

# Weird Tales

REGISTERED IN U.S. PATENT OFFICE

A MAGAZINE of the



BIZARRE and UNUSUAL

VOLUME IV

NUMBER 4

Published monthly by the Popular Fiction Publishing Company, 325 N. Capitol Ave., Indianapolis, Ind. Entered as second-class matter March 20, 1913, at the post-office at Indianapolis, Ind., under the act of March 3, 1879. Single copies, 25 cents. Subscription, \$4.50 a year in the United States; \$5.00 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 our 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, 1924, by the Popular Fiction Publishing Company

## Contents for December, 1924

Cover Design.....	Andrew Brosnatch	
Death-Waters.....	Frank Belknap Long, Jr.	9
<i>Snakes—and a Black Man in a Black Lake</i>		
The Earth Girl.....	Carroll K. Michener	16
<i>A Distant Planet—Destruction of a Civilization</i>		
With Weapons of Stone.....	C. M. Eddy, Jr.	28
<i>Cavemen—Primitive Love—the Saber-tooth Tiger</i>		
The Death Clinic.....	Otto E. A. Schmidt	34
<i>Weird Revenge of a Great Surgeon</i>		
Cave of Murdered Men.....	W. Benson Dooling	47
<i>A Fantasy</i>		
Kaivalya.....	Mrs. Edgar Saltus	49
<i>Fourth Dimension—Hypnotism—Crime</i>		

(Continued on Next Page)

(Continued from Preceding Page)

<b>A Tryst With Death</b> .....	<b>Edgar White</b>	<b>58</b>
<i>A Rendezvous at the Tomb</i>		
<b>The Valley of Teeheemen (Part One)</b> .....	<b>Arthur Thatcher</b>	<b>61</b>
<i>Two-part Novel—Airplane Falls Into Strange Valley</i>		
<b>Black Temple Band</b> .....	<b>Elwin J. Owens</b>	<b>87</b>
<i>Six Black-robed Men—and a Weird Cave</i>		
<b>His Family</b> .....	<b>C. Franklin Miller</b>	<b>93</b>
<i>A Mad Colonel in the African Wilderness</i>		
<b>A Hand From the Deep</b> .....	<b>Romeo Poole</b>	<b>98</b>
<i>Strange Tale of Quack Surgery</i>		
<b>After</b> .....	<b>Denis Francis Hannigan</b>	<b>106</b>
<i>Beyond the Door of Death</i>		
<b>Creeping Mist</b> .....	<b>Thomas B. Sherman</b>	<b>108</b>
<i>Crime of a Man Who Was Already Dead</i>		
<b>The Silent Five</b> .....	<b>Anthony D. Keogh</b>	<b>116</b>
<i>A Haunted House and a Secret Society</i>		
<b>The Case of the Russian Stevedore</b> .....	<b>Henry W. Whitehill</b>	<b>123</b>
<i>Facts in the Strange Death of Dr. Dinwoodie</i>		
<b>Voodoo</b> .....	<b>Estil Critchie</b>	<b>128</b>
<i>Haiti—Worship of the Green Serpent</i>		
<b>The House of Dust (Conclusion)</b> .....	<b>L. A. Botah</b>	<b>132</b>
<i>Two-part Mystery Serial</i>		
<b>Youth</b> .....	<b>Howard R. Marsh</b>	<b>156</b>
<i>Storiote of Shattered Hopes</i>		
<b>Fairy Gossamer</b> .....	<b>Harry Harrison Kroll</b>	<b>159</b>
<i>A Cave of Hungry Spiders</i>		
<b>The Song Eternal</b> .....	<b>Galen C. Colin</b>	<b>163</b>
<i>Through the Ages It Sang to Him—of Love</i>		
<b>The Crimson Crucifix</b> .....	<b>H. Thompson Rich</b>	<b>170</b>
<i>A Birthmark—an Innocent Kiss—and Disaster</i>		
<b>The Eyrie</b> .....		<b>175</b>
<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



Author of "Eyes" and "Snake"

**H**IS appearance was amazing at first glance, this man who casually seated himself at the table next to Captain Rogers and me in the Café le Bon Homme, in the sweltering, mosquito-ridden little trading post of Seuf, on the coast of West Africa.

