## A MAGAZINE OF THE BIZARRE AND UNUSUAL

## Weird Tales

REGISTERED IN U.S. PATENT OFFICE

Volume 32 CONTENTS FOR DECEMBER, 1938 Number	г б
Cover Design	
More Lives Than One	647
I Found Cleopatra (Part 2) Thomas P. Kelley  A weind tale of many thrills, about the startling and almost incredible adventure that be- fell a young American who went to meet his Midnight Lady	670
The Sin-Eater	700
The Blessed Damozel Virgil Finlay Pictorial interpretation of a poem by Dante Gabriel Rossetti	728
The Snowman Loretta Burrough  Her first husband lay at the bottom of a Swiss glacier—but why should a snow image in his likeness strike her with such eery terror?	729
Beetles	737
The Ghost Kings Robert E. Howard	745
Weird Story Reprint:  Passing of a God	746
The Eyrie	759

Published monthly by Weird Tales, 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, N. Y. Entered as second class matter September 24, 1938, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Single copies, 25 cents. Subscription rates: One year in the United States and possessions, Cuba, Mexico, South America, Spain, \$2.50; Canada, \$2.75; elsewhere, \$3.00. English Office: Charles Lavell, 13, Scrieants' Inn, Flect Street, E.S.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.

Copyright 1938, by Weird Tales Copyright in Great Britain



## The Ghost Kings

By ROBERT E. HOWARD

The ghost kings are marching; the midnight knows their tread, From the distant, stealthy planets of the dim, unstable dead; There are whisperings on the night-winds and the shuddering stars have fled.

A ghostly trumpet echoes from a barren mountainhead; Through the fen the wandering witch-lights gleam like phantom arrows sped; There is silence in the valleys and the moon is rising red.

The ghost kings are marching down the ages' dusty maze; The unseen feet are tramping through the moonlight's pallid haze, Down the hollow clanging stairways of a million yesterdays.

The ghost kings are marching, where the vague moon-vapor creeps, While the night-wind to their coming, like a thund'rous herald sweeps; They are clad in ancient grandeur, but the world, unheeding, sleeps.