

Weird Tales

SF
Per. 20
August 1930

The Unique Magazine

COPYRIGHT
CALIFORNIA STATE COLLEGE AT FULLERTON

AUGUST 1930

of The Curse
of Ximu-tal
by HARRY NOYES
PRATT

25

30¢ IN CANADA

Seabury Quinn - Robert E. Howard - Arlton



YOU'LL NEVER KNOW LIFE Until You've Read the Greatest of All Forbidden Books!

YOU'LL never know the tremendous force of human passions until you've feasted on the most thrilling Tales from that greatest of all true-to-life books—the immortal Decameron! . . . Here are the frankest tales of love and intrigue ever set down on paper. Written in an age of plain speaking they show us how real flesh-and-blood men and women act in time of stress—the deep secret motives that influence our actions today no less than they did centuries ago.

And now for a short time only you can inspect these great examples of realistic writing—the stories which you have always longed to read—in your own home for five days, without obligation! Read all about this surprising offer, then send for your copy at once.

AMAZING INSPIRING

For centuries the Decameron has thrilled millions—has inspired countless great authors—has been lauded by the most discriminating critics. Rich in fascinating plots, vibrant with all the passions of a warm-blooded race, it has furnished plots for the world's great masters of literature—Shakespeare, Chaucer, Keats, Tennyson, Dryden and Longfellow. No one can know literature, can call himself truly sophisticated, until he has drunk from the bottomless loving cup of that genial old Italian, Giovanni Boccaccio. . . . And far from being immoral as many narrow minded people used to think, these Tales from the Decameron are in reality almost a text book for the earnest student of that greatest of all studies—human nature.

Boccaccio's stories have already lived five times as long as our United States. They were the "best sellers" when Broadway was still a wilderness—and yet today they still delight us with their immortal vitality, forever young, forever gay, forever thrilling.

The morals and customs of Italy of the fourteenth century are all laid before you—the way people lived, the hovels and palaces they dwelt in, the strange pleasures they indulged in—all are told with a wit and pathos that never crept between the covers of any other book. Thus the stories not only amuse and entertain, which after all is the first requirement of good fiction, but they give us

the history of manners and morals of a long passed age. They constitute a landmark of literature, which must not be passed over, if you would broaden your vision—make yourself truly cultured.

SEND NO MONEY 5 DAY TRIAL

And now we are enabled to offer you three great classics—thirty-five of the best stories from the famous Decameron—for the amazingly low sum of only \$1.98. Send no money—just fill out and mail the coupon below. When the package arrives pay the postman \$1.98 plus few cents postage. Inspect this great book for five days, then if you are not delighted return it and your money will be refunded. Mail the coupon thus instant before this low price offer is withdrawn! Franklin Publishing Co., 800 N. Clark St., Dept. K-610, Chicago.

Franklin Publishing Co.,
800 N. Clark St., Dept. K-610,
Chicago.

Please send me a copy of The Tales from the immortal Decameron by Boccaccio. When package arrives I will pay postman only \$1.98 plus few cents postage. If not delighted, I am at liberty to return the volume within five days and my money will be refunded.

Name -----
Address -----
City----- State-----

If you may be out when the postman calls, enclose \$2 with this coupon and we will pay all delivery charges. Customers outside U. S. must send cash with order.

Weird Tales

REGISTERED IN U.S. PATENT OFFICE



Published monthly by the Popular Fiction Publishing Company, 2457 E. Washington Street, Indianapolis, Ind. Entered as second-class matter March 30, 1928, at the post office at Indianapolis, Ind., under the act of March 3, 1879. Single copies, 75 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 840 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

FARNSWORTH WRIGHT, Editor.

Copyright, 1930, by the Popular Fiction Publishing Company

Contents for August, 1930

Cover Design	Hugh Rankin
<i>Illustrating a scene in "The Curse of Ximu-tal"</i>	
The Eyrie	143
<i>A chat with the readers</i>	
The Pirate	R. Jere Black, Jr. 154
<i>Verse; decoration by C. C. Senf</i>	
The Curse of Ximu-tal	Harry Noyes Pratt 156
<i>A blood-freezing story of a Mayan temple and a green snake that could swallow an elephant</i>	
The Hills of the Dead	Robert E. Howard 162
<i>A story of Solomon Kane, the Puritan adventurer, and a gray city of vampires</i>	
Mammy, on Ghos'es	W. K. Mashburn, Jr. 174
<i>Verse</i>	

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Weird Tales

REGISTERED IN U.S. PATENT OFFICE

A MAGAZINE of the

VOLUME XVI



BIZARRE and UNUSUAL

NUMBER 2

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 840 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

FARNSWORTH WRIGHT, Editor.

