

# Weird Tales

September  
1954

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- THE EYRIE . . . . . Inside front cover
- SPAWN OF DARKNESS . . . . . Kirk Shaw 2  
*It was hard for the traveller to believe that an ancient  
curse could still hang over the countryside.*
- DORGEN . . . . . Suzanne Pickett 21  
*Yes indeed; he'd heard of precious things being lost by a hair.*
- MOON MIST (verse) . . . . . Virgil Finlay 31
- A TOMB IN MALACOR . . . . . Felix Marti-Ibanez 32  
*How strange actually to meet those who remembered the life  
I'd always wanted to live; the man I'd always wanted to be.*
- THE DARK MAN (A novelette) . . . . . Robert E. Howard 53  
*A red-blooded tale of the old heroic days when the Norsemen  
raided the coast of Ireland—and strange  
powers were loosed upon evil foes.*
- THE IMITATION DEMON . . . . . Robert Kuttner 77  
*Being a modern and practical young man, the heir knew, of course,  
that dead protoplasm was simply so much inert chemical.*
- DE BRIGNAC'S LADY (A long novelette) . . . Kirk Washburn 86  
*Whatever one knows of the vampire tradition, it is always  
hard to know just what one ought to do when  
actually confronted by the problem.*
- THIS NIGHT (Verse) . . . . . Dorothy Quick 127
- BOOKS RECEIVED . . . . . Inside back cover
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D. McILWRAITH, Editor

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## *This Night*

By DOROTHY QUICK

THE fog comes in from the sea  
 And the wind blows over the  
 marsh,  
 While the scent of hay on the lea  
 Is noisome, cold and harsh.

The moon is under a cloud  
 The shadows are dark and grim,  
 All land is wrapt in a shroud  
 At some mysterious whim.

This night is full of a sound  
 That no other night could hold.  
 While man is horror-bound  
 And strangely, strangely cold.

Whence does the terror come?  
 Why should dark fear remain?  
 Man, with his senses numb  
 Prays to be sane, again.