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CONTENTS FOR SEPTEMBER, 1938

Number 3

Cover Design	M. Brundage
<i>Illustrating "As 'Twas Told to Me"</i>	
Israel	opposite this page
<i>Pictorial interpretation of Edgar Allan Poe's poem, "Israel," by Virgil Finlay</i>	
'As 'Twas Told to Me'	Seabury Quinn 258
<i>A gripping weird tale of a beautiful witch in Puritan New England</i>	
The Magic Mirror	Algernon Blackwood 282
<i>A stranger from Tibet devises a fantastic and practical way to win at Monte Carlo</i>	
The Wreck	Alfred I. Tooke 288
<i>Verse</i>	
The White Rat	Earl Peirce, Jr., and Bruce Bryan 289
<i>An eery tale of a monstrosity created by a daring surgeon who sought to modify nature's laws</i>	
A Thunder of Trumpets	Robert E. Howard and Frank T. Torbett 303
<i>A strange tale of India—a story of marvelous occult power</i>	
The Mandarin's Canaries	Robert Bloch 316
<i>A grim and fascinating tale of a torture-mad Chinese ruler who fed strange food to his song-birds</i>	
The Wood	H. P. Lovecraft 324
<i>Verse</i>	
The Fire Princess (part 2)	Edmond Hamilton 325
<i>An intriguing story of tremendous doom threatening the world from central Asia</i>	
The Prophet Speaks	Clark Ashton Smith 348
<i>Verse</i>	
The Witch in the Fog	Alexander Faust 349
<i>A brief tale of thuggee—and a beautiful English girl</i>	
The Cavern	Manly Wade Wellman and Gertrude Gordon 354
<i>A short tale about a doomed man who seemed to bear a charmed life</i>	
The Eyes of Ustad Isa	Charles Henry Mackintosh 359
<i>An eery tale of the Taj Mahal</i>	
Weird Story Reprint:	
A Witch's Curse	Paul Ernst 363
<i>This story is reprinted by request from an early number of WEIRD TALES</i>	
The Jolly Hangman	Edgar Daniel Kramer 377
<i>Verse</i>	
The Eyrie	378
<i>A department in which our readers air their opinions</i>	

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WEIRD TALES ISSUED 1st OF EACH MONTH

W. T.—1

257

The Wreck

By ALFRED I. TOOKE

A hundred and fifty fathoms deep it rests on the ocean floor,
With a gaping hole in its crumpled bow that serves as an open door
To a cavern dim where a skeleton grim keeps guard in a gilded suite
Whose polished floor shall throb no more to the rhythm of dancing feet;
For Death swept out of a starlit night, to mock at Life's futile stand,
And drag the arrogant liner down in the clutch of its icy hand,
And souls were stripped of their false pretense, and shown as they really were;
And many a braggart raved and screamed, or whined like a cringing cur;
While many a so-called weakling rose that night to a new estate,
And shrugged his shoulders and wore a smile as he bowed to the will of Fate.

And there, in the cavern, the dead man's bones guard treasure for ever lost,
That he tried to save from the grasping wave as the gangway of Death he crossed.
A hundred and fifty fathoms deep he rests on the ocean floor,
In a barnacled coffin of steel that cost a million dollars or more,
And his bones are hid by an inky squid that spawns in the gilded suite
Whose polished floor shall throb no more to the rhythm of dancing feet.