Copyright, 1930, by the Popular Fiction Publishing Company

Contents for August, 1930

Cover Design	Hugh Rankin
<i>Illustrating a scene in "The Curse of Ximu-tal"</i>	
The Eyrie	148
<i>A chat with the readers</i>	
The Pirate	R. Jere Black, Jr. 154
<i>Verse; decoration by C. C. Senf</i>	
The Curse of Ximu-tal	Harry Noyes Pratt 156
<i>A blood-freezing story of a Mayan temple and a green snake that could swallow an elephant</i>	
The Hills of the Dead	Robert E. Howard 162
<i>A story of Solomon Kane, the Puritan adventurer, and a gray city of vampires</i>	
Mammy, on Ghos'es	W. K. Mashburn, Jr. 174
<i>Verse</i>	

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE]

- Pigmy Island** ----- **Edmond Hamilton** 175
A powerful story of tiny men and giant rats and snakes—a vivid tale of super-science
- Daughter of the Moonlight** ----- **Seabury Quinn** 193
A brilliant exploit of the little French scientist and occultist, Jules de Grandin—a graveyard story of stark horror
- The Law of the Hills** ----- **Grace M. Campbell** 216
A tragic, tender tale of the slim white shape that ran with a wolf-pack over the snow
- The Electric Executioner** ----- **Adolphe de Castro** 223
An amazing story by the co-author with Ambrose Bierce of "The Monk and the Hangman's Daughter"
- Earthworms of Karma (Part 2)** ----- **Lon Dexter** 237
A three-part serial story of a trip to Mars and weird adventures on that planet
- Dream Strife** ----- **Billy Crosby** 258
Verse
- The Hound of Duncardin** ----- **Arlton Eadie** 259
Faithful even in death to his murdered master, the phantom deerhound came baying across the moors
- "Just a Song at Twilight"** ----- **August W. Derleth** 269
The notes of the old familiar tune came floating eerily through the somber darkness of the house
- Ghosts** ----- **Jewell Bothwell Tull** 273
Verse
- Weird Story Reprint:**
The Permanent Stiletto ----- **W. C. Morrow** 274
A fascinating story about a man who was doomed to live with a knife in his heart

For Advertising Rates in WEIRD TALES Apply Direct to

WEIRD TALES

Western Advertising Office:
HARLEY L. WARD, INC., Mgr.
360 N. Michigan Ave.
Chicago, Ill.
Phone, Central 6269

Eastern Advertising Office:
GEORGE W. STEARNS, Mgr.
Futuron Building
New York, N. Y.
Phone, Algonquin 8328



A GRATIFYING letter from Henry S. Whitehead, author of the Jumbee stories, may prove of interest to our readers. "It pleases me," writes Doctor Whitehead, "from both writer's and reader's viewpoints, to see how you have brought the magazine up. Its conception as a medium for the occult filled a vast need both for writers and readers. So important does this existence of a medium for the publication of occult and similarly weird stories appear to me that in 1927 I did an article entitled *The Occult Story* for *The Free-Lance Writer's Annual*. In that article, which is today regarded as the standard statement on the subject, and along with John Farrar, A. Hamilton Gibbs, John Gallishaw, Mary Roberts Rinehart, Burges Johnson, Augustus Thomas, Henry Seidel Canby, John Bakeless, Robert E. Sherwood, Ivy L. Lee, Ben Ames Williams, Coningsby Dawson and other contributors (for it was the editor's desire to cover the whole field of fiction writing), I took occasion to mention WEIRD TALES as the sole medium for the occult story in the United States.

"To one particularized point all this comment of mine (intended to be read by professional writers) was directed; viz: that editors in general, editors of magazines, that is, would not touch the occult story with a ten-foot pole! This need of both authors desiring to write in this medium and readers wishful of reading their output, has been met by WEIRD TALES, and, I am tempted to add, in the current argot of the flappers—'and how!'

"It is on this 'how' that I offer congratulations. When you took over the magazine its front office was overloaded, as I happen to know, with material purchased by the former proprietors, not all of it up to the standard you have set by careful discrimination, wise and gradual improvement, and a steady pull toward perfection. Professional writers (as witness Elliott O'Donnell's forthcoming tale, and E. F. Benson's *James Lamp* in the current issue) are 'coming back' in WEIRD TALES. This, from my viewpoint, is one of the most encouraging signs for the future of WEIRD TALES. The magazine is far beyond (and above) the pulp-paper 'news stand' class which litters the wastebaskets and junk-

(Continued on page 150)

12 Detective Story Novels



**12 Novels
for \$1.00**

These are copyright novels by well known writers. Printed on good paper with illustrated covers.