He was tall and spare, and sun-tanned almost to blackness. A thick thatch of iron-gray hair gave the impression, at one angle, of premature grayness; at another angle he seemed an incredibly old man, but slightly grayed by the passing years. His high forehead and well-cut features hinted at refinement and intellectuality, and his speech showed an education of collegiate scope. But most noticeable of all, in fact overshadowing every other feature, were his eyes. They were a queer mixture of gray and brown, and in them you could read whatever you willed: deep melancholy, wild joy, even a spark of madness.

Like the Ancient Mariner, he needs must talk; and after the first few sentences we, rough old sea dogs that we were, listened breathlessly half through the night to a stranger tale than ever a superstitious sailor imagined.

Maybe he was mad—yes, it is even probable that he was. But if so, his

madness might well be envied by him who thinks that romance has gone from this staid old world.

As he talked, he spread a thumbed and worn map of Africa on the table. At intervals he would point to different spots on the map and say, "Here I have been and did not find her," and "Here also I failed." Then always back to the same refrain, "Just two more places, friends. She is in one or the other, for every other I have searched."

Here is the story as he told it to us that night in the Café le Bon Homme. Take it or leave it.

**T**ALK of the songs of the troubadours! Pooh! They're but songs of yesterday! My song is forty centuries old—the most wonderful melody in all the world—and I am the only living person, except her, the singer, who has heard it. For me it was first sung, and for me it is calling. Yesterday, and hundreds of yesterdays, it has near driven me mad with longing. First but a half-remembered strain, faint and far away. Now it fills the universe with its sweetness. Purling brooks, warbling birds, the lazy wind through the full-leaved magnolia trees—these are but the background for the wondrous, deep,

rich note of love that dominates. Like the song of the siren it calls and ever calls, but not to destruction, for love is its motif.

I have always been a mystic. In boyhood all my leisure hours were spent alone. The games and interests of other boys held no fascination for me. I loved the quiet of the deeply wooded river bank, or the seclusion of my own room. I was not moody or sullen, but my song never came while there were others near.

At first it was but a note or two, a phrase of unearthly sweetness that sent my blood dancing and almost pulled the heart from me with longing. This is my earliest memory of childhood. Later came more notes and strains, almost, but not quite all, the song itself. Just out of reach were the elusive words. How my being throbbed to its melody! It filled me with a fierce, wild impatience, for it called—called—and I could not guess from where the summons came.

I did not care for learning. All I wanted was to be left alone that I might listen forever to my elusive aria—to feel the intense and painful loneliness with which it filled my heart. But my father insisted upon a course in college; and for this may he be twice blessed, for there I met my only true and understanding friend, Dick Restorer. Like myself, he was a mystic. But the science of the occult was his interest. No older than myself (and I was not yet twenty-two), he had delved deep into the mysteries of mind and matter. He was a deep student of the Yogis, of the Magis, of many teachers from the far corners of the globe. Mesmerism, hypnotism, crystal-gazing, astrology—none held secrets from Dick. One principle only had he not yet mastered.

Many times we two had searched the depths of the crystal, had consulted the stars, had dreamed the Magi dreams for the secret of my

song—and always we were unsuccessful.

As we left school the last words Dick said to me held great promise.

"Only a year or two at most, old friend. The great principle is coming to me a little at a time. Soon I will master it, and together we will search for—and find—the singer of your song."

Then he sent for me.

Dick's rooms occupy the whole top floor of a great office building downtown—many thousands a year it must cost him, but he is rich in his own right. It was my first visit there, although we had been in constant touch.

I stepped from the elevator, from out the clamor of industry into a veritable fairyland of beauty. Light came to the vast, vaulted hall through a skylight of pale blue and amber, flooding everything with bewitching color. Deep-napped rugs in rich old tints, figured with mystic and geometric designs, carpeted the mahogany floor. Wonderful marble, bronze, jade and ebony statues of all the old Roman, Greek, Chinese, Egyptian—some still more ancient from before the written history of man—were in every nook and corner. The furniture was all of deep, red, polished mahogany—soft divans, tables, tall candle stands, all chosen by the eye and mind of an artist.

Dominating all was the restless pool in the center. Some twenty feet square, walled with the whitest of alabaster, its opalescent surface heaved and tumbled, diffusing a pale pink light and losing into the air an almost invisible vapor, sweet-scented beyond the dreams of an oriental princess.

Dick met me at the door. Always eccentric in dress, this evening he was startlingly different from the everyday world, yet strangely in harmony with his surroundings. A long robe of orange mandarin silk enveloped him, and around his waist he had an intricately woven silver girdle clasped

with a great green scarab. His feet were thrust into red morocco sandals with upturned toes, and a circlet of gold bound back his straight black hair. Like some ancient magician he looked. I could almost imagine I stood with the astrologer of Darius the Great.

