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Contents for October, 1928

- Cover Design.....C. C. Senf
Illustrating a scene in "The Werewolf's Daughter"
- The Eyrie..... 436
A chat with the readers
- The Werewolf's Daughter (Part 1).....H. Warner Munn 438
A romantic story of the weird adventures that befel the daughter of the Werewolf of Ponkert—a three-part serial
- The Temple of Serpents.....Paul Ernst 461
A little carved snake of stone brought a terrifying experience to the skeptical American
- Carnate Crystal.....Mayo Reiss 469
The strange mineral came to the earth as part of a meteorite—and horrible was the result of experiment upon it
- The Dream Chair.....Leroy Ernest Fess 476
For weeks he lived a dual life, a good citizen by day and a hunted felon by night—then came the chair

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE]

- Sonnets of the Midnight Hours:**
The Statues.....Donald Wandrei 480
Verse
- Restless Souls**.....Seabury Quinn 481
A tale of Jules de Grandin—a weirdly beautiful vampire-story, through which runs a red thread of horror
- The Conradi Affair**..August W. Derleth & Carl W. Ganzlin 505
A five-minute story of overdeveloped microbes and the bizarre fate of a bacteriologist
- The Dancing Death**.....Theodore Roscoe 507
A weird tale of fanatical Moslems, and a strange twitching death that attacked the beleaguered party of white men
- Warning**.....Clark Ashton Smith 525
Verse
- The City of Lost Souls**.....Genevieve Larsson 526
Weirdly terrible was the punishment of the twelve who avenged a brutal murder in a spectacular way
- Folks Used to Believe:**
The Phoenix.....Alvin F. Harlow 534
One of the strange beliefs of our ancestors
- The Incubator Man**.....Wallace West 535
Following a theory of Sir Ronald Ross, the scientist condemned his son to a lonely life in a glass cage
- Ol' Black Sarah**.....Bernard Austin Dwyer 540
Verse
- Invisible Threads (Conclusion)**.....Arthur J. Burks 541
A two-part story of occult vengeance and the use of psychic power to bring retribution upon evil-doers
- Weird Story Reprint:**
The Specter of Tappington.....Richard Harris Barham 551
A ghost-story from "The Ingoldsby Legends," which was much relished a generation or two ago
- Dregs**.....Joseph Upper 567
Verse

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SONNETS of the MIDNIGHT-HOURS

BY DONALD WANDREI



7. *The Statues*

As one who wildly dreams, I knocked; with clang
 On long, metallic clang, the brazen door
 Rose upward, and I found myself before
 Weird, lifeless birds that laughed and harshly sang.
 Quick to my side, two black, sleek leopards sprang
 With eyes of golden fury, and a score
 Of graven figures burst into a roar
 Whose mirthless muttering through the palace rang.

And so, the leopards led me on and on
 Where vast, dark marbles stood in endless aisles.
 And when I saw these Titans, thereupon
 Their hideous marble laughter leaped long miles;
 But when I passed and left them in the gloom,
 The vacant halls were quiet as a tomb.