Thrilling Mystery Fiction

Each of these books is an exciting mystery or detective story. Guaranteed to hold your interest.

And you get the entire set of twelve novels for only one dollar! There is no other charge.

But—you must act immediately! The supply is limited. Right now, while you think of it, tear out this advertisement, fill in the coupon below, and return to us with \$1.00 (coin, stamps or money order). The complete set of twelve novels will be mailed to you promptly, postage prepaid.

POPULAR FICTION PUBLISHING CO.,
Dept. 58, 840 N. Michigan Ave.,
Chicago, Ill.

I enclose \$1.00. Send me the twelve novels, postage prepaid, at once. This \$1.00 is payment in full.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

IT IS NOT TOO LATE—

to read one of the most popular stories that has been printed in this magazine to date. Through popular demand we have published a cloth-bound edition of "The Moon Terror," by A. G. Birch, to satisfy those who were not fortunate enough to read this startling story when it appeared serially in the early issues of WEIRD TALES.



READ the thrilling adventures of Dr. Ferdinand Gresham, the eminent American astronomer, in his encounters with Kwo-Sung-tao, high priest of the Seuen-H'sin (the Sect of Two Moons). The Seuen-H'sin are the sorcerers of China, and the most murderously diabolical breed of human beings on this earth. Each turn of the page increases the suspense when you follow Dr. Gresham to take part in the hellish ceremonies in the Temple of the Moon God—when he crosses the Mountains of Fear—half starves on the dead plains of Dzun-sz'chuen—swims the River of Death—sleeps in the Caves of Nganhwiu, where the hot winds never cease and the dead light their campfires on their journey to Nirvana. Here is a story that will thrill you.

SPECIAL OFFER

This book is beautifully bound in rich blue cloth with attractive orange-colored jacket and is for sale direct from the publishers at the special price of \$1.50 postpaid.

Remember, this edition is limited and this offer is good only as long as the supply lasts. Send for this fascinating book now while it is fresh in your mind.

Weird Tales, Book Dept., M-28,
840 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois.

Enclosed find \$1.50 for cloth-bound copy of THE MOON TERROR at publishers' price.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

in the air, all about them.
 "said Mrs. Grant suddenly.
 "said John Grant, looking
 at his wife's strained features,
 the cook, after all."
 "The
 I know—what it is. She
 for the boy—I can feel it."
 Grant sprang up suddenly. "I am
 she said.
 At the same instant came the sound
 of swift, pattering feet, and from the
 beyond came the low voice of the
 "Come quickly . . . I think he's
 John Grant was in the hall as quickly
 as his wife. Running up the stairs, they
 heard the nurse going back to Edward's
 room, and above the sound of running
 feet, the singing.

gan all over again, and now . . . there
 were two voices, and one was the voice
 of a boy!

John Grant and his wife were half-
 way down the hall, quite near the sick-
 room, when Mrs. Grant stopped abrupt-
 ly and clung to her husband, sobbing.
 "Too late," she said, "too late!"

At the same moment, the door of the
 sickroom opened, and the nurse ap-
 peared, nodding her head. "Gone," she
 said.

Then, together, the three turned to
 look down the hall, where at its end a
 faint grayness of two figures had inex-
 plicably appeared. There seemed to be
 a woman, and at her side, clasping her
 hand, a boy, and as they were walking
 along, through the wall and out into the
 sky, there came the sound of the song,
 growing always fainter and fainter, and
 dwindling away at last to nothing:

"Tho' . . . the heart . . . be . . . wea-ry,
 Sad . . . the day . . . and . . . long . . . !"

"Just . . . a song . . . at . . . twi-light,
 When . . . the lights . . . are . . . low;
 And . . . the flick'-ring . . . shadows
 Soft-ly come . . . and . . . go."

And then, suddenly, just before they
 reached the second floor, the singing be-

GHOSTS

By JEWELL BOTHWELL TULL

'Tis said that nothing lives in the dark,
 That growing things must have the light;
 But I have seen the moon grow big
 And beautiful at night.

And in the night my soul grows big
 With doubt and hope and love and pain
 That fade away with morning light,
 Leaving me cold again.

The moon is made of old dead dreams,—
 Pale echoes of a living sun;
 The moon and I are lonely ghosts
 That die when dreams are done.