A MAGAZINE OF THE BIZARRE AND UNUSUAL

REGISTERED IN U.S. PATENT OFFICE

Volume 27	CONTENTS FO	R MARCH,	1936	Number	3
Cover Design Illustrating a scene in '	The Albino Deaths"	• • • •	w	M. Brunda	age
The Albino Deaths.	torture on the Wheel of	Death in a fan!a	Rona	ıl Kayser 2	258
The Crystal Curse . A veritable rhupsody in			Eand	o Binder 2	272
Beyond Death's Gatew	ay		Pa	aul Ernst 2	290
Haunted				I. Tooke 3	307
The Black Abbot of Pu				on Smith 3	30 8
The Devil's Swamp.				rt Avrett 3	322
The Hour of the Drage	on (part 4)	builling the of t	. Robert E.	Howard 3	323
The Creaking House					344
In the World's Dusk A gripping tale of the					345
The Ship that Committee A tender and pathetic s	ed Suicide		A. J. Mo		354
The Graveyard Rats.			Henry	Kuttner 3	359
A ghasily fate befell the Homecoming Day. The old colonel and his	x		Jay Wilmer		364
Weird Story Reprint:					
A Masterpiece of Cri	me	slated by H. Twite	Jean	Richepin 3	367
The Eyrie				3	376

Published monthly by the Popular Fiction Publishing Company, 2457 East 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 rates: One year in the United States and possessions, Cuba, Mexico, South America, Spain, \$2.90; Canada, \$2.75; elsewhere, \$3.00. English office: Otis A. Kline, c/o John Paradise, 86 Strand, W. C. 2, 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.

Copyright 1936, by the Popular Fiction Publishing Company. COPYRIGHTED IN GREAT BRITAIN WEIRD TALES ISSUED 1st OF EACH MONTH

The Devil's Swamp

By ROBERT AVRETT

The fetid swamp lies desolate by day,
As ghostly silent as an ancient tomb;
The moss-enshrouded trees exhale decay,
And sunlight rarely penetrates the gloom.

But after nightfall, then the swamp awakes
And stretches like a vampire roused from sleep,
While from their lairs within the tangled brakes
Emerge dim shapes that fly, or run, or creep.

The sound of wild, unearthly laughter rings
Out loud beside the pestilent lagoon,
Where witches sport with slimy, crawling things;
And distant werewolves bay beneath the moon.