

Weird Tales

REGISTERED IN U.S. PATENT OFFICE

A MAGAZINE of the



BIZARRE and UNUSUAL

VOLUME VI

NUMBER 3

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, Hopefield 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 September, 1925

- Cover Design Andrew Brosnatch
- The Gargoyle (Part One).....Greye La Spina 293
Three-part Serial Novel of Devil Worship
- The Terrific Experiment.....Hurley Von Ruck 313
Horror-tale of Hypnotism
- The Sultan's Jest.....E. Hoffmann Price 324
Strange Was the Sultan's Whim, but Stranger the Whim of Amru
- The Temple.....H. P. Lovecraft 329
The Lost Land of Atlantis—and a German U-Boat
- Weird Story Reprints
- No. 3. The Furnished Room.....O. Henry 337
Just a Whiff of Mignonette Was the Ghost in This Story

(Continued on Next Page)

(Continued from Preceding Page)

- The Midnight Visitor**.....**William Sanford** 341
A Lively Imagination Sometimes Plays Queer Pranks
- Darkness****Charles Hilan Craig** 342
Terror Seized This Man When He Found He Could No Longer See
- The Blackthorn Gallows**.....**E. E. Speight** 345
The Figure On the Gibbet Called Martin Hawk to His Side
- Itself****Seabury Quinn** 353
The Banshee Moved the Tortoise-Shell Comb As a Sign of Death
- The Flying Halfback**.....**Robert S. Carr** 357
Chung Wo-lung Accomplished a Spectacular Exit for Tommy Kee
- The Ether Ray**.....**H. L. Maxson** 363
Powerful Beam Makes Objects Vanish Into Thin Air
- The Masters From Beyond**.....**Edward Podolsky** 371
Last Days in a Lifeless World
- The Sev'n-Ring'd Cup**.....**H. Thompson Rich** 375
Thrills A-Plenty Are Met With in the Search for Jamshyd's Cup
- The Death Angel**.....**Francis Hard** 387
Sonnet
- Jean Beauce**.....**W. J. Stamper** 388
Haitian Dictator Metes Out a Gruesome Punishment
- The Were-Snake**.....**Frank Belknap Long, Jr.** 393
Arthur Fights With the Goddess, Ishwar in Her Subterranean Retreat
- The Devil Bed**.....**Gerald Dean** 399
An Old Curse Follows Those Who Sleep in the Devil Bed
- Ashes of Circumstance**.....**J. U. Giesy** 411
The Cold Ashes of a Cigar Spelled Sudden Death for Two
- The Eyrie**.....**416**
A Chat With the Readers

For Advertising Rates in WEIRD TALES Apply Direct to

WEIRD TALES

408 Holliday Building

Indianapolis, Ind.

The Midnight Visitor

By WILLIAM SANFORD

I AWOKE with a subconscious feeling that something was wrong, out of focus. It was pitch dark. Far off in the City Hall tower the great clock began to toll: one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve. Instinctively my mind followed that distant, methodical gong. It was midnight.

Gradually my eyes became accustomed to the blackness, and I could distinguish the various objects of furniture in the room. But it was the door — *the door!* — that my eyes became fastened upon. The gooseflesh started out on my body. I seemed to feel the hair rising like prickly needles on my scalp. The door was moving slowly; slowly it was being opened by some unseen hand in the room beyond. Inch by inch it opened wider — wider!

Was it a human hand that moved it or some spirit from another world? How foolish! I would jump right up, and—slowly the door began to close again. Had the slight movement I made in bed been heard? A faint, creepy, rustling sound came from the room beyond, unlike that made by any

human being. Slowly, slowly the door was closing.

I slipped from the bed and drew a revolver from under my pillow. Just inside that door, where I could reach it by putting in my hand, was the electric switch. I gripped my weapon, my hand shaking in spite of myself, and crept slowly, slowly, toward the other room. I was not afraid, for there were no ghosts—I repeated this to myself—but still that prickly sensation in my scalp continued.

I reached the door. It seemed almost still, yet opened a few inches. Hardly breathing, with my heart standing still, I put my hand through the opening, found the switch on the wall and flooded the room with light.

"Now," I screamed, "I have you!" And I leapt into the room, brandishing the revolver.

The room was empty.

A soft breeze from the south blew across my face from an open window and rustled drowsily through the curtains. Little by little the door commenced to move again, as the breeze softly played against it—the breeze that was the unseen hand!