With outstretched hand he greeted me, and his thin, pale face lit up with a smile of true friendship.

"Old friend, I have learned the secret, and tonight the riddle of your song will be solved. Tell me again, do you really wish it? Will you chance grievous disappointment to learn?"

"It means everything to me, Dick," I answered. "All my life I have waited with growing impatience, and I feel that I shall lose my senses unless I find the answer."

Slowly nodding his head, he turned and beckoned to me to follow him. To the very edge of the pool we walked. Dick spread his thin hands over it in a gesture of supplication, and the turbulent surface became still more restless. It rose and sank, swished and swirled like a whirlpool. The pink light became brighter, until it gave a soft glow to the alabaster bowl itself.

"Friend of my heart, you go on a wonderful journey," said Dick. "Lasting but seconds, you will live years. You will make history that has never been written. I shall be with you in spirit—but otherwise I cannot go."

All the while his hands were moving back and forth above the pool in queer but regular movements. I watched them, fascinated. Now his voice became smooth and low.

"Listen to your song—listen—call to the singer—look!"

The liquid smoothed out—the pink faded—the depth was clear as a mountain lake. As I looked, faint outlines became visible. The room be-

gan to fade. Finally only Dick—and the brightening picture in the pool—were left for my startled eyes. As I glanced at the intent look on his thin, dark face, all became dark. I fell, and on my downward course all consciousness was lost.

And then—

2

AS I led my company of tried but victorious warriors up the broad, stone-paved highway, I was intensely glad, for we were nearing home, our wonderful city of Morab. I turned to the slender, dark-faced man who marched at my side.

"Zuren, my friend, great tales we will have to tell the stay-at-homes. Stories of wonderful sights, and still more wonderful fights. Thou, my mystic companion, shalt be the teller of tales. Thou shalt tell them of our three years of adventure."

"Ah, Ro-Moarín," he said with a sad smile, "almost I am sorry that we are nearing our beloved city. The people of darkness tell me that not for long shall we be together. There are murmurings among them as of some great tragedy in view."

I laughed, as I reassured my dearest friend, but his words left me with a vague foreboding. However, I was soon myself again.

Living in the heart of an already dying land, we Morabians must needs venture outside our own small country for our riches. And valiant rovers we were, as our beautiful capital city would attest.

Inspired by the talk of a dark-faced wanderer, I, Ro-Moarín, and my brave band had ventured far toward the setting sun—even to the land of the great river that branches into many as it joins the parent water. We had met and exacted toll of the great, but luxury-weakened, people who dwelt along this river. We had

watched their slaves at work on the mighty pyramids, which were to house the bodies of their dead rulers, and had marveled at their skill in building. We had met and exchanged gifts with a people who built structures that rode the mighty waters, propelled by wind in many squares of cloth. As a proof, we were carrying to our city a wonderful purple dye of transcendent beauty. Also we were bringing many slaves and a hundred mule loads of wealth. Ours was by far the most glorious and profitable venture in the annals of our city.

Chrios, the sun god, had almost finished his journey when we neared the city wall. Swift runners had already carried word of our coming. The slanting rays of the sun lent a dazzling brilliance to the marble-white walls and battlements. The crystal panes and skylights flashed like the burnished shields of a mighty army, and row after row of palms trembled in ecstasy. Surely, in all our travels we had seen no city half so beautiful.

Unconsciously we quickened our pace and hurried toward the western gate—the Gate of the Conquerors. Slowly it swung open, and a magnificent burst of triumphant music filled the motionless evening air—music of horn, and cymbal and drum—music befitting a conqueror. Instinctively we stopped and drew up in full array. Then came the procession. Bands of priests of Chrios marched four abreast, carrying high the banners of Chrios and Morab. They were robed in black from head to toe, gleaming black like a raven's wing, and on each breast emblazoned a golden sun, the emblem of their craft.

Following the priests were the dancing girls, lovely daughters of Morab, fifty or more thinly clad in gold lace and sparkling stones. With crashing cymbals they kept time to their wild, free steps. After them came the city guard, magnificent men

and brave. How they envied us and admired us! Their ceremonial armor of silver chain, the polished tips of their spears, sparkled in the setting sun like diamonds, yet we would not trade our tarnished and dirty trappings for all their glitter. Lining the avenue from the gateway into the city was the whole population of Morab.

