

# Weird Tales

REGISTERED IN U.S. PATENT OFFICE

A MAGAZINE of the



BIZARRE and UNUSUAL

VOLUME VI

NUMBER 2

Published monthly by the Popular Fiction Publishing Company, 408 Holliday Building, Indianapolis, Ind. Entered as second-class matter March 20, 1923, at the postoffice 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. The publishers are not responsible for the loss of unsolicited manuscripts, although every care will be taken of such material while in their possession. English office: G. M. Jeffries Literary Agency, Hopfield House, Hanwell, London, W. 7. 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. FARNSWORTH WRIGHT, Editor.

Copyright, 1925, by the Popular Fiction Publishing Company

## Contents for August, 1925

- Cover Design ..... Andrew Brosnatch
- Black Medicine ..... Arthur J. Burks 149  
*Complete Novelette of Haitian Voodoo*
- The Oldest Story in the World ..... Murray Leinster 167  
*Blood-red Rubies—an Oriental Raja—and a Torture Chamber*
- The Bearded Men ..... Adam Hull Shirk 177  
*A Whiskered Hypnotist Ruled Over a Club of Outcasts from Society*
- In the Forest of Villefere ..... Robert E. Howard 185  
*If the Werewolf is Slain as a Man, His Ghost Haunts the Slayer*
- Stallions of the Moon ..... Frank Belknap Long, Jr. 187  
*Verse*
- The Man Who Laughed ..... B. W. Sliney 188  
*Terrible Was the Laughter that Resounded Throughout the Prison*

(Continued on Next Page)

(Continued from Preceding Page)

<b>The Purple Cincture</b> .....	<b>H. Thompson Rich</b>	<b>193</b>
<i>The Bite of Plague-stricken Spiders Accomplished a Frightful Revenge</i>		
<b>The White Queen of the Carolans</b> .....	<b>Arthur Thatcher</b>	<b>200</b>
<i>Two-part Serial of Strange Adventures in Africa—Conclusion</i>		
<b>The Jonah</b> .....	<b>Guy Pain</b>	<b>210</b>
<i>A Cross-eyed Bosun—Maritime Superstition—and a Murder</i>		
<b>The Green Scarab</b> .....	<b>Willis Knapp Jones</b>	<b>213</b>
<i>Peculiar Experience of a Painter and an Egyptian Mummy</i>		
<b>The Lantern-maker</b> .....	<b>Frank Owen</b>	<b>219</b>
<i>Yin Wen's Mind Stopped Like a Clock That Has Run Down</i>		
<b>Servants of Satan</b> .....	<b>Seabury Quinn</b>	<b>223</b>
<b>No. 6. Maria Schweidler.</b> <i>True Tale of Witchcraft in Germany</i>		
<b>The Devil's Opera</b> .....	<b>Arthur S. Garbett</b>	<b>231</b>
<i>Infernal Was the Music Whose Inspiration Was Hate</i>		
<b>Weird Story Reprints: No. 2</b>		
<b>Dr. Heidegger's Experiment</b> .....	<b>Nathaniel Hawthorne</b>	<b>240</b>
<i>The Old Physician Let His Friends Quaff of the Fountain of Youth</i>		
<b>The Graveyard Skunk</b> .....	<b>Harry Harrison Kroll</b>	<b>247</b>
<i>A Mississippi Polecat Tracks Home a Murderer</i>		
<b>The Last Trip</b> .....	<b>Archie Binns</b>	<b>254</b>
<i>The Taxicab Driver Takes a Terrifying Ride to the Cemetery</i>		
<b>La Belle Dame Sans Merci</b> .....	<b>John Keats</b>	<b>258</b>
<i>Verse Reprint</i>		
<b>The Vulture of Pignon</b> .....	<b>W. J. Stamper</b>	<b>259</b>
<i>Tale of Voodoo and the Drunken Fury of a Caco Chief</i>		
<b>Wolfgang Fex, Criminal</b> .....	<b>Howard Elsmere Fuller</b>	<b>266</b>
<i>A Strange Pact Causes a Painter to Become a Murderer</i>		
<b>The Revenge of Philippe Auguste</b> .....	<b>Hasan Volkin and Henri De Crouet</b>	<b>270</b>
<i>A Story of Hatred and Death</i>		
<b>The Eyrie</b> .....		<b>273</b>
<i>A Chat With the Readers</i>		

---

For Advertising Rates in WEIRD TALES Apply Direct to

**WEIRD TALES**

408 Holliday Building

Indianapolis, Ind.

# La Belle Dame Sans Merci

By JOHN KEATS.  
(Reprint)

Ah, what can ail thee, wretched wight,  
Alone and palely loitering?  
The sedge is withered from the lake,  
And no birds sing.

Ah, what can ail thee, wretched wight,  
So haggard and so woe-gone?  
The squirrel's granary is full,  
And the harvest's done.

I see a lily on thy brow,  
With anguish moist and fever dew;  
And on thy cheek a fading rose  
Fast withereth too.

I met a lady in the meads,  
Full beautiful, a faery's child;  
Her hair was long, her foot was light,  
And her eyes were wild.

I set her on my pacing steed,  
And nothing else saw all day long;  
For sideways would she lean, and sing  
A faery's song.

I made a garland for her head,  
And bracelets too, and fragrant  
zone;

She looked at me as she did love,  
And made sweet moan.

She found me roots of relish sweet,  
And honey wild, and manna dew;

And sure in language strange she said,  
"I love thee true!"

She took me to her elfin grot,  
And there she gazed and sighed  
deep,  
And there I shut her wild sad eyes—  
So kissed to sleep.

And there we slumbered on the moss,  
And there I dreamed, ah! wo be-  
tide!  
The latest dream I ever dreamed  
On the cold hill side.

I saw pale kings, and princes too,  
Pale warriors, death-pale were they  
all;  
Who cried—"La belle Dame sans  
merci  
Hath thee in thrall!"

I saw their starved lips in the gloam  
With horrid warning gapèd wide,  
And I awoke, and found me here  
On the cold hill side.

And this is why I sojourn here  
Alone and palely loitering,  
Though the sedge is withered from  
the lake,  
And no birds sing.