

# Weird Tales

REGISTERED IN U.S. PATENT OFFICE



A MAGAZINE of the

BIZARRE and UNUSUAL

VOLUME XII

NUMBER 1

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: Charles Lavell, 13, Serjeant's Inn, Fleet Street, E. C. 4, London. 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 460 East Ohio Street, Chicago, Ill. FARNSWORTH WRIGHT, Editor.

Copyright, 1928, by the Popular Fiction Publishing Company

## Contents for July, 1928

- Cover Design.....C. C. Senf  
*Illustrating a scene in "The Witches' Sabbath"*
- The Eyrie ..... 4  
*A chat with the readers*
- The Witches' Sabbath (Part 1).....Stephen Bagby 6  
*A startling two-part serial tale of devil-worship, witchcraft, and the Black Mass*
- The Green Monster.....Arthur Macom 33  
*Out of the shuddering dark of the university cloisters leapt the Green Monster, to turn at last on its creator*
- Tony the Faithful.....W. K. Mashburn, Jr. 43  
*An appealing little ghost-story of the South, in which a dog is the hero*
- The Three-Storyed House.....August W. Derleth 46  
*Strangely depressing was the effect of certain houses on Johnson, but there was a valid reason for this*
- Folks Used to Believe:  
Weird Recipes.....Alvin F. Harlow 48  
*Some of the strange beliefs of our ancestors*

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

<b>The Space-Eaters</b> .....	<b>Frank Belknap Long, Jr.</b>	<b>49</b>
<i>A tremendous menace closed in upon the earth from outside the solar system—a powerful story of uncanny horror</i>		
<b>Sonnets of the Midnight Hours:</b>		
<b>4. The Eye</b> .....	<b>Donald Wandrei</b>	<b>69</b>
<i>Verse</i>		
<b>On a Far World</b> .....	<b>Wilford Allen</b>	<b>70</b>
<i>An invasion by a race of giants from a far world rocked civilization and obliterated the works of man</i>		
<b>The Gates of Nineveh</b> .....	<b>Robert E. Howard</b>	<b>84</b>
<i>Verse</i>		
<b>The Bat-Men of Thorium (Conclusion)</b> ....	<b>Bertram Russell</b>	<b>85</b>
<i>A three-part serial story about a giant submarine and a weird land underneath the ocean</i>		
<b>Under the Moon</b> .....	<b>Eugene C. Dolson</b>	<b>96</b>
<i>Verse</i>		
<b>The Man Who Remembered</b> .....	<b>Willis Knapp Jones</b>	<b>97</b>
<i>A tale of the Incas, and the Peruvian jungles, and the wrath of the Sun-god</i>		
<b>The Grappling Ghost</b> .....	<b>Capwell Wyckoff</b>	<b>105</b>
<i>Weird was the scene in that old house, as the Grappling Ghost clanked down the broad stairs in its suit of armor</i>		
<b>The Statue of Anuta</b> .....	<b>Arthur W. Davenport</b>	<b>115</b>
<i>Ismail Pasha's abode was haunted by a ghulah, and the cery howling of the apparition drove him almost to distraction</i>		
<b>The Little Husbands</b> .....	<b>David H. Keller</b>	<b>126</b>
<i>A fantastic little story about a race of giant Amazons who went hunting to get husbands for themselves</i>		
<b>Symphonic Death</b> .....	<b>Fred R. Farrow, Jr.</b>	<b>131</b>
<i>From beyond the grave Hans Scheel achieved an eldritch vengeance upon the critic who had scoffed at his genius</i>		
<b>Weird Story Reprint:</b>		
<b>The Bowmen</b> .....	<b>Arthur Machen</b>	<b>134</b>
<i>This is the story, first published early in the World War, that started the legend of the phantom archers at Mons</i>		

