

LIL' ABNER

Beast of Eden -

BY AL CAPP



HOWDY, CORNPOPPERS! EXCOOZE US FO' DRAPPIN' IN YO'RE EXPENSIVELY FURNISHED HOUSE, IN OUR MIZZUBLE RAGS - BUT IT'S (GULP!) ALL WE GOT!!

WE WAS WORRIED ON ACCOUNT WE HAIN'T SEEN YO' FOLKS FO' QUITE A SPELL -



IN FACT WE HAIN'T SEEN ANY O' OUR GOOD NEIGHBORS, SINCE WE STARTED GIVIN' YO' ALL THET \$10,000 A WEEK -

WE HAIN'T ENTITLED TO NONE OF IT - ON ACCOUNT WE GAVE IT -



BUT, IT SHORE HAS CHANGED YO'RE WAY O' LIFE!!

IT SHORE HAS!! - AN' BY A PEEKOOOLYAR QUINCIDENCE, ALL US SUB-STANSHUL CITIZENS WAS HAVIN' A MEETIN' HERE, TONIGHT T'TALK TO YO' 'BOUT IT -



BEIN' AS HOW WE MADE GOOD, WE HAS IMPROVED OUR HOUSES, AN' OURSELFS -

BUT YO' IS TH' SAME FLEA-BITTEN PAUPERS YO' ALLUS WAS!!

AN' YO'RE HOUSE - WAL, FRANKLY - IT'S A DISGRACE!!



IT JEST PLAIN EMBARRASSES US!!



AN' THET CHILE O' YO'RN!! - WAL, IT JEST HAIN'T RIGHT FO' OUR CHILLUN T' ASSO-SHE-YATE WIF SECH A RAGGEDY LIL' BRAT!!

IN SHORT, IT'D BE NICE IF YO' GOT OUTA TOWN!! - GIT TH' HINT P -

W-WE-GULP!! - GIT'S IT!! GOODBYE, GOOD NEIGHBORS -



YO' SPOILED 'EM, BY GIVIN' 'EM ALL THET MONEY - YO JUG-HEAD!!

WAL - WHO LET ME DO IT? - YO!! THASS WHO!!

HAR!! HAR!!



MONEY DID WRECK YOUR MARRIAGE!! - YOU'RE HOMELESS, AND QUARRELING!! - YOUR HAPPINESS IS GONE - AND SO - CACKLE!! - THE MONEY STOPS!!

OH, THANK YO, SUH!! - THANK YO!!



GREAT NEWS!! - THAR HAIN'T GONNA BE NO MORE MONEY!! - NOW, WE KIN ALL BE HAPPY AGIN!!



OH - GULP!! - AH!! NEVER BE HAPPY AGIN - THINKIN' O' HOW YO' SPOILED EVERYTHING!!

DROP DAID!!

Prince Valiant

IN THE DAYS OF KING ARTHUR

By Harold R. Foster



Our Story: THE LATCHSTRING IS OUT, AND ALFRED TIMIDLY OPENS THE DOOR OF HIS MOTHER'S Hovel. PRINCE VALIANT FOLLOWS HIM INTO THE DIM INTERIOR, WONDERING.



"COME IN, MY FINE LORDS," CACKLES A THIN, RASPING VOICE. IN A CORNER A BUNDLE OF RAGS MOVES, REVEALING A HAGGARD WITCHWOMAN.



"SIT DOWN, YOU CRINGING SERF! AND ALFRED OBEYS. "YOU ARE MY MASTERPIECE! YOU, WITH THE SOUL OF A SERVANT, ARE THE RIGHTFUL HEIR TO VERNON HALL! THIS IS THE HOUR OF MY REVENGE!"



IN A VOICE HARBH WITH HATRED SHE GOES ON: "FOR I AM THE FIRST, THE LAWFUL WIFE OF THAT MONSTER, THE LORD OF VERNON HALL, WHOM THE FIENDS HAVE AT LAST TAKEN, AND YOU, LOWLY ALFRED, ARE HIS FIRST-BORN!"



"YES, I WAS ONCE THE BEAUTIFUL LADY VERNON, MARRIED TO A DRUNKEN BRUTE WHO CARESSED ME WITH HIS BOOT AND KISSED ME WITH THE BACK OF HIS HAND. NOW YOU, AN IGNORANT PEASANT, ARE MASTER OF VERNON AND CAN HAVE GWENDOLYN BERKELEY FOR WIFE!"



THEN SHE TELLS THEM WHERE THEY CAN FIND THE YELLOWED PARCHMENT THAT PROVES BEYOND A DOUBT THAT ALFRED IS INDEED MASTER OF VERNON.



"THIS DAY I HAVE DRAGGED THE PROUD NAME OF VERNON DOWN TO THE LEVEL OF A LACKEY!" WITH A WILD BURST OF LAUGHTER SHE FALLS BACK, AND PEACE COMES AT LAST TO A TROUBLED SOUL.



LORD ALFRED OF VERNON HALL AND SIR VALIANT, PRINCE OF THULE, BECOME GNAVEDIGGERS.

NEXT WEEK: The Parchment