

Weird Tales

REGISTERED IN U.S. PATENT OFFICE

A MAGAZINE of the



BIZARRE and UNUSUAL

VOLUME VI

NUMBER 6

Published monthly by the Popular Fiction Publishing Company, 405 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 Agency, Hopefield House, Hanwell, London, W. T. 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 December, 1925

Cover Design ----- Joseph Doolin

The Tenants of Broussac ----- Seabury Quinn 725
Complete Novelette About an Old Curse and a Gigantic Snake

When the Graves Were Opened ----- Arthur J. Burks 741
The Sepulchers Yawned and the Dead Came Into Jerusalem

The Sea Thing ----- Frank Belknap Long, Jr. 751
Out of the Ocean Came a Gulping Thing that Lived on Blood

The Fan ----- Frank Owen 758
Vampire Tale of China

The Black Box ----- H. Thompson Rich 761
Mystery Tale of Stark Horror

(Continued on Next Page)

(Continued from Preceding Page)

The Ghost Girl	William James Price	768
<i>Verse</i>		
The Valley of Spiders	H. G. Wells	769
<i>Through the Air They Drifted, Gigantic, Loathsome Spiders</i>		
Sir Rupert's Treasure	James Cocks	776
<i>His Grandfather's Ghost Astounded the Unbelieving Englishman</i>		
The Deadly Amanita	Eli Colter	781
<i>Poisonous Mushrooms—the Harsh Penance of Henry Wytten</i>		
Weird Story Reprints		
No. 6. What Was It? A Mystery	Fitz-James O'Brien	793
<i>Invisible Monster Sets Boarding House in an Uproar</i>		
The Consul's Bones	W. J. Stamper	801
<i>Ghost Story of the Eruption of Mont Pelée</i>		
Retribution	George T. Spillman	806
<i>A Two-Minute Tale</i>		
The Last Man	Douglas Oliver	807
<i>Strange Vigil Kept This Spectral Shape in No Man's Land</i>		
The Hour of Death	Grover Brinkman	818
<i>He Waited in Agonizing Suspense for He Knew Not What</i>		
The Haunted Palace	Edgar Allan Poe	821
<i>Verse Reprint</i>		
The Waning of a World (Part Two)	W. Elwyn Backus	822
<i>Serial Novel About a Voyage to Mars</i>		
The Eyrie		847
<i>A Chat With the Readers</i>		

For Advertising Rates in WEIRD TALES Apply Direct to

WEIRD TALES

406 Holiday Building

Indianapolis, Ind.

The Haunted Palace

By EDGAR ALLAN POE

(Reprint)

In the greenest of our valleys,
By good angels tenanted,
Once a fair and stately palace—
Radiant palace—reared its head.
In the monarch Thought's dom-
inion
It stood there!
Never seraph spread a pinion
Over fabric half so fair!

Banners yellow, glorious, golden,
On its roof did float and flow
(This—all this—was in the olden
Time long ago),
And every gentle air that dallied
In that sweet day,
Along the ramparts plumed and
pallid,
A winged odor went away.

Wanderers in that happy valley
Through two luminous windows
saw
Spirits moving musically
To a lute's well-tuned law,
Round about a throne where, sitting
(Porphyrogene!)
In state his glory well befitting,
The ruler of the realm was seen.

And all with pearl and ruby glowing
Was the fair palace door,
Through which came flowing, flowing,
flowing,
And sparkling evermore,
A troop of Echoes, whose sweet duty
Was but to sing,
In voices of surpassing beauty,
The wit and wisdom of their king.

But evil things, in robes of sorrow,
Assailed the monarch's high estate.
(Ah, let us mourn!—for never
morrow
Shall dawn upon him desolate!)
And round about his home the glory
That blushed and bloomed
Is but a dim-remembered story
Of the old time entombed.

And travelers, now, within that
valley,
Through the red-litten windows see
Vast forms, that move fantastically
To a discordant melody,
While, like a ghastly rapid river,
Through the pale door
A hideous throng rush out for ever
And laugh—but smile no more.