

Weird Tales

REGISTERED IN U.S. PATENT OFFICE



A MAGAZINE of the

BIZARRE and UNUSUAL

NUMBER 4

Published monthly by the Popular Fiction Publishing Company, 317 Baldwin 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. 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 April, 1925

Cover Design.....	Andrew Brosnatch	
When the Green Star Waned.....	Nietzin Dyalhis	3
<i>Evil Beings From the Dark Side of the Moon Attack Aerth</i>		
Bloody Moon.....	Harry Harrison Kroll	13
<i>A Thrilling Tale of the Kentucky Caves</i>		
The Lure of Atlantis.....	Joel Martin Nichols, Jr.	17
<i>Beneath the Sargasso Sea, in the Grave of Missing Ships</i>		
Deaf, Dumb and Blind.....	C. M. Eddy, Jr.	25
<i>A Grisly Story of the Obscene Legions of Evil</i>		
The Soul-Catching Cord.....	J. W. Bennett and K. L. Soong	31
<i>A Chinese Occultist—and an Evil Apparition</i>		
The Grim Passenger.....	Donald Edward Keyhoe	37
<i>Was the Steamship Titanic Destroyed by an Egyptian Curse?</i>		
Little Island.....	H. Thompson Rich	42
<i>A Pacific Hurricane Hurlled It Into the Ocean One Night</i>		
Servants of Satan.....	Seabury Quinn	49
No. 2. Giles and Martha Corey.		
<i>True Tale of Salem Witchcraft</i>		

(Continued on Next Page)

(Continued from Preceding Page)

The Dark Interval	J. B. Powell	55
<i>His Spirit Was Tied to Earth Until He Made Amends</i>		
Sleigh Bells	Hasan Vokine	59
<i>Snow-bound, Besieged by Wolves in a Russian Winter</i>		
Invaders From the Dark (First Installment)	Greya La Spina	61
<i>A Novel of Werewolves and Occult Evil</i>		
The Wind That Tramps the World	Frank Owen	99
<i>A Tale of Sweetness and Light and Exquisite Music</i>		
Treasure	Alexander Snyder	107
<i>A Thug—a Physician—and a Mistake</i>		
Back From Dust	Frank K. Shaw	109
<i>The Shadow of the Guillotine Hung Over an American Courtroom</i>		
Strange Tales From Santo Domingo	Arthur J. Burks	113
No. 3. Daylight Shadows. <i>Desert Heat and Madness</i>		
The Dark Pool	Francis Hard	118
<i>Verse</i>		
The Haunting Eyes	Eudora Ramsay Richardson	119
<i>They Came Back From the Grave to Torture and Save Him</i>		
The Headless Horror	Robert Eugene Ulmer	127
<i>A Tale of Thrills—and the Severed Head of a Murderer</i>		
Through the Horn Gate	Walter G. Detrick	131
<i>McIvor Meets Peggy Odel in the Golden Horn</i>		
The Electronic Plague	Edward Hades	136
<i>A Scientist's Mad Brain Looses a Radio Horror Upon the World</i>		
The Last of the Teeheemen (Conclusion)	Arthur Thatcher	141
<i>Two-part Serial—Weird Adventures Among Dog-faced Savages</i>		
The White Scar	Nellie Cravey Gillmore	158
<i>A Dream Showed Him His Wife's Murderer</i>		
Grisley's Reception	William Sanford	162
<i>Fate Took a Hand in the Convict's Attempt to Escape</i>		
The Eyrie		164
<i>A Chat With the Readers</i>		

For Advertising Rates in WEIRD TALES Apply to

W. B. ZIFF CO.

Transportation Building
Chicago

Architects Building
New York

Bryant Building
Kansas City

*His Spirit Could Not Be Happy Until He
Restored Happiness to the One He Loved*

The Dark Interval

By J. B. POWELL

HARGROVE thought: "Pray—pray—why don't I pray! Can't—never learned. Well, what's the difference? Why don't I get frightened? Whisky—it's got me now. I've been a fool. Anne—Anne—where is Anne? The will—Anne—Anne—"

The man was dying. At first he had thought the attack was simply another spell with his heart. He had gotten up out of bed and poured himself a whisky and soda, as was his habit when he had these sudden heart pains. He had then returned to bed to await relief and finally sleep. But the stimulant had failed, and as time went on he felt his fat body grow limp and weak. The sharp pains crept nearer to his heart, and his brain felt numb and tired.

He had checked an impulse to ring for a servant. He knew he was dying, beyond aid. And he wanted no hysterical old man tottering about the room and wringing his useless hands. He had thought it strange that one should feel the approach of death so definitely, and so calmly. He had sometimes wondered just what the sensation would be like. He had wondered if those who lead so-called blameless lives would die more easily than men of his own type. He decided not. Funny, no regrets, no fright, no desire to hang on to life. Strange, too, that one could face the unknown so fearlessly when the time came. Well, he had gotten more out

of life than most people. He had lived!

