## A MAGAZINE OF THE BIZARRE AND UNUSUAL IN PATENT OFFICE

Volume 25	CONTENTS FOR MAY, 1935	Number	5
Cover Design	he Death Cry"	M. Brund	age
The Death Cry	Arthu	r B. Reeve	530
Yellow Doom	Robert F	I. Leitfred	559
Under the Tomb	Robo	ert Nelson	581
The Bronze Casket A strange tale of the Wa		rd H. Hart ert student	582
Beyond the Black River A thrilling weird saga of	Robert I terrific adventures and dark magic in the old heroic days	E. Howard	591
	) Otis Adel tery-tale of an uncanny adventure in present-day Egypt	bert Kline	609
The Flower-Women	carace of vampiric flowers and an alien sorcerer on a far a		624
On Hangman's Hill	Rol	ert Avrett	632
Muggridge's Aunt  A story about a man who	found it unwise to disobey the whims of a dying woman	V. Derleth	633
			638
Weird Story Reprint:			
Arthur Jermyn  A popular story from W	YEIRD TALES of eleven years ago	Lovecraft	642
Tea-Drinking		Long Tom	6 <b>48</b>
The Eyrie	r opinions about this magazine	• • •	650

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, 1873. Single copies, 25 cents. Subscription, \$3.00 a year in the United States, \$4.00 a year in Canada. English office: Charles Lavell, 13, Scrjeants' Inn. Flect Street, E. C. 4, London. The publishers are not responsible for the loss of unsolicited manuscripts, aithough 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 Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Copyright, 1935, by the Popular Fiction Publishing Company. COPYRIGHTED IN GREAT BRITAIN



W. T.-1

## On Hangman's Hill

## By ROBERT AVRETT

On Hangman's Hill, at least so old men say,
The passers-by in broad daylight can hear
The creak of chains upon a windy day,
And moaning sounds as though of those in fear.

And folks will tell you that a man one night,
A stranger who was simply passing by,
Saw outlined clear against the moonlit sky
A scene that drove him into maddened flight.

For on that barren hill the gallows tree
Groaned with the weight of three stark forms that swung
Above a crowd that danced in revelry,
To wailing chants unknown to mortal tongue.

On Hangman's Hill no green grass ever grows, Nor are there birds except for flocks of crows.