

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



*Two gates there are of sleep,
wherefore the one is said to be of
horn, by which an easy egress is
given to true vision.—VIRGIL.*

MIVOR passed his hand over his forehead as if to brush away some substance that impeded his vision.

"I must be fey," he muttered, reverting in his confusion to his almost forgotten native dialect.

He was foreman of the Waterloo coal mine. It was a harsh, dim world of tunnels, shafts and slopes where only the strong could survive. During working hours hundreds of men lived, toiled, sweated and sometimes died in its gloomy depths; arc-lights gleamed along the main passageways; electric tram-cars rattled over rough rails; and the whole place hummed like a hive. Here was neither heat nor cold, sun nor moon, day nor night; time itself seemed to move with lagging feet; but ere night came to the upper world the miners quit their tasks, and the mine became as silent and lonely as one of the buried dead cities of the old world.

McIvor had entered the pit after the day's work was done. One of his duties was to make a daily round of inspection, and he could do this best

when work had ceased. Years ago another mine, called the Golden Horn, had been located on the opposite side of the mountain, but it had been abandoned after a series of mishaps had given it an unenviable reputation as a hoodooed mine. Repeated cave-ins had blocked its passageways, and no one knew just how far it extended, but McIvor had reasons for believing that some of his tunnels were very close to the old ones.

He paused in a long gallery and searched until he located a mark on the wall. Taking a steel tapeline from his pocket he measured the distance from this mark to the end of the working. He wound the line back on its reel and stood for a moment absorbed in some calculation, then, selecting a pick from a number that were stacked against the wall he struck the coal a few times like a man beating a drum. Boom-oom! There was a peculiar hollow quality to the sound of the blows and the coal broke and snapped as if it were under great pressure. McIvor dropped to his knees and began to mine methodically. After a few minutes of industrious digging the pick crashed through the solid wall and a little breath of air heavy with the smell of mold blew in his face. A few more blows and he

was looking into the long sealed chambers of the Golden Horn.

He worked until he had made an opening through which a man could pass without difficulty, and then, putting aside the pick, he stood for a moment looking at his rediscovered country. It was not a pleasant place for a ramble. The old mine stood as lone and as freighted with curses as the tomb of King Tut. Behind him his own mine lay silent and deserted save for rats, as large as woodchucks, which scampered to and fro seeking what they might devour. Rats are poor company, and death often lurks in moldy old caves, but McIvor passed through the entrance he had just made and began to explore the twisted maze of tunnels with never a misgiving.

That was an hour before. Now he was weary from crawling through the dismal place, but as he sought to re-travel his crooked mile he was confused and uncertain as to the direction in which lay the egress to light and air. Twist and turn, up hill and down dale, over rock and over stone had been his course, yet it was strange that McIvor should be lost in a mine. The mole does not lose itself in its burrow. Small wonder that he should touch his head and mutter: "Am I fey?"

Something, he knew not what, kept him from panic. He did not care greatly whether he found his way out or not. It seemed that he had been wandering in the Golden Horn for an interminable time. He could not remember why he came, but he was sure that he would know later.

The lamp on his cap still burned, but thick, black darkness pressed about him like a wall. Even in the small circle of radiance about the lamp, strange, misty vapors swirled and eddied. The air was heavy and foul, but he knew no discomfort. The mist and darkness seemed to be pressing ever closer about him like the ris-

ing tide of a strange ocean, but he felt that he could mingle with it and adapt himself to its humors.

He strove mightily for coherent thought, but his mind kept going back to the legends of the Golden Horn. Grim tales these were, with a romantic cast, for the miner folk who told them were mainly Scotch and Welsh with Celtic imaginations. For the most part they told of men who for one reason or another had braved the terrors of the deserted mine and then had mysteriously vanished. It was said that the unfortunate miners who had been crushed under the treacherous roof of the Golden Horn could not rest quietly but wandered through the moldy tunnels seeking ever to add others to their lost legion. They had a rime that made the old mine a place to be avoided like the plague. It was:

He who enters the Golden Horn
Must there abide till the judgment morn.

McIvor had often laughed at these fancies, but now they did not seem strange. Taking but little heed of his surroundings, he trudged down a wide gallery. The floor sloped gently downward and was covered with an inch or more of red slime. Water oozed from the walls and dripped monotonously from the roof to creep sluggishly to a black, lifeless sea in the deepest part of the mine. The huge timbers that propped the roof were covered with a white fungus, which shone spectral in the lamplight.

