

Weird Tales

REGISTERED IN U.S. PATENT OFFICE



VOLUME IX

NUMBER 6

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: G. M. Jeffries Agency, Hopefield House, Hanwell, London, W. 7. 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, 1927, by the Popular Fiction Publishing Company

Contents for June, 1927

Cover Design	C. C. Senf
Illustrating a scene in "A Suitor From the Shades"	
A Suitor From the Shades	Greye La Spina 726
A human, touching ghost-story about a lover who returned from the grave to blight his sweetheart's happiness	
The Dark Chrysalis (Part 1)	Eli Colter 747
Here we have, at last, the epic of the microbe-hunters—a three-part scientific thrill-tale about cancer	
The Fourth Dimension	Charles Ford 767
Strange was Ripley's experience when his racing canoe turned over—a five-minute ghost-story	
The Arctic Death	Wilford Allen 769
Out of the North it came, that dread death that touched every living thing with a killing cold	

(Continued on Next Page)

(Continued from Preceding Page)

Fog-Faces -----	Robert S. Carr	780
<i>Verse</i>		
Out of the Grave -----	Eldridge Morton	781
<i>Dr. Rousek had a weird plan to thwart his rival, but underwent an experience of stark terror in consequence</i>		
The Left Eye -----	Henry S. Whitehead	789
<i>A powerful story of crime and retribution—a tale of immense spiders and a gruesome murder</i>		
The Man Who Was Damned -----	Charlton Lawrence Edholm	801
<i>Vulture of Vulture's Rock, Geier von Geierstein suffered every torments from the man he had murdered</i>		
The Choking of Allison Grey -----	Guy Pain	805
<i>No white man was suffered to look upon the God of Windina and live, for the Mandingo people considered this a sacrilege</i>		
Explorers Into Infinity (Conclusion) -----	Ray Cummings	813
<i>A three-part weird-scientific serial about a madcap adventure and a voyage through space—and what a voyage!</i>		
Ghost Lore -----	Gertrude Wright	824
<i>Verse</i>		
The Dream That Came True -----	Victor Rousseau	825
<i>The tenth in a series of stories, each complete in itself, dealing with Dr. Ivan Brodsky, "The Surgeon of Souls"</i>		
Advice -----	Frank Belknap Long, Jr.	831
<i>Verse</i>		
The Land of Creeping Death -----	Edna Bell Seward	832
<i>A tale of wild and desperate adventures among a race of head-hunting savages in India</i>		
Sorcery Past and Present -----	Marguerite Lynch Addis	840
<i>Cagliostro, St. Germain, Murrell and other famous sorcerers are depicted in this enlightening article</i>		
Weird Story Reprint		
The Song of Triumphant Love -----	Ivan Turgenieff	844
<i>The exotic mystery of the Orient breathes through this every tale of Italy of the Middle Ages</i>		
The Eyrie -----		857
<i>A chat with the readers</i>		

For Advertising Rates in WEIRD TALES Apply Direct to

WEIRD TALES

Western Advertising Office:

WEIRD TALES
450 E. Ohio Street
Chicago, Ill.
Phone, Superior 5556

Eastern Advertising Office:

GEORGE W. STEARNS, Mgr.
Flatiron Building
New York, N. Y.
Phone, Ashland 7329

Out of the Grave

by ELDRIDGE MORTON



"The loose clay ~~heaved~~ I jumped back. Out of the loose earth, out of the shallow grave, rose Rocusek."

WOULD anyone engage a doctor who admitted that he had buried another patient alive? Especially when he admitted that he had buried the patient to hide the evidence of murder?

Hardly! That doctor would be looked on as a monster in human form. The world would shrink from him as it would shrink from a leper or from an unclean beast.

That is why I am revealing myself only as "Doctor X."

For I did that thing. I buried a man alive. I did it to shield myself from punishment for his murder.

