## A MAGAZINE OF THE BIZARRE AND UNUSUAL

## REGISTERED IN U.S. PATENT

Volume 28	CONTENTS FOR OCTOBER, 1936 N	Tumber 3
Cover Design	in "lile of the Undead"	n St. John
Isle of the Undead An aucanny tale of	Lloyd Arthur Eshl the fue that befull a yachting party on the awful island of living dead	bach 259
The Lost Temples o	f Xantoos Howell Calh	oun 276
The Opener of the	Way Robert B	loch 277.
	Mary Elizabeth Counsel	
The Lost Door .		uick 289
	of Duryca Earl Peirce	
The Tree of Life .  A hade of the planes	Mars and a terrible monstrosity that called its victims to it from afar	oore 315
Red Nails (end) .  A three-part serial s		vard 334
R. E. H. Verse, a tribute to the	R. H. Bas be late Robert E. Howard	tlow 353
The Doors of Deat	h Arthur B. Waltern us story about a banker whose only fear was that he might be buried a	mire 354 live
The Secret of Kralit	tz	
Weird Story Reprint	<b>::</b>	
The Great Keinpl	latz Experiment Arthur Conan D	oyle 366
The Eyrie		378

al monthly by the Popular Piction Publishing Company, 2437 Rast Washington Street, Indianapolia, Ind. Bat unmatter March 20, 1925, at the post office at Indianapolis, Ind., under the act of March 3, 1879. Single combartypistor ratery: One pear in the United States and possessions, Cubs, Mexico, South-America, Spain, 82 at elements, 83,00. English office: Otis A. Kiline, c/o John Paradise, 86 Strand, W. C. 2, Loadon. The air responsible for the loss of unsolicited massurips, although every care will be taken of such material willow. The contents of this magazine are fully protoned by copyright and must not be reproduced either wholly a permission from the publisher of the content of the c

Copyright 1936, by the Popular Fiction Publishing Company.

Our readers exchange opinions about this magazine

COPYRIGHTED IN DENAY BRITAIN WEIRD TALES ISSUED 1st OF EACH MONTH

## Witch-Burning

## By MARY ELIZABETH COUNSELMAN

They burned a witch in Bingham Square Last Friday afternoon.
The faggot-smoke was blacker than The shadows on the moon;
The licking flames were strangely green Like fox-fire on the fen . . .
And she who cursed the godly folk Will never curse again.

They burned a witch in Bingham Square
Before the village gate.

A huswife raised a skinny hand
To damn her, tense with hate.

A huckster threw a jagged stone—
Her pallid cheek ran red . . .

But there was something scomful in
The way she held her head,

They burned a witch in Bingham Square;
Her eyes were terror-wild.
She was a slight, a comely maid,
No taller than a child.
They bound her fast against the stake
And laughed to see her fear . . .
Her red lips muttered secret words
That no one dared to hear.

They burned a witch in Bingham Square—But ere she swooned with pain
And ere her bones were sodden ash
Beneath the sudden rain,
She set her mark upon that throng . . .
For time can not erase
The echo of her anguished cries,
The memory of her face.