

Weird Tales

REGISTERED IN U.S. PATENT OFFICE



A MAGAZINE of the

BIZARRE and UNUSUAL

VOLUME XII

NUMBER 2

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 August, 1928

- Cover Design.....C. C. Senf
Illustrating a scene in "Red Shadows"
- Black Mora.....A. Leslie 148
Verse; decoration by Hugh Rankin
- Red Shadows.....Robert E. Howard 149
Thrilling adventures and blood-freezing perils—red shadows on black trails—savagè witchcraft and the Black God
- You Can't Kill a Ghost.....Frank Belknap Long, Jr. 165
An eery ghost-tale of Haiti—a weird adventure in a ruthless land, in which a phantom is the hero
- Vulture Crag.....Everil Worrell 171
A weird-scientific tale of projection to other planets, by the author of "The Bird of Space" and "Cattle of Furos"
- The Rose Window.....Charlton Lawrence Edholm 187
Back in the old town of Tuebingen a futile murder took place—a tale of treachery, superstition, and reincarnation

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE]

- Crashing Suns (Part 1)**-----**Edmond Hamilton** 193
*A two-part tale of a hundred thousand years in the future—
when our universe is threatened with destruction*
- The Man in the Green Coat**-----**Eli Colter** 215
*A fascinating story of the supernatural, in the best vein of
this well-known author.*
- Sonnets of the Midnight Hours:**
- 5. The Grip of Evil Dream**-----**Donald Wandrei** 231
 Verse; decoration by Hugh Rankin
- The Witches' Sabbath (Conclusion)**-----**Stephen Bagby** 232
*A two-part serial story of devil-worship, witchcraft, and
the Black Mass*
- Dirge** -----**Leavenworth Macnab** 252
Verse
- The Vengeance of Nitocris**-----**Thomas Lanier Williams** 253
*Weird revenge was taken by the sister of the Pharaoh on
those who had murdered him—a true story of old Egypt*
- Three Poems in Prose**-----**Charles Baudelaire** 261
Translated by Clark Ashton Smith from the French
- Folks Used to Believe:**
- Wonderfully Preserved Relics**-----**Alvin F. Harlow** 263
 Strange beliefs regarding the relics of the saints
- The Justice of the Czar**-----**George Fielding Eliot** 264
*A grim tale of torture in the prisons of the Czar Peter the
Great—and the fate suffered by the executioner*
- Weird Story Reprint:**
- The Demoiselle D'Ys**-----**Robert W. Chambers** 268
 *A strange tale of reincarnation, and falconry, and the love
 of a stranger for a Norman maid*
- The Eyrie** ----- 278
A chat with the readers

For Advertising Rates in WEIRD TALES Apply Direct to

WEIRD TALES

Western Advertising Office:
YOUNG & WARD, Mgrs.
360 N. Michigan Ave.
Chicago, Ill.
Phone, Central 6269

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

SONNETS of the MIDNIGHT-HOURS

BY DONALD WANDREI



5. *The Grip of Evil Dream*

There were great cobwebs hanging everywhere,
 And awful things were lying all around—
 Wan hands and heads that had no trace of wound,
 Foul nightmare creatures peering through the air;
 And from a dusky corner came the stare
 Of some white form that made a rattling sound;
 And there were living, ancient mummies bound
 In gummy cloths of long and human hair.

These charnel horrors made me sick and weak,
 And yet I could not move. There came a creak,
 And then I felt a tongue or talon stroke
 My neck, and heard a husky gurgling choke
 As of a yellow corpse about to speak. . . .
 How glad I was that I at last awoke!