

Weird Tales



ALL STORIES NEW — NO REPRINTS

JANUARY, 1950

Cover by Matt Fox

LONG NOVELETTE

- BLACK HARVEST OF MORAINÉ** Arthur J. Burks 4
When the ice-age retreated, who could know the forces it left behind to plague and outwit men of the scientific age?

SHORT STORIES

- THE ORMOLU CLOCK** August Derleth 22
Hatcher felt nothing in his past could account for the mystery; but could a clock have a past?
- IN THAT SAME MOMENT** Manly Wade Wellman 27
Conquered time is your doormat, your toy, your pocket piece. . . .
- THE SMILING FACE** Mary Elizabeth Counselman 33
The deep Brazilian jungle had swallowed up the woman he loved and the man he hated—the crippled explorer could only wait.
- THE URBANITE** Ewen Whyte 43
The terrible, meaningless scream and cry of the City, its endless vibrations, at last have brought forth upon itself this ultimate inevitable product of itself.
- THE MYSTERIOUS MISS MALTA** Stanton A. Coblenz 50
Auction sales fascinate a lot of folks; who can resist the "Going, going, gone!"—even to death?
- THE LAST TRAIN** Fredric Brown 59
There comes a time in every man's life when he decides to break with the past—how complete the break depends on the man and the state of the world!
- THE MASK OF DON ALFREDO** Mal Bissell 62
Of the husband and wife, one had died fifty years ago, one only last night. But which. . . . ?
- OUTSIDE OF TIME** Carroll John Daly 68
Let it be said everlastingly that the "impossible" of today may well be the commonplace of tomorrow.
- THE FAMILY** Margaret St. Clair 77
. . . flooded by an emotion, even more poignant because he could not be sure if it were anguish or bliss.
- THE CACTUS** Mildred Johnson 80
The police rout something from another universe, another stratum of existence; the law command the supernatural?
- DARK ROSALEEN** Seabury Quinn 86
Was he flesh and blood—an artist's concrete conception of something abstract, tenuous, allegorical?
- THE EYRIE** 93
- ## VERSE
- SEA KING'S DAUGHTER** Dorothy Quick 49
- THE VISION** Leah Bodine Drake 67

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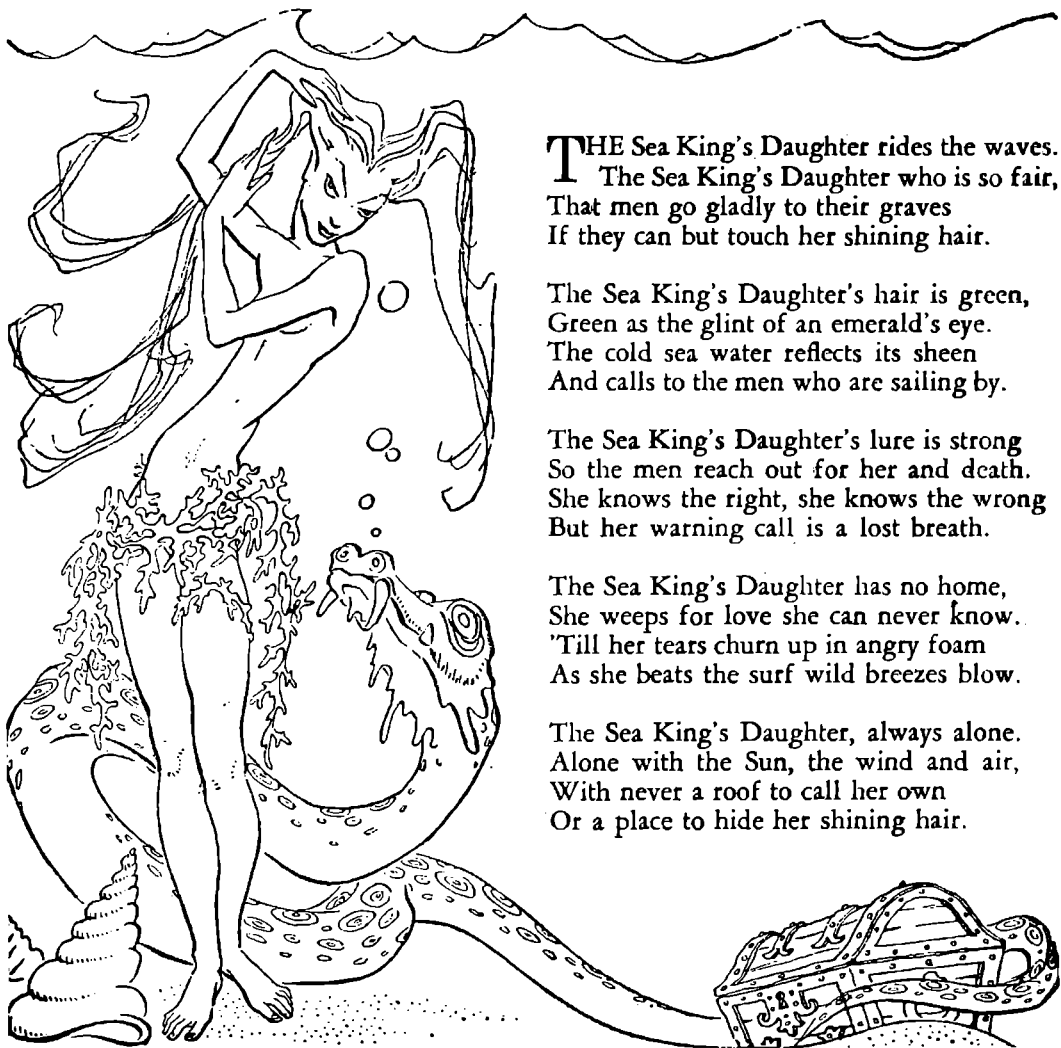
178
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D. MCILWRAITH, Editor

Sea King's Daughter

by DOROTHY QUICK



THE Sea King's Daughter rides the waves.
The Sea King's Daughter who is so fair,
That men go gladly to their graves
If they can but touch her shining hair.

The Sea King's Daughter's hair is green,
Green as the glint of an emerald's eye.
The cold sea water reflects its sheen
And calls to the men who are sailing by.

The Sea King's Daughter's lure is strong
So the men reach out for her and death.
She knows the right, she knows the wrong
But her warning call is a lost breath.

The Sea King's Daughter has no home,
She weeps for love she can never know.
'Till her tears churn up in angry foam
As she beats the surf wild breezes blow.

The Sea King's Daughter, always alone.
Alone with the Sun, the wind and air,
With never a roof to call her own
Or a place to hide her shining hair.