Death was a promise, he had thought—a promise of release of rest; but only a promise. He had tried to turn this last thought over in his mind, but he felt his senses blurring, and his thoughts became vague and disconnected.

And then, "Anne—Anne—"

He tried to call but the words froze on his cold lips. John Hargrove was dead.

2

"**W**ILL you be goin' in right away, ma'am?"

"Please, Mary."

"I kinda looked for you yisterdee, but I guess you was so fur away an' everythin'."

"Yes, Mary."

"They put him in the big room. I thought it would be best with all his friends an' all. I bin keepin' the door locked agin his relations and such. They come yisterdee. I wanted to wait till you got here, ma'am. He's bin in there two days now."

The servant unlocked a pair of large oak doors, and the two women stepped into the darkened room.

"Them candles are a-burnin' low agin. I bin keepin' 'em lit but seems like they burn down mighty quick. He's over here by the grate, ma'am."

The women stopped suddenly and peered down into the black coffin.

"Looks natchurl, don't he, ma'am?"

"Did he suffer, Mary?"

"Went too quick to suffer, ma'am. Died in bed. Heart trouble takes 'em that way. Liquor, the doctors said. Guess he drank purty much after you went, ma'am."

Neither spoke for some minutes. The figure in the coffin fascinated them. Their eyes remained fixed upon the massive face, a face which might have been molded out of soft putty. The small eyes were closed, but the heavy jowl drew them downward and revealed slits of pale blue. The wide chin was creased twice, and seemed to roll down below the stiff white collar.

The servant broke the silence. "Perhaps I better git you a bite to eat, ma'am. A warm cup o' tea would do you good."

"No, Mary. Just take my things up. I'll be out presently."

The doors swung silently shut behind the servant. The woman who remained gazed quietly down upon her husband. Only one candle now remained lighted. It cast a pale yellow light into the face of the dead man. At length the woman lifted her eyes and glanced about her. The large room was dark and still. She could just discern the outlines of familiar objects. A chair, a table, a picture. She lowered her eyes once more and studied the expressionless face below her.

She thought: "Death is stronger than love. Death has made him meek and still. Love only gave him the power to hurt, to crush. I don't hate him any more; I simply pity him."

The lone candle sputtered and went out. The white face in the coffin was the only object that could be seen in the black room. Mrs. Hargrove did not move. She continued to watch the face, still thinking.

"Anne—Anne."

Mrs. Hargrove whirled about. The voice came from behind. She had heard no one enter. The room was dark.

"Anne—Anne—the will—Anne!"

It was a man's voice, deep and solemn. It sounded like her husband's voice. She turned back to the coffin.

"Anne—Anne—"

No, it came from behind, but it was John's voice.

"Yes, John," she said softly.

A shaft of light crossed the room. "Are you all right ma'am? I thought mebber you took sick bein' in here so long."

The servant switched the lights on as she talked.

"Yes, Mary, I'm quite all right," replied Mrs. Hargrove calmly.

3

IT SEEMED to Hargrove that he had been asleep an unusually long time. The sun was already streaming through the open windows as he leisurely rose from his bed. Ten o'clock, at least, he thought. He turned mechanically toward the small table that contained his whisky siphon and he moved slowly toward it. He reached for a glass, but his hand seemed unable to close upon it. In fact, he thought his hand went right through it as if it were a shadow. Somewhat dismayed, he turned and walked back to his bed. He decided that he was very sleepy, or perhaps still under the influence. He sat down on the edge of the bed and thoughtfully placed his head in his two hands. Finally he stood up again, convinced that he was neither asleep nor drunk. He glanced down at the foot of the bed for his bathrobe. He would bathe and get dressed. Then he would feel better. His eyes fell upon the fat figure stretched out beside him and he remembered then that it was dead.

With the realization of death came intense misery. Hargrove had never

felt its equal in life. It was not physical discomfort, nor was it quite mental agony. It was worse than either of them, but not so tangible. Comparing the feeling to life, it was, he thought, as if he had murdered everyone in the world and was consequently forced to live alone. Alone, he thought, with a strict, puritan conscience for company. He felt utterly abandoned, and he was all misery. In life he might have thrown off even so intense a suffering by drink or by any form of material pleasure. But in his present state he was helpless.

This persistent spiritual aching soon drove him into panic. He felt he must go somewhere, talk to someone, anyone. He wondered if he must remain in the bedroom with his useless body, and soon found that he could move through solid objects, but that he could not leave the floor. He realized that he was invisible because no part of his being was visible to himself. He thought it strange that he could walk, although he seemed to drift along rather than take actual steps.

But such misery! And every pang said, "Anne, Anne." It was as if Anne herself were prodding his wounded soul, persecuting him with pain. He tried to think of other things, of pleasant things, but the voice said, "Anne," with added distress, with unbearable wretchedness.

