THE THRILL BOOK

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Publication issued Semimonthly by Street & Smith Corporation. 19-88 Seventh Avenue. New York City. Ormono G. Smith, President: Georgia C. Smith. Secretary and Tressurer. Copyright. 1919, by Street & Smith Corporation, New York. Copyright. 1919, by Street & Smith Corporation, Rew Brain. All Rights Reserved. Publishers every where the resulting any of the contents of this Magazine either wholly or in part. Entered as Second-class Matter, February 13, 1919, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under Act of Congress of March 3, 1879. Canadian subscription. 94.32. Foreign. 45.04.

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DISSONANCE

By Clark Ashton Smith

THE harsh, brief sob of broken horns; the sound Of hammers, on some echoing sepulcher; Lutes in a thunderstorm; a dulcimer By sudden drums and clamoring bugles drowned; Crackle of pearls, and gritting rubies, ground Beneath an iron heel; the heavy whir Of battle wheels; a hungry leopard's pur; And sigh of swords withdrawing from the wound:

All, all are in thy dreadful fugue, O Life,
Thy dark, malign, and monstrous music, spun
In Hades, from a crazy Satan's dream...
Oh, dissonance primeval and supreme—
The moan, the thunder, evermore at strife,
Beneath the unheeding silence of the sun!