A MAGAZINE OF THE BIZARRE AND UNUSUAL

IN U.S. PATENT REGISTERED

Volume 24	CONTENTS	FOR	NOVE	iber,	1934	Number	5
Cover Design	in "Queen of the Lilin					M. Brun	dag
Queen of the Lilin	• •				E. 3	Hoffmann Price	53
The story of a glorid	ously lovely bus avil w	eman f	rem out of	the mists	of tim	e	
The Golden Glow					S.	Gordon Gurwit	55
An amazing story of	a sciensist who fough	bs she c	vorld singl	e-banded			
Concert to Death .						. Paul Ernst	58
A novel ghost story	about a great musical	genius					
Mist on the Meadow	s					Marion Doyle	58
The Trail of the Clo						Arlton Eadie	58
-	d mystery novel by a		-				_
Voodoo Vengeance					•	Kirk Mashburn	60
A thrill-tale of ancies	nt magic from the blac	k islan	d of Haiti				
Anne Boleyn		• •		• •	•	Dorothy Quick	61
The People of the Bl	ack Circle (end) Conan the berberian						61
Feigman's Beard . An uncanny tale of					Aug	ust W. Derleth	63
Nude with a Dagger						John Flanders	64
Weird Story Reprint	:	-				-	
The Music of Eric					•	H. P. Lovecraft	64
erti e							. 6 5

Published monthly by the Popular Fiction Publishing Company, 2457 E. Washington Street, Indianapolis, Ind. En-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, \$3.00 a year in the United States, \$4.00 a year in Canada. English office: Charles Lavell, 13, Serjeants' 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 \$40 North Michigan Avanue, Chicago, Ill.

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Mist on the Meadows

By MARION DOYLE

Strange portents there are— What gain to deny them?— Twixt twilight and dawning: What use to defy them?

And now you contend this
Is mist on the meadow—
I never heard of a
Mist casting shadow.

It is not mist, but
The uneasy dead
Trailing their long shrouds
Low overhead,

Blurring the high moon
And blotting the stars,
Caught in the Judas-trees—
Death's avatars.

This is unholy:

If you would be
Inviolate
Eternally,
Turn you about
And flee—
And flee!