Advancing, the priests began a chant of salutation:

All hail, Ro-Moarin!  
 All hail to his victorious band!  
 Unto them are the gates of Morab  
 opened;  
 Through the golden bars gleams the glory  
 of their future.

Turning, the file of priests led us into Morab, our entrancingly beautiful home. Only Zuren was down-cast. "I like it not, my friend," he murmured. "All is beautiful, except the shadows of the wings of the people of darkness; and they hover over you and me. I am afraid."

"A'fraid," I scoffed. "Thou, who hast faced ~~alone~~ twenty barbarians, and laughed in their faces? Thou art only tired, brave Zuren."

Through wide, paved streets we marched. Both sides were lined with lofty, picturesque buildings. We crossed and recrossed broad avenues, shaded by feathery palms; we passed row after row of shops where were displayed costly wares gathered from the four corners of the world. As we marched we were cheered by the throngs that crowded the thoroughfares. The men were arrayed in orange silk gained in traffic with far Cathay. In golden belts they carried daggers, the product of the smiths from the far north, even to the shores of the lake of Caspius, and the sheaths were literally incrustated in jewels. The women were of a beauty far surpassing even the women of the Pharaoh, and their loveliness was greatly enhanced by their simplicity of attire.

a simple, clinging gown, bound about the waist by a girdle of jade. Their arms, like those of the men, were bare, and their feet were protected by sandals fastened by crossed bands of ribbons of many colors.

At last we arrived at a wide and splendid square, surrounded by lofty palaces. In its center, circled by beautiful grounds, stood the stately temple of Chrios, and thither we were bound.

Across the broad, marble terrace, under vast arbors of magnolias, through a grove of orange trees and bewitching oleanders; then through a low-roofed stone corridor, lit at intervals by a few flickering oil lamps; then on we marched until at last, ascending a flight of granite steps, we entered the temple.

It was lit from base to vaulted roof with glittering lamps of all colors. Aloft, in the topmost arch, swung the great silver bell that first gives the glad news that Chrios is again upon his journey. The aisles were strewn ankle-deep with flowers of all the colors of the rainbow, and their perfume was bewildering in its intensity. Lights twinkled everywhere and there were distant glimpses of jeweled shrines.

But inevitably our eyes were led to the immense altar of Chrios. Before this holy of holies hung the wondrous glistening black velvet curtain emblazoned with the golden image of Chrios, the sun. To the left and right were great bronze braziers, swinging on chains and emitting clouds of incense.

We were led to the place of honor before the altar, and a vast crowd filled all the available space in the temple. Zuren's face became more than ever overclouded, and he whispered to me:

"Ro-Moarin, the black clouds invade the temple. The faces of the people of darkness leer at us from the dark corners. Ro-Moarin, friend, I fear for thy safety."

"Zuren, comrade, thou art weary and melancholy. We are among friends and loved ones. My heart sings with happiness. Tomorrow thou shalt laugh at thy fears."

How little did I dream of the morrow.

**S**UDDENLY there came a clear-blown note that echoed and re-echoed in the great dome. From out a side archway came a group of neophytes of Chrios, dressed in black and with but half the holy emblem upon their breasts. Slowly they marched to the lowest step of the altar and there they prostrated themselves. A group of children who stood near the incense braziers took up a chant:

O virgin priestess, chaste daughter of the Sun, how shall we praise thy peerless beauty?

Thou art the gate of paradise—thou art the true child of Chrios.

Hail Eldres, pure star in the heavens of the glory of Chrios.

Bless, we beseech thee, in the name of Chrios, the brave warriors of Morab. Exalt Ro-Moarin, their courageous leader.

"Who is Eldres, I know her not?" asked Zuren of me.

A noble at our side answered.

"Two years ago she was chosen as high priestess, to take the place of Lyosa, whom Chrios took to his bosom. Thou hast not seen her, but soon thou shalt feast thine eyes on such beauty as thou hast not imagined."

As the children closed their chant, the curtain waved to and fro. Once more it moved and began to part in the middle. Very slowly it receded.

My heart almost stopped its beating, and I could hear Zuren at my side as he let forth his breath in a sigh that was almost a gasp. A fairer maiden—yes, one half so fair—I had never beheld. Eldres, lovely gem of the stately shrine, high priestess of Chrios! Ivory-white was her perfect

face, crowned with a mass of hair the color and sheen of burnished copper. She stood tall, yet slender, swaying slightly like an angel poised for flight. Her robe was white, with a silky sheen that glistened with soft opal hues, and on her forehead gleamed the great symbolic jewel.