THE swirling vapors grew thicker and the play of light on the fungus-covered timbers formed strange, fantastic shadows. In a little while he came to a place where farther progress was blocked by an oddly twisted mass of debris. The heavy timbers that once supported the roof were broken and, covered with the all-pervading white mold, they lay asprawl among the rocks. With an expression of vast bewilderment McIvor stood re-

garding this new obstacle in his path. He might have remained there staring stupidly until the poisonous vapor choked his lungs and the mold crept up and covered him, but it was just at this time that she came to him.

She walked from the tangle of timbers at the end of the gallery, and her manner was calm and composed, like one who keeps an appointment.

"This way," she said, and linking her arm in that of the burly miner, she led him into another gallery, which ran at right angles to the one he had been traversing.

In a confused way McIvor marveled at her presence, but there was nothing of the hobgoblin about this trim maid whose head just topped his shoulder. As far as he could judge, her dress was of the prevailing fashion. Her bobbed hair was covered by a shapeless red cap; she wore a gray sweater over a flimsy red waist; her skirt was of the usual knee-length, and her feet were clad in low shoes with French heels. A ruddy color still lingering in her cheeks and certain little mannerisms bespoke her Celtic origin; humor lurked in her sparkling eyes; but her youthful face had a drawn, wistful look.

"I've waited over long for you," she said, and her words were terribly distinct.

"You've waited for me?" said McIvor. "How did you know that I was coming, or for that matter, how did you come here yourself?"

"Please—please!" was her reply, "I don't want to answer questions now. Talk to me—talk of anything but our plight—tell me of the things I shall never see again—sunset skies, rain beating on the pavements, hurrying crowds and long lines of bright store windows."

She sighed, and her grasp on his arm tightened.

"I've been here so long that I had almost forgotten that there are creatures of flesh and blood. Once there

were rats, but the last one fled long ago."

"But—but," McIvor stammered, "I must ask questions. It's not an hour since I broke into this old cave. Your talk is meaningless and wild, and yet," (he again passed a hand over his forehead) "strange things have happened. I can't understand your words—I can't understand anything. Come! Let us find our way out of here."

"Poor man," said the girl, "don't you know that you are in the Golden Horn? There's no way out. It's easy to come, but once here the walls close around you and you beat about forever. You have a kind face. Tell me why you came here. What have you done to deserve such a fate?"

"Again I tell you that I do not know what you mean," said McIvor in a voice that sounded thin and strange. "I tell you that I came here from another mine. I have heard strange, foolish tales about this place, but I don't believe them."

With her free hand the girl beat at the encircling mists.

"'Hell is murky!—Fie, my lord, fie!'" she quoted theatrically, then said in a more matter-of-fact tone: "Strange tales which you do not believe; well, I will tell a stranger one which you *must* believe.

"Once in an evil hour I sinned a great sin. How long ago that was I do not know, for time means nothing here. I escaped man's vengeance by hiding here, but blood calls from the ground. Here I am, and here I must bide until the last trumpet call shall rend these rocks. Strange are the paltry things for which we sell our souls. A few paces from here is the price of my sinning—yellow gold, heaps of it. I would give it all for a single ray of sunshine, but that's never, never."

Her voice trailed off wistfully.

The lamp on the miner's cap burned more feebly. The malodorous

tide of mist and darkness had risen almost to their feet. McIvor's confusion of thought was increasing, but he clung stubbornly to one idea.

"Moving picture stunts—tales of Captain Kidd's buried treasure—all pure moonshine," he muttered. "I tell you it is time for us to get away from here."

"I tell you that we can't escape—you can't leave me," said the girl, clinging to him. "Another man once sought to run away from fate. He was a great sinner, but there was no blood on his hands. He found a way out, but it was not by a road that you would care to travel."

In their walk they had reached a place where their path was partly blocked by fallen rock.

"O stiff-necked one," she said in an impatient tone, "look beneath yon rock and see what you see."

With an impatient shrug McIvor bent over the rock indicated, but at the sight of what lay underneath he tried to scream; his tongue, however, clove to the roof of his mouth and no sound came forth.

Beneath the crushing weight lay the figure of a man. Caught by the descending rock, he lay sprawl like a beetle smashed by a heavy foot. The hair and beard had continued to grow after death and formed an unkempt tangle about the fleshless features. White mold covered the partly mummified body with ghastly garments. Lying on its back, with mouth agape, the horror seemed to mock the living man.