---

For Advertising Rates in WEIRD TALES Apply Direct to

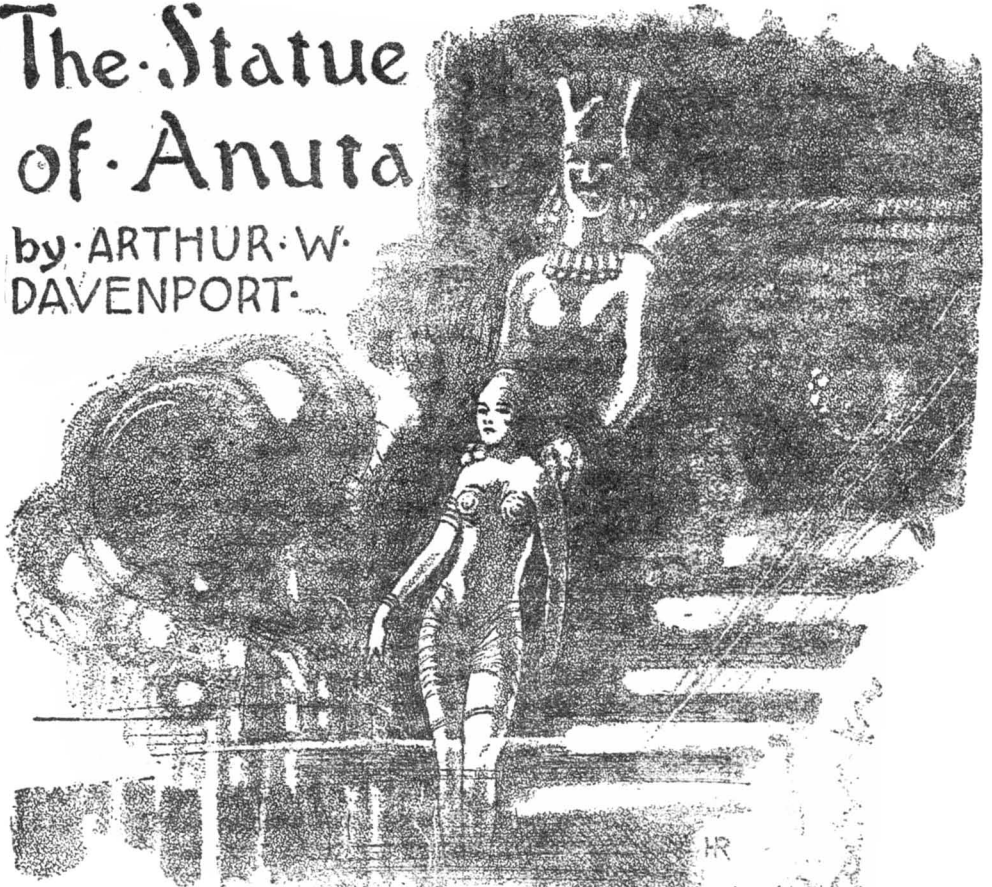
**WEIRD TALES**

**Western Advertising Office:**  
**YOUNG & WARD, Mgrs.**  
 360 N. Michigan Ave.  
 Chicago, Ill.  
 Phone, Central 6269

**Eastern Advertising Office:**  
**GEORGE W. STEARNS, Mgr.**  
 Flatiron Building  
 New York, N. Y.  
 Phone, Ashland 7389

# The Statue of Anuta

by ARTHUR W.  
DAVENPORT.



"The presences were approaching him."

**T**HE devil and all his angels fly away with etiquette! I dared not even consult my watch to gain the vain solace of knowing just how long it was until dawn. But Parker stood his punishment without fidgeting, listened with grave courtesy and deferential interest while Ismail Pasha rambled on in sonorous periods that got exactly nowhere. Never a word was forthcoming regarding the subject which was to have been discussed at this audience granted us by the commander of the fortress of El Azhár and governor of the richest *pachalik* in Turkish Kurdistan.

The weather                      raids by those

thieving Kurds . . . the depredations of the wandering Bakhtiari in a province to the south.

Good Lord, but how I would have enjoyed the luxury of a yawn a mile wide and forty fathoms deep!

Parker sucked at the stem of a *narghileh*, nodded in acquiescence to Ismail Pasha's remarks, at times dropping rumbling platitudes of his own.

I was now way past yawning. My eyes had stared sightlessly for an interminable period and then, with a start which I hoped was not too perceptible, I woke and wondered whether the pasha had noted my hideous breach of etiquette. Even a

representative as able as Parker could scarcely undo the damage such a slip would cause.

Well, maybe he hadn't noticed it. But I'd have to buck up with a jerk!

Those thieving Kurds again held the floor. Not a word about that oil concession. And then——

A long-drawn and dolorous wail wrenched me to acute consciousness—a horrid, agonized, pulsating moan, inarticulate, yet seeming to enunciate half-formed words in some strange tongue.

Ismail Pasha dropped the stem of his narghileh and leaped to his feet. Again that hideous wail, bestial, yet terrifyingly human and, worst of all, strangely feminine. Ismail sank back among his cushions. His white features twitched; his fingers convulsively clutched and released the jeweled grip of his dress sword.

The pasha muttered as one dazed by a severe clubbing on the head. And then, shouting in a voice that would carry across a battlefield, "Masaoud! Isa! Yussuf!" he struck his hands thrice together and, again leaping to his feet, paced to and fro as he awaited the arrival of the retainers he had summoned.

I was now painfully wide awake. That awful scream, the pasha's terror, the horror bitten into his lean, predatory features and stamped into his half-slanted, glittering eyes. . . .

The retainers, though visibly shaken, bowed ceremoniously as they entered the master's presence.

"Harkening and obedience, *effendi!*"

"Saoud, horse and arms! Isa, pick up whatever valuables you can in a hurry! Yussuf, set fire to the house and overtake me if you can!"