Anyone else would have done the same thing, under the same circumstances. That's why I'm telling this story—this story of what actually took place in my own life. I want to show how appearances may put a man in the shadow of the hangman's noose.

I am a reputable physician. I ~~had~~ graduated from a medical school which is rated in "Class A" by the American Medical Association. I stood fifth from the top in the class of 1899.

Soon after I arrived in the city where I now live, on the banks of the upper Mississippi River, I acquired the enmity of a rival, whom I shall call Dr. Rocusek. Little did I know what horrible results his enmity was to bring upon me!

He was a man of peculiar nature, a mixture of a half-dozen European races. He was almost a genius in his profession, and had been highly educated, but his strange moods cost him many friends, and when I invaded his field many of his patients naturally drifted to me. Like myself, he was a specialist in nervous and mental diseases.

We met occasionally at social gatherings and at meetings of the county medical society, and month by month I found his attitude growing more and more bitter. Finally it reached the point where we were openly at war.

This silent warfare continued for three years, and all efforts on my part to heal the breach were rejected coldly.

Imagine my surprize, then, when the telephone rang one night as I was sleeping soundly after a busy day, and on answering I heard Dr. Rocusek's anxious voice: "Dr. X?"

"Yes."

"This is Dr. Rocusek, doctor. I am terribly sick. I'm afraid I'm dying. Please hurry as fast as you can."

I started to advise the man to call a general practitioner. I was a specialist in nerve diseases. But the receiver was banged on the hook, before I could speak.

Amazed that he should call me, I began dressing. If the man was as near death as he seemed to think, I could not let his past enmity keep me from helping him.

His house was a mile or so from my own, at the edge of the city, and I pushed my car to its limit. As a result, a motorcycle officer on late duty followed me and caught me at Rocusek's door.

"I've got no time to argue," I said shortly. "There's a man in here dying. I'm a doctor. Here's my card."

I handed it to him and ran up the steps.

Rocusek met me at the door.

"Come in! Come in!" he greeted me pleasantly, smiling cordially. He looked the picture of health, tall, sleek, well-fed, black-mustached, with a bow that a courtier might envy.

"How's this?" I demanded, startled to have him meet me. "I thought you were sick, dying!"

"Exactly," he said. "Exactly. But

come in, doctor. It's cold for you to be standing there."

Bewildered, I stepped inside and set my medical bag in the hallway.

"See here," I began, "if you've got me out of bed on a night like this—"

He held up a hand, protesting.

"This is no joke, doctor," he said. "I am in deadly earnest. But please walk into the living room."

Angry to find that he had apparently called me out needlessly, I stalked into the living room and sat down to hear his explanation.

ROCUSEK followed me into the room and stood with his back to the fire, rubbing his hands and warming himself.

"It was a shame to call you out of bed at this time of the night," he said pleasantly.

I'm afraid I grunted.

"But the truth is, doctor," he went on, "that you will be well repaid for your trouble. You are going to witness something never seen before in this world."

I looked up, startled.

"Yes, doctor," he said, "you are going to be my partner in one of the most fantastic experiments ever undertaken."

"You may wonder why I am asking you to help me in this momentous experiment. The truth is, we have been bad friends long enough. I am ready to call quits. But besides that, I respect your medical ability highly, and I need your help.

"This may be a ghastly experiment to watch. But you are used to seeing people die. It will not upset you. And I want you to observe the effects—"

"See here, Rocusek," I broke in, "I haven't said I was going to help you. I'm not. I don't know what you're talking about. And I certainly don't enjoy being called out of bed at 2 a. m. to take part in some

asinine experiment. I'll say good-night."

I rose to go, but he stopped me.

"You can't go; you can't," he said forcefully, his dark eyes fixing themselves on mine. "You don't dare. I might die."

I grinned, for he looked the picture of health, but he went on hurriedly.

"When I heard you at the door, I swallowed the contents of this bottle. It is a deadly poison, a derivative of opium I discovered myself. Smell it."

