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Contents for June, 1928

- Cover Design-----C. C. Senf
Illustrating a scene in "The Devil's Martyr"
- The Eyrie-----724
A chat with the readers
- The Devil's Martyr-----Signe Toksvig 726
A romance of love and witchcraft and Satan-worship, and dark clouds of doom that rolled up about the two lovers
- The Serpent Woman-----Seabury Quinn 737
Jules de Grandin solves a mystery involving a lost child and a giant snake—and back of it all is the serpent woman
- The Elemental Law-----Everil Worrell 753
A weird story of aviation and reincarnation—indescribably eerie were the faces that stared out of the black pool
- The Hate-----Wilford Allen 767
Born of a murderer's lust for torture, the Hate grew through the ages, and worked its retribution during the World War
- The Dimension Terror-----Edmond Hamilton 769
Millions of lives were blotted out in the frightful catastrophe that came upon the earth out of the fifth dimension

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE]

- The Lurking Fear**-----**H. P. Lovecraft** 791
Slithering shadows of red madness poured out of the underground burrows beneath the Martense mansion
- The Philosopher's Stone**-----**August W. Derleth** 805
A short tale of the Borgias—Messer Orsini was no match for the guile of the noted poisoners
- The Bat-Men of Thorium (Part 2)**-----**Bertram Russell** 807
A three-part serial story about a giant submarine, and a weird land below the bed of the Pacific Ocean
- Wild Horses**-----**Eugene C. Dolson** 818
Verse
- The Phantom Fiddler**-----**Arlton Eadie** 819
In the cellars beneath the old English tavern was committed an atrocious crime—a fascinating ghost-story
- The Blue Lizard**-----**Fiswoode Tarleton** 829
The hillman thought himself very clever in calling the "scorpion" to his aid in concealing his crime—but he failed
- Sonnets of the Midnight Hours:**
- 3. Purple**-----**Donald Wandrei** 837
 Verse
- The Last Laugh**-----**C. Franklin Miller** 838
From the jungles of Africa he came, with his strange tale of sacrifices to the fire-god—and weird was his revenge
- The White Road**-----**Manly Wade Wellman** 845
Verse
- Weird Story Reprint:**
- The Specter Bridegroom**-----**Washington Irving** 846
 A famous weird tale by a great American story-teller—a ghost-tale of medieval Germany
- Folks Used to Believe:**
- The Fad for Relics**-----**Alvin F. Harlow** 855
 Some strange beliefs were held by our ancestors

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SONNETS of the MIDNIGHT-HOURS

BY DONALD WANDREI



3. Purple

There where I wandered, purple shadows ran
 Along a purple ground to purple cliffs
 And back; and purple suns flamed northerly
 Across a velvet sky. And when I came,
 And when I crossed the imperial weaving span
 Of purple leagues, violet hippogriffs
 With wings of beating purple flew to me
 Through sullen skies empurpled with vast flame.
 And so I soared on pinions of the night
 Through mightier gulfs where still the purple rule
 Held sway, with purple dreamlands all around.
 And when my steed permitted me to light,
 I seemed to sink in some huge cosmic pool,
 And in a sea of purple shadows drowned.