The man was mad, but magnificent in his madness. For an instant I forgot that fearful moan in the hallway, so startled was I by the pasha's outrageous commands.

And Parker stood by, calm and unperturbed, as if it were quite the

thing to hear that the commander of the fortress of El Azhár designed to desert his post, burn his house, and ride into the night with as much of his retinue as could overtake him!

Then, to Parker and me, as though nothing out of the ordinary had happened, "Death has haunted me in this house until I prefer to meet him as a man, on the highroads of Allah. You will pardon me, Parker Effendi, but urgent affairs call me."

He bowed and would have left us.

Parker seized him by the sleeve.

"Stay, *effendi*. I am your friend from times past. Trust me. Perhaps——"

Again that awful scream. Down the corridor leading to the hall of audience came an icy gust of wind. A rustling and hissing as of serpents and silks and dead leaves shivered in our ears; and then a monstrous, misshapen, vague figure oozed and wove its way toward us from the depths of the gloomy corridor.

Even Parker was unnerved, and reached for his Colt .45. I shook in my boots and wondered if the chattering of my teeth were audible.

"*There is neither might nor majesty save in Allah, the Merciful, the Compassionate!*" thundered Ismail. "Gold, glory, silver, each avails not!"

Then, tossing aside his turban, drawing and dashing to the floor his frostily glittering sword, Ismail strode forward, bareheaded and empty-handed, to meet his doom. But as the pasha advanced, firmly as though on parade, the apparition thinned, became nebulous, blended with the darkness of its background, and vanished as Ismail's long, powerful hands sought to engage it.

I fancied that I heard a metallic tinkle, and half sensed rather than saw a blurred, luminous whiteness vanish with, but slightly after, the monstrosity in the corridor. And then Ismail Pasha turned, his fingers still clutching and groping. Shivering violently, he picked his way across the

marble-tiled floor of the hall of audience and sank to his dais.

Not for a dozen concessions would I have duplicated the mad valor of that superstitious Turk.

The clicking of my own teeth was now passably inaudible.

**F**ORMALITY and Oriental etiquette had been fairly well scattered by the apparition; so that when Isa led a saddled and fully accoutered Kochlani stallion into the very audience hall, Parker waved him aside. And then to Yussuf, who had returned, presumably to seek further details regarding the arson he had been ordered to commit, "Never mind the fire to-night. The master has changed his mind."

It was scarcely necessary for the pasha to nod in confirmation, for Parker's assumption of command, as well as his sang-froid, had given him entire mastery of the situation. Yet, though still unstrung and trembling violently, Ismail had regained his sanity, and composure was rapidly returning.

"You are right, Parker Effendi. We will stay and fight. You with your knowledge of *Feringhi* magic will drive out this *ghulah* that howls in the halls of my house at night, and seeks to strangle me as I sleep, and mutters fearful things in my ears."

"Tell me all about this *ghulah*," suggested Parker. "It is quite possible that I might devise ways and means of driving it out."

"Who am I to know," despaired the pasha, "other than that it howls as you have heard, particularly on nights when the moon is full? I feel, rather than understand, that it urges me to follow it to the underground haunts of Shaitan the damned. And I have felt its cold fingers at my throat, seeking to strangle me."

"Who else has heard it? And seen it?"

"All I have questioned have heard it. And many have seen it. The

first few I had flogged and put in irons for the uproar they created. But all to no purpose. And then I saw it myself." The pasha shuddered. "But you with your *Feringhi* magic——"

Here was a pretty situation! We'd started out on the trail of mineral rights, and now, after infinite delay, Parker had to assume the rôle of magician to humor a superstitious Turk before getting down to facts.

Superstitious Turk? Well, my own teeth just a few moments ago had given a nice imitation of an air-hammer in action.

"Quite so, *effendi*," assured Parker. "It may be that I can help you. Tonight I shall study the matter, and tomorrow I'll look about, also question the members of your household. But tell me, how did you know it would appear tonight?"

The pasha's eyebrows lifted in Saracenic arches.

"How did you know I expected it tonight?" he countered.

"Because you kept us here far into the night, thinking that unless I myself saw it, I would not believe."

"Quite so, Parker Effendi," agreed the pasha. "This is a night of the full moon. So I wanted to see whether it would appear to you. Otherwise, after the fashion of your people, you would not believe and help me."

And with these words the pasha dismissed us, consigning us to the care of Yussuf, who, though as much shaken as his master, was pleased to escort us to our quarters rather than set fire to this haunted palace and ride into the night in pursuit of the pasha.

"**P**ARKER, what the devil do you make of it?" I queried. "Sounds a bit thick, what? Or were we all dreaming?"

"Far from it. There was something in that corridor."

We were approaching the spot where we had first observed the apparition.

"Look!"

Parker stooped, picked up and handed me a heavy bracelet of ancient workmanship, red gold curiously chased and engraved.