As I looked my heart cried out. I knew the meaning of the breathless joy that had been throbbing through me—and I knew the truth of the strange forebodings of Zuren. Eldres, the virgin priestess, chosen since my journey was undertaken, was henceforth enshrined in my heart as the woman I loved with all my power—and not as the handmaiden of Chrios.

Then her eyes met mine of all that vast throng. A glorious pink suffused her face, and my heart leaped at what I thought I read there. Then slowly she stepped forward and began to sing. Her voice seemed to reach out in the quiet evening and gather up the drowsy sounds of woods and stream and drop them in my heart like rose leaves on soft sod. Gaining volume, I could hear the lap of water on the cool rocks, the pulse of a current that rose and fell, and through it all the note of undying love, disguised, I was sure, to all but me alone. It was my song—and Eldres was the singer. The words were praise of Ro-Moarin and his deeds, but love, sudden and undying, was the theme.

I know little of what followed. After the worship was finished, Zuren led me to my home, murmuring all the while of the black shadows and the cruelty of love—for he had read the secret in my face. Long hours he talked to me. Black pictures he painted of the wrath of Chrios at the audacity of man daring to covet his high priestess.

"I cannot help it, Zuren. My love is stronger than the wrath of Chrios. I will brave his vengeance if I may but see Eldres alone."

For days unnumbered we kept to the house, and day by day I became more melancholy. Food was distasteful, and company angered me. Finally Zuren spoke from his great heart.

"Ro-Moarin," he said, "Chrios is lord of all the universe; but greater than my fear of him is my friendship and love for you, my brother. I will this night go to Eldres and arrange a meeting if, as thou believest, she also loves you—and may Chrios forgive me."

Hardly had he finished speaking when there entered Azif, the massive black slave of Eldres, bearing a tablet inscribed to me.

Ro-Moarin, beloved—

Sacrilege it is, and fraught with danger, but I must again see the face of my beloved. Chrios forgive me, I love you, and you, I know, love me. Come with Azif—he will lead the way. Eldres.

Almost in a trance I rose and followed. Trees, houses, bridges, passed as in a dream, for my heart was far ahead. At last we stopped. Before us rose the white temple, and near the eastern side was a gate but slightly ajar. It was the entrance to the home of the high priestess, where man must never tread. Azif pointed to the gate and left me.

I entered and passed beneath a dark arbor. On I went for several paces, until at a sharp bend in the pathway an emerald light showed between the branches. There I stopped before a painted panel. It slowly moved—it glided back and a figure appeared—a figure of a woman clad all in white showed in the black aperture like the moon through a rift in a black storm cloud. It was Eldres.

"You have come, Ro-Moarin," she said in a low, tremulous voice, doubly wonderful for the emotion that mastered her.

Scarcely conscious of what I did, I knelt and took her soft hand in mine, and kissed it with passionate fervor.



"Eldres," I murmured brokenly, "Eldres," and waited.

"Then you do love me, Ro-Moar-in!" she asked in a half-whisper.

"Love?" I cried. "Love, deathless and hot like the flame from Chrios! For one kiss I would brave the wrath of the sun god and all his priests."

I clasped her to me almost roughly, and my lips found hers.

Lost in the joy of love, we could not know that Al-Khibir, chief chanter of the priests, and versed in music above all others in Morab except Eldres alone, had detected the note of love in the song of Eldres at the temple. Knowing the heart of woman, although himself dedicated to Chrios, he had since been on guard. He had seen me enter the garden of the high priestess, and had informed his brethren. Even now he was watching, and the blasphemy had seared his soul. The priests knew that Eldres, beloved of Chrios, the sun god, loved the warrior, Ro-Moar-in. But the people must never know.

Presently there appeared through the gate a number of half-naked men carrying axes—coarse, savage, cruel looking brutes. They were the temple slaves captured in the south and seldom seen by the Morabians. These were followed by four tall men in flowing robes and closely masked. Still insensible to the outside world in our first meeting, neither Eldres nor I knew of their approach until heavy hands were laid upon us.

Sensing what it meant, for I knew the punishment for sacrilege, I cried out.

"Mercy! Not for me but for Eldres, chosen of Chrios—my love—my life! Spare her, for she is innocent of all wrong except that of loving me. Or if you will not spare her, slay her with the merciful sword—give her not to the terrible sun-glass."

