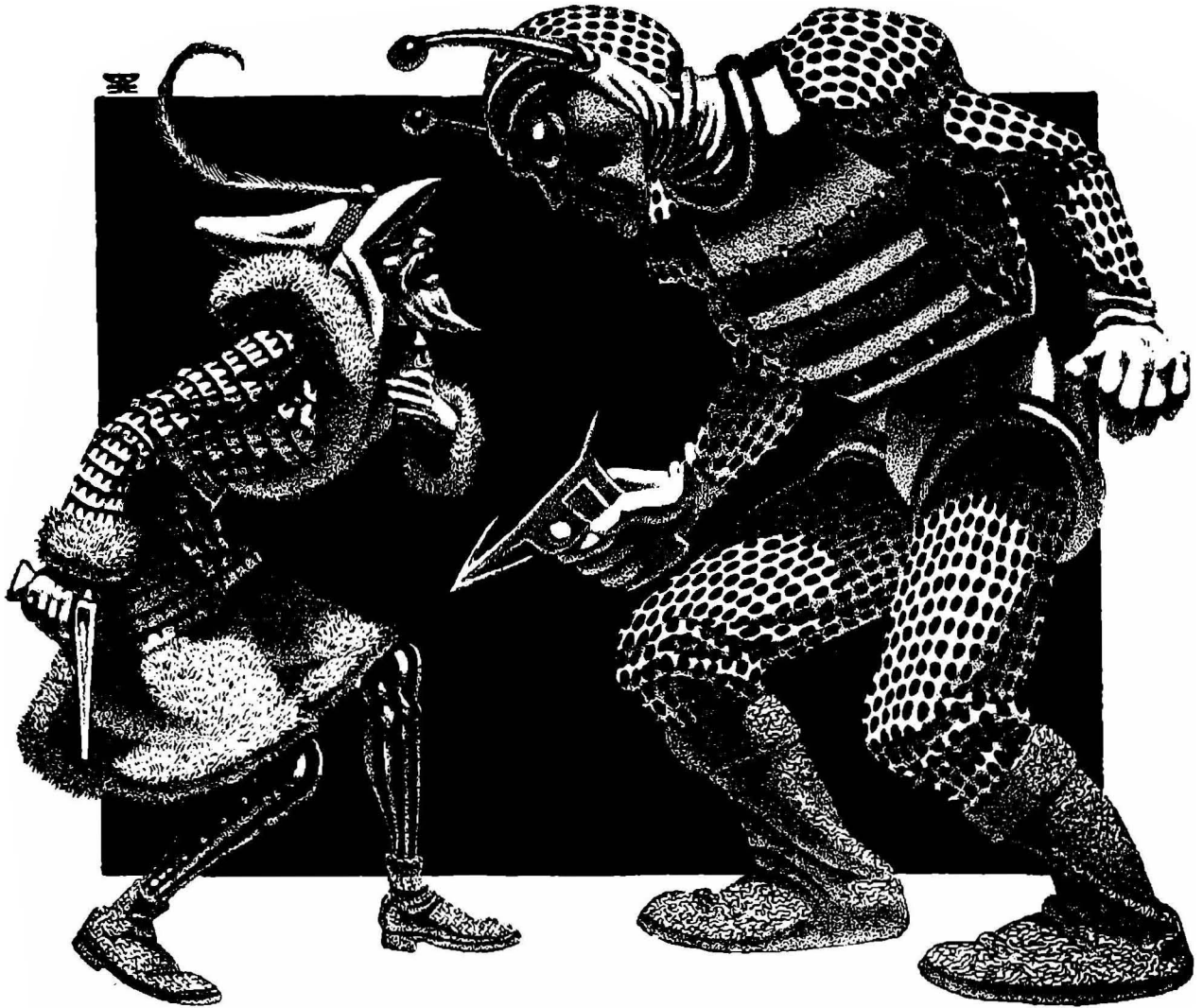
One in his rocket car had slid down from the moonless sky,  
And one in a glacial cave had watched cold silent years drag by.  
One had a skin of frosty blue and a draggled frosty beard,  
One stared with features dark as oil, wrinkled and wry and weird.



In an ice-cliff's dusky lee they met, each scanning each in dread,  
Even as two lost shades that prowl the twilight of the dead.  
And one spoke challenge, "Who are you?" And the words, though clipped  
and queer,  
Had oddly a half familiar ring upon the other's ear.



"And who are you?" His long ray-gun wheeled as against a foe.  
"For seasons beyond all count my tribe has slunk in this world of snow.  
Yet you, a traveler from bitter space, can mouth our ancient tongue.  
Tell me! From what bewitching wiles has this dark knowledge sprung?"



*"This is the speech my fathers knew," the ranger of worlds replied.  
"Ours was the third globe from the sun, a glorious globe that died,  
Died long ago in a blaze of doom some crazed assassins lit—  
Now the forlorn survivors mope in the homeless infinite!"*



*"Strange!" said the other. "Grim and strange! A legend is sometimes told  
By graybeards round the cavern fire, of the shining days of old  
When on a brighter world we dwelt, sun-brilliant, green and proud,  
Which ended at a fiend's command in a flaming poison cloud!"*



*Halting the words, and hoarse, and slow; each strove to understand  
Till one wan face was glad with smiles; and one threw out a hand.  
And "Brother! Brother!" they exclaimed—two orphans of one race  
Far on that world of crater peaks, in dim and frozen space.*