

LIL ABNER

Beauty and the Beast -

BY AL CAPP



BECAUSE YOU ARE AMERICA'S OLDEST AND RICHEST BACHELOR, CHESTER GHOUL, "LIME" MAGAZINE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW WHY YOU'VE NEVER MARRIED!!

BECAUSE I INSIST ON BEING HAPPY, YOU OVERSTUFFED YOUNG IDIOT, AND THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS A HAPPY MARRIAGE!!



MILLIONS OF COUPLES, WALLOWING IN MISERY—WHILE I'M RICH, HAPPY, AND SINGLE!!

YAK!! YAK!!
CACKLE!! SNORT!!
GASP!!
WHEEZE!!



BUT, I'M SURE THERE MUST BE SOME HAPPY MARRIAGES, SIR!!

NOT ONE!!—YOU LAVENDER-EYED MORON!!



—AND I'M WILLING TO BET MILLIONS ON THAT!!—IF YOUR MAGAZINE CAN PRODUCE ONE REALLY HAPPILY MARRIED COUPLE—



I'LL GIVE 'EM \$10,000 A WEEK, AS LONG AS THEY STAY HAPPY!!

WHAT A SENSATIONAL OFFER!!—THIS'LL MAKE THE COVER!!



LIME

IS THIS YOU?
\$10,000 a week if you stay the bill



NATIONAL AFFAIRS



Are you married and happy? Impossible, be-

lows bilious, bitter, billionaire bachelor, Chester Ghoul. "If a truly happily married couple can be found, says Ghoul, I will pay them \$10,000 each week as long as they remain happy." Tests and polls are now being conducted throughout the country, to find just such a couple. When they are picked, they'll



Perfectly Happy Couple Found ...

Tests have proved beyond doubt



SEE!!—"LIME" MAGAZINE HAS PROVEN YOU WRONG!!

WE SHALL SEE!!
CACKLE!!-SNORT!!
WHEEZE!!-WE SHALL YAK! YAK!!-SEE—YOU GORGEOUSLY CONSTRUCTED IMBECILE!!



SEND THE YOUNG YOKUMS \$10,000 A WEEK—AS LONG AS THEY REMAIN HAPPY!! BUT—CACKLE!!—NOT ONE SECOND LONGER!!

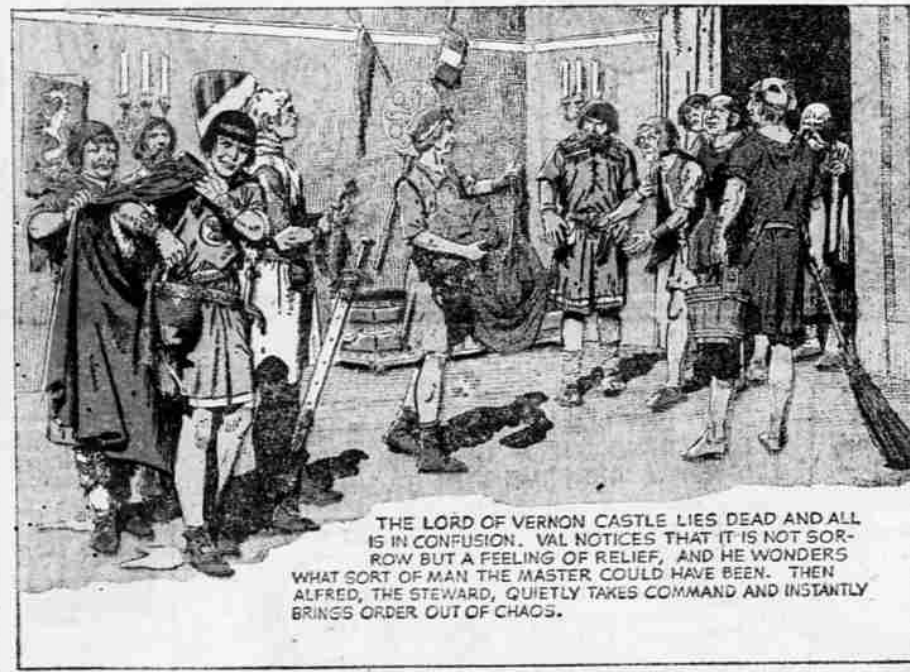


NOW!!—WAIT AND SEE!!



Prince Valiant IN THE DAYS OF KING ARTHUR by Harold R. Foster

Our Story: TORCHBEARERS LIGHT THE WAY AS WILLIAM TAKES PRINCE VALIANT UP TO VERNON HALL. "WE MADE THE CROSSING JUST IN TIME," SAYS WILLIAM, "FOR THE STORM IS INCREASING!"



THE LORD OF VERNON CASTLE LIES DEAD AND ALL IS IN CONFUSION. VAL NOTICES THAT IT IS NOT SORROW BUT A FEELING OF RELIEF, AND HE WONDERS WHAT SORT OF MAN THE MASTER COULD HAVE BEEN. THEN ALFRED, THE STEWARD, QUIETLY TAKES COMMAND AND INSTANTLY BRINGS ORDER OUT OF CHAOS.



WILLIAM PRESENTS VAL TO HIS MOTHER, A PROUD, FRAIL WOMAN WHOSE BEAUTY IS MARRIED BY DEEP LINES OF SORROW. "WELCOME TO VERNON, PRINCE VALIANT. MAY YOU BE THE FIRST TO HAIL WILLIAM AS THE NEW LORD OF VERNON."



"OH, MOTHER, I ASKED SIR BERKELEY FOR HIS DAUGHTER'S HAND IN MARRIAGE, BUT HE REFUSED, SAYING MY CLAIM TO THE TITLE IS CLOUDED! IS IT INDEED, MOTHER?"



"YES, WILLIAM, YOUR FATHER'S FIRST WIFE COULD NOT STAND HIS BRUTALITY AND RAN AWAY, TAKING HER BABY SON WITH HER, THE RIGHTFUL HEIR!"



"NOTHING HAS BEEN HEARD OF THEM SINCE. BY THE RULES OF SUCCESSION HE MUST LAY CLAIM TO THE TITLE BEFORE YOUR TWENTIETH BIRTHDAY, TEN MONTHS HENCE!"



A SWINEHERD, STUMBLING ACROSS A WINDY BOG, BEARS A MESSAGE THAT MAY SOLVE THE RIDDLE.

NEXT WEEK:—The Hut on the Moor.