He handed me the vial, and I put it to my nose. It had a bitter, acrid smell.

"I give you my word, doctor, this is no joke," he assured me.

Hesitatingly, I sat down again, and he began talking rapidly.

"The story is this," he said. "I must cut in short; I don't know how soon the poison will take effect.

"For many years, as you may have known, I have been trying to find some means of dissociating personality—separating mind and body.

"Think what it would mean! While my body lies in this room, my mind would travel to the ends of the earth in the flash of an eye, as quickly as my thoughts could direct it.

"Imagine it! We could see everything, travel everywhere, without moving from this room. We could talk to a friend in San Francisco or Hongkong without rising from our chair. Can you see the immensity of the idea?"

"Yes," I snapped. "It would be wonderful. But it can't be done."

"It can! It can!" he shouted. "This will do it." He shook the poison bottle aloft.

"I've found the drug. Opium, you know, partially releases the mind from the body. Yet the mind is not wholly free. It is still tied down.

"I conceived the idea of 'cracking' the atoms of opium—making it a hundred times more powerful. I

worked at it for years. Finally I perfected it.

"But that wasn't enough. In that state it was rank poison. I wanted something that would keep life in the body while the soul—the mind—wandered at will.

"Now, I've found it! Another drug, mixed with the first one. I'm positive it will work. I'm betting my life on it. But it's not sure. There's a chance.

"I don't know what will become of me. I don't know whether I shall keep the voice you hear now, whether I shall see as I do now, whether I shall hear as I do now.

"Nor do I know how my body will be affected. Perhaps, when my mind leaves, my body will seem dead. Maybe it will seem to be in a coma.

"Those things I do not know. Those are the things you are to watch."

"This is madness," I interrupted. "Sheer madness. You will kill yourself. I refuse to take any part—"

I broke off in the middle of my sentence. Rocusek was dying before my eyes!

His face took on a deathlike pallor. Then there was a mighty convulsion that shook his whole body.

I leaped from my chair and rushed for my medical bag in the hallway. With frantic haste I raced through the hallway, madly punching the walls for the light buttons, until I reached the kitchen. It seemed hours before I had drawn the water to make a hypodermic of apomorphine—the most effective antidote.

I ran back to the front room.

Death met my eye!

I was certain of it. Rocusek lay huddled in a heap on the floor, thrown from his chair by one of his mighty convulsions.

I felt for his pulse as I pulled back the sleeve for the hypodermic. There was no pulse.

Cursing myself for letting the man die before my eyes I plunged the hypodermic needle into his arm.

There was a chance—just a chance—that I might not be too late. Some faintest flicker of his pulse might still remain, too faint for me to detect.

I shot down the plunger, forcing the apomorphine deep into his flesh.

I bent down and put my head to his chest. I listened desperately, determined that no slightest flicker of life should escape me. I would not abandon my efforts to save his life until he was unquestionably dead—dead beyond any hope of returning to life through the mysterious drug.

There was no sign of life. His heart had stopped. His breathing had stopped. His face had the waxy look that tells even the layman of death.

Still I did not give up my efforts. I filled the syringe once more, this time with a double dose of apomorphine. If this failed, he was dead beyond all hope.

I waited—in vain. How I cursed myself! To sit there like a fool, like a schoolboy listening to his tale of separating mind and body!

Why had I been such a fool? Why hadn't I held him, if necessary, while I injected an antidote?

I laughed aloud, bitterly. To sit quiet while a man deliberately killed himself!

I bent over once more and listened to his heart.

Silent!

I rose unsteadily to my feet. My hands were shaking as with ague.

I HAD seen death many, many times, but never had I been affected like this. Never before had I sat by and let a man die, watched him die and stirred no hand to aid him.

My whole body shook with excitement. I think I nearly fainted.