"A trinket of this kind couldn't lie here very long without being picked up. It must have been dropped sometime during the latter part of the night. And, for the time at least, I choose to fancy that it was dropped by the apparition."

"Most curious," I commented. "Odd workmanship. Looks Assyrian."

I indicated the embossed figures, which reminded me very much of those engraved on cylinder seals found by archeologists in the mound of Koyunjik, near Mosul. "Though I don't recognize the gods, or whatever they may be."

"Well, I do," declared Parker. "The whole layout engraved on this bracelet depicts the worship of Anuta, the consort of Anu, lord of darkness and the underworld. And, as you may have noted, the walls of the audience hall as well as other parts of the palace and fortress are in the main composed of brick and masonry taken from Assyrian ruins. Do you begin to see a possible connection?"

I couldn't, and I admitted that following the flights of Parker's facile fancy was beyond me. And now that the excitement had subsided, I could once more enjoy the luxury of a forty-fathom yawn.

Yussuf stood by to usher us into our apartment.

"Go on in, Holborn. I'll be with you in a second."

When Parker returned, some fancy or other impelled me to want to take another look at the Assyrian bracelet.

"Too bad," replied Parker. "Also too late. I returned it to the place where I found it."

"The devil you did. Why?"

"Simply because the wearer of that bracelet sometime tonight passed by the spot where the apparition scared

the daylight out of us. And she'll return for it. Then we'll know something more—though perhaps nothing significant."

"Why not ask the pasha directly? We're working in his interest, and he'd get the truth for you."

"All wrong, Holborn. Logical, but all wet. For the less the pasha knows about logic, the more credit I'll get for the magic. Finally, I'm not sure enough to commit myself. Now go to sleep while I think the matter over."

If, earlier in the evening, Ismail Pasha had only made a similar remark!

I SLEPT until noon, and would have slept longer, but Parker's prowlings about were a bit too much for me. Inconsiderately enough, he was crawling about on his hands and knees, pausing from time to time to tap the marble tiles of the floor with a small hammer.

"Now what?"

"Oh, are you awake? I rather feared I'd disturb you."

"You did!"

Parker continued his messing around, finally leaving the floor and devoting his attention to the wall of our room, prying and poking into the crevices between the great stone blocks with a hunting-knife.

After an interminable period of tinkering, Parker led the way out to the grounds surrounding the palace, where, after selecting a comfortable spot in the shade of a plane tree, he spread a small rug, parked himself, and, with the aid of a pack of cigarettes, proceeded to smoke his way into the afternoon. His preoccupation forbade any questioning as to the curious doings of the previous night, or his investigations that morning; so that my only hope was to help myself to his cigarettes and try to mimic placidity.

From all appearances, he had gathered considerable food for thought. And while he had not committed him-

self, he had dropped remarks that suggested that his questioning of the members of Ismail Pasha's household had not been entirely fruitless.

An old man approached, bowed low, and announced, "The master will see you, *effendi*."

"We will be with him in a moment, Talaat. And, by the way, have you any further news for me?"

"Little enough, *effendi*. Nothing whatever, in fact, unless . . . but you will pardon me for mentioning such trifles——"

"I might even thank you very much, Talaat. Proceed."

"Such trifles," resumed Talaat, "as the Gurjestani slave girl's arrival, three or four months ago. She was the gift of Zaghoul Bey. And I heard from one of the eunuchs that she was very much grieved at the loss of a bracelet Zaghoul Bey had given her——"

"Did she find it?"

"Yes. And in a most unusual place. In the corridor leading to the hall of audience."

I began to see that Parker had a friend at court, though what was so unusual . . . But as might be expected, Parker anticipated my thought.

"What was so unusual about that, Talaat?" queried Parker.

"Really nothing, *effendi*, unless it be the fact that the girl declares that someone must have stolen it from her and then dropped it in that corridor; for she has not for many days been in that part of the palace."

"Very good, Talaat. By the way, has she ever seen the *ghulak* which is causing such an uproar?"

"No. Though many of us have been spared seeing it. But she has not even heard it howling——"

"Ah!"

And I knew that Parker was hot on the trail.

"Very good, Talaat," he repeated.

The old man bowed again, and thanked Parker for something which

clinked surprizingly like coin as it changed hands.

"Not so bad, Holborn, not even half bad! Wise old egg, that Talaat. By the way, did you notice last night that the walls of the audience hall were of sculptured stone much like those of our quarters? And that the tiles of the floor were of ancient marble, worn glassy smooth? And that just at right angles to the approach to the pasha's dais there is a distinct depression worn in the tiles, as if by countless feet walking in a fixed, narrow path for countless years?"

"Lord, no! About the forty-fourth time the thieving Kurds were paraded, I got too dopy to wonder if the pasha would ever get down to earth—nearly passed out, though if I'd been expecting the apparition that Ismail expected, I'd doubtless have been alert enough. On the level now, Parker, did we really see the thing, and hear it howl, or was it something we smoked after I was stuffed so full of *pilau* and *kous-kous* and that junk the Greeks call *loukoumia* that my eyes might have seen almost anything whether it was there or not?"

