

Weird Tales

REGISTERED IN U.S. PATENT OFFICE

A MAGAZINE of the



BIZARRE and UNUSUAL

VOLUME VII

NUMBER 5

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 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, 1926, by the Popular Fiction Publishing Company

Contents for May, 1926

Cover Design ----- Andrew Bensen

"Plone leaped at Hildreth, striking her with his fist. His hand crooked like a great talon, and Hildreth uttered a gurgling scream"

The Ghosts of Steamboat Coulee ----- Arthur J. Burks 581

Shivery Tale of Dreadful Happenings in a Rockbound Western Gulch, With the Howling of Bobcats for Chorus

The Devil-Ray (Part 1) ----- Joel Martin Nichols, Jr. 599

Three-part serial—Purple Beam of Light Shoots From the Clouds, Bringing Death to Whatever it Touches

The Dead Hand ----- Seabury Quinn 609

Every Tale of Jules de Grandin—Bodiless Hand Floats Through the Window and Seizes a Millionaire by the Throat

The Silent Trees ----- Frank Owen 619

Great Was the Beauty of Lun Pei Lo, Dwarfing Even the Beauty of that Magnificent House in the Drab City of Silence

(Continued on Next Page)

(Continued from Preceding Page)

- The Man Who Was Saved**-----**B. W. Sliney** 625
Out of the Depths of the Pacific it Rose—a Vast, Green, Slimy Monster that Dragged Great Ships to Destruction
- Bat's Belfry** -----**August W. Derleth** 631
Groesome Was the Discovery Sir Harry Barclay Made in the Vaults of Lohrville Manor, and Fearful Was the Doom that Overtook Him
- Queen of the Vortex**-----**F. Williams Sarles** 637
Dr. Chaptel Goes Through the Ray of Light Into the Beyond, to Rescue Paul Duval From Bari and Tasmari
- Weird Story Reprints**
No. 11. The Werewolf -----**H. B. Marryat** 654
Krantz Hunts the White Wolf and Incurs the Implacable Enmity of the Spirits of the Hartz Mountains
- Horreur Sympathique** -----**Charles Baudelaire** 664
Verse, Translated for Weird Tales by Clark Ashton Smith
- Across the Gulf** -----**Henry S. Whitehead** 665
Carrington's Mother Appeared to Him in a Dream—and Then the Very Hand of Death Fell Upon Him
- The Moon Dance** -----**A. Leslie** 671
Verse
- Vials of Wrath** -----**Edith Lyle Ragsdale** 672
Grisly Tale of African Voodoo Rites—an Atrocious Murder—the Frightful Revenge Exacted by a White Missionary
- The Experiment of Erich Weigert**---**Sewell Peaslee Wright** 678
The Little Scientist Seemed Mild and Inoffensive, but in his Dark Brain a Fiendish Plan was Evolved
- The Confession of a Madman**-----**James Cocks** 685
A Different Story—the Tale of an Obsession That Took Ten Years Out of a Man's Life and Shut His Body in an Asylum
- The Derelict Mine (Part 2)**-----**Frank A. Mochnant** 698
Three-part Mystery Serial About an Abandoned Mine in Australia—a Story which Rises to a Ghastly and Thrilling Climax
- The Dance of Death** -----**Jean Lahors** 713
The poem which is said to have inspired Saint-Saens to compose his "Danse Macabre"—English translation by Edward Baxter Perry
- The Eyrie** ----- 714
A Chat With the Readers

For Advertising Rates in WEIRD TALES Apply Direct to

WEIRD TALES

408 Holliday Building

Indianapolis, Ind.

The Dance of Death

By JEAN LAHORS

(Translated by Edward Baxter Perry)

On a sounding stone,
With a blanched thigh-bone,
The bone of a saint, I fear,
Death strikes the hour
Of his wizard power,
And the specters haste to appear.

From their tombs they rise
In sepulchral guise,
Obeying the summons dread,
And gathering 'round,
With obeisance profound,
They salute the King of the Dead.

Then he stands in the middle
And tunes his fiddle,
And plays them a gruesome strain;
And each gibbering wight
In the moon's pale light
Must dance to that wild refrain.

Now the fiddle tells,
As the music swells,
Of the charnel's ghastly pleasures;
And they clatter their bones
As with hideous groans
They reel to those maddening measures.

The churchyard quakes
And the old abbey shakes
To the tread of the midnight host,
And the sod turns black
On each circling track,
Where a skeleton whirls with a ghost.

The night wind moans
In shuddering tones
Through the gloom of the cypress tree,
While the mad rout raves
Over yawning graves,
And the fiddle bow leaps with glee.

So the swift hours fly
Till the reddening sky
Gives warning of daylight near.
Then the first cock-crow
Sends them huddling below
To sleep for another year.