I lifted his body and carried it to a davenport at one side of the room. My thoughts were in a whirl. For a

long time I stared at that waxy face, those strangely contorted limbs.

"He succeeded," I said to myself, grimly. "He has separated his body and soul, right enough."

Finally I shrugged my shoulders. He was dead. No question about it. Now what to do?

Obviously, I must notify the coroner. My eye glanced about the room for a telephone.

What would I tell him? Why, of course I would have to tell him that the man had died of opium poisoning.

It would have to be reported as a suicide, of course. Suicide. The motive—

What *had* been the motive? I wondered about that, rather idly. What would the papers say? Finances? Ill-health? Love?

None of these. Well, what *would* they say? That he had been hunting for a way to separate body and soul?

What a flimsy motive for a suicide! No one would believe that.

Suddenly a thought struck me: Would it be called suicide? My heart leaped into my mouth.

What reason was there for anyone to think he had committed suicide? He was in good health, apparently had some means, had suffered no misfortune in love.

Why should he commit suicide? As an experiment? Bosh!

I could see the scornful look on the faces of the coroner's jury.

Murder! That was it. Murder! "Dr. X killed him. They had been enemies. They'd had a quarrel. Doctor X gave him poison!"

I went cold all over. The sight of that waxy face threw me into a panic.

Murder! Already I could feel the noose tighten about my neck. I choked.

Fear made me leap to my feet. I would flee. Leave that damned body here. It was not my fault. I hadn't killed him.

I must escape. No one must see me go. The world would never know.

I grabbed my medical kit. Mustn't leave anything here. They would run me down, put me in jail, try to drag a confession out of me. Tell them it was an experiment? Rubbish!

I could see their faces now, sneering as I told them the man had killed himself. Ugly faces they were, policemen's faces—like that of the motorcycle officer that stopped me tonight.

That motorcycle officer! I stopped dead in my tracks, my hand on the door.

That motorcycle officer would know! He saw me come in! He saw Rocusek was alive then! And he had my card!

My mind was like a whirlwind. What way could I turn? How could I escape? Wherever I went they would track me down, put me in jail.

Hide the body!

That was the thing! Hide it where it would never be found! Burn it, throw it down a well, bury it!

No one would know what had happened to him. No one would know he was dead. No one would ever accuse me.

I looked out the window. It was dark yet. I could carry the body out the back way, then drive around and pick it up.

Take it far away. Bury it in some lonely spot. Somewhere no one ever went. That was the thing.

I wasted no time. I threw his heavy body onto my shoulder, the waxy face falling limply against my back. I stumbled with it through the hallway, out through the kitchen, onto the porch.

I dropped it in the shadows, then went through the house and got in the car.

In a few minutes I was speeding out the country road, as fast as the car would go, the body huddled in the back.

As we raced through the night, my foot crowding the accelerator against the floor-boards, my mind was working furiously.

Where was the loneliest place in the countryside? Where was there some spot of land no one would ever visit?

Bridge's Point!

The scene flashed into my mind. Ideal! A jungle of undergrowth, of swampy land, shoving its long neck far away from the road to make a bend in the river.

My heart leaped as the picture came to my mind. No one ever went there. It was ugly, damp, weedy. No picnic parties would stumble across the bones.

AT THE next turn I swung the car south, on the road to Bridge's Point. Give me a half-hour more and I would be free of that clammy body, huddled up there in the back.

I felt like sinking for joy.

Somebody spoke.

"Would you mind putting me back on the seat? My arms are a bit cramped."

Chills raced through my body. The car leaped to the side of the road, almost turned over before my foot could find the brake.

I turned my head. There, in the seat beside me, sat Rocusek!

I was paralyzed by fear. I thought the man had come to life, risen from the dead.

I looked into the back seat.

There, on the floor, was Rocusek—his body—the man I had seen die!

I looked again at the man beside me. The same! Both were Dr. Rocusek!

