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Volume 24	CONTENTS FOR	OCTOBER, 1934	Number 4
Cover Design	"The Black God's Kiss"		M. Brundage
The Black God's Kiss		t t t t t t t	C. L. Moore 402
The Seven Geases .		Clar	k Ashton Smith 422
011 01 1		ster of weird fiction	: Paul Ernst 436
The Sleeper	ngh, who was dead and buri	H.	Bedford-Jones 449
The Pistol	-	S.	Gordon Gurwit 451
The Hill Woman .		· · · · · · ·	
The Trail of the Clove	en Hoof (part 4)	• • • • • • •	Arlton Eadie 463
Children of the Moo	mystery novel by a British i	naster of ibrilling fiction	. A. Leslie 482
Supper for Thirteen			Julius Long 483
A brief tale of a ghas Old House Verse		M	[arvin Luter Hill 48]
The People of the Bl	ack Circle (part 2)	Ro	bert E. Howard 48
At the Bend of the	Conan the barbarian adventur	Manly	Wade Wellman 505
The White Prince .  A weird story of the 1	a vegetable monstrosity that  orld War and a heroic expl		
Weird Story Reprint: Fioraccio		. Giovanni Ma	gherini-Graziani 51:
The Eyrie	talian writer		522

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1

P 40

## The Hill Woman

## By FRANCES ELLIOTT

The valley people wondered at her choice,
The old house groping up the straggling hill,
With mold'ring walls that echoed back her voice
And vistas that were always blank and still
As ancient dreams; they never really knew
The hill flowers had such laughing Pixy eyes,
Hill clouds with silver pitchers poured the dew
As dawn fans quivered in the orchid skies.

She hugged the secret of her wishing well,
A whispering madness when the luring Junes
Tossed ragged roses in a drowsy spell
That burgeoned to the bee's bass-violed tunes.
The valley people marvelled as their spires
Caught up the splendor of her altar fires.