"You saw and heard, just as I did and Ismail Pasha did. Seriously speaking, this place is haunted."

THE sentry at the door of the audience hall presented arms. An orderly announced us, then straightway returned to usher us into the presence of the pasha.

Parker was as deft at dispensing with formalities as he was ordinarily patient in conforming with them; so that the pasha, even before he could call for coffee, found himself being interrogated.

"I have heard," began Parker, getting to the point, "that this *pachalik* is a post greatly to be desired?"

"Even so. When it pleased the Servant of the Magnificent to assign me to this province, I was in debt for the very boots I wore. And now——"

Ismail's sweep of the arm encompassed the hall of audience and its magnificent vesture of silver censers, silken hangings, resplendent eunuchs with ivory-handled fans, and glittering captains of the guard.

"And now—but see for yourself. Yet withal I have governed justly and kindly, and without oppression. Never have I taken more than half the produce of the land, except when crops were exceptionally poor. But now," he despaired, "it has pleased Allah the All-wise and All-knowing that I be driven from my house by the servants of Shaitan the damned."

"And now," resumed Parker, "who is this Zaghoul Bey?"

The pasha's keen eyes narrowed to oblique slits. He stroked his beard for a moment, then replied, "An enterprising and brilliant young man. But the Servant of the Magnificent saw fit to appoint me to this *pachalik* instead of him. In fact——"

"But tell me again," interrupted Parker, "what would have happened had you followed your impulse last night and deserted your post?"

The pasha's gesture and grimace were expressive.

"I rather thought so," agreed Parker. "Therefore it is well that we drive out the *ghulah* that howls during the full moon and seeks your throat as you sleep." Then, after a moment's reflection: "Let one of your artisans fashion me a heavy mallet of copper, having engraved on it the characters I have written on this slip of paper. This I must have before sunset."

The slip of paper was inscribed with what seemed to me to be a curious and meaningless jumble of mathematical symbols and Greek characters arranged in a diamond-shaped pattern.

"And tonight," concluded Parker, "let every one of your household, and you also, keep to his quarters while I match my wits against the *ghulah*. Publish this order, but do not post

any sentries to enforce it, lest their presence disturb me more than the loiterers they would arrest."

"DID you know," remarked Parker that night, as he pocketed his flashlight and picked up the copper mallet the pasha's smith had fashioned, "that this castle was built by Toghrol Beg the Tartar about nine hundred years ago?"

"Interesting, but what of it?" I queried. "What has that to do with Ismail Pasha?"

"Well, perhaps nothing at all. But that, and other information I picked up as I turned the archives of the castle inside out, may work into the scheme very nicely. At least, so Zaghoul Bey seemed to think. But never mind that pistol! You may get buck fever and polish off some innocent bystander, which really would be quite unnecessary, even though Ismail wouldn't take offense at any such slight mishaps."

"But, hell's fire, man!" I protested.

"Take it along then, if you must. But the apparition didn't do Ismail any damage other than make his eyebrows curl."

"Well, how about that hammer you're packing?" I contended with what seemed to be a fair amount of justice.

"That," declared Parker, "is a psychological weapon, if you simply must check up and try to make me consistent."

Anything but consistent, I fancied, but since Parker never needlessly risked his own hide, I left my .45 in our quarters.

Silently we picked our way through the succession of corridors leading to the hall of audience, where we were to take our posts and waylay the apparition. Moonlight filtering through the high, barred windows toned the barbaric splendor of the great room to a soft magnificence of silken hangings and frostily glittering trappings, a suave, unreal beauty of wondrous



fascination. What a place to await the amorphous horror that threatened to drive Ismail Pasha from the perennial looting of a rich province!

The great dais of state, with its cushions and luxurious spread of canopy, was the most likely place of concealment. Inconsistently enough, I felt that even in the presence of the supernatural one does best to lie in ambush. Very curious how, in spite of logic and reason, we picture even the forces from across the border as subject to our own human limitations!

"Just a second there," whispered Parker. "Before you find a place to sleep, give me a lift, you with your strong back. Steady a second——"

And Parker, balancing himself on my shoulders, was disengaging the priceless silken Kashan rug from the silver rings from which it hung on the wall to the left of the pasha's dais.

"Now what?"

"I'm just following my hunch. To get at the source of the ailment, we've got to trail the apparition to its general headquarters."

The lustrous rug slid softly to the tiled floor. Parker gathered its rich folds, tossed it aside, and began prying and picking at that portion of the wall which it had concealed, apparently seeking with a slim-bladed knife to gouge the mortar from between the slabs of masonry.

A faint click.

"Ah! . . . just as I suspected. . . ."

Parker's antics aroused my curiosity even to the exclusion of ghost or *ghulah*. In fact, at odd moments it had seemed the uttermost height of absurdity, all this mummerly of ghost-breaking, a game to humor a neurotic pasha . . . but, damn it, my teeth had chattered!

But before I could question Parker——

That same awful, pulsating wail moaned from the depths of one of the corridors leading to the hall of audience. Throbbing, pulsing, howling

like a lost soul that has wandered to the very edge of all space. . . .

Good God! I could almost hear the soft, poisonous rustle of that vague, monstrous form.

"Steady!" cautioned Parker. "Stand fast. It's coming this way."

As if I had any intention of going to meet it!

It was coming this way—was here—was entering the hall of audience, sifting and oozing its way out of the tenebrous depths of the outer corridors and into the pale moonlight that marched across the tiled floor in long, shimmering columns.

It? There were *two* of them!

One monstrous, misshapen, amorphous, a hideous, misty mockery of a feminine face and figure; the other lovely, graciously curved, but walking with the hesitant pace of a resurrected corpse that is not yet quite accustomed to the regained use of its limbs. And the two in some strange way seemed blended into one, complementary horrors, each a part of, though apart from, the other.

I heard Parker catch his breath. Here indeed was more than he had reckoned on.

The presences were approaching us.

The malignant, formless features of the greater shape worked hideously. The tenuous hands settled on the shoulders of the smaller form as if in guidance. Straight toward us.

The windows were too high from the floor. Nor could I sink through the tiles to escape. So I stood fast.

Why hadn't Ismail burned the house after all? What was a *pachatik* more or less?

And then they turned to the left; their left . . . if such creatures have either right or left. . . .

Parker clutched my arm.

"By the Lord, I was right! Look!" he exulted. "It's following that trail worn into the tiles!"

Somehow my fear left me. They were bound somewhere other than our corner in the shadow of the dais.

Then that awful wail again, this time as a chant in peculiar cadence. A processional chant of demons on their way to some black sabbath. . . .

The greater horror merged into the massive masonry of the wall, at the very panel from which Parker had removed the Kashan rug. The slim figure, diabolically lovely in its graceful semi-nudity, paused, wailed in acute anguish, pressed against the panel. The gesture was expressive of anticipation of failure, as if she had failed often before, and despaired ever of succeeding.

But this time the panel yielded, opening into cavernous depths beyond.

"I was right!" repeated Parker. And before I knew what was in the wind, he was half dragging me across the moon-barred tiles of the hall of audience and toward the shuddering darkness beyond the secret doorway.

Flashes of his torch revealed steps, flight after flight, down to the very foundations of the palace. Monstrous images stared at us: solemn, bearded Assyrian gods and kings and heroes, winged monsters, processions of archers. . . .

And ever before us was the ghostly figure of that lovely girl; and ever in our ears her chanting, now more regular, following an outlandish, varying cadence that tore my nerves to shreds.

**A**T THE foot of the last flight we found ourselves in an adytum of such expanse that our torch could not pick its extremities save only when its beam fell on winged, human-headed monsters, colossal in size and foreboding in aspect . . . foreboding, but beneficent compared to the shadowy terror we had trailed. One of the apparitions had vanished, leaving the smaller, in that darkness but a vague glow of whiteness and a throbbing, unearthly chanting.

For a moment she stood still before a statue which loomed terrifically out of an area of darkness less intense

than that obscuring the rest of the shrine; and then, slowly raising her arms above her head, she sank down upon her knees, finally touching her forehead and open palms to the marble floor.

The ray of Parker's torch touched for an instant those slim white arms. And in that instant I recognized the curious bracelet Parker had found in the corridor the night before. So . . . this was the girl presented to Ismail Pasha by his enemy, Zaghoul Bey!

"Quite right, Holborn. She seems to be in a trance. Hypnosis, or somnambulism. When she wakes up, she'll not have the faintest recollection of having performed these antics before that statue. No, don't try to awaken her. And this," continued Parker, pointing ahead of the girl with the slender beam of the torch, "is the root of the evil, this statue of Anuta."

As Parker revealed the form and features of the image, I recognized in stone the nebulous monstrosity that had accompanied the girl across the hall of audience.

"Now take the torch a moment," directed Parker. "Give me some light on that image."

Copper mallet in hand, he advanced toward the altar.

But at his first step, he halted. A whirring, vibrant sound seemed to pervade the shrine; and then, as I stared along the beam of the flashlight, I observed something like a faint cloud of dust coming up through a crack in the floor. It rose like a wisp of vapor, curling about, weaving through fantastic shapes as it mounted some six or seven feet, where it stopped, spread out, and began to assume definite outline, becoming dense, finally like a figure seen through a fog bank.

Finally it stood forth fully proportioned: an animated reproduction of the statue of Anuta, save only on a larger scale. Its face was contorted into an expression so hideous that

both heart and breath stood still for an instant, leaving me bereft of thought and motion alike.

It drifted imperceptibly toward us. Parker barred its advance, just for an instant; and then he took the aggressive, stepping forward to meet it.

"*There is neither might nor majesty save in Allah, the Merciful, the Compassionate!*" pronounced Parker in solemn, resonant Arabic. . . .

The figure seemed about to envelop him, strangle him in its somber, poisonous folds . . . and then, as if lashed back, it retreated, step by step, to the crack in the floor.

I saw it fading, fading into a vapor which sifted back through the floor from whence it had emerged.

All in the few instants of my mental and physical paralysis; and before I could say aye, yes, or no, Parker had leaped to the altar and with his copper mallet was belaboring the hideous stone effigy with ringing strokes that threatened to shake the foundations of the castle.

In the acute silence that followed, I realized that the girl lying on the floor behind us had ceased her strange chanting.

Parker was visibly shaken. Flashes of the torch revealed his face, drawn and quivering; and the copper hammer trembled in his grasp. It hadn't been quite the mummery he had expected!

"Give me a hand here, Holborn, and we'll get her out of this den . . . never mind, take my hammer."

And Parker shouldered the girl, then led the way up into the hall of audience.

**S**HORTLY after the hour of morning prayer, Parker sought Ismail Pasha to report the success of his *Feringhi* magic.

"Your house," explained Parker, "was built nine hundred years ago by Toghrul Beg the Tartar, on the foundations of a temple of the infidels who ruled this land countless years ago.

Here, on the floor of what is now your hall of audience, you can see the trail worn by the footsteps of the unbelievers as they marched in procession to the subterranean, innermost shrine of Anuta."

The pasha stared at the trail leading to the heretofore secret panel which opened into the cavernous vaults beneath the palace.

"But what has that to do with the *ghulah*?" he queried.

"Much, as you will see," replied Parker. "Most of this palace was constructed of brick and masonry salvaged by the Tartar from the ruins whose foundations he used, just as they stood. And this evil spirit walked by night in your house, seeking to lead true believers into the shrine to bow before her image and renew a worship for years abandoned. All this we saw last night; a terrific presence such as you yourself saw the night before. We followed the *ghulah* to her den. But instead of bowing, we took the copper mallet and broke the image into many pieces."

Not a word of the Gurjestani slave girl, nor of her curious bracelet. I wondered why Parker kept this interesting phase to himself.

"From now on," he continued, "there will be no presence to howl by night and clutch your throat and whisper in your ear: provided that you take the fragments of the image, grind them very fine, and scatter them to the winds. Furthermore, you must tear up those slabs of the floor which bear the footprints of the infidel, and replace them with undefiled stones."

"But what of those other images in the shrine?" queried Ismail Pasha. "And the numerous carvings on the walls of my house, all of which you say are the work of the infidel, and beloved of this evil spirit?"

"Remove them also," advised Parker. "And if you wish, I will have a friend of mine, a learned doctor, carry them back to *Feringhistan* where they will be imprisoned in a

house built for that purpose. Thus will you be freed of every vestige of the *ghulah* which sought your destruction. As for the copper mallet with which I shattered the unholy image, I shall leave that here as a symbol of victory."

The remainder of the morning was devoted to discussing the mission which had originally brought us to El Azhár. The pasha's terms were just and fair, thanks doubtless to Parker's magic of the preceding night, instead of being the extortionate and outrageous pieces of banditry usually inflicted by the Turk when he can dictate terms.

"And now, Parker Effendi," suggested Ismail Pasha as he read and signed the document his secretary had drawn up for us, "let me give you some personal gift as a token of my esteem and gratitude."

"Really, it was nothing," protested Parker. "I am happy to have served you."

"But I insist. Since you are a connoisseur of rugs, perhaps you would care for that Kashan which masked the secret panel," suggested the pasha.

"That is too magnificent," declared Parker. "Let it rather, since you insist, be some trifle——"

At that point I was strongly tempted to seize the copper hammer and bend it across Parker's head. The very idea of declining that precious Kashan silk rug!

"Some trifle," repeated Parker with studied carelessness, as of one who plays subtly with an idea.

"Such as——?" prompted the pasha.

"Well . . . the truth of the matter is that in questioning your servants, I couldn't help but notice a certain Gurjestani girl who wore a very thin veil and a very heavy bracelet——"

"Ah!" The pasha smiled knowingly, stroked his beard approvingly. "So——"

"And I have reason to believe that you do not especially prize the gift of your friend Zaghoul Bey. And since the girl is not a true believer, perhaps you might part with her."

Again the pasha stroked his beard; and then he whispered an order to a eunuch at the left of the dais.