"Let be," said the leader austere. "The sanctity of the temple has been outraged. With the sun-glass only can we pacify the wrath of Chrios. Eldres has violated her solemn vows and must die. You, Ro-Moar-in, have aspired to the love of a high priestess, and must also perish. At midday on the morrow Chrios will claim you."

Well I knew the agony that awaited us. On the temple roof was set a lens some six feet in diameter. Directly beneath where the rays of the sun came to a point was the sacrificial stone. On it we would be stretched until the powerful beam reached the heart, and death came as a deliverance. Much grief I felt for my beloved.

Eldres was calm. A smile was on her lips. Presently we were being led to the dungeon, and Eldres began to sing the song—our song. My heart overflowed with love for the wondrous woman who tomorrow was to suffer death for love of me.

"Listen, Ro-Moar-in," she said with bated breath as her hand found mine, "the gods have spoken to me. Chrios, himself, has forgiven our great love. He shall not take us, for tonight we leave this world without pain. They tell me that our love is immortal. We shall presently die, but we shall live again, and in that life shall know full happiness. Four thousand years we shall sleep as one—then we shall awake and my song shall call to you, my beloved. I charge you to remember it, and heed when it calls. Zuren, in that life, shall point the way. Take this leaf and swallow it when you reach the dungeon. I have one for myself. Now farewell, heart of my heart. We are parting."

On the lower step of the dungeon I swallowed the small leaf Eldres had given me. Then my strength gave way—my nerves seemed to snap like an overwound harp string—all went black.

*(Continued on page 178)*

## THE SONG ETERNAL

*(Continued from page 169)*

3

I WAS standing on the edge of the pool in Dick Restouer's room, gazing into its crystal depths. Startled, I glanced about. Then I remembered. In five minutes I had lived a lifetime, and I had found Eldres, the singer of the song—the woman I love. Even now she lived and was calling. The melody pulsed through my brain as never before, as clear as the tone of the great temple bell. The words I knew, and they were calling me to love. I turned, and there stood my friend.

"Zuren!" I cried.

"Ro-Moarin, old friend, you have seen, and it is good news you bring. I can tell it by your radiant face. To-day there are no black shadows. Once more you shall look, and," he smiled wearily, "I fear your interest in your mystic friend will lag."

Again I looked, and again I stood in a temple. Palm-thatched and earth-floored, it was filled with black men and women, naked save for grass girdles. With reverent attitude they faced a raised dais that was reached from the back by a grass-curtained door.

Again the priests chanted, and the words I could strangely understand. How startlingly like the chant of the children in the temple of Chriss!

O virgin priestess—  
 White as the moon flower—  
 Daughter of the sun—  
 Whose mother is the sea—  
 Sent in time of need to the people of  
 Senecali—  
 We praise thy matchless beauty.  
 Hail, Ildira, pure star of the sun-ruled  
 heavens—  
 Bless, we beseech thee, thy people of  
 Senecali.

Then the curtain slowly drew back, and through the door came a white girl of iridescent beauty. My heart

jumped to my throat—I tried to call out but could not—my tongue was tied, my muscles were paralyzed. For it was Eldres in all her loveliness, clothed as I well remembered her, in her robe of shimmering white. Even the jewel was on her brow, and in her eyes was the same look of love she gave to me when she bade me farewell four thousand years ago.

She sang the song—our song. Ah, how it called to me! As the melody gained power she seemed to sense my presence. Perhaps my heart spoke to her—who knows! She stopped a moment, a heavenly smile wreathed her lovely face, and her arms stretched out as if to welcome me. And then the song again, and how the note of love thrilled my being! By superhuman effort I found voice in one word wrenched from my heart.

“Eldres!”

Again I stood on the edge of the pool, and my old friend Zuren—Dick, was holding my hand tight in his. Emotion overpowered me. With hardly a word I rushed from the room of the man who had found for me my love of forty centuries. But Zuren understands.

For eight years I have been in Africa and my search has narrowed down to two spots.

4

I LOOKED at Cap. Cap looked at me.

“Shep,” he said in an awestruck whisper; “do you reckon then, that there could be any truth in the white priestess of the Swangali?”

“Listen, old timer,” said Cap to the stranger. “Just twelve leagues to the east we have heard of a white girl who was captured by the Swangali in her infancy, and has become their priestess. She might be your Eldres.”

Without a word the stranger leaped from his chair, slung his pack over his shoulder and vanished through the door.

Seur is the nearest post to the Swangali, and Cap and I are waiting to see if the marathon lovers turn up.

THE END