Terror froze my throat. I could not speak. The man beside me sneered, laughed wickedly.

"You wonder how I got here? Did you forget it was an experiment? That I am not dead?"

I was silent. I tried to speak. The words would not come.

"I can cross the world in the flash of an eye," he laughed. "While you sat there, in my house, watching my body, I was at the telephone, calling police. I told them who I was, told them you had given me poison, that I was dying.

"You fool! You walked into my trap like an innocent babe. For months I had planned this revenge. You thought you were so clever, winning all my patients away from me. I waited until my plans were ready. Then I called you tonight. And you walked into the trap!"

"They're hunting for you now. The police are scouring the town, the roads for miles around. I've been watching them, flying from one road to another on their heels.

"You can't escape them. They'll be here soon. They'll find you with my body. Then——"

He broke off in a laugh. A sneering, mocking laugh.

For a moment I was silent, stupefied. Then rage filled my heart, gave me strength.

"You fiend!" I yelled. "You fiend of hell!"

His grin mocked me.

"They'll find me, will they?" I screamed in frenzy. "They'll find your body? Let them try! They'll have a long hunt!"

"You want to know what I'm going to do with it? I'll tell you! I'm going to bury it. Dig a grave by the river bottoms. Throw your damned body into it, cover it with sticky swamp clay. Smooth it over the top, spread branches and twigs on it, hide it forever. And let it rot."

In the moonlight I saw the smile leave that evil face. I saw the skin go white. I knew I had thrown fear into that—that "mind."

This touch of victory turned my head. I almost laughed in his face as I yelled: "Then you can squirm

and fight. Try to get out of that sticky grave."

I laughed loudly, hysterically. "A long rest you'll have, your 'mind' running around like a lost sheep."

Rocusek—the spirit—grinned again.

"You forget," he said, "I can talk to police as well as to you. I can tell them where my body is buried. They can find it—find it dead."

"You fool!" I shrieked with laughter. "Poor fool! How can a murdered man walk into the police station, tell them he's dead? They'd roar at you, call you crazy."

I laughed loudly, crazily.

The man beside me was silent, slumped back in his seat.

I threw the car into gear, began driving furiously toward the river.

When Rocusek spoke again his voice shook, but he laughed, nervous, afraid.

"Well, I guess the joke has gone far enough, doctor," he said.

"Joke?" I didn't understand.

"Why, of course," he answered, laughing more loudly now. "Of course it was a joke. Just a joke. When I saw how perfectly the experiment worked, I couldn't resist the temptation to play a joke on you."

"A joke, eh?" It was my turn to sneer now. "Was it a joke to set police on my trail?"

My laugh rose high above the wind that whistled past us.

"The joke's on you, Dr. Rocusek," I roared. "Here's the end of the road. See if you can play any jokes under six feet of clay."

I roared at my own wit.

I stopped the car at the side of the road, turned off the lights.

In the tool-box I found a tiny spade, one that had helped me out of many a mudhole.

"For God's sake, doctor," screamed Rocusek, "you aren't serious?"

"You'll soon see!"

I opened the tonneau door, pulled the body onto my shoulder. Even then I wondered why it wasn't stiff. It was cold and clammy, but rigor mortis had not set in. That was the only sign that life remained.

I dragged it out of the car. There was a cry of pain.

"Look out! You're twisting my arm!" screamed the man—the mind—that stood beside me.

I dropped the arm of the body, and the man beside me sighed in relief.

"I still feel everything," moaned the mind, the spirit, of Dr. Rocusek.

I set off briskly through the tangled underbrush.

"For God's sake, doctor," he groaned. "It was a joke, I tell you, a joke!"

I laughed, madly, insanely. It was my turn now.

For a quarter-mile I struggled through twisting, thorny bushes, stumbled over hummocks of grass, ran against tree branches.

Unceasingly, the spirit-man at my side pleaded, prayed for mercy. From time to time he cried out in pain as a thorn or a branch tore the skin of the body that I carried over my shoulder.

