

THE CATALEPTIC

By Charles Layng

DOWN the road there comes a tombstone,
 Restless on Saint Swithin's night;
 White and ghastly in the shadows,
 Gleaming bleakly in the light.

Passing by, I chanced to meet it,
 Looked into its eyes of flame,
 Then I paused with horror stricken,
 For on its face it bore my name.

Horried, I wandered homeward,
 Frightened, palsied, groaning loud,
 While my limbs could scarce support me
 Agonized, I donned a shroud.

Then a casket rose before me,
 Finely wrought in bronze and gold,
 It was lovely, for a coffin,
 But its sides were dewed with mold.

Haltingly I clambered in it,
 Into my unearthly bed,
 How vile the smell of funeral lilies,
 As they clustered round my head.

Lump by lump, the clods are falling,
 Dimmer, dimmer grows the light,
 A trumpet blast! Oh, sound appalling,
 I am dead, and it is night.

Table of Contents

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THE ABYSMAL HORROR	3
B. WALLIS	
BLACK SORCERY	13
PAUL ANNIXTER	
THE HAND OF FATMA	21
HARRY ANABLE KNIFFIN	
THE MAN WHO BANISHED HIMSELF	25
FERDINAND BERTHOUD	
A GAME OF CHANCE	29
HENRY LIEFERANT AND SYLVIA B. SALTZBERG	
THE OPEN WINDOW	33
FRANK OWEN	
THE CAT CALLED CARLOS	37
H. F. LESLIE	
THE PICTURE IN THE HOUSE	40
H. P. LOVECRAFT	
DRACONDA	43
JOHN MARTIN LEAHY	
THE HOOK OF DEATH	56
MRS. HARRY PUGH SMITH	
THE MONSTROSITY	64
GEORGE W. CRANE	
THE COBRA LILY	69
LEDYARD M. BAILEY	
WEIRD CRIMES	78
SEABURY QUINN	
THE BLACK CAT	83
EDGAR ALLAN POE	
THE EYRIE	86
THE EDITOR	

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