In fascinated horror McIvor bent closer over the dreadful thing, and as he did so a little stream of ice-cold water, issuing from the seamed roof above him, touched the back of his neck and partly roused his dormant faculties.

"Hell's fire, am I really mad?" he shrieked.

He would have seized the girl with a sweep of his long arm, but just at

that instant the light sputtered and went out, and his groping hand clutched at empty darkness. Moving quickly he bumped his head sharply against the roof. A trickle of blood ran down his face, but the pain and shock were kind, for they broke the spell that had bound him for so long and he was once more alert and capable. An odor like a faint perfume assailed his nostrils and he needed no one to tell him that this was the deadly black-damp.

WITH death and nightmare terror urging him on, he began a mad race. The darkness about him was now absolute, but blind fear guided him well, for his feet found a path free from obstacles. Nature, however, has limits beyond which it cannot be driven, and the spark that drove the human machine was about to go out as the light had gone, when like a draft from some magical fountain a breath of pure air came to his laboring lungs and his hand touched an iron rail. Here was one of the galleries where men lived and worked—here a fan sent gusts of living air.

He had not reached this haven any too soon, for behind him he heard the sound of breaking timbers and the crash of falling rocks. The mountain was settling, burying anew whatever secrets the old mine might hold. In so far as he was concerned they might lie there undisturbed until the judgment day.

He staggered on until he saw a gleam of light, then, plunging forward like a drunken man, he slumped down on the hard ties of the tram road. He was so utterly weary that they seemed like a very comfortable bed. An electric light gleamed above him but no human beings were near.

He lay very still, and presently the great rats crept from their hiding places and stared at him with their shifty eyes. Some of the bolder ones came very near him, but he made no

move to drive them away. They, at least, were creatures of the pleasant world that he had all but left forever. For a long time he did not stir, but lay gasping and panting, repeating over and over again great, meaningless oaths without reason or continuity, but at length he became composed enough to begin the long walk to the surface.

IT WAS night when, pale and ghastly like one restored from the grave, McIvor emerged from the mine, and although the season was midsummer, he shook as if with the ague.

Old Andy McPhail, the grizzled Scotch watchman, found him as he stood blinking inanely at the stars, and Andy's canny eyes saw at once that something was amiss with his countryman.

"Man dear, you're trembling like a leaf," he exclaimed. "Here's a drop of something good. Now what is it? Has a ghost been entertaining you?"

Before trusting himself to speak, McIvor leaned against a convenient pile of timber and drank greedily from the proffered flask. The fiery fluid warmed his veins, stilled his chattering teeth and restored some of his native caution. He returned the liquor with the customary word of thanks and then gave the following account of his adventure:

"No, Andy, I haven't been seeing ghosts, but I came near being one myself. This evening I happened to sound one of the walls at the end of the mine. It rang hollow as a drum, and in a few minutes I had broken into an old heading which I thought belonged to the Golden Horn mine. As you know, it has been abandoned for years and there are no maps for it. All seemed clear and I started to do a little exploring.

"The place had more gas in it than was good for me, and I became muddled and lost my way. It's strange the things a few whiffs of bad air can

do to a man. In the end I managed to blunder out, but my head is still buzzing and I find it hard to think straight."

"Well," said the old man meditatively, "it may be that you were lucky. It's small good that's come to anyone who has dealings with the Golden Horn these many years. Did you by any chance meet Red Mike Flint or pretty Peggy Odel while you were investigating?"

"Red Mike! Peggy Odel! Who are they?" asked McIvor without displaying too much interest.

"Did you never hear of them?" asked the old man in surprize. "Oh, I remember that you are new to these parts," he continued. "They were the pair that worked the badger game on old Collins, the bank messenger.

"To be brief, they decoyed him into a closed car where he was slugged and properly bound and gagged. Just what they meant to do with him will always be a mystery, but they were taking him all bound and swathed like an Egyptian mummy, right through the streets of his native village, when he managed partly to free himself and grappled with Red Mike. The red one threw him smash to the pavement and his female accomplice finished the work by emptying an automatic into her late admirer.

"In spite of a great hue and cry the precious pair made good their escape. A car, said to have been the one used in the robbery, was found in the mud of an old quarry near here, but from that day to this not a trace has ever been found of either miscreant or of the bank's money which went with them. Some people say that they took refuge in the Golden Horn and were caught by a cave-in, but there's no logical reason for such a belief."

"It's a rum yarn, anyway," said McIvor; but as he walked away he passed a hand, which shook a little, over his forehead and mumbled: "Was I fey?"