"You can't understand, doctor," he moaned. "I'm as alive as you are. I feel every pain that body feels. But this part of me—my mind—has no body. I can not fight with you, touch you. Have mercy! Lay my body here in the swamps! When the poison leaves I can enter it again."

"And let the police find it, hang me for it?" I yelled savagely. "Not much!"

Now I could see the river ahead, glistening in the moonlight. Soon we were near its banks. Here was the spot.

I dumped the body to the ground. The spirit-man groaned with pain.

I set to work digging the grave. The clay was soft and spongy. It was no work at all to dig in it.

The spirit-man raved with fear, watched every spadeful I threw out.

No words can tell the anguish that was in his voice as he pleaded for mercy, promised me anything, everything, if I would only leave that body on the river bank, in the open air.

His pleadings maddened me, made me work the harder. I think I was partly insane as I dug that grave.

At last it was finished. I picked up the body, threw it heavily into the shallow pit.

The spirit screamed.

"My arm! You've broken my arm!"

The spirit was on its knees now, wringing its hands, begging for life.

I laughed, threw a huge spadeful of the sticky clay on that ghastly, pallid face.

Rocusek groaned piteously.

"Kill me, doctor! Crush my head with that spade. But don't bury me!"

I threw another spadeful into the grave.

"Kill me, doctor! Kill me outright! Don't torture me!"

Another spadeful.

"Ugh! For God's sake! For God's sake. I'm choking. The clay is in my mouth! Ugh! It's in my throat! Mercy! Pity!"

Another spadeful!

"Give me a minute to live! One minute, for God's sake! The drug is leaving me. It's leaving! I'm going to be myself again!"

I looked at the spirit-man, kneeling beside that grave, wringing his hands, trying to wrap his spirit arms about my legs.

He seemed mistier, hazier. Even before my eyes he seemed to be dissolving.

Frantically I plunged my spade into the clay, threw spadeful after spadeful into that shallow grave.

"One minute! One minute!" screamed the shade.

It was almost gone now. I could hardly see the man's outlines.

More clay! I heaped it into the grave with frantic haste.

What was that? The earth in that grave seemed to move! I threw more dirt in, working like a madman.

The loose clay heaved. I jumped back.

Out of the loose earth, out of the shallow grave, rose Rocusek!

His face was contorted with anguish and rage. He snorted, blew the dirt from his nose, spat it out of his mouth. His left arm, the broken one, hung limp at his side.

I swung the spade at that swarthy head. I missed.

He leaped onto the firm ground, grabbed at the spade with his one good hand.

He threw his body on mine, crushed me to the earth. We wrestled, struggling for the spade. My grip loosened.

His fist crashed into my face. Something—the spade—almost shattered my skull. Darkness came flooding across my eyes and I knew no more.

IT WAS hours later—broad daylight —when I came to my senses. My head seemed to be split wide open.

I raised my hand to my head. When I brought it away it was covered with sticky, clotted blood and clay.

I tried to recall what had happened. I remembered digging the grave, throwing that body in it, seeing it rise up to fight me.

What a nightmare! What a horrible nightmare!

But—there was the grave. In the soft clay were the marks of Rocusek's heavy, blunt-toed shoes.

My head throbbed. I had not got that in a dream!

I struggled to my feet, looked about for Rocusek, or his body. Nothing in sight.

My head throbbing like a trip-hammer, I staggered the quarter-mile back to the road. There was my car. Apparently he had been afraid to take it.

Wearily, racked by pain and horror, I drove back to town. All day I remained at home, nursing my swollen head.

That evening the door-bell rang, and I answered it.

It was Dr. Rocusek.

"I've come to thank you for your medical assistance last night," he said, smiling. "We've been enemies too long. I want to sign a truce."

He held out his hand.

It was his left hand. His right hand was in a sling!