"NOT so bad, Parker, not so bad," I remarked as we cleared the gates of El Azhár and began our march back to Stamboul. "But why in all hell did you take that Gurjestani girl instead of the Kashan rug? I know what the pasha thought; but I know better. Now what is the game?"

Parker's eyes twinkled with the fire of a subterranean jest. And then he permitted a laugh to invade the mask of the past few days.

"I may as well confess here and now. The truth of it is that the girl was the *immediate*, though not the basic cause of the haunting of the palace."

"The devil she was!"

"Yes. Didn't you notice that she was in a trance as she walked the corridors? And didn't we learn from Talaat and through other channels that this girl had not only never seen the apparition, but had never even heard it?"

"Well?"

"It's an involved proposition," continued Parker. "So let me give you the elements, and you can co-ordinate them as best you can. Here you are: The palace, as well as most of the fortress, is built of the debris of an Assyrian temple, where, hundreds of years before either Christ or Mohammed, countless people concentrated their minds on the powers of their goddess, Anuta. A statue of the goddess was set up before them, and the deity was pictured in that fashion in the thoughts of her devotees. Over and over again, age after age, these thought-forms were created, sustained, rhythmically and constantly, chanted

in words and expressed in emanations of mental force."

"Do you mean that the thing we saw, that Ismail saw and felt at his throat, was merely the product of the imagination of the ancient Assyrians?"

"Roughly, just that, Holborn. Remember that thoughts are really things. Have you ever wondered whether that which we dream has in some sphere an existence while we dream it? Whether indeed we ourselves are other than the thought-forms of some omnipotent and omniscient dreamer who by his dreaming gives us what we fancy is existence? Wild concept! But, nevertheless, conceivable. And under proper conditions, thought can be transmitted from person to person without any visible means of communication.

"It is because of the concentration of those minds on that one image that in time a thought-form such as haunted the pasha was created. We ourselves saw and heard it. I didn't touch it, and I'm glad that I didn't. But as I advanced on it that night, I could feel a resisting force, physical resistance. And to screw up my own courage, to put up counter-resistance, I repeated the words used by Ismail the night he confronted the apparition: merely an expression of mental superiority. Made no difference what I said. Might as well have recited a paragraph of C. Smith's *Analytical Geometry*.

"As I said, I don't know whether it could have manifested itself physically. But look what it nearly did for Ismail Pasha! Drove him to the verge of madness. Nearly caused him to desert his post.

"Well, and by destroying that image, removing the tiles which bore the footprints of devotees descending to the innermost and deepest sanctuary, and obliterating the sculptures connected with Anuta, we destroyed those tangible objects which by suggestion could impress on the present inhabi-

tants of the palace the thought-forms of the ancients. Do you follow me thus far?"

I agreed to the possibility of such ancient vortices of thought having the power of persisting and influencing us today. But what of the Curjestani girl?

"Now as to the girl: I considered her a medium, a susceptible person who reacted to forces that had no effect on those about her—forces that lay virtually dormant until her receptive mind gave them a chance to revive. Her response caused a resurrection of the latent power. Remember, the haunting of the palace did not begin until some time after her arrival. Remember also that the shrine of Anuta has been here hundreds of years. In a word, everything necessary for the haunting always has been present, except for a receptive personality to amplify it: just as you must have an audion tube, a radio set, to convert into audible vibration the forces of the ether; just as, without such apparatus, a hundred broadcasting stations will not reveal themselves.

"It seems that Ismail saw no connection between the girl's arrival and the appearance of the apparition. But my finding the bracelet in the hall led me to inquire, and old Talaat's remarks did the rest. Particularly significant was the fact that she was amazed to learn where the bracelet was discovered, in a part of the palace she rarely if ever visited. Doesn't that hang it on her? Since she must be in a trance to go through with the Anuta worship, she of all people would not be aware of the manifestations.

"Destroying the statue and sculptures would ordinarily suffice. But I couldn't risk leaving the girl here to continue her somnambulistic wanderings; she herself might cause a continuance of the apparition.

"You wonder how she got that way? She was the gift of Zaghloul

Bey, a rival and an enemy of Ismail. Very likely the girl had been hypnotized, had this Anuta thought-form impressed on her mind before she was sent to the household of Ismail by his rival. Her having the bracelet would make the spell more compelling. In a word, Zaghoul Bey knew what he was doing: which I gathered not only from stories current in Stamboul some time ago, but also from remarks made by various of Ismail's servants regarding a visit of Zaghoul to felicitate Ismail Pasha on his being appointed to that rich province.

"The inscription on the hammer? A differential equation! Nothing more. But it impressed Ismail, hardened his mind against further apparitions. Simply because he couldn't understand the symbols.

"And," concluded Parker, "had Ismail ever suspected the girl of having caused that apparition, he'd have taken a very effective method of stopping it. So I had to take her on a pretext; for I simply couldn't stand the idea of that lovely creature being sewed up in a bag and dropped into the lake. Not even for an oil lease!"