Deciding that he could bear it no longer, Hargrove left the bedroom and went downstairs. The servants were in the kitchen eating breakfast. Undoubtedly they had not yet discovered his body, and they knew better than to disturb him before noon. He decided not to bother them. He would walk out and try to find relief from this insufferable agony.

He left the house and drifted aimlessly along familiar streets. He encountered several acquaintances, stopped and bade them good morn-

ing, but they passed through him, unperturbed. He shouted after them, but they paid him no heed. His misery increased. He could not understand, if his present state were death, why life was so near at hand. And since life was so close why could he not reach out and grasp it? He wondered if he must go on thus eternally. Where was the promise death had pledged him?

Drifting—drifting. He who had been so completely material now so entirely spiritual. Thoughts. He could do nothing but think. Think back on Anne. Think back with a pang of remorse over each sordid detail of his life with her. He who had been so unutterably unfeeling, so thoroughly selfish. Think back, always back. No future, no ray of hope, no merciful rest. He must continue drifting, always drifting—drifting.

He lived again his lurid years with his wife. He saw her, young, attractive, an orphan depending on the world of men for her livelihood. She had been his secretary, and he had wanted her. And because she was honest he had married her. But although she did become his wife she was simply another woman in his life. That she had loved him mattered not. It was the same old hackneyed story of the man grown tired of the woman and the woman dying a little from each rebuke—dying that slow, creeping death which only a woman who loves knows.

And when finally she left him he had thought it a great joke. He had hastened to his lawyer's so that he might exclude her from any share of his worldly goods in case he died first. She had worked before; she could work now, and continue to work until she cursed the day she left him. Just the same old trite story. Beauty and the Beast. That same old bromide, worked to death,

a drug on the market. Beauty and the Beast.

Hargrove lost track of all time in his suffering. How long he had drifted thus musing he knew not. At night he returned to his house through habit, and spent the long night pacing the rooms. He would wander into the drawing room at times and stand before his coffin, vainly yearning that he might crawl back into his dead body and breathe again. Then he would enter the bedrooms where his relatives were quartered, seeking comfort there. He could hear them laughingly discussing his death. How much would they get? Already they were eager. Planning to have the will read immediately after his funeral. Yes, they would get it. His dear relatives. Every penny of it. His sweet relatives!

And then back into the drawing room again to pace the deep carpet by his coffin until Anne came. He felt satisfied that she would come. Death has strange drawing powers. It draws forgotten wives back to forgetting husbands.

He was not startled when he heard the key turn in the lock and saw the doors swing open. Of course it would be Anne. He swooped forward to meet her and called her name frantically. He called again—again. No response. The servant. Would she never go? Again—again. Ah, the servant was going now—gone. Again. She heard him, answered him. Tell her, tell her something. What? The will; yes, the will. The servant again. Both going now. Both gone.

He followed his wife to her room and called to her all night in vain.

4

IT WAS a coincidence that John Hargrove's will was to be read in the same room from which he had been

buried. He thought of this as he watched his eager cousins file in and choose their seats. He noticed the anxious greed in their faces and cursed himself. His wife, dry-eyed and calm, sat apart from the group quietly conversing with the attorney. The large room was no longer dark and somber. Cheerful flames shot from the log fireplace, and the late October sun flooded the room with brightness. The flowers which had yesterday graced his coffin had been removed. Even the gorgeous candelabrum had been hidden from sight.

Hargrove marveled at the change death had worked in his heart. He wished Anne could know him now. He wished she might feel the deep love in his heart and know the gentle thoughtfulness that had enveloped him. Too late. All things come too late. He felt that he could atone for every wrong he had ever done her, now. Yes—now.

His intense misery had given way to more quiet pain. He felt that he was soon to die another death. The small leather case which the lawyer so carelessly tossed upon the table held poverty for Anne, and eternal suffering for him. It held a scrap of paper with the ravings of a madman scribbled on it, yet with the power to destroy two lives—a living one and a dead one.

A sense of rebellion surged through him when the lawyer quietly opened his brief case and extracted the document. He paced the floor frantically. The paper must not be read.

"No, no!" he shouted.

The attorney had already begun.

"I, John Hargrove, being of good health and sound mind do hereby—"

Hargrove swooped forward and flung himself desperately upon the man. The paper slid gracefully from his hands and fluttered slowly down into the fireplace. An over-anxious cousin brought out a single charred edge and a burned hand for his pains.

All eyes were riveted upon the lawyer. Hargrove's relatives were trying to digest what had just happened. A fortune had been burned before their very eyes.

The attorney smiled not sadly.

"The accident was unfortunate," he said blandly. "According to the law of this state regarding lost and destroyed wills, the entire property, both real and personal, descends to

John Hargrove's wife, Mrs. Anne Hargrove."

With the attorney's last words Hargrove felt himself lifted up out of the open window. He felt cool breezes play about him. The odor of fresh green fields came to him. Warm, friendly hands touched him. He heard soft, soothing music in the distance. His heart was light and his soul was finally at rest.

