

Weird Tales

REGISTERED IN U.S. PATENT OFFICE

A MAGAZINE of the



BIZARRE and UNUSUAL

VOLUME XI

NUMBER 4

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 April, 1928

Cover Design	C. C. Senf
<i>Illustrating a scene in "The Jewel of Seven Stones"</i>	
The Eyrie	436
<i>A chat with the realists</i>	
The Haunted Castle.....	Lilla Price Savino 440
<i>Versé</i>	
The Jewel of Seven Stones.....	Seabury Quinn 445
<i>A tale of revivified mummies and the ka of an Egyptian priest— a startling adventure of the ghost-breaker, Jules de Grandin</i>	
The Magic of Chac-Mool.....	Clyde Criswell 467
<i>A truly weird tale of the Yucatan jungles—hidden treasure—and the sinister apparition of the Priest of Ah-Puch</i>	
The Time Will Come.....	Will MacMahon 481
<i>A pseudo-scientific story of the future, when the Chinese have conquered the world and women have become the stronger sex</i>	

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE]

- The Phantom**.....**Cristel Hastings** 489
Verse
- Whispers**.....**Robert S. Carr** 490
Creeping horror slithers through this strange tale by the young author of "The Rampant Age"
- Remembrance**.....**Robert E. Howard** 502
Verse
- The Strange People (Part 2)**.....**Murray Leinster** 503
A three-part serial of mystery and adventure among a people who guarded with their lives a ghastly secret
- Medusa**.....**Royal W. Jimerson** 519
Marian Bardwell's snaky hair led to a weird tragedy when her husband tried to cut it off—a tale of atavism
- From Beyond**.....**Everil Worrell** 525
A strange gift of occult sensitiveness was Sheila's, and strange were the consequences of her weird clairvoyance
- The Spectral Lover**.....**R. Anthony** 535
Barney came back from beyond the grave to terrify the girl that had refused his love when he was alive
- Folks Used to Believe:**
- The Familiar**.....**Alvin F. Harlow** 541
One of the weird concepts held by our ancestors
- The Fantasmal Terror**.....**Willis Overton** 542
Sometimes a writer of fiction creates entities that he can not easily destroy—this one threatened to destroy its author
- The Chain**.....**H. Warner Munn** 547
A grim, terrible story of torture unendurable—a tale of frightful vengeance in a medieval oubliette
- Weird Story Reprint:**
- The Legend of St. Julian**.....**Gustave Flaubert** 554
A fascinating story by a famous French author—about a parricide who became a saint

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

REMEMBRANCE

By ROBERT E. HOWARD

Eight thousand years ago a man I slew;
I lay in wait beside a sparkling rill
There in an upland valley green and still.
The white stream gurgled where the rushes grew;
The hills were veiled in dreamy hazes blue.
He came along the trail; with savage skill
My spear leaped like a snake to make my kill—
Leaped like a striking snake and pierced him through.
And still when blue haze dreams along the sky
And breezes bring the murmur of the sea,
A whisper thrills me where at ease I lie
Beneath the branches of some mountain tree;
He comes, fog-dim, the ghost that will not die,
And with accusing finger points at me.