

# Weird Tales

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FARNSWORTH WRIGHT, Editor.

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## Contents for February, 1930

Cover Design	Hugh Rankin
Illustrating a scene in "Thirsty Blades"	
The Eyrie	148
A chat with the readers	
Shadows	Clark Ashton Smith 154
Verse	
Thirsty Blades	Otis A. Kline and E. Hoffmann Price 156
A swift-moving tale of the devil-worshipers of Kurdistan, and the colossal issues that hung upon the clash of blades	
The Comet-Drivers	Edmond Hamilton 172
From the void of space it came, a cosmic vampire looting the lives of universes—a weird-scientific novelette	

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE]

<b>The Black Monarch (Part 1)</b> .....	<b>Paul Ernst</b>	<b>193</b>
<i>A stupendous five-part serial story of incarnate evil—a tale of an unthinkable doom hanging over mankind</i>		
<b>The Curse Kiss</b> .....	<b>Theodore Roscoe</b>	<b>223</b>
<i>An unusual story is this—a tale about Lot's wife, who was turned into a pillar of salt</i>		
<b>Piecemeal</b> .....	<b>Oscar Cook</b>	<b>232</b>
<i>A grim, powerful story of a weird crime—a fearful fate befell Mendingham on a London houseboat</i>		
<b>Behind the Moon (Conclusion)</b> .....	<b>W. Elwyn Backus</b>	<b>239</b>
<i>A three-part weird-scientific serial story of every perils and blood-freezing horrors encountered on the moon</i>		
<b>The Daughter of Isis</b> .....	<b>Hal K. Wells</b>	<b>250</b>
<i>This exquisite story of the beautiful Zhanthores, who could not die through the ages, breathes the spirit of old Egypt</i>		
<b>At Eventide</b> .....	<b>Hanna Baird Campbell</b>	<b>258</b>
<i>Verse</i>		
<b>The Falling Knife</b> .....	<b>Harold Markham</b>	<b>259</b>
<i>Meuriere promised Piron to save his sweetheart from the guillotine—a weird story of the French Revolution</i>		
<b>The Lilac Bush</b> .....	<b>August W. Derleth</b>	<b>265</b>
<i>A very brief tale—the children were unjustly blamed for the picking of the lilacs</i>		
<b>The Horror on Dagoth Wold</b> .....	<b>Frank Belknap Long, Jr.</b>	<b>267</b>
<i>Verse</i>		
<b>The Fearsome Touch of Death</b> .....	<b>Robert E. Howard</b>	<b>268</b>
<i>Ghastly was the fear that gripped the man in the silence and darkness—a blood-chilling story</i>		
<b>Weird Story Reprint:</b>		
<b>A Ghost</b> .....	<b>Guy de Maupassant</b>	<b>283</b>
<i>A tale of the supernatural by one of the most famous of French story-tellers</i>		

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# SHADOWS

By CLARK ASHTON SMITH

Thy shadow falls on the fount,  
On the fount with the marble wall . . .  
And in alien time and space  
On the towns of a doomed race  
The shadows of glaciers mount;  
And patchouli-shadows crawl  
On the mottling of boas that bask  
In the fire of a moon fantasque;  
And the light shades of bamboo  
Flutter and ruffle and lift  
In the silver dawn they sift  
On the meadows of Zanadu.

\* \* \* \* \*

They shall fall, till the light be done,  
By moon and cresset and sun,  
From gnomon and fir-tree and throne  
And the vine-caught monoliths leaning  
In the woods of a world far-flown;  
They shall pass on the parapegms  
Of the planets of Algebar,  
They shall follow the somber gems  
Of an empress of Mizar;  
They shall move on the primal plains  
In the broken thunder and rains;  
They shall haply reel and soar  
Where the red volcanoes roar  
From the peaks of a blackening sun;  
They shall haply float and run  
From the tails of the lyre-birds preening  
On the palms of a magie mead;  
And their mystery none shall read,  
And none shall have known their meaning  
Ere night and the shadows are one.

