

LIL' ABNER *a little knowledge is a dangerous thing -* by AL CAPP

YOUSE ARE DE BOSS OF DIS MOB, BIG STANISLOUSE!!

AN' US' CRUMBS GOES ALONG WIT' WHATSOEVER YOU FANCIES—

BUT, FRANKLY, WE ARE TIRED O' SUPPORTIN' YOUR BRUDDER, 'FOUR-EYES'!!

HE DON'T DO NUTTIN' BUT READ!!

YOU LEAVE FOUR-EYES ALONE!! FROM READING SOMETH'ING GOOD IS GONNA COME!! WAIT AN' SEE!!—

FIVE YEARS LATER—

WE HATES TO NAG YOU, BIG STANISLOUSE, BUT DAT BUM OF A BRUDDER O' YOURS IS STILL READIN'!!

—AN' WHAT GOOD HAS COME OF IT?—

HM!!—HERE'S AN INTERESTING HISTORICAL FACT—

GENERAL JUBILATION T. CORNPONE, DOGPATCH'S GREATEST MILITARY FIGURE, HERO OF SUCH IMMORTAL BATTLES AS—

"CORNPONE'S DISASTER," "CORNPONE'S RETREAT," "CORNPONE'S ROUT," "CORNPONE'S HUMILIATION," AND "CORNPONE'S LAST STAND!"—

WAS PRESENTED WITH A DIAMOND-STUDDED BELT BY THE RAJAH OF HYDUNDERABAD, IN 1870—

AFTER CORNPONE WAS KICKED TO DEATH IN 1880 BY AN UNFRIENDLY COW, A STATUE WAS ERECTED TO HIM IN DOGPATCH—AND THE DIAMOND-STUDDED BELT WAS PLACED ON IT!!

THE BELT IS STILL THERE—AND IS NOW WORTH OVER A MILLION DOLLARS!!

SEE!!—YOU CRUMBS!! FROM READIN' HE GOT THAT TIP!!

ANY BIRD WHAT DAST FLY OVER THE HONORED STATCHOO GITS IT BETWIXT TH' EYES!!

A RAINDROP!! IT MUSTN'T FALL ON HIM.

GOTTA PROTECK HIM FUM TH' SUN.

US DOG-PATCHERS WOULD GLADLY DIE T' DEFEND THET STATCHOO!!

MEANWHILE—IN DOGPATCH—

Prince Valiant

IN THE DAYS OF KING ARTHUR

by Harold R. Foster

Our Story: TWICE PRINCE VALIANT HAS SEVERED THE SHAFT OF THE AXEMAN'S WEAPON, AND TWICE HE HAS REFUSED TO SLAY HIS DISARMED OPPONENT. VAL SEES HIM GRIN AS HE TAKES ANOTHER AXE; THIS ONE HAS AN IRON SHAFT A SWORD CANNOT HARM!

IT IS CLEAR THAT VAL KNOWS EVERY TRICK OF THE AXEMAN'S ART AND CAN END THE CONTEST AT WILL. BUT TO KILL HIM WILL ONLY STIR HIS MEN TO VENGEANCE.

THE BULLFROG BEGINS TO FIGHT WILDLY AS FEAR GROWS IN HIS HEART. NOW HE KNOWS THAT HIS SILENT ADVERSARY MEANS TO KILL NOT HIM BUT HIS WILL!

AT LAST VAL SPEAKS:—"YOU MADE A POOR CHOICE OF WEAPONS..... THIS TIME MY TARGET MUST BE YOUR RIGHT ARM!" THE HARD EYES THAT FOLLOW EVERY MOVE OF HIS HAND FILL THE BULLFROG WITH TERROR. THERE IS NO FUTURE FOR AN ARROGANT BULLY WHO CANNOT HOLD A WEAPON!

FROM A DISTANT HILLTOP THE FANTING BULLFROG LOOKS BACK. NEVER MORE WILL HE BE ACCEPTED AS A LEADER, FILLED WITH SHAME HE RUNS ON.

SWORD IN HAND, VAL WALKS SLOWLY AROUND THE CIRCLE. RIFFRAFF, HARDLY WORTH A SWORD STROKE, BUT HE MUST AVOID A GENERAL FIGHT BECAUSE OF THE DANGER TO UNARMED ALFRED. "CHOOSE A BETTER LEADER," HE ADVISES.

"THAT WILL KEEP THEM OCCUPIED FOR A WHILE!" LAUGHS VAL, AS HE AND ALFRED WEND THEIR WAY UP TO RESTORMEL CASTLE TO PLY THEIR DANGEROUS TRADE OF SPYING.

NEXT WEEK:—King Ragnar