

LIL' ABNER

The McSwine System —

BY AL CAPP

DRUTHER DIE!! ANOTHER ONE GOT AWAY, PAPPY!!

FO' YARS AH BIN TRYIN' T' TRAP A HUSBIN, FO' THET SLOPPY DOTTER O' MINE—MOONBEAM!!

HOWDY, BROTHER MOONSHINE!!

??-WAL, EF TAIN'T BROTHER TYRONE, WHO WENT TO TH' CITY, 30 YARS AGO!! HOW MANY CHILLUN YO' GOT, BROTHER?

17-ALL DOTTERS!!

PORE SOUL!! YO'RE HOUSE MUS BE FULL!!

WRONG!!—IT'S NICE AN' EMPTY!! TH' GALS IS ALL MARRIED!!

YO' LUCKY DAWG!! BUT-S'GN!!—AH RECKON THEY WERE ALL SWEET AN' NEAT—

WRONG AGIN!!—THEY WAS ALL SLOPPY AS HAWGS!! THEY'S TRUE, McSWINES!!

THEN, NOW DID YO' GIT 'EM MARRIED OFF?

AH INVENTED "TH' McSWINE HUSBIN-TRAPPIN' SYSTEM". IT NEVAH FAILS!!—AH PICKS A HOUSE WHAR A YOUNG BACHELOR LIVES. SOON'S HE'S ALONE INSIDE, AH SNIFFS A SWEET PATOOTIE BLOSSOM!!

BUT, BROTHER!!—YO' KNOWS OUR FAMBLY WEAKNESS!!—ONE SNIFF O' SWEET PATOOTIE—AN' DOWN WE GOES. WIF TH'-S' UDDER!!—YANKEE CHILL!!—

NATCHERLY!! THASS TH' HEART O' MAH SYSTEM!!

MAH DOTTER CARRIES ME INTO TH' HOUSE—THEY CALLS A DOCTOR—AND

THE YANKEE CHILL!! THIS HOUSE IS QUARANTINED FOR 6 WEEKS!!

NO ONE IN—OR OUT!!

AT FUST TH' BACHELOR AVOIDS MAH DOTTER—BUT THASS ONLY NATCHERAL, BECUZ SHE'S A McSWINE—

BUT, AS THE WEEKS GO BY—SHE BEGINS TO NOT LOOK SO BAD TO HIM—SOONER OR LATER, HE'S BOUND TO TRY HOLDIN' HER HAND—OR MEBBE SNEAKIN' A KISS!!

—AN' THASS WHAR AH COME IN, WIF TH' SHOTGUN!!— TH' McSWINE SYSTEM NEVAH FAILS!!

AH'LL TRY IT!!

TO BE CONTINUED

Prince Valiant

IN THE DAYS OF KING ARTHUR

by HAROLD R. FOSTER

Our Story: WILLIAM AND PRINCE VALIANT GO OUT IN THE WINDY DUSK TO LIGHT THE HARBOR BEACONS, FOR GWENDOLYN AND HER FATHER WILL ARRIVE SOON. AND ONCE MORE FRED CANS THE DRY YELLOW PARCHMENT THAT PROVES HIM TO BE THE RIGHTFUL HEIR TO VERNON HALL.

FAR OUT IN THE DARKNESS A DANCING SPECK OF LIGHT IS COMING NEARER... ONLY THE TWO HARBOR BEACONS CAN BRING IT SAFELY BETWEEN THE FANGS OF THE REEF!

ONE BEACON FINALLY YIELDS TO THEIR DESPERATE EFFORTS AND BURSTS INTO SULLEN FLAME. THEN THEY RACE AROUND THE BREAKWATER TO THE OTHER.

THE TINDERBOX GLOWS, BUT ALL EFFORTS TO TRANSFER A FLAME TO THE BEACON ARE DEFEATED BY THE WIND AND SPRAY. "OH, FOR SOMETHING DRY ENOUGH TO CARRY A FLAME," CRIES WILLIAM. "MUST GWENDOLYN PERISH FOR WANT OF THIS GUIDING LIGHT?"

WITHOUT A WORD ALFRED REACHES INSIDE HIS LEATHERN JERKIN AND HANDS WILLIAM A DRY, YELLOWED PARCHMENT.

CRUMPLING IT IN HIS HANDS, WILLIAM LIGHTS IT IN THE TINDERBOX AND REACHES THE FLAMING MASS TO THE BEACON. AT ONCE THE OIL-SOAKED FAGGOTS BURST INTO CRIMSON FLAME!

GUIDED BY THE HARBOR LIGHTS, SIR BERKELEY AND HIS DAUGHTER GWENDOLYN FIND SAFETY AT LAST. "BEACON LIGHTS ARE EXPENSIVE THIS YEAR," QUIPS ALFRED WITH A LAUGH THAT CHOKES INTO A SOB.

AL FOSTER

NEXT WEEK:—The Sacrifice