

Weird Tales

REGISTERED IN U.S. PATENT OFFICE



Published monthly by the Popular Fiction Publishing Company, 2457 E. Washington Street, Indianapolis, Ind. Entered as second-class matter March 20, 1923, at the post office at Indianapolis, Ind., under the act of March 3, 1879. Single copies, 25 cents. Subscription, \$2.50 a year in the United States; \$3.00 a year in Canada. English office: Charles Lavell, 13, Serjeant's Inn, Fleet Street, E. C. 4, London. The publishers are not responsible for the loss of unsolicited manuscripts, although every care will be taken of such material while in their possession. The contents of this magazine are fully protected by copyright and must not be reproduced either wholly or in part without permission from the publishers.

NOTE—All manuscripts and communications should be addressed to the publishers' Chicago office at 450 East Ohio Street, Chicago, Ill. **FARNSWORTH WRIGHT**, Editor.
Copyright, 1928, by the Popular Fiction Publishing Company

Contents for November, 1928

Cover Design.....	C. C. Senf
<i>Illustrating a scene in "The Mystery in Acatlan"</i>	
The Eyrie	580
<i>A chat with the readers</i>	
The Mystery in Acatlan.....	Rachael Marshall, Maverick Terrell 582
<i>It happened in Acatlan, and the horror of it drove the American to seek forgetfulness in strange drugs</i>	
The Polar Doom.....	Edmond Hamilton 589
<i>From under the polar ice a horror out of long-dead ages is loosed upon the world to spread terror and destruction</i>	
The Head From Ecuador.....	Robert Lee Heiser 608
<i>The sight of that shriveled head and red hair, with the tattoo-marks he knew so well, was too much for Dan Hack</i>	
Flame of the Ages.....	Robert Choate Albright 616
<i>Shabad Nagaur, high priest of the Fire Temple of Oudh, let the sacred flame expire on the altar</i>	

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE]

- The Cave of Spiders**..... **William R. Hickey** 619
*Into the wilds of South America went Seton and his wife—
and there in a ghastly cave a terrible thing happened*
- Sonnets of the Midnight Hours:**
8. **The Creatures**..... **Donald Wandrei** 624
Verse; decoration by Hugh Rankin
- The Last Test**..... **Adolphe de Castro** 625
*A superb novelette, through which, like a cold breeze from
the tomb, sweep suggestions of unearthly horror*
- Satan and Lilith**..... **George Sterling** 656
Verse
- The Werewolf's Daughter (Part 2)**..... **H. Warner Munn** 657
*A three-part serial of the weird adventures that befell the
daughter of the Werewolf of Ponkert*
- The Flying Death**..... **B. Wallis** 669
*A dread monster comes from the sky, and the horror of its
coming robs mankind of its age-old sense of security*
- The Tryst in the Tomb**..... **M. J. Cain** 685
*Sardinossa's bride lay dead in the tomb, while Sardinossa
lurked in ambush for the young gallant who came to visit her*
- Folks Used to Believe:**
- The Fairy Court**..... **Alvin F. Harlow** 689
One of the strange beliefs of our ancestors
- The Tenant at Number Seven**..... **August W. Derleth** 690
*The ancient Roman medallion was bought by a strange man
who lived at St. John's Wood—a bizarre little ghost-story*
- Weird Story Reprint:**
- The Legend of Sleepy Hollow**..... **Washington Irving** 693
*The story of Ichabod Crane's tragic misadventure with the
headless horseman—a favorite tale with our grandparents*
- Haunted**..... **Earl W. Scott** 711
Verse

For Advertising Rates in WEIRD TALES Apply Direct to

WEIRD TALES

Western Advertising Office:
YOUNG & WARD, Mgrs.
300 N. Michigan Ave.
Chicago, Ill.
Phone, Central 6200

Eastern Advertising Office:
GEORGE W. STEARNS, Mgr.
Flatiron Building
New York, N. Y.
Phone, Ashland 7329

SONNETS of the MIDNIGHT-HOURS

BY DONALD WANDREI



8. *The Creatures*

Vast wings were flapping in the still **night air**;
 I saw great shadows cross a **gibbous moon**;
 The mandrakes moaned along the **black lagoon**,
 And in the sky, there hung a **baleful glare**.
 Terror and death seemed stalking everywhere,
 And still those vast wings beat that **sullen tune**;
 Were they strange creatures from **Outside that soon**
 Would seize their prey and seek their **cosmic lair**?

Out of the night, there came a **shrill long scream**,
 And through the riven air, there harshly swept
 The **charnel sounds** of awful slaughtering.
 At first I deemed it some **mad nightmare-dream**,
 But from the **sundered room** I never crept—
 My face was eaten by a **red huge Thing**.