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FARNSWORTH WRIGHT, Editor.

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Contents for June, 1930

- Cover Design ----- Hugh Rankin
Illustrating a scene in "The Moon of Skulls"
- The Eyrie ----- 724
A chat with the readers
- The Worm-King ----- Donald Wandrei 734
Verse; decoration by Hugh Rankin
- The Moon of Skulls (Part 1) ----- Robert E. Howard 736
An adventurous story of mystery and horror in the nightmare valley of Neguri—a tale of a mad people
- Haunted Hands ----- Jack Bradley 752
The hands of Tchianski the pianist were the hands of a killer—a gruesome story of diabolism

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE]

- The Empty Road** ----- **Wallace West** 762
A thrilling tale about a man who was able to remember the future as well as the past
- In the Borderland** ----- **Pedro Diaz** 769
A weird story of extraordinary interest and fascination—a wholly strange tale of the electric chair
- Sonnet of Death** ----- **Edith Hurley** 776
Verse
- The Planet of Horror** ----- **Wilford Allen** 777
The weirdest interplanetary story ever written—a strange horror lurked between the planets
- The Last Incantation** ----- **Clark Ashton Smith** 783
A poetic and fanciful tale about a king who invoked the aid of magic to summon his lost love
- The Priestess of the Ivory Feet** ----- **Seabury Quinn** 787
An utterly strange story about a sinister love-cult and a kiss which meant death for him who gave it
- Across the Hall** ----- **August W. Derleth** 810
A brief and pathetic little tale is this, about a girl who could not finish writing her letter
- The Black Monarch (Conclusion)** ----- **Paul Ernst** 813
A stupendous five-part serial story of incarnate evil—a tale of an unthinkable doom hanging over mankind
- The Frog** ----- **Granville S. Hoss** 825
A peculiarly different story is this—about a scientist whose weird experiments brought disaster
- James Lamp** ----- **E. F. Benson** 829
Another fine tale by one of the best-known British writers of occult stories
- The Magic-Maker** ----- **Amelia Reynolds Long** 838
A peculiar little tale about a magician whose potions wrought strange magic
- Weird Story Reprint:**
The Rats in the Walls ----- **H. P. Lovecraft** 841
A story of cosmic horror, reprinted by popular request from WEIRD TALES of six years ago
- The Crow** ----- **Lida Wilson Turner** 856
Verse

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SONNET OF DEATH

By EDITH HURLEY

I woke at midnight with a sense of doom
And terror that no reasoning could dispel;
Far off I heard the tolling of a bell,
And felt a horror in the darkened room.
It was as though I rested in a tomb,
Or lay a prisoner in some airless cell.
In trembling squares the pallid moonlight fell,
And eery shadows gathered in the gloom.

An ancient fear possessed my very soul,
And crushed my thoughts and took my gasping breath;
In vain I struggled and in vain I cried,
For weary Slumber came, and softly stole
Over my heart, and, as the candle died,
I walked, a